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139

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

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

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## The Homes and the Household Duties of the Mountain Mother

[These extracts are taken from the bulletin published by the Children's Bureau, entitled "Rural Children in Selected Counties of North Carolina," by Frances Sage Bradley, M. D., and Margueretta A. Williamson. The mountain county studied by these two trained investigators is typical of all the mountainous sections of Southern Appalachia, so that this picture faithfully reproduces conditions of any mountain community.]

The average mountain home is picturesque rather than comfortable. With his own hands the early settler built for his family a one-room cabin of rough-hewn logs with a deep-sloping shingled roof; no windows, no porches, a door at each side, and a fireplace of rough field stone chinked with mud. So substantial were these early homes that many are still occupied, still attractive, the weathered logs in perfect harmony with surrounding hills.

The interior of a mountain cabin is often unusually interesting; its walls and rafters darkened from the smoke of the open fire in the rough-stone fireplace; stubby little split-bottomed chairs drawn up before the fire; deep feather beds spread with gay patchwork quilts; clean flour sacks of dried beans and apples stowed away in every corner; and festoons of red pepper, strips of pumpkin and drying herbs hanging from the rafters. A spinning wheel often occupies the place of honor on the front porch, and hanks of snowy wool hang from the rafters waiting to be knit into wool socks for winter wear. On the hillside back of the house one finds a colony of beehives locally known as "bee gums," commonly of black-gum logs hollowed out and capped with a square piece of board.

In a typical log house of one room, shed, kitchen and loft—a quarter of a mile up a steep mountain trail from the nearest neighbor—a father and mother are rearing their six children. Asters and cosmos, towering head high, almost obscured the house from view; a little creek dashes past, 50 feet below. Trays of apples and beans were dry-

135

ing in the sun. Inside, the house was not ceiled and the mother had papered the walls with newspapers which, she said, "turned the wind" and kept them warmer and more comfortable, though not so warm as a "tight" (sheathed or plastered) house would.

A little two-room cottage, almost hidden from the road by a dense intervening wilderness of laurel and rhododendron, is the home of a family of father and mother and five children; the house, of upright boards, ceiled inside, was immaculately clean and in perfect order at 8 o'clock in the morning. Snowy hand-woven counterpanes covered the three home-made beds. The open fireplace held an iron pot of beans cooking for dinner. The porch was piled high with wool drying in the sun, and the yard was clean and bright with flowers.

An occasional painted two-story farm dwelling shelters the members of a family who have prospered at farming and on "public works" until they are the owners of a considerable tract of land and are leaders of the settlement in which they live. Comfortable house furnishings, two fireplaces, porches—front and back—a capacious barn, good spring house, and well-built privy all testify to a prosperity above the average.

At one home a grandmother, a great-grandmother, and three boys—8, 15, and 21—all sleep in one room. A family of father, mother and 10 children were living in a cabin of two rooms and a loft. At another home the father, 19-year-old son, and two young daughters slept, lived and ate in one room, cooking in the fireplace.

Keeping the house warm in winter is a difficult problem with most families. Many houses are unceiled, with cracks between the logs or undressed boards. Even with these cracks chinked up with mud and good fires in the open fireplaces and in the cookstove, the house is far from comfortable.

The work of the mountain mother is burdensome and she bears more than her share of responsibilities of the household. Her housework includes washing, ironing, cook-

ing, cleaning, sewing, and often spinning and knitting for the family. Handicapped by lack of modern conveniences, her task involves undue hardship. In most of the homes cooking is done on a small wood stove, with none of the modern conveniences; often the only implements are iron kettles, pots, and ovens which may be used interchangeably on the stove or in the fireplace; the latter is still preferred by many for baking corn bread and sweet potatoes. A scant allowance of fuel is provided from meal to meal. During a rainy spell, or when the father is away or sick, or the children off at school, the mother may be left without fuel, though wood grows at her very door.

Carrying water, a toilsome journey up and down hill several times a day, usually falls to the lot of mother and children.

The wash place, consisting of tubs on a bench and a great iron wash pot in which the clothes are boiled, is usually close by the spring. Much straining and lifting and undue fatigue are involved in this outdoor laundry. Sometimes even a wash-board is a luxury, substituted by a paddle with which the clothes are pounded clean on a bench or a smooth cut stump.

Most of the family bedding is home-made, the work of the women and girls in their leisure hours, after the crops are laid by or in the evening by the fireside. Besides the time-honored "log cabin" pattern, their collections of patch-work quilts include such quaint and intricate designs as "Tree of Life," "Orange Peel," and "Lady of the White House." Many a mountain home has its spinning wheel still in use and occasionally one finds an old-fashioned hand loom. Some homes display a collection of cover-lids and blankets, hand-made at every step of the process. The wool was grown on the home farm; sheared from the sheep; washed, carded, and spun by the women and girls of the family; dyed, sometimes with homemade madder, indigo and walnut dyes; and woven on the loom into cover-lids and blankets.

The other duties of the mother are largely seasonal. From December to August the children are home from school and she has their help. Together they make the garden; help plant the corn and peas for winter; gather them when ripe; pull fodder and dig potatoes; feed the stock; and perform the usual farm chores of milking, churning, and carrying water. In many homes the mother may be found doing chores which are usually considered a man's work, unduly prolonging her working hours and exposing herself to more stress and strain than is compatible with her own health or that of the children she is bearing.

It is uncommon for help to be hired in the home, except occasionally for a few days during confinements. Moreover, with the exception of sewing machines, household conveniences are totally lacking. Hard-working women complained that the men have planters, drillers, spreaders, and all kinds of "newfangled help," but that nothing had been done to make women's work easier.

A woman's field work in the mountain country is not so extensive or fatiguing as in the lowlands where the cotton crop requires the constant labor of the entire family many hours a day during a long summer and autumn. In the mountains, little farming is done, the average family raising no appreciable farm produce for sale. The woman helps plant and hoe the corn and in the autumn helps harvest the crops—stripping fodder, carrying it to the barn, making sirup from sorghum cane, picking beans, gathering apples, and digging potatoes. Her field work is not arduous in itself, but only because it is undertaken in addition to her already numerous duties—caring for the children, housework, sewing, canning, and chores.

## How Settlement Schools Pay Dividends

April 1, 1924.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A letter has just come from one of our students, a declaration of dividends to assure you of the soundness of your investment. The boy who wrote it, a nineteen-year-old lad, of an amazing personal distinction, enters Antioch next year. He has set for himself a lifetime of work in the mountains, but he knows he will need full hands and a stout heart before he can do much for them. Here is his letter:

ROAN BRANCH, KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. ZANDE:

Since my last visit home I have realized more than ever what Pine Mountain School means to me. I shall never be satisfied till I see more and better schools for the mountain boys and girls. The conditions in our home neighborhood are terrible. Yesterday, after spending the day visiting my friends, seeing the "young uns" so ragged and dirty, after seeing my best chum smoking cigarettes and drinking whiskey, and hearing the profane words and indecent language he used, I went to bed very sad indeed. I didn't sleep before midnight.

I pictured again our little schoolhouse where I used to eat my cold lunch with Clarissa, Corliss, and Cinda, on the roots of some hemlock. In the last few years for lack of teachers no one has had a chance to go to school for more than two or three months. Some reckless boy had amused himself by throwing rocks and breaking window panes. When I looked into the building yesterday, I saw a depressing sight. The rocks and glass were all over the floor. The cattle and hogs had pushed the door open and added their destructive work to the havoc of the place.

Then I thought of my father and mother and kinfolks, as a labor-stricken and benighted people, seeing that much in their environment was wrong, but because of their ig-

norance unable to better conditions. But most of all, I thought of the poorly clothed, undernourished children, growing up to be no better off than their parents unless something was done. My greatest desire is that the Pine Mountain School will mean as much to a few other boys and girls as it has to me. May they see the need and feel the responsibility, because it is in the few that are able and willing to act that our hope lies. To the Pine Mountain School I owe what I am and what I hope to be. With thanks beyond expression for what you have done for my brother and sisters and myself, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. H.

It would surprise you, if you knew his home, that such fine reserve, such sure good manners, such alert intelligence could flower in so shut-away and so poverty-stricken a place. He lives in a lonesome little clearing at the foot of a heavily wooded mountain, far from neighbors, roads, school, church. Life is very sombre there, for the only returns from the family's best efforts are a meagre bodily living. C. came to Pine Mountain three years ago and was like a hungry person who had found food. He wanted some of the other children to get here too, so four of them are in school this winter, while the father works heroically to get on without their help.

As you think of the influence of Pine Mountain on its hundred and more students, do not forget that it also has two extension centers in neighborhoods several miles away, through which we reach hundreds of people who never come to the school. We could tell you spectacular stories of the doctor and nurses who live there,—how they ford full streams, crawl over footlogs in the dark to reach patients, take care of gunshot wounds and obstetrical cases under almost impossible conditions, but it is the quiet influence of their lives that we want you to think of. William James once wrote to a friend: "I am with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual,

stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monument of man's pride if you can give them time."

The coming on the other side of Pine Mountain of such industrial enterprises as the International Harvester Company, the United States Steel Company, and many others, among so isolated and ignorant a people, has had its dangers. On one side of us this spectacular industrial development, on the other, a county without a railroad, a buggy, or a graduate physician! Neighborhoods that ten years ago "never seed a stranger" have become suspicious of the "fetched-ons"; it needs the friendly daily contact of our extension workers, in sickness, and at merry-makings, in Sunday Schools and on the playground,—“invisible molecular forces,”—to modify prejudice and hostility.

Pioneer problems, many of ours, an enormous burden to Kentucky! Kentucky, without a common school system until 1908; in illiteracy only fifth from the bottom among her sister states; in educational conditions forty-fifth from the top. The school term for half her children is only 113 days; the average teacher's salary, \$364.00 a year. Thirty thousand Kentucky men registered for the draft in 1917 by mark. The state death rate from typhoid is nearly twice the average for the United States; it has the second highest death rate from tuberculosis; infant mortality is increasing; 33,000 people are threatened with blindness from trachoma.

Everywhere in Kentucky public spirited people are at work to raise the tone of her civilization by better laws and institutions. More power to their hands! It is for us to work through the crannies. \$25.00 runs two extension centers for a day; \$150.00 provides a scholarship for a year; \$2,500.00 will start a new extension center; \$5.00—you can take your choice of things to do with that! History and literature classes, weaving, furniture making, the Model Home, garden work, spend it where you will, its

use is golden. You cannot tell what far-reaching results will come of it.

We need generous checks (we are behind on this year's expenses \$7,500), and we also want the interest of many givers who cannot give largely. Send us all you can today.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL DE LONG ZANDE.

### High Honors to a Berry Graduate

One of the most popular graduates of the class of 1923 at Berry is the recipient of a scholarship at an Art School in Philadelphia. The scholarship was given by the Philadelphia Auxiliary of The Southern Industrial Educational Association. Berry Schools were asked to enter a candidate in competition with other schools, and Maude McD., one of the outstanding girls among the graduates, was selected by the schools. Some of the handcraft work which was made by her while at Berry was sent to be placed in competition, as were her grades and various letters of commendation by Miss Berry and members of the faculty.

Maude, and the whole school, in fact, awaited anxiously the word which would give the results of the competition. One bright day a letter was received from Philadelphia announcing to Miss Berry that Maude had been selected. Maude is to help herself by working in one of Philadelphia's fine homes in return for her board and lodging. She is now hard at work preparing for greater usefulness in life. If her record is anything like that at Berry we shall always hear of Maude at the head of her class in studies as well as in sport and other activities.

Just before Maude left for Philadelphia she wrote Miss Berry as follows:

DEAR MISS BERRY:

I appreciate the very kind interest you have taken in me and I feel that I am very fortunate in being selected

for the scholarship given by the Southern Industrial Educational Association. I realize that had it not been for Berry Schools I would not have been given this opportunity. I love the school dearly because it was my home for five years. The teachers were patient, loving mothers, the boys and girls true brothers and sisters, and I like to think of you as my God-Mother. I just hope that I will be able to pass on the spirit of my Alma Mater.

I am going to do my best so that other girls may have even greater opportunities.

Faithfully yours,

MAUDE.

A member of the Philadelphia Auxiliary writes Miss Berry: "We are delighted with the reports from the faculty of the School of Design. I know that you will be happy to know that one of your Berry Girls is 'making good.' I hope you will train another to take Maude's Scholarship when her course is completed."

### What Scholarships Mean to Mountain Children

DEAR MRS. STONE (Sec. of the S. I. E. A.):

The check for the two scholarships in our school came a few days ago, and we want to thank you very, very much for it, and to tell you how much good it will do towards giving an education to the two mountain boys. Gordon Stone, one of the little boys over in Miss Furman's house, is one of a family of four children who is now staying in the Settlement. His father was killed a few years ago and his mother is now working in Hindman so as to be able to keep her children in the school. Jasper Fugitt, the boy who received your scholarship before, is not in this school now, and we have given the scholarship to Beckham Miller. Beckham is a new boy in the Settlement this year, and in the vernacular of the mountain he is "the workingest boy

in the Settlement." We are sending you his photograph because we think it is more interesting to see how your scholarship boy looks and try to picture him. He is our mail boy and with the large amount of mail we have we are obliged to have a very dependable and conscientious boy. He gets up very early in the morning and goes around to all the houses in the Settlement, collects the mail, and then takes it down to the post-office in time for it to go out on the mail hack. He then has to go down after the mail in the afternoon and as it usually is late, he is obliged to wait for it a long, long time. When anything has to be done around the Settlement, we usually call for Beckham, because we know that he will do it. In this way Beckham earns a little money for his own use because all the boys are paid so much an hour for their work. We really are very glad that Beckham has this chance and that he is receiving the benefit of your scholarship because he is very poor and has a very unpleasant home life. He is a worthwhile boy and one who is worthy of all the help he gets.

The children all are getting very excited over commencement time and are looking forward to the last few days of school. The little girls are learning to do folk dances to be given on the lawn at commencement time and they are getting a great deal of pleasure out of them. The boys and girls in the graduating class are busy getting ready for their exercises, the girls making their dresses which they are going to wear at that time. The older boys and girls are now preparing for the exhibition which we have during the last week of school to show the handwork the children have done during the winter. The boys are planning to exhibit their furniture that they have made in the workshop, and the girls are making aprons, gingham dresses and kimono's to show. We wish all our friends could visit us at that time and see just what the children have accomplished during the school year.

Again thanking you for the check which will do so much

for Gordon and Beckham and also for your continued interest and help with our work, we remain,

Most cordially yours,

MAY STONE,

*Hindman Settlement School.*

DEAR MRS. STONE:

I deeply appreciate the \$300.00 on the Ambler Memorial Scholarship. We feel that this money has been well invested in these young boys. I am enclosing a picture of them made last September. You see one of them will soon be quite grownup and we shall be asking you to transfer one of the scholarships to a younger boy.

It is a great struggle to take care of our growing family, but the worthwhileness of it inspires teachers and workers to do their best. Our treasury is very low and we shall have to walk out on our little plank of faith, but God will surely answer our prayers and help will come to Berry.

With sincere appreciation for your help in continuing this scholarship from year to year, and hoping that some day you will visit the schools and see the work and the boys and girls in whom you have invested,

Faithfully yours,


MARTHA BERRY,

*Mount Berry, Ga.*

MY DEAR MRS. STONE (Sec. of the S. I. E. A.):

I want you to know how very highly we all appreciate the gift of the \$100 for Louisa Spencer Memorial Scholarship which has come to us for the third time from the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

Mrs. Spencer was one of the four earliest trustees of Tallulah Falls School, and during her lifetime always aided its growth and progress.

140  


I hope hers will be one of the names memorialized on the bronze tablet which will carry the names of the twenty-five Perpetual Scholarships.

We value highly all your kind services for the school.

We are getting ready for a big building program this spring and plan, among other things, an extension of our weaving facilities to eight looms.

Cordially yours,  
PASSIE FENTON OTTLEY.

DEAR MRS. STONE:

We are perfectly delighted to get the scholarship. We are especially proud of it as it comes from you, who are in touch with our work and know the crying need of help to the mountain children. It is to be given to a girl who but for the help of others would be adrift and desperate, as her mother has just died and her father has deserted the home and a brother is on the chain gang. The girl is a beautiful one, of sterling worth and especially gifted in handcraft. She has decided to make that work her life work. She is now making a beautiful hooked rug and at odd times a lovely basket. She will write to you and thank you.

With much appreciation,  
NANNIE C. DAVIS, *Principal,*  
*Tallulah Falls Industrial School.*

#### Crossnore School and Old Clothes

Once a little neglected mountain school at the crossing of two mountain roads, at the foot of beautiful hills in the narrow valley of the Linville River, one of nature's most picturesque spots. A spot, too, where the very sturdiest of this pure American stock, with a rarely large sprinkling of God's noblemen had lived their simple life in rude huts,

tiled their rocky hills and felled their giant trees, filling other's coffers, themselves making scant progress towards acquiring the simplest comforts of life. Here in this dilapidated school house, closely resembling an old blacksmith shop, the boys and girls of this splendid people got their only "schooling." Three to four months in the fall the school was taught by an older boy or girl, from this or a neighboring community, utterly unprepared to teach and incapable of taking the average pupil beyond the 5th grade. So at thirteen the young folks "quit school." The boys went to the "Works" or to the West, but the girls' only outlook was matrimony, and they were carefully trained to feel that they were old maids at sixteen and hopelessly disgraced if not married by nineteen. One handsome, brown-eyed sixteen-year-old said fervently to me, "I see no peace at home, because I ain't got a man, and I'd rather be dead than single at twenty."

Things are different now. Crossnore waked up. Some one pointed the way, and with wonderful spirit for such isolated people, they put their shoulders to the wheel and pushed that little school up the hill. Two new school rooms replaced the old one; the next year a third one was added; the school term lengthened to nine months; two more school rooms were added; a little industrial building was provided for teaching manual training and domestic science; then a tiny teacherage which had to be enlarged, and now a big school house, modern in every way, has just been finished. Fourteen rooms, steam heat, drinking fountains, sewerage, electric lights and bells, individual desks, recitation benches and laboratory equipment. We are just completing a new teacherage to match this, and a model barn for the little school farm of 75 acres, and we must have, right away, a large industrial building and a separate high school building.

And OLD CLOTHES HAS DONE IT ALL!—save for a few gifts of money which helped with the new school building and the farm. It is just a little backwoods public



school, enlarged to this extent—a consolidated school—because folks sent us their old clothes to sell. Three hundred children taught by college graduates, who a few years ago had teachers who could not pass the 6th grade. Sixty pupils in an accredited high school—two of them married—who ten years ago had no hope of getting beyond the 5th grade. Seven of the ten of last year's graduates went to college this fall. When the principal asked them how they would accomplish it, they said they didn't know, but they reckoned Mrs. Sloop did. YOU KNOW YOU are going to send your old clothes that we may reward such faith. It will take lots of them, but we can sell them if you send them. Then we can go on building, building boys and girls as well as houses, and Church and State will be the richer.

See what we have done in our WEAVING DEPARTMENT. Come and see what we are doing in all other departments, and then I KNOW you will send us old clothes to sell. Remembering always that we can sell ANYTHING (except old text books), of any age, sex, size, style or condition; and not clothes only, but ANYTHING EVER USED BY MORTAL MAN.

Why can't you take a bag—a heavy canvas bag which costs us forty cents? Our address is stenciled on it. All you have to do is to fill it, tie the cord and mail it to us insured. We return the bag for you to refill. If you prefer to send boxes by freight or express, address same to Spruce Pine on C. C. & O. and send us the bill of lading or express receipt so that we may keep track of it.

MARK PLAINLY on the OUTSIDE of each package, box, barrel or trunk, the NAME and ADDRESS of the party to whom the receipt is to be sent.

MARY MARTIN SLOOP,  
Crossnore, N. C.

### Recent Literature on the Mountain People

That the lives of the people of the southern mountains have dramatic and picturesque qualities all their own is indicated by the fact that during the past winter there have been no fewer than four plays based upon the mountain conditions, running successfully in New York. These plays are entitled, respectively, "Sun Up" and "The Shame Woman," by Lucille Verel; "Hell-Bent for Heaven," by H. Hughes, and "This Fine Pretty World," by Percy MacKaye. The author of the last-named play has lived among the mountain people, studying their customs, their language, and particularly the old English survivals found among them, which he has put into permanent form in several typewritten volumes. This play has aroused considerable comment both favorable and unfavorable, some critics feeling that the Elizabethan frankness with which certain episodes are treated is hurtful to the mountain cause in general, since the average person seeing the play is likely to think that an unusual type of individual or strange, melodramatic situation characterizes these people as a whole. Mr. MacKaye has not attempted to portray these people as an entirety, but as an ensemble of certain characters, customs and incidents that have come within the range of his observation.

"The Land of Saddlebags, a Study of the Mountain People of Appalachia," by James Matt Raine, is a book that will be a source of pleasure as well as profit to all those who may read it. The author, who is professor of English at Berea College, has lived among these people, hence his spirit is one of understanding, sympathy, respect and affection for those who still preserve "the simple virtues of the pioneer, who has always been hardy, honest, hospitable and fearless." The work, which is not only entertaining but fundamentally truthful and correct, is published jointly by the Council of Women for Home Missions and The Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, at a cost of \$1.50.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1924

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

## Miss Mary Large

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Miss Mary Large, for eight years one of the most valued workers in the employment of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

Miss Large was born in Louisville, Ky., where her father was an Episcopal clergyman, and early in life she became interested in altruistic work. She was connected with Hull House in Chicago, with which two of her sisters are now associated. While on a vacation in the Kentucky mountains she realized the poverty of outlook for the mountain women and girls, and saw that in a revival of fireside industries they could better their own conditions by using the only resources at hand. She became an expert teacher in basketry and weaving, and among the schools where she taught were Tryon and Blowing Rock, N. C., and Pine Mountain and Wooten, Ky. At the time of her death she was teaching the fireside industries at Lincoln Memorial University, and in all of these schools she was a worker under the auspices of the Southern Industrial Educational Association. She was particularly well qualified for her chosen lifework, as she had studied in schools of weaving abroad, particularly at Thuringia and in the Carpathians, and had made herself an authority in hand weaving and basketry.

She died in the hospital at Middlesboro, Ky., after an illness of several weeks and was buried in the cemetery there, among the people who were closest to her heart and sympathies.

## Reports from the Extension Worker at Hindman

FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

Enclosed are some pictures which you may enjoy seeing and a working drawing of a water system which we are encouraging. It is an adaptation of a system recommended by the government and was drawn by one of our local boys. Of course we know that it would be better to have an underground pipe and have the tank on the inside of the building, but we must consider the financial condition of our rural population. A sink is unusual and one with proper drainage is very unusual. People are beginning to wall up and cover their wells, but there are not many pumps. The sorry part is that the girls and women have to "tote" all the water used by the family and too often it comes from the creek or branch. Our doctors maintain that we need better water supplies and drainage if we are to keep down typhoid; I maintain that for the sake of keeping our girls and women physically fit we need conveniences. So we are combining our efforts. I have sent several samples of water to the State Laboratory to be tested and a great many have come back with bad reports. A tested water supply with the O.K. of the State Laboratory is one requirement for a Standard Home and several of our Standard Homes have fallen down on the water. I hope the families will get busy and wall up and cover their wells properly.

There have been a great many interesting things this month, but I will tell you about one of the Christmas trees. Every year some of the country schools ask us to give

143

them trees and this year I think we gave ten such. This particular one was out at Quicksand, about seventeen miles from here. One has to cross two mountains in order to get there and over one of them there is nothing but a very poor trail. Three of the Settlement Teachers went with me and the County Sheriff and one of his Deputies. Quicksand is noted for its moonshine, but there are other reasons why we needed help; the roads are bad now and full of holes and it is wise to have a man along; secondly we had to carry all of the gifts and candy in bags tied to the backs of our saddles. It took almost a caravan to get us there and we were very glad that Mr. Shepherd, the teacher, had asked for help for us. The weather was perfect for such a trip and you can imagine six of us on horses going along single file with our packs.

We arrived at Mr. Shepherd's about dark and they had a grand supper prepared for us (fried chicken, etc.). During the evening they told us many exciting tales. The Shepherds live in a new frame house painted on the outside and newspapered on the inside. They have little furniture except beds and chairs and a rough table, but that was all we needed. Here and there were sprigs of evergreen and tinsel on the walls. They had done the best they could and they were only too glad to share all they had with us.

The next morning we started down to school, a distance of about a mile. We passed people of all ages on their way and some were already there when we arrived, for they had left home about "sun up." The school building was decorated with the most beautiful holly I have ever seen and there were quantities of it. We put tinsel on the tree and a lot of other pretty things were added while the gifts were around the base of the tree.

Mr. Shepherd had his school give a little play and sing some songs ("old regular" songs in the "old regular" way). The teachers who went with us sang some Christmas Carols and I told the Christmas story. One of our

escorts acted as Santa and we had at least three gifts for each child and candy for all.

After we and our horses had eaten lunch we started home and we all felt as if we had had a wonderfully fine time. There never had been a tree there before so it helped them a lot and we in turn learned much. I wish you might go on some of these trips with me for I know you would think them most interesting.

They are begging us to come over to Quicksand, one of the wildest and most remote parts of the country, and build a settlement school, the people promising the land, some money and labor. I do hope we can do this this coming year. It is going to be a fertile field for work, for young and old are anxious for us to come.

The Community Clubs out in the county are not doing business this month, but our club in Hindman is flourishing. At one of our meetings Prof. Lewis of the Moorehead State Normal School gave us a mighty good talk. We would like to get more outside speakers.

Respectfully submitted,

LILLIAS R. WARREN,  
*Extension Worker, Hindman Settlement School.*

#### A Letter from Boone Fork Institute, Shull's Mills, N. C.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL  
EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

As a kind of midyear report relative to our manual training work, I thought you might be interested in the following facts:

Mr. Mays has classes every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, which all the boys in our school are required to attend. On the other afternoons he assists the boys with any other work that they are undertaking and also, as a number of boys are working their way through school, he helps them with the furniture which they are

144

making and hoping to sell, the proceeds of which will help bear their expenses. Several of the boys are working in their extra time on furniture to be used in our new dormitory.

The boys have completed so far three individual work benches, a large table for the lobby, and several rocking chair; 14 boys are working on rocking chairs at the present time. These chairs are the regular living room type, with arms, and are very comfortable; in the making of these chairs the boys have worked some out of rough oak, cutting out the rockers and arms with drawing knives, being taught to work from a pattern at first, then learning to make the pattern; this also teaches them how to dowel. They are also being taught how to make runners for steps and are given practical lessons in repairing different parts of buildings as well as finishing up new buildings. It would be impossible for me to state all the helpful things which Mr. Mays has been able to teach the boys; I might further state that we find Mr. Mays a very conscientious and patient teacher, being of a very high moral type. This instruction has been one of the greatest helps we have received so far, and I do hope that some day you may be able to come and see just what we are doing.

Our new secretary is also taking a great interest in our young girls, teaching domestic art and sewing. We have had a large donation of homespun given to us by the Biltmore Industries and each of the girls is going to make herself a frock.

We also hope to have our loom soon and teach weaving. Girls are also making knotted spreads, for which we have a ready sale during the summer, as we are so close to Blowing Rock and the visitors are always glad to buy such things.

Again thanking the Board for their help and interest, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

C. G. McKRAITH.

Reports from the Practice Home at the Hindman  
Settlement School, Ky.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL  
EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

November has come and gone, almost before we have had time to think, and as my girls are home for Thanksgiving, the house seems very lonely and deserted. Ever since the first of the month, Thanksgiving has been the chief subject of conversation, and the girls have made great plans as to how they would go home, whom they would spend the night with on the way, and what time they would "get to go." We only hope they will have as good a time as they expect, and come back as happy as they went away.

This month in cooking we have learned to make salad dressing—both boiled and mayonnaise—and although the girls do not like the mayonnaise, they love to make it. We have also learned how to cook meat so that it is tender and good. Instead of rolling in flour and frying, as is the custom, we pound the flour into the meat, brown in a pan, cover it with water and let simmer until tender. The girls love it, and are very anxious to try some when they get home.

The girls came back from their Christmas holidays very tired and worn out from their long journey home. The Saturday before school opened was very cold, and as many of the girls had a long walk or ride, they were not in the best of condition when they arrived at the Practice House Saturday night. Nancy Ann was obliged to wear rubbers for two weeks, her feet were so swollen and sore, and finally ended in the hospital with a severe cold. Ethel Martin was a week late for school as she had measles during vacation. We thought after they were rested they would recuperate quickly. But it has been so cold, damp and rainy that even now my girls have bad colds and look dragged and worn out. But we are hoping now for better weather

145

and as soon as it comes I am very sure we will all be better, both physically and mentally.

In cooking we have learned all sorts of new dishes and have had a great time planning new deserts for the teas. We have made all kinds of ice cream, but the most popular is vanilla with either brown sugar or chocolate sauce. The girls are becoming quite professional with their "kisses" and cream cakes and as both are very difficult, it is quite surprising to see how well they do and how quickly they learn just how hot or slow the oven should be. I wish that some of the kind people, who give their money so generously to the Practice House, could have had dinner with us Washington's birthday. I am sure they couldn't have found a better or prettier served dinner anywhere.

In sewing the girls are making dresses under Miss Horsfield and also have made one or two at home, but with their school work there is very little time, and unless they need a dress or skirt, I do not insist on the sewing.

The first of April we are closing our tea-room, and will begin spring house cleaning. How much we can accomplish with six girls will be a question, but at least it will be good practice even if it does have to be done over after we close the house in May. We feel that our tea room has been very successful financially as we will have about one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125.00) to give to Miss Stone, after spending about forty-five dollars for dishes and a few other things.

Miss Pope, a very enthusiastic woman from Louisville, has been visiting the school this month and has been teaching the girls all kinds of exercises, so the Practice House girls have spent most of their spare time turning somersaults, as this seems to be the exercise they enjoy most. I wish more people would come in for a short visit as it brings in new life and helps to keep the workers from growing lax and uninterested in their work. I have enjoyed my work here with the girls very much, and although I am not planning to return in the fall, I will not forget

the mountain people and will always try to do something to help them.

Respectfully submitted,

GRACE A. SARGENT,

*Directress of the Practice House.*

**Extracts from Reports of Teacher of Weaving at Pine Mountain School, Ky.**

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

I wish you could have seen little Debie Hogg and Grace Redwine last week when I told them that I would let them weave. Grace and Debie are two little girls who help in the weaving room. They wind bobbins for weaving, tear and tack carpet rags, and keep fresh flower pots. Their little arms are almost too short to weave on the thirty-six-inch material, but they had watched the other girls weave till they became so anxious that they could not wait till we could get thread ordered and the little loom ready for weaving. Every day they would say, "Miss Nicholson, when can we learn to weave?"

Finally Grace began on a rag rug. It was just about all she could do to reach the treadle with one foot and put the shuttle through the sled. However, she never complains, and every morning she wants to know if she may weave on the rug. Then came Debie's turn. Debie wanted to weave on the curtain material. After she watched me weave a little, she said, "I know how; now let me." I gave her the shuttle and went back to see how Grace was getting along. She was very slow, but her weaving was perfect. It is a pleasure to work with such sweet children.

I have been trying to encourage the outside people to weave, and get a blue-pot started. The Nolan family who live a short distance from here, are much interested, but they have been keeping boarders and had so much work to do that they have had little time for weaving and dyeing.

They have a loom and have made some beautiful blankets. They are weaving blankets now, but just as soon as they get the warp off they want to learn the coverlet weaving. Mrs. Nolan has dyed with indigo, but has not succeeded in getting a blue that would not fade. When she saw our blue she wanted to try again. For over two months I have been asking Mrs. Nolan when we could set the blue-pot up. She would always tell me to wait till the boarders left, and all the corn and potatoes were gathered. I sometimes felt that she would never be caught up in her work! This afternoon, however, I have been down there and I found her knitting a sweater for Mr. Nolan, and Hazel, her daughter, weaving on a blanket. Again I brought up the subject of the blue-pot. It was three o'clock, and Mrs. Nolan said she would have to milk at four, but I persuaded her that we could do it right then and there. Hazel ran to the kitchen and found there was hot water, and in less than half an hour we had the lukewarm water, lye, wheat bran, indigo and madder added to the yeast, as that is all there is to do except to keep the yeast lukewarm for a few days.

When I went there later I found that she got a beautiful blue which she used in making a blanket.

In a day or so the Nolans will have their blanket warp woven off. Aileen told me today that she had five blankets ready to send. They are going to put up a coverlet warp. The name of the draft which they are going to use for the coverlet is the "Dog Track," taken from a coverlet which is more than one hundred years old.

Mr. Nolan used to draw off drafts from any coverlet, no difference what design was woven, and he used also to make up his own designs and make the draft for Mrs. Nolan to weave. I only know of one person who can look at the woven design and take it off, Mrs. Mary Anderson of Berea, Kentucky. Mr. Nolan says he has forgotten, but he is working on a design and thinks that he will remember how he used to take them off if he can see a draft threaded. He is very interested in the weaving, and I don't believe he will stop until he gets it worked out. The Nolans are

very anxious to learn the six treadle weave, as they have never woven anything except the plain weave which is used in the blanket weaving.

Edna Metcalf still comes and weaves. She says she is going to save her money to buy a loom. Her mother told her she might have the money she gets for her eggs, too, so Edna is full of hopes for getting that loom soon. Last night I had a letter from another girl, who lives on Line Fork, saying she has bought her loom and is anxious to get started weaving.

Oma Creech is back in the weaving room, working for money to buy thread for a coverlet warp. Oma is the girl who wove on her grandmother's loom last year. After a year when she has had to devote all her time to helping her mother care for the new twins in the family, she is back at work again, to her great delight. Edna will soon have to stop for a while, to help take care of a new baby in that family, and so it goes. These girls cannot call their time their own, but they love the weaving!

Now as to the schoolroom work. Since my last report we have woven—

7 blankets  
22 yards curtain material  
8 rugs  
8 yards coverlet weave  
6 yards hit-and-miss rag rugs.

Last week I had a letter from Miss Evelyn Bishop of Gatlinburg, Tenn. She told me that she had written to every school she knew of, trying to find somebody who could teach vegetable dyeing. Mrs. Matheny had told her to write to me. She is so eager to have some one come there and teach them. I am very anxious to have Becky May Huff, one of the girls here, do this. With encouragement, I feel that Becky May could teach the dyeing very successfully.

Respectfully submitted,

MISS LUCY NICHOLSON,  
*Teacher of Weaving at Pine Mountain.*

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148