

1914

Christmas with a Jolt-Wagon

Through the Creek-Beds of the
Kentucky Mountains

.....

The radius influenced by the Ivis Civic Center and Free Library has extended into such remote regions that a centralized Christmas will no longer reach a third of the cabin families who have come to look upon the workers at Hope Cottage as their friends.

In order that as many of these destitute creek-dwellers may be reached as possible, there has been planned "Christmas with a Jolt-Wagon."

.....

There will be four wagons in charge of:

Arthur W. Lloyd Mrs Lloyd
Mrs Geddes, mother of Mrs Lloyd
J. H. Jones, secretary of the Civic Center

.....

These wagons will penetrate into many regions where the spirit of Christmas has never been carried.

.....

Will you help us to carry the spirit of
Christmas into these trails?

There must be toys. What would Christmas be without toys?
There must be dolls. What would Christmas be without dolls?
There must be candy. What would Christmas be without candy?

There must also be underwear for the nearly naked children; warm clothing for the men and women who are but middle aged yet are broken through hardship and exposure; bed linen, night gowns and necessities for the bed-ridden.

.....

If you do not find it convenient to send any of these things, will you send us the money equivalent to what you would wish to do? We can then order the things needed and have them shipped before the waters rise.

.....

Parcel Post and Letter address: Ivis Civic Center & Free Library
Ivis, Knott County, Ky.

If sent by freight or express, packages must reach here not later than, December 10, owing to the probability of high water after that date.

Express and Freight address: Arthur W. Lloyd
Lackey, Floyd County,
Kentucky.
c/o Doc Prater.

Special Call

Spring-Clean for Caney

Help Us

At this season of household upheaval, a New Hampshire woman invariably exclaims--as she dusts and brushes and scrubs and washes many more articles than life demands-- "Blessed be nothing, I say". There is however a happy medium, necessary to life, between too much and too little.

Caney Creek, and contiguous creeks in the mountains of Kentucky, has NOTHING; but Caney is not blessed.

Caney is dying because it has NOTHING.

Through the generosity of a helper, who sent \$1000 for that purpose, we have bought a demonstration farm of 100 acres on Caney. On a part of the land we have already erected a free school and a nurse's shelter. We are in the act of building an administration cottage, an industries building, barns, a post office and an EXCHANGE.

We are establishing this Caney Branch to bring relief to hundreds of pure-blooded Americans in that mountain region who are actually dying because they have not the common necessities of life. Our method does not pauperize as we give nothing away. We do not dispense CHARITY but RECIPROCITY.

Meeting the requirements of the EXCHANGE system, we have a great long waiting list of men and women and children who are begging for a chance to plough, hoe, grab out the mountain land, wash, scrub, saw, dig for roots, get coal out of the mines or fence posts from the forests, excavate for outhouses, help build the stretch of model public road, any kind of labor (heavy labor) in exchange for a cook-kettle, wash-kettles, skillet, lamp, dishes, knives and forks, bed-covers, chairs, cook-stoves, hoes, spades, clothes, shoes, text-books, -an outhouse, a window, a well.

Here is a race of pure-blooded American people who have NOTHING who are willing to work for a little SOMETHING; that they may not continue to die for the lack of the common necessities of life.

You who have nearly EVERYTHING, will you spring-clean for Caney that has NOTHING.

Will you have a barrel and a case brought into your modern home and will you have all the big and little articles that have to be cared for year after year and that are more of a burden than a need, put into them? Where there is NOTHING, great help will be brought by ANYTHING. While we must relieve actual suffering by utilitarian articles, yet as we are striving for a type of cabin life, we also need the "pretties" for the home. While we must purchase for cash cook-stoves (as they would hardly fit a barrel) yet there is not one superfluity in a northern home that is not either an utilitarian or an aesthetic necessity in a mountain home. From a dish-pan to sash curtains. None of these things will be given away. They will be EXCHANGED for some form of labor for the public welfare.

We rather pay the freight than not have the barrel.
Freight address: Caney Civic Center, Wayland

Please send mail to Mrs. Arthur W. Lloyd, Ivis Gap
Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky

They've
stopped sending
them now, because
I have and
never received
this

Tell me, is this the Iris up in the Jones
district, where Miss Grange was?
I see query Baker is one of the staff

Community Center and Free Public Library
Branch Community Center on Ca Creek

Radcliffe Cottage Fund Department

Founders

Secretary

Arthur W. Lloyd
Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd

J. Hamilton Jones
a Kentucky Mountaineer



Supported by voluntary gifts and carried on by founders without remuneration

Iris, Knott County, Kentucky June 16, 1917.

Dear Graduate Student of Radcliffe College,—

Do you remember the letter you received a little while ago about
the Radcliffe Cottage that actually HAS to be erected as an ad-
ministration cottage for this wilderness settlement in Kentucky?

Well-----

That Radcliffe Cottage is just bound to be built. There's courage
enough behind it to build fifty cottages.

It isn't so much after all,—your share: \$2!

It only takes you to help—to build Radcliffe Cottage and to get the
doors and windows hauled from the railroad in the little mining town
in the next county: the Radcliffe Cottage set on a cliff above the
creek; 150 miles from anything like the 20th century, in a fastness
of isolation, ignorance, illiteracy, degeneration and decay.

We are all road builders over one mountain or another. Few of us
however may tread the roads we build. But if we build constructively,
those that follow can travel further. If you help to build this
administration cottage in these mountains, future generations will
be developed enough to build their own roads: roads of education,
health and citizenship.

Will you prepare the way for the next generation of Americans?
If every Graduate Student sends \$2,—the Cottage can be built!
If you haven't helped your bit, will you please help NOW?

X { There's a frail Radcliffe girl that needs Radcliffe Cottage to help
perpetuate the Radcliffe spirit among these neglected American
men and women and children who never heard of Cambridge nor the
Washington Elm!

If you really and truly can't help with \$2; write: "Here's to you,
Radcliffe girl"!

especially "mushy". Being bound to win,

Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd
J.H.L. What do you know about her?

Important —

Please —

Answer —

Sam —

Ivis Community Center and Free Public Library
Branch Community Center on Caney Creek

Founders

Arthur W. Lloyd
Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd



Secretary

J. Hamilton Jones
a Kentucky Mountaineer

Supported by voluntary gifts and carried on by founders without salary

Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky

June 30, 1917.

Dear friend,—

You were my helper in Gilmanton, New Hampshire. You know that my rescue of a maturing girl from a lumber camp made it necessary for us to leave that town; owing to the vindictiveness of the lumber gang. You probably remember that my work in New Hampshire is being carried on by a woman appointed by the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire.

We have been in the mountains two years: my husband and I. We started our work here with a donation of \$10. We have created and built up the settlements described in the inclosed leaflet. These settlements are in the heart of the neglected belt of the Southern Highlands, where pure-blooded Americans are hidden away by the thousand.

Please write to renew acquaintance. Even if you cannot help us financially,—there are many needs that perhaps YOU can meet.

In remembrance of your kindness,

Alice S. G. Lloyd
J.

P. S. Be sure to write!
I have been missing you!

CANEY CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER and HOMESTEADS

Caney Creek Community Center and Free Library

Troublesome Creek

P.O. Address both Centers: Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky

Incorporation Pending

Founders

Mr. & Mrs. Arthur W. Lloyd

Secretary

J. Hamilton Jones

Treasurer

E. M. Geddes

Jan 17

☛ "Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow." ☛

Dear Smith College girl,-

☛ We had a letter yesterday from a Smith College girl. It read:
"We need Community Centers everywhere."

☛ We had a letter the day before yesterday from a Smith College girl:
"Every man and every woman in the United States today
should have been trained to be an economic asset."

☛ We had a letter the day before the day before yesterday from a
Smith College girl. It read:
"There is enough for all, if you only think so."

☛ The Caney Creek Community Center is already established. The neglected
Anglo-Saxon men and women within its reach WANT to be taught how to
be economic assets.

☛ That they might be so taught, we have already asked Smith College
girls to build a SMITHAMPTON INDUSTRIES BUILDING at the Caney Creek
Community Center. The girls have sent money enough so that the build-
ing is framed. It needs,-roofing, doors, windows, heat, equipment.

☛ Yes, we DO know about the "Smith College Unit." But.....
"There is enough for all, if you only think so."

Don't YOU think so?

Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd

P.S. We are HERE!
We are WHO WE SAY WE ARE!
We can FURNISH REFERENCES FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES!

P.S. to the P.S. We love to answer questions!
We just crave all kinds of investigations!

P.S. to the P.S. to the P.S. Please, dear Smith College girl,
turn this letter over!
The Kentucky Illiteracy Commission
knows we are here, TOO!

Illiteracy on Caney Creek, Kentucky.

How this Scourge of Ignorance is being Met and Overcome
-by the-

Caney Creek Community Center and Homesteads.

P.O. Address: Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky.

Dismayed by the fact that Kentucky sent 30,000 illiterates to the army, the Caney Creek Community Center decided systematically to make a census of every cabin within mule-back day's distance of the Center, to determine how many illiterates in that radius had been left at home.

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Out of the 220 adults thus far reached, 170 are illiterate!
This means that the 170 cannot read or write AT ALL!

These illiterates are Anglo-Saxons, pure Americans!
The stock is that of Abraham Lincoln.

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The Caney Creek Community Center paying half and the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission paying half, this scourge is being checked. A young mountaineer school teacher has been hired for his full time - he and his mule. Also, to help him, there is at Caney Center, Leila Budd, of Duluth, Minnesota, a former Radcliffe girl. Miss Budd is used to pioneer life and can ride with ease over the roughest trails. The cabins are divided between these two: (the mountain boy hired; the Radcliffe girl volunteer) and every illiterate is reached every other day. Moonlight schools have been formed and classes in remote cabins. Contests at "Bean Stringings" and other inducements, including prizes to be given at the Caney Creek Community Christmas Tree, are gathering in every one.

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To show something of what it means to be the only CIVIC agency in a remote region, here are two of the difficulties that must first be overcome:

A great many of the 170, broken early through hardship, could not see the primer they were so eager to understand. Their eyes were too weak. Many more live in windowless cabins where there is no light, even by day, save from the flickering fire, (Do you remember the picture of the "Boyhood of Lincoln?") or the rays that come from a rag thrust into a bottle or a saucer of coal-oil.

THEREFORE, before illiteracy can be banished from mule-back distance of Caney Creek Community Center, eyeglasses are being secured for the nearly blind and lamps for those who could see if they had a chance. AND, because the Center NEVER gives anything away, except at Christmas, there is being planned an exchange of crops or labor for the glasses and the lamps.

BUT---it doesn't matter how many set-backs come, the scourge of ignorance, even as the scourge of typhoid, MUST CEASE.

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This is but one phase of the work administered from Radcliffe Cottage: the administration cottage of the Caney Creek Community Center.

Ivis, Kentucky.
October, 1917.

Dear Student of Professor Clark,-

You know the true big-heartedness of Professor George Clark. You know that he has given nearly thirty years of educational service to Knott county. You also know that there would not be as many schools or as many teachers in the Kentucky mountains to-day if he had not worked so hard for YOU.

He is now in Floyd County (as you probably know) giving to OTHER boys and girls the same chance that he gave to YOU. He has no pillows, no blankets, no sheets, no pillow-cases or towels for his School.

Professor Clark has no money with which to buy these things because he gave his students in tuition, board and room-rent—all except a mere pittance for himself and family to live upon.

He has asked me to help him get the furnishings for twenty beds and towels for forty students. But he did not know (at least at that time) that I intended to appeal to his former students.

If ALL his former students will send \$1 or more, if they can possibly spare it, I will myself buy, mark and deliver at Professor Clark's School every article.

If you cannot possibly send \$1, write me and suggest how we can secure the articles he needs. Please answer by November 1, as Professor MUST have the warm things by January 1.

What do YOU owe him?

What do YOU owe your own mountains?

"Lend a hand!"

Yours for Home Service,

Elizabeth Stacy.

I feel sure that the Hindman Settlement-School will want to be represented in the upbuilding of this new Normal School.

Sent 21 check

Oct 19/17

IVY COMMUNITY CENTER and FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ivis, Knott county, Kentucky

Branch Community Center on Caney Creek



Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd
Arthur W. Lloyd, Founders

J. Hamilton Jones, Secretary
A Kentucky Mountaineer

Wellesley Recreation Hall Department

Dear Wellesley Girl:

You know - in a year - you'll never feel that \$2 we need so much just now toward building that WELLESLEY RECREATION HALL I've been telling you about. You can save it on fewer sodas, on a few less flowers for your hat, by giving up that new, pretty, frilly collar thing that you know perfectly well you don't really need.

But oh! if I could picture to you how this race of Lincoln and Boone needs the new life and new hope that will come from play and well-directed recreation, I know you'd be GLAD to help.

There isn't any joy in their lives. They just hoe corn - men, women and children - from daylight to dark and then they come up here, barefooted, the whole family, and call on us and "set around" on the wide, friendly, sky-roofed porch of Radcliffe Cottage - when they might be sitting on the porch of Wellesley Recreation Hall if Wellesley girls had responded with enough two-dollar bills to build it. Or they might be playing interesting and instructive games in the Hall, or studying their lessons for the moonlight school we hold when they can see their way to and from the settlement.

Phillips Brooks said, "A true man is conscious of pain when he sees anything miss its highest." You cannot know how it pains us to see the splendid qualities in this fine old Anglo-Saxon race miss their highest because of lack of facilities for their development.

But courage! some Wellesley girls have sent five-dollar bills, some less than two dollars, because they couldn't do much but wanted to have a share in their own building. Enough have responded to buy the lumber. Now won't YOU please help buy the doors and windows? You don't want to be left out in this great patriotic service of Americanizing Americans, do you?

Yours to perpetuate Wellesley in Kentucky,

Alice S. G. Lloyd

Waiting for the Tide to Run Out.

Nodding - nodding - sleepily nodding, in his hand-hewn hickory-bark chair in the shady end in the caked-clay dooryard of the mountain cabin that has been his home for 90 years....Absalom of Zion's Hollow (noddingly and sleepily) is waiting for the tide to run out.

If the day is warm and toasting for his "mis'ry," between nods, the trembling purple-veined fingers of Absalom "pick" the "lonesome tunes" on his home-made fiddle: "lonesome tunes" that have for generations been "jest kinder passed erlong:" tunes that, with their moaning, sob the frustration which for two centuries has been the portion of this glorious race of Lincoln.

Absalom, his flickering eye-lids rimmed with scarlet granules, his high cheek bones crimsoned with tuberculosis, who cannot read nor write, who has never seen a brick block nor a street nor a railroad train, whose entire world is Zion's Hollow where he now sits sleepily nodding--- Absalom does not know he is waiting.

Absalom sits as patiently, in the shady end of his caked-clay dooryard, as his father, Elijah, kicked through with his feet the furrow he could not see to plow: kicked it through year by year for a mere sustenance until he too, with scarlet granules rimming his eye-lids, sat and waited for the tide to run out.

Absalom "picks" his "lonesome tunes" as stoically as his mother, Salome, during her short toil-worn life, wore the cattle's yoke "jest tew riz my childers tew the mis'ry" until she also, with her cheek bones crimsoned, could only sit---and wait.

Absalom nods as mechanically, in his hand-hewn hickory-bark chair, as his sons and daughters, holding their books an inch before their near-sighted eyes, lumberingly spell out the words of the Primer at the Moonlight School, groping eagerly towards the lights on the shore where for them (with crimsoned cheek bones) the tide is already going out.

Absalom waits as deliberately - nodding - nodding - as his grand-sons fumble with their fingers to hold the nails they cannot see to drive with their hammers to build for themselves and their families shelter fit for human life; waits as deliberately - nodding - nodding - as his grand-daughters with generation-stiffened fingers disenfect and clean and scrub and sew and mend for the home and children yet to be born which vaguely but none the less earnestly they KNOW will face the incoming tide.

And when, monotony wearied, Absalom of Zion's Hollow, with a whittled stick, beats a "tum-tum-tum" on the century-dried wood of his hand-made fiddle, he becomes to us settlement workers likened unto a darkened ship passing us in the night and in passing flashes one sudden message: that through the vision brought "in" by the Community Center of Caney Creek, the grand-sons and grand-daughters of Absalom are having their deadened pulses quickened by the beating of a tide that, for them, is rushing in.....

Even as Absalom - nodding - sleepily noddingly - waits!

L.C. November 1917]

GIVEN AWAY

\$41 in prizes!

They belong to YOU!

Kentucky is suffering from the disease of illiteracy

COME TO THE RESCUE

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Our State needs intelligent men and women
Learn to read and write and win a prize

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Contest is open from November 1, 1917 to December 25, 1917, to all adult illiterates living in the school districts of Caney, Mouth-of-Hollybush, Hollybush, Pinetop, Branham's-Creek and Mallie.

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PRIZES will be given to those making the most progress as follows:

Ladies' First Prize-----\$10 or a gold watch
Ladies' Second Prize-----\$4
Ladies' Third Prize-----\$2
Ladies' Fourth Prize-----\$1.50

Gentlemen's First Prize-----\$10
Gentlemen's Second Prize-----\$4
Gentlemen's Third Prize-----\$2
Gentlemen's Fourth Prize-----\$1.50

Also to the boy or girl who enters the contest as Teacher's Aid and succeeds in getting the greatest number of illiterates interested will be awarded prizes as follows:

Boy Teacher's Aid First Prize-----\$2
Boy Teacher's Aid Second Prize-----\$1

Girl Teacher's Aid First Prize-----\$2
Girl Teacher's Aid Second Prize-----\$1

A committee of judges, later to be announced, will award the prizes. The prizes will be given out at the Community Christmas Tree to be held at the Caney Community Center, Tuesday, December 25, 1917, at one o'clock.

For further information apply to Commodore Sloane, Caney Creek Community Center.

CHRISTMAS ON THE CREEK OF CANEY
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TIME

Christmas Day - 1917

PLACE

Caney Creek Community Center
-in the-
"Land Where the Creeks Run Through."

PARTICIPANTS

Master of Ceremonies - Mountaineer Secretary
J. Hamilton Jones

Rear Guard - Stationed at the Door
Arthur W. Lloyd

Front Guard - Stationed at the Christmas Tree
Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd

Outside Guard - Patrolling the Grounds
"Leatherwood"

Manager of the Illiteracy Prizes Given at the Christmas Tree
"J. Com" Slone

In Loving Custody of the Babies and the Aged
The District Nurse

"Santa Claus" - Radcliffe Volunteer Worker
Leila Budd of Duluth

Helpers for "Santa Claus" -
Rose Stickney from Massachusetts
Elizabeth - "The Girl of the Mountains"

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Between five and six hundred
Kentucky Mountaineers

SETTING

The Christmas Tree

The biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was." Its top branches pressed against the ceiling. Glittering all over with big gold stars and scarlet crinkl bells; shimmering with tinsel baubles and crystal snow. Its pointed slender tips swaying with red-lemon-pink-purple-green tartan candy-bags. Its branches weighted with blue-eyed dolls and golden-brown Teddy Bears; and noisey whistles and rattles and clappers and drums; and comfy mittens and mufflers and sweaters and hoods and caps and socks.

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The Ladders

And at each side of the biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was".....a Ladder wound with red and green and sparkling ropes of silver and gold tinsel, packed to the height of each step with "s'prises" - presents for most everybody, and you couldn't tell the least little bit WHAT they were 'cause they were all done up in watery-red-white-and-blue paper and tied with the sparklingest cords and some were bulgy and some were squashy, and some were knobby and some were level, and some were great-big presents and some were teeny-weeny ones. "Most ten hundred, maybe!"

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The Railing

And all around the biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was" and the shimmery Ladder(over in the corner of the Assembly Hall of the Caney Creek Community Center) there was the most perfectly wonderful FENCE. It was a black-green-white-yellow-grey- crepe-paper fence, streaming all down with gold and silver and scarlet shining things; and just splattered (seemed like) all over with the gleamingest snow.

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The Ceiling

And the Walls

And the Windows

And the ceiling AND the walls AND the windows of the GREAT-BIG room were festooned with red and green and yellow and black and white streamers. Curling and fluffy ropes of gold from corner to corner, clear way across, with flags every little while. And big Santa Clauses. And little Santa Clauses. And in the middle of the GREAT-BIG room- just exactly where all the streamers met - the hughest, scarletest, sparklingest Christmas Bell that "ever was".....most as big as the biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was."

PROLOGUE

North and south winds the Creek of Caney. In the narrow valleys through which it flows, are scores and scores and scores of cabins of log.

Off from the Creek of Caney, to the right and to the left, water-sheds come flowing. Laid into the mountain-sides from whence rise these water-sheds are "Flats." On these "Flats" of the mountain-sides are dozens and dozens of cabins of logs.

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From this winding Creek of Caney, north and south; from these water-sheds descending, Christmas Day - 1917, on horse-back, on mule-back, in jolt-wagon, in sleds, on foot, as rhythmically as the muffled beat of a march for the dead, there slowly approached, in the driving sleet, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of Kentucky mountaineers.

A solemn cavalcade to be coming to the biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was."

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Old men and old women in homespun that the women had sheared and carded and spun and woven and bunglingly cut into crude garments - the old man in the saddle, the old woman "up behind."

Young-old fathers, their cheeks painted with the doom of race-decay, coughing in the storm; thinned young mothers sadly smiling, from the family jolt-wagon, to greet once more their kin; the annual progeny squirming and sprawling in the wagon-bed.

Boys in their teens, "gun" in hip-pocket, to whom nothing new is to happen in the gamut of raw experience.

Girls, frustrated in opportunity, listless in their "boughten" clothes.

Children, vaguely wistful, inarticulately hopeful that their birthright to be a child JUST ONCE may be realized at the biggest greenest smelliest Tree that "never was."

AND.....the BABIES: The hope of a regenerated and JOYFUL Creek of Caney

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From the north, from the south, of the winding Creek of Caney; from the water-sheds descending, in the driving sleet, over rocky trails, through icy creek-beds, they slowly approached.....hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of Kentucky mountaineers.

As solemn a cavalcade and as patient as a camel-train across the desert: "The Desert of Waiting."

CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE CREEK OF CANEY
1917

"Ef I tuk a notion I cud go in thar and smash that Christmas Tree UP," boasted Big Sandy's Sandy the instant he entered the gate.

"Mebbe that IS so, son," said Leatherwood. "But it just happens that THAT Christmas Tree isn't going to be smashed UP. I reckon that me and you hed better be having a stroll."

Leatherwood linked arms with Big Sandy's Sandy. Together they entered the barn. When they came out, it was Sandy's arm that was clinging to Leatherwood.

"Hit's a sight tew find out," said Sandy, addressing his fight-at-the-signal colleagues, "hit's certainly a sight tew find out how mean a decent feller like me kin be when he's been a-drinking. All I hev tew say is this - ef airy one of you cusses hez made any plans AGIN that air Christmas Tree, you-all hev me tew reckon with. Let's go erlong in."

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Inside, the biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was" was shedding its gleaming HOPE over the incoming throngs.

Gray-haired men that had never see a Christmas Tree, from between shoulders hunched by toil, peered squintingly into its glistening branches; tottering and trembling women, shaken by the splendor, shivered steamingly near the big heater; baby-laden fathers, and mothers with tots clinging to their draggled skirts, wearily conscious that it was to the Caney Creek Community Center they must look for all the joy and hope their children could expect to have; boys nonchalantly oblivious to the knives and caps; girls whose longing faces revealed their heart-breaking fear that there were more girls than dolls; babies sleeping in friendly arms - all unaware that theirs is the fulfillment, theirs the hope.

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It was the Rear Guard who spoke:

"Welcome! That is the spirit of this day. Welcome to every one. We are working with you on Caney Creek because we have friends and helpers who want you American people - Lincoln's people - to have the opportunities that have hitherto been denied you; but that you deserve. Every one of the hundreds here today will receive a gift from these friends and helpers of the Caney Creek Community Center. Let us not only take away with us the gift, and each a bag of candy; but also the desire to work together HOPEFULLY for a happy and healthful and regenerated Creek of Caney.

"Now if those by the door will quietly move to the further side of the room, those who are standing outside in the storm can enter. We must make room for the men and women and children..out in the storm."

As one person, the great crowd moved.

"The Illiteracy Prizes will now be given out," said the Rear Guard.

ILLITERACY CONTEST PRIZES

"I was born among you. I am a Caney boy," were the first words that J. Com Sloane spoke to his gathering kin-folk. "It ill becomes me to cast reflection upon my own people; but when I found that but two out of every ten of us men and women of Caney could read a word - I was tempted to disown the Creek of my birth. But studying the matter, hired to eradicate illiteracy by the Caney Creek Community Center and Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, I have come to understand that you have not been to blame. For 200 years, the odds have been against the mountaineer. It is time that we took into our own hands, our battle to survive. We could never have entered the fight alone. We have entered the fight now because the Caney Creek Community Center has put the only weapon we need, into our hands: OPPORTUNITY.

"Forty-one of us, in this contest, have learned to read and write: forty-one of us who, three months ago, could not read one word nor write one letter of the alphabet. The judges have awarded the prizes as follows:"

J. Com calling the names, long blue envelopes were passed about in the crowd - everyone helping to guide the prize money to the successful contestants.

"Now I aim tew make MYSELF heard," announced Wolvery Withens. "My old woman, Serilly here, she's hed passed tew her one of them air ten dollar stiff-er-cates. That's jestice. She's worked and earnt hit. But I aim tew make my own state-ment erbout that mule I air erbout tew ac-quire. Until I tuk up with this larning, I couldn't hev done what I HEV done. I hev ac-quired me a mule and she's on her way TEW me partly by train and partly by mail from the U-nited States; and I set my own fist tew the paper that'll bring her...me thet's hed tew make my mark on my vote fer 40 year. I haint no prize winner YIT; but I hev set my fist tew a paper ez will bring Serilly and me a mule thet gar-en-teed not tew be mean nor onery in none of her antiks - a mule that air bound tew be a comfort tew me and my old woman, ez our hair air turning tew the grave."

"I never aimed fer the prize," stammered Cephy. "But I dont say ez I cant use the money; being plumb bare-foot-ed - act'ally. But ef I hed tew chose between them, I'd soon ez hev my eddication than the stiff-er-cate. I treasure that I kin read outern the Bible fer myself.

"Haint you remembering, J. Com, when my little Vestal died? How I couldn't take no comfort nowhar, 'cept when you came and read tew me the Sams outern the Bible? Now if Kanzali here wuz tew die to-night, I'd be a heap more comfortabler reading the SAMS fer myself, because I cud read on the Bible anytime; and I wouldn't hev tew wait on anybody like you, with the larning, tew come TEW me in my mis'ry. But I dont aim in this place, at this time, tew speak of dying; but I do treasure my eddication; and I DO thank you-all... ..and I reckon I air keeping the children from their pretties."

"I reckon so," assented J. Com. "Santa Claus, its your turn now!"

THE BIGGEST GREENEST SMELLYEST CHRISTMAS TREE

"Just one moment, Santa Claus," cautioned the Master of Ceremonies. "This is a large crowd. There are hundreds of presents to be given out. If the names are to be heard, every person must be quiet."

"Ef airy a man hez a different notion than TEW be quiet, he hez me TEW reckon WITH," announced Big Sandy's Sandy, who had stationed himself as a volunteer guard over the District Nurse who had gathered into the corner, several detached infants.

++++++

"The first present goes to Humpty 'Bish," decreed Santa Claus. Hard-Henger spoke up: "He's a-coaling, but I'll fetch hit tew him. Here ye go, Hard," through willing hands went the present.

"Son's Jim's twins," called Rose. "Son's Jim's Saray," echoed Elizabeth. "Saray's a-nursing uv them twins over thar by Melinda Jane; ketch them presents fer her, Melinda," ordered Fiddling Rufus, head and shoulders above the crowd from his vantage point on a box. "Three bags uv candy air a-follering."

"Sunny Alamanda," said Santa Claus. "Sunny Alamanda's Marthy," echoed Rose. "Sunny Alamanda's Sambo," re-echoed Elizabeth.

"There haint nary a one uv the breed thet haint down with the measles-ez," volunteered wizened little Uncle Hiram. "I brought awagon a-purpose. I kin take their purties tew 'em. I reckon you-all hez their names: Tom-boy, Squint....."

"Never mind about telling us the names of all the fifteen, Uncle Hiram, interrupted the Master of Ceremonies. "We have a present for each one."

"That's what I 'lowed," agreed Uncle Hiram. "I 'lowed you-all wouldn't fergit none uv THEM; seeing ez they WUZ down."

"The ladders are emptied," said the Front Guard. "Napoleon and Noah will now cut the dolls from the Christmas Tree. Dont cry, Narcissus, there's a doll for every little girl."

++++++

One hundred presents, two hundred, three hundred,
four hundred, five hundred.....

One hour, two hours, three hours.....
Quiet was the crowd.....

++++++

"Now will each person who has received a present and a bag of candy leave the room," firmly requested the Rear Guard. "Each person who has not received a present and a bag of candy, move toward the Tree."

"And ef airy a man hez a different notion, he hez me TEW reckon WITH," announced Big Sandy's Sandy, from a corner full of babies.

"I reckon I may ez well linger till I see ef airy another breed on Left Fork haint here on account of the measles-ez. I hev a wagon that I brought a-purpose," said wizened little Uncle Hiram.

LINGERERS

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"What erbout hit! I haint hed no present!" Above the Front Guard there towered a massive woman - only the tinsel FENCE between them.

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It had not been long, the Front Guard knew, since this massive woman, for fifty cents, had agreed to guide some lumber prospectors to a certain division line on the mountain top. Half way up the mountain, the woman halted: "Yonder, where the hick'ry is a-blowing is what you-all air looking fer."

"But you agreed," reminded one of the men, "to take us there."

The mountain woman pulled from her belt, a 45-Colt. "Git," she said.

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"What erbout hit! I haint hed no present!" repeated the woman.

"You belong in the Pine-Top district," said the Master of Ceremonies, stepping in front of the Front-Guard. "Your present will be given to you next Saturday at our Pine-Top Christmas Tree."

"That is PERFECTLY satisfactory. But I haint the woman tew be left outern a Christmas present a-purpose."

++++

"Honey," said Aunt Selina, to Rose from Massachusetts. "I hev brought my witch-bag tew you fer a Christmas present. My witches hez been druv away by hit. I hev heered that whar you-all cum from, the Germanys is a-pestering. I 'lowed thet ef the Germanys wuz like my witches and you sent my witch-ball tew your kin; thet the Germanys would quit pestering and run a-kite-ing; like my witches hez."

++++

Said Jumbo: "When I heard thet Cephy hed tuk tew larning, I figgered thet ez she wuz so nigh tew her grave with the con-sumption, thet she hed better be hevving her thoughts on her God. But seeing ez by her larning, she kin read the Bible herself, I 'low ez I might ez well hev tuk up with it TEW. I haint never favored this larning much because ef I hed been able tew write jist whenever I tuk a notion, I'd hev been in the pen-a-ten-tiary fer signing another feller's name tew a check. But I'm calm-ing some; and mebbe ef I could read my Bible, I might be a-calm-ing more. But it's too late now."

"No, it is not too late, Jumbo," reassured J. Com. "We are starting another illiteracy contest, with prizes to be given a year from today at our Christmas Tree. I'll enter your name for that."

++++

"Well boys, let's be a-traveling," called Big Sandy's Sandy. To the Rear Guard, he announced: "Me and the boys haint done with celebrating Christmas yet. We aim tew shoot considerable more. But we haint going tew do no harm tew anyone; least uv all tew you ez hez been so good tew we-all. We hev jist GOT tew shoot, jist tew be a-doing hit; but ez a weapon, hit certainly air true what J. Com said that we dont need nary another one 'cept the one you-all air a-giving us mountain people. J. Com called hit 'opportunity:' I only call hit - 'A chance tew amount tew something.'"

"Come erlong, boys, let's be a-traveling."

EPILOGUE

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"Rest against our shoulders for a little while,"
said the Caney Creek Community Center to the
souls with the veils across their faces.

And they rested!

"Now lift your heads!" And the souls that were
merely lost in their own shadows lifted their
heads; and the veils slipped from their faces;
and strengthened, they resumed their journey.

The Caney Creek Community Center watched them
as they traveled.....

Through the abating storm, north and south,
on the Creek of Caney, up the water-sheds,
to the left and right, ASCENDING.....
hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of
Kentucky Mountaineers.

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Caney
Creek
Community
Center

==

P.O. Address
Ivis, Knott Co.,
Kentucky

==

To meet the
running expenses
\$1100 a month are needed.

==

To "Culie" we are
in debt for the
inspiration of our
allegory

Caney Creek Community Center
Incorporation Pending

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P.O. Address: Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky.

=====

Founders: Arthur W. Lloyd and Mrs. Lloyd (Alice Spencer Geddes)

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Checks made payable: Caney Civic Center.

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This Center is a Branch, established as a camp October 31, 1916, into a pioneer region from the Ivis Community Center and Free Public Library which the Lloyds founded in the Fall of 1915. The distance in miles between the two is slight; but the distance in topography is such that there can never be any influencing intercourse between the two.

The Ivis Settlement, a Civic Center and Hope Cottage as an administration cottage, is being managed, under oversight of the founders, by volunteer workers. At Ivis is the main library of 3000 volumes, organized by the Kentucky Library Commission, from which the branches are sent out. The last branch to be established was a library in the normal school of a mountain teacher in Floyd County.

At Caney Creek Community Center, there is a demonstration farm, planted to small and large fruits as well as crops. The administration cottage which is built and occupied, had its funds given in sums of \$2-and a few larger amounts-from Radcliffe graduates. The cottage is therefore named "Radcliffe Cottage." The Community Center itself, at which the adult night school is held and the Community Club meetings, was variously subscribed: partly by the graduates of Chauncy Hall School of Boston, Massachusetts.

Across the Creek from the Caney Center has been purchased a Homestead Tract of about 80 acres. Upon this is being built the Rest-Home; and several model homes in which promising mountain families, already secured, are to be taught how cleanly, healthfully and responsibly to live.

As far as possible, the workers employed at the Center are mountain people, specifically in training to help the uplift of their own race.

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Owing to the tax upon the time of helpers, in answering numerous inquiries from many college women, it has seemed kinder to these helpers only to furnish their names upon request.

Reliable and substantial names, as personal reference and as having actually been to the settlements in these fastnesses and inspected them, will be given upon application.

The first annual report of the Caney Creek Community Center will be issued within a few weeks. It will be sent to any that are interested.

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This is an unique civic work. It is young. It needs YOU. Ask questions. The Founders are volunteer workers. They need you TOO. Write to them. This is not an academic institution. It meets the needs of the FAMILY as a whole - not the INDIVIDUAL as a separate factor.

CANEY CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER and HOMESTEADS

Mail and Parcels Post Address
Pippapass, Knott County, Kentucky

Founder and Resident Executive
Mrs Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd

1918

Dear Helper of Caney Creek Community Center,-

DON'T YOU THINK
THE MOUNT HOLYOKE
IS ATTRACTIVE?



HAVE YOU SENT YOUR
GIFT OF OPPORTUNITY

We didn't expect to have any REAL Christmas this year - not a real Christmas with a green and smelly Christmas Tree.

But NOW - the horrible war is over; AND we want to celebrate by bringing joy once again to the 1400 mountaineers within our area.

And SO, we are sending a hurry call to our helpers to send us right away - PLEASE - by parcels post, accumulated trimmings for a Christmas tree, discarded toys, dolls, candy, and just any joyful "Pretties" that will gladden the hearts of this isolated people.

The Christmas Tree will also be a glorious dedication for the new school we are helping the County of Knott to build - a dedication in HIS name.

In picking out what to send, remember that a trifle is a treasure here.

That we may bring happiness to many, we ask this of you.

The Workers of Caney Creek Community Center

JOHN CAUDILL
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

PIPPAPASS, KENTUCKY

January 9, 1920.

Dear friend of the Kentucky mountaineers:

In order to keep a good work going it is necessary to have a good leader. A little more than three years ago on the head of Caney Creek, on a little rocky spot of land donated by Humpty-Joab, the first building of the Caney Creek Community Center was located, and thus the good work began, - a work that is proving to be the greatest blessing that ever reached the people among the mountains of Kentucky.

The work that started at Caney Creek has grown to be a County organization. The name of the founder of this work, Mrs. Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd, is known to almost every child in the County, and loved and cherished by all who know it, and more loved and cherished by those who know her. She is the leader and without her we feel that the great and noble cause would be lost.

Just a few weeks ago Mrs. Lloyd was suddenly stricken and had to be carried out of the mountains for medical treatment. We carried her to Cincinnati to the hospital. I placed the chair in the wagon, helped to carry her from her bed and place her in the chair, and rode by her side to Wayland (the nearest railroad station) carried her from the wagon to the train and from one train to another at Beaver Creek and also at Ashland, and accompanied her to the hospital. I feel as though it was my own mother.

We are now told by the doctors that she can never be restored to health unless she remains quiet and takes rest. This she cannot do under the present conditions. She now has a room in the Girls' Dormitory. Her office is in a building with others. Some one is passing in and out at all times. She also takes her meals in the public dining room.

Mrs. Lloyd must have rest. She must have a private home, one that she can call her own. She is our mother and we must save her.

I am a Kentucky mountaineer, born and reared just three miles from where Caney Creek Community Center is now situated. I am an officer in The Knott County Community Improvement Association, which Mrs. Lloyd founded. I have no money to give but I am ready to take hold of the lever, get the lumber and see that it is delivered to the spot, and I can help to build the house. Others will give the land. We must have some money.

Will you not be one to help us build this house and help us add to the peace and comfort of this most noble woman in her invalid days, help us restore her to health? She is living not for herself but for others.

Hoping that you will help us, I remain,

Very truly yours,

John Caudill

KNOTT COUNTY COMMUNITY IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

.....
The following officers, chairmen, members at large, form the governing board, called:

THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL

Hon. H H Smith, Chairman Ex-State Senator	J E Perkins, Vice-Chairman Ex-County Superintendent of Schools
Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd Community Secretary Founder Caney Creek Community Center	Mitchell M Johnson Community Treasurer - bonded Post-Master at Hindman

Chairmen of Departments

Frazier Adams, Federated Community Centers Member County Board of Education	John Caudill, "Beacon Light of Knott County" County Agent for Illiteracy
Adam Campbell, Home and School Department County Superintendent of Schools	J B Smith, Department on Highways County Judge
J W Duke, M.D., Public Health County Health Officer	Irving Napier, Department of Civics Ex-County Judge
J B Wicker, Community Bank Ex-State Representative	
J Hamilton Jones, Finance Department	
Hiram H Taylor, Education Department	
Daisy Bowens, Public Library Department	
Edgar Hammonds, Recreation Department	

The Cooperative Industries Department will be in charge of the County Agricultural Agen

Chairmen Boards of Trustees Community Centers

Rev. T W Francis, Carr Creek
Manuel Slone, Caney Creek
John A Jones, Troublesome Creek
J B Wicker, Jones' Fork
John D Martin, Ball's Fork
B D Martin, Kite (Head of Beaver)

Members at Large

....
J M Baker
County Attorney
W M Bailey
William Hale
R L Johnson
Rev Robert Combs

BENEDICT W. LAW of COLLINS, N. Y.
Director Southern Highland Community Organization

JUNE BUCHANAN, Educator
WAYNE PAULIN of PITTSBURG, PA., Treasurer

The CANEY CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER

Advisors:

DR. LEROY E. BOWMAN
Columbia University, N. Y.
DR. HENRY E. JACKSON
*National Community Board
Washington, D. C.*
DR. MARIE ADA MOLINEUX
Boston, Massachusetts

Shipping Point: Post Office Address:
WAYLAND, KENTUCKY PIPPAPASS, KENTUCKY

Affiliated Community Centers:

BANNER COMMUNITY CENTER
MAYTOWN COMMUNITY CENTER
BEAVER CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER
BONANZA COMMUNITY CENTER
BIG MUD COMMUNITY CENTER
MRS. ALICE SPENCER GEDDES LLOYD, Resident Executive

Advisors:

FRANCIS JOHN FLAGG
*Macmillan Co., Huntington
Chambers - Boston, Mass.*
FRANK JENNINGS
*Rotarian Magazine
Chicago, Illinois*
PROF. MALVINA M. BENNETT
Wellesley College

May 9, 1922.

Dear Teacher:-

We have received a letter from Superintendent Hiram Taylor. This letter states that attendance is compulsory for all teachers at a five weeks summer course.

Knowing that the teaching profession is underpaid, we feel that it may be difficult for everyone to meet this necessary and just requirement.

THEREFORE - If it is decided to hold this five weeks course at the Caney Creek Community Center, the following cooperation is offered.

The Caney Creek Community Center will provide at least three University graduates to conduct the course, under the direction of the State Board of Education. It will use the Mount Holyoke Public School, on the Creek of Caney, as a practice-school, with all grades in session. It will board and room each teacher without cost; also laundry will be done, free. There will be no assessment for books. The teachers will live in the cottage dormitories and have the use of the standard library of 14,000 volumes, and a science laboratory valued at \$250; and two athletic fields.

If the course is not put on at Caney, our cooperation is also with the teachers, in all possible ways

For the best interests of Knott County public schools

CANEY CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER

This Stationery was Donated by T.F. Moore of New York City

Christmas on Caney Creek

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There's going to be the biggest greenest smelliest Christmas Tree that "never was" on Caney Creek this year. And it's going to be in the new Rest-Home, because a big green smelly Christmas Tree is just the dearest kind of a christening for a building where the babies of Caney Creek will be given a right start toward health.

There must be trimmings for this Christmas Tree : big gold stars and big scarlet bells and yards of tinsel and pounds of crystal snow. And the Rest-Home must be festooned with tissue-paper streamers, bunting, flags - just anything to bring ONE GLEAMING DAY into lives which from birth to old-age are blended with the brown earth of washed-out hills.

There must be candy : pounds and pounds of candy. And netting to make candy-bags out of. And worsted - orange, red, and green worsted - to draw the bulging bags up with.

There must be dolls : ever so many many dolls for ever so many many children who have never seen a doll except one tied out of a rag or maybe out of corn shucks ; never seen a real doll who shuts her eyes and has real clothes and curls and lovely pink fingers.

And oh yes, there must be nuts, apples, oranges. Yes! there must too! The District Nurse of the Caney Creek Center will go on her horse into the next County where the railroad is, and she'll wrap each apple so it wont be pan-dowdy after it has jolted to the Center, and she'll wedge the oranges so they wont be marmalade - just because there MUST be on the Caney Creek Christmas Tree the things that OTHER children have on THEIR Christmas Trees.

There's a whole lot of things that the big green smelly Christmas Tree on Caney Creek will need : things to be carried in the Christmas Jolt-Wagon to bed-ridden folks on the lonesome trails, comforting things to make waiting easier; pretty things for the model Homesteads of the Caney Creek Center - maybe a picture; maybe a rug; maybe some household linen; maybe a bright new "skillet." And then the mountain men must not be forgotten. But what IS the use of enumerating!

The big green smelly Christmas Tree in the Rest-Home of Caney Creek Community Center needs what every Christmas Tree in the wide world needs: beauty, happiness, comfort, friendship, service.

If you dont know WHAT to send, send a check. The workers at the Center will lovingly understand how to brighten Christmas Day for each person so it's radiance (like the radiance of one day of Browning's Pippa) will shimmer through the grayness of --another year.

The waters will rise early this year, Aunt Selina says. Everything for the Christmas Tree MUST be "in" by November 15.

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Parcels post: Caney Civic Center, Ivis, Knott county, Kentucky.
Express and freight: A.W.Lloyd, Wayland, Floyd county, Kentucky.

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The Ivis TREE will be given
by the Church

A FEW FACTS ABOUT KNOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Knott county is 150 miles from anywhere!

Knott county has no railroad, no sanitation, no roads!

Knott county does not regulate free-school attendance!

Knott county does not provide children with text-books!

Knott county has few wells that are not polluted by germs!

Knott county has typhoid and tuberculosis and trachoma!

Knott county has just one settlement school!

This school has a waiting list of over 600!

Knott county is a series of isolated hollows!

Each hollow is remote from the next hollow.

In these hollows, by neglect, 11,000 Americans are dying!
This is utter waste to the United States.



HOW KNOTT COUNTY MAY BE SAVED TO THE NATION

Until the Ivis Community Center and Free Library and the branch Community Center and Demonstration Farm on Caney Creek were established, there was no agency in the county to rescue this glorious Anglo-Saxon people to their inherent possibilities, -unusually promising possibilities.

BRANCHES OF THE SETTLEMENT WORK AT IVIS AND CANEY

Demonstration Farm in charge of Guernsey Baker, agricultural graduate.
District Nursing in charge of Polly Stickney, from Boston.
Free Public Library with remote branches, in charge during the summer of Mary Elizabeth Lane, Librarian Carnegie Library, Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama.

Community Civic Clubs, with mountaineer officers, aiming to teach citizenship and public spirit toward roads, sanitation, education.
Industries-Demonstration Farming, Canning, Weaving, Cooking, Sewing.
Education-Kindergarten, Classes for Young People, Adult Night School.
Community Exchange-where the common necessities of life may be secured in return for labor in the public service.

Ivis Educational Loan Fund by means of which promising young people who have a definite object in life, are helped through college: each to be trained to help the mountain life.

Both Settlements, in all branches, have as their chief aim: the ultimate enlightened citizenship, economic safety, education and happiness of each family within their reach.

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A Few Facts About Caney Creek, Kentucky
P.O. address: Ivis, Knott co., Ky.

Caney Creek for 200 years had been a forgotten valley; it is 150 miles from a real city; its roads (?) are not commercially valuable; it has no railroad.

Caney Creek has a large percentage of adult illiterates; does not enforce school attendance nor provide text-books nor suitable school-houses. Many of its children never go to school. Many of its grown-ups have never seen a train, a street, a kitchen sink, an automobile or a boat.

Caney Creek has no sanitation; its drinking water is polluted with excreta; many of its cabins have not even the common necessities of life; its health is decayed by inter-marriage, inherited disease, and infections.

Caney lands are worn-out and washed out and planted with worn-out seed!
Caney had no industries and few ways by which any money could be earned!
Caney had no Library from which books could be borrowed!
Caney had no district nurse to teach the conservation of health!
Caney had no civic club to agitate for community welfare!
Caney had no post-office - hardly any intercourse with the United States!

Caney Creek Community Center has Brought:

Adult Night School	District Nursing	Educational Loan Fund
Kindergarten	Demonstration Farm	Public Library

An Exchange where the necessities of life may be secured for labor or crops
Social Service to develop health, education and economic safety
Community Civic Club to agitate for responsibility toward the community.

Equipment

Caney Creek Club-House: a building for public meetings and night school.
Radcliffe Cottage: administration cottage.
"Hunger-Din": model kitchen and dining room.
"Hamilton Lodge": temporary dispensary.
"Pal-John": model stables.
"Inspiration Nook": a guest house.
"If": private office of Mrs. Lloyd.

-Demonstration Farm of About 100 acres-

Under Construction

Burton-Cushman Rest-Home: a hospital for ten beds.
Wellesley Recreation Hall: a safe gathering place for young and old.
Smithampton Industries Building: for weaving, basketry, sewing, furniture.
"Dream-Houses" - one completed and occupied - a light and airy plank cabin equipped with the necessities of life, to be earned by labor of a family during spare time for a term of years, under contract of cooperation with the ideals of the Caney Creek Community Center. Ten needed - five given.

Officers of the Caney Creek Community Center
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Founders

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Lloyd (Mrs. Lloyd was Alice Spencer Geddes, a Boston girl) and Mrs. Ella M. Geddes: serving without salary.
=====

Helpers

J. Hamilton Jones, a mountaineer, general secretary and director of the social service extension department.

Mrs. J. Hamilton Jones (Mrs. Jones was recently Polly Stickney, a Massachusetts girl), district nurse and matron of the Rest-Home.

J. Commodore Sloane, a mountaineer, manager of the Exchange and candidate for the Caney postmaster position at the new post office.

Lorraine Anderson Allen, a Boston girl, private secretary to Mrs. Lloyd who by personal letters raises the funds for the settlements.

Elizabeth Stacy, a mountaineer, clerk and multigrapher.
=====

References by Permission

Marshall E. Vaughn, secretary of Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. Mr. Vaughn is trustee of the Caney and Ivis Community Centers.

Edward F. Stevens, librarian of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Judge Samuel W. Greene, Jefferson County Court, Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Cornelia Carhart Ward, 92 Morningside avenue, New York City. Miss Ward has visited the Caney and Ivis Community Centers.

Miss Helen A. Ballard, 509 West 121st street, New York City. Miss Ballard is an author and made the Caney Creek Community Center her headquarters for three months during the summer of 1917 while gathering material for her literary work. She has volunteered to answer any inquiries about the settlements either personally or by mail.

Marie Ada Molineux, PhD., secretary of the Boston Browning Society, Schiller road, Dedham, Massachusetts, who has personally known the founders for thirty years.
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Ownership

All the properties and assets of the Ivis Community Center and Free Library and the Caney Creek Community Center are held in trust for the permanent use of the communities in which they are located. The trusteeship which is self-perpetuating, consists of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Lloyd and Marshall E. Vaughn.

All contributions are placed in trust funds for the purposes for which they are designated. If not designated, they are placed in the current expense fund.

Money is not spent for luxurious equipment nor high salaries.

Illiteracy on Caney Creek, Kentucky. [N.d.]

How this Scourge of Ignorance is being Met and Conquered
-by the-

Caney Creek Community Center and Homesteads.

P.O. Address: Ivis, Knott county, Kentucky

Dismayed by the fact that Kentucky sent 30,000 illiterates to the army, the Caney Creek Community Center decided systematically to make a census of every cabin within mule-back day's distance of the Center, to determine how many illiterates in that radius had been left at home.

Out of the 220 adults thus far reached, 170 are illiterate!
This means that the 170 cannot read or write AT ALL!

These illiterates are Anglo-Saxons, pure Americans!
The stock is that of Abraham Lincoln.

+++++

The Caney Creek Community Center paying half and the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission paying half, this scourge is being checked. A young mountaineer school teacher has been hired for his full time - he and his mule. Also, to help him, there is at Caney Center, Leila Budd, of Duluth, Minnesota, a former Radcliffe girl. Miss Budd is used to pioneer life and can ride with ease over the roughest trails. The cabins are divided between these two: (the mountain boy hired; the Radcliffe girl volunteer) and every illiterate is reached every other day. Moonlight schools have been formed and classes in remote cabins. Contests at "Bean Stringings" and other inducements, including prizes to be given at the Caney Creek Community Christmas Tree, are gathering in every one.

+++++

To show something of what it means to be the only CIVIC agency in a remote region, here are two of the difficulties that must first be overcome:

A great many of the 170, broken early through hardship, could not see the primer they were so eager to understand. Their eyes were too weak. Many more live in windowless cabins where there is no light, even by day, save from the flickering fire, (Do you remember the picture of the "Boyhood of Lincoln?") or the rays that come from a rag thrust into a bottle or a saucer of coal-oil.

THEREFORE, before illiteracy can be banished from mule-back distance of Caney Creek Community Center, eyeglasses are being secured for the nearly blind and lamps for those who could see if they had a chance AND, because the Center NEVER gives anything away, except at Christmas, there is being planned an exchange of crops or labor for the glasses and the lamps.

BUT---it doesn't matter how many set-backs come, the scourge of ignorance, even as the scourge of typhoid, MUST CEASE.

+++++

This is but one phase of the work administered from Radcliffe Cottage: the administration cottage of Caney Creek Community Center.

77
M. S. B. 11

JOHN CAUDILL
COUNSELLOR AT LAW

ENCL
PIPPAPASS, KENTUCKY

In order to do good house keeping you must have a home; and in order to do good work you must have a shop.

At the Caney Creek Community Center there stands a building that is just about one half completed. This building is known as the Smithampton Industries Building. I understand that all the money that has been spent on this building was donated by the girls of Smith College. This building, if completed, would make a magnificent home for the nursing of our industries.

We have in this our beloved mountain section many very important industries, which when given a little more nourishment will furnish employment to a large percent of our boys and girls. They are not new industries. They were brought here by the early settlers of Kentucky and have almost fallen by the wayside for the want of a market.

At the present Uncle Bish makes chairs for the Caney Creek Community Center in his home; Uncle Charlie makes his slat baskets in his home; Kanzali makes the willow basket in her home; Aunt Salina cards the wool that she cuts from her sheep's backs by hand in her home; Grandmother Jane spins the wool into thread in her home; and Aunt Margaret weaves blankets, rugs, and "cover lids" in her home.

Now the Caney Creek Community Center has found a market for all our industries in far greater quantities than they can be supplied; and prints the only newspaper in the county.

We must have a way to increase our output.

I have three reasons for writing you this letter:

1st. I feel that it is too much waste to our nation to let so many of our mountaineers remain idle just for the lack of employment and the want of opportunity when just a little help from our friends on the outside, who have been more fortunately located, will convert many of our people into useful men and women. Perhaps some of us, like Lincoln, might become great leaders. We need this building in order that we may have a place where all of the above named trades and many others may be taught to our boys and girls, and that we may have a permanent home for our newspaper.

2nd. Mrs Alice S.G. Lloyd, founder of the Caney Creek Community Center, who has labored almost day and night for the past five years, in order to give us an equal chance in life, is now failing in health. (And allow me to say here and now, that she has brought to us the greatest blessing we have ever received; she has led us to the dawn of a new day and opened our eyes to a brighter future.)

We who see and fully realize the need we have for the work she has started, and

Inventory of the property of the
Caney Creek Community Center and Homesteads - - January 1, 1920.

LAND: Caney Creek Community Center Farm, about 150 acres
Vander Vere Rohrman Homestead Tract, about 60 acres

BUILDINGS:	Radcliffe Cottage	Wellesley Recreation Hall
	Hamilton Lodge	Smithampton Industries Building
	Kitchen and Dining Room	(Under construction)
	Dormitories	Private Office
	Model Homesteads	Mary Upson Rose Memorial Hospital
	Barns	"Exchange"

EQUIPMENT: Sawmill and planer. Shingle mill, equalizer, cut-off saw, etc.
Wagons and harnesses. Farming tools
Library of 10,000 volumes. . Three looms. Cannery. Smoker and dryer
Hospital and dispensary supplies. Office equipment.
Printing press; two American Multigraphs and Addressograph.

LIVESTOCK: Work horses, saddle horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry.

TOTAL EQUITY,.....\$32,865

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By the aid of \$1000 from the county "The Mount Holyoke" a Public School built
and equipped by the Caney Creek Community Center for the county- -value \$6000

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The bulk of the work at the C C C C is done by mountaineers with the
exception of four volunteers:

Mrs Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd; Chauncy Hall of Boston

Radcliffe 95-96: 99:00

Olive Marsh; University of Minnesota 99; Radcliffe A. M. 02

June Buchanan; Syracuse University A. B. 13; Wellesley, 16-17 -18.

E. M. Geddes; Assistant Post-Master of Pippapass

the assistance of a leader like her, are determined to lift every burden from her shoulders and to see everything she has started carried to completion, and thus add to the peace and happiness of this most noble woman, and at the same time all this work will mature to our benefit.

3rd. This building as it now stands is useless. All the money spent on it is wasted unless it can be completed. I believe you will be proud of the fact, that by just a little effort on your part you had helped to erect a building in the "Heart of the Hills" that will be used for the purpose of training many a bright boy and girl, who has heretofore been neglected. Perhaps the amount you may be able to give might be the means of lifting some one of our mountain boys out of the miry clay and setting his feet upon a rock and establishing his going.

The Radcliffe girls have built an executive building; the Wellesley girls have built a recreation hall and a public library. The Mount Holyoke girls, with the aid of only \$1500 from the County, have built a \$6000 public school building.

The Industrial building is just as important as any of the other buildings. The citizens here will help all they can. They have formed the Knott County Improvement Association. We must have some money.

I now appeal to you in the name of forgotten humanity and as a mountaineer who wants to help his fellowman, and ask you to help us in this our struggle to reach a higher plane of living and a broader vision in life. Let your contribution be much or little it will be most gratefully received and applied to a most worthy cause.

Thanking you in advance for any help you may be able to give us toward the completion of this building, I remain,

Very truly yours,

John Candice

P. S. I herewith inclose a booklet which tells you how "Rachel of the Mountains" struggled for knowledge. As she struggled others are still struggling. Also a slip on which you may write the amount you choose to give.

J. C.

*Plus Building the Centennial
- new from 7 folders*

CANEY
CREEK
COMMUNITY
CENTER

THE SETTLEMENT
OF THE
SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

ALICE SPENCER GEDDES LLOYD
RESIDENT EXECUTIVE

PIPPAPASS, KNOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY

Dear friend and helper,-

Through every test of efficiency, as well as every test of spirituality, the thinkers and ethical leaders of the world, have decided that six days in the week are for labor and one day is for rest: that eleven months in the year are for labor and one month in the year (at least) MUST be set aside for rest.

Explanation of Rest
I have been steadily at my post for five straight years; without a vacation, save my siege at the hospital. During the last week of that siege, after the pain had left me, I really rested - more than I have since this settlement began to shape itself in the wilderness.

The inclosed booklet shows what has been created during these busy, constructive, stressful days and months.... and years. To cement this constructive labor, and to meet additional demands of an eager people, I must have a complete change for a few weeks.

This cannot be accomplished unless running expenses can be provided during my absence. The vacation that I would like to take would be of three or four weeks visiting my helpers between Kentucky and Massachusetts. The expense of this would not be great; but the money-raising would cease.

Did you meet?
If I had \$1000 in the treasury for the running expenses for at least a part of that time,- I would start on my trip and not worry myself weaker than I am now. Otherwise, it would be folly to go. I would like to leave about October 20th and return by Thanksgiving; ready to meet the Christmas plans.

Will you help, that I may have renewed brain power to meet the issues of the next five years; that I may meet the decision of thinking people that rest at times, is vital efficiency!

Send whatever you can afford. Every little will help. I would not ask you, did I not realize that ultimately it will pay.... pay in renewed vigor and strength and poise.

start sent \$1000. for postal
Sincerely yours for the greatest service.

Alice S G Lloyd

FOR CHRISTMAS

A GIFT OF OPPORTUNITY
YIELDING
SACRIFICE AND SERVICE

We workers at the Caney Creek Community Center are not going to ask you this year for toys or dolls or candy - how could we? even though we are going to have a green and smelly Christmas tree for the children to make up for the desolate years before we brought the message of Christmas.

We are not going to ask you to burden the mails with packages - how could we? although we are going to take necessary comforts to the aged and the sickly and clothe the naked - somehow, somehow.

But we ARE asking you for "A Gift of Opportunity."

Read the enclosed booklet and realize that Elizabeth, by means of "A Gift of Opportunity," has sent fourth into the world a sacrifice and a service that are eternal, unending.

For every sum of money sent as "A Gift of Opportunity," be it small or large, the Caney Creek Community Center, through the spirituality of its methods, returns to the world, in small or large measure, this Christian spirit of sacrifice and service.

If Lige, through "A Gift of Opportunity," secures underwear for the winter, he must sacrifice some of his play-time in the service of carrying wood and water to Mrs Lloyd's office.

If "Big Billy," through "A Gift of Opportunity," secures from the Center's sawmill lumber enough to build a house fit for human habitation, he must dig a deep well of pure water to protect the health of the Community workers.

"A Gift of Opportunity" may be two dollars for a lamp for Henry Clay, by the light of which he can study - in return for which he is teaching his illiterate father his letters; or it may be \$2000 for the Maternity Hospital - in return for treatment in which, a mother must follow the instructions of the nurse until the baby is two years old.

"A Gift of Opportunity," at the Caney Creek Community Center, takes many forms and shapes. Its yield, however, is always the same, be it small or great: the spirit of Christ, who was born on Christmas day - the spirit of sacrifice and service, eternal, unending.

Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd

CANEY CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER

P. O. ADDRESS: PIPPAPASS, KNOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY

FREIGHT ADDRESS: WAYLAND, FLOYD COUNTY, KENTUCKY

FOUNDER AND RESIDENT EXECUTIVE - - MRS ALICE SPENCER GEDDES LLOYD

Dear Smith College Girl:

OPPORTUNITY

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,

And - which is more - you'll be a man, my son

KIPLING

Below is a picture:

These boys go to our new graded public school on Caney, which the County of Knott and the Caney Creek Community Center have joined to build - the only adequate public school in the County. Also these boys are the boys who issue the Beacon Light of Knott County, - the newspaper that the Center publishes for the County, as the County had no medium for expression

So eager are these mountaineers for opportunity that we are swamped with applications to attend this school. Especially are there many fine boys like these who want a chance to work half a day and go to school half a day. They are Americans - pure-blooded. As mountains surround Caney Creek, all save the few in the district must live at the Center. We are daily denying them from lack of room. But they will not be denied. One boy was so eager that he brought his bed with him.

To meet this eager need, we must have a dormitory. Will you help to give this opportunity?

The Smithampton Industries Building toward which we have already asked you for a contribution, is but half completed. The funds were not enough, - for the Smith girls were sending "over there" - the Unit.

BUT ---- the building can serve two purposes, a home and a work-shop.

Put your contribution toward the SMITHAMPTON INDUSTRIES BUILDING AND DORMITORY into the inclosed stamped envelope. In gratitude you will receive from Mrs Lloyd a letter; and from the boys, a copy of the newspaper they are getting out for their own people in their own County. Checks payable: E. M. Geddes.



Read how Elizabeth of the Mountains Reacted to the OPPORTUNITY given to HER
Elizabeth also serves

Inventory of the Property of the Caney Creek Community Center and Homesteads

LAND: Caney Creek Community Center Farm, about 150 acres; Vander Vere Rohrman Homestead Tract, about 60 acres.

BUILDINGS: Radcliffe Cottage; Wellesley Recreation Hall; Smithampton Industries Building (under construction); THE MOUNT HOLYOKE FREE SCHOOL, built by the Caney Creek Community Center for Knott County and with its cooperation; Mary Upson Rose Memorial Hospital; Six Homesteads; Hamilton Lodge; Dormitory; Kitchen and Dining Room; Stables; Exchange Warehouse; Private Offices.

EQUIPMENT: Sawmill and planer, shingle mill, equalizer, cut-off saw, etc; wagons and tools; farming implements; Library of 6000 volumes; looms; cannery; smoker and dryer; hospital and dispensary supplies; office equipments; printing press; American Multigraphs; addressograph.

LIVESTOCK: Work horses; saddle horses; sheep; hogs; poultry.

TOTAL EQUITY, unencumbered...\$45,678

TRUSTEES

Wayne Paulin of Pittsburgh Leila Budd of Duluth
Mrs Mary Upson Rose of Cleveland Honorable Hillard Smith of Hindman, Ky.
Mrs Georgine Holmes Thomas of Cincinnati

* * * * *

All the workers are mountaineers; except the founder, secretary, treasurer, teachers, and family visitors.

Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd, Radcliffe....executive.	E.M.Geddes, treasurer
June Buchanan, Wellesley, teacher	Olive Marsh, Radcliffe, secretary
Carrie Jones, Richmond, kindergartner	Ruth Tuthill, Smith, family visitor
J.Hamilton Jones, manager	
Mrs J.Hamilton Jones, resident nurse	John Caudill, editor, "Beacon Light"
Elizabeth of the Mountains, multigrapher	Hiram H Taylor, captain
Mrs John Com Slone, supervisor of boys and kitchen	Wendell Hammonds
Mrs John Caudill, domestic science expert	Nick Slone
Frances Pigman, in charge "Exchange"	Mac Donal Slone
John Perkins, resident teamster	Bruce Franklin
Mrs John Perkins, resident dressmaker	Kanawha Slone
Frazier Adams, sawmill expert	Manis Slone

Mrs Sam Slone, spinner
Winnie Pigman, expert weaver
"Dan," night watchman
"Humpty-Joab," gin-hand
"Rachel," laundress

Adopted Children:

Randolph and Monia Slone
Malcolm and Harry Slone
Dan Martin
Garland Franklin
Roxie Owens

Canton Reynolds
Tolby Jacobs

Kelley Franklin
Daffy Hall
Charlie Hall
Albert Caudill
Troy Reynolds
Roscoe Slone
Reporters and printers

Sam Slone illiteracy field worker
Rev William M Slone, field worker
Mary Eveline Jacobs
Etta Franklin
Armintha Reynolds
Ella Franklin
Amanda Adams

Beatrice Haywood - students and helpers

ELIZABETH OF THE MOUNTAINS
THE LANTERN-BEARER

A LIGHT THAT SHINETH IN A DARK PLACE
UNTIL DAY DAWNS
AND THE DAY STAR ARISES IN YOUR HEARTS
II PETER 1:10

Dear friend of the Creek of Caney,-

Four years ago, in a little Missionary Sunday School Class, led by Mrs Lloyd, "In the forest primeval" -a forest of unlearned, eager, yearning boys and girls- for the first time, I heard the story of Evangeline.

The story stirred my soul. Evangeline achieved her quest-through service.

It was the turning point of my life: my life that I have dedicated to service among my own mountain people "In the forest primeval".

For that reason, I have requested my fellow-workers at the Caney Creek Community Center to have the story of Evangeline dramatized on my wedding day.

I am to be married June the twenty-fourth, in the Wellesley Recreation Hall of the C C C C: the first wedding in that building which the girls of Wellesley College have erected on the Creek of Caney.

Like Evangeline, I have tried to follow the trail. Like Evangeline, following the trail, I can see ahead always the realization of my quest: SERVICE.

One year has been spent at Berea College, made possible by Mrs Lloyd- my "Little Mother." One intensive year at Lake George, the Bremestead School-made possible by the invitation of one of the principals. Two intensive, working, serving, happy years at the C.C.C.C.

There have been stumbling blocks, created by my own thoughts; often the trail has seemingly been dark. But my guide, my "Little Mother," has kept the torch burning that I might not lose my way. I am now trained to carry myself a lantern to light the path for those behind me on the trail - the trail that leads to SERVICE.

By no means do I call my marriage, the end of my quest. My husband will join me in my work at the CCCC and will make my path broader, whereby we both can walk hand in hand and break through a wider service than as if we each climbed alone.

Thus we will go forward - together!

To my wedding, in the Wellesley Recreation Hall, the entire County (to whose service I have dedicated my life) is invited. But I do not want a gift-receiving wedding; but an Opportunity-giving wedding instead. On my day of fulfilment, I want to be the means, with YOUR help, of bringing opportunity for training for service to many other mountain boys and girls, whose uplift I desire as much as my own.

\$250 will keep a boy or a girl at the Caney Creek Community Center one year; or it will help them go outside for their special training if necessary. You, who know what opportunity means, give me oil and matches that I may keep my lantern lighted - the lantern of love and faith for the boys and girls knocking at the doors of the C C C C.

Still stands the forest primeval - the forest of unlearned, eager, yearning boys and girls. What will you do to help me in the uplifting of my mountain people?

"Elizabeth of the Mountains"

P.S. On my wedding day, there will be a Gift-Tree. Small presents are needed. Help "Little Mother" make it "The Perfect Day." E. S.

PRINTED BY MOUNTAIN BOYS AND
GIRLS OF THE C C C C

17-11-1961

