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"Grant Wiggins," I said.

"How are you, Higgins?"

"Wiggins, sir," I said. "I'm fine."

"Well" "I'm not," he said. "All this running around. More schools to attend."

"We're honored, sir, you took out this time for us."

He grunted and looked around the yard. We had a good breeze coming in from the direction of the cane fields, and it wavered the flag on the pole in the corner of the fence.

"Place looks about the same," Dr. Paul said.

"Things change very slowly around here, Dr. Paul,"

I said.

"Hummmm," he said.

*gestured*

"Please," I said, and ~~motioned with my hand~~ for him to precede me into the church.

He needed all his strength to go up the three wooden steps, and as he entered the door, I heard Irene Cole, the sixth grade student in charge, call out to the class. "Rise

*SHOULDERS BACK."*

I followed Dr. Paul down the aisle, and on either side of us the students from Primer through the sixth grade stood as still and straight as soldiers for inspection. *would do,*

I nodded toward my desk for Dr. Paul to take my chair. He grunted, which meant thanks, and pulled the chair *extra* farther from the desk before he sat down. He needed the ~~added~~ distant for comfort.

*Dr. Paul visited the Calad school one a year, the white schools probably twice. There were probably a dozen schools in the parish, if that many....*

"Well?" Dr. Paul said.

"Want me go outside and salute flag?" the boy asked.

"You don't have to go outside," Dr. Paul said. "You can do it in here."

The boy raised his hand to his chest.

"Plege legen toda flag. Ninety State. 'Merica. Er, er--yeah, which it stand. Visibly. Amen."

Dr. Paul grunted. Several students giggled. Dr. Paul seemed <sup>quite</sup> satisfied. That meant I had to do a lot more work.

For the next half hour it went on like that. Dr. Paul would call on someone who looked half bright, then he would call on someone whom he felt was just the opposite. In the upper grades, fourth, fifth, and sixth, he asked gramatical, mathematical, and geographical questions. And besides looking at hands, now, he began looking at teeth. Open wide, say ahhh, and he would have the poor boy or girl spreading out his or her lips as far as he or she could while he peered into the student's mouth. ~~As a student at Southern~~ <sup>the</sup> University I had read about slave masters who had done the same when buying new slaves, and I had read how cattlemen had done the same thing when buying horses or cattles. But at least Dr. Paul had graduated to the level where he let the boy or girl spread out his or her own lips, rather than he using some kind of crude metal ~~tool~~ <sup>instrument to do so.</sup>. I appreciated his humanitarinism.

Finally, when he felt that he had inspected enough mouths and hands, he gave the students a ten minute lecture