

A VISIT FROM THE CITY FOLK

In the 1940's it was common on a Sunday afternoon for the "city kinfolk" to drive out from Atlanta for an afternoon visit, especially during vegetable and fruit season. They would leave before milking time with the trunks of their shiny city cars loaded with fresh vegetables, melons, and fruit-in-season, all for free or with little charge.

One Sunday my sister Mildred, who was attending Business School in Atlanta, and the family of a Georgia Tech College Professor that she was boarding with, drove out to "the country". It was customary to offer to "cut watermelons", if they were in season, when company came. We had sold or used all that had been picked, so Dad and I took two jute sacks and headed for the watermelon field to get four. A lake now covers that field. The GA Tech Professor accompanied us asking many dumb questions along the way. He had little knowledge of a farm. Dad and I selected four medium size melons, two for each sack, which we would carry on our backs to the house.

The Professor insisted that he carry one of the sacks. Dad gave him his at a point where we entered the pasture for easier walking. When we were near the house and it was time to cross the fence again, I gently lay the melons I was carrying on the ground and rolled them under the fence. The Professor backed up to the fence and let go the sack. Of course both melons burst. All the Professor said was "I believe they broke". Then proceeded to pick up the sack, put it on his back and followed me on to the house with watermelon juice dripping out of the sack on to the back of his trousers.

Since that day there has always been a question in my mind about GA Tech College as a great educational institution.

Thomas H. Ewing
(Stuff I remember.)
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