

*(Newspaper article from The Herald, Lexington, Ky, published within a few days after 19 Nov. 1909. Transcribed by Gary S. Collins in 2002 from an original clipping. Lexington was identified as the city of The Herald via classified ads on the reverse of the clipping featuring ads for boarders and renters at addresses including: corner of Walnut and Barr Streets, North Mill, South Broadway, Forest Ave, N. Broadway, North Mill, South Broadway between Maxwell and Pine, South Upper St., Second St, West Short St.. These are all streets in Lexington, Ky. Reverse of clipping also had Sermon by Charles T. Russell, pastor, Brooklyn Tabernacle.)*

## Miss Lucy Furman Writes of W. C. T. U. Settlement School

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### At Hindman, Forty-five miles from Any Railroad, Noble Women Are Striving to Educate the Children of the Mountains.

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Hindman, Knott Co., Ky., Nov. 19, 1909

To the Editor of The Herald: Miss Pettit has asked me to tell you something about our work, and more especially that part of it in which I am concerned--the outdoor industries and the small boys. I have charge of the outdoor work on our place, and also live at the cottage with the thirteen youngest boys and try to be a mother to them.

#### **The Day's Work**

Our day's work begins at 5:30 with the cleaning of the cottage and premises, which the boys do themselves, five or six of them, the others going off to their special jobs. For instance, Shadrack, the oldest, goes to milk the cows, with Kelly as his helper; Lewis goes to feed the houses and clean the stable; French to attend to the chickens and the chicken yard; Troy to the kitchen to carry water, coal, ashes and garbage; Walter to the power house to clean the machinery; Kamillus to make fires for the ironing girls and help them; and usually two boys must run out hogs. Meantime the remaining boys must make beds, sweep the rooms, dust, and wash the washstands at the cottage, and clean the yard and walks.

At 6:30 we breakfast, and from seven to eight we work outdoors in the garden, or with the flowers, or digging ditches, making cinder walks, pulling and cutting weeds, hoeing around the fruit trees, shrubs and vines, cutting corn, digging potatoes, building up the embankment along the creek, working the road, hauling rock or gravel, or doing any one of the numerous things that crowd upon us,--but first, last and always running out hogs and mending the delapidated fence. Then school comes from eight until dinner at 11:30--then play for half an hour and school until three--then outdoor work again until 5:30.

#### **Natural Beauties Improved**

When I first came up here to visit and stayed to work, I saw great possibilities for beauty in our place. Nothing could be more attractive than the handsome log buildings, with their soft browns and grays against the background of willows, and still beyond these Troublesome Creek, with the mountain rising steeply on the other side.

The three acres of bottom land were very promising, and the boys and I went to work with enthusiasm, ditching and draining the land, sowing blue grass and clover around the big house, for a lawn, planting two hundred fruit trees, numbers of shrubs and vines, and making flower borders all around the house and many other places, and laying out and planting a good vegetable garden in the bottom. Still later after our beautiful rustic pergola was built over the middle of the garden, we planted grape vines, honeysuckle, and clematis, and many hundreds of flowers in its borders and also made a circular rose garden and various other pretty and useful things.

#### **Difficulties to Contend With**

But our troubles began at the very start. The fence all around the place was in a tumble-down condition. It had never been strong in the first place, having been made of very thin palings strung along in wire at the top and

bottom, with posts too far apart, so that the unstable panels were always sagging out or in and positively inviting the numerous hogs of the neighborhood to come in and visit. All they had to do was to root under the light panel a little, lift it up and enter. They strolled in and out at pleasure, helping themselves to our potatoes, corn, onions, peas, lettuce and tomatoes, rooting up our clover, and killing our flowers, vines and shrubs.

### **Hogs Always in Mind**

It seemed to me that day and night for weeks at a time I never had hogs off my mind. I would get up at all hours of the night to run them out, and the little boys were kept at it all day. Of course, we did what we could to mend the fence by nailing slabs and old planks all around the bottom, so that the hogs could not root under and in the course of time things were somewhat better. By this time, however, the hogs were persuaded that they had rights of possession and were determined to enjoy them. If they could not come under the fence they would some other way. So they began on the gates, which were also decrepit, tearing them off the rusty hinges, and breaking every latch we could devise. Not content with this, some of them learned to trip daintily over the stile at the back of our place, and one would mount the horse block out in front of the cottage, force the palings apart at the top, and jump through.

### **Elements Helped Them**

Not only did they display superhuman ingenuity in getting in, but the very elements helped them. Every time we had a good rain and Troublesome [Creek] got on a "tide," new holes would be washed out in the creek bank under the back fence. This alone was enough to require constant vigilance. But worse was to follow. For last year the hogs made the discovery that the palings were so thin, weak and rotten that by battering them sufficiently at any one point, they could break in anywhere.

And since then we have had troubles indeed. Last winter and spring and this summer, Walter, who was place-carpenter, spent most of his worktime mending the fence, and this fall Kamillus, who succeeded him, has kept at it constantly. One old sow has been especially successful as a battering ram; I have several times caught her in the act, about bed time at night and just before day in the morning--and it has become a common thing to hear Kelly or Ishmael or French or Nelson call out while I am dressing, "That air old sow's done broke in a new place and fotch seven with her," or "I run nine out of the corn this morning."

We have also had trouble with the town cows jumping over our front fence, to get at the blue grass and clover which this year has certainly looked tempting. So with the cows to the front of us, Troublesome to the rear of us, and hogs all around us, the nerve strain may be imagined, and the discouragement of spirit in having so much of our good work destroyed and brought to nought.

### **Trouble Constant**

When I am away in the summer on my vacation, Miss Pettit has the trouble, though I am still unable to get it off my mind, and she says the gist of every one of my letters this summer was "watch the hogs," "Have the fence mended every day." In this way, my third year here, the situation is worse instead of better, and if we don't get a fence soon, I shall give up in despair. If, like Queen Mary, of England, one word should be found written on my heart after death, that word at present would be "Hogs."

What we need is a stout six-foot picket fence all around the place (except in the front of the big house where we devoutly hope to build a stone one some day.) The lumber could be obtained from a saw mill which is temporarily in our neighborhood, and together with nails and some additional posts would cost about two hundred and sixty dollars. Our boys would, of course, do the work of construction, with me to superintend and see it well done. The money for this material would be the greatest God-send to us. We have \$12.50 already, as a starter. Any sums, however small, will be most welcome.

### **Play Hour in the Evening**

And now I can not close this letter leaving you to think that our life is all work and no play. The days are strenuous, it is true, but after supper in the evening comes the play hour, and then, in cool weather, the boys gather

around the fire at the cottage, in our cheerful sitting room with the beautiful red paper on it that Mrs. Bullock of Lexington gave us last year, and then we have lively and happy times.

We pop, or as the boys say, "cap" corn, crack walnuts, or roast potatoes, or sometimes just talk and tell ghost and feud stories, or read aloud or better still Jethro and Kamillus will get down the banjo and go to picking "Hook and Line" or "Sourwood Mountain" or some other good tune that sets everybody's toes wiggling, and then after while Nelson or Walter or somebody will start up the lovely old ballad "Barbary Allen" or "I Have a True Love in the Army", or the famous old "Swapping Song," or "Whistle Up Your Dogs, Boys, and Shoulder Your Gun," or maybe "The Old Time Religion", and all the voices will join in delightfully. And then possibly Ismael will accompany the banjo with a monologue, part talk, part song, like the "Arkansas Traveler," describing a fox hunt, which is a very remarkable thing. But you would have to see and know the boys to realize what happy and funny times we have. And if you did know them as I do I am sure every single one of you would want to come up here and live by the cottage and be happy with them. And really the only thing we need to make us happy is that FENCE.

LUCY FURMAN,  
Teacher of Outdoor Industries,  
Housemother for Boys.

[end of article]

*(Note: I (GSC) recall during the late 1950's, when Lucy Furman lived in my family's house at 26 Holly Street, NJ, that a Troy ???, possibly the one mentioned in the article, would send Lucy a very large bushel basket of outstanding fruit at each Christmas from Florida, where he lived and, apparently, had become quite well-to-do. He also visited her at least once at her house. Others were also in contact with her many years after their stay at the School, implying a great deal of gratitude towards her from her 'boys'.)*