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Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational Association

SEPTEMBER, 1917

Vol. IX

No. 3.

Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the
Children of the Southern Mountains

Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: Room 331,
Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW, *Founder*

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"Nancy"—An Investment in Humanity.

MARTHA BERRY.

Three years ago, on Christmas Eve, a forlorn little figure appeared at our back door. She asked to see "Miss Martha," and I came out to find this child wet to the skin, with her pieces of shoes muddy and soaked through. She had walked six miles from Possum Trot to our home, and she had come to stay, but without clothes or preparations of any kind. Her clear gray eyes were filled with tears and her pitiful childish hands were stretched out for help.

She told me that she lived in a one-room cabin, with five little half brothers and sisters, one big brother of her own, and her father and step-mother. She said, "I jes' had ter git out, I can't stay thar no longer, my step-ma don't know nothin', and I don't want ter grow up lak her, so I jes' had ter git out." She had not told her father or step-mother, or anyone, that she was coming, but, as the country people say, "She jes' set her foot in the big road en' lit out."

After having her bathed, I put her to bed and gave her some medicine to keep her from taking cold. I sent a boy down to the gate, about a quarter of a mile from the house, to watch out for some passing wagon that would take the word to Nancy's home that she was with me. For three days I heard nothing from her father, but finally he sent word that he'd "Sho be glad if we'd keep his little gal: that her en' her step-ma didn' git on well en' she wuz er wantin' more'n they cud give her. Somehow, she didn't take atter none er the rest uv 'em nohow en' she wuz er hankerin' fur larnin' pow'ful bad."

Christmas day began with the boys and girls singing the old Christmas carols under our windows, and later on was the tree with the beautiful lights and the golden fruit, and the Christmas dinner with the afternoon of games. Through the day Nancy sat with her wistful eyes drinking in all the new and wonderful scenes. She had little to say until that

13A

evening when I went to see her safely tucked in bed and to say "Good-Night." Then she said, "I ain't never goin' ter leave this hyer place; the' ain't nobody goin' to take me erway fum hyer—I'm come ter stay!"

Although our Girls' School was full to overflowing, and we had been turning them away for months—some of them coming in the morning and staying all day in the hope, as they expressed it, "Ef we'd jes set thar all day, sholy we'd git in"—I asked Miss Brewster to make a place for Nancy. This had to be done by putting her in one of the teachers' rooms.

Nancy had some little trouble with her scalp, caused by dirt and neglect, and we had to put her in the hospital and have her head shaved and treated. She was a delicate child but with refined features. In the weaving room she showed great aptitude for the arrangement of colors. She has some musical talent, and it is a picture to see her carding wool and singing her mountain ballads.

During the first vacation at the Girls' School, Nancy had to be sent back to her home for a few weeks. She tried in every way to improve the one-room cabin, scrubbed the floors, washed, mended and patched the children's clothes, doing everything she could for her numerous half-brothers and sisters. She tried to make them say their prayers and to teach them to read and write. When school opened again, she was a worn little figure, her shoulders were bent and she was altogether a most dispirited little Nancy. Her lazy father, snuff-dipping step-mother, and the over-grown big brother, who did nothing but hunt and chew tobacco, were too much for Nancy to make over. I determined after that to keep her through the summers until she matured more in body and mind. Investing in a girl like Nancy means giving her a chance to come into the glory and beauty of her womanhood, to which by nature, she is so richly entitled.
—*From the Southern Highlander*, April, 1917.

Why the State is Not Solving the Mountain Problem.

It is often asked: Why does not the State provide for the education of the youth in the Appalachian mountains and thus do away with the necessity for schools operated under the direction of church boards or voluntary societies? So long as one considers this question from a purely academic or theoretical point of view, it may be quite easy to argue that the State is sufficiently able to attend to this work, and to do it better than a number of different and unrelated organizations and societies. But what is of more concern is the practical and actual state of affairs. With the rapid development of the public school systems of the country, it would seem that by this time the mountain sections should have received adequate consideration by the State; but such is far from being the case. In fact, the consideration will remain inadequate and the school system will continue to miss its object so long as the educational privileges of the mountaineers' children are limited by the amount of taxes raised in the mountain districts. These more or less sparsely populated districts with much undeveloped land, can not turn into the public treasury as much as they will some day, when the natural resources of the mountains are more developed. Nevertheless, these sections should not be deprived of an equal advantage with other sections in the matter of education.

There are imperative reasons why the various private schools of the better class should continue to operate and should do so with greater zeal and determination. These schools are the only ones available that provide the education needed by the mountain youth. The public schools have failed to meet the need.

Some reasons why these private schools are necessary may be cited:

1. It is commonly known that many of the public school teachers in the mountains are poorly equipped and have very little experience or preparation. It looks often as if the

poorest and least educated public school teachers were sent into the mountain districts. In many cases teachers are changed each year, sometimes because the committee which employs the teacher is changed, and sometimes because the teacher does not wish to teach the same school twice. The character of these teachers has often been open to just criticism, and for this reason parents have been unwilling in some cases to place their children in such schools.

2. There is practically no equipment deserving the name in the vast majority of public schools in the mountains. The old-fashioned, one-room school house is common. Says an expert observer who lives in the mountains: "The teacher calls the pupils near his table, has them read in monotonous the lessons from the book, dismisses the class, calls another to go through the same form." Says another who has worked in these mountains: "The one school room, as everyone knows, is not calculated to advance the children very rapidly." Those of us who have seen with our own eyes on numerous occasions these school rooms know how utterly inadequate is this method.

3. There is no chance for the child in the mountain public school to get away from his old environment. At best a child is away from home a few hours a day for four or five months. Says an experienced mountain educator: "All the good that is done by way of admonition and example during these hours is counteracted during the hours they are at home." In the private school the child is brought under the influence of the best example and in contact with competent and efficient teachers.

4. The public schools do not provide industrial training or make any real effort to improve the methods of living. In the majority of instances the public school has practically ignored the fact that industrial training is vital to the mountain people. The progress in the improvement of the home, sanitation, proper food, better housing conditions, proper clothing, improved methods of agriculture, weaving, basket making and home industries has been due to the example and

instruction of these competent private schools. Where the State has done anything in these lines among the mountain people it has followed the way already blazed.

5. The public school term, often four or five months only, is not long enough. A competent authority who lives in the mountains, says: "In the Kentucky mountains enough money is appropriated to have a six or seven months' school of real value, but in practice such is not the case." It is quite evident that politics has entirely too much to do with the problem.

6. The effect of local politics on the public school in the mountains is harmful and sometimes disastrous. The school trustee is often a politician or has a friend that he wishes to make a teacher. Getting a certificate is a small matter, for if it can not be secured by hook or crook, it may be bought. I am informed that certificates have been purchased. So long as political influence operates so effectively in mountain sections, not much can be expected from the public school system until it is freed from such control.

7. The mountain sections are not thickly settled and therefore can not and do not pay large sums in taxes into the State treasury. It would be the part of wisdom for the State to make no discrimination, but to give to the mountain sections the identical advantages that it gives to more prosperous rural sections. To base educational advantage on tax returns, or accessibility, or prospective value of a section to the State is eminently unwise.

In a word, the private schools operated by church boards, private charities and voluntary organizations are *absolutely* necessary, for up to this time the public school system has been and is now a dismal failure. If the State can do all these things better than these private schools, then the State should stop talking and do something. The State has talked much and exacted tribute, but it has done little for the mountain people.

3045 Fifteenth Street,
Washington, D. C.

DR. JAMES H. TAYLOR.

SIEA trustee

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION. ROOM 331 SOUTHERN BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress, July 16, 1894, pending.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, Room 331, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

A Message from the Philadelphia Auxiliary.

As our whole country seems to be concentrated upon one great work of patriotic service and some think an effort in behalf of anything save Red Cross inopportune, I beg space to give you one fact which all do not know.

Upon recent inquiry the writer made as to the patriotism of the mountaineer in this last call of our Government for men, the fact was revealed that wherever that call went to mountain men who had been given "the chance" for which they plead, and who had attended school for even a short period, they eagerly responded and many volunteered before the draft was made. Many grieved sorely when upon examination they were turned away because of physical unfitness resulting from the primitive conditions of their childhood homes.

Over six hundred of the alumni from one of our industrial schools in North Carolina are at the front or in training camps. From one of the boys of our Georgia Industrial School comes the message that our boys are the only ones who read their Bibles, pray regularly and neither smoke, chew, drink nor swear, these latter being considered accomplishments rather than faults by the uncultured mountaineer.

The Philadelphia Auxiliary is working for the education of these men of the future who will be so sorely needed

when this world war is over to rebuild the waste places, and most important for the re-peopling of our own and other countries with *white blood* to perpetuate the democracy so dearly bought with the ideals and traditions of the races.

For the raising of money to extend educational work the Philadelphia Auxiliary will hold a bazaar for the sale of articles representing the mountain crafts and other contributions, to be followed in the evening by a dance in the ballroom of the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, November third.

ELIZABETH OWEN LEWIS,
President, Philadelphia Auxiliary of the Southern
Industrial Educational Association.

A Letter from Hindman.

Dear Friends:

Returning to Hindman from a "Sabbatical year" of six months is an interesting encore. While one is away for the usual six weeks in summer, there seem to be strides, but in half a year, between January blizzards and August heat, wonders have indeed happened, although this is the first year for many in which there has been no new building (the shop, the hospital, the kindergarten and the new Little Girls' House having in succession been almost the absorbing interest of recent summers).

After one has bumped and bumped and bumped for seven hours over the sixteen miles from the railroad of winding, rocky creek bed, climbed the mud-hole strewn road up and over the mountain, and clattered and banged and thumped down the Left Hand Fork of Troublesome in the rickety, worn-out buckboard "mail hack," its springs down on one side and the dashboard horizontal, with three other passengers, four suit cases and ten mail sacks, the twinkling, electric lights of the Settlement are welcome indeed.

While an individual supper is cooking over the fireplace at "Hillside," stories are told "from where we left off in

January." First, the four weeks' Mid-winter Extension Course, better than last year's, with the girls all under one roof and with a very practical carrying out of model house-keeping, besides talks by the local doctors, by the county farm demonstrator, by the settlement nurse along with practice in home nursing and cooking for the sick and with a hand-woven rug, a new dress and night gown completed by each girl.

The spring and summer extension work is in full swing in five different county centers, with sewing classes scattered among the garden clubs, and the canning beginning which will carry the work almost up to December.

To offset these happy episodes are the stories of the dull, drear ones, of the twenty-seven cases of measles, brought back from a Lexington hospital by a boy who had been sent out to have special treatment, fifty-one cases of grippe and the sudden falling of the mercury one bright spring-like day to five degrees below zero. This involved the freezing and bursting of the school house furnace so that the nearly three hundred children had to have school classes for two months' scattered all over the settlement in sitting rooms, dining rooms, sewing rooms and halls.

They were hardly thawed out before commencement week, early in May. There were a special "Patriotic Day," the alumnae luncheon prepared and served by the Ninth Grade Cooking Class, "The Princess" for the senior play, the cooking, weaving, sewing, handwork and woodwork exhibitions.

There is much to hear of these newest graduates with their start for special work at Northfield, the State Normal School, matrimony or the University; of earlier ones and their newly won scholarships for high rank at Phillips Exeter and Harvard, of boys already in the navy and on the way to join the Coast Guard in the English Channel, of other volunteers in the training camps, who, we hope, are helping those illiterate thousands who have gone from unreached

parts of Kentucky. We did not "raise our boys to be soldiers," but we are proud of our volunteers. The mountains are true to their traditions and the full quota volunteered from some counties, so they had no draft.

The Kindergarten, with about fifty children, has been in session all summer. Many new babies in town are already arguing for kindergarten training. The community Red Cross nurse is busy in schools and homes.

Of course, there is news *ad libitum* about the old children, the lucky four boys who have worked in Cleveland all summer, the less lucky other four who have worked in a rubber factory in another Ohio town, and news about the new ones, who out of the seven hundred on the waiting list have been chosen to fill the fifteen vacancies.

There is the tiny niece of the little girl and boy who two years ago came to us out of the blue one freezing November night with a sorry enough story of their sister, whom the father shot. He fled from justice to the tall timber, and the mother died of tuberculosis. The diminutive uncle and aunt are doing so well that we have highest hopes of this tiny and charming bit of a niece.

A big, awkward, new boy says, with shining eyes: "I've cotched on to this yere grammar and now I'm a cotching on to my history. I like this school fine. You jest couldn't drive me off. If you driv' me one way, I'd come back t'other." He may be a Lincoln in embryo!

On the way to the six o'clock breakfast, the glory of the garden bursts upon us, the tall beans and bunch beans, the beets and carrots and rows upon rows of cabbages, peppers and okra and fine looking celery, just being transplanted and becoming the fourth crop this year out of a certain piece of garden.

The story from the farm is that this year's corn is "excellent, fine" that extra good potatoes, that had "the purtiest blossoms you mighty nigh ever seed" are coming from certain new ground, that the beans (pole beans, corn field

beans, navy beans, butter beans) have mostly escaped injury from rather serious "tides."

The dairy is in good condition. Twin calves in the spring were a good augury for raising two of everything where one had grown before.

Not satisfied to "eat what we can and can what we can't," we have gone shares with a thrifty neighbor sixteen miles away, and are helping him to can what he can't so we may eat what we can. In successive visits, taking our canning outfit, one of our tireless workers has saved for winter use over two thousand quarts of wild berries, apples, beans, tomatoes, corn, cucumbers and quantities of apple vinegar.

The glad day of the opening of school was August 20 with twenty-four workers, the "best ever," as usual, and 314 children, also "the best ever." Speeches of encouragement, appreciation, and promises of co-operation, were made by the leading citizens.

Now, this is all about what has been accomplished in the last six months, but we need money to continue.

"YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU" to help carry on this work "to make more Americans like those first Americans who blazed the way for what is now the United States." England warns us not to neglect the training and education of the children.

Very truly yours,
RUTH HUNTINGTON.

The Exchange, which is maintained in the headquarters of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, was closed July and August, but during that time the work was carried on by Mrs. Stone through twenty gift shops and studios along the New England coast and in the mountains, fifty-one express boxes having been shipped from the office in the month of June.

The summer season was most successful, and the sales and orders greater than ever before. Over 100 spreads

and many small pieces, such as table and bureau covers, and 280 baskets were sold, and orders were taken for over 50 knotted spreads.

Much interest was shown in the work being done by the Association, and the exhibits of knotted spreads at the different hotels gave an opportunity to "tell the story," to explain the needs of the mountain people; what the schools and field workers were doing to help them, and to distribute literature.

As a result of the summer's work, over \$2,000 has been sent to the mountain women.

The December Bazaar.

The Annual Bazaar of last year was so successful that another one will be held this year, as this seems to be the most satisfactory way of bringing the products of the mountain industries to the public. Each year the workmanship is of higher grade and the output more varied.

Never was the demand for articles of handicraftship greater than today and that seekers for this class of wares are delighted with the beautiful specimens sent from the mountains is abundantly shown by the unusually large sales of the summer.

In addition to the baskets of charming shapes and greatly varied uses, and weavings including the beautiful hand-woven linen towels and table spreads in both the white and the natural flax, the blue and white coverlets, and the knotted or tufted counterpanes, there will be a display of wooden articles, including trays, bread-boards, bowls and dog-wood knitting needles very smooth and well made.

It is by means of these sales that the mountain women and girls are being aroused and stimulated to better things, for it is an awakening to them to learn that these survivals of by-gone days have a real place in the homes of the great outside world.

The Summer's Work of the Field Secretary.

During the summer and fall of 1916 our field secretary, Miss Neal, was among the mountains of the Southern Appalachians, visiting the schools in which the Southern Industrial Educational Association is interested, going mule-back or horse-back to the remotest sections, or in a jolt-wagon following the rocky creek beds up the narrow valleys. Her intimate knowledge of the mountain people and her love and understanding of them made her able to win their confidence at once. These months of last year meant gaining first hand information of the need and of how that need is being met.

The summer of 1917 has been spent in making real to others what is so intensely real to those who have taught in the mountains. To all who have listened Miss Neal has made graphic the appeal of the boys and girls of the mountains. In this case, instead of Mahomet's going to the mountain, the mountain has been brought to Mahomet. Many a person in the cities and summer resorts of New York and New England owes to Miss Neal his first realization of the conditions in the mountains and of his opportunity to serve his country by giving the American boys and girls their right, a chance to learn how to live.

At some of the hotels it was possible to give a talk in which the slides made from original pictures were shown. The audiences realized that the sturdy, patient faces of the old people they were looking at meant a past of work with no vision. The faces of the children, contrasting those who had been to a settlement school with those who had not, made a strong appeal for scholarships, and the response will give several boys and girls their sole chance to go to school.

In conversation with individuals Miss Neal found not only an amazing ignorance of the conditions among our southern mountains, but a great interest in hearing about

how the Southern Industrial Educational Association gives help. They listened with interest to the plans for a Community Settlement House in which there would be three workers and an infirmary as well as a large room—a "gathering place" for the community. The salary for one of the workers has been promised.

An exhibit of the Colonial bedspreads always created great interest. Miss Neal has seen the women in the doorways of their cabin homes knotting these spreads in the patterns that their great, great grandmothers had brought from Scotland. As the people looked at these real American works of art she told about these women and their work until listeners too could see them and could know the hopes that went into the making of each spread. For the Association has been a very real help to the mountain people by thus bringing to them a market for what they can make.

The Red Cross, the War Relief and the Y. M. C. A. camp work were all absorbing the time and the charity of the people everywhere. Notwithstanding all this, the help that will come to the mountain people as a result of the field secretary's summer work can not be calculated, for many a heart and pocketbook will respond to an appeal because of a better understanding of the needs of these *real* Americans.

Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Subscriptions are:

- \$1.00 a year for a Member.
- 5.00 for a Sustaining Member.
- 25.00 for a Patron.

- \$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.
 - \$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.
 - \$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.
 - \$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.
- Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Enclosed please find.....Dollars

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Name

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Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer,
and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. A. S. STONE,
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145