

NRS
SIMON STUDY

Friday, October 5, 1934

Fair Play, Morgan County, Georgia

Explored - Wilson - (apt)

Arrived at Madison, County Seat, Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, accompanied by Dixon and Alexander. Met J.E. Owen, County Superintendent. Where we are to stay already determined. Had expressed desire to Lockman to stay in Madison until we learned something of situation at Fair Play, but in effort to get idea over to group, came very near making a mistake that Dixon sensed: a matter of questioning Owen's decision. We all came out to Fair Play together. The teachers were expecting us, and told us today that they were "scared to death" on the occasion. There were three ladies of the community at the school, waiting for a meeting of the Adult Class (FERA). Two of them were Adairs one, the lady of the house where I am staying, the other of that where Lockman stays. Dixon and Alexander made a brave effort to explain the "why" of our being there, and I thought they did very well. Mrs. Grady Adair asked: "Are y'all town or city folks?", which question Dixon unmercifully left for us to answer.

After their departure Lockman proceeded to make arrangements about board. It seems that the Government is locating a CCC Camp near here, and some of the officers came over to see about board, stating that a dollar a day was the government rate. Which immediately deferred arrangements until Mrs. Grady Adair should come to know me better.

Spent Wednesday night in Madison in order to see Owen early next morning. Rode down in lower part of County with him to look into a transportation problem involving three children who live in an area inaccessible to a school bus--bad roads. The father of the kids insisted that if something were not done to get them "out" to school, he would have to move. After riding over the entire section, measuring distances, inspecting roads, Owens said he was afraid that the family would have to move if they depended on a school bus. I don't see how we made it over some of the roads. Topic of conversation was his relation with the County Board. He hinted at a political situation centering around the election that put him in office two years ago, and gave him a hostile Board. He says that he is bringing them around "to see beyond their noses", and he hopes to be in position "to get somewhere" before the school year is over.

County Sup

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Back out here Thursday afternoon. Grady Adair is living on the land that his great-grandfather settled around 1800. They are quite proud of the fact that they did not inherit the land, but bought it. The original house still stands, and is being used as a feed house. The home is very well furnished. There is a Delco plant with electric lights but "outside plumbing", a radio, and a piano which no one can play. Mr. Grady says that he "wouldn't take a million dollars for that radio if I thought I couldn't get another one. That's the best \$80 I ever spent". It remains to be seen exactly what the import of that is.

HL

There are three children in the family. Neel, 20 years, is married, lives here. Married in the Spring, he nevertheless spends most of his spare time in my room, comes blustering in at all hours without knocking, and talks of clothes, shaving soap, razors and football. His talk is filled with "I seen", "I taken", "I come", used in past tense.

He went through the 9th and 10th grades at the Madison A & M School, which has been abolished by the State. He is very dissatisfied with his sweater, and wants a jacket like mine. He wears overalls all the time, has a sweater and a pair of corduroy trousers that he "goes to town in on Sad-day", and two "Sunday suits" that "don't fit me like yours do". He volunteered information as to why he did not finish school. He liked the A & M School very much, particularly Mr. Owen, who taught there at that time, and was in charge of the dormitory. But he says: "I was just born to be a farmer. I couldn't study and hated to read. I went to sleep every time I tried to, and I'd always end up in what they called a "bull session". I went two years before I got any sense about me and told Daddy and Mama there wudn't no use wastin' more money on it. What I wanted to do was come back and go to farmin'. And that's what I did. I was just born a farmer".

Wilma, daughter of 14 years, is in 10th grade at Rutledge, consolidated High School. A school bus takes her in each morning. She is making good grades there, and "has always been smart in her books". "But all of Mrs. Few's students that have gone to Rutledge have done well there, and most of 'em have been honor students". She is very smart about the house, cleans up, brings in wood, cooks, washes dishes, everyday. She does all of her studying in the living room where the family gather after supper to talk, listen to the radio, and to get thoroughly sleepy by 9 o'clock. She occasionally falls in error of reverting to "I come" used in past tense. She asked me to differentiate between Colonial and Renaissance Architecture for her tomorrow's History lesson.

Another son, Bruce, aged 12, is in the 7th grade at Fair Play. He has been "sickly" since he was a baby, and the Mother did not expect to "raise" him. In 1926 Mr. Grady was "wiped out" financially, and the family moved to Sarasota, Fla., where they had people. Their chief purpose was to build up the boy physically. Mr. Grady worked as a day laborer, and Mrs. Adair took boarders. They returned in 1928. He is strong enough now, and in good health, but as Mrs. Adair says, "he's a spoilt child"; they humor him now as if he still carried his affliction. He is easily irritated, and at times succeeds very well in making everyone thoroughly miserable.

Spent the morning at the store where I engaged the store-keeper in conversation. He apologized over and over again for the fact that he did not get an education that was available. When he was 15 he was still in the 3rd grade because he would not attend. His father, a railroad man, then bought him a mule and rented 10 acres and "put me to farmin'". But I didn't stick to that very long, and since then I've roamed about doing first one thing and then another". No one in the community seems to know much of "Mr. Mac" except that he came here from Marietta and bought out his nephew. The nephew is still in the community, and stays around the store "too much for a good farmer in cotton-pickin' time". He "went to war", came back and started to high school at the age of 24. He preached some and taught school some. Wanted to go to the University of Georgia, but could not finance it. Attended Young Harris, a Methodist Mountain Junior College, one year. He bought the store here, then sold out to his uncle for a good profit, and began farming. Mrs. Adair says that when he got his money "he bought a new Plymouth car, and couldn't farm for riding all over the country, flyin' by every Sunday to take a long trip somewhere in

the State or South Carolina. One Sunday I think they went way over to Alabama. His wife helped him spend all the money he had. She was always in Madison or Monroe, mostly Monroe. That money she didn't last long". Mrs. McRary stays in the store the greater part of every day. The men about say she is very pretty, and all the Adair women are forever "kidding" their "menfolks" about staying at the store so much. They have started in on me, and say that is the reason I was at the store all morning. The young lady in question has very, very practical features. The nephew McRary proceeded to tell me something of the school:

"They've let it run down. The building is in terrible condition as you've seen. I don't know much about the teaching that goes on, but if it's like the little school I taught in, the children aren't getting much that will do 'em any good. Very few of 'em go on to high school. But the biggest trouble is that for a long time now, one man has run the place. I can't afford to call any names, but it won't take long for you to learn who I'm talking about. The tenants, and poorer people in the community didn't like it, became dissatisfied, and a lot of 'em said, 'Alright, we won't send our kids down there'".

"But Mac, why did they let that situation come about?"

"I don't exactly know, unless the people just didn't know how, and weren't in a position to do anything about it. It was that way when I came here".

Was in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th grades room this morning. Could make neither head nor tail of schedule. Many of the kids had to go home and pick cotton in the afternoon. While the 2nd grade was having reading the beginners were at the board writing their names. I helped them, and met with favorable response. They were not frightened or timid at all. The 3rd and 4th grades had no seat work of any sort, but only sat and looked or listened, probably both, with a more or less blank look on their faces. Of course I was more or less the center of their attention.

the teaching of
I heard Miss Herrin "teach" the 1st grade reading lesson for the day. The lesson was copied from the book on the board. The pupils were grouped about the board, and each one was required, one after the other, to read it aloud from the board. Portions of it were then read by one then another as they were called upon. School has been in session for a month. None of them were given an opportunity to "figure out" a word, but as soon as he or she hesitated, Miss Herrin immediately told the word. Nothing was spelled out, no letters of the alphabet were mentioned, no syllables or word construction was hinted in the process. No phonics, phonetics, or whatnot. A mere mechanical process of calling off words by the pupil with the aid of the teacher. Words reoccurred so frequently and sentences were so short and of such similar construction, and the lesson was conducted in such a way that most of the "reading" was done by remembering rather than by recognition and understanding. ~~Such was the first impression.~~ The process went on for some twenty minutes.

the teacher

In 5th, 6th, 7th grades room in afternoon. As I entered Mrs. Few seemed to be finishing some lesson, and called upon me to teach the Geography lesson to the 6th and 7th grades. These classes are combined. The lesson was on South America, and I did my best to beg off on that score. Nothing doing, for I "had just been to Chicago", and I could tell them about my trip which would "probably do them more good". With which I heartily agreed, and proceeded with severely discriminating judgement. I looked about for a map, and had to go to a Geography book for one. I had no opportunity to observe the 57 year old "goose" work with her flock. She asked that I tell them "whatever is on your heart". Nine out of fifteen were absent in the afternoon. "They had to go home and pick cotton".

In Madison Thursday morning, as I was leaving the Post Office, an elderly gentleman, quite well dressed, dropped his mail. I picked it up for him. We stopped to talk, and after asking who I was and what I was doing, he told me of his interest in education, and of the people he had help finance in their education. Today Mr. Grady came in from Madison, and told me of a conversation with this Colonel Williford:

"Col. Williford is my lawyer, and he's always been good to me. He told me there were a couple of people living in our community workin' on rural education. He said, 'Grady, give 'em all the cooperation you folks can. No tellin' what good might come of it someday for you and your community and our County and State'. And I'm ready to do that thing. If there's any way I can help out, jus' call on me. I don't exactly know yet exactly what you're tryin' to do, but I want to help, 'cause we need anything you can do for us."

Reactions are as was expected. There is no contact with these people that does not lead at once to the question as to whether or not there is any money or material help coming to them from the Fund to "build us a new school". Our answer, I think, necessarily bewilders them, for such has been their attitude and thinking on education and their school here, that they don't easily grasp such a project as we are trying to carry on. However, I think we are safely answering the question without completely destroying the hope that something may come out of it for them, which attitude on their part would seem to be a distinct help. In fact Owen made statements to them concerning our being here that led them to believe that they will get something from it. Of course their immediate interpretation is that whatever it is will come in the form of an improved or new physical plant.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8th.

Spent a large part of the morning at Can Adairs², just across the road from the School. A Delco plant there, a piano, but no radio. A plumbing system in, but the pump has been broken for quite a while, and "there was so much trouble with the busted ol' thing anyway that we jus' didn't fix it". Mr. Can, who is Grady's brother, questioned me at length about farming in South Georgia. Cotton, the money crop here and in South Georgia, was left out of the conversation. He asked me about stock, sugar cane, peanuts, etc. He and Grady (the younger of the two) are on a par as farmers. They both plant a comparatively large amount of grain

as winter crop, raise hogs and cows for their own use, and do not follow cotton with cotton and corn with corn year in and year out on the same land as has been the practice in South Georgia for years. Much credit for that Mr. Grady gives to the County agent, who he says, has attempted to do a great deal of work here on an individual basis. They have their meal and flour ground at the mill which is located about a mile from the store. I asked Mr. Can if the tenants about raised much of their food.

"I don't reckon any of us raise as much as we ought to. Some of 'em do, and some don't, dependin' on what kind of folks they are. Most of 'em don't, mostly because they jus' don't care, but we got a few mighty good 'croppers' around here that have been here a long time."

His wife put me to the task of telling all about myself, where I came from, how large the family is, how old they are, and all that sort of thing, and by asking very specific questions. She asked me everything except how old I am, and in all probability that one will come before long. She concluded with the statement that "We done come to believe that you're like we are, just plain folks", which declaration I took as a compliment with a sigh of relief and fled.

Around the store in the afternoon to get a line on what usually takes place there. As I got out of the car, one of the men started laughing, and looked straight at me. I walked over in expectant fashion, and still laughing, he said that Harvey Herrin was getting a "good one on me." I asked what it was when Herrin walked up.

"Come on Harvey, tell him what it was". He began laughing and said, "Well, I jus' said ol' Jake Rosenwald done done a powerful heap for niggers, and these folks may be here to take that place down yonder away from us an' make a big nigger school out of it. I jus' said that may be what they are here fur."

With which he laughed again, I laughed, and everyone laughed. After assuring him that we were here to do everything we could possibly do to make a better school out of it, Herrin said:

"Well, you better take it sorta slowlike. Git some steps down there, then maybe some paint and some window panes, and maybe some new sashes. Ever'thing down there's in pretty bad shape. You gotta take it slow if you wanta do good with these folks here."

Someone then asked a question about the Bankhead Bill and the proposition of getting more gin tickets, and I faded from the conversation.

I am told by the Adairs that the Herrins are all smart and "well read"; that they keep up to the minute with current events all over the world, and can tell you as well as anyone can what is "going on"; that the men go around "lookin' any old way, but you better not judge 'em by that; you can't put nothin' over on 'em".

Harvey Herrin did indeed look terrible, wearing an old corduroy cap, ragged and faded overalls, canvas "tennis" shoes, with the "little" toe of one foot protruding, a dirty and coarse cotton shirt. He looked as if he hadn't shaved in weeks with a reddish brown beard of a quarter inch completely covering his face. I took him for a tenant, very poor financially, who nevertheless had no cares. And when I learned that he was quite otherwise, I quickly set about some manner of readjustment. He came to the community in the "nineties", owns land, and his judgement is respected. His wife is dead. A daughter teaches in South Georgia and I am told that she "can ever more 'an play a piano". He lives with his mother, and should it become cloudy or look like rain, he at once sets out for home to see that "she's alright". He took little part in conversation at the store when opinions were being expressed, and said very little at any time.

His brother, whom every one calls Pete, father of the girl who teaches at the school, lives only a short distance from him. He likewise wears overalls, has the characteristic beard, though he is a bit cleaner and more neat in appearance. At one time he was a trustee of the school, and at that time his daughter began teaching here. He has a son, married and living with him, a young, roudy sort of person who did not finish school, and who now wants to "join up with the CCC Camp that is being set up nearby. Pete, too, has the reputation of being smart and "well-read", whatever that phrase might mean around these parts. From all the Adairs have said, it seems that the Herrins are people who have to be considered in anything that is to be done here, though they are reserved, and to an extent withdrawn to themselves.

Some pointers from Neel Adair this morning on farming. Perhaps I won't feel so lost now in conversation as I was at times yesterday. He told me a good bit about growing grain, and what it meant to his family. Credit for it he gave to Carter, County agent, for having "brought daddy around to planting a lot of it". Said Carter had carried his father to Athens and other places around where such as that was discussed, and sometimes demonstrated. Said he himself had learned a good bit about such things at the A & M School.

"Me an' Daddy argue a good bit about all that now. He stands there an' tells me about how he's done it all his life an' how his Daddy done it, an' how good they come out on it, and most of the time he won't pay much 'tention to me. That's one reason I want to move down yonder to the red house on the other place and make a crop o' my own, so I can try out all that stuff. I think it's pretty good, but I didn't have much chance to try it out at school. See, they sorta begun droppin' off on experimentin' when I was there, and didn't do near enough of it".

Then a question as to how other people about responded to the efforts of the County agent--

"Well, you take the Hambys down the road there. They don't pay no 'tention to him much, 'cause they been farmin' all their life, and their folks before them, and they figger he can't know as much as they do about farmin', 'specially when he got most o' his out'n a book; least that's what they think".

Learned today that some seven or eight years ago the people of the community worked up an exhibit for a County Fair and won a prize of \$25.00 to be used for repairing the school, or to be spent on its improvement. The money was turned over to Can Adair, who was then a member of the Board of Trustees. It seems that he never did deposit the money in a bank, or anything of a sort, but kept it, or put it to his own use, always with the provision, of course, that the money was available for any contingency that might arise. The money was never used, in so far as anyone knows, except when one of the teachers should go to him for stove-pipe, or something of the sort, and no record exists of that unless Can Adair has kept one. So that in so far as the people know, the money was never put to use for definite improvement. And for these seven years the building has been going from a bad condition to a worse one. Built in 1908 or 1909, it has not been painted or covered since that time. At present 8 or 10 new windows are needed, some 22 panes are either out or are broken, the front and back steps are not safe; were there anything of value in the building, it would not be safe there, for the simple reason that none of the doors are strong and secure, and will hardly close, to say nothing of the fact that they cannot be locked. The stoves need grates, and the teachers are at present faced with the problem of getting enough fuel for the two rooms. No one, it seems, will bring in wood; not that any great effort has been made on the part of the principal, though she has written several notes to parents, and "simply can't understand why they don't do something". The black-

boards are in terrible condition. One can tell that the schoolhouse was at one time painted, but it would hardly be safe to go further. The roof leaks in many places, and in rough weather only portions of one room can be used. And lo! the \$25.00! Mrs. Grady Adair said at dinner:

"I spent many an hour on that \$25.00, and put out some real sweat on it. Gan's got the money, I guess, and until something's done about that, it ain't much use to try an' raise anymore, 'cause folks ain't gonna want to do much when what they did raise wudn't put to any use. When Few wanted anything for the school, she always went to Gan, and he's put out a right smart on it. How much he'll take out of the 25 for all that, I don't know, but somebody ought to ask him about it. Why don't you go do it?"

To which I replied that I didn't think that would be the best way to go about it, and asked if she wouldn't be willing to ask him.

"I don't want that job. I don't want to make him mad. I'll ask Few about it. We need that money".

Get the lady started, and there's no chance to ask questions. She goes on.

It seems that at one time there was a man who lived in the community, or commuted frequently, who served as pastor of Prospect Church (Methodist), a very nice wooden structure, painted white, located just across the road from the School. He now serves as editor of the Walton News, published in Monroe, some 11 miles from the community, and in Walton County. From the two copies of the paper that I have seen, the articles and editorials contained therein, he is "rural minded" to a great extent. About a year and a half ago the church bought a piano, but could not pay for it. Caldwell, the preacher, appointed a committee to raise money for the purpose, and named Mrs. Grady Adair, a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, as chairman. She told me:

"I didn't know what to do, 'cause that was some job, and I knew how hard it was to get these people round here 'roused up. But he wouldn't let me out of it, sayin' that it was a community proposition, and everybody would use the piano, and all the churches help each other. So I promised to do the best I could providin' everybody would help, and then he give me the power to call on anybody to do anything I asked 'em to do. We thought of givin' a barbecue and invitin' the Madison and Monroe Kiwanis to have a joint meetin' here. You see we are exactly half way between Madison and Monroe. So we did, and they accepted. We raised enough money to pay for the piano, but, lord, it was a job, cause Maude (Mrs. Gan Adair) an' me, an' one or two others had to do all the work. But everybody was pretty nice about giving things, an' we didn't have to buy nothin' but pepper an' salt an' plates, an' stuff like that. Now it may be we can get the Kiwanis to do it again, but I'm givin' notice right here that I ain't wantin' that responsibility again. Mr. Owens in Madison an' Caldwell in Monroe 'll help us I know, but I don't know whether the men'll want to come out again."

What a day! Rain all morning, all afternoon, practically all night. At store all afternoon, and with the rain found a large crowd there as expected. But none were very talkative. Cotton in field needs picking, and the more rain, the greater the loss. That may explain some of it. However, there was a great deal going on that denoted prevalence of good spirit among a certain group. In the back of the store, and around a little stove that gave off much warmth, two set-back games and a checker game were in progress, and everyone back there was either playing or greatly interested. There was much swearing at good or bad luck, boisterous laughter, and some drinking, though the drinking was always done outside and at the back door. I did not see a bottle come out in the open, though everyone knew what was happening in that regard. Nor was I offered a drink. Perhaps I had that young and innocent look, for the group was most congenial as long as I did not talk too much. That went on for hours, all afternoon in fact. The stakes in the card games was always a Coca Cola. Checkers was played for the sheer fun and skill in it, or something of the sort. All of the group were tenants, share-croppers, or what not, young and old. There wasn't a landowner in the lot. In the front of the store were the landowners, but none went in the back, a glam and silent group, saying little, if anything. Mr. Grady, who was there with me, said on the way home:

"That bunch in the back there, ain't none of 'em get anything, and they don't care about nothing. Give 'em a place to live an' somethin' to eat for their family, and not much at that, an' a pretty comfortable place to play cards and checkers when they ain't workin' and they get all they want. They're happy an' satisfied. I jus' natchly can't understand 'em".

Attended Adult Class tonight. About 1 or 1½ hours. The class is taught by Harvey, who has the job as relief, because he needs work. He is 62 years of age, and has taught school, preached, and farmed in this vicinity all his life. He lives at Bestwick, a place of some 300 souls, located in the County, some 5 miles to the northeast from the Fair Play Store. At one time he was a member of the Georgia legislature, which fact he hastened to tell us. Of that he said, "I hope you folks won't think less of me for it", which is intelligence, though borrowed. He teaches anything "My people ask me to teach". He admits that he knows a good bit, though he attempts to cover it with ineffectual modesty. All of which, I suppose, brings his experience to a point of complete fulfillment. In addition he has "raised" 4 boys. All, he says, are doing well, and so well, it would seem, that he finds it quite hard to teach at times for talking of one or the other of them. His digressions are many and terrible. In one way or other that I was unable to trace, he got off his subject of fractions, and into a description of a sunrise over a beautiful apple orchard in full bloom in North Georgia, which, he said, proved to be the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. The idea seemed to be that beauty exists every day and all about us, but we refuse to see it. I failed to get the connection with common fractions, but took it for granted. There were some twelve in attendance, none illiterate, but all only one step above it. He was not at all practical with his arithmetic, bewildering the group with denominators, and numerators, and common denominators, and mixed numbers and improper fractions and proper fractions--until he became so ineffectual with them that he began giving them problems dealing with the sale of cotton. There were

two men present who figured them "in their heads", and when asked to put the process on paper and explain it, were unable to do so.

A bath tonight in a bowl, basin, and whetnot, just big enough to get a foot in, convinces me that like these people, I won't mind a bit of dirt so much.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11-

Rain again, and perhaps a blessing in disguise--Mrs. Few living some 12 miles away could not get here because of bad roads. She begins staying at Gann Adairs next week. She was late yesterday, and found Lockman teaching for her when she arrived, which may explain something. She seems to be that kind of teacher. I heard some of the 1 lessons as Mrs. Few does, and tried to do some teaching on the side--Results were terrific, but enlightening. It takes no one trained in the work to know that the pupils do not read with understanding. From the 7th grade down the line, reading was done with the fingers; that is, each word was pointed to with the finger before anything else was done, and word by word did they read. There were some twenty-odd lessons to be heard. Motion and commotion were eternally breaking into whatever was being attempted. Questions popped from one source and another, from any and everywhere with no warning. With the two of us trying to carry out a schedule, there were 20 minutes to the lesson, which I found impossible. It seemed that the pupils had not been trained into any form of discipline, though they may have considered the occasion something of a holiday. I was quite befuddled in the midst of it all. It seems that everything depends upon the teacher, particularly as regards habits, thinking, and understanding. Few and the textbooks are school and education in that room. There is nothing else there. And from all I saw and heard today, textbooks make up by far the larger portion.

I learn that a year ago the High School at Rutledge was made a consolidated High School, and that a Bonded District was formed. The District cuts across three of the County School, or Militia Districts, and centers in the community where we live. There is no township in the entire ^{Fair Play} District. The Bonded District created for the Rutledge School includes a southern portion of Fair Play District. Another portion of Fair Play District is included in another Bonded District that centers in the High School at Bostwick, which like Rutledge is located in another county School or Militia district. Last year the Bonded District at Bostwick carried a levy of 12 mills. There is a part of Fair Play District, situated in the center of the District, that is included neither in the Bostwick District nor in the Rutledge District. Grady Adair said that he and other opposed the formation of the Rutledge District, but, he says,

"What was the use? There was no hope for us. If the proposition they hatched up went through, that meant that the Rutledge people would get more money for their school, and that's just what they wanted. They voted on it the same as we did to see if we'd go in the District, and there wudn't no way to beat 'em. They didn't let us vote by ourselves to see whether we wanted to join up with 'em or not. Another thing is, they come out here and told us there wouldn't be but one and a half mills levy on us for that, an' now they come up with 5 mills first shot out o' the box which doubles my school tax from about \$8 to about \$17.

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Take ol' man Mitchem over there a ways, he don't have to pay nothin' additional just because he happens to live on the other side of some 'maginary line they drawed. That's somethin' I can't understan'. And 'fore we know it they'll be out here takin' the whole thing, lock, stock, an' barrel, an' movin' it in to Rutledge without our havin' any say-so in the whole thing".

Mr. and Mrs. Adair started at length today on the subject, pointing to the fact that there are 5 members of the County Board of Education all from different sections of the County. The one from this section is Frank Haile, a grocerman from Rutledge, and they say "as crooked as a snake". Rutledge is a town of 500 population, located to the South of us about 4 miles, on the Atlanta highway. The Board "leaves to each Board member his own section of the County to look after," and takes his recommendations for what ought to be done there about any of the schools. Said Mrs. Adair:

"I doubt if Frank Haile has ever seen this school out here since he's been a member of the Board. The worse off this school out here gets, the better he likes it, cause he's lookin' out for Rutledge, and they want to consolidate so they can have a bigger and better school there. Now we ain't go'n get nothin' from that County Board unless Frank Haile wants us to, an' he ain't go'n want us to".

Attended Adult Class again tonight. More arithmetic, and tonight they were building a barn; figuring how much lumber would be required, etc. Learned Harvey's schedule here: three times one week, two the next. In the afternoons of those days he holds a class for the ladies of the community. Tonight I managed to get all the family where I live to go with me, and all of Gan Adair's crowd joined us. Gan has a son 34 years old, married, two boys (2nd and 7th grades) who lives with him; everyone calls the son Tommy. The son Tommy is a member of the Board of Trustees of the School, and as we were going over Tommy said for my ear alone:

"I don't believe in that man Harvey. I don't care nothin' about listin' to him. He's two faced as hell. Know what he done? He couldn't get a place to preach for the Methodists, so he turned Baptist so he could get a place. He's two faced, and ain't nothin' to him. Only reason I'm comin' over here is y'all are".

There were many comparatively difficult problems given to those attending to be worked. Neel was the only one of the Adair group that did any work. Really were not enough lamps for everyone to see clearly. After they had been worked at the seats, Harvey sent a few ladies to the board to write them there and explain them. It was done well; the boards are so poor that I could not see the work some 12 feet away. Those working were the same that made up the group present the last time I attended--tenants from the Bend, as that section is called. They had to walk from one to two miles to get there. It was evident that they felt themselves watched with curious and amused eyes. There was much whispering and occasionally repressed laughter among the Adairs. It was hard to tell exactly what was behind the laughing. Their presence was no help at all to the conduct and accomplishment of the class, and I shall go alone next time.

Mrs. Harvey Herndon, wife of one of the tenants, spoke openly after class was over of statements several of the children made to the effect that they "wished that man would teach history all the time. We can learn a lot more when he teaches". While no bouquet could be sweet enough among these people, that one can pack a brick in the form of teacher reaction, which isn't at all desirable just now. I immediately explained it away on the basis of newness and novelty. I learned after the meeting that the lady married before she was in the 7th grade, and had a child at the age of 16. She seemed, of them all, most anxious to learn, and the most able.

12 o'clock, and I've done nothing but be with these people all day. I have to be up at 4:30 in the morning for a fox chase. To the gods that be! The house has been quiet as a mouse for three hours.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12-

Didn't lay eyes on a fox this morning, but they said it was one of the best they had had. They take great pride in their hounds, and tell from every bark of the dogs just what is happening, and what every dog is doing. A dog on the track furnishes the sweetest of music for them. They care nothing for the fox, but want only to hear the race. We ran a red fox in the ground, and could easily have dug him out. Mr. Grady said: "If we'd dug that fox out, Pete an' Harvey Herrin (who were along) would of had a fit. They can't stand to catch a fox unless it's a sight race and the dogs get him". Which, I suppose, is true sportsmanship or something of that sort. On the return trip, the car bogged in sand where a stream crossed the road, and it was all out and shoulder to the wheel in water well above the ankles. Muddy, filthy and nasty before the hour of work getting it out was done, and there is no doubting the fact that they thought much more of me when it was done, particularly Harvey Herrin.

In to talk with Owen today. We wanted some grates for the stove, which, we learned, will have to be ordered. Before that can be done, the Board has to approve the purchase. The Board meets once a month. County Board appointed by the Grand Jury for term of four years--two members one year, two the next and one the next. Owen thinks we may be able to get as much as \$50.00 for the school at Fair Play, perhaps not that much, certainly not more. County now operating on about half of money available four years ago.

Owen does not believe that consolidation of school out here will be accomplished any time soon, if ever, nor does he favor it so long as the enrollment here justifies a two-teacher school. He is very much against a one-teacher school wherever they can possibly be avoided. As a general principle he is against having more than three grades to the teacher, and in case of a high school consolidation, would carry the 7th grade in also.

With all of his trials and tribulations he holds the problem of greatest magnitude to be that of getting good teachers. He tells us that he never goes into a schoolroom but that he emphasizes the all-importance of reading, followed in order by writing, spelling, and English. Also that if the teacher cannot teach those well, particularly reading, that he will do his best to get them one that can. The practice followed in the County for time immemorial has been that of leaving the selection of teachers to the local

Boards of Trustees, with automatic approval by the County Board if the teachers chosen have the proper credentials in the form of State Certificates or whatnot. Owen states that he is trying to get a hand in the process, but that such has been his situation with the Board that he has got no further than suggestion. He has told all of his teachers that unless they have reached the point of meeting certain qualifications within three years after he entered office, which gives them one more year, out they must go. He did not hesitate to say what he thought of Mrs. Few as a teacher, and so poorly did he think that only a shrug and a laugh were required to express it. He gave no opinion of Miss Herrin (Ophelia), the other teacher here, and asked our opinion. I am sure we were safe in saying that she has possibilities, and that her approach and attitude are commendable, but that she needs considerable training.

Miss Herrin finished 11th grade at Madison A & M, has had two summers there in sessions held to train teachers for State Certificates, and is now beginning her ^{fourth} ~~third~~ year at Fair Play. She is 21 years old. She knows nothing of phonics, and makes no effort to teach it. Harvey is now instructing her in 7th grade arithmetic. She asked him for it. It seems that knowing so much about the families and backgrounds of the children she teaches, and having lived here with a poor educational situation and condition all her life, she is probably too sympathetic, accepts too much as inevitable, and takes too much for granted.

The county has no Health Department. It "died out" some few years ago, and efforts are being made to restore it, but "the time is not yet ripe", conditions do not encourage it at this time. A county clinic was held during the summer for typhoid, diphtheria, and small-pox. Many in this were vaccinated--in Rutledge. It was an FERA project; the County Commissioners gave some monetary aid. It would seem that a mistake was made in not waiting a month later and conducting the clinic through the schools. They chose the wrong time to do the greatest good, but perhaps that was impossible to avoid.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15-

Attended Sixth District Educational Convention today with the teachers, held in Milledgeville. This County is in the Tenth District, but upon an invitation to the meeting at Milledgeville, the teachers, at the suggestion of Owen, chose to go there, rather than to Washington, Ga. Not being a member of the Sixth District, the teachers of this county were not recognized as were those from the other Counties, and Mrs. Few criticized Owen for having them go there without having them recognized. She did not appreciate the fact at all.

The morning session was given over to addresses centering around membership in the Georgia Educational Association. In addition there were addresses by Dr. Sanford, President of the State University, who discussed Georgia's antiquated tax system and its effect upon Georgia's school system. Dr. Sutton, Superintendent of Atlanta Schools, addressed the group, and talked on what he called the Tyrannies of Time, of Place, of Equipment, and of Grades or Report Cards, which should have meant much to rural teachers.

In the afternoon we attended the meeting of the Department of Elementary Education, Grades 4-7, where the theme for discussion was "Better education through curriculum revision". I went in with the certainty that I would get a great deal from the discussion. We were forced to leave before the meeting was finished. Dr. Amanda Johnson of the State School at Milledgeville talked on revitalizing the Social Sciences. From her talk I gathered that the manner in which revitalization could best be accomplished was through Correlation. She discussed various theories that authorities over the country are using as a basis for books they are writing, and seemed to get no further. There is a large teacher training department in the School there; in fact teacher training is its chief purpose. In addition a picture with sound was shown in which Dr. Bode of the University of Ohio discussed "The elementary teacher as a guide", and illustrated with scenes and methods used in the training school there. The idea expressed and demonstrated was very good, it would seem, but the scenes pictured work and methods carried on in ideal conditions and circumstances, and with every facility available. I am sure that it was a bit confusing for a rural teacher. In so far as results of the day were concerned, I was somewhat disappointed, and left the place with the idea that the situation is not as it should be, but with no suggestions as to how it might be remedied or improved. The teachers made no comment on the way home, save that Dr. Sutton was good, that Dr. Sanford talked "over their heads", and that the School did an excellent job of handling the large crowd at the free barbecue.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17-

Talked with Harvey this afternoon. He has lived in and about Bostwick all his life, and knows all the people in this community. He thinks very well of himself, and the great help he is rendering his people in Adult Education. I asked him his opinion of consolidation, and in particular, the results of a consolidation of this school with that at Rutledge. In his long answer to my question he began:

"Well now, I'll tell you what a lady told me not so long ago. She lives a short ways from Bostwick, where I have an Adult Class, and where we are doing some good work. We are going to begin work on the History of Georgia in a few days, placing emphasis on literature. I was talking with her one afternoon about our schools. By the way she used to teach school, taught a long time, I don't know just how long, and as they say around here, 'she's a goodun'. She's a venerable old lady, and still has her fire. Now she told me that 'these town and city folks are too everlastin' busy an' lazy to have chil'un and raise 'em. They have to have 'em for a good big school. An' so they can have 'em like that they're comin' to the country where we still have time, an' know how, an' love to have 'em and raise 'em, an' are snatchin' 'em by the hair of their heads an' are takin' 'em in to town to school. They're combin' the country for 'em, when we ought to have 'em right here so we can know what's happ'nin' to 'em, an' what's goin' on'".

He laughed heartily, and said:

"She's a great old soul, and I wish there were more like her. Now there may be some logic in what she said. I don't see how such communities as this can afford to lose their schools. Take them away, and what have you got left for them to build around? But the most important thing is, say if this school were moved to Rutledge, most of the children around here wouldn't get to school. Now you take all the people down around the Bend yonder. They manage in some way to make a livin' though the Lord only knows how, and there aren't any better people livin', at heart. On my last trip over here they made me take home a sack of potatoes and several head of the prettiest collards you ever saw. But they don't have much money, and they can't afford many clothes for their children. As long as those children can come to school here, they can wear overalls, and plain cotton dresses. Now as soon as they started to Rutledge, if they started, it would take more than that, for the children there don't dress that way. Those children from down at the Bend, and others around who would have to go there wearin' overalls would feel a difference, and they wouldn't like it, and they wouldn't want to go. Their parents know already, and they wouldn't want to send 'em, and most of 'em wouldn't. Now some folks call that false pride, but it's more than that. You stay around here long enough and you'll know what I mean, and realize that it's true. It's the sort of thing you can't run over rough-shod. They feel it, and they're going to act accordingly, even if it means that their children don't get an education. Then there's another thing. A mother and father like to visit the school sometimes, and like to see and hear their children recite, and see what they're doing. As long as this school stays here they can do it, and feel free to at any time. But with Rutledge, it won't be so. I never will forget when my girl was coming along. She was taking music, and her teacher wanted her to play in a recital, which meant that I would have to get a dress and other things for her that would cost twelve or fifteen dollars, and I couldn't see that much in it. I wasn't making much money then, and have done much better since. Well, her teacher came to see me and told me that if I wouldn't, she would, and of course I wouldn't let her do that. So the dress was bought. You can't get around a woman when she's got her mind made up. Now, I went to the recital, and sat in the back. When her time came she walked out on the stage, an' climbed up on the stool, and played her number. There wasn't much to it, but when she finished, a friend of mine leaned over and told me how pretty she was an' how well she played for her age, and he said he knew I was proud of her. Well, I thought it was about the sweetest thing I'd ever seen or heard, an' I stuck out my chest just like I owned the world. Now all that may not sound like very much to you, but it meant everything to me, and it's the same way with these folks that live out here. It's the greatest stimulus to growth and development, and life, and it means a lot to the parents and the children. Things like that don't come to the minds of people much when they're thinking of consolidation, but in the education of a child. If this school right here were moved to Rutledge, there wouldn't be much, if any, of that.

It means everything.

Have spent a good bit of time in the 5th, 6th, and 7th grades room. There is finally a map there, one from the Progressive Farmer and Southern Ruralist, a farm magazine; a map that Mr. Gagn was given with a subscription. It's better than no map at all, with a map of Georgia on one side, a smaller one of the United States on the reverse side.

It is impossible to go in the room without Mrs. Few calling on me to teach a class. I managed to get by the last three days with only three lessons to teach. One of them was in the 6th grade arithmetic. The lesson for the day consisted of five problems assigned the day before. Mrs. Few asked me to "see if they know how to work the problems I assigned them". She allowed me 15 minutes; I took 25, and gave up. The title under which the problems were given was "Comparison of Numbers". The type of problem was as follows:

If 3 yds. of cloth cost 40¢, how much will 18 yds. cost?

One problem was worked in the book in this fashion:

18 divided by 3 is 6

6 times 40¢ is \$2.40, with a few simple explanatory remarks.

There were six in the class. I gave the first problem to all of them at their desks. Only one could work the problem, an alert red-headed kid, son of one of the tenants in the community. I explained the problem at the board. Upon giving out the second one, my ambitions were crushed by weight of the fact that none of the five could do better. The red-headed kid worked it quickly. I worked there for 25 minutes, on the group as a whole and individually, very patiently, and in what I thought was the most simple fashion. They did not know when to use division, how to apply it. That it had a purpose was beyond them; only something to be memorized. With three of them it was the same with multiplication. Two of them were still counting on their fingers when adding; all of them except the red-head were uncertain of their multiplication tables, and one simply did not know them. All were promoted last year to the 6th grade. The red-headed boy was not in school here last year. The boy who counted on his fingers and did not know his tables was entered on Mrs. Few's record as having a "fairly good average". He made "A" in Arithmetic every month last year. One of the girls who had difficulty in seeing the light has this by her last year's record: "I'm promoting her. Came 76 days (out of a possible 156). She studies well. Kept out on account of sickness."

Heard 7th grade Health, which consisted of a review of a chapter on alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics. None of them could give me an example of a narcotic, or define the term. At the end of the chapter were a group of questions headed by this one: "What benefits does a community derive from prohibition?" None of them could tell me the meaning of the word. I proceeded to teach the review.

A few days ago I taught a 7th grade History lesson that dealt with Royal, Proprietary, and Charter Colonies. At that time I attempted to explain the differences between them in the simplest of terms, and had someone of the class give an explanation when I had finished. Also to give some idea as to their significance, which was explained

by one of them in his own terms. Today, I heard a review of that same chapter. They are getting ready for tests. Imagine my chagrin when not one of them could tell me what even one of the three meant. I didn't get an intelligent gleam in an eye. They had no idea why Maryland was founded, and knew none of the circumstances surrounding the first English settlement in America. I asked questions that they could not answer. "Find the answer", and I had to do considerable restraining, so strong was their enthusiasm when the answer was found. Not that they need all that, but simply that it is all they have had. They were blank. Mrs. Few asked me to hear a poem that the 7th English class had memorized, "October's Bright Blue Weather", by Helen Hunt Jackson, a poem of eight stanzas, four lines each, and in rime. The day previous had been given over to the first four stanzas. All knew it more or less perfectly, and I had a terrible time getting them to say it slowly enough for me to understand what they were saying in monotonous sing-song fashion. I attempted to learn whether or not they knew the meaning of the poet's expression. Blank again. The fact that the poem was punctuated was strange to them; there was no knowledge of that. I gave it up as a bad job and went home.

If all the schools in the State are plagued with such teachers as Mrs. Few, it would be as well to close them all until a new "crop" can be trained. Fifty-seven years of age, she has been teaching some 19 years. She attended Bessie Tift at Forsyth in the late "nineties" for four years, taking a normal course the last year. She holds a Life Certificate from the State Department, and is very proud of the fact. She has raised a family, and her chief interest in teaching is evidently that of bolstering the family finances. Her husband is a carpenter. She is a slave to textbooks. She follows them very closely, and is original in no sense of the word. Her room is an inspirational void. When she finishes a lesson, she ~~borrow~~^{class} the book (that she has borrowed from one of the pupils) with finality-- "Well, that's done." She always seems to be in a hurry, for there is a schedule that must be carried out. There is no flexibility. In the many times that I have been there, there was no effort on her part to induce a child to think. If it can be said that they are being trained to lead any sort of life, it may as well be the kind that the parents in the community are now living. I have seen nothing in the schoolroom that will better their condition, except that they will be able to read and write after a fashion. If that is bettering their condition, and if one gets the idea that such is being done, it will not be in the schoolroom that the idea takes shape. Having some knowledge of rural education in the State when I came here, I am somewhat surprised to find such "education" in process in what was described to us as one of the better communities in the County. If the pupils in the 7th grade go no further in their schooling, they can only say that they have been subjected to more knowledge, have had more formal training of a very doubtful nature than did their parents who got no further than the 5th or 6th grade, but they will hardly be better prepared to think, will hardly know more than their parents did, and will certainly not in any fashion be better prepared to meet the situations that for them will arise tomorrow, or next year, because they went through 7th grade at Fair Play. Mrs. Few waves something above them for which they are to strive, something she and the State call necessary knowledge, in the attitude that "this is fine, this is education, it will make you better boys and girls, you ought to know it---Now, let's everybody try and learn".

That done over a period of some six hours of the day, divided into 21 "lessons", she closes the school doors, her job is done, and what a relief! Not only for her, but I doubt not for her pupils as well. They do enjoy being there together, perhaps, for, rather far removed as they are from one another, they get quite lonesome for someone their age.

All of which goes under the heading of sophomoric raving, true though it all is.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24--

Mrs. Few says that Can Adair still has part of the \$25.00 left, but she doesn't know how much. "He's done so many things for us over here, that I don't imagine its much."

Work is under way for the Barbecue for the Kiwanis Clubs. That work, however, we have done. Our trip to Monroe has netted nothing there so far. Two trips to Madison, and we have the assurance that they will be on hand, provided a convenient day can be set for both clubs. Attended Madison Kiwanis Luncheon yesterday, was introduced by Owen, and met with a very nice reception. Tentative dates are November 13th and 15th. Are going to make an effort to make people here feel that through work and contributions they are taking part in a community project to improve their school. Have suggested that with charge of 50¢ to outsiders, the people who contribute and work should pay 25¢ a plate. Teachers like the idea but are a bit skeptical as to its cheerful acceptance by the entire community. Teachers suggested that they be the ones to go around and ask people of the community for contributions of food for the occasion, which comes as quite a surprise. Too much "buck" passing heretofore with the Principal. Perhaps our initiative ends when plans with Madison and Monroe are complete.

So much needs to be done in way of improvement about the school that it's hard to know where to begin. Perhaps should do as Harvey Herrin suggested and take it slowly. But there's talk of FERA projects, which had never occurred to me, and which points to a larger program. Talked to Owen about such procedure, and he favors it, but is quite uncertain of success. Says he never knows what to count on from them. Told of a project applied for by Fair Play, but has no idea as to what happened. He related an experience of people in Walton County, who applied for help in improving one of smaller county schools. It seems that application was made for it through the County Administrator of Federal Relief. Time passed and no report came back to them. Persistent inquiries brought no results. One of the more influential men in the County became interested, went to see the administrator about the project. The administrator was out, and this person, being acquainted with everyone in the office, sat at the administrator's desk and talked. During the course of the conversation he espied a small drawer to the inside of the large desk, pulled it open, and there lay the application, as it had been handed in, which application had never gone to Atlanta as per schedule for approval or disapproval. The man said nothing, but closed the drawer, and the conversation continued. The following day he returned, found the administrator in, and asked about this particular project. The administrator had heard nothing "from Atlanta", whereupon

the influential enquirer reached for the drawer, and brought out the application, much to the astonishment and dismay of said administrator. The administrator acted the part of ignorance and surprise. The application was carried to Atlanta that afternoon, after words were exchanged, and said project was approved. Said Owen, "I don't know whether that's what happened to the Fair Play project or not, but it may have been." He is to see Peacock, the County Engineer, as soon as possible. PS

Harvey's classes are not holding up well in attendance. Three were present this afternoon, the two teachers and Lockman, which is becoming a frequent occurrence in that regard. Lockman tells me that Harvey, sensitive to the situation, asked if they thought it was his fault. Few and Herrin, the teachers, replied in a strong negative. Perhaps they could not have said otherwise, but the answer was typical of their apparent attitude toward the educational set-up here in every regard, and it can hardly be doubted that their answer was their joint conviction. It's unfortunate that Miss Herrin has to have her first experience, or any experience, for that matter, with Mrs. Few. I am practically convinced that were that work (Adult Education) well organized, presented in an attractive manner, and made so practical that its value would be apparent to the people here, it would meet with interest and participation on the part of a large majority. If to serve no other purpose, it would be a valuable agency to further the education of the children in the community, expensive and indirect though it might be. From Mrs. Few's records I learn that last year one of the trustees of the School, Mr. Shepherd, took his son in the 7th grade, 14 years old, from school, and put him to work. The boy had a poor attendance record all year. He is in school again this year, and is enthusiastic in spite of his teacher. He did not enter school, however, until the second week in October, as did his 12 year old and 8 year old brothers. Five boys entered school in September. Six others have entered this month, the second week, or after. Farm work.

In the living room tonight, and in some connection that I cannot recall, Miss Modell (Mrs. Grady Adair) in the swift flow of point-less conversation, told me of a teacher who taught here seven or eight years ago, and who boarded with her, evidently the one who preceded Mrs. Few.

"School wudn't out then til 4 o'clock in the evening, but she'd come home and start out over the community, goin' to see her pupils who were sick, or to see those not in school, or just to talk to their parents. Sometimes she'd take the buggy we offered her, but most o' the time she'd walk. She went to see 'em all, an' never would come in 'til dark."

She made the comment as if it were part of a fairy tale, and so great is the contrast with that activity and that of the teachers here now, that I expected further comment directed to that point. "Amos and Andy" were tuned in on the radio, and she stopped. I realize now that I should have made a discussion of it. Perhaps I'm too careful. This family idolizes Mrs. Few--and "Amos and Andy".

In Madison yesterday to see County FERA administrator. It develops that they are furnishing only labor for projects, and that other agencies, County or Community, must furnish materials. There's only one from this community on their list of unemployed employables. Labor would have to be transported, and they do not furnish transportation. At store this morning, and talked with Asher Brown about FERA project. Said he:

"We tried to get through one last year, but nothin' came of it."

Mr. Ash, why wasn't it approved?

"Madison wanted a water-works plant then, and some other things, and Rutledge was workin' on a project for their school. They look out for themselves, you know."

How much did you ask for in the application?

"We asked for ever'thing, in the hope of gettin' something. I think we even included shrubbery. I don't know whether y'all 'll have much luck or not. You might."

Others at the store said they had rather do the work themselves than have many from Rutledge on relief rolls come out here and do it, because many there are in same position as many out here: they have work on the farm they can be doing, but have managed to get "on relief" in some way, and get ready cash for that work. "We don't do that out here. We try to look after our crops the best we know how, like they ought to be doing."

Have asked Mrs. Few to have children write notes to mothers inviting them to school Friday for short exercises they are having in the afternoon, to have a short meeting afterward and present proposition we are trying to put over in effort to raise money for the school. Make some effort to organize all patrons of the school to put the job over. She seemed willing enough.

Miss Modell tells me of a Negro on her place last year who wanted to give her child a Bible name, and after looking through the Bible gave him the name, "Pizzum Siv"—Psalm CIV. I have a notion that's an old stock joke.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3--

A long talk with Owen Wednesday, prompted by my asking to see his yearly reports, financial and otherwise. Very anxious that I do so. It took him four months to make out his first report, for reason that Ivey, the man who preceded him in the office, left no reports for him to work from. He had to get all the information for himself outside his office. He then told me at length about his education and circumstances surrounding it.

Owen was teaching at Madison A & M when reorganization by Board of Regents pointed to abolishing the school. He decided to enter race against Ivey for County Superintendent, which office then carried a salary of \$125.00 per month. He conducted a vigorous campaign, and won by 6 votes. Ivey was very bitter, and tried to get lawyers in Madison, Athens, and Monroe to contest the

election, all of them flatly refusing.

Ivey at the time was "running" a seven horse farm, and serving as Minister in one of the Rutledge churches. Owen said he has told him many times that he never lost money farming. People who would go to the Superintendent's office to see Ivey on school business would usually have to go to Rutledge to see him, where he spent most of his time. The job as County Superintendent was more or less a side issue with Ivey. At that time his brother-in-law was chairman of the County Board. For reasons known only to himself, but ostensibly to drive Owen from the office, Ivey recommended to the Board, after the election, and before Owen went into office, that the salary of the County Superintendent be cut to \$75.00 per month, as an economy measure. Such action was taken, but Owen refused to withdraw, and not because he did not have other opportunities that offered greater remuneration. The Board, sympathetic with Ivey, was hostile, in a sense, toward Owen, but he has worked patiently, and has brought them to a point where conditions are much more encouraging. They have raised his salary to \$90.00 per month.

Ivey then proceeded to get the Superintendent's place at the Rutledge school, and succeeded in having the Board of Trustees there elect him. However, he could not meet the qualifications for the position, and knew it. He went to Owen, the County Superintendent, and asked that he recommend him to the County Board, promising to take work and meet State requirements. Under the circumstances Owen agreed. As yet, he hasn't completed that work, but is still trying. The County pays him \$10.00 per month more than it does to County School Superintendent.

Few is "against Owen" for personal reasons. While teaching at the A & M School, he was responsible for her son being allowed to enter and attend school there. But the son persisted in constant drinking, and refused to curb it. School was forced, after so long a time, to expel him, and Mrs. Few holds Owen responsible, therefore--

The Gan Adairs are "for Ivey", because years ago when a fire swept their home, Ivey sent them a ten dollar bill. Mr. Gan said, "I've never forgotten that, and I'd been an ingrate not to vote for him". Gan Adair served in Georgia's legislature. PS

Grady Adair, on the other hand, is "for Owen", because he was so good to Neel when he was at A & M, and has "always been nice to us". Arch Malcolm, a man over at Bostwick, brother to Miss Modell, was "for Owen" because he "figured a man who had a preachin' job had all he could do to hold that job down, and ought not to try anything else".

Owen now says may be able to get \$25.00 from Board for Fair Play. Expenditure for such purposes has already exceeded budget. He still works on FERA proposition.

Went over to Bostwick Wednesday afternoon to talk to Woman's Club there about work we are trying to do. Did so after Harvey had made many urgent requests. Satisfying curiosities. Talked for 45 minutes, and before I finished got word that a death message

awaited me at Rutledge, which prevented my getting reactions that I went for. But I met with unfeigned surprise when I told of the fact that only the most educated people of Holland are allowed to farm in that country. I was forced to leave at once. I at least convinced them that I was no "Yankee detective", which accusation was largely responsible for my going there.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4-

Attended Methodist church today--as many Primitive and Missionary Baptists in attendance as there were Methodists. Pastor a young man, attended Emory when I was there. Has four churches in his charge, lives at Apalachee, some ten miles away. Arrived just before service, and left immediately afterward. Have not seen him in community at any other time, nor heard of his being here. Preached on theme of "O, ye men of little faith", and centered his sermon around story of Peter walking on the water. First Methodist service I have ever attended on Sunday morning where no collection was taken. Methodist services on First Sunday. None in community on Second, Missionary Baptist on Third Sunday, and Primitive Baptist on Fourth. There were no tenants in attendance except one boy, from a Peter's family, whose father is Mrs. Gan Adair's sister. The Browns are Methodist. More of them later.

Miss Modell always goes to church prepared to have five or six people come back for dinner. Today, she asked several members of her family if they wouldn't have dinner with her. "Well, we came to church to go on home with you", and that's all there was to it.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5-

Learned today that Monroe Club could not be here for November 13. Went to Gan Adairs to learn more of it, found Tommy Adair had gone to Monroe to look at some mules, so I follow. Found him, and we went to see Caldwell, the editor, about barbecue. We in turn went to see Mason Williams, Kiwanian, County School Superintendent of Walton County. Tommy remained in the background, and said nothing. We had to go to see another Kiwanian, and Tommy, 34 years and member of Board of Trustees said, "I'll wait for you at the drug store". But before he left us Caldwell asked him:

"How's that young preacher comin' on at the church out there".

"I don't know Mr. Caldwell. I guess he's doin' alright. He come out yesterday, and left right after he preached".

"How did he preach?"

"I guess he done alright. I didn't understand what all he was talkin' about".

"Huh, he's not much is he?"

With which we parted. When I joined Tommy again he said:

"Hear what Caldwell asked me about the preacher? He used to preach out there. Methodist Conference comin' on. I think he want's the place back. He's a slick duck".

Monroe cannot be here on November 13th. Weather might make a later date inadvisable. Back to Fair Play and it was decided to try and have it without them. In to Madison tomorrow to complete arrangements.

To Harvey's Adult Class again this afternoon. Lockman and I and the two teachers only ones in attendance. Harvey tells us that he has the appointment as teacher in CCC Camp nearby. That officials at the University and in the State Department had advised him not to take it, but to remain in the work he is doing here. But he doesn't see their point, though he appreciates their opinion of his work here. But--the "Government people" have instructed him to "hold on" to his class here, as it's the best one he has, and "they seem to be interested enough to keep it up." Those who advised him to continue in this work probably had the welfare of the CCC boys in mind. I wonder what reports he has made to the FERA about his work here?

He spent the afternoon telling us about that, and about the Federated Woman's Club. He wants to organize a Woman's Club here, while Lockman and I are on hand to help. Officers of the Georgia Federation live in Rutledge and in Madison, and he wants to get them out here as soon as possible. Mrs. Few is going to write another of her magical notes to parents, to have the women meet here to "talk over" the situation Friday afternoon. Said he: "It's fortunate that we have Miss Lockman and Mr. Wilson in the community. Mr. Wilson talked in Bostwick for me last week, and he's increased my attendance 40 per cent. Many women have talked to me about our Club there since he talked, and want him back, and want Miss Lockman to come and talk with us. They ought to help us out a great deal out here." And now what have I done?!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th

Spent the entire day in Madison. Talked with Owen at length about one thing and another. Was surprised when he said:

"Wilson, if the Rosenwald people would like to make an experiment, or carry on a project, as you call it, on a County-wide basis, I'd like very much to work with them on it here in Morgan County."

"In what regard, Mr. Owen?"

"In any regard, teachers, curriculum. I think this Board here is ready for something like that if it's presented to them in the right way, and I'm very interested. I'll do anything that's necessary. Take three schools, say, and just use them for experiment, make a sort of triangular affair of it, and maybe include one Negro school."

"Mr. Owen, how would you get around curriculum required by the State, and the State required text-books?"

"I don't think that would be very hard. One set of text-books in the school, and used in a supplementary way would take care of that. Here's the list of text-books the State requires. In the High School particularly, next year we're going to use these text-books only as a basis for curriculum, and make it as flexible as possible, so as to meet the needs as the teacher

sees them, to take care of this social metamorphosis we're going through. I'm going to try to get the Board to send two teachers to summer school this summer to study curriculum, and have them come back next year and give it to our other County teachers at Teachers' Meetings. I want to go myself. (Here his wife put in the remark that it would end in his going alone and paying his own way) Most of my teachers aren't prepared to make their own curriculum, and I don't know where I can get any better ones at the salaries we have to pay. But we've got to do something, and that's the best way I know to do it."

While I was in the office, a man came in to buy school books. I learned afterwards that he was a tenant from Bostwick. He wanted a book that was not required by the State, and which was not carried by Owen. The book had been ordered for Rutledge School, but had not been asked for by Bostwick teachers. Owen tried to learn something of the situation, but the man didn't know what grade his kid was in!

County Board met in afternoon. Owen had first order of business the repair of Fair Play school. The members knew nothing of the conditions of building, and they were to wait until Peacock, FERA engineer, had made an estimate on what should be done, and how much such would cost. They are faced with foregoing any more improvements on County Schools, or else shortening considerably their eight month term. Owen says they can't stay open through March unless they get Federal Aid.

Representatives of P.T.A. of Apalachee school went before Board to ask for \$125.00 on an FERA project, that requires \$170.00 worth of material, the FERA to furnish labor. The Board granted them \$25.00. A three teacher school, nine grades, 96 enrolled last year; the Board spent \$10.00 on improvement there last year according to Owen's annual report. Owen is praying for younger men on the Board. He says that's the only solution. None of the people at Fair Play have been before the County Board since Owen has been in office seeking improvement or repair of their building. I should have gone in and presented the situation at this meeting. I'm learning at too great a price.

Talked to Peacock, the engineer, just before I left Madison. He was out here Sunday, said the building was in terrible condition, and would take some \$300 or \$400 to put it in condition, that estimate based upon cheap materials.

He figured paint at \$55 or \$60

 windows at \$35

 toilets at \$30

 roof at \$125 or \$150--All of which is most discouraging

with funds that are available. Perhaps we've wasted much time and energy on this FERA business. I finally saw Peacock after five attempts.

Kiwanis Barbecue at 5:30, November 13th. Madison will be present, but not Monroe.



School today. Taught lesson in geography to the 6th and 7th grades. Topic, the Value of Forests. They had no idea why a shed in the hot sun did not serve all the purposes that a tree would serve as protection and relief from heat and sun. They had no idea what the word "erosion" meant, and when I asked several whether forests had anything to do with "washing of land" the answer I got was "I don't know." The idea was strange to them. Many pupils out of school digging potatoes, pulling corn, sowing grain. Mrs. Few takes it as a situation in which nothing can be accomplished--accepts it as inevitable.

At store in afternoon, where topics of conversation were grain, the Bankhead Bill and cotton, whether mules were better than horses for farm work, the circus at Rutledge, the CCC Camp, what the boys eat there and how it is cooked, and particularly about the carpenter there who dropped dead while he was driving a stob. I made a few spotted remarks about the approaching Barbecue and got no comment at all. And I've been running my foolish head off trying to raise some money for them. Plague take the lot of them!

Was invited in to a meeting of the Sandy Creek Missionary Society, rather to refreshments after the meeting. Missionary Baptist--and while the Primitive Baptist are against foreign missions, several were in attendance, as well as some Methodists. Several present from Bostwick, who are members of Sandy Creek Missionary Baptist Church. At Lockman's very cheerful suggestion I was urgently requested to sing them some Negro spirituals--shades of Emory's Glee Club! No credit to them that they enjoyed them. They particularly liked Waterboy, a Negro convict song, and Shortnin' Bread. Someone started conversation on the school, and so fast and furiously did it go that there was no tracing it all. One lady present, quite charming, well off financially, who lives some two miles from the school, who has raised her family and educated them (all have moved away--one daughter in Madison) said:

"I think it's a shame and disgrace that this school out here has come to the condition it's now in. I don't know what ought to have been done, but it never should 'ave got this bad."

To which one of them replied:

"Miss Della, I'd be afraid to put any money into this school, and I think everybody has been, because everybody thinks an' almost knows that they're going to consolidate us with Rutledge, an' the money would be wasted."

To which I replied that if something were not done to show that the people of the community were interested and wanted to keep the school here, there would be much greater chance of a consolidation. I thought, though I was not thoroughly familiar with the situation. Then I asked the straight question:

"Why has this school come to this condition?"

There was no hesitation in answering the question, and it came almost in a chorus.

"They've been givin' everything to the towns and consolidated schools. Look at Rutledge. They've got a new building going up over there now. They let us get along the best we can."
(The building is an FERA project)

I asked a lady sitting near me whom the ladies had in mind when they said "They had given everything to the towns." She replied, "Why, the County, of course."

There was one young woman in attendance who lives approximately three miles from the school on the road to Madison. She has three children, all very young, and in grammar school. They attend school at Rutledge, and go in on the truck that takes in the high school students (two of them) from Fair Play. When consolidation was brought up she said:

"Education or no education, it's no easy thing to put your children on a sorry bus that might not make it to go about seven miles to school every morning with all these sorry roads we got. When it rains, and all these clay roads get slick, I pray all day, and do everything I can to keep my mind off it."

She has no choice but to send them to Rutledge, for they cannot bring them three miles to Fair Play every morning, and return for them in the afternoon. The chief concern of them all was that this school here would be consolidated, and most of the children out here could not go in because of lack of clothes. False pride?

After all had left except the Adairs (the meeting was at Gan Adair's) the teachers brought up plans for the Barbecue, and what has to be done tomorrow. The plan of charging everyone in the community 25 cents a plate--Mrs. Gan Adair asked:

"That means me, Modell, Grady, Gan, everybody that eats, has to pay 25 cents?"

Miss Herrin said "Yes'm, we thought that was the only way we could make enough money to amount to anything."

To which Mrs. Adair replied, "Good, I think so too." Encouraging and somewhat of a change.

Miss Herrin said that her father, Pete Herrin had suggested that someone go to Bostwick and Rutledge and sell tickets to the barbecue. Everyone liked the idea, and the result is that I spend an hour and a half making tickets tonight---.

Chauffeur today for Lockman and Herrin to sell tickets in Bostwick and Rutledge--Herrin's sister-in-law teaching for her today. She's never taught school. Had to stop at store for a moment. Harvey Herrin came out:

"Got your meat for the barbecue yet?"

"No, sir, we haven't, Mr. Harvey."

"Ash Brown dressin' one down at his house now; he say it'll dress out about a hund'erd pound. One o' his mules kicked the hog in the leg and broke it, an' he had to kill it. Ash asked if you'd got your meat yet. Might go see him." (Which was the first time the Barbecue has been mentioned at the Store in so far as I have heard)

We turned back, went to see Tommy Adair who immediately approved using it, then went and asked Mr. Ash if he would sell. He agreed to at market price. But that wasn't the end. Back here at lunch, and Neel said:

"Y'all ought not to use that pig of Ash Browns. That mule kicked him in the chest, and he goes an' kills it. If the Kiwanis hears about that, they won't like it. An' I'm givin' notice now, I ain't go'n eat none o' it."

"But, Neel, there's nothing wrong with the pig. I'm sure the Kiwanians won't object if they hear about it."

Miss Modell put in a word: "These Adairs got a funny streak in 'em. If a car come along an' run over one o' my pullets, you couldn't get Neel or Grady to eat one of 'em, even if there wudn't nothin' else on the place to eat. Ain't nothin' wrong with that pig, but Neel's right when he says he won't eat none of it."

Which brought up further consideration. As it turned out the matter was taken out of our hands entirely. That night we were at Can Adairs. Someone said something about the meat. Can Adair said:

"We ain't gonna use Ash Brown's pig."

Someone asked why. He replied:

"Ash Brown come up to me at the gin today an' asked me if I thought we ought to use that pig o' his for the 'cue. I told him I didn't think so, and that if it was used, I wudn't gonna eat none o' it. So he took it to Athens and put it in cold storage."

So that's taken care of.

The next afternoon Lockman, Herrin, and I were riding, seeking chickens and salads. Something was said about the pig. Miss Herrin said: "I'll tell you what's wrong with Can Adair. He wants to sell his own pigs for this barbecue." Tommy has offered to sell

one of his if we can't find another one. He has found one at Emory Broach's, a tenant nearby.

Sold \$19.00 worth of tickets in Rutledge and Bostwick. Lockman and Herrin Persuaded Frank Haile, County Board member, to give 20 pounds of beef. Everyone was surprised at his generosity. I think he was himself. Echols, another Board member, from Bostwick, refused to buy a ticket. Several people there who will be unable to come gave us 25 cents. The Wallaces in Rutledge, who own half the town, bought only one ticket; three of the men would take none. The people out here seemed to be offended at their action.

On return from Bostwick began soliciting corn, tomatoes, chickens, potatoe salad, pickles, cake, et cetera, et cetera. First place we went was that of a tenant. Wife an invalid in a rolling chair. We asked her for nothing, having stopped to see one of her neighbors who had stopped there on the way home from the cotton field. The invalid's husband, a cropper, made four bales of cotton, and has two bales as his own, which measures practically his entire cash income for the year.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9th

The kids at school today swept yards at school and burned the grass. School turned out at 10 o'clock for the purpose. No more school until 12.

Got copy of note Mrs. Few had the pupils write their mothers asking them to be on hand for purpose of talking the organization of Woman's Club.

Dear Mother,

Mr. Harvey wants all the mothers to come to the schoolhouse at three-thirty. It is very important that you be there.

Your daughter(son)

If Lockman and Herrin had not told women they contacted yesterday more about the meeting, its purpose, etc., and urged that they attend, I am sure that few would have been on hand. As it turned out, there was a good attendance, 17 present, women from three tenant families four of the 17. Harvey was a flop, a fiasco and worse. For 45 minutes he read from the Year Book, Minutes, or whatnot of the Georgia Federated Woman's Club, and almost succeeded in convincing all the women present that they wanted no Woman's Club. He then called on Lockman who got down to brass tacks. Mrs. Grady Adair then took charge, so to speak, and called on all the women to express themselves: All the answers were almost alike:

"I'm in favor of it, but I don't know how often I can get here, I can't drive, but I'll do the best I can. I couldn't serve as an officer."

She called on the tenants last, who were more enthusiastic than anyone else, if any enthusiasm at all existed. They have to walk everywhere they go, regardless.

They elected Mrs. Grady Adair temporary chairman, to direct things until Mrs. Wallace of the Rutledge Club could come to their assistance. She had no idea as to how to preside, or any thing of the sort. They may have a Woman's Club in spite of Harvey. Later, in the evening, she told me:

"We people out here want to, but we don't know how. Mr. Harvey knows something, a lot more than we do, but we ain't ready to have Mrs. Wallace out here yet. We don't know whether we want to be a Federated Club or not. We jus' don't know how."

It seems that there is a family of Negroes living a few miles away in Walton County who are very well educated. Miss Modell (Mrs. Grady Adair) said:

"They're high class niggers, better than the general run, and are well educated. Some of 'em have lived up east, and one used to cook in Chicago. That one's got a son named Rosenwald. We got a nigger boy on the place who was invited over there for New Years Dinner last year. He 'as a little bit worried about it, but he went. When he come back I asked him how he got along, and he said he got along fine, but they called on him to ask the blessing. I asked him what he said. An' this is what he said: 'O lord, if I've got along this far on peas, an' taters an' fat-back, an' cornbread, we pray that with all this good stuff on the table before us, we'll get along a lot further.' I thought that was a pretty goodun."

Attended Adult Class tonight. Met at home of George Daniels, a tenant, who lives in the Bend. All of those attending have come from the Bend. It's a walk of a mile from there to the schoolhouse. They seemed glad enough to have me--Were holding class in the dining room, gathered around a long table, with a nice table cloth. Two Coca Cola calendars on either side of the mantle. Bare floors, a large beautiful fern in the corner. A rather cheap red plush lounge in the corner, one wooden rocker, six straight chairs, and a rough bench. Three lamps were in use. The rest of the house was dark, and I had to feel my way in and out. The entire family was in attendance, only a few others. Harvey read from a small book, Sherwood Cody's The Use of Words. About past participles, dangling prepositions, the use of lie and lay, which I am sure they could not understand. I didn't understand some of it as he read. Probably would have been valuable had it been reduced to understandable terms. He read at random, in such a way that it was evident that he had not planned, or organized. Spelling lesson consisted in building words from ~~those~~ he gave out. From the word "peace", peaceful, peaceable, peaceably, etc. In arithmetic simple addition, multiplication, and division. One in attendance could read a number of five digits properly. Harvey made no effort to instruct them in that. I sat back in the corner. I am sure they are accustomed to my being there now. Two 21 year old boys took no part, nor did the father and mother. Four were working who could be classed as

adults. There were some six boys working, 11 to 15 years old, who go to school, and who were eternally laughing and giggling at mistakes. None of them could understand interest and interest rates. I became confused when he attempted to explain some short-cut for figuring interest by means of some long formula. They look upon Harvey in a worshipful way. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Herndon were there, and I took them home. They are in earnest about the work, realize how much they need it, and said, "I don't know what we're going to do when Mr. Harvey goes over to the Camp", which is next week. But as I see it they don't need Harvey. He fast gets nowhere.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10th

To County Teacher's Meeting at Bostwick, program by Rutledge teachers. Cauthon, Emory man, Biology teacher, talked on "Character Development". Should have ^{been} entitled "Character Through Heredity". The talk impressed, little else. Two readings by Rutledge pupils-- 12 and 16 years. Cauthon teaches them, though there was little teaching evident. Ivey talked on Braswell Fund for Orphans. About 1817 a Mr. Braswell died, and in his will provided that some of his property be sold, fund set up to help Orphan children, and unfortunate children not able to go to school--books, pencils, tablets, etc. Part of that property was 13 slaves to be sold to any "Master" they chose, if said "Master" would purchase them at one-half market price. In 1860 a Mrs. Kolb added about \$4000 to the fund. The amount has been increased until now they are helping some 200 children in the County. Ivey implored that the teachers do something to have the fund named the Braswell-Kolb Fund, rather than the Braswell-Fund. Also that the teachers instill value and meaning of education in the minds of the children so that someday they may make grants as Braswell did. That taxation will never support an adequate educational system, that much help in the future will have to come from private sources.

Owen was swamped with necessary details. Effected organization of teachers of County. Came to me before meeting and handed me a list of officers that he wanted nominated, that he was going to name me on the nominating committee. No difficulty getting it through without giving it away.

He had bought ten maps, valued at \$1.00, for 60 cents, and offered them to the teachers for that price. Mrs. Few said she would take two and "pay for them after the barbecue."

Teachers didn't mix and mingle very well. Heretofore have always met at Courthouse in Madison. Idea of meeting at different schools over county a very good one, and for rural teachers particularly helpful, but it was opposed by Ivey and his teachers.

In to Madison where Lockman, Miss Herrin, Wilma Adair and I saw Ken Maynard in "Gun Justice", a real Western "drama"--they eat them up here in that flavor.

31 Fair Play, Sunday, November 11th

No church here today. Family away in afternoon. One Armistice in peace. Rural life has a few advantages.

To Gan Adairs this evening. Teachers called us there to make sure of plans for barbecue--the Adairs, Mrs. Few and Miss Herrin, Emory Broach and Tommy Adair selling pigs for the meat. And this is going to be an Adair Barbecue like everything else has been that has been in the community for the past six years--since Mrs. Few became principal of the school. Gan Adair made the plans, did practically all the talking. One advantage is that we know the work will be done, and done well. Said he:

"We'll get started tomorrow afternoon killing the pigs and dressing them. Early Tuesday morning we'll be ready."

Said I, "Mr. Gan, who shall we get to help us on all this work Tuesday?"

"Well, there's me an' my bunch, an' Grady an' his bunch, you an' Miss Lockman an' Mrs. Few an' Ophelia. Pete's go'n cook the stew an' I think we can handle everything alright. But I tell you one thing. I've been livin' around here a long time. Mrs. Few, you know these people ain't gonna bring in all the stuff they said they would Tuesday mornin'. I'm for goin' around an' gatherin' it up Monday afternoon."

But Miss Lockman and I held firm on the stand of giving them all the chance to send it to the school Tuesday morning, that if there wasn't enough sent in to feed the crowd we expected, we could then go after it. No one else had anything else to say.

And there is the "one-man affair" that has developed in connection with the school. Mrs. Few came here six years ago and began boarding with Gan Adair, just across the road from the school. Each time she needed anything she went to him for it, a member of the Board of Trustees, who it seems, did as he was asked, or saw that it was done. For six years that process continued. It has had its effect upon the teachers, the school, and the patrons, particularly upon the patrons. That has doubtless played a large part in the development of a situation in which the "patrons" of the school feel that the school is not theirs. But only a part, for their attitude toward the County has had, as I see the situation, a great deal to do with that.

Mr. Grady told me of one Ab Jones, a widower, who lived in the community, and died here. There was an Armistead girl, "very pretty" who had lived in the community a long while, but who had never married. Mr. Gan wanted Jones to meet her, and took him over one Sunday, and left them to their destiny. Mr. Jones, before he departed on that same Sunday asked Miss Armistead if she would be willing to marry him. She said "she thought she would." Said Abner, "I'll leave the date to you, but don't make it too far off. I don't want to wait too long." Miss Armistead came back with the very satisfactory suggestion, "How about Tuesday?" As quickly said, as quickly done.

What a week, and may there never be another one like it! ~~Gan~~ Adair was the boss of the show, and there's no getting around that point. He supervised everything, out of habit I suppose, and was forever and eternally sticking in a word of advice wherever the opportunity offered. Pete Herrin, who cooked the stew, was sensitive to it.

The response, however, was surprisingly good, judging from the past as it has been described to us. There were some who did not send in what they had promised, but very few. I was on the run all day, and went in to Madison in the afternoon to try and sell a few more tickets--two sold. Miss Herrin's entire family was present, and Miss Modell commented "That's the first time that's ever happened." The only tenants who came to help were Joe Peters and his son, brother and nephew of Mrs. ~~Gan~~ Adair. Of course none of the others had been asked.

The greatest revelation was Shepherd's reaction, the Trustee who kept his 14 year old son out of school last year to farm, and who drives a Chrysler. He was on hand at 9 o'clock and remained all day. Tommy, his fellow-member of the Board, had said, "I'll bet one thing. Ol' man Shepherd won't show up." He and Tommy put shelves in the schoolhouse to hold lamps during the program. I watched him closely, and no one enjoyed the Kiwanis program any more than he. The next morning he was at the school for chapel exercises, said he had been falling down on his job, and wanted to help in every way possible. He had a taste and liked it.

There were some 200 people present, much to our delight and dismay. Everyone was afraid until the last plate was served that there would not be enough food for everyone. There were not enough plates and spoons, and we were all over the community gathering enough to serve the crowd. Everyone was interested, anxious, worried. If there were something here to keep them in such an aggressive state of mind--Education to them is abstract, they can't put their hands on it.

The Kiwanians did an excellent piece of work in putting on a program for these people. They took the lead, and made the program one in which many of the people here participated--thread winding contests, egg races, milk through nipples from a bottle. Few was called on for a sort of welcome address; Lockman did the job. Nothing serious about the program. I saw men doubled up with laughing whom I haven't seen completely relaxed and smiling since I've been here. Rutledge and Bostwick were well represented, Madison had 30 representatives, and Fair Play "turned out", tenants and all, and there seemed to be no objection to the 25 cent charge for their plates.

Charlie Lee Brown, one of the Trustees, who lives in the large Colonial house near the store, was not present. I have tried to see him several times, but said his wife, "He has tonsilitis, and he don't even want me around." His wife was present, jolly, good natured, and her daughter who teaches in one of the county schools. When I told Miss Herrin that he wasn't present she said, "Tonsilitis nothin'. He's probably drunk again."

The program brought the best possible reaction. A bit of trained leadership here could easily make the community a very different place, would give it an organized community "sense" which is totally lacking. If there were only a "live" organization about with leadership!

The reaction of the children at school to the occasion was, I thought, most unusual. They saw the thing as part and parcel of the school. One of the Shepherd kids, Willie, in the 7th grade, wanted to know why everyone couldn't give a small amount and practically build a new building. He would paint it white with green trimmings. For the teachers--\$50.00 in the bank, and nothing more. And all the enthusiasm on the part of the students deadened by the same dull schedule of some sort of mental gymnastics. For them, a "let-down". The teachers, the people give us the credit for the contributions and the crowd present. If we had not been here, it would not have happened. Nice of them, but the conclusion is too certain, too unanimous to speak very well for the teachers. The more I stay around, the more I believe that teachers from outside the community with a somewhat different background are more desirable.

At the store on Thursday after the barbecue on Tuesday. No mention was made of the occasion. I brought it up in conversation, and the responses ran "I had a good time down there"--"How 'bout Joe Peters runnin' with that egg"--"Owen's a pretty good fellow"--"Walt Mitchem can sho' cook meat"--"The stew wudn't hot enough"--"Made a lot of money for the school, didn't you?" No further.

While the program was in progress I talked with Emory Bronch, a tenant for a few minutes in the other room. Said he:

"I can remember when we used to have box suppers here, and other things like pound suppers, an' raise anywhere from fifty to seventy dollars for the school. We used to have some time in this ol' building."

"How long ago was that?"

"O, that was some 8 or 10 year ago. 'Y god, seems like folks done los' int'rest. I don' know what's happened. Don' seem to care no more. Maybe the depression done made 'em give up hope. Couldn't raise much money nohow with things like they are."

He told me of Miss Herrin's election as school teacher, if it can be called that.

"Pete(her father) was on the Board of Trustees then, as I recollect, and they went an' elected somebody else. The teacher that'd been here the year before. Pete wouldn't say nothin' bout Ophelia, and I knew he wanted the job for her. Me an' the Herrins always been pretty close, helpin' each other out. I went to him and asked him 'bout a petition. He said he couldn't afford to do that, but if I would, and thought the people would like her alright, he'd appreciate it if I'd would. See, she could live at home, an' wouldn't have to pay board,

and it 'ould be a lot better 'an teachin' somewhere else, 'an she knew ever'body around here and they knew her. So I went to see one of the County Board, an' he told me that the petition would be ahead of the Trustee 'lection, cause the majority 'ould rule. So I took it 'round, and ever'body signed it, 'cept maybe one or two."

The petition, in so far as Miss Herrin is concerned as a teacher, or perhaps a prospective teacher, was a misfortune.

Simon here from Tuesday until today, Friday. Quite a pleasure to sit back and watch him "take it". A big dinner at Can Adair's Wednesday night, another one at the Thomas home Thursday night, with set-back thrown in for good measure. Only drawback was that at night when retiring I felt that I too had been "taking it".

At Can Adair's Wednesday night, Mr. and Mrs. Drew Malcolm, Adair relatives, were present. Mrs. Malcolm a Wesleyan graduate, and spends a large part of her time now in Atlanta taking cancer treatment. She's redheaded, and in spite of the cancer is very much alive. She lives about half way between Bostwick and Fair Play, and directs her activities at Bostwick, being a member of various clubs there. Much conversation between her and Simon concerning the Fund. Said she thought the Negro would never be really educated until white teachers placed in Negro schools to give them background. This is a long way from Atlanta. RR

Simon answered question as to why this community chosen. First, because an average community. I was on pins and needles. Second because of County Superintendent. Miss Modell almost ruined the good effect of that among the Can Adairs who opposed his election by bursting out with "Hurrah with Mr. Owen"--too much feeling back of it, offensive. Can Adair said, "Owen's a good man." Tommy the Trustee, child-men, strongly against Owen, gave a characteristic reply that makes politics politics: "What's Owen done for us out here?", which for the community is the situation in a nutshell.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th

A bridge party at the Wallace home in Rutledge. Wealthy. Daughter teaches in Madison schools. We were sitting around a salad course, a younger group to themselves. In the group were Louise Herrin, teacher at Rutledge, a cousin to the Herrins at Fair Play, and Martha Brown, the Trustee's daughter, who teaches at Godfrey. Someone brought up teacher's meeting to be held in December at Rutledge.

Louise Herrin: "I'll tell you one thing, y'all aren't going to get eats at Rutledge when you come here. And we're going to meet at Madison after this one. Mr. Ivey doesn't like Owen's idea of meeting in the various schools all over the county. It's too much trouble, and all the teachers are with him at Rutledge. I don't like Owen anyway."

Charles Saye (a young man of Rutledge who is seen with Miss Herrin quite often): "There's nothin' wrong with Owen."

Louise Herrin: "He don't like Rutledge. He gave Bostwick an extra teacher, and he won't let us have one, when we need one badly."

Martha Brown: "The people at Godfrey don't like him much. He wouldn't do something for them, I don't know what it was."

Charles Saye: "Owen's alright. He's a good man. He doesn't have much money, that's all."

Louise Herrin: "We're gonna get somebody to run against him and beat him."

Charles Saye: "And who are you go'n get?"

Louise Herrin: "Somebody who'll be for Rutledge and give us something."

Perhaps I should have said something, but I kept out of it.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd

Was riding with Gan Adair today. We passed a Negro shanty, a girl standing in front. He asked, "Did you see that nigger girl in front o' that house?" I did, and he continued:

"Her daddy used to work for me. Worked for me about 30 years, I reckon, and he was a good nigger. Never did give me any trouble. He died several years back an' I buried him, went to his funeral. He's a good nigger. Well, a nigger lives down the road a ways, lives on my place, Bigged her, and somethin' down in my heart makes me good-a-mind to make him take care o' her."

The girl is "about 18 or 19" and the man "about 30 or 31". In reply to questions he said:

"Yeah, a lot o' that goes on about. Too much of it, an' I don't guess there's much can be done about it."

And that

"We've got some white girls, I'm sorry to say, does that sort o' thing. Live 'tween here an' Rutledge. Tenants and croppers, most of 'em, a low class o' people. They don't go to church, an' I don't think any of 'em finished school."

Mrs. Neel Malcolm, Miss Modell's mother, told me today:

"I've had chil'un in school for 35 years straight runnin'. I fixed at least one lunch to take to school every day, sometimes three an' four. I've done my share."

She has daughters living on farms, married, with families, in Morgan and Walton Counties. One daughter, not married, lives in Atlanta, and works for the General Electric Company. They look forward to her visits with keen anticipation. Mrs. Malcolm also said:

"If I had it all to go over again, I'd do the same, 'cept my daughters wouldn't take algebra an' g'ometry. They worried sick over that stuff, and what good is it doin' 'em. I taught 'em about all that does 'em any good now."

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25-

Beautiful day, and what a sermon! Sandy Creek Missionary Baptist Church. Man named Goss the preacher, lives in an adjoining county. Between 60 and 70 years old. According to the people he serves, he's quite distinguished, in that "he's served more churches than any other Baptist preacher in the State". Had to sing in the choir: "How Firm a Foundation"; the triumph was "I hope to be among that number, When the Saints Go Marching In", and five verses of it. I've heard Bruce, the 12 year old about the house, singing it quite often.

Goss read the 6th chapter of Revelation, and took his text from the 5th chapter of First Thessalonians that has to do with the second coming of Christ and the judgement. Said it was the greatest theme of the Bible, that he had preached on it 24 times, that the longest sermon he had ever preached on it was two hours and 45 minutes. He lasted only 45 minutes this time. He referred to Judge Rutherford's latest book wherein he said that Christ came a second time in 1914, but that wasn't so, because the Bible says a "large multitude of the heavenly hosts" shall accompany him the second time, "singing and rejoicing", and "we'd be sure of it ourselves if Christ had come back in 1914." He burned Judge Rutherford's book as he had the seven others he had read, for they were a bad influence, and he didn't want his people to read them.

He pictured the end of the earth, Judgement, "when the dead shall be raised from the grave, the righteous shall be carried to heaven, the unrighteous shall fall down as dead men." The unrighteous he then left to their fearful fate, and pictured heaven for the righteous where the women would not have to scrub clothes and cook, where the men would not have to plow, and the children "could play all the time, and never have to go to school". He then proceeded to a discussion of when that time should come. He did not know, no one knew, but he gave a rather specific "general" idea as to when it might come:

God created earth and man in six days. The seventh was a day of rest.

The Bible says a thousand years is as a day in the eyes of the Lord.

Two thousand years from Adam to Noah.

Two thousand from Noah to Jesus.

Two thousand from Christ to what? The seventh day, the day of rest. We haven't much longer to wait.

This evening one of the family brought the sermon into conversation. Miss Modell said:

"I never heard it explained in just exactly that way. But the Bible also says somewhere, that the Devil'll be chained up for a thousand years. I guess that's the Seventh Day of Rest."

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4th

Meeting of County Board in Madison. In effort to get funds for school here, Lockman allowed me the privilege. Talked to them about our work, then went to local situation. Pointed out that the morale of people low at Fair Play so far as school is concerned, and harped on it, and as to very great value of something done at this time. Jockeyed them into a discussion of a roof for the building. Surprised at response. Time we were there given over to discussion and argument over best type of roof for the building. Two remarks made that stood out. After I had made the pretty speech Haile, the member from Rutledge said:

"Our State Department has recommended that the school at Fair Play be consolidated."

But no one took up that discussion. Another member said:

"We haven't given the attention we should have to the ^{small} county schools, because we've spent so much and paid so much attention to consolidated schools. That's the reason the school there is in its present condition."

The chairman of the Board asked if the building belonged to the county. It does. They do not allow anyone in the room during their deliberations.

Afterwards, Owen stated that the situation looked much better. The Board is forced to wait and see whether it will be necessary to borrow money to meet the December payroll. Says he believes we will get a new roof for the building, which is considerably better than any of us anticipated--though the roof isn't ordered yet.

Stated that the Board also offered to vote him the power to select teachers on his own judgement beginning January 1, and do away with the local Boards of Trustees in that capacity! Which can't be done because of a law. A very encouraging indication, however.