

A "Fish first Daily" sign thrusts its muddy presence up in front of the grey shacks in the town. We are leaving now. Some part of the road leaving St Francis is lined with white fences then comes the reddish brown hills topped with their grey tin covered shacks - then the woods again. The country becomes green - mostly oaks and yellowing blackberries visible.

A little shack with its elaborate system of water pipes and troughs for tannage. The owner stood entranced the pipe lead away for fifty feet diving eventually into an old water cistern.

Chalky

We crossing a wide and sandy river bed strewn with silver threads of water. We crossed to a swamp (not cypress) with its tall trees thrusting their gnarled grey trunks up high into the sky, they lay as if covered by a blanket of yellowing green which topped the trees. Below the still brown leaf covered water sat about their roots.

(The cypresses fanned their roots out into the still muddy water.)

People pick peans in this country. across the gray moss covered field bright flashes of red and blue show among the brown grass.

The Bus stops and a young attractive negro girl gets on. Across the Hwy where the red dirt road cuts it away into the Pine stands the girl's mother, and obviously her young brother and sister. The girl is dressed quite well and under her arms she carries bundles for the city. The mother looks sad. She stands there in her worn black coat and her blue scarfed head some ways away from her daughter. Her arms are crossed wearily. She stands there sad and when the bus starts off she waves a quiet, sad wave but her gaze showing eagerness does it even distract her. The woman turns back to the gate of the tired red road - followed by laughing, dancing children. The track slowly - another one is gone.

The Black snake of tar and gravel intertwines its coils and we are now in ^{Colvin} La Jonville. The town is much like Woodville but not as much ordered. The trees are green heads and rise like green bearded towers over the highway. The Spanish moss waves in the cold gray wind. The buildings of thin iron line ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~central~~ ^{road} ~~highway~~. The town is more attention-cared with but twice as dirty. (Two women recognize each other and the quiet atmosphere of the Bus is now broken with lively conversation. I have only seen a few whites here with negroes here in great numbers. There are large puddles here and there among the narrow roads. Across the street is an old German bread house hidden away among the mossy oaks. The darkness seems to over shadow the house - and obscures the dingy features.