John –

July 8, 2008 Warm and sunny

Enclosed in this packet is:

- a copy of the independent study paper I wrote for Dr. Green upon return from STEP;

- a copy of the diary I kept while in Mississippi. It was kept on a yellow legal pad and I wrote with a thick, dark pen – and so the writing of one side showed through to the other. That is why you can see that even on the Xerox. I apologize for that if it provides you any difficulty in the reading.

- a copy of security rules that was apparently handed out before leaving or upon early arrival. It is interesting to look back at these with the perspective of 42 years later.

I am sending the same packet to Dr. Green and I thank you for his address.

Peace,

Wayne

Wayne Albertson
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Journal kept by a
male STEP person
Wayne A. Black

We traveled a long, hot drive from E. Lansing to
Holly Springs with a stopover in Louisville. It took 12
hours the 1st day & 10 hrs the 2nd, including stops.
We arrived Saturday night (June 12). It took quite a while to get everything unloaded. I got an air conditioned
dorm. Thanks, that was nice. 

Night 1: Three guys came up from town, flashed their money or tried to get Bull.
I told them not to go drinking with them. They told
exaggerated stories about their athletic abilities like
they thought they could fool everyone. [Note: These
were the same 3 guys that caused all the trouble.
Around the pool there was a girl I met with Dave; White.
who spoke to the group about a march on the
county, with prevalence of police education etc. Outside Negroes
in Marshall City are 60% of pop. A hold next to neg
positions in our power structure whites are adamant
enough to not allow thinking of the awards.
it might bring in Federal trouble. Much of the
talk was on the Meredith March because of concern
for civil rights. [Note: Perhaps also because he was shot
within 230 miles of here on 6/5.5]. Rust as a liberal
civil rights oriented college is such gives it an unfortunate
rep in certain quarters (i.e. white community).
Sun, June 19 – went to church this A.M. — it was fairly liberal for the South, but the preacher was not Ernie Dunn (S). He made frequent references to civil rights, etc. leading the bell. Springs & Meredith March First! The minister noted a call received by him after a “March” strategy session which warned him to leave in 10 minutes or get blown to hell. Most unusual from my point of view because she said he told the congregation this so they wouldn’t worry since such calls have often occurred.

We held a curriculum meeting for math. I guess one feels we’re well prepared, but we’ll do the job. It also corrected some tests. Did you know $\frac{1}{2} = \frac{3}{6}$? A lot of work needed in certain basic skills.

Stopped by the Remens’s place to eat some ice cream tonight. They keep their house open. Such friendly people that it’s very relaxing to go there.

The tea has too much sugar. (At least)

My roommate came today. John Brewster from Next Tonga also. A quiet high school grad interested in understanding art.

Some people say they are scared of war on the way down. Especially with Meredith shooting...
Mon. December 1st 1966

Rolled out at 6:30 A.M. Found out shortly after breakfast that one of my good buddies, Rick Robinson, had been killed by an auto accident hitting him. He'd planned to come on site but had to take a job instead. It was one week after he graduated from MSU. The guy was full of life.

Just met Natalie Pope. I talked for a while. She's 25; she's a former Peace Corps worker. She taught them after getting her education.

Also worked in the A.M. playing badminton and volleyball outside. The sun is almost overhead – you can't deny it to the dusty ground.

Most of the day was testing, so I had no classes on anything.

Friday. This was the 1st day of classes. Breakfast was over at the 7:00 P.M. lectures because of the size of people. Most of the classes was a get acquainted session. Then to get started, we spent part of the tutorial session giving tests and lectures. It was everybody's 1st day, so everytime you passed a startup volunteer (he or she should ask), "How's your 1st day of classes going?" until it gets written in my opinion.

Then at 4:00 P.M., Dr. Green, MSU Prof on have to SPEAK with Mr. King spoke on the James Bond on.
March 10 Jackson. It was informative & appealing, especially at the end when he became a pitchman & issued an appeal (invitation) to join the end of the march on Jackson. So there was a lot of enthusiasm for joining it, but with reservations of responsibility to school, public image, students, parents, Jim Davis (the director), etc. So we held a meeting that lasted a couple hours & everybody spoke, almost all being different opinions. (The democratic process is can be tedious.)

Wednesday. 7th day of classes. Really started the tutoring today & it was a great experience. I signed up for the Jackson March for Jackson today. Also got a classification questionnaire today. The matter of conscience. I think I’ll take the Lesser of Evils & send it in & stay in school the next year. Since I’ll refuse to join anyway, the ultimate result will be the same (won’t wear green or brown or whatever it is).

I taught a volleyball class today for the 1st time in my life. It was a little disorganized. (I substituted for Bill Bildner who left to attend Kirk Robinson’s funeral.)

My feelings of what is going on are mostly of that I’m still taking it all in attitude. Obscene! But I’ve proved to myself that I can feel comfortable in a potentially dangerous situation. I have yet

...
Thurs, June 23 -

Today was more or less routine. Still a lot happens in the routine that is new. Teaching & tutoring settled into a regularity. The pattern is established for both teacher + student, we're getting so we can pick out who needs what help, what kind of student someone is, etc. Some are pluggers, some need prodding, some have to unleash or release, etc. That's what makes the job more personal - knowing what each individual needs are.

We showed our 1st movie tonight. It was well attended except that the kids left early to finish their studies. I set next to one of the volunteers during the movie & during the breaks we would talk. It was Pat Bonotto & she was really excited - she had taught for the 1st time & found she could really do it so she was even more enthusiastic. But she was frustrated because she felt she had so much that she would never get access that the full opportunity of learning would never be realized. Then we talked for the longest while after the movie. She bubbled just like champagne.
Fri. – June 29 –

The last day of classes for the week, it dragged a little. The students seemed exhausted. They really need more sleep since we gave them 1 week to study. Their study habits take longer for them to do it. As for myself, my body is holding up well under 4 hours of sleep that could have extended me three days ago. It’s amazing that I don’t get tired.

I talked with Pat between this aft. for the first time in weeks. She’s quite a gal, very self-conscious and insecure, but she’s become diagnostic because of it but she knows it. She is very honest. Matter of fact, she was one of the first to take Ron Robotham’s place after he said, “Let us take a human counselor.” For quite a few people, especially men, that really helped. I knew before a week ago, we were now doing something that went under. It was a bad idea to do the discussion. She has been so much better since she’s been America’s Voice.
STEP - Saturday, June 25, 1966

Today we got up early and took the kids to Memphis about 8:00 A.M. for a cultural trip. First we went to an art museum to see a couple movies on art, then the rest of the museum artwork. We missed that part because we stopped to help move the food to where we would be eating lunch. Then a plane lunch. The food was so good it was like a meal. We all enjoyed the monkeys, birds, snakes, lions, etc. It was a kid. A lot of the students hadn't seen such a variety of animals before. They were enjoying themselves. Pat Pitts (one of the volunteers) said we were late and had to be washed for because we kept them on a clock. So that created some_tdying for us when we got back.

After dinner, we held something for the people going to the Jackson Beach. The Sheriff said an Ivan chief in thought there were numbers to be ministered of a week's place to rest if lost, how to identify ourselves (not from that or STEA). No, to stop except for gas. They only at central places, etc. We agreed to leave at 4:00 A.M. Sunday. So I missed seeing Katia in the Sun.
Sunday June 26

We left about 4:30 this A.M. for Toulouse to March to Jackson. Toulouse, another Negro college, is another oasis to travel for. It's an oasis in a land of fear and danger. You go there Mississippi carefully to get from beat to Toulouse. In the way we stopped for gas (at near Canton where the police yesterday had started shooting by firing tear gas into the Marchers.) The station was supposed to open in a few minutes. We started in a wait except that a national guardman with a rebel plate in his car drove up like a last out of hell. tore out of there close off with the dust at another town. So we decided that we better get our Mich. lifted car out of there just as we left up comes a pickup with a riffle go a way and the black Wendover's (the. Even if the Hells, I was scared not enough to keep the negro, acting in a certain place together because of the fear it creates.) We got to Toulouse about 10 A.M. and we waited for 1 hour before the March started. It was a slow one. Step and go in. Slowest at 1st, that was almost unbearable. But we got moving in lines and abreast with women and kids on the inside. We began passing stern faced police with guns and Gilly clubs (as well as curious...
Sun, June 16 (cont.)

tern with some red & white flags. Most were quiet with some exceptions - "I got called from the white truck." I really appreciated water that day, I never had such a sixty-mile run for such a long time. It seemed so unusual out of jeans. So that I imagine I drank more water than ever did before. It's hard to put in words, but that sun really wore you out. Several people fainted or collapsed along the road. But we kept on singing & searching. We made it to almost 5000 ft. before we got lunch or water. Then we got water. A cup of grape soda. Then we got into the city more. The crowd was thickened up. And we were just a big crowd moving on to the capital. All those towns and villages throw people to join us from their homes and stores.

The on one side the sight of red flags increased as we reached the city. It made it even more interesting as we got out of the desert section. The state building was like a house on a hill, but it was still impressive. A typical domed building on a slight hill, but it was surrounded by state police & national guard with rifles & clubs.
each man about 2 feet from the next, with
helmet or straw hat. An awesome display of
good that should not have to be if this were a
free state.

Then the speeches—a noble courting emotional
type. Not the kind to stir up trouble but more
to make us feel close to the march. James
Meredith spoke (he started the march 3 weeks ago
& got shot in the leg). Also Rev. M. L. King of
Selma. Stokely Carmichael & wife of a bunch of others.
We were sitting near the street. One of the
speakers told the story of a student, black, that
was beaten by police, arrested & thrown in the hospital
with a broken back & ribs & a collapsed lung. The medics
had been raped of their tools & couldn't get away
from the police fast enough. But when the
speaker told of the tragedy a bunch of white kids
with red & black flags jumped in favor of
the beating. White supremacy rears its deadly
demented head. Most of the speakers spoke
in terms of "black power" & "freedom"—important words.
So we quieted down & went on our way. We got back safely
about 10:00 P.M. If some people wanted
pictures of us with hats & guns & all.
Monday, June 27, 1966 - STEP

Today the heat was higher on campus than ever before. I was exhausted and still having trouble catching up on sleep. I did manage to sleep most of the afternoon, but that wasn't quite enough. The movie that night was an NBC documentary called "Sit-In", a recounting of the early Nashville sit-ins at lunch counters. It was good, we covered sequences & series in class & it was somewhat difficult for the kids. Then I spent the rest of the eve making lesson plans.

Tuesday, June 28

I've felt kinda woozy all day until about noon when I went swimming for the 1st time. That really felt great! But I taught for the 1st time today - we're getting into signed numbers. I didn't do as well as I did I enjoy it as much because I felt so tired. It was probably about 90 by 7-8 o'clock. Went to Clifford after swimming. Margaret Buist asked me to get her some a piece of bubble gum, but since we were joking around I thought it would be better to get her about 15 pieces or so.
Wed. June 29, 1966 - 5:45 AM

I'm not doing as well as I could - in keeping my diary. That is, this is being written almost a week late, but I'll remember as much as what happened.

Well, not too much happened today. It was fairly routine as was tomorrow. Toured, swam, helped with volleyball, etc. I was feeling OK, without being overly testify for the 1st time after the March holiday.

Thurs. June 30, 1966

As I said yesterday a week late, today was also very routine. We kept on with negative numbers. It's not exactly easy for the kids to catch on.

We saw To Kill a Mockingbird tonight. Denny Hall is a hot spot to have a movie. It's an old frame building, with poor ventilation, but it's historic, or traditionally so, one of those things that's been here from the 1st.

Tonight I tutored Willie Lee Washington in English. His teacher was losing patience. After 3 weeks he was still on page one of the grammar book trying to learn subjects & predicates. Not getting it. He won't cut it, I fear, but of if it is psychological, this homestudy started out in an all girl class before being switched yet...
End July 1, 1966.

Today was a funny day. It was the last day before the 4th of July weekend. We started out teaching and ended up feeling as if we were on vacation. I taught the first hour today—mostly review and answering questions because we gave a test the 2nd hour. It was interesting. Only one person out of 12 could name the integers, but most did OK on the negative number problems.

Then we went swimming today & my leg cramped for the 1st time I can remember. It remained sore for a little over a day. Then we went downtown, integrated the pool during the public swimming time.

Then after we lounged around until 9:00 pm when we'd planned to go out to the Hitching Post for pizza. Well we got there & after a while, Smith of Rust & Dr. Hickey of STEP came in & were asked to leave because Dr. Smith is a Negro. The waitress by the way was very cold to us but very friendly to the local patrons. (The law says you have to serve me but you don't have to be nice about it.)

So to bed with light hearts for the coming weekend.
Saturday, July 21, 1966

We got up & drove to Memphis, There the motel was air-conditioned, with pool, etc. The first thing a few of us did was to walk downtown. So we walked down towards the Mississippi River & gazed upon a fairly clean town. We stopped at Confederate Park with a statue of Jeff Davis & a bell that rung out in the lousy part of it all so that it sits on a bluff overlooking Jefferson Davis Park. Ugh!

So we walked back thru the Negro Section. Just somewhat like Albany. People sitting around, etc. I had a little boy about 6 or 7 men. He jumped on my back for a piggy-back ride.

But when we got back, I had a splitting headache & so I zacked out while others planned for the 69 evening party. But I made it OK. By the time dinner rolled around, we ate at Morrison's, a large cafeteria where you get your tray carried to your table & where you get a lot of food. Then it was back to the motel for a pre-party. Steve had his tapes there so we had the party in his tour rooms which adjoined. Then we piled into cars to go to the Music Box a small jazz place on Beale St. The atmosphere was great - dark & a progressive vibe. It was a Negro place of course. We were by this time verbilizing that in spite of the fact that up north we live mostly with whites, down here we feel much more
comfortable & safer in Negro groups & areas. Southern hospitality, by the way. Just days.) From there we all piled into another car & went to the Tiki Club, a lot bigger & noisier. It's a rock club for music, with one of the performers a guy from Rust (named Obe) that some knew from last year. From here Saturday's activities will merge into Sunday. I should make an observation. That is, the place Memphis just crawled with police since it was the big town near Dry Miss, on a 4th of July weekend, so we drove back to the motel at 1:30 A.M. for the post-party. We then drank & sang & listened to music & in general had a good time until it started breaking up about 4:00 A.M. A couple kids went swimming. Others mostly split up in groups by themselves. I stayed up until almost sunrise; it was just beginning to get light again. I had a good deal of fun that weekend; right, it was a good vacation. Also had a good talk with Pat Po, a very happy girl whose eyes sparkle & can laugh a lot. So I slept.

I was the last one in of 4 of us & the first one up. I left with with the Rev. John DeKlij family for Presbyterian services at 10:30. My 1st experience in a Presbyterian communion service (a rather Protestant experience.)
Sun, July 3rd, 1966 - Step

Then down to Morrison's again for lunch.
Then back to the motel or into the pool for cool
wetness. The Dukles were trying to get Peter (age 7)
to go off the board; it's quite a ability, but
just isn't enough for the board.

Then Pat P, Chris, L.J. & I drove to Arkansas.
There were little booths for fire waterers all
along the roads there just like newspaper stands
in N.Y.C. The breed there just across the Mississippi
is flat just like Mich. It is rather tragic to
find old shanty & tenpapa gitches that families live
in. But at least now I feel like I can say I've
been to Ark.

Then back to the motel. People were still boozing
up. Two days or more is a waste of time,
& besides I got bored with drinking by the time
the parties ended. But a lot of people had the
same feeling I guess. A lot of them went to see
Dr. Thivago. Some sat around. I guess some of
us splashed in the pool some more. It was a
little darker & I scraped my head a few times on
the bottom. Then Pat P. & I talked & petted a couple
lovable dogs for awhile. Then it was a walk thru
part of the U. S. team & some beautiful flowers
of them to a park. Memphis is full of them. They
must allocate all their funds to a park.
Commission or something. It was very beautiful and we enjoyed it until we came to the swings, see-saws, and slides - stuff. Then we really enjoyed it - (like happiness squeezed) until we learned to the quiet beauty of the warm night.

Mon., July 4, 1966 -

This day was a work day - evaluation and planning. I felt most of what was said could we come off in 1/3 the time at least. But we made the movies more optional. (They'd been conflicting with homeworks & temptations everywhere.) We coordinated the math & communication skills teams more. We had banquet meals at the motel, just made you feel like an important conference or something. We talked with the community about individual people in our classes and how best to work individually. This day gave me enthusiasm about returning to work.

Well, obviously, we returned that night, singing & having a ball in the car on the way downtown. Went down to Beebe's & Frank was lighting firecrackers for the neighborhood kids. They do good things for the area kids - children's books & records, games, open house. (They also keep a refrigerator full of cakes for STEP volunteers at night.)
Tuesday, July 5th

Well I'll be — It's class time again, we handed back the tests today. The scores weren't bad if we dropped the two questions everyone got wrong. Vinnie Bell got a perfect paper this time. She's a pluggin', a real hard worker. I also did extra work. Again to work with, so we spent class or tutor time reviewing the test.

Petunia gets really a teacher's pet here.

My roommate is keeping his habits again (or still) he gets in about 1:30 A.M. — It maybe naps in the aft. But he did sleep thru all his classes one day last week.

We took the kids to the library to get them started on their projects. The encyclopedia is the easy way out. They need more library skills.

I've been going to drama. We've been reading "Our Town" and we've been having a joyfully funny time doing it. The two tell students taught Dobby and Fred Wiley are a scream!

Attendance at recreation is slackin'. Spent the eve fellowshipping again. Then the movies struck.

Two documentaries — one on Churchill and others on Gandhi. Didactic.

(Note! No matter how much I write, I'll never get down all those great conversations, impressions that occur throughout all the day but last only a few minutes.)
Wed. July 6, 1966

We started on fractions today. On the tests, this was a problem area for the kids, but they seemed to catch on. We gave them drill sheets which they did fairly well on. (Notably) The students are very poor at note taking, so we thought we'd try to help them see how to organize what to take down and so on. So what we did was for me to take notes of Linda's lecture and then mime them during break to hand out to the students second hour.

I met with some students in the library about their projects. Some of them are really going at something ambitious - they're curious about things they haven't learned before, very rewarding to see this as well as stimulating to push you keep up with their curiosity.

Thurs. July 7, 1966

No mail today. I was expecting it a day late because of the 4th earlier in the week, but it didn't come.

I got very tired this A.M. for a while. I was from reading papers of fraction problems that were blurred. But, down to the swimming pool we're all set again.

Then I sampled in the gift and found the kids responsive & a joy to work with. Some of them are just so funny.
Thurs. July 7 (Cont.)

We had a morality meeting tonight. Couples have been paying off in this trip & at the institution, the implications create a tension. Up north, PDA is common, down here there's one to be no un-PDA. So we've been getting pressure from first students, faculty, & administration about couples seen doing this thing or that thing (I mean both). So of course, it looks like we're getting special privilege if we can get away with expressing affection. This even extends to dress, shoes (no shorts) for dinner. No shorts or tights except at recreation. Clean the campus by 10 & be in dorm by 11:00 P.M.

Fri. July 8, 1966

Linda asked if I'd teach Monday so she could give a test then. I got three letters today. From Sally & Webber, she asked if I could send my suit coat size to fog soon. Hell I don't know those things, so it was a little trouble to find out; From Bonnie & Don, Carter's barn burned, they lost some machinery & 2 cattle. From Dad - it was important to me - he said he was proud that I had been able to march to Jackson.

Then lunch, swimming, & tutorials. Billi was exhausted so I took volleyball for him. Only 4 kids showed up anyway because of the
Dear. That eve was a dance. I like the style played down here, but felt a little out of it because I don't dance. There was a lot of pressure for me to. Besides, my mood had slipped somewhat - a depressing (o) day. I guess, losing money and taking a lot of running around to get my laundry done didn't help any. But on the fun side, we had a surprise birthday party for Bill B. - a watermelon with candles. He was supposed to show up for a faked meeting but went to the infirmary with an ear infection - we had to wait a 1/2 hr. before he could be rounded up.

Saturday - July 9, 1966 -
We went to Oxford today to visit Ole Miss - students & staff. Saw art 6th, archaeology 6th, & pharmacy 6th. A very nice experience. We visited the cafeteria. The one disquieting aspect was that every time we moved from one 6th to the next there were campus police all over the place. Oh well...

Then we sat around & expended energy out on the lawn until "Lord of the Flies" started. It didn't bother me one way or the other, but there were a lot of people depressed. Ford Hall was hot & crowded - I was about ready to drop when it was over. So I fled (into bed.)
Sunday, July 6 -

I made breakfast this A.M. Not many people did though. I was up before most people (asked me by noon), I got rides in the morning (wind up so the girls didn't blow) to church this A.M. I was sweating, my feet felt aching, I was starting to panic. Just about walked out, but since our suits were already wet from swimming Bill B, got decided to walk anyway. After a ways I ran into a man I knew, took a way. We then bought our suits and walked home. I was walking on the way and it was a good idea. Adorable!

The air conditioned school today. Had a few more people today. Expect most will over there study now. I'm not going to try. I'm going to see to play practice. Always or at least first at least. Rather had a good put out on at the talent show but didn't see a rehearsal. But it's so much fun that way. I wouldn't A.

Then Dan, give IC, I spent getting to Hill A. Here we are drinking coke at the Bernards. Then home up the hill. I'm prepared, lesson plan done. Seems to teach tomorrow. I've got to ram the 3 weeks work in 30 minutes so it will be meaningful for the kids.
Mon, July 11, 1966 - STEP

It seemed like a long weekend had gone by when I woke up this A.M. The teaching didn't go as well as I would have liked. It was really hot & trying to stand on my feet & think of what to put in & what to cut as the kids raised questions in the limited time. Well the swimming pool was great when I got there; it was like paradise! Last when I had to get out, I went back & tried to call home but no one answered. A heavy rain came down & so I was stuck in the lobby for a while. There was something but no rainbow. So I corrected papers for a while. Then to play practice, I'm to be the stage manager & make announcements for "Our Town." Then just about all guys showed up for volleyball & so we had an active sweaty game.

After dinner I went looking for Annie Chees, one of my students. She had gotten every percent & decimal prob wrong on her homework. Tutorial needed immediately. But I couldn't find her & I ended up sitting under a tree to wait for a while, but I eventually fell asleep there. Until people came out from the movie a little after 10:00 P.M. So I woke up, corrected some papers & went to bed. (I did call home at 6:00 P.M. this even.)
July 12, 1966 - Tues. on the STEP program -

Today was test day for our math classes, they’re taking one now in fact. The first class had a wide range of scores, with Vinson Bell on top again by a good score. Linda Stollon, my teaching partner thinks she could make MSU.

So to lunch. No, I skipped lunch & went swimming. Then paradise lost again. But the water was beautiful, someday I’ll go off the board in the air & come straight down head first, instead of surface dive. Then some reading, then down to the athletic field. It reached 102° & I played tennis. I dripped sweat like a leaky faucet on the tennis court. Even my sneakers were soaking wet.

A shower before my dinner of 2 glasses of lemonade & 3 cups of water.

Then we spent cozy at the Beeman’s - cakes & refreshments. Played the recital.

July 13, 1966 - Wed.,

Classes went as normal. I began thinking more about leaving. Sure I’m looking forward to it because I want to work at Center’s farm, but I’d like to stay longer too. It would be good to stay over.
Wed. (cont.) Well, I didn’t have time to finish the unit. It’s now two weeks past. I don’t remember why I was up until midnight connections tonight.

Monday was the first teaching day. After the first day for swimming instruction, we had evaluations. Forms to fill out & hand out. The talent show was that night. We did "Our Town" as a rehearsal & had a lot of fun. Then a reception. Everyone made "short speeches."
STEP SUMMER, 1966

Submitted in Requirement for
Education 482
Dr. Robert Green

Wayne Albertson
Fall, 1966
Enjoyed reading your account of such valuable experiences.
Karl Menninger is one of the few people I've read who has written something about education that I've found meaningful. Among his words he says, "We have neglected the practical aspect of love which is represented by our efforts to pass on to the child such help as we can give him as a result of our experience. We call this education. Education is a word so charged with optimism, so pregnant with the spirit of hope that it is difficult to discuss it objectively. ...Through education we expect children to learn to be citizens and even to achieve a democracy."\(^1\) These words seem fairly applicable to a resume of my participation in STEP last summer and I shall be making occasional reference to them. I do indeed find it difficult to discuss the program objectively, so very little attempt will be made to do so except as this paper is descriptive of given activities.

The project was one of confronting obvious needs and improving detrimental conditions. We were teaching high school students who, though they had graduated and were all accepted at college (mostly Rust), functioned educationally at an early high school level. Thus, not only was the student lacking, but the college they attended was faded with making up a three to four year educational deficit before a college

world level could be reached. This situation tends also to reproduce itself as the poorly educated southern negro returns to teach with inadequate schools and materials and a new generation with deficient education is produced.

Perhaps deeper than this is the damage done to what is now rather popularly referred to as the self-concept or image. The white supremacy atmosphere produces a pervading inferiority feeling amongst southern negroes that is further amplified by the denials of normal opportunities, such as education. Consider also the implications of learning to avoid and even hate people whose skin is not pigmented. The denial of honest and potentially rewarding relationships or their perversion is definitely a tragic state of affairs in this nation, especially.

Much has been said about the STEP project in comparison to the more glamorous activities of "the movement" such as demonstrations and sit-ins. We acted on the premise that our activity was educational and not explicitly political. By implication this project has its social ramifications. President Smith of Rust noted in his welcoming address to STEP volunteers and students that such a project was a "grass-roots" approach to improving the injustices of our society. Education, and thereby STEP, is a means of maintaining the pressure for justice.

More specifically, what did approximately thirty-five faculty and student volunteers offer at Rust College to meet
the need? The project involved the areas of communication skills, mathematics, recreation, and some cultural programs such as movies, drama, etc. Probably the most evident attempt to alleviate the psychological limitations of our students was in the communication skills subjects where English and different approaches (sociological, economic, etc.) to our culture were interrelated and taught demanding, of course, that the student do some writing and thinking of his own.

My own personal involvement was basically in the area of mathematics, a subject I would also consider a communication skill. It might be easier to understand how I perceived this situation by drawing an analogous picture. Very simply, consider a road from one point to another (a destination), but note carefully that the road is full of chuckholes over which you trip and are slowed down. Here, the road is the student's knowledge of mathematics and the destination being the understanding of and ability to do problems at a given level of intelligence. But, the road has many impediments: chief among them the inability to see relations in math and the basic skills or tools to work through to solutions. Thus, a student has the basic pathway with him, but is deficient at certain areas to make an effective whole. For instance, the student who could handle quadratic equations might act in total confusion with a set of fraction problems before him or a student may know fractions forwards and back, but can-
not see the relations to make the necessary equations from a word problem. There is what I think is an almost classic example of this lack: many students will add 1/3 and 1/2 and list the answer as 2/5 as if universally there had been a failing to teach what happens when one adds fractions in addition to the purely mechanical process.

For a limited time of four weeks we had to cover a road that was adequate in a number of respects. It had to be a road with which the students had some familiarity; it had to be a road at the proper academic level; it also had to be a road that would help them prepare for their future college math. Therefore, we decided on the task of building a basic number system which I've taken the liberty to outline here:

I. Define natural numbers

II. Define "0" and natural numbers
   A. Define addition and multiplication
   B. Properties of associativity, commutativity, distributivity, and inverse and identity elements
   C. Some specific number groups: series, primes, and composites.

III. Define rational numbers (i.e. work with fractions, decimals, and percents)

IV. Exponents
   A. Roots
   B. Powers
V. Linear equations, factoring, and quadratics

VI. Word problems

This content we believed to meet the need of working with the basic operations, understanding what numbers mean and where they come from, knowing how to use the properties, and of losing the general awe of mathematics by providing some simple organization with which to view it.

An important aspect of the program is the method of teaching we used. Both mathematics and communication skills units were taught by teams and in math this was particularly more obvious in its use. Though there was overlap, the primary function of teaching the basic material lay with one member of the team while the other worked individually with each student's unique needs. This teacher-tutor team was a specialization of putting forth the material on the one hand, and receiving the feedback of questions and problems on the other. My primary task was that of tutoring or, in the analogy, of locating on each person's road the areas that needed help in being repaired. For instance, I remember one particular girl who handed in her homework with every percent and decimal problem wrong! It became my extreme example of the need for immediate and specific help.

I think it is important that this system not only provided a sensitivity to the individual, but also stimulated his initiative. For the content did not aim at teaching mere
techniques for memorization, but also at why or how something happened. Thus, the tutoring of a specific problem required some student thinking on the processes leading to the background of the problem. We also required a simple term paper in some area of mathematics that stimulated research (other than encyclopedia) in some new areas.

Before I leave entirely the descriptive writing about math I might make note of the tangible test results from the STEP (Sequential Tests of Educational Progress) Tests that were administered before and after the four weeks of classes. The approximate percentile level for these kids on a national norm was short of the thirtieth percentile. For my two classes the pre- and post-test scores are as follows (scores equal number right out of 50):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group C</th>
<th>Group D</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Pre-test</strong></td>
<td><strong>Post-test</strong></td>
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<td>21</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>22</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>16</td>
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Mean: Group C: 16.13, Group D: 17.17

**Difference**
- Group C: +2.25
- Group D: +3.83

**% Increase**
- Group C: +14%
- Group D: +22.3%

I have few evaluative comments to make except that these
increases were also evident in the other class sections.

One of the weaknesses of the Mississippi education system is the "split-session" necessity. Because of planting and harvesting the schools "break" during the year to provide the time for many Negroes to work. This causes an interruption in the educational process which is detrimental to both continuity and initiative. Part of the effect of STEP is to help provide a continuity during the summer as well as helping to provide an orientation to the college atmosphere. The MSU volunteers after four weeks of observation and teaching attempted to make evaluative statements on each student often with certain recommendations of study for individual pupils to continue their learning process through the rest of the summer. With some of the more advanced students helps such as slide rules and texts were provided for their use. Recommendations were made to Rust on certain lower achieving students for remedial work and on the better students for advanced work when they returned in the fall.

Let me mention one more specific approach in math before I move on. This regards a certain correlation with the communication skills area. The problem of the inability to condense and organize thoughts and take notes is a serious hindrance to quality education. Knowledge of how to take proper notes was sorely lacking. As an example I would take notes of one or two lectures of my teaching partner and
mimeograph them to hand out during the tutoring hour. The idea here was not to spoon feed students but to provide an example of what to take down in organized fashion.

The basis with which we could approach teaching math is that the potential was available, but that its fulfillment was handicapped by lack of learning or mis-learning.

Personally I was involved in another very important area of STEP. It was my task to experience a "paradise lost" as I left an air-conditioned dorm for the mid-day heat of the volleyball court where I assisted in its teaching. We were faced with instructing the fundamentals and values of the sport in one week as groups rotated from sport to sport. Objectively, the program suffered from heat and academic assignments which negatively affected attendance. Subjectively, I question our evaluation of the program. It seems too easy to teach volleyball, tennis, etc. and marvel that we've brought something new to the negro student who has not had the opportunity to hold a tennis racquet in his hand. This seems to me to be a culture-bound assumption. For when we consider play as one of man's basic activities we must consider that the southern negro must have play forms with which STEP might more effectively have worked, especially in combination with what was presented.

One of the important aspects of recreation was that there is little formality to its teaching. The value of the minor individual conversations, the give and take, the learning by
each person of the other, etc. cannot be underestimated. It was my first experience ever at teaching any sport and like most other things, I enjoyed it.

The rest of this paper shall be about some subjective viewpoints of the project. First, in a specific response to the problem of what to do about southern negro education given unlimited funds and certain powers I'd say that most definitely the changes involved more than just mechanics and techniques. Of course, we need more and better buildings, texts, teachers (higher salaries, too), etc., but we need a change in psychology to break the viscous circle spoken of earlier and to break the fears and hostilities of the white population. STEP is one answer, only there should be a hundred (at least) STEP projects.

STEP concentrates on education, but it also reminds me of one of my criticisms of foreign exchange programs (especially considering Mississippi to be really another country). That is this, it seems the objectives of foreign exchange by sending people over to live one-by-one are rather limited. An individual is not really an opportunity for real cultural exchange, but only a fish in a bowl merely to look at. The mixing of groups of different social backgrounds allows the experience of cultural interaction and intra-action at the same time. The ability of MSU to send about thirty-five northern whites to live with, teach and learn with, and in general be with
more than 100 negroes of the south provides opportunities for understanding that probably would not be made even if aimed at. (The trick is to produce the same intermingling with southern whites so that the fear of human relationships is reduced. Easier said than done, but that's part of my response to improving negro education.)

Part of being at Rust is the knowledge that one (I) as a white person is being observed in his behavior to a negro. But also part of being white is an almost acculturated tendency to look to the negro for his response (especially positive) to the white's behavior. It did not take long to realize that this is merely an external or behavioral judgment. It's important on a mass basis, but the relation this has to self-concept must be of a deeper nature. I think the members of this project felt and exhibited a good personal acceptance that established the basis of friendship for a good many people, especially important in the south. As one of the negro students wrote in an evaluation, "This is the first time in 18 years I've been around a white I didn't hate."

Related to this was an activity, not of STEP, but which some of us had the opportunity to participate in. This was the James Meredith March on which a dozen or fifty STEP whites walked into Jackson. I mention it not to comment on the march itself, but to note that by participation on it, the avenue for better rapport with my students was opened.
It is to me an exciting thing when events such as this relate back to and amplify the "grass-roots" meaning as well as broadening the common ground on which I and my students stood. It most definitely achieved better relationships for me.

I should not accomplish this paper without noting the responsiveness of the students. This is one of the few expectations I took with me and I found it to be very true. I have not been very interested in being an educator, but this experience stimulated me somewhat. It was a challenge to push and at the same time to keep up with student enthusiasm. We found students trying to bite off more than they could chew in the library research paper. Students would seek help of other instructors if they did not find their own readily available. They even would leave a movie like "A Raisin in the Sun" or "To Kill a Mockingbird" in the middle to go finish homework assignments. Contrast this to MSU and its academic pursuit level. It strikes me that this is evidence of the total social situation. As Meminger says, education is charged "with the spirit of hope" and probably few realize this more than the southern negro. To break out of a closed society socially, economically, psychologically, and politically requires education. The American society cannot afford to allow its citizens a third-rate education. The impact of integrated schools focuses the need and increases the desire for better education. I think the students on the STEP
project knew this well and because of a free and stimulated atmosphere could push their responsiveness to higher limits. It's an amazing thing to witness because a dedicated pursuit or activity is always a definite influence on the one who does witness.

The impact on Rust is not to be omitted as well as the influence of Rust personnel on MSU students. Rust has now some students who can read and multiply a little better, some a little more capable of a critical understanding of the social, environment, some who can find their way around a library, and even some who can now swim all as a partial result of STEP.

In conclusion, it's easy to write about five or six more pages of impressions, but one has to draw things together at some point. I note here a few sentences kept in a personal journal of STEP, "Thurs., 6/23/66 - Today was more or less routine. Still a lot happens in that routine that is new. Teaching and tutoring settled into a regularity. The pattern is established for both teacher and student. We're getting so we can pick out who needs what help, what kind of student someone is, etc. Some are pluggers, some need prodding, some have to unlearn or relearn, etc. That's what makes the job more personal - knowing what each individual's needs are." Elsewhere in Love Against Hate Menninger notes that, "what the teacher is, is more important than what she teaches."

STEP has as one of its inherent qualities teaching on a
personal level and while everyone on the project knew it was
task-(education)-oriented, they also knew it was person-oriented
and that after-all is the "stuff" of life!

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Menninger, Karl, Love Against Hate. New York: Harcourt,