

# The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

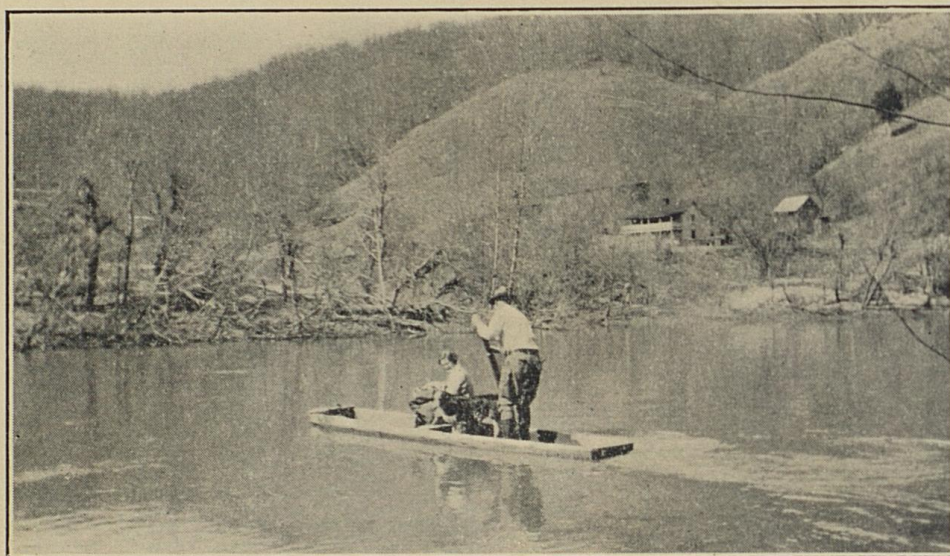
VOL. X

SPRING, 1935

NO. 4



OUR MEDICAL DIRECTOR AND OUR JAILER



**CROSSING THE MIDDLE FORK IN A "TIDE"**  
(Nurse, dog and the chairman of a local committee)

**THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

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VOLUME X

SPRING, 1935

NUMBER 4

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Lexington, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879."*

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## IMMANENCE

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I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord:  
Not borne on morning wings  
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet  
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat  
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.  
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;  
Not broken or divided, saith our God!  
In your strait garden plot I come to flower:  
About your porch My Vine,  
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;  
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord:  
Yea! on the glancing wings  
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet  
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet  
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes  
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.  
On every nest  
Where feathery Patience is content to brood  
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise  
Of motherhood—  
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord:  
My starry wings  
I do forsake,  
Love's highway of humility to take:  
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
In beggar's part  
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—  
As man, to speak with man—  
Till by such art  
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,  
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

EVELYN UNDERHILL

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

## OUR TENTH BIRTHDAY

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The Frontier Nursing Service is ten years old. Ten years ago in May our work was organized. Ten years ago September 1st, our preliminary survey over, the actual field work began. Ten years ago next November we incorporated. We are still a very young organization, but we have taken deep roots, and our tree is a tree of life and is bearing fruit.

We feel that we should do something commemorative of our tenth birthday and will welcome suggestions from our friends. We thought of bringing out in book form, the best bits, especially the stories, that have appeared in our Quarterly Bulletin during all of these years. We could get this out for the Christmas sales at a cost of one dollar, but not unless we were sure in advance of the sale of at least five hundred copies.

We also think that if each one of our nearly two thousand subscribers would interest one other person in becoming a Service member, at a subscription of anything from a dollar up, in honor of our tenth birthday, we could double this membership, and put the everlasting problem of the budget on a more stable basis. If these subscriptions averaged five dollars, that would bring in ten thousand dollars more a year—that last almost-impossible-to-get ten thousand dollars, a true margin of security.

There may be other suggestions better than either of these. Will some of the many friends who read this Quarterly Bulletin send them to us?

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As this issue of the Bulletin goes to press, our Annual Spring Saddlebag Appeal is in the mails. This is sent only to non-subscribers, and to former subscribers who have lapsed two or more years. We think this year's appeal unusually effective although it is unusually economical because we used old cuts. As she has done more than once before, our National Chairman, Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, of Louisville, has paid for the stamps, so that the appeals can go first-class mail. If any one of our regular donors would like one or more of these appeals with which to interest new friends, we will be glad to send them on request. Speaking of postage donated, this is a good place to tell that, during the past ten years of our existence, our Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning of the Security Trust Co., Lexington, has always paid personally for all of the stamps placed on the numbered receipts which are sent to donors, and his own personal secretary has done the work of addressing and mailing.

## A LETTER FROM BRUTUS TO ENGLAND

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Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center  
on Bullskin Creek,  
Brutus, Clay County, Kentucky,  
March 17th, 1935.

This has been a funny week. I think I told you Miss Harris and I were so busy that another nurse, Miss Macdonald, had come to help us. Well, on Tuesday we had one of the biggest "tides" since I came out. Our creek was just all over the place, and was flowing so swiftly that rocks and trees were being carried down with it. Fortunately, there were no midwifery calls that day, and we did not go out at all. On Wednesday the flood had gone down a bit, but the trail up the creek was entirely different. Where there had been mud was water; where was water were rocks and trees, in place of small stones was a layer of sand; and in other places the sand was washed off and stones remained. I had some work to do a good way off, and was not in till nearly 5 p. m.

That night, about 10, the 'phone rang. It was Miss Worcester from the next district, the Margaret Durbin Harper Center, 10 miles away at Bowlingtown in Perry County. She was with a maternity case who was not getting on very fast, and had had a call to another maternity case where she was expecting serious trouble. Could we hang on to the first patient? Of course we said we would. As it was really out of our district Miss Macdonald was to take the case, and I rode over to show her the way, and to wait if the patient was quick, but come back if she was slow, in case of other calls. It was a very dark night and we made rather slow going up the still scarcely recognizable Bullskin Creek, and on up Leatherwood. However, we got over our 10 miles eventually.

We had not been at the patient's house long when there came a boy with a message from Miss Worcester at her second patient—saying she was in difficulties, had tried unsuccessfully to get our doctor, and if a nurse from Brutus had arrived, would

she go to her when possible. So off I went this time. It was a cold night, and I had my sheepskin, thick gloves and mittens and raincoat in case of rain. The boy said we should have to leave "Lady Jane" where she was, as it was impossible to cross the river except by boat. So we trundled into the boat, about 1 a. m., and all in the dark he paddled me over. He took me to his father's house, where his father was wrestling with the 'phone, still trying to get Dr. Kooser. I gathered that a man named "Mack" was to take me to Miss Worcester. In the ordinary way it was only a few minutes horseback ride on the road, but the river was so dangerous, and all over the road, that it was necessary to go over a mountain to reach her.

Off we went and "Mack" was excellent. We went slick up a hill and slick down again, no sort of path, just plunging headlong through bushes, mud, thawing snow, briars and brambles, slippery leaves, holes and what not. I had my flashlight and clutched that in one hand and "Mack" with the other. I fell down crowds of times and was covered in mud from head to foot. It took us nearly an hour, instead of 10 minutes by the road. Miss Worcester and I were there for the rest of the night. The woman was very ill, but by the morning her general condition seemed improved, and as it was impossible to get a doctor we suggested that she might go to the Hyden hospital. In the ordinary way she would be "stretchered" all the way, about 17 miles, but the rivers were up, so we had to put our brains together to think of something else.

Miss Worcester thought we might return to the Bowlingtown nursing center, for breakfast, and to make transport arrangements, by a worse bit of the hill but a shorter way. Well, if the way with "Mack" was a nightmare, the other was perfectly ghastly, right down the face of a cliff. Every twig and branch broke in our hands, all the stones or rocks we tried to hold on to came away in our hands, and in several places the only thing to do was to sit down and just slide over the mud on our pants. We were in a mess, hair streaming, hands cut and bleeding, and plastered with mud. We felt ready for our breakfast by 7 a. m., when we got in. Miss Worcester did a lot of masterly organizing, and it was arranged that she would go back to the patient and fix her up, and I would be back at the patient's house, after

a clean up and slight rest, at 11 a. m. in order to take her to Hyden. Miss Worcester, being on a single district, could not be away. We knew that from a place about four miles away, called Gay's Creek, there should be a "bus" some time during the afternoon, which connected with a train at Chavies, which would go to Hazard, and some of the hospital nurses could meet the train and take the patient by car for the last 25 miles. Of course we both had to cross that hill again, but we did not repeat the performance of the cliff. The other way (Mack's way), was not so bad by daylight, and the snow was gone, and even some of the mud had dried up.

Just after 11 a. m. I was back at the patient's house, and they had made a stretcher of poles, two sacks and some quilts. The patient was well wrapped up, but was in such a poor condition that she could not keep warm, so we put my sheepskin on, which was fine for her. We started off, four men carrying the stretcher and other men to be picked up en route. There was talk of going part of the way to Gay's Creek, down the river by boat, but at first it was uncertain whether the men considered it safe to take a boat. We were about a mile from the river in any case, so we started off. We had four men carrying the stretcher, and Nancy (the patient's sister) and I brought up the rear. Of course the track was very rough, just down a creek. We had a long rest on someone's porch near the river. We put the stretcher in the sun, and Nancy and I busied ourselves with the patient. While there some of the men decided the river was all right, so we proceeded down to the river. The boat looked very small, and the river very swift. However, hoping for the best, we discussed the best way of arranging the patient. An extra piece of wood was nailed across, and the stretcher was put endwise on the boat, the poles resting on two seats. One man sat in front of the boat, then the stretcher, then Nancy and me together on a very small seat, and at the back another man for the steering. And we just went down on the tide.

It was a glorious day and the four-mile trip was really lovely, with mountains all round. The rest of the men rode down on muleback. At the mouth of Gay's Creek we got out, about 2 p. m., and started to wait for the "bus." At the side of the road was a

pile of planks, and the men arranged those so that the patient was not too uncomfortable. She slept quite a lot. One or two cars came by (there is a "State Road" there), and people asked if they could help us, but we could not get the stretcher into a car. About 4 p. m. the "bus" came, but it only holds five people and there were already seven in it, so I said that would not do. The driver was very good and said he had to make another trip in any case, and that he would "make it snappy," and then come back to us and take us slowly. Just before five he returned, and we had the worst job getting the stretcher in. The "bus" had a door on each side, and we finally had to put the stretcher in that way, and drove with both the doors wide open.

At Chavies we had to go into the waiting room till the train came, then four more men carried her out, and we hammered on the goods car door (baggage car) and up we leaped. The stretcher had to be on the floor, and I shall never forget that hour's ride. Nancy and I had to get a little amusement out of something, and we were nearly helpless over the dead pigs (all dressed up in little white frocks), the crates of live chickens, and boxes of eggs marked, "Loose mixed eggs, fresh." At Hazard out we all got again, and two nurses from Hyden hospital met us with a large car. They managed to get the patient on to the back seat, and they drove the last 25 miles. We have heard since that the patient is doing well, but the baby was dead—we knew that before she left home.

I was to spend the night at the Grand Hotel in Hazard, and was I hungry after all that? I went to a restaurant for my supper, and had to hang my sheepskin over the back of my chair as though it were my evening cloak. I clattered in in my riding boots, pants all muddy. But I enjoyed my dinner. I had to catch the 6:50 train the next morning, and all the way on the trip back people asked me how the sick woman was. From Chavies I got the "bus" back to Gay's Creek, and then started to walk to Bowlingtown, as the river had gone down off the road. The mud was appalling, backwash mud they call it. At times it was to the top of my boots and I could scarcely move. It was a very hot day and my sheepskin nearly killed me. However, in time I arrived at the post office, and the woman there said she was "aiming to fix me a mule." And she put up her boy behind



me on the mule and we went together to the patient's house to report on the journey.

At last I arrived back at Miss Worcester's nursing center at midday. We had a jolly lunch together, then I was put across the river in a boat,\* retrieved "Lady Jane" with many thanks to her host, and tripped back the 10 miles to Brutus. I forgot to tell you that the hotel proprietor in Hazard said to me, "And your bag, Madam." Of course I had not a thing with me. So you see it is not very easy getting a patient to a hospital when the rivers are up. I am talking about rivers in this case, not just our little creek. The total distance the patient had to travel was 50 to 60 miles instead of 17 if we could have "stretchered" her direct, crossing the rivers.

(Signed) GWLADYS E. DOUBLEDAY, R. N.

\*See picture, inside front cover.

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### A Hundred Years Ago

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An elderly lady at a village in Norfolk has adopted the singular idea that she is an old hen. Her restlessness and vexation were excessive so long as her friends contradicted the notion; but after a time they ceased to do so, and at the recommendation of her medical adviser, suffered her to think and act as she pleased. In consequence of this indulgence, the good dame is more positive than ever of her feathered state, and has even gone so far as to make herself a nest in a clothes-basket; where she sits a great part of the day, with most praiseworthy patience, on three Dutch cheeses, asserting that they will be hatched in seven weeks' time.

—From "The Spectator" of November 23rd, 1834,  
Christmas Number.

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He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.

—Lord Herbert of Cherburg.

## Sayings of the Children

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Jimmie, asked if he wanted a little brother or sister, replied, "I wouldn't mind a brother, but I sure don't want a sister, but I sure don't want neither, I would rather have a pony."

\* \* \* \*

Oscar, aged 3½, had been told by his mother that the baby was brought by the nurse in her saddle-bags. He tried to pick her up and put her back in the saddle-bags. The nurse said, "Oscar, she is much too big." Bent on returning her to the place she came from, he replied, "Oscar'll git a poke."

\* \* \* \*

J. D., aged seven, of Grassy Branch, welcomed his little brother. His Aunt Ollie had had a baby two weeks before. He looked them both over and then announced, "I am sure glad mammy bought our last one from the nurse's new batch and not from the batch Ollie got hers from."

\* \* \* \*

John Gilbert, aged five, went down to the Cincinnati Children's Hospital. When he caught sight of the Ohio River from the train window, he exclaimed, "Gee, what a big ford! That beats Red Bird River. Do we have to go in hit?"

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Mary Cummings, Columbia Hospital, Class 1931, who for the past five months has been with the Frontier Nursing Service of Kentucky recently paid a visit to Nursing Headquarters. Miss Cummings is on her way to take a one-year course at the Western Reserve University, following which she goes to Scotland for a midwifery course preparatory to returning to the Kentucky Mountains. The talk given by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge in the auditorium of the Marquette Medical School over a year ago was the inspiration for Miss Cummings giving five months to the Frontier Nursing Service on a volunteer basis.

—From the Bulletin of the Wisconsin State Nurses Association, Silver Jubilee Number.

## IN MEMORIAM

Desha Breckinridge, of Lexington, Kentucky

August 4th, 1867 — February 18th, 1935

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*"Receive with constancy this momentary blow of death."*

ST. BONIFACE, before the Frisians, to his followers—Eighth Century, A. D.

In the loss of this trustee, the Frontier Nursing Service is bereaved indeed. His public career has been given fully in the press and its most significant feature dwelt upon, viz., that all his life he refused public office in order to champion through his independent newspaper, the Lexington Herald, the causes he held to be right. "Never once has Desha Breckinridge sold the day to save the hour, nor given one minute's consideration to expediency, nor hesitated a second to weigh the popularity of a cause."

His life could not better be summed up than in the words of Bishop Abbott's prayer at his funeral service in The Horseman's Church, The Church of the Good Shepherd.

"Almighty God, Creator and Sustainer of men, and the Giver of all good gifts, we thank Thee for Thy servant, Desha Breckinridge, who has finished his earthly course and been gathered to his fathers.

"We thank Thee for his spirit of public service and for all the good which he was enabled to accomplish in this community and state, and, through his far-stretching influence, in the nation at large. We thank Thee for his advocacy, fearless and uncompromising, of every worthy cause, looking towards the betterment of social, business and political conditions.

"We thank Thee for his exquisite facility of speech, and for the lucidity of his literary style of expression, for which he was so justly celebrated, and which made it possible for him to woo and win his fellows to a militant conception of justice and of truth in many departments of life. We thank Thee for his charm

of personality and his selfless generosity of outlook which gathered men around him and transformed them into friends and grafted them to his heart with hoops of steel.

"We thank Thee for his indomitable courage, which ever refused to accept defeat, and for the patience, the heroism and the resignation which were manifested so conspicuously in his closing days of suffering and disease.

"For all these characteristics and accomplishments of nature and of life, testifying to the durability and the lustre of the metal of which true men are made, we lift up our hearts in gratitude to Thee, for it is meet and right so to do. And we beseech Thee, O Heavenly Father, to endow us with at least a measure of Thy grace, that we too, having served our day and generation, may fall asleep peacefully in Thee, and awake for all eternity in Thy divine likeness, satisfied."

The feeling of Desha Breckinridge's kinsmen, his wife, his sisters and his friends, who were with him during the torture of his long last illness has been well expressed by one of us in the following words:

"As one ponders on this bereavement, a crowd of thoughts surge forward for escape. Uppermost in this throng is the feeling of amazement at the patient, heroic, and uncomplaining endurance of the sufferer as he lay on his bed of pain. All of us knew of his courage, his strong heart, his iron will, when flushed with health and strength and confidence, but few could have divined with what rugged fortitude he would walk through the valley of the dark shadows to face death without flinching. One realizes full well now why he loved the thoroughbred; he was himself a thoroughbred."

"A sweeter and a livelier gentleman,  
The spacious world cannot again afford."

## IN MEMORIAM

Sir Leslie MacKenzie, Kt., M.A., M.D., D.P.H.,  
F.R.C.P.E., F.R.S.E., Hon. LL.D.

Born at Shandwick Mains, Ross-shire, in 1862  
Died in Edinburgh, February 28th, 1935

*"A great humanity not only inspired but shone through all his work."*

—THE SCOTSMAN.

When Sir Leslie and Lady MacKenzie came to Kentucky in 1928 to dedicate our hospital, we said about them:

"Better loved ye canna be,  
Will ye no' come back again?"

Some of us saw them occasionally after that in Scotland, and they always planned to return to a Commonwealth they loved only next to their own. But Sir Leslie's heart was failing through the intervening years, and now that mighty heart has broken and he, the humane, the wise, the kindly, has passed on to the Land o' the Leal. We wonder if even in Scotland his friends could sorrow more for him, and for her, than we do here.

This is not the place in which to outline Sir Leslie's long and distinguished career. We can only touch upon that part of it which so inspired us, that out of it grew the Frontier Nursing Service. Indeed Sir Leslie himself loved most of all to dwell on the inauguration and growth of the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service. In a letter received from him, shortly before his death, he says, "This is the most successful piece of construction that I have ever undertaken, and I should be quite satisfied if I left only that behind me."

The following paragraph from Sir Leslie's obituary notice in the Scotsman of March 1st, brings out the far reaching signifi-

cance of the Highlands and Islands Service, not only for Scotland and Kentucky, but for all parts of the world:

"A signal honour was conferred upon him in 1928, when he was invited to Kentucky, U. S. A., to dedicate a new hospital in connection with a nursing service inaugurated for the mountainous areas of that State, which was modelled on the schemes in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The State University of Kentucky recognized the occasion by conferring upon him the honorary degree LL.D., and he was also made an Hon. Trustee of the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service in 1929. What has been done in the Highlands and Islands also became an inspiration to similar work in Canada, Newfoundland, and in South Africa."

In reading over some of Sir Leslie's extensive writings one is moved afresh by his profound knowledge of the handicaps of remotely rural regions, and his deep love for women and children. "Mothers and children," he said, "the most delicate and fluid part of a population—how much they may suffer from distresses of industry or poverty or isolation." "A country rugged, roadless, mountainous," he said of the Scotch Highlands, "where a considerable portion of the population is from twenty to thirty miles to the nearest doctor," . . . "expectant mothers at the mercy of distance and the winds and the waves."

After Sir Leslie's first investigation on the Dewar Committee, so confident was he that the British Nation would respond to his scheme for doctors and nurse-midwives to serve the Highlands and Islands that he wrote: "As when one climber falls on the mountains, the others do all they can to help him, thinking not of their own safety but only of his—so must the greater country answer the call of the smaller islands and keep them within hail." In this spirit the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service was born. Now, there is not a person in all the Hebrides and the Shetlands who has not available at close hand, the services of a nurse-midwife and, within easy range, of a first-class medical man. In his last letter to us, Sir Leslie said of these medical posts: "When there is a vacancy now there are fifty or sixty applicants. Formerly it was difficult to get a single man."

In Sir Leslie's dedication address of the Ballard-Gill Memorial Hospital at Hyden, he said, "With you, as with us, the mother and child demand intensive care. . . In all ages of the world, the love of a mother for her child has commanded the worship of mankind. If you think for a moment, you will understand that nothing less can preserve the life of the helpless newborn child. All of our institutions for the welfare of mothers and their children have their taproot in the one great fact that, when the child dies, the race dies, and when the race dies, the great fight between life and nature is over." "You too," continued Sir Leslie, "have the necessity of facing the forces of nature alone, the relative sterility of the hills and glens, as well as the ferocities of the wind and water." . . . "You will always feel that, here on the frontier outposts, you are living out the true purpose of the Commonwealth—to prepare a worthy and dignified place for every child born to it."

In Sir Leslie's Act of Dedication, he looked and spoke like a prophet:

"In all reverence, I dedicate this hospital to the services of this mountain people. The act of dedication will have consequences beyond all imagination. It will evoke responses along the many hundred miles of these mountain frontiers and among the millions of their people. The beacon lighted here today will find an answering flame wherever human hearts are touched with the same divine pity."

\* \* \* \*

We have been trying to show a little of what Sir Leslie was and what he meant to us in his own words, but he himself once said, "Words are only symbols of an incommunicable experience." When we think of what he and his wife meant to each other and of her grief; when we think of his hundreds of friends, of whom none loved him more than we do, and of the millions of people all over the world, thousands of them here in Kentucky, whose lives have been transformed by his far-reaching thought put into practical acts, we find that only in Scotland, from the

lips of his own poet, Robbie Burns on the death of the Earl of Glencairn, is language worthy of Sir Leslie:

“The lover may forget the wife that was his bride but yester’  
e’en,  
The monarch may forget the crown that on his head a day hath  
been,  
The mother may forget the child that smiles sae sweetly on her  
knee,  
But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn, and all that thou hast been  
to me.”

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MATERNITY CENTER ASSOCIATION

One East Fifty-seventh Street  
New York

January 23rd, 1935.

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge,  
Cosmopolitan Club,  
122 East 66th Street,  
New York City.

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

I want to take this occasion to thank you for releasing Miss McNaught for service with us when we started the Midwife Clinic. I don’t know what we should have done without her. She was a most faithful worker during her three years with us and contributed a great deal to the development of the Clinic, as well as the School.

Hoping your Annual Meeting will be grand success, I am,

Cordially yours,

(Signed) HAZEL CORBIN,  
General Director.



## A FIRST EXPERIENCE

---

Hyden Hospital,  
Dec. 30, 1934.

Dear Mrs. Pease:

I am feeling much better now and hope to be up and back at work soon.

Mrs. Breckinridge and everyone has been very sweet to me, and I am sorry I had to cause the trouble so soon after we got here. I will be able to ride in about three more weeks, and in the meantime I am going to study and observe cases here at the hospital.

Adeline and I are going to begin our classwork next week, so I am not missing much time.

Life certainly was exciting those first few weeks. It's just as thrilling as it sounded. My last trip was 14 miles back in the mountains beyond the district with the doctor and senior nurse to see a very ill patient. We rode quite fast, were several hours getting there, and the patient died just five minutes after we got there, leaving a premature baby and several small children. It was an unregistered case, attended by a native midwife, so was an emergency call. It was all very sad. They lived in a one-room cabin, with no windows at all, the only light from the fire. It was certainly depressing, with all those children standing round their dead mother. We left there about dusk and started home, when the doctor's horse's shoe came off, and Stevie, the other nurse, offered to ride his horse to our center, which was nearer than the doctor's, so we left him and decided to short-cut over the mountains to save time, and distance for the horse. It was dark and icy after the storm and we missed the trail several times, then finally, when we were nearing the top after a hard steep climb, the horse Stevie had got frightened and ran away, throwing her with saddle-bags and all, and running back down the mountain. Of course I was petrified, but luckily she wasn't hurt, and at a cabin, the only one we passed on the trail home, they got the horse and came partway with us. We had to walk and lead our horses down the rest of the mountain, it was so steep, and finally after missing our trail again, we got to the

bottom and rode the rest of the way home. On top of all this the attack of appendicitis started—but I didn't say anything until we got home. The next day a courier came after me and we came down to Wendover, then into Hyden where they operated, and my first narrow escape was over.

I love to ride, and the horses are perfectly safe. It have a lovely old horse. No one likes him except myself as he is a little rough and foolish.

Hope you've enjoyed the Holidays, and Adeline and I both wish you a Happy New Year.

Love, (Signed) VIRGINIA.

NOTE: It will be remembered that one of the Indian nurses, Virginia Miller, a Chippewa, had appendicitis soon after she came to us. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Henry Pease of the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America and of Miss Miller, herself, we are allowed to print this vivid description of a wild ride that preceded the attack of appendicitis.

The young mother described in the foregoing letter by Miss Miller, who lived fourteen rough horseback miles beyond the fringes of our districts, was attended by only an old midwife who did not even recognize the symptoms of general septicemia. Eleven days after the baby was born the family sent for us, and our doctor reached the house just five minutes before the mother died. "With all those children standing round their dead mother," says the writer with simple pathos.

As this Bulletin goes to press we have received a three-day-old girl baby, Reedy Pennington, from the upper waters of Cutshin, about twenty to thirty miles away. Her father brought her on muleback. Her mother had just died. She also, had received the kind but utterly unsafe attendance of the old midwife. She also, went through her agony and lost her life without trained attendance of any kind.

The Scottish Highlanders have a wailing, Gaelic chant, the plaint of a dying mother, which may be rendered in English as follows:

"For we have the burthen upon us, we have the burthen,  
The long slow pain, the sorrow of going and of parting.  
O, little hands, O little lips, farewell and farewell,  
Bitter the sorrow of bearing, only to end with parting."

## THE BOSTON LYING-IN HOSPITAL SPLENDID MATERNITY RECORD

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We, in America, have grown accustomed to such gloomy reports on our maternity mortality rate that we are apt to lose track of the outstanding work carried on by some of our major institutions. In order to attract its lay readers to the good, as well as the evil side of our maternity figures this Bulletin will mention, from time to time, the records of some of our outstanding institutions.

There is another thing wherein the American lay mind fails to discriminate, because of the lack of proper information. In Great Britain maternity deaths are always credited to the doctor or midwife who took on the case and not to the consultant or the hospital called in for difficulties. Many of our American maternity hospitals would have a far lower rate if we kept in mind the same discrimination.

It is gratifying to every American to read the following figures for 1934 from the Boston Lying-In:

Patients admitted to the Boston Lying-In Hospital.....	3036
Patients delivered in the Boston Lying-In Hospital.....	2455
Patients delivered in the District.....	1042

Among the patients delivered in the Boston Lying-In Hospital there were eight deaths, but only two of these were deaths which could properly be credited to the Boston Lying-In Hospital itself—the other six were emergency cases, dumped on The Boston Lying-In after they had been handled by someone else. Their history shows they had very little or no prenatal care.

For the 2,455 cases delivered in the hospital, and cared for from the beginning by the hospital, there were only two deaths. This is a splendid record, in which all of us who care about women in childbirth, should take a proper pride. The Bulletin

will welcome figures of this character from other American institutions and will be glad to give them publicity.

Consulting Obstetricians of the Boston Lying-In Hospital are, Franklin S. Newell, M. D., and Howard T. Swaim, M. D.; Visiting Obstetrician of the Boston Lying-In Hospital, Frederick C. Irving, M. D.; the Assistant Visiting Obstetricians are, Foster S. Kellogg, M. D., Delos J. Bristol, Jr., M. D., and Thomas R. Goethals, M. D.; the Superintendent of the Hospital is Miss Louise S. Zutter; the Superintendent of Nurses is Miss Gertrude Garran.

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### From a Courier's Letter

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Cleveland, Ohio,  
March 14th, 1935.

"Since my arrival home I have been smitten with an extremely infectious disease, namely Kentucky Mountainitis. Etiologists would say it was contracted by a two months' stay with the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover. The symptoms are easily recognized. The prognosis is poor unless immediate treatment is undertaken. The medical profession realizes that the patient should return as soon as possible to the F. N. S. Unless such treatment is given the patient becomes delirious, neighing like a horse, mooing like a cow, squealing like a pig and jabbars on about getting tea."

(Signed) BETTY HORSBURG.

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"The river was past fording, but I got to the cabin by walking 2½ hours straight over the mountain. I found that my patient's mother who is an old midwife had put an axe under the bed, to cut the pains, and had some native roots in a pan to charm away bad luck. A fine baby, and both mother and baby are doing well."

MAY V. GREEN, Senior Nurse,  
Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River.

## CITY AND FRONTIER

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(From The New York Times, Monday, January 21, 1935)

It was stated at a meeting of *Maternity Centre Association* last week that the maternity death rate—which is just as high for the United States as it was twenty years ago—could be reduced by more than one-half “if knowledge were to take the place of ignorance.” The statement is supported by the experience of the Maternity Centre, the death rate of such cases in its care being less than one-half of that for the whole country—2.2 per cent, as compared with 4.8\* per cent. Twenty years ago the latter was 4.9\* per cent. It is recalled that in a report of a three-year study of maternal mortality, completed in 1933 by a New York medical committee, statistics were presented with the comment that 1,343 of the 2,041 maternal deaths during that period in New York were adjudged by the committee to have been “preventable” and that most of those attributed to the medical group were “plainly the result of incompetence.” These shocking findings have been questioned, but at best the general conditions are bad enough.

On the other side may be placed the splendid record not only of the Maternity Centre but also of the *Frontier Nursing Service*, which has been carried on for nearly a decade in the mountains of Kentucky under the direction of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. The report for the fiscal year ended May 10, 1934—which was condensed in order to “reduce the costs of printing”—had to be extended to include the following postscript or special notice:

After the close of the fiscal year, here reported, we completed our second 1,000 maternity cases. \* \* \* It will be recalled that when we completed our first 1,000 midwifery cases we had to report two deaths, although neither one was directly attributable to an obstetrical cause. \* \* \* With

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\*An error, the figure 4.8 refers to New York. The rate for the whole country runs about 2 points higher.

this second 1,000 cases, however, we have to report no death of any kind from any cause.

But the ministry of these "nurses on horseback" is not alone that of assisting in bringing children into that part of the world where, as a Kentucky poet has just been saying, the ghost of Daniel Boone will dwell

As long as there are plains and waterways  
And moon-bright nights and high blue days.

The nurses travel through nights and days that are not all as these, riding over rough roads, fording streams, in a service as varied as are human ills. But it is chiefly to be of help to mothers and children, for whom a woman's nursing is the most desired-of earthly blessing, in the sparsely settled frontier where once they but took "herb tea to thin the ructious blood." And in spite of all the swift ways of communication and transportation there is still a vast frontier left.

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### Peninsular and Orient Branch Service

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S. S. Ballaret,  
February 1st, 1935.

"About 500,000 people have died of malaria in Ceylon during the past two months and a great deal of work has been done by the public health authorities to combat this terror. We drove through the area where the dreaded anopheles mosquito takes its toll. It is pathetic to see rows of little wooden coffins waiting for occupancy."

—Excerpt from a letter from Miss Marion Benest, en route to Australia, former Agricultural Assistant to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky.

April 6th, 1935.

My dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

Mrs. Molly Jones went home today after five weeks in our Hospital\* with her lovely baby girl, Rose Marie.

Did I tell you about her case? Adeline and I went one bitterly cold afternoon at the end of February. There had been a tide; the creeks were very full and it took over two hours to reach their house on Sally Sizemore's Branch.

Molly had had quite some bleeding before we got there and after we arrived she had a bad hemorrhage. Quickly Adeline with the husband, Walter, to show her the way, started off to Dryhill to 'phone Dr. Kooser. Adeline had the "Old Grey Mare" and you know how she goes.

Doctor arrived about 6 p. m., and again the patient had a serious hemorrhage. It was placenta praevia with no dilation of the os at all. Doctor packed, then sent Walter, and two neighbor women who were in, off to get men to come and carry the patient to Hospital.

It was now pitch dark and bitterly cold and these poor people had to go through icy creeks and over high hills for miles around in order to get enough men to carry Molly. After some hours the men began to come in by ones and twos, ready to do anything in the world to help.

Quickly a stretcher was made and about 11:45 that night we started off. It was now snowing hard—a regular blizzard. Four men carried the stretcher on their shoulders while others carried lanterns or led the mules, and took their turn with the stretcher.

Down into these icy creeks they had to go—the water reaching often above the knees; and of course when they came out

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\*Mary Ballard Morton and Mary Parker Gill Memorial at Hyden.

their overall legs would freeze and rattle and sizzle as they walked. Then up these steep mountain sides, the ground so slippery that they fell back almost as far as they went forward. You will know the trail maybe—down Sally Sizemore's Branch, up Bull Creek, up Jones' Branch then over that ghastly mountain to Asher's Branch, then up Asher's Branch and over Thousandsticks Mountain to the Hospital. It's quite the worst trail I know.

Dr. Kooser went ahead on "Traveler" in order to send for Dr. Collins from Hazard, and to prepare for an immediate operation. Also to arrange for a blood donor from amongst the hospital staff.

Meanwhile we trailed along at the rate of about a mile an hour, the men changing frequently with the stretcher. We stopped at three separate cabins to warm and to see to Molly. When we got to the head of Asher's Branch and had no more creeks to get through, the men perked up considerably and I heard them discussing what they would get to eat when they got to the Hospital. I never experienced anything like that awful cold. We reached the Hospital about daylight. Dr. Collins did a Caesarean section at once.

I may tell you that the only thing Molly complained of on the way over was of feeling too warm! We *had* bundled her up.

Love and all good wishes,

PEGGY TINLINE, Senior Nurse,

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center.

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### Florence Nightingale in a Mountain Cabin

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"I went to Red Bird, over Christmas, and hadn't been with Green an hour when we were called on a case. While we were waiting on the case, I happened to glance up at the ceiling, which was papered with Literary Digests, and I saw Florence Nightingale looking right down at us. Then the baby was born, a fine boy, named William Walter."

"INTY."



## MOUNTAIN MEDICINE

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*By* JOHN H. KOOSER, M.D.,

Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service.

### ARRIVAL

December 28, 1931, was a most eventful day for me, insofar as I was at the beginning of a medical project, unique in its set-up, and in some respects antedating modern medicine by more than a century. Fresh from the comforts of modern travel, homes and cities, I found myself on this particular day in Hyden, Kentucky, a village of about 319 inhabitants—the social, judicial and economic center of Leslie County. Through the morning mist I could just see, half way up the hill, the solid rock structure designated as the hospital. I added a cuff to my trousers, made secure my overcoat, dismally grasped my bag and struggled up the hill through the mud. In the hospital living room I thawed out before an open fire. This hospitality braced me as the cold facts of my duties were again recounted to me; directing the activities of some twenty nurse-midwives over an area of seven hundred square miles, caring for the hospital with an average daily census of twenty patients, holding two clinics each week at Hyden and whenever necessary at the centers four to twenty horseback miles away, and private calls as I had time. The recollection of the comforts and conveniences of a modern children's hospital and the immediate vision of the last maternity hospital with its galaxy of complications assumed the proportions of a vertigo by contrast; but fortunately my Dutch inheritance stood me in good stead. I was about to become a mountain doctor.

### MOUNTAIN MEDICINE

Mountain medicine as I have experienced it for the last two years has to do primarily with diagnosis, treatment, prognosis on humans, and, as one becomes accepted, on cows, horses, dogs and fowls. It is a series of specialties or general medicine where-in one does his best with the full knowledge that the medical

range extends from tinea kerion to "stubbed toe." Tolerant in most things I chose a median, with my first consideration obstetrics. It is quite obvious that this rather fundamental institution is relegated to the "granny woman," the old-time midwife, in ultra-rural America of which the seven hundred square mile area which we cover is a part.

### MATERNITY

My prenatal work is varied: Pellagra, intestinal parasites, cardiac conditions, nephritics, anemias, pre-eclamptics, acute infections, small pelves, large babies, hemorrhage and mal-presentations. If Mrs. X., para three, with pellagra and hookworm cannot or will not come to the hospital for treatment I go to see her and with the co-operation of the nurse-midwife I am able to outline a fair course of home treatment. It is my lot to check up on border line pelvimetry, query mal-presentations and early signs of toxemia. I do what I can in the cabin of the patient. What should be a hospital case must frequently be done at home because of natural and unlooked for artificial hazards. In the main all efforts are concentrated on normal labors as far as possible in these communities. Nothing is left undone in this endeavor; what is obviously abnormal is either hospitalized or anticipated as best one can in the cabin.

The throes of labor are usually two-fold—whether it is Mrs. D. being subjected to a test of labor in hospital or whether it is in the form of an out-call for the attendant. The call may come by telephone or by voice underneath the window. Winter, night time, ice or mud, and a ten or twenty-mile horseback trip spell labor. But such is mountain obstetrics. Certainly the nurse-midwife is relieved by the advent of the doctor, who himself is highly gratified when the patient recovers after the manual removal of a "frozen" placenta. Needless to say the patient is relieved when the endless second stage is terminated, or the turned "youngun" extracted. A hot cup of coffee and a warm fire—frequently all the compensation that can be offered—is sometimes quite adequate.

The post-partum care is again a consultation affair with the nurse-midwife in second or third day attendance, depending on

the proximity of the patient. I have had several severe complications such as pneumonia and acute rheumatic fever, but fortunately mountaineers are a sturdy race.

### THE "GRANNY WOMAN"

The most tragic obstetrical cases are the inaccessible ones who are left to nature and the "granny woman." The latter occasionally has some ability, but for the most part is versed only in hog greased hands, scorched rags for the cord, and various brews and stews for the "miseries" and the "wasting." It is with dismay and reluctance that the doctor is called. The latter may experience the same sensations in going, as he can be assured of anything from a hydrocephalic to an impacted breech or hemorrhage when he arrives.

### MOUNTAIN CHILDREN

A baby is the "leastun" for about a year and a half if he has escaped the "bold hives" and if he is not "blue pieded." Mountain children differ from city children in quantity of diseases, perhaps, rather than quality. Parasitic infestations are rampant. Ascaris, hookworm, tape-worm and strongyloides eke out a merry existence in the sandy soil and in the various bodies. One rapidly becomes a worm-conscious doctor, for worms are not strict about keeping within the confines of the gastroenteric tract. A suspected case of typhoid with a 28 per cent eosinophilia made a satisfactory recovery after a course of santonin and calomel. When the worms become too obnoxious, hexaresorcinol, chenopodium, or santonin and calomel is used unless the mother has previously used "Sure Shot" or "Dead Shot." The worm problem as depicted by the Rockefeller Public Health Survey is quite complex since it involves sanitary, social, economic and racial items. Consequently results are slow in forthcoming, but results are now visible.

Excepting such parasites, mountain children are not otherwise unusual. Drawing a mountain normal one finds them not given to excessive weight, rickets or scurvy. Posture is poor,

scapulae sometimes scaphoid, abdomens domed, feet frequently pronated. Despite this their senses are acute, their chests sturdy and they often have a tanned ruggedness. Their facial expression bespeaks a naivete that stamps the child as a social unit much earlier than in lowland regions. There is an independence that will out. Frequently the babies get "running off" and the older ones the "flux." Pneumonia may appear or the summer fever typhoid, but the patient is just a patient after all. Reaction to disease is normal as elsewhere—a resistance-virulence combat. Again our chief concern is one of preventive medicine, with sanitation of first importance. One starts with the newborn, where attempts are made to keep "grannies" from using prophylactic brews against poor health. Next in order is supplementary feeding—cod liver oil and tomato juice. Diphtheria immunization is due about this time, followed by weaning talks. "Mountain teething" problems arise next and may become serious. Associated with this is intercurrent infection, otitis media, pyelitis, gastro-enteritis. These infections may constitute the infant's first life scrimmage. If previous efforts have been for naught the infant may succumb. If otherwise, proper treatment may be instituted sufficiently early to be quite satisfactory. By this time the walking stage is in full force and with it the first introduction to dirt—finger nails, mouth, bare feet, soil pollution and the inevitable intestinal parasites. Thus one may grant a child such a handicap at a tender age and in the end agree that all is very well—considering. The subsequent pediatric stage is otherwise not unusual save in concentrated efforts which take the form of tonsil, dental, eye and general clinics, as well as large inoculation clinics.

Special mention often is made of the high incidence of tuberculosis. Save for death certificates, which all registrars recognize as inadequate, I do not know of any statistics to prove or disprove. In a large series of general examinations (ages six months to sixteen years) the futility of a "yes" or "no" was quite apparent. A small series of tuberculin tests offers no evidence either way. The third possible aid—X-ray—is quite inaccessible. In view of this I would be prone to relegate the high incidence phrase to that of an impression. Painstaking research may clarify this question.

## FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE HOSPITAL

Of great importance in this section is the Hyden Hospital. It assumes rather dignified and spacious proportions from the village at the foot of the hill. Discounting space given to staff, district, hospital and household, one arrives at the fundamental concept—an eighteen-bed hospital. Included in this is a large sun porch, two wards, delivery room, operating room and two bath-work rooms. In a nearby hillside shelf is a two-room infectious unit. Our desired clientele is chiefly abnormal obstetrical cases, as well as individuals of all ages who are "bad off" with worms. This necessarily makes for a wide admission margin. In obstetrics our range includes Caesarian sections, abdominal pregnancy and toxic psychosis complicating pregnancy; in pediatrics—"summer diarrhoea," pneumonia, nephritis, hook-worm infestations; in medicine—heart disease, arthritis, uremia; in orthopedics—compound fractures, dislocations; in surgery—skull fractures, intussusception, intestinal obstruction; in contagion—tetanus, meningococcic meningitis, septicemia. In addition to the regular work we may have a tonsil clinic, a dental clinic, or a gynecological clinic.

Most gratifying is what I choose to call my associate staff. Of first import is the attending surgeon who lives twenty-five miles away in an adjacent county, fortunately over an improved road. He combines the virtues of conservative surgery and medical acuity. His was a mountain beginning and he knows. In addition there is a health officer who, with myself, constitute the legitimate medical group of the county in which the hospital is located.

Hospital procedures are naturally limited. With a generous supply of needles, syringes, rubber tubing, yucca board, plaster, centrifuge, microscope and a few stains it is amazing what can be done. One particular 50 cc. syringe does overtime in transfusions, intravenous, subcutaneous fluids, intraperitoneal fluids, gavaging, and for irrigations. This is also true of glucose, saline, opiates, chenopodium, alkalies and a few simple elixirs. One finds an aqueous solution of iron and ammonium citrate is a fair hematemetic. Bismuth subcarbonate and water has its place at times in enteric indigestions. If the color becomes common argyrol makes for an interesting brown. If odor is necessary a

small addition of tincture opii camphoratae serves well. Corn meal comes into its own as a source of moist or dry heat. By necessity our procedures are basic and simple. Ours is a conservative policy, wherein errors of omission are preferable to those of excess. Invention and improvisation are assets. One discovers the manifold uses of the diaper, the ordinary glass jar functioning as a breast pump, fence palings as leg splints and medicine droppers as Brecht feeders. Our small surgery is perhaps most overworked. It may serve as treatment room, examining room, solution room or premature room. Fortunately it is very small, and thereby lends itself to ready cleansing. Two Holstein cows, some U. S. P. lactic acid, karo syrup, lactose and protein milk constitute our special efforts at dietetics.

#### HOME VISITS

As time permits, home calls are made and such calls are usually dependent on the choice of the family and their proximity. Hence it follows that the "herb" doctor or the "poc" doctor comes into his own. Even in the mountains one sees quackery in a superstitious, rustic form. This is an up and down country and one welcomes directions over unknown trails. The white mare prefers certain trails and my Doberman plenty of hogs and chickens. My general saddle bags contain stethoscope, otoscope, Tyco blood pressure outfit and pills. After several years of experience I find I can do very well with codeine, several colors of soda and aspirin. Most every home contains corn meal, castor oil, epsom salts, coal oil, and frequently turpentine, Japanese oil and Raleigh products. After the local armamentarium the simple procedures are left for me. The diagnosis made (they insist on that) and treatment outlined, you agree on money, "trade" or labor for your efforts. You gently refuse an invitation to a meal or to "take a night" and you start homeward. You may give some saddle-to-fence advise as to a baby's "risin" or tell someone to come to the clinic. One always answers questions relative to the call made. Is she "bad off?" Is she "punishin' mightily"? Was he "killed dead"? Thus the news is "grapevined" around the country. Soon the horse senses oats ahead, the rack is in earnest, the final clink of the gate sounds and the call is completed.

## CLINICS

Clinics complete my routine assignment. Twice a week a combined general clinic, vaccinations and barter day is held at the hospital. People who seek individual aid may come to the improvised out-patient department. When the clinic is over several prenatals have been checked, dressings done, a relief-seeker examined, a disappointed pensioner referred to someone else and several "bring them in for worming." I usually collect several dollars, a few eggs, several pullets and perhaps corn or vegetables. As convenient such clinics are held sporadically at the outlying centers.

## CONCLUSION

It would be folly for me to draw conclusions about the people because of the lack of a comparable group. I can say, however, that from a professional point of view, they are most interesting. They have their morons, normals and those of exceptional merit. They are intelligent enough to be wise and otherwise as the occasion demands. One learns this sometimes by sad experience.

Initially I pondered about the lack of more imposing lines to my face, gray temples and a receding hair line. But after several months I was reconciled by the realization that untutored as mountaineers seem there is an enquiring sense, perhaps not conscious, that proportions values. They became not so interested in my youth as in what I could do and how I would do it. I soon realized that they were not different innately, only so by environment. Thus I was literally forced to use eyes, nose, ears, fingers. I was as basic as they—perhaps as suspicious of myself. It has been worthwhile training in all its phases.

Reprinted from *The Journal of Medicine*, Cincinnati, Ohio, April, 1934.

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## Mountain Cure for Head Lice

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"Put 12 garden bugs in a poke and hang around the child's neck and the lice will quit."

## POSSUM BEND CENTER

(Gift of Mrs. Chester Bolton of Cleveland)

Confluence, Kentucky,  
Saturday.

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

I must tell you how much I enjoyed my visit to Wendover. It was wonderful to be back and hear all the news and plans. I do so hope the river begins to behave itself and stay down, so that you can get to Confluence soon. It is surprising how much the river can complicate a normal midwifery case.

I was called about 3 a. m. the other day and when I got up to give Ed Campbell the keys to saddle my horse, he said, "Why your horse haint no use tonight, the river is up way past fording, and I've brought Walter Nicely with me to help." I was soon ready and we started off through the fields as the road was way under water. All went well 'till we got to Wilder Branch, which looked worse than the river itself.

We scrambled along the bank upstream for about half a mile, when the men decided we could wade if I wasn't scared. I looked at the water and said, "No;" but they said: "Be careful because it's awful full and swift."

Walter, who is over six feet, went first carrying the saddle bags and a big stick with which he tested the depth of the creek. I went next and Ed came behind with the lantern and the layette. He is nearly as tall as Walter.

All went well for two or three steps, when all at once my foot seemed to go in a hole and instead of water washing round my knees it was round my waist. The next minute I found I could not stand against it and was about to be washed down by the current. Walter must have been prepared for he caught me as I lost my balance, and we all got out. All of this happened before we were out of sight of the nursing center. And I could



not help wondering what might happen in the next five miles. However, all went well except for the mud and mire which is always so bad when the river is up. We arrived at the house at 7 a. m. and the baby was born at 8:05 a. m.—a beautiful boy.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) NORA K. KELLY,  
Senior Nurse, Possum Bend Center.

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### Mountain Cure for "Bold Hives" on a Young Baby

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"Break a chicken's neck, let the blood run into a pan. While the blood is warm, soak the baby's feet in it and the hives disappear.

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It is the custom in the mountains when a boy baby is born for the father to exclaim, "I've got a work hand," and when a girl baby comes, with equal joy, "I've got a cook". One of our friends, after twelve years of marriage, had five work hands and never a cook. He swore before the deputy sheriff that if ever he got "a cook" he would quit liquor. Well, the newest baby is "a cook" and he has kept his promise.

## FIELD NOTES

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The sewing and knitting classes at the various nursing centers are doing wonderful work and are extremely popular and well attended. At Possum Bend Center the class averages thirty girls a week and they have made 53 sweaters, 36 pairs of bloomers, 28 petticoats, six nightgowns, four frocks, and dressed 20 dolls for Christmas.

At Wendover the little girls have reached the point where they are piecing an exhibition quilt for the Annual Meeting of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority in Chicago in July.

The Red Bird and Flat Creek members of the local committees regularly meet with the classes and take most of the work for the busy nurses.

At Brutus, the nursing center housekeeper, Cola, is in charge of the class.

We gratefully acknowledge from kind donors, gifts of wool, cotton prints, thimbles, needles and spools of white cotton thread. We continue to need these supplies. They should be sent to Miss Bland Morrow, Social Director at Wendover, Kentucky.

\* \* \* \*

The nurses at Mrs. Chester Bolton's Center, Possum Bend, have bought for ten dollars, an old pedal organ, which gives a great deal pleasure to many people.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Nora Kelly, senior nurse at Possum Bend, spent her holiday on a visit to Miss Bridget Ristori, formerly with the F. N. S. and now Matron of Colonial Hospital, San Fernando, Trinidad.

\* \* \* \*

The Hyden Hospital has a trumpet which is now blown for meals, ship fashion. The other day they wanted to get in touch with Dr. Kooser, six hundred feet below them in the village, and the telephone was out of order. They went out on the terrace and blew the trumpet and he understood and sped to their assistance.

Among our guests during the past year, was Mrs. Huxley (Elsbeth Grant), a member of the Epsilon Chapter, A. O. Pi, Cornell University, now married to a member of the famous Huxley family of England.

\* \* \* \*

Twins were born at the Hyden Hospital on the Duke of Kent's wedding day. They were named Kent and Marina. Dr. Kooser went to see them the other day and found that the boy is now called Kenton because his mother says, "It's a lot handier name". She also said, "It's a sight the way folks around here brag on the name Marina".

\* \* \* \*

We consider the Brutus-Bowlingtown telephone lines the best piece of co-operative quick work we have ever known anywhere. When we put it up to our Brutus and Bowlingtown committees that we had to have that 'phone connection, they agreed to give the poles, the use of their mules, free labor to dig the holes and put up the poles, everything except the wire, if we would buy the wire. The wire cost us \$25.00 and within six weeks that ten miles of mountain telephone line was up and working.

\* \* \* \*

Our Chief Statistician, Miss Marian Ross, has just returned from a long holiday, completely restored to health. She went to San Francisco by boat and stayed while there with our friend, Dr. Marcia Hays.

\* \* \* \*

Our senior courier during the late winter and spring has been Jean Hollins of New York. The junior couriers, covering two periods of service have been the following: Elizabeth Horsburgh of Cleveland, Ohio; Elizabeth Truesdale of Fall River, Mass.; Peggy Harrison of Philadelphia, Pa.; Fanny McIlvaine of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary Ellen Monahan of Louisville, Ky.

\* \* \* \*

We extend our grateful thanks to our friend, Mr. Clarence Kerr of Lexington, Kentucky, for his courtesy in taking Betty Horsburgh, Peggy Harrison and Lib Truesdale over the famous

Blue Grass horse farms to see Man o' War, Big Blaze, American Star, Blue Larkspur and other famous horses, when they returned to Lexington after their service with us. All three visitors were enthusiastic and one of them wrote of Man o' War, "Just too magnificent to describe". Another refers to some of the F. N. S. mounts with loyal affection in the following: "In spite of the fact, Dixie, Lassie, Gloria, Mr. Judy and the rest of 'em haven't their tails fixed up, don't have air-conditioned stalls with the very finest golden hay for bedding, and don't go to bed with a hand-stitched blanket and night cap on, I love 'em all and will place my bet on 'em any day of the week when it comes to making time in stormy weather." She adds, "We are woe-begone and sad—thinking and talking of nothing but Wendover. Please let us come back soon."

Another one of the three says, "It will be many a long day before I forget Wendover and all the people there, and I hope to heaven I can come down again in the not too distant future."

Another courier writes: "People can't understand why we should get attached to a place where life at times is so physically uncomfortable. To be perfectly truthful, I can't understand it either. All I know is I never loved a place as much as I learned to love Wendover."

\* \* \* \*

In early May we had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. George C. Cutler of New York, who motored up with our own Mr. C. N. Manning. Mrs. Cutler, coming down Hurricane Creek to Wendover and the next day, going down the river from Wendover to Hyden, rode "Gypsy King", Mr. Manning rode "Lassie", and Mr. Cutler rode "Cameron". Both of the Cutlers were rattling good sports and good riders, although Mr. Cutler put up a bluff about having to get off "Cameron" once or twice to ease his seat.

\* \* \* \*

The sympathy of all who know and love her, and they are the whole staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, the Courier Service and everyone who has ever visited us in the hills, will be extended in the fullest measure to the chief of our office force, Agnes Lewis, because of the recent death of her fiancé, William Anderson, after a long illness, at a sanitarium in North Carolina.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The following marriages have occurred in our Courier Service:

On February 9th Miss Jane Ewell of Worcester, Massachusetts, married Mr. Edward Dane of Brooklyne, Massachusetts.

On March 9th Miss Emilie Leshar of New York married Mr. Spencer Jennings Leech of Rye, New York.

On March 23rd Miss Betsy Parsons of Hartford, Connecticut, married Mr. William Warner, Jr., of Boston, Massachusetts, whom she met on the sailing vessel, The Wander Bird, of which he was mate.

Our former courier, and for two successive years Volunteer Christmas Secretary, Miss Cynthia Beatty, will be married on the 18th of May to Mr. William Goodwin Ludlow, Jr., Lieutenant Commander United States Navy.

The Bulletin extends its affectionate good wishes to all of these dear girls who generously gave of their youth, in behalf of lonely less fortunate women, for an unclouded and happy future.

\* \* \* \*

The New York Courier Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service has just raised three hundred and fifty dollars at its Annual Benefit. The work for this benefit reached its climax at a tea at the home of Mrs. Richard Weil, 1000 Park Avenue, where a box at the opera, generously donated by Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, was auctioned off for two nights, and refreshments, generously donated by Mrs. Weil, were sold. Miss Elena Miramova, one of the leading players in "Times Have Changed", was the guest of honor.

\* \* \* \*

Our grateful thanks are extended to Miss Florence Johnson, Director of the American Red Cross Nursing Service in New York, and her staff for their great kindness in meeting new nurses at the port of New York and extending them helpful services.

\* \* \* \*

Our deep appreciation is extended to Mrs. Preston Johnston of Lexington, Kentucky, who entertained at her country place, for several weeks, one of our nurses, "Stevie," when she had to

stay in Lexington to have treatment for her eye, injured by a blow from the branch of a tree. Our deepest thanks also to Dr. F. Carlton Thomas for his courtesy in giving the treatment which saved her sight.

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The Director was out of the mountains, in the east for over two months just after New Year's, attending the Annual Meetings of the following city committees: Boston, Providence, Hartford, New York, Riverdale, Princeton, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh. These meetings were the best attended in three years, and the report of the work, accompanied by new colored slides was enthusiastically received. The Bulletin extends its heartiest congratulations to the splendid committees in these cities who put over the meetings, and tenders its warmest thanks to the press in all of these cities for their full and sympathetic publicity.

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The Director fulfilled the following engagements in addition to the regular Annual Meetings: The Massachusetts Visiting District Nurses' Association, Northampton, Massachusetts; the Ethel Walker School, at Simsbury, Connecticut; the New York District of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority in New York; St. Luke's Hospital in New York; our old friends, the Bennett School at Millbrook, New York; over the air through WMCA; the Finch School in New York; Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Conn.; the Nurses Club of Teachers' College, Columbia University in New York; Kimberly School at Montclair, New York; the Patriotic Service Committee of the Colonial Dames in New York; Gunston Hall and Holton-Arms Schools in Washington, D. C.; the Ritz-Carlton Cabaret Dinner in Philadelphia; the Shipley School at Rosemont, Pennsylvania; Sarah Lawrence College at Bronxville, New York; Twentieth Century Club, Winchester School, Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh, lecture engagements, at one dollar admission fees for the Frontier Nursing Service, at the Junior League in Boston and at a hall in Providence.

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A number of the Annual Meetings in the large cities were in public halls, but several were in the homes of the following gracious hosts and hostesses: Mr. and Mrs. William Brigham in

Providence; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Proctor in Boston; Mrs. DeWitt Chilton Poole in Princeton; Mrs. Percival Wilds in Riverdale; Mr. and Mrs. George Hewitt Myers in Washington; and at the Edgeworth Club in Sewickley through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Clapp.

We would like to express our grateful thanks to the Stewart Club of Boston for their delightful entertainment and to other hostesses in numerous cities.

The Director accepted more kind invitations to lunch and dinner to meet various people, than can be chronicled in the Bulletin. She had the honor of dining at the White House with President and Mrs. Roosevelt in Washington.

Mrs. Cary T. Grayson has resigned from the chairmanship and has taken the vice chairmanship of our Washington Committee. We have the pleasure of announcing that Mrs. Lawrence Groner has taken the chairmanship.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Mary Graver has accepted the chairmanship of the New York Courier Committee, succeeding Miss Carmen Mumford, and Miss Sylvia Bowditch has accepted the chairmanship of the New England Courier Committee, succeeding Mrs. Reginald Stuart Ward (Rosamond Rust). We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Ward on the birth of a baby girl and have already enrolled her in the Courier Service for 1954. If she is as good a courier and as fine a girl as her mother, she will be a big asset.

\* \* \* \*

We have received grants from the Guggenheim Foundation and from the Sibyl Carter Memorial Fund of \$250.00 each, towards the cost of a survey of certain Indian Reservations which we have promised the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department to make during the summer. This survey is to help determine the best way for the Government to use the graduate Indian nurses who are now getting a year's graduate training with the Frontier Nursing Service. We have also received the loan of a car for this purpose. We still require \$400.00 to meet the actual costs of the survey, independent of salaries, as we figure that two people and a car for two months will cost approximately \$15.00 a day. We would greatly appreciate any part or all of this sum from any one specifically interested and will be glad to send further details if requested.

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## DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send supplies of clothing, food, toys, layettes, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the *Frontier Nursing Service* and sent either by parcel post to Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky, or by freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center or to be used for a special purpose and will send a letter to that effect his wishes will be complied with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

Everything sent is needed and will be most gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

*Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,*

**MR. C. N. MANNING,**  
Security Trust Company,  
Lexington, Kentucky.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember this institution in their wills, this form of bequest is suggested:

"I hereby devise the sum of .....  
dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

.....

.....

It is preferred that gifts be made without restriction, since the Trustees thereby have a broader latitude in making the best possible use of them. Of course, however, they are also welcome where a particular use is prescribed.

To facilitate the making of gifts of this sort, it is suggested that if they come by will there be added to the form shown above some such language as the following:

"This devise is to be used (here describe the purpose.)"

#### Suggestions for special bequest:

- \$50,000 will endow a field of the work in perpetuity.
- \$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.
- \$ 5,000 will endow a baby's crib.
- \$10,000 will build and equip a Frontier center for the work of two nurses.
- \$15,000 additional will provide for the upkeep, insurance, repairs and depreciation on this center, *so that*
- \$25,000 will build and maintain in perpetuity a center.

A number of these centers have been given and equipped, and provision has been made for the endowment of three.

Any of the foregoing may be in the form of a memorial in such name as the donor may prescribe, as, for example, the Jane Grey Memorial Frontier Nurse, the Philip Sidney Frontier Hospital Bed, the Raleigh Center, the Baby Elizabeth Crib.

*Any sum of money may be left as a part of the Frontier Nursing Service Endowment Fund the income from which will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees, and the principal of which will carry the donor's name unless otherwise designated.*

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm  
and carry them in his bosom, and shall  
gently lead those that are with young."

Its object:

"To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens."

