Compiled by Stetson Kennedy, Former Director of Folklore, Life History, and Social-Ethnival studies of the FLORIDA WRITERS PROJECT MIAMI DISTRICT OFFICE, Roland J. Lavelle, Director

Susie Clark wrote "Hurricanes" school reader, etc.

Rachel Wills James (old cemetery survey)

Wayne A. Hines

Helen Davis

Territorial

Tallahassee February 1937 (Interim Board Members)

1. Mrs. H. B. Fitch, Tallahassee, Chairwoman
2. Thelma Russell
3. John Winslow
4. Robert Cornwall
5. Hunt L. Hill

Mrs. Marlowe, Field worker JohnsonAllen & T.T. Morris

Mrs. Davis, office worker, [name illegible, possibly Mary Davis]

Miss Degrange, Field worker [personal name illegible], OLD AMERICAN REPORTER [Pensacola, Department of Cultural Affairs]

Bessie Johnson, "Wade Whipple" 1939

Mrs. A. E. Johnson, young woman (Pensacola Pioneers Association)

Mr. A. E. Johnson, at home January 1937, General Research Survey 1939

Mrs. E. O. Thaxton, Fort Walton, Naples, Mississippi Valley, 421 W. Kelby St., Tallahassee, Florida

Mrs. Ida S. Watson, Tampa, Florida
I left my home and moved with my parents to the next town and found a job as a weaver in the textile mill. I was told to report for work in the morning, where I would be put to work on the looms. I was able to earn enough to support my family and save money for my education.

Well, in 1935, the Works Progress Administration (WPA) was created to provide relief to the unemployed. I heard about a job available at the WPA, which was for writers, musicians, and artists. I applied and was accepted into the program. I was able to study art and music, and I was able to support my family while also pursuing my passion for creativity.

I was a bandweaver, and I was taught how to use the spinning wheel to create yarn. I was also taught how to weave on a loom. I was able to create beautiful textiles that were in demand.

I was also able to attend classes at the local community college, where I was able to study art and music. I was able to study with some of the best instructors in the country, and I was able to learn a lot from them.

I was able to support my family and save money for my education, and I was able to pursue my passion for creativity. I was able to create beautiful textiles that were in demand, and I was able to learn a lot from my experience at the WPA.

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The museum was located off the main street in Berea, a small town in eastern Kentucky. The entrance was marked by a large sign that read "The Berea Museum." The interior was well-lit with natural light filtering through the windows. The exhibits were arranged chronologically, starting with the early history of Berea and progressing through the various stages of the town's development.

I walked into the museum and was greeted by a friendly volunteer who offered me a map of the exhibits. She explained that the museum was dedicated to preserving the history of Berea and its surrounding area. She told me that the exhibits were designed to provide visitors with a comprehensive understanding of the town's past.

I began my tour with the early history of Berea, which included displays on the town's founding and the early settlers. I was fascinated by the exhibits on the town's early industries, such as the Berea Woolen Mill and the Berea Lumber Company.

As I moved through the museum, I was struck by the diversity of the exhibits. There were displays on local flora and fauna, as well as exhibits on the town's cultural heritage. I particularly enjoyed the section on Berea's role in the Civil War, which included a display on Union and Confederate soldiers who were stationed in the town.

I spent several hours exploring the museum, marveling at the wealth of information it contained. As I left, I realized that I had only scratched the surface of all the exhibits, but I was exhilarated by what I had seen. The museum had truly captured the history of Berea in a way that was both informative and engaging. I left with a new appreciation for the town and its rich past.
make dyes.

lavendel" the girl to each color of the cotton.
different dyes dyeing roan. Also the older girls taught the younger girls and made the color a little more than the color of the cotton. She was most anxious to see the color of the cotton. She knew she was teaching the younger girls and made the color a little more than the color of the cotton.

By this time the weaving project was progressing to such an extent that it was necessary to take steps to ensure that the project continued. The project was managed by the lady in charge of the weaving department. She had the project well organized and working to its capacity to be seen.

By now they were weaving with bought yarn and warp, and I had taught the spinner to use this material in the weaving. For the old spinnings were to be used. Also the bolts and hanks. Unluckily they were not all used and so the material had to be taken.

A remarkable thing happened. President Roosevelt initiated the W.P.A. work and the old spinnings were saved. Also there was the expense of buying material in the weaving. This was graced by the W.P.A. women. Also the W.P.A. for the old spinnings were saved. Also the bolts and hanks. Unluckily they were not all used and so the material had to be taken.

Of course there must be the exception of buying material. The lady in charge of the weaving department was managing the project. She had the project well organized and working to its capacity to be seen.

Back to the room, the lady in charge was managing the project. She had the project well organized and working to its capacity to be seen.
A girl in the weaving room of a college asked me to teach her how to use the loom. I agreed, and we spent many hours together, learning to weave. We made scarves, bedsheets, and dresses. The college was fortunate to have such a skilled weaver among its students.

After a year, I left the college and moved to a new place. There were other people who wanted to learn how to weave. I taught them, and soon the college was known for its beautiful hand-woven fabrics. The weaving project was a success, and we were able to support ourselves with our own work.

Now, I think back to those early days and remember how much I enjoyed teaching others. It was rewarding to see the joy in their faces as they learned to do something new. I am grateful for those days, and I hope to continue teaching others for many years to come.
Reading has taught me to think and to live one for one thirty years or more.

I was taught to read and to write and to think and to think and to think in the long line of my life. I saw dogs, wolves, bears, birds, animals, and people.

As I grow, my life for the future becomes determined. My life is to grow and the growth of my life is in the long line of my life. I see dogs, wolves, bears, birds, animals, and people.

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