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The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.**

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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RECONCILIATION

I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord;
I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord,
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast
I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

—"A. E." (1867-)

A "Working" at Wendover

Friday, March 16th, found Wendover in a state of general activity and gaiety. Thirty-seven men from the vicinity gathered for a "working"—a tangible indication of the cooperation and friendliness of these neighbors of ours.

A "working" is a common occurrence for which a group of men assemble to accomplish some big piece of work for a neighbor. At Wendover there was an accumulation of repair work, drains to be built to take care of the heavy rains, chicken houses to be creosoted, the garden to be made ready for planting, some carpentry on the "Upper Shelf" and fencing at the Clearing.

Early in the morning the men were busy on these various jobs and in what seemed an amazingly short time results were visible. Everything was done with such order and eagerness that the general atmosphere was one of bustling activity and gay friendliness. One man was overheard saying: "Oh, no, I never get hungry and I never get tired, because I eat before I'm hungry and quit before I'm tired."

At noon everyone gathered for mid-day dinner which consisted of the customary chicken and dumplings, hominy, green beans and pie. One of the men remarked later to the Wendover nurse: "That sure was a fine clever dinner Mrs. Breckinridge gave us the other day." Soon after dinner the men were back at work and by "quitting time" practically all of the work was finished.

A week or so later five other men who had been unable to come that day came to explain and to offer their help. All five came again a few days later and finished the few small jobs which remained.

Perhaps nothing can explain better the attitude of our friends in the hills and their feeling of being an essential part of the Service. To them we are deeply grateful for everything they have done in making possible our work with them.

MARION ROSS.

OPEN LETTER

Ever since my back was broken in November, 1931, the doctors have said that I needed a minimum of three months' holiday, in order to effect a complete recovery. Owing to the difficult times through which we have been passing, it has just not been possible for me to leave the work for more than two or three weeks. I have been out of the steel brace now for some months and get along well with partial support. My last X-rays were in February and showed a satisfactory condition of the bony structure. There is still, however, almost constant pain from torn ligaments and muscles, and whenever I am tired, which is often, the pain is really uncomfortable. The orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Marmaduke Brown, of Lexington, who has been taking care of me, and the other doctors in consultation, all agree that a three months' holiday is absolutely essential to prevent a chronic condition. I am leaving the work, therefore, on June first, and am not returning until September first. My present plan is to sail on a freighter for some point in the Mediterranean, to get a long sea voyage, and then to England, spending the summer visiting friends on country places and motoring with friends, including a number of "old girls" with whom I went to school in Switzerland in the '90's.

During my absence, the field work of the Frontier Nursing Service will be under the direction of my assistant, Miss Mary B. Willeford, R. N., Ph.D.; and the trained administrative staff, who have been carrying such a load during the last years, will now take on the necessary added responsibility. The medical director, Dr. John H. Kooser, who has been with us for nearly three years, will be in charge of his end of things, as usual; and the supervisory posts in the hospital and in the field are admirably filled by members of our old guard. The senior nurses in charge of the various scattered centers are all old guard people. Our National Chairman, Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, expects to spend the whole summer at her place near Louisville, and our Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, President of the Security Trust Company of Lexington, Kentucky, will also be on duty whenever

needed. In addition, one of our Executive Committee members, Mr. M. C. Begley, lives at Hyden, so that the Executive Committee is represented in the center of our work.

This is the longest absence I have taken from the Frontier Nursing Service since it was organized nine years ago, and I have postponed it as long as I dare. As a nurse, I cannot disregard indefinitely the orders of my medical advisors. This letter is written, first, in reply to the inquiries of many friends, with whom I have no time to correspond, and who ask me for news of myself in the Bulletin. It is written, second, as a request to all the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service to stand by during my long absence, to renew if possible their support promptly on getting their reminders, and to keep the thought of the work constantly alive in their loyal hearts.

Yours sincerely,

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

The Cover Picture

The figure on the cover of this issue of the Bulletin is that of Miss Betty Lester, midwifery supervisor of the Frontier Nursing Service, mounted on "Traveler."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We were tremendously pleased to have Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and Mrs. Edward B. Danson, of Glendale, Ohio, visit us early in March. Their daughters, Mary Elizabeth and Anne, had just completed their first terms as couriers with signal success. Mrs. Rogan has accepted the position of Co-Chairman, with Mr. James M. Hutton, of our Cincinnati Committee, and she will be hostess at her home in Glendale for the annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service, sponsored by the Cincinnati Committee on May 31st. All of our friends will remember that our first co-chairman in Cincinnati was the late Mrs. Davis C. Anderson, whose name is held in high regard and deep affection in our Service forever.

* * * *

It was the source of special happiness, at our annual meeting in Washington, in the Textile Museum of Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, that our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Cary T. Grayson, was able to preside and introduce the Director. Admiral Grayson's long illness has deeply stirred the affections of his many friends, who are now rejoicing in his marked improvement.

* * * *

Our annual meeting in New York, in the drawing room of Mrs. Walter B. James' house, went off splendidly, with Mrs. Linzee Blagden, the Chairman, presiding. The officers of the New York Committee gave their admirable reports for the year, and Miss Gladys Peacock sang some of the Mountain Ballads. In addition to the Director's annual report, the audience heard an address by Dr. George W. Kosmak, on the need for the midwife in this country. Dr. Kosmak began by quoting from Dr. Howard W. Haggard, as follows: "The position of woman in any civilization is gauged best by the care given her at the birth of her child." He summarized admirably the condition of the child-bearing woman at different stages of history and the part that the midwife had taken in caring for her. He brought out succinctly the difference between the untrained and the trained midwife, and called attention to the possibilities in American

obstetrics of the use of the trained nurse-midwife. "It would be a sorry admission," he said, "if we accepted a hazard from childbearing as high as that which now prevails in this country. Therefore we must consider every factor involved and if we can bring about a change for the better in certain places at least by providing adequate and proper midwife service, then we should not hesitate to adopt it."

He spoke in accents that deeply moved us of the "marvelous and successful work done by the Frontier Nursing Service," and said that it should be extended to other sections of this country where the prospective mother is not getting a square deal.

* * * *

It was our privilege to present the work of the Frontier Nursing Service for the first time in Princeton, to the Present Day Club. Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, widow of Admiral Goodrich, has graciously accepted the chairmanship of the Princeton Committee.

* * * *

Among other speaking engagements which the Director particularly enjoyed this spring was one to the Woman's National Press Club in Washington, and one to the Congressional Club in Washington, sponsored by Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, née Florence Booth, of Louisville, wife of Representative Wigglesworth, of Massachusetts; and one to our old friends at the Bennett School in Millbrook, New York.

* * * *

Our annual meeting in Boston was in the evening, at the home of Mrs. L. Carteret Fenno. Mrs. Fenno has more than once opened her house to us for this purpose. The meeting was well attended by both men and women. Mr. Charles Jackson, treasurer of the New England Committee, presided and introduced the Director. Mrs. E. A. Codman, Chairman of the New England Committee, arranged this and other meetings.

At the annual meeting in Providence, at the home of Mrs. Gammell, Mrs. Gammell Cross, the Chairman, presided, and the attendance was one of the largest we have ever had at the first annual meeting held by a new committee.

Dr. John M. Bergland, of Baltimore, presided at our annual meeting there, where we had an attendance of over three hundred people in the big hall graciously loaned us by the Union Memorial Hospital.

It was the Director's privilege also to speak to the students of Goucher College the following morning.

* * * *

The Director concluded her Eastern tour by speaking at the annual meeting of the National Needlework Guild of America, held this year in Lexington, Kentucky, under the auspices of Mrs. Paul Justice. Mrs. Preston, of Princeton, presided and introduced the speaker, who considers it one of the privileges of her life to have spoken to and met so large a group of distinguished and useful women.

* * * *

We acknowledge with thanks and profound appreciation another grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, to carry our statistical work and Central records system. To this corporation for its invaluable financial aid, and to Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, for his help in first setting up our Central records system and deciding on the type of records, we owe the fact that our statistical work is on a sound, scientific basis. Our complete records of thousands of the early American stock will be of profound interest, not only to this generation but to future periods of American life. We have nearly completed our second thousand midwifery cases. Dr. Dublin will tabulate these as he did the first thousand. At this writing, in over 900 deliveries we have not had one maternal death.

* * * *

We acknowledge, also, with grateful appreciation a legacy of \$15,000.00 from the estate of Mrs. Helen Draper Ayer, of Boston, through the courtesy of her brother, Mr. Wickliffe Draper. This gift has been put into a trust fund and the income from it is for the upkeep, repairs, insurance, depreciation and general maintenance of the nursing center given by Mrs. Ayer in memory of her mother—the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial. Any part of the income not needed for this purpose may go

towards the maintenance of the nurses working at the center, their horses and supplies.

* * * *

The most recent write-up of our work is in the Kentucky Progress Magazine, Spring Number (The Thoroughbred Edition), and was written by Miss Wilma Duvall. It is profusely illustrated. That entire number of the Kentucky Progress Magazine is full of charming illustrated articles about horses, famous portraits and famous artists, old homes, old furniture, old fireplaces, recipes for mint juleps and Kentucky country hams, and the like.

Other recent write-ups of the Service are: Mountain Medicine, by Dr. Kooser, in the Journal of Medicine, Cincinnati, Ohio, April 1934; and an interesting paper in the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Bulletin, by Sylvia Bowditch of Boston, one of our most outstanding couriers.

* * * *

Engagements and weddings among our courier service are being announced with decided frequency these days. Miss Rosamond Rust's marriage to Mr. Reginald Stuart Ward will take place on June 2nd. Miss Marianne Stevenson's marriage to Mr. Paul Magnuson, Jr., on June 29th. Other engagements have been announced, as follows, but we have not heard whether definite dates have been set for the weddings: Miss Dorothy Clark, of New York City, to Mr. Edwin Allen Locke; Miss Margaret McLennan, of Chicago, to Mr. John B. Morse; Miss Betty-Wynn Rugee, of Milwaukee, to Mr. Herbert T. Holbrook.

* * * *

The Annual Meeting of the trustees, committee members, subscribers, and their friends, of the Frontier Nursing Service, will be held on Tuesday, May 29th, at the Country Club, on the Paris Pike, near Lexington, Kentucky, at 12:30 noon. Luncheon will be served at 60 cents per person, after which reports of the work will be given and a business meeting will take place. Everybody, everywhere, is cordially invited to attend and is asked to make reservations in advance, through Mrs. George Hunt, 424 West Second Street, Lexington, Kentucky.

A Possum Bend Party

May 9th dawned a beautiful spring morning for our third annual Mothers' and Babies' Day. Invited for 10 a. m., some of our guests arrived at 8 a. m. As one mother explained as we helped her and her 18-months-old son, Franklin D., to dismount: "A person can't tell how long it will take to git from the head of Hell-for-Certain to the Nurses, on our old mule when hits been ploughing all the week." Then, in an aside to me: "I've brought you three dozen eggs towards my bill, because I'm looking again in September, and I'm depending on you all to come to me." And so we book another case.

Now we arrive at the clinic porch, where everyone is getting acquainted with old school pals and kinsfolk whom they have not seen for years. I marvel again that we live in such a man's world that these women living so near each other so rarely meet. How gay they all look in their bright print dresses, and the babies all dressed up for the occasion.

Then the work began. Green, with the help of the Washington courier, Marion Shouse, weighed, measured and gave Infant Welfare advice to all. "Pebble" Stone, the senior courier, and I then took the mothers through to the living room in parties of eight, where we had a light lunch prepared, of rolls, coffee, ginger bread, pies, and milk. How we appreciate our cow at times like this!

After a while we all changed jobs and so relieved each other. By 2 p. m. everyone had left for their various cabins, many of them four to six miles away.

We had 24 babies under 12 months old, 28 from one year to two years, and 58 mothers and helpers—120 in all.

NORA K. KELLY.

"A cow is tied by the horns but a man by his word."

—Children of the Mountain Eagle.

By ELIZABETH CLEVELAND MILLER.

Bits From the Letters Home of a New York Courier

March 8th, Thursday.

I didn't think I would have a chance to write before Saturday but as we are now tide-bound at a center called Flat Creek we can't go on. So far we have had a wonderful time. The first night we spent in Hyden at the hospital, two men were brought in, one had been shot and the other stabbed. The next day we rode twenty miles over the roughest country you ever saw but lovely and finally arrived at the center. Next day we went on to Red Bird and yesterday arrived here. Having had to ford eight times with rain and thunder. The nurses at these centers are wonderful. The mountaineers are the finest looking people you have ever seen and surprisingly intelligent when you think of the lack of education they have had.

The night we left Wendover another colt was born. Can't wait to get back and see it. It's time now to feed the horses so I will stop. Don't know if we will be able to get away until Sunday even if the tide goes down. Never had a better time.

* * * *

Saturday night.

We got back here tonight after riding for about three hours in a heavy snow storm which made it pretty cold but lovely. At the center we stayed at last night I went out with the nurse to a woman who had a miscarriage which was some start as it was very gory and I had to hold the lamp for the nurse so there was no escape. I felt very queer at first but I didn't mind so much after a while. It was about 9 o'clock at night and a rough ride of four miles with a lot of fording to do. The husband who came to get the nurse was on a slow horse so he wasn't much help with his lantern and we had to tear on ahead.

THE RELIEF NURSE

By ELIZABETH B. STEVENSON, R. N.

When I came down to Kentucky I did not realize I would be so fortunate as to become relief nurse and go "here and yonder," as we say in the mountains. A large committee meeting at Hyden initiated me into the work and ways of our Service. Immediately afterwards I rode "Doc" over to Wendover, my first glimpse of a place which I always consider my home. The day after I arrived Willeford had a conference with me and the result was the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork that afternoon. It was a chilly October evening when I arrived and the cozy fire of beech logs looked good to me, so also did my hot bath and dinner, as that was my first long ride of only twelve miles.

We were very busy that first month at Beech Fork, and Worcester went one way and I the other, trying to see all the babies and mothers who were calling for our services. I was really just a little proud of myself finding trails and doing a share of the work instead of just riding around with the other nurse on observation. When I was nicely settled at Beech Fork Willeford called me and the result—off to the Barbara Butler Atwood Memorial Center at Flat Creek to relieve for Peggy, who had distant inoculation clinics and would be away three days a week for three weeks.

I got to Flat Creek on the Sunday, congratulating myself on another twelve-mile ride on dear old "Snip" and found a lovely house, and a nice little room which I always call mine. Peggy drew a sketch of that part of the district where visits were due to be paid and rode away leaving me, for the first time, alone, in a strange house and new country. Next morning the sketch was not needed. Instead came a knock at the clinic door at 5 a. m., and I was called to a little boy who had been kicked by a mule and was "like to die." I saddled my horse, got my saddle bags and went along. Whilst riding I asked where we were going and got the answer, "Spring Creek—about two miles and a half." We

rode up Rocky Fork, a place which has rocks so large that it is like stepping up stairs. In a beautiful wood, we rode on and on. When I was beginning to doubt the two miles and a half I asked when we would come to the house, and the answer was "just over yon mountain," making a good six and a half mile trip. Finally I got to my patient, bound up his head and left instructions regarding his comfort and treatment. I was hazy about getting back but had I known "Snip" better I should not have worried. We came back by a very different trail and stopped to speak to everybody—especially as I wasn't the regular nurse and had to give my name, reason for being there, and "when would the nurse get back?"

When I got back to Beech Fork threedays later Worcester had a rush of work, and was out on a delivery. I rode along to help her and had my first experience of riding in the dark. Many and varied are the sensations and impressions of such a ride and I think it will always remain in my mind that first fording of a river, the horse picking his way over rocks, the swirling water underneath, and the intense dark. Fortunately, "Snip" was a horse who "went" better in the dark than with a flashlight. In the next three weeks the trail between Beech Fork and Flat Creek became very familiar, and the coming and going made a delightful change.

My next move was taking a prenatal to the hospital and, as winter set in early that year, we had a hard-frozen trail to Hyden. Riding at a walking pace for my patient's sake, we took six hours to make Hyden. My patient stood the trip very well and had her baby some two weeks later with no heart complications as we had feared. That same night Kelly brought a patient into the Possum Bend Center at Confluence, from Grassy Branch, and, from her story, it must have been a remarkable feat how these mountaineers made the stretcher and carried Orpha and her baby down the mountains, across the creeks, up the very steep steps of the swinging bridge (which I nervously attempt only in a high tide) and got to the center in two hours time. The phone rang at Hyden and my orders were to relieve Kelly on her district as soon as I could get there. On inquiring the way, Green said she was going down to Dry Hill and would

show me the way as there were four fords to cross and Cutshin had quicksand and was very "tricky."

I arrived at Confluence and found Kelly very busy with Orpha and her baby, and next morning set out armed with a list of prenatals and sick calls and instructions to go up Wilder, over Shoal Mountain and around by Possum Bend. I looked for a trail on top of Shoal Ridge, which I had been told would save me two miles, but eventually had to take the long way around, seeing all my patients and getting back by 4:30 p. m. When I returned I thought I was almost finished for the day, but no—Dr. Kooser and Betty and a courier, Betsy Parsons, had all arrived before me and everybody was hustling. I learned that Orpha was very much worse and doctor was giving her a transfusion. Can you picture that small room off the clinic with the patient and the "donor," our lamps draped with sterile towels, Kelly "doing syringes," Marshie "giving" blood and doctor "taking?" I was "dirty nurse" and, between pumping up the blood pressure and keeping the saline hot on the kitchen stove, trying to get everything that everybody wanted at once, I began to think I had only started my day's work, and such was the case. After supper at 9:30 p. m., the doctor arranged I should be on duty with Orpha, as Kelly was rather tired, and I was thankful that doctor "took a night with us," as I had to call him twice. We had a very busy time all that month at Confluence. Marshie was called every night for a week and it was routine to look out for a prospective father with his lantern, saddle a different horse, as we had five, and send Marshie on her way. After much care and "treatments," and many trips on doctor's part, we finally sent Orpha home in a sled—a chair fastened by wire found in the barn to make a comfortable seat, stones heated in the oven to keep her feet warm, and innumerable "kivvers" around her.

Since it was Christmas time I stayed there three more days and helped to unpack barrels of dolls, boxes of toys and clothing for everybody. The Possum Bend nurses had arranged for different schools to come in morning and afternoon all that week. Before we were out of bed the clinic and porch was the scene of many expectant children. Programs and games, the gifts they wanted, and hot cocoa and candy sent every child away happy.

I could guess when a boy had a knife. His hand in his pocket and a very satisfied look proved my surmise correct.

Marion, at the Margaret Durbin Harper Center at Bowlingtown, had just broken the record for midwifery and, Christmas being on the way, my next call was there. Up Wilder and over Shoal Mountain was old ground to me, and my way over a new ford and along the river road to the center was not difficult. Dolls and toys of every conceivable form kept us busy for the school parties. Taking large sacks on either side of our horses and filling our pockets with odds and ends for somebody who had come in from out of district we rode out morning and afternoon till our supplies gave out. Then came Christmas, a lovely peaceful Sunday, and we expected to relax and enjoy the season. But things proved otherwise. Marion had a call up Leatherwood to a sick case and I had a baby case to visit. After finishing my call I continued over Shoal Mountain to have Christmas dinner with the nurses at Possum Bend. The horses had a grand day in the pasture and we supplied them with apples. But the next morning was to bring me a real sorrow as "Snip" had injured his leg and never became well after that. I was at Confluence without a horse and had to have "Lady Jane" sent by parcel post to enable me to reach Hyden that night.

Again Christmas was in full swing at the hospital, and the preparation of a thousand bags of candy seemed tremendous to me. One of the couriers dressed as Santa Claus distributed parcels containing toys and clothing, and the bags of candy disappeared. We estimated about five hundred people that day. Although "Harry" was so very ill I had special instructions from her to "see that Jimmie had his white horse," and Douglas "his red sweater and cap."

The next week the nurses at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus, Eleanor and Lois, both got influenza, and Betty and I were dispatched to relieve the districts and care for the nurses. The whole district knew in advance of our coming and inquiries right and left for their own special nurse enabled me to know the people in a very easy, conversational manner. I noted several landmarks to assist me on my return journey to Hyden, but have had no occasion to make use of them yet. A

trip through the "Flat Woods," recognized in the Service as a very difficult trail, to locate a new cabin where a prenatal had gone to live, provided another adventure.

As "John" was going out for a week, the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River became my next rendezvous, and going up Panco and over Jack's Creek was comparatively easy after the Brutus-Hyden trail. Here fractures seemed to be the order of the day and while John was gone I had a broken arm, a dislocated shoulder, and a compound fracture from the hospital, all to take care of, besides three deliveries. When "John" got back I don't know whether my horse or I was the more reluctant to go and leave the lovely pasture and the beautiful log house.

However, back to the hospital we came and taking a different trail I found myself at Bull Creek clinic where a crowd of people were gathered for a "speaking." I stopped to help Wally, who was busy weighing babies and giving advice to mothers and, also, fathers. When we finally rode home, over the ridge, we decided that it was a very profitable day. One incident I recall particularly about this same Bull Creek clinic. I was in the hospital and Wally was called on a delivery. It being Thursday morning and her Bull Creek Clinic day, she was somewhat dismayed, and I offered to relieve for her. As I had never been over the ridge, Mac very kindly offered me "Scotty," her beautiful collie, and he certainly was a great help. Along a certain trail on top of the mountain and down Thousandsticks to the little whitewashed clinic, with its fence of palings all around, he led me and my horse. There I had an attendance of fifty mothers and babies. "Scotty" escorted me back safely and so I always say: "Our dogs are much more useful and companionable than one would believe."

Up to Beech Fork I was now called and I remember vividly my stay there. Worcester had only one case due and, "as you are here for only two nights it isn't likely that anything will happen," said she. She had no sooner left than a sick call came from the head of the Middle Fork, and getting back about 5 p. m. I settled down for a quiet night. A call up Bad Creek kept me out till 2:30 a. m., and hoping to get some sleep I quickly got into bed. About twenty minutes after I imagined myself dreaming that another prospective father was calling, but on looking out

the window my dream came true, for there sat another caller on a white mule. "Hurry, nurse, she's bad off," was about all the conversation we had and I "cotched" the baby at 5:30 a. m. I got back to the center to find the clinic full of patients. By mid-day I had finished seeing all the patients and lay down for a couple of hours' rest. Another call came from down the river this time. Here I also "cotched" the baby and rode home at dawn, too late to try sleeping as I was meeting Worcester half way between Beech Fork and Wendover.

These are some of the busy spells one runs into and that go to make relief work one round of variety. I cannot hope to tell you one half of my experiences. All the new trails are old and familiar ways to me now—even my little new babies, the "least ones," are growing out of their sweaters and needing shoes and stockings.

There is always something new to see. The Cleveland Clinic, built on Grassy Branch, the new operating table at Hyden, even new curtains and cushions make a topic to discuss and admire. Numerous clinics to help out with—inoculations, tonsils, special doctors' clinics—make relief work very interesting. Last, but not least, the greeting which I receive when I am out on the district, "Back again, nurse, I'm glad to see you. How long do you stay this time?" makes me feel I "belong," although just the "here and yonder" nurse.

Middle English

Old lady, describing a worthless character: "He's pure wastings and sweepings."

* * * *

Young man, pricing oak timber per one hundred foot, delivered: "It will be a dollar and a shilling."

* * * *

Leading citizen, deploring the condition of his sheep: "They squandered themselves on the mountains."

News From the Brutus Center on Bullskin Creek (The Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial)

"Last week Dr. Kooser came over for a baby clinic and we had thirty-nine lovely babies for him to see. This month is going to be another busy one, eight babies due.

The people on New Found Creek, away out of district, have been having diphtheria and two cases have died. The teacher and school trustee came over and asked us to come and inoculate in their region, so of course we went. They have a new school, the most modern one I have seen in years, with proper ventilation and lighting. Such a response as we got! Over two hundred children were inoculated, mostly T. A. T., but some typhoid shots. Practically every child paid his own nickel and they were so proud of themselves. They came for miles in covered wagons because it was raining. The people there have a site picked out and say they will build a house if only we will let them have nurses. The grown people were very intelligent and when we explained to them that the T. A. T. would not begin to take effect for several weeks they promised to take their children "out" to a doctor immediately if they began to show signs of illness. Their nearest doctor is away over at Burning Springs."

(Signed) LOIS HARRIS, R. N.

F. N. S. Benefits

The New York Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Linzee Blagden, lost no time in clinching as a benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service, the repeat performance, on March 26, of the extraordinarily successful ice pageant presented at Madison Square Garden on March 14. The net proceeds accruing to the F. N. S. totalled \$5,058.00. The Skating Club of New York was responsible for the program, which included the world's champions, Miss Sonja Henie, of Norway, and Karl Schaefer, of Austria. This was acclaimed as the most extravagant ice carnival New York has ever seen and attracted a gathering of more than 15,000.

A novel and successful fund-raising venture of the Courier Committee of New York, with Miss Carmen Mumford as Chairman, raised a substantial sum.

During the past year other effective benefits have been arranged for the Frontier Nursing Service. Last summer, members of the Blue Grass Committee staged a Kentucky River Boat Ride. Mrs. Harold C. Beatty of Skaneateles, New York, was responsible for a rummage sale which was highly successful. In the last issue of the Quarterly Bulletin we reported the charming Christmas benefit arranged by our Pittsburgh Committee, in cooperation with the Junior League. In New York an Easter Ball at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel was sponsored by a group of debutantes.

In the nature of benefits have been the New England paid meetings, arranged for the Director by the Committee, at the Junior League Ball Room in Boston, at the Episcopal Guild House in Fitchburg, and at the "Old Hall" in New Bedford, which have netted gratifying results. These meetings gave us special pleasure because they were arranged by our old couriers: Miss Betty Pratt, in New Bedford, and Miss Zaydee DeJonge, in Fitchburg; and the Boston couriers headed by their chairman, Miss Rosamond Rust. Miss Rust presented the Director in a most gracious and well expressed little speech.

The Louisville Committee, instead of giving benefits, undertook to solicit new subscribers and to date has enlisted the support of thirty-four.

FIELD NOTES

We are privileged to announce the approaching marriage of our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, to Miss Hannah Winter of Irwin, Pennsylvania, which is scheduled to take place on June 5th. Soon thereafter Dr. and Mrs. Kooser will be at home in Hyden, in the little, old cottage, which is below the Hospital, which was our headquarters in the days when the Hospital was a-building.

* * * *

We announce with pleasure the birth of Miss Betty Jean Gay, of Bowlingtown, Kentucky, the little daughter of our Bowlingtown Chairman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gay.

* * * *

Miss Nora Kelly, senior nurse at Possum Bend, reports that the ice tide caught her on a delivery on yon side of the river. She got back to the center by crossing a swinging bridge—a type of foot bridge we have in here that is extraordinarily like the Bridge of San Luis Rey. Her horse, however, had to be left on the other side of the river. She said that nothing could exceed the kindness of her neighbors in loaning her their horses and mules to use until the river had gone down enough to get “Pam” across.

During the heavy snows of February and March there were days when the drifts were too big for the horses to travel. The nurses went to their calls on foot, with the father swinging the saddlebags over his shoulder. The climax of all the weather came when sleet froze over the branches of the trees and the ice was so heavy that branches crashed about in all directions and even some quite tall trees fell under the weight. Travel on land was then about as dangerous as travel over the streams.

* * * *

At this writing Miss Helen Stone of New York City is headquartering at Wendover in the capacity of “senior” courier. Earlier in the year we had Miss Mary Graver, of Nevada and New York, with us again.

"Junior" couriers, who have served their first term with us since the first of the year, are: Miss Mary Elizabeth Rogan and Miss Anne Danson, of Cincinnati; Miss Elizabeth Duval and Miss Jean Hollins, of New York City. Miss Marion Shouse of Washington, and Miss Marianne Stevenson, of Chicago, arrived May 1st and will be with us until the middle of June.

* * * *

Miss Louise Taylor, of Hartford, Connecticut, who has been one of our most faithful couriers, honored us with an all-too-short visit in the late winter. Distinctive designs in furniture to suit individual tastes are her stock in trade and, according to rumors which have floated in to us, her creations have artistic charm to a superlative degree.

Books

NURSES ON HORSEBACK, by Ernest Poole.

Macmillan Company. Illustrated.

"Nothing in the range of pure romance begins to compare in picturesque and thrilling dramatic quality. . . ."

—Los Angeles Examiner.

CLEVER COUNTRY, by Caroline Gardner.

Fleming H. Revell. Illustrated.

"A most engaging narrative of the Kentucky Appalachians. . . .
The book is a human document."

—Saturday Review of Literature.

INCOME AND HEALTH IN REMOTE RURAL AREAS, by
Mary B. Willeford, Ph.D.

"A fundamentally important contribution to this vital subject."

—C.-E. A. Winslow, Yale University.

Always on sale. Order through Frontier Nursing Service,
Wendover, Ky. Price \$1.50 each, postpaid.

HONEYMOON COTTAGE

When our Medical Director, John Kooser, and his fiancée, Hannah Winter, set their wedding date for June fifth, we cast about for a place where they could live. Adjoining the hospital was a cottage on a tract of ground we had long wanted. High up on the side of Thousandsticks Mountain, an unopened cannel coal bank gave a promise of unlimited water supply by gravity, thus cutting out our heavy gasoline bill in pumping the present water over fourteen hundred feet from the well at the river level. The tract had, in addition, good pasture land and the urgently needed cottage for the doctor and his bride. Three Louisville friends have bought this land and given it to the hospital.

Our next step has been to render the cottage habitable. It has five rooms of solid oak construction, with a good metal roof and good chimneys, but it needed considerable repair and plumbing connections. We have gone ahead with the improvements on this cottage in the confident hope that other friends will be as liberal as the three in Louisville who donated the extensive acreage and the cottage.

Readers of this Bulletin know that we aim to produce a readable Quarterly publication and rarely ever mention needs for special funds. But a wedding is something out of the ordinary and we confidently expect our old subscribers to join in the remodelling of the doctor's cottage, and help make it habitable for him and his bride. We append the actual costs of the improvements on this cottage in such detail that everybody will find some one item suited to his purse and to his taste:

The heaviest single expense is the SEPTIC TANK SYSTEM.

Won't some public-health minded person donate the cost of that hidden construction so essential to safeguard the health of a neighborhood?

SEPTIC TANK SYSTEM:

Materials -----	\$29.42
Labor -----	78.55
Total -----	\$107.97

Who will give the BATH TUB?	40.00
Or LAVATORY and other fixtures?	40.00
First, we had to build a BATH ROOM onto the house	42.52
Then came all the PLUMBING ACCESSORIES and their installation	59.63
A PIPE LINE must be laid from hospital to cottage	22.65
Now comes the remodeling of the house itself	96.73
Special repairs on the PORCH, out of scrap lumber	9.45
PAPERING. The five rooms were re-papered at a total cost each, for labor and paper, of \$10.00	50.00

These five rooms will make wonderful gifts for five people at \$10.00 each.

We had to have CLOSETS, total cost of all of them, including labor and materials	17.70
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Now, most important of all, perhaps, from the bride's point of view is the KITCHEN. (*Four different people can give the kitchen, or one person can make it a total gift.*) The four items line up as follows:

Plumbing	\$32.81
Remodeling	20.00
Stove and Water Tank	65.00
Sink	15.00

Total	132.81
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Who will give the bride her stove and water tank?

Who wants to donate the sink?

Right in the kitchen we are going to hang an important fixture, which makes a nice gift for a small donor, and that is a FIRE EXTINGUISHER	9.33
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This list completes the cottage itself. There are a number of out-of-door improvements, however, most of which are being taken care of by our mountain friends. They are donating rails for new fencing, the hauling of the rails to the cottage, the labor to build the fence, and a lot of other improvements for flower beds and the like. However, we have one out-of-door feature which has to be paid for, and that is a combination CHICKEN, COAL and WOOD HOUSE:

Lumber	\$17.50
Labor	14.00

Total	31.50
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Anyone who has ever built a new house or remodelled an old one will realize that we have kept these essential improvements down to a bare minimum. Please, all of you, come across with the money to pay for them.

There is one other thing we want that has nothing to do with money, and that is a name for the cottage. Every donor is asked to make a suggestion. Tentative suggestions under consideration are as follows: *The Blossom Patch* (Little cottage gardens in the mountains are called blossom patches); *The Briar Patch* (because there are lots of blackberries against the fence, and aren't blackberries briars?); *Eastover* (because the cottage is on the eastern slope of the mountain); *Kindling Cottage* (because the hospital, just above, is on the slopes of Thousandsticks Mountain). We deprecate "Hillside" and "Woodside," but we do want something in simple, homely English that is racy of the soil. The cottage stands on a bench, or ledge, or shelf, of the mountain—which may give somebody an idea. It is one-story and painted white, and has four native stone chimneys. It is heated, of course, with open fires.

Will all donors please make their checks payable to the *Frontier Nursing Service* and send them to our *Treasurer*, Mr. C. N. Manning, *Security Trust Company, Lexington, Kentucky*, with an accompanying note stating what feature of the cottage they have adopted as a special gift?

We hold over, with regret, until another issue of the *Bulletin*, a profoundly interesting analysis of mountain psychology, written by Miss Bland Morrow, our Social Service Director, whose work is supported by the Alpha Omicron Pi Fraternity. This article previously appeared in the March, 1934, issue of *To Dragma*.

"In the Midst of Life We Are In Death"

It is hard to lose old friends, even though we know they have passed on to a larger life than ours. Recent deaths include: the noted pediatrician, Dr. Alfred Hess, of our New York Committee; Senator Richard P. Ernst, of our Cincinnati Committee; Dr. Jacob A. Flexner, of our Louisville Committee; Mr. William Cooper Procter, the husband of a member of our Cincinnati Committee; Mrs. Richard Robert Donnelley, the mother of Miss Naomi Donnelley of our Chicago Committee; Mr. L. B. Trumbull, Jr., of our Hazard Committee; Mr. George Blagden, of our New York Committee; and Mr. William H. Welch, the Honorary Chairman of our Baltimore Committee.

Dr. Welch's funeral, at old St. Paul's Church, in Baltimore, on Wednesday, May second, which the Director of our Service, attended, was profoundly moving. The Church was filled with distinguished people, including the Governor of Maryland, and eminent physicians and scientists from different parts of the country. The solemn notes of the burial service, read by Dr. Kinsolving, and the soft strains of the music, expressed to the full the nobility of a great and useful life, ended here but beginning in a larger and better world than ours. Much is written of the follies of our generation, but we do produce now and then a character so unselfish and so kind and so useful that even of our generation it will be said, in the years to come, "that there were giants in those days."

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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.”



