

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

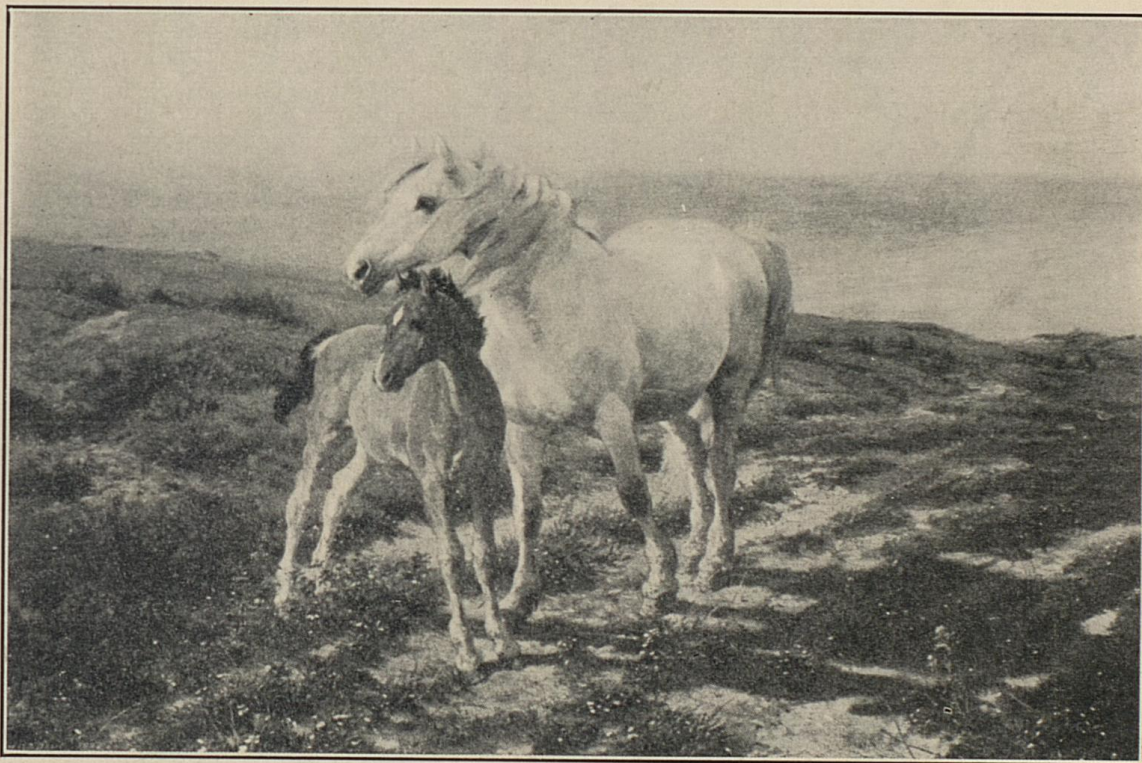
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VOL. VIII

AUTUMN, 1932

NO. 2

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**MOTHER AND CHILD**

From the National Gallery, Millbank (No. 1528), London.

SEE PAGES 10 and 11 for information  
about the second annual West Indies Cruise  
organized by the Frontier Nursing Service,  
on the S. S. BELGENLAND.

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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Thou Heart! why dost thou lift thy voice?  
The birds are mute, the sky is dark,  
Nor doth a living thing rejoice,  
Nor doth a living creature hark;  
Yet thou art singing in the dark.

How small thou art, how poor and frail!  
Thy prime is past, thy friends are chill;  
Yet as thou had'st not any ail  
Throughout the storm thou liftest still  
A praise the winter cannot chill.

Then sang that happy heart reply:  
God lives, God loves and hears me sing;  
How warm, how safe, how glad am I  
In shelter 'neath His spreading wing,  
And then I cannot choose but sing.

—*Danske Carolina Dandridge.*

(Quoted from "Companions of the Way," edited by Elizabeth Waterhouse), published by Messrs. Methuen & Co.

## IN MEMORIAM

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It is with profound grief that we have to record the death in St. Louis, on August seventh, of our trustee, Mrs. Frank Victor Hammar. Mrs. Hammar's work on the national board of the American Red Cross, and as head of the division in St. Louis during the War and afterwards, made her nationally known and admired. The Frontier Nursing Service was only one of her many philanthropic interests, but if it had been unique she hardly could have given more sympathy and insight to its problems. Her home, her service, her advice, encouragement and faith were always ours and we feel her loss more deeply than we can express.

Mrs. Hammar had a genius for friendship, personal friendship, and in addition a breadth of mind and depth of heart that made her the understanding friend of every good public cause coming within the range of her influence. With the mind of a man and the heart of a woman she clarified the issues of her day. We offer our sympathy to her husband and her many friends, but to her we can only wish Godspeed as she enters a career of larger enterprise.

“Her cabined, ample spirit,  
It fluttered and failed for breath.  
Tonight it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death.”

## BETSY AND BOBBY

In Two Parts.

By GLADYS MARCIA PEACOCK

Part I.

BETSY, 1924

Betsy wasn't born yet, but she was getting tired of being in such a cramped position in the dark. The fact that Mother Mandy and Father John were not expecting her for another week did not worry Betsy. She wanted to be born. She wanted to see all the things she had heard about, and above all she wanted to see Mother Mandy, who had been "packing" her around for so long.

For months now she had been listening to the talk of Father John and Mother Mandy. She knew that Father John had chinked up the cabin with mud clay, so that it would be warm for the winter, when "little Betsy" would arrive, and Mother Mandy had saved all the sugar sacks to make into little vests, petticoats and dresses for the newcomer.

There hadn't been much time to do anything until winter came, as Mother Mandy has been working in the fields all day, hoeing corn, planting vegetables, and later on gathering fodder. How hot it had been. How often Mother Mandy had had to sit down on a rock on the hillside to rest, in between gathering bundles of fodder. And how uncomfortable Betsy had been when they climbed up and down the steep hillsides.

Then after a long day in the fields Mother Mandy would stand over the hot wood stove and bake corn pones and fry potatoes. How Betsy wished that Mother Mandy would sit down for a while! Only after a long day, from dawn till dusk, did she sit on the home-woven chair, and by the glow of the log fire, talk with Father John about the arrival of Betsy.

They wanted her—that she knew. Sometimes Mother Mandy would say she "worn't right sure whether she wanted a boy or a girl" but father John would always say he "sure wanted a girl."

One day as Mother Mandy was coming across the creek she had stumbled and fallen. It hurt Betsy, and it hurt Mother Mandy. From then on Betsy hadn't been so comfortable. Somehow she seemed to lie in a different way. She wasn't all curled up as she had been before, and Mother Mandy, after the fall, had complained many times of a pain, and said she believed that the "little 'un wor pitched in her side."

And sometimes Mother Mandy would get "plum wor out," and yet she never rested. How Betsy wished she would lie down sometimes. She hated to hear Mother Mandy was "plum wor out"; she felt as though somehow it was her fault.

Betsy pictured to herself what Mother Mandy and Father John looked like. She knew that Mother Mandy was sixteen years old and had fair bobbed hair, and grey eyes, and she knew that Father John was tall, because he had often hit his head on the doorway as he came in. She had heard the neighbors say he "were a Sizemore all through" because of his black hair and dark eyes. Oh! Betsy must be born. She wanted to see them. She wanted to see the chinked walls, and to see the rushing creek that she had listened to day and night.

Betsy had heard her arrival discussed. They had said that Aunt Liza was to come next week and stay in the cabin, so as to be ready to "cotch" Betsy. Aunt Liza was old and couldn't come very quickly in the dark. Father John had arranged to pay Aunt Liza one hundred bundles of fodder for "cotchin' the young 'un."

But Betsy's desire to be born was stronger than any earthly plan. And so she started to push her way out into the world that she wanted to see.

A hard push and a kick.

Mother Mandy, standing by the kitchen stove, caught her breath, put her hand to her side and leaned against the wall. A look of pain spread over her face, and her eyes looked startled. The pain stopped and she returned to the stove. Several times this occurred. Then Father John went back to his log splitting. Just at the edge of dark he returned, and they had supper.

Betsy still pushed. Somehow she did not seem to be getting out as quickly as she expected.

It was midnight. Mother Mandy had been lying awake.

Every now and again she would bury her face in the pillows. At last she could bear it no longer. She called Father John. "Recken's as how you'n's had better git Aunt Liza."

Father John looked startled. "D'ye mean you'n's is punishin'?"

"Yea, I'm punishin' mighty bad, John," and with a little groan she clutched the bed clothes.

Father John quickly got out of bed. Dressing was a speedy process, just pulling on a pair of well worn boots.

"Recken I'll be agoin'. You'n's 'll be all right till I get back?" Out into a snowy blizzard he went. Saddling the mule, he rode forth for a five mile ride through frozen creek beds and slippery trails.

One hour. —Two hours. Three hours passed.

"Oh! Lord have mercy on me," groaned Mother Mandy. And Betsy wept. Oh! why couldn't she get out and save Mother Mandy all this pain? No matter how she kicked she seemed to get no nearer the world.

Four hours. —Five hours. No father John. No Aunt Liza.

"Oh! Lord send me someone to help me in my misery," groaned Mother Mandy.

Six hours.

Dawn had just broken when the cabin door opened and Father John and Aunt Liza entered snow clad and frozen.

"I warn't able to ford the creek; it wor too frozen, so it took a mighty long time ter go round the trail."

There was no response.

Aunt Liza went up to the bed. Mother Mandy lay groaning. Her face was pale, her hands and body cold.

Throwing off her coat the old woman started to rub the hands of the young girl.

"Aunt Liza; do something! Oh! do something."

And Betsy, who was worn out and tired from fighting to get out cried feebly, "Yes! do something Aunt Liza, oh! do something."

Aunt Liza looked bewildered. "Recken hit's pitched in yer side." She tried all she knew, but she knew too little.

Weaker and weaker came the cry of Betsy. "Oh! help me

out, Aunt Liza, oh! help me out." But Aunt Liza didn't hear and she didn't know how.

Several hours passed. Mother Mandy lay weak and exhausted.

Hours later Betsy was dragged into the world. It was a still, cold Betsy that came into that cabin.

For days Mother Mandy lay weak and exhausted. Father John anxiously hovered by her side. Then, one day, Mother Mandy took a turn for the better. Father John once more went into the forest to chop wood.

. . . . .

And Betsy looked down from her cloud cradle in the sky. On one side of her she saw buildings, houses, roads, cars, crowds of people and life. Pre-natal clinics with Mothers going in and out. Hospitals, where Mothers were giving birth to babies, with two or three doctors and nurses in attendance. City after city she saw like these. Then slowly looking to the other side she beheld hills, forests, rivers and creeks. Little log cabins dotted here and there. No roads, no hospitals, no doctors nor nurses. Mothers giving birth to babies in lonely cabins unaided and helpless.

Betsy looked back again at the cities then returned her gaze to the hills. Two tears welled up in her eyes as she said: "Oh! I wanted to live! I wanted to live!—but you didn't help me, America."

## Part II.

### BOBBY. 1926.

Bobby wasn't born yet and he knew that he was not expected for another week, but he was getting tired of waiting so decided to do something about it.

He knew so much about the world from hearing Mother Mandy and Father John talk with neighbors, that he felt he couldn't wait any longer to see it.

For months he had heard "Bobby's arrival" discussed. He knew from the conversation that a "brought on woman" in a blue riding habit came often to the cabin, every week it seemed to Bobby, and talked nearly all the time of him. From what



Mother Mandy and the neighbors said, this "brought on woman" was a nurse and they called her "Miss Letty."

Bobby recognized her voice when she came in. Once during the hot weather, Mother Mandy had been up on the hillside gathering fodder, when a voice from the bottom of the hill shouted up: "Mandy!—come on down. Didn't I tell you you were to quit going up that hill? Come on down—I want to see you." Mother Mandy put her bundle of fodder down and descended the hill. How glad Bobby had been. It was too hot out there. It made him feel uncomfortable.

Mother Mandy had started to hurry down the hill when the same voice called up, "Take it easy, Mandy; I'm in no hurry," and the blue figure seated herself on the rock at the bottom of the hill and waited.

When they were in the house Miss Letty had scolded, and Mother Mandy had promised not to gather fodder any more.

"You can do a little gardening now and then," Miss Letty had said, "but don't forget—one hour's rest on the bed every day after dinner," and Mother Mandy again promised. Then they discussed food, and water, and baby's clothes, and all sorts of things that Bobby didn't understand.

Months passed and Bobby knew to the day when to expect Miss Letty. One day she announced, "Now Mandy, it's time you got your sister Marthy to come and stay with you. I know Bobby isn't due for another month, but you've got to quit washing all the clothes and doing all the heavy work. You can do the light housework and some cooking, and get out of doors a certain amount, but Marthy is to do all the washing, and lifting, and carrying." Mother Mandy had agreed to send for Marthy.

One day when Miss Letty arrived Mother had complained "of a hurtin' in her side." In a hesitating voice she told the nurse that she thought the "little 'un wor pitched in her side." She paused, then said in a low voice, "Feels like it wor hurtin' jest like Betsy did when she wor pitched in me side."

Miss Letty put Mother Mandy on the bed, and Bobby felt strong capable hands pushing him around. He tried to resist, but those strong hands were too much for him. He felt himself

flop around, then something pressing on his back and against his feet. Miss Letty then spoke. "Now, you young rascal, you stay put. There, Mandy, you can get up. He's all headed for the world now. I've put pads and a binder on to keep the young feller straight." Shaking her finger at Mandy, "And don't you dare to take that binder off till I see you again. Don't worry, everything is perfectly O. K. Bye-bye till next Tuesday," and she was off on Big Red Dan.

Several times Bobby had tried to kick around but Miss Letty's binder prevented him. A week from the day she came again.

"On to the bed, Mandy."

Bobby felt the hands again. "Now, young man, let's see what mischief you've been up to. Ah! nothing. I fooled you, didn't I? All right, Mandy; everything's fine. Be a good girl again and keep the binder on. Remember what I told you—send for me at the first pain. It's a long trip, and the roads are mighty bad now, so it will take me a long time to get here." And Mother Mandy had replied, "I sure will, Miss Letty."

It was two days later that Bobby decided to wait no longer. He pushed and kicked.

Mother Mandy put her hands to her side and a look of pain crossed her face. This occurred at different intervals, then Father John came in.

"Reckon as how you'd better be fetching Miss Letty, John."

"Are the miseries started?" asked Father John.

"They sure have. They hain't mighty bad yet, but Miss Letty said fer me to call her as soon as they started."

Father John pulled on his coat, saddled the mule, and was gone in the dusk, and snow.

Bobby kept pushing and kicking. He heard Mother Mandy say, "Reckon you'n's had better put two large pots of water on the fire to boil, Marthy. Miss Letty said to have one hot, and one cold, but both boiled, ready fer her when she come."

One hour—two hours—three hours passed.

Every now and again Mother Mandy would hold on to the bed rail.

Four hours. "Oh! Lord, have mercy on me. Oh! Lord, send Miss Letty quick." And Bobby went on pushing.

Five hours. The door opened and two white, snowy people entered.

"Well, Mandy, Bobby was in a hurry, wasn't he?" Bobby felt the capable hands again.

"Now, Marthy, a table, newspapers, and a basin. I see you've got the water ready. That's fine. See Mandy, I've brought the baby bundle."

Marthy undid the bundle and held up two warm wooly vests, two canton flannel petticoats, two dresses, a dozen diapers. Everything that Bobby would need. Mandy's eyes glowed. "That's a sure wunnerful bundle, Miss Letty."

Half an hour later.

"Now, Mandy, you do just as I tell you and the baby will be here in a few minutes."

A low groan. A silence. Then a thin wail, followed by a lusty yell.

Bobby, angry at the coldness of the world, after his warm home, continued to yell, but he heard a low voice say:

"It's a lovely boy, Mandy."

"Is it all right, Miss Letty?"

"Everything's fine, Mandy. Now you keep quite still and rest."

Father John stood at the foot of the bed. A broad smile spread over his face as he looked first at Mother Mandy, then down at the squirming bundle on the bed.

. . . . .

And Betsy, now aged two, looked down from her little cloud.

First she looked at the cities, then she turned to the other side, and looked down at the hills. She saw hills, forests, creeks and rivers. Little cabins dotted here and there. She saw blue figures on horseback climbing hills, fording rivers, crossing creeks. She saw blue figures entering cabins. She saw a Mother on a bed, with a blue figure standing beside her while a squirming bundle at the foot of the bed let out lusty yells.

Betsy was smiling.

## SECOND ANNUAL WEST INDIES CRUISE, OR SERVICE, ON THE S. S. BELGENLAND OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE WITH THE INTERNATIONAL

The West Indies Cruise of the Frontier Nursing Service is now an annual event. Everyone who took the cruise on the Britannic last February-March has been speaking enthusiastically of the charm of the crowd that went along, the perfection of arrangements made for its entertainment, and the splendid time everybody enjoyed on shipboard and at all the ports of call. We have but one aim in connection with these cruises and that is to give everybody such a gorgeous time that they and their friends, when planning a cruise, will select the one sponsored by the Frontier Nursing Service each recurring year.

We are again cooperating with the International Mercantile Marine, but this time we are taking an even bigger and finer boat than the Britannic, and taking it on a charter basis. This will enable all of our friends to book direct with the steamship line or with their favorite agent. We are not going to sell the cruise ourselves, but we are putting over the social publicity and arranging for all kinds of special features of unusual interest.

The BELGENLAND is a marvelous boat, 39,000 tons, built for cruising purposes. Seven times she has gone around the world and she has made the Mediterranean cruise, but this is her first winter in the West Indies. She has enormous deck space for sports and outdoor living and two outdoor swimming pools built into the deck. Surrounding these pools are six thousand square feet of white sand from Ostend. Gay awnings and sun umbrellas are set out over the sand in the Tropics so that people can bathe and rest on this floating Lido just as comfortably as on any shore. A little Venetian Cafe close by the pools provides cool refreshments.

Every room in the Belgenland is equipped with electric fans and hot and cold running water. There are plenty of private suites and rooms with bath for those who desire them. The lounges, drawing

## **E, ORGANIZED BY THE FRONTIER NURSING OF THE RED STAR LINE, IN COOPERATION ONAL MERCANTILE MARINE.**

room and smoking room, and all the public rooms, are charming. One delightful and unusual feature is dining room space for everyone to eat at the same time, so there will be no first and second service. The French cuisine of the Belgenland is famous the world over.

The itinerary for the cruise will include the Panama Canal, of course, and, by special request of many friends, the quaint old Dutch island of Curacao—a free port where marvelous things can be bought for very little money—and La Guaya, chief port of Venezuela, with its ride up to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, thousands of feet high in the Andes.

There is an alternative as to the fourth stop, and we would like an expression of opinion from all who are interested in taking a cruise. We may either spend two days at Havana, with its unique gayeties, or two days at Jamaica for the drive across the island to the marvelous hotel and beach on the opposite side. This drive is considered one of the most beautiful in the world and can only be taken when a ship arranges to stay two days at the island. The International Mercantile Marine are sending letters to all of the Belgenland's former patrons and to all who took the Britannic cruise last year, to ask them to express a preference. The majority decides.

The sailing date is Saturday, February 25, 1933, at midnight; the length of the cruise, fifteen days. All information, folders and charts may be obtained from your local agencies and the headquarters of the International Mercantile Marine in the larger American cities, where all bookings must be made, or from the New York office of the Frontier Nursing Service at 63 East 57th Street, whose executive secretary, Miss Anne Winslow, will be delighted to answer questions.

The committees of the Service in Boston, Chicago and other large cities are, also, supplied with folders and data, and all will be enchanted to discuss the cruise with you.

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## CHRISTMAS

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Five thousand children to make Christmas for and Christmas only four weeks off! Already we are beginning to stir—and well we may. First there must be toys all 'round, gayly wrapped and labeled. For the girls, dolls—dolls by the hundreds. And for the boys, bats and balls, toy tools and building sets, harmonicas and knives, many, many knives!—the mountain boy's idea of the perfect gift. Then there must be a bag of candy for everyone. And last but not least, an article of warm clothing for the children in need of it—how many they are this year!—for in the mountains Christmas needs to be practical as well as gay. Sweaters, stockings, gloves, woollies for the babies, caps, union suits (you've no idea what fine gifts they make until you haven't any), snug jackets, warm frocks—anything to brave the winter's cold. And finally trees to be found and set up.

Decorations, candles, tinsel, wreaths, red ribbons, cocoa and cakes and carols and big fires—parties at every center.

Our various local committees are busy helping us in all of our plans, but the biggest part of our job is carried by our indefatigable courier service. The couriers are riding across the mountain trails from one center to another linking the Christmas plans of each. The couriers are unpacking the boxes and barrels of gifts coming in every day from our many friends on the outside. As each box is unpacked, one of the couriers who acts as Christmas Secretary, lists its contents on a card with the name and address of the donor. Within forty-eight hours at the latest, she writes a note of acknowledgment and thanks and checks the card in red to show the gifts have been acknowledged. Other couriers sort the contents of each box in the big attic at the Hyden Hospital. All of the wooden horses, steam engines, balls, and such other delights for the young person of three to ten, are put together in large packing cases. All of the dolls are gently laid together in another packing case. The things for big boys go in a third, and the things for big girls in a fourth. Babies' woollies, both for the baby who has arrived and for the baby expected during the winter, are

sorted and put together. The clothing is matched for size and age and stacked.

After all of this preliminary work comes the biggest job of all, which is loading the mule-team wagons as they roll in from the different centers. Each nurse in advance requisitions what she needs in the way of warm clothing and gives the ages, sexes and numbers of her children. Her wagon is loaded exactly to order by the indefatigable couriers and starts back over the long trails towards her distant center. If she is very busy with her nursing work, one of the couriers will ride over to help her unpack its contents and wrap and mark each toy for the happy child who will receive it. All of the candy has to be put in thousands of little paper bags and tied with red string.

Christmas for five thousand children strewn over seven hundred square miles, is no light undertaking and can only be handled successfully with the utmost order and system. The parties, with their Christmas carols and refreshments and the distribution of the toys, are put over at the various centers near which the children live, with the help of enthusiastic local committees of mountain friends. It is the busiest time of the year with us and the happiest.

To all of you who are responding so generously to our annual appeal, we extend our grateful thanks. Over ninety percent of our children would have no Christmas at all but for you. The dolls you send our girls, the knives you send our boys, the "brought-on" toys you give the little ones, are, for thousands of children, the only store toys they ever receive. Thank you again and again.



## A LETTER

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Note: This letter from Dr. Harlan S. Heim to the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, was written in reply to a letter from her, telling him that the work of the Frontier Nursing Service had to be curtailed during this year of financial stringency. The Service has had a nurse-midwife under Dr. Heim in the Beverly, Bell County area, at the Evangelical Settlement School, for two years past, to relieve him of his normal deliveries. In exchange, he and his assistant have given medical service to our Beech Fork (Asher) and Flat Creek districts, which are nearer to him than to our own doctor at Hyden. This cooperation has been the happiest on both sides. Dr. Heim still hopes to keep up his end and our part will be resumed at the earliest possible moment.

Beverly, Ky.  
June 28, 1932.

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

I have been away for about two weeks and upon arriving home found your letter with the sad news awaiting me. I can't tell you how broken up we are about having to give up our nurse here and also to know that all the work of the F. N. S. must be curtailed. But I understand that it must be under existing conditions. I had hoped against hope, like you have, that things would take an upward swing and that even temporary curtailment would not be necessary. You have kept the F. N. S. going much longer than most other philanthropic organizations and, to tell the truth, I have been expecting that it must come unless there was a general betterment in financial conditions. You know our work here had to take a 20 per cent cut last October and I am fearful of the coming fall lest we too will have a much greater cut in our appropriation which would necessitate us closing up some of the phases of our work. It is a most distressing time but we must LOOK UP. That's what I keep telling our folks around here. Thus far we have been able to keep going full blast.

I want to state that we have appreciated from the depths of our hearts what you have done for us and the mothers and babies of our community in sending us the capable nurses which you have. We have liked especially Miss Johnson and now Miss

Waller. They have been fine in every sense of the word and we have had such a pleasing association with them. I have nothing but praise for them both, their fine traits of character and their efficiency in their work. I do hope that it will not be long before Miss Waller can return to us.

Of course, Dr. Knopf and I are going to take over all her cases and carry them thru and we have already a definite plan which will make us more efficient in our obstetrical work—something which the thoroughness of your organization has taught us.

Thank you also for the report of Dr. Dublin which you shared with us. It is an amazing comment upon the great work the F. N. S. is doing.

I want to state also that we will continue to hold the clinics at Flat Creek and Asher as long as we possibly can. I know of nothing that will stand in the way of our continuing them unless it might be that one of us doctors will have to leave. And be assured that we will be ready to answer any calls which the nurses may send to us.

. . . . .

Somehow I feel that things will come all right soon. Our local lumber company is selling quite a lot of lumber and they expect to resume operations in another month or two. They have been closed since April first. And when things do pick up, how glad we will all be for those who are dependent upon our labors. In these times people need medical services as badly or worse than in prosperous times. What a sad commentary all this is on—well, if we knew what to blame it on to, we might know what to do about it. At any rate, we'll "take off our hats to the past, and take off our coats to the future" and wade in and press on and keep looking up. I know you are not discouraged.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HARLAN HEIM.

## PERSONALS

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We are proud and happy to be able to announce that Mrs. Linzee Blagden has accepted the chairmanship of our New York Committee. A Belgenland Cruise sub-committee has been formed in New York, of which Mr. Bolton Smith has taken the chairmanship and Mr. Ernest Poole the vice-chairmanship.

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Miss Betsy Parsons, of Hartford, Connecticut, a senior courier and horsewoman par excellence, is with us in the field for the third time, to our great delight.

Since our last Bulletin was published, except for the Annual Report for the fiscal year 1931-32, a number of our senior couriers have been with us again—Miss Carmen Mumford, of New York, Miss Mary Chase and Miss Rosamond Rust of Boston.

Couriers who have been with us for the first time this summer are: Miss Jane Norton, of Louisville; Miss Frances Williams and Miss Ruth Chase of Boston; Miss Frances Rousmaniere and Miss Helen Scofield Stone of New York, and three from the Northwest—Miss Mary MacCaughy of Chicago, Miss Betty Wynn Rugee of Milwaukee and Miss Susan Adams of Dubuque, Iowa.

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We regret to say that we have had more accidents to our personnel this past year than in all the other years put together. Leaving aside the three disasters of a year ago—the loss of one of our bravest nurses, the fractured skull of another, and the director's broken back, we come to the spring and early summer. In the course of a month three of our staff met death as closely as they will ever meet it and get by. First, came Margaret Oetjen, swimming her horse across the river. His feet caught in brush, he plunged and threw her. No swimmer, she would have drowned except that Nora Kelly, another nurse who

is an expert swimmer, succeeded in getting hold of her when she arose, unconscious, the second time, and swam with her to the shore.

A few days later another nurse, Mary Harry, leaned for a moment against the barn of one of her patients. She felt a sting like a hypodermic needle in her shoulder and, turning, saw a copperhead snake leering at her through the cracks of the barn. Within five minutes she had taken the Antivenin Serum we always carry through the summer for snake bites, and got off with only a few days general illness. Locally, however, the bite proved bad. We feared necrosis of the bone and had to send her away for x-rays and a long holiday.

Lastly, our young statistician, Marion Ross, met with a terrible illness involving the spinal cord. After a Hazard doctor and two Lexington doctors had rushed up in consultation we sent her in an ambulance, with our Dr. Kooser and two of the nurses in attendance, to Cincinnati to be under the care of a great neurologist, and where a respirator was quickly available should the paralysis involve the lungs. Her recovery has been a matter of months, but it is now nearly complete.

Remotely rural life has its compensations. We live and work with friends, in a country of great natural beauty, and where all the men are so chivalrous that anyone of us may go with anyone of them any hour of the day or night anywhere. But we do have a constant battle with what Galsworthy calls "nature with a small n."

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Miss Ellen Halsall, for years superintendent of our hospital at Hyden, has taken a year's furlough for advanced work in Midwifery and is night sister in charge of the operating rooms at the Liverpool Maternity Hospital, where she took her Midwifery training. This Maternity has approximately 150 deliveries a month. Miss Halsall has two staff nurses and four pupil midwives working under her. When we are ready to

start our own Midwifery training school she will be exceptionally well equipped to have charge of the indoor service.

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Announcement has been received of the birth of a son to Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Capps on October 17th, whom they named Walter Read. Dr. Capps was formerly attached to the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden, in affiliation with the Kentucky State Board of Health, for three years, and the many friends of both Dr. and Mrs. Capps will be greatly interested in hearing of this event.

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As we go to press we are able to add the good news that Mrs. Frederick Upham, now in splendid health, has resumed the chairmanship of the Chicago committee.

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From Literary Digest of May 21, 1932:

Not Guilty.—Dr. Dublin said reports of the first 1,000 cases, submitted by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, director of the service, showed not a single death as a direct result of childbirth. Two men had died of disorders not attributed to motherhood.—Tampa Tribune.

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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.*



