The past seven days have had hardly one but fairly innumerable highlights. One afternoon, on the heels of a farmer who lives at the school, the campers trekked to the mouth of a coal mine which has long since been abandoned, as have so many other factors of this region, including the people. Along the way, the campers snatched up bits of information about the many trees and flowers that flourish densely along a mountainside which within the month has been seriously seared by forest fire. The group returned to camp after a trip that would have been a botanist's holiday.

During the Civil War, the Confederates put a local saltpeter cave to use for making munitions. Armed with candles and flashlights, the campers spent the good part of an evening trudging through the caverns blackened with names, often dating many years back.

Also on the roster, during the week, we saw the documentary films, "The River," "People of the Cumberland" and "The Flow That Broke the Plains," at camp, spoke with a coal mine organizer, heard a C.I.O. public relations woman, folk danced, learned to whistle, and spent two evenings listening to recordings, classical and otherwise, the favorite of which was Fats Waller's "Your Feet's Too Big!" Probably the most stimulating speaker thus far was Mr. Jack McMichael, fresh from the American Youth Congress, who spoke on contemporary undemocratic features of our democracy at a hotly debated afternoon discussion period which was the longest session we have had, in terms of time only. For the past week at our hour and a half discussions, we have been making an intensive study of

Your Grafton reporter of last week told something of how the camp here was started and the dam project begun. The real work is now in full stride and we are brown and strong. The derrick is doing seemingly impossible jobs of stone and log lifting. We now have at least as much pride in achievement and sense of responsibility, (not to mention pride in seasoned squinting and spitting) as those who worked on Boulder must have had.

Probably our keenest excitement is meeting people in our wanderings along Route 4. It is to hear them say eagerly "You from the work camp? Your girls working on the dam too? Well doggone it! I sure do hope you get it done." It is to be proud that they honestly want us here.

We have met many people; George Perkins the mechanic at Canaan who fixed the '30 Chevrolet oupe bought cooperatively by the campers; Connie Blauw to whose farm we have sent a crew of four each day to help with the haying and milking; Ralph Waterman, the barber, who has to be waken up on Thursday afternoons if you want a haircut; Les Leamans who can cut wood faster than any man in New Hampshire and with casual ease and grace, all people of New Hampshire who are excited about us and about whom we too are excited.

We work seven hours a day. We love it. But don't get the idea that our rhythm of life is all work. Last night under a full moon the "Full Amoebae" tore the top off and realized that mosquitoes don't come inside. Tonight we displayed our luscious if weird talents to an open Town Hall meeting and roared mutual and exuberant applause. We begin to feel a part of the town.

Jeremy Hodson
Reporter
this, Grundy County. Each of the campers, with all of the Highlander library at his disposal, has made a report on a phase of this many-sided community. We are gaining a stimulating insight into a county which has one doctor, one dentist, seventy per cent of its people on relief, one of the highest birth rates and one of the most easily approached local government in the whole of the United States. By dissecting on frog scale the insides of all the forces at play in Grundy County, in all its ramifications—economic, social, and political—we are in fact learning the anatomy of the entire country, which is no less than a telescoped edition of what we find here.

On the first day at our forest clearing project, one of the campers remarked, "All I could do when I got over there was to keep jumping out of the way of falling trees." Then, that remark was a mighty overblown exaggeration. As each day passes, however, it approaches greater reality, as the crew champs at the bit to set the old forest toppling from seven to eleven, six mornings a week.

Highlander goes to bed early tonight, as it prepares for tomorrow's trip to Ducktown and Copperhill ("When the green skin of America is finally peeled back and the underlying desert is left bare beneath the feet of our grandchildren, the peeling process may very well have begun on Copperhill"), as well as the Cherokee National Park. Highlander goes on to another week that has all the earmarks of more intensified enjoyment, packed with hours in the forest which make for long muscles and hours in discussion which makes for long thoughts.

Howard Staley
Reporter
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MAULDIN, S. C. (I.S.S.)

Now that the summer is nearing the half-way point, the members of the Mauldin are coming closer to a full realization of the meaning and the purpose of a work camp. The work is progressing satisfactorily—a log pile has been removed; a tennis court is be-

During the second week here the machinery of camp life as set up in the previous week started working with increased efficiency. The campers having come to know one another felt the benefits of close companionship in work, study, and leisure, as became evident again and again in each of these three parts of camp life.

With regard to the work program of last week, it was completed 'according to schedule' as one "slave driver" Ed put it. The roof of one of the houses was repaired, lumber was prepared for future use, a floor was laid, a barn converted into a garage, work on a swimming pool started, etc.

On one of our excursions we visited the town of Hudson, a few miles away, to hear about the historic background of this region. Did you know that John Brown lived here? His house in Hudson still exists.

Less than 30 miles away is the industrial boomtown Cleveland: A university (Western Reserve)—Industries (Republic Seel, Otis)—a federal Housing project—a social settlement—and the exciting town itself, all crowded into a very successful half-day visit.

We had three guest speakers. A professional woman-lobbyist for the Consumer's League explained the finer points of her trade. A CIO organizer gave a full picture of unionism in present-day America. Incidentally when he remarked that he regarded Hitler a S.O.B., one of our recent Austrian refugees asked whether the S.O.B. was affiliated with the C.I.O.

Last night we had as third speaker a Roman Catholic Father whose talk on Religion prompted a heated discussion and bull-sessions lasting far beyond curfew.

These bull-sessions do really deserve an extra paragraph; for many of us they are one of the most stimulating experiences here. When for instance a student of philosophy, a working girl, a scientist, one of THOSE Harvardmen, and a student of sociology meet to discuss under the starry sky the pros and cons of institutionalized religion, they all cannot escape the feeling of closeness of man to man, and of man to what is high-
ing resurfaced between rainfalls; and a
crew is painting the teacherage with an
interesting color combination of white-
wash and cream-colored paint. Perhaps
even more important than the work is
the combination of study discussions
and field trips.

Starting from a very general survey
of American agriculture and going on to
a more comprehensive study of the cotton
region, the campers are now making a
more rigorous examination of the
problems of this particular region
—where the best farm land in South
Carolina is found in the same county as
some of the largest textile mills in
the South. Although the land is above
average and many of the mills have large
government contracts, the economic pro-

Field trips have been made to see a
soil conservation expert, to a Negro
chain gang camp, to a Ku Klux Klan ral-
ly, and to a cotton gin. The first and
last of these worked in with the pro-
gress of the study program, but the
other two were taken when the oppor-
tunity was presented. In spite of this,
both trips were the occasions for in-
teresting discussions, on crime
prevention and on the way to combat
Fascism.

In addition to the work and study,
the camp has been careful to get the
proper amount of recreation, both with
and without the cooperation of the
people of the community. Several of
the girls, in particular, have had op-
portunity to make extensive social
contact with some of the youth in
Mauldin.

Another way of making contacts with
the community has been to have promi-
nent citizens enter our discussions—
the doctor, high school principal,
ministers, and others. Thus, by work-

ing, studying, and playing, we hope to
come to a greater understanding of the
community and of humanity as a whole.

Abner Gold — Harvard '44
Reporter

PINE MOUNTAIN, KENTUCKY
(Junior work camp)

Between the mountains and the steep
hills among small mountain farms lies
Pine Mountain Settlement School. Here
in Harlan County, Kentucky, a rich soft
coal region, the Associated Junior Work
Camps has established one of its four
summer projects.

Under the leadership of Thomas
Richie eight high school students are
helping to develop the purposes of the
school. Our community consists of stu-
dents who are working out their winter
tuition, which amounts to $7.50 per
month, by maintaining and improving the
farm and buildings of the school plant.
Forty percent of the students come from
coal camps and the remainder from moun-
tain cabins from the neighboring coun-
ties. Since there is more work than the
students can possibly do, it is our job
to work with them and through this close
contact we gain for ourselves an under-
standing of a people stemming directly
from a mountain culture unique in our
southern highlands.

To a large extent the work for the
boys is farming and construction, for
the girls painting, kitchen work, and
helping in the school infirmary which is
also a neighborhood clinic and a vital
part of the community. Another job for
both boys and girls is assisting in the
running a camp for underprivileged
children held at the school and support-
ed by the local Kiwanis Club of Harlan.

We feel that the Kentucky hills offer
a significant opportunity for work camps.
The location in the center of the rich
and strife-ridden soft coal industry is
excellent for study and trips, the con-
tacts with mountain people are exciting,
and the jobs are both socially signifi-
cant and educative to the campers. In
conclusion we believe that the service
we can render is of small value in con-
trast to the experience the Pine Mountain
School offers us.
We have fifteen campers, nine boys and six girls, and a staff of three at Camp Felicia. The season has started off well and we have already finished shingling the roof of the old farm house which we are helping to convert into a year-round hostel for small groups of young people from two New York settlement houses, Madison House and Hudson Guild.

Other jobs have included preparing our camp site back in the woods, tearing out plaster and lath on the second floor of the farm house; and getting things ready for installing insulating board. A couple of the boys have been assisting with the counselling of the young Felicia campers and of course there is the inevitable K.P. We have had a lot of fun also working in the large vegetable garden.

Program, Trip and Athletic Committees have been elected and we have had some good discussions on our work problems as well as on more general questions as civil liberties and national defense. Trips to the local industries start tomorrow. We have had soccer and baseball games with the counselors of the other camp and several parties with games, dancing and lots of singing.

Ormsbee W. Robinson
Reporter