My first week in Holly Springs brought out two points most strongly:
From the moment of my arrival here - June 29 - I became totally relaxed, a
coldly condition I would not have thought possible in my wildest dreams
during Orientation week.
Secondly, the fact that I am older by far than all of my coworkers and
that this gap makes for a great deal of loneliness.
The first disappointment was that we would not board with Negro-families but
would stay at the College dorm. Naturally this made for a great deal of se-
curity but did not bring us so close to the community as we had hoped, or as
I had hoped. We began with a visit to the church, which, though I am not a
churchgoing person, I had fully expected to be one of my duties here. It was
pleasant, the Reverend a seemingly alert man and the congregation polite and
graacious. We newcomers introduced ourselves and established with that firmly
that the Summer Project Workers had arrived!
The "Freedom House" I found, was well known (if somewhat overwhelming to me
with its uncountable residents!) - and going up to meet with our roommates at
the College, I thought them most friendly and helpful, all due to the Movement
they identified us with rather than our own merit at this time.
The conditions of the Dorm struck me as appalling but I was told that to many
students they represent an improvement over those in their own homes.
Making contact with the students during mealtime and free moments of the day
came easy to me which does not mean that we became intimate beyond what can
be expected.
The first three days in regard to our duties and work here meant to me mostly
to observe and get to know my co-workers and superiors better. I came to divide
them in various groups: those "emotionally" dedicated, those purposely ded-
cicated and those having personal problems which are helped to some extent by
being a part of a group which is at present in the public eye and whose members,
especially male, enjoy the admiration of the younger set somewhat like TV stars.

As is natural with a project as this, much talk, much well meant but irrele-
vant, impractical suggestions, much disorganization, many different viewpoints
came to the fore, but one could not but respect the allover tolerance of one's
fellow man and the willingness to submit to the rules & final decisions of the
Project leaders. The latter group in which I would class, in this a race, about
four men, are amusingly young but command my sincere respect for their matur-
ity and for what they have made of themselves against the heaviest odds.
Being an almost compulsively orderly and organized person I was kind of glad
to settle from the beginning of "school" with two middle aged ladies who want
to work on their English. I enjoy teaching because I think I am fairly good
at explaining things without sounding condescending. Being absorbed with my
little group I am sorry to say I have no chance to see how the younger students
react to us and some subjects we are introducing. I feel all of us should have
this chance.
I also enjoy our canvassing trips for the same reason as stated above in re-
gard to teaching. I talk to the people easily and think I am doing fairly well.

I will stay altogether too short to get a more reliable impression on how the
educational phase, the "seed plantings" will take hold. I feel there is much to
say to this. Is the choice too wide? Is too little system? Do we confuse "fre-
dom" with a lack of discipline? Is there a good possibility of bringing up lea-
dership from the community to assure some continuity? And if not why even touch
on such long-range programs as literacy? Yet only time, and not necessarily
the next three months only, can tell!

1 - anxiety, 2 - loneliness, 3 - disappointment, 4 - church, 5 - living conditions,
6 - local reaction to us, 7 - 15 days, 8 - types of workers, 9 - observations of still problems
+ characteristics of the type of movement, 10 - personal enjoyment of teaching, canvassing,
11 - evaluation a - too broad, b - no plan, c - discipline y freedom, d - continuity
2 - author's optimism