

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. VII.

AUTUMN, 1931

NO. 2



NANCY O'DRISCOLL



NANCY O'DRISCOLL AND HER CUTSHIN CLINIC

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME VII.

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In Memoriam

HANNAH (NANCY) O'DRISCOLL

"Oh valiant heart, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

Nancy O'Driscoll was born at Skibbereen, Ireland, on September 15, 1892, and died Monday, July 20, 1931, at the Hyden Hospital following an operation on Wednesday, the fifteenth, for a ruptured appendix.

For two or three days preceding her fatal illness, she had not been well, but accustomed to making light of her own discomfort, she failed to recognize the nature and gravity of her illness and continued on duty. On Tuesday morning she went out on her rounds as usual to attend her Cutshin clinic and visit the mothers and babies and the sick committed to her care. Hers was one of the hardest districts in the Service—a river to ford twice, mountains so steep that a horse could barely make them, seven gates to be opened and shut going and coming. Still thinking her acute pain due to a temporary upset, and making light of it, she fulfilled every obligation—and came home that night with a ruptured appendix. Nothing that could be done afterwards by the skilled surgeon who came in to operate and visit her twice to direct her case, by our own two doctors who never left her, by the nurses who vied with one another in giving her special care, by everything that modern science and deep affection could suggest—nothing availed to save a life precious to many people.

Only a few weeks before her own death, Nancy accompanied the body of one of her patients back from the hospital for burial on the top of a mountain at the end of a trail, every winding of which was familiar to her, through heat and cold, day and night. While the men carrying the homemade casket stopped for some coffee at a nearby cabin before beginning the long climb up, Nancy and one of her friends sat on the banks of the

river holding the rope to which was attached a boat with the casket. Nancy said then to her friend, "If I ever die up here I should like to be carried out as simply as this."

So it happened that before the month was over, eighteen of the men who honored her came up to the hospital to carry her casket down the winding path through the little village over to the banks of the same river. Immediately behind, followed her black mare, Raven, the stirrups reversed over the empty saddle. After that rode a corps of nurses in uniform, and then many, many people, mounted or on foot, followed silently as the little procession moved on towards its final destination, two hundred miles away—the grave given by Calvary Cemetery in Lexington, which is her last resting place.

It is hard to sum up in a few words the spiritual beauty of a life like Nancy's. One of the men from her district expressed something of it when he said, with eyes full of tears, "I don't feel like I can ever go back to Hyden. She saved my woman."

During her hours of delirium, Nancy's mind wandered always to her patients—especially the mothers and the newly born—and she tried to get up to go to them. In her rational moments she gave helpful directions to the relief nurse who had taken over her district. Not once did she ask anything for herself.

A meeting of the Hyden District Committee soon after her death, which passed the resolutions appended to this brief sketch, and which voted to build a clinic at Cutshin as a memorial to her work, is another indication of the hold Nancy had upon her people. But how can one put into words the gaiety of that charming personality which brightened every life about her?

One evening, when McAlpin was playing Harry Lauder's songs on the gramophone, she announced that she would have only Scotch tunes played in Heaven. Said Nancy, "But you'll play the Irish airs for me, Mac."

A character like Nancy's cannot be described in faulty human language. It must be lived out in a life. For a while it was our privilege to know a person from whose hidden depths there welled up a never-failing spring of joyous beauty, one

whose humility took no account of her own loveliness, before whose glad belief in the reality of goodness all harsh and discordant notes died away. Wherever Nancy went, happiness, trust and hope sprang up around her in the saddest lives.

Nancy's body rests forever under the Kentucky skies she came to love like her own. In the creative beauty of her life, we recognize a presence triumphant over the powers of death.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Resolutions

In the mystery of life, we are brought face to face with the mystery of death. Miss Nancy O'Driscoll is now gone—she has passed from the shores of sound to the realms of silence. Nothing is nobler than to plant the flower of gratitude on the grave of one so generous and one whose hands and heart were always open and full.

Miss O'Driscoll died at the Hyden Hospital on the 20th day of July, 1931. A member of the Nursing Staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, she was able, in the few months she lived here, to prove her real worth, and it is our pleasure to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to one who was the friend of all who gathered here, and to one who has left, to those who knew her best, the memory of loving deeds.

The Frontier Nursing Service has lost one of its Nursing Staff—a vacancy that will be hard to fill with one who can serve as devotedly and conscientiously as did Miss O'Driscoll.

To her friends and companions here and to her people and kindred across the sea, we extend our sympathies, and take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the splendid services of Miss O'Driscoll, cut short by her untimely death and in the noon and zenith of her career.

The foregoing resolutions were drawn up by a committee appointed by the Chair, composed of Mr. Ray Roberts, Judge V. A. Maggard and Mr. M. C. Begley, and were unanimously

adopted at a meeting of the Hyden District Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service and were ordered spread on the minutes and copied and forwarded to the family of Miss O'Driscoll.

A Copy,—Attest:

Mrs. M. C. Begley, Secretary.

SERVICE CONDUCTED FOR FRONTIER NURSE

Miss Hannah O'Driscoll Is Laid to Rest in Calvary Cemetery

Services for Miss Hannah O'Driscoll, member of the Frontier Nursing Service, who died at Hyden, were conducted yesterday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Peter's church with the Rev. Father Priest, of Hazard, officiating. Burial was in Calvary cemetery.

Pallbearers were Dr. John Scott, Dr. Scott Breckinridge, Dr. J. S. Chambers, Dr. J. E. Murphy, Dr. Francis Massie, Dr. W. M. Brown and Dr. J. F. Owen.

Miss O'Driscoll, a native of Ireland who came to this country last October to assist in the work of the nursing service, suffered a ruptured appendix while dismounting from a horse, which resulted in her death.

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, head of the Frontier Service, and several members of the staff who have been associated with Miss O'Driscoll in her work, were here for the funeral and burial.—Lexington Herald, Lexington, Kentucky, July 24, 1931.

AN IRISH HEROINE

(Lexington Herald, Lexington, Kentucky, July 24, 1931.)

Funeral services were held at St. Peter's Church in Lexington Thursday morning for a young Irish girl who, after training herself in the best schools of England, came to America to serve with the Frontier Nursing Service in the mountains of Kentucky and gave her life in that service.

No soldier on a field of battle, no pioneer carrying the flag of civilization, ever died a more heroic death in a nobler cause than did Hannah O'Driscoll, the nurse-midwife who came from the verdant valleys of Ireland to the green hills of Kentucky to enlist in the warfare to save mothers and children. A soldier dies in a war of extermination; the nurse died in the war for the preservation of the race.

In the brief account published in The Herald of Wednesday telling of the circumstances of the death of Hannah O'Driscoll there is some revelation of the consecration of the nurses who are giving of their strength and, if need be, their lives in the campaign inaugurated and waged by the Frontier Nursing Service.

Miss O'Driscoll traveled many miles on horseback to attend an expectant mother. Suffering though she was, she had no thought of turning back. Dismounting from her horse to open a gate she ruptured her appendix, but even then did not return to headquarters until she had completed her task. And in the very presence of death that gallant Irish girl gave to her associates details of the work she had been carrying on in a remote section of Leslie county and outlined plans that she had made for improvement of health conditions in her district.

And she was but typical of those nurses and midwives who have been gathered from the United States, Canada, England, Ireland and Scotland, all trained in the best colleges and hospitals to serve in the campaign to care for the mothers and

children of the mountainous and rural regions of the United States.

* * * * *

There is published in other columns of this issue a brief communication from Dr. Scott D. Breckinridge, emphasizing the larger aspect of the work that is being done by the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Breckinridge states that it is the biggest research in public health work in the last quarter of a century, blazing the way for the solution of two of the most vital problems in medical practice today—the unequal distribution of the medical profession and our distressing maternal mortality in childbirth as compared with other civilized countries.

We do not attempt to amplify the statements made by Dr. Breckinridge, that carry the weight of his long training, wide experience and high repute. We do feel it well worth while for the people of Kentucky to get a realization of the momentous experiment that is being made by the Frontier Nursing Service and the noble service of the women who are carrying on under that association.

Sometimes, often in the hurly burly of daily life, with the voice of the stock market and the noises of the industrial and commercial life sounding to heaven, it seems as if the future of the nation might be one only of commercial and industrial strife.

Yet, when there comes such an illustration as is given by the death of Hannah O'Driscoll of the consecration of noble spirits to the service of the race and the revelation of the devotion of those who are giving their all to the saving and the upbuilding of the children of the nation, one can but believe that the future is safe.

A FLOOD TIDE AND BABIES

"Heavens! What a night! We can all go to bed to sleep tonight, girls:—no one can possibly come out a night like this." This remark came from one of the three "District Midwives" who were each awaiting a midwifery call. It was a deluge—and what a "tide"! One needs to live in the Kentucky mountains before they can understand just how truly the heavens *can* open.

I went to bed realizing how impossible it would be to ford a river racing down 30 miles an hour—it would be madness for any one to attempt it; after a benediction, such as, "We have never lost a baby as a result of a tide, yet," I closed my eyes and ears and was lost to the world—until 2:30 A. M.—I heard the call, "Hey there," but of course it could not be for me—I snuggled down again but within the next two minutes "Betty" switched on my light—"Batten," it's "Mat Asher." I think Betty's eyes were pretty eloquent. She was sorry any one had to turn out on such a night—but her sympathy took a practical form—she said "I'll go down to saddle 'Snip' for you." As she disappeared, another form came and another voice—this time "Harry"—"Batten, wouldn't you like a cup of tea before you go?" How well she knew my "life-saver." By this time I was all set and I believed I was sufficiently awake to smile, when Harry again asked: "Batten, got any tea to take with you?"

We reached the hall to find Betty holding quite a conference with Mat and his brother. Quickly I was told it was impossible to take "Snip"; it was the biggest tide ever and even the roads were flooded—so we would have to wade the flooded roads until we could make a detour to the river and then cross over in a boat. What a thrill! I was truly all excited. What could be more thrilling than setting out at 3 A. M. on foot—one man with the saddlebags over his shoulder and the other carrying the baby's bundle (the layette) and I, bringing up the rear trying to remember where a road once was as recently as the

day before—and then to find myself floundering knee-deep in water. All things come to an end—and at last, we were almost at the point where the boat was tied. Suddenly from Mat came —“How heavy are you, Miss Batten?” I had to acknowledge my 165 pounds, though what that had to do with the situation I could not guess. I thought I was probably satisfying a little curiosity since our age and weight seem to give rise to much speculation at times, but I was soon to realize it was not idle curiosity. We had reached the river; it was so inky black I could neither see the boat or the river—but the latter made itself plainly heard.

I was assigned to the middle bench in a boat—I wonder if I can describe it? I called it a boat! It was a crudely built little craft that did duty as a boat—perhaps about 12 to 15 feet long—about 2 to 2½ feet wide and certainly not more than 12 inches deep. I got safely seated in the middle and after the boat finished rocking from such a heavy load, the two men took their places one in either end. It was impossible to see either but I felt violent vibrations so I realized we were moving in some direction. Suddenly, Mat spoke again, “Miss Batten, we’ll try to get you safely across, but if not, we’ll try to save you from drowning.” I laughed; I really thought it was a joke and treated it as such and told them quite honestly I wasn’t afraid; I knew he was much too anxious about his wife to let anything happen to me.

The next thing that happened, was a thud. We had reached the opposite bank and I was invited to climb out. The first thing I did was to miss my footing and found myself being hauled up from the river by two strong arms—Luckily it was a shallow part of the river.

At last I got to the bank. A new experience awaited me. They had a mule hitched, waiting for me, so I was helped aboard the mule and with instructions: “The mule will take you home,” and, “Miss Batten, it’s to be a boy!” away I went.

I always lose my sense of direction in the dark. This mule certainly knew highways and byways my dear old “Snip” could never have known. But after what seemed an eternity, we

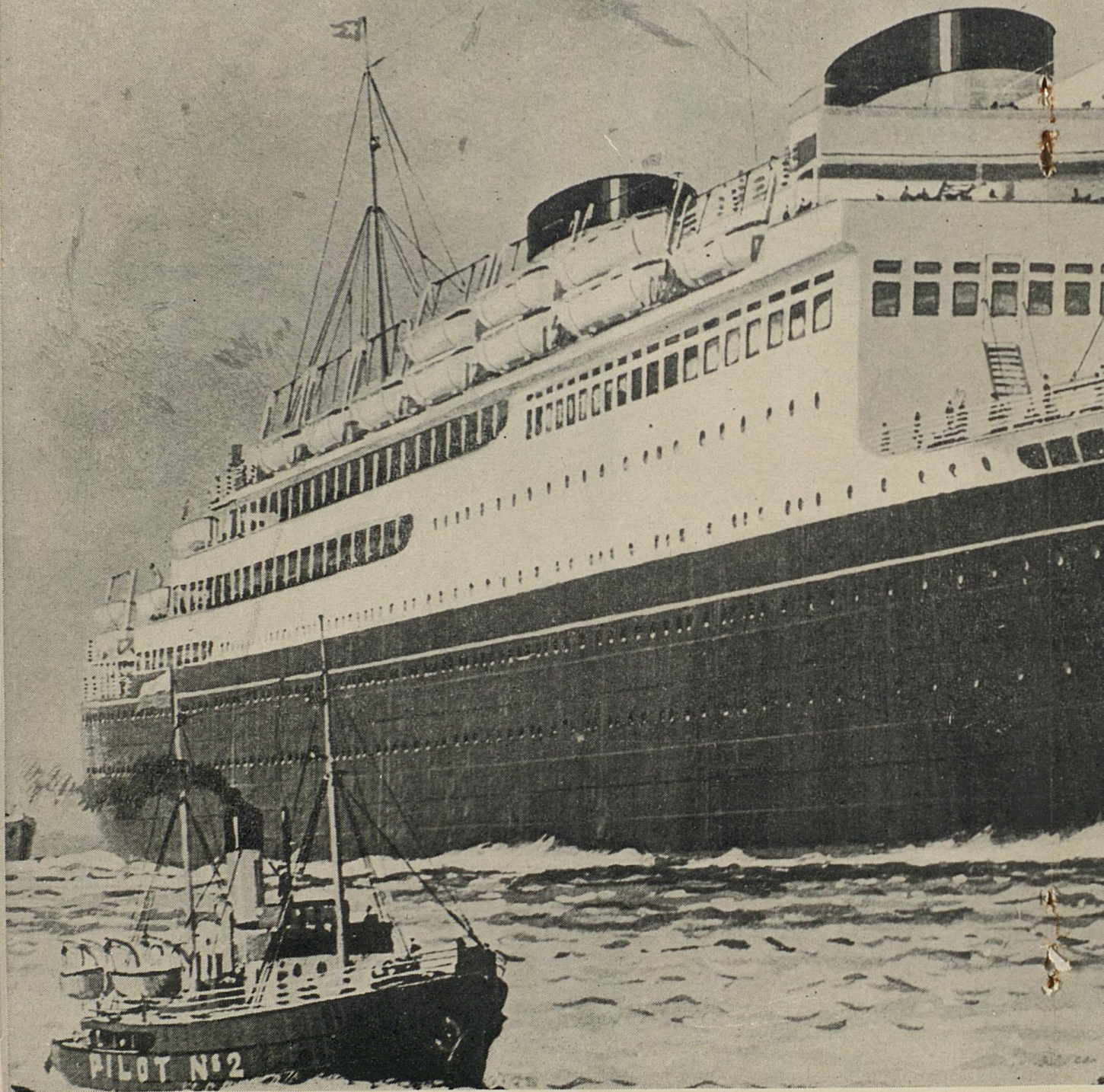


GOING TO MARKET
—JAMAICA

CATHEDRAL
AND
CLOISTERS
WHERE
COLUMBUS
WAS
BURIED

—HAVANA

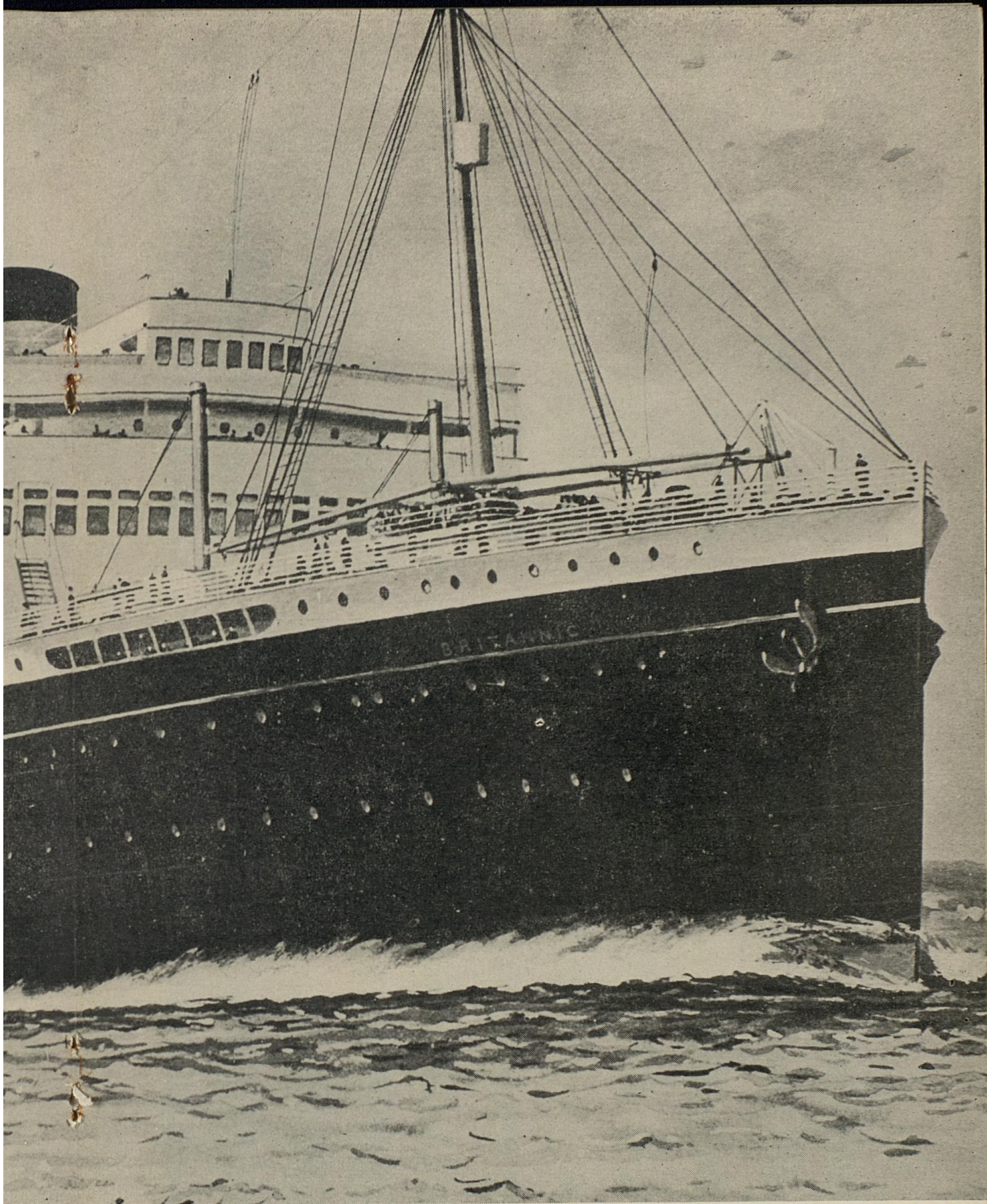




M. V. BRITANNIC of the WHITE STAR LINE

West Indies Cruise — February 27th - March 13th, 1932

NASSAU — PORT AU PRINCE — KINGSTON \$200 up
CARTAGENA — PANAMA CANAL — HAVANA



Write for descriptive folders to the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE New York Office
63 East 57th Street, New York City
or White Star Line, 1 Broadway, New York City



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CARTAGENA, OLDEST CITY ON THE SPANISH MAIN



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ONE OF NASSAU'S LOVELY RESIDENTIAL AREAS

arrived at Mat's home. "Nannie" was more than glad to see me and in less time than it takes to tell, I was pretty busy, and one hour from the time of my arrival, I presented *Mat* with his *first son*. He already had four girls. You can imagine with what joy he went out and killed the chicken, and dressed it, that half an hour later graced the breakfast table, fried to perfection for nurse's special benefit.

7 A. M.

"Well, Miss Batten, if you are ready we'll take you back." Again the river was reached, this time in day-light. What a sight! Never shall I forget it, or the fear that leaped into my heart as I stepped into that boat. The daylight revealed much. A river racing down at between 30 and 40 miles an hour—a frail little barque—leaking vigorously at one end and occupying one man continuously ladelling out while the other pulled for his life "across current." I sat, this time, terrified, gripping the sides of the boat, and as I did so my fingers were touching the water. But eventually, after what seemed hours, the other side was reached and in half an hour, "except for making my will," it remained an experience and I went to bed—to finish that wonderful sleep I started the night before.

5 P. M.

I arrived down in the dining room for supper. Almost the first comment I heard was: "Isn't it sad about that girl who was drowned?" I asked who and where—to my intense horror I was told one of my young expectant mothers tried to make the same crossing in the same boat about noon—the current was too strong—it carried the boat, herself and her brother down stream and on striking the rocks "Belvie" was thrown out, carried downstream and was found some five hours later, drowned.

My heart was sad indeed. Next morning—8 A. M.—"Miss Batten, another call." The same ford to cross. Am I forgiven if I say, I went with tears in my heart, at least? Arriving at the ford, I saw two boats, I was asked which I would take and was told which was the unfortunate boat of the day before—"Thank you," I said, "I'll go in the other one." Two hours later, fords and fear were forgotten, here was an-

other baby for another "loving heart and arms to care for." And I felt some shame to think I set out so fearfully. I still travel the same roads and cross the same fords and am writing this while I am awaiting Baby No. seven-in-his-family to arrive at another home.

A lover of mothers and babies and a nurse-midwife,
EDITH BATTEN.

Sayings of the Children

Marion Price went up Otter Creek to weigh the newest Abner baby and when she tied him up in a diaper to hand him from the hand scales you could hear him all over the mountain side. Whereupon nine-year-old brother poked his head around the door and remarked, "He shore is p'ison mad."

Visiting Doctor to a mountain Deputy Sheriff, "Isn't it rather dangerous to be a sheriff in these hills?"

Deputy Sheriff, "No, siree! I'd a heap rather be sheriff here where I know everybody than take a chance in a city where they never know who does a crime and don't know who to look for."

IMPRESSIONS OF A COURIER

A Letter

Dear Father:

On Monday we started out on "Rounds," an expression that means riding between Centers—a trip of about one hundred miles on horseback. We were sent out to take an important letter that demanded an immediate answer. You see, the mails are very unreliable, and awfully slow, so the "Courier Service," as we call ourselves, has to be called out. We had Glen and Bobby, two perfectly darling coal black horses, and one pair of saddle bags for tooth brushes and a change of shirts. Isn't that an exciting way to start out on a four days' travel?

The first night we spent at Bowlingtown, arriving amidst a downpour of rain, after riding thirty miles. Next day we started at 5 o'clock. There was the most glorious sunrise I have ever seen. The country around here is very beautiful, mountainous and verdant with flowers glowing everywhere, masses of goldenrod, iron weed, and devil's paint brush.

We stopped at Brutus for lunch and went on to Red Bird that night. In the morning we rode over to Flat Creek for lunch, on to Beech Fork for the night, and then back to Wendover the next day. We were much impressed during our Rounds with the nurses at all the Centers. They were as nice as they could be, and very forbearing with Couriers who arrive late, and leave at extraordinary hours in the morning.

Wednesday, we got up at 6:30 to go to the Head of Hurricane Creek to meet three doctors who were coming in to hold clinics. We had a hectic time getting off. Have you ever tried to groom and saddle five horses when you felt as though you should still be "dreaming sweet dreams?" Rhody, the mule, felt facetious and dashed madly around the paddock, leading us a merry chase, but we finally caught her with a bribe of sugar. Diana, a little sorrel mare, that we hoped would run loose in front of us, suddenly remembered her oats at home and started back. We managed to round her up, and arrived

at the Head of Hurricane just as the Hyden-Hazard bus was departing in a cloud of dust, leaving three men standing forlornly by the lone log that marks the trail down to Wendover. We introduced ourselves as couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service, got them mounted and brought them safely home.

The rest of the morning was spent in currying horses, putting blue lotion on girth sores and bad backs, cleaning up the saddle room, and bradding some very nifty looking brass name plates on the various horses' saddles and bridles. In the afternoon one of us was set to painting the kitchen tables while the other hung the curtains in the living room. In the evening we had a rather sleepy game of twenty-one and so to bed. At midnight we both awoke with a start to hear some one yelling at Dougall, the nurse, "Hulloa, woman, my woman wants ye." We could hear Dougall dressing in the next room so we threw on our bath-robcs and went out to saddle Dixie. Honestly, there is nothing more exciting than hearing that call, and watching the flashlight of the nurse as it disappears into the darkness.

Friday morning Willeford and I took five children out to the Children's Free Hospital in Cincinnati for treatment. We started off in "Royal Harry," the Service car, packed in like sardines with the children, age 4, 6, 7, 9 and 11. We both had a box of Kleenex apiece for use in case of car sickness. We arrived at Lexington at 5 o'clock and caught the 5:50 train for Cincinnati, reaching there at 9:30. The children were exhausted and so were we but at least we felt triumphant at having accomplished the trip without losing any of them. Really, it is a task to keep track of five very lively children even if they are good. I've never seen such a remarkable exhibition of poise as they displayed. They'd never seen a train, or been in an elevator, or seen a city brightly lighted at night but not one of them was frightened or expressed undue surprise. Every one of their actions was worthy of a fifty-year-old diplomat.

Tomorrow we drive back to Wendover to meet some guests whom we are to take on "rounds."

Yours for the Life of a Courier,

CARMEN MUNFORD.

PEDIATRICS IN THE MOUNTAINS

The field of Pediatrics usually precludes a rather delicate specialty, whereby one has access to very adequate facilities for diagnosis and treatment, and where the child is the center about which all things rotate. Pediatrics in the mountains has some likeness to so-called city pediatrics but needless to say the differences are more outstanding. Where will city children walk one to five miles to be examined—or in what other localities do mothers ride 15 miles—carrying sick babies to the hospital for treatment?

In the beginning these children usually start life as suckling babes, to be quite normal until crawling and walking time, save for a few benign skin diseases gotten from the little sister nurse-maid. From this period until school age (five to ten years) they are literally children of the soil, subject to the whims of nature upon whose kindness they are dependent in many ways. Hence it follows that at a tender age they are subject to the ravages of the soil polluters, and as a result—*Ascaris*, *trichuris*, hookworm et al, make their initial appearance, to destroy, mar or to be defeated, as the environment may decree. In addition to this the usual run of acute infections, contagious and non-contagious, are to be found with the usual results. As school children they ordinarily have become resistant to the medical problems of their more juvenile days, and are now quite eager to get some "schoolin." Amidst the intense natural social, physical and economic handicaps these poverty stricken mountain children show an innate poise that is indeed most charming.

During five weeks I examined some 960 children. Three days spent at Flat Creek in Clay county, may be taken as a rather typical cross section. There 183 children were seen during two days at distant schools, and one day at the Center Clinic.

A local school perched on large corner stones, in an adequate clearing by the roadside, does lend itself, after a fashion,

to clinic purposes. It is usually a fairly large one-room affair, containing very rustic "home made" desks and seats, quantity sufficient, provided two to four students may accommodate themselves in one seat. The schoolmaster has a much more pretentious desk, and boasts the only single seat in the room. There are, in addition, several large benches to be found for the smaller children, who are unable to adjust to the regular desks. The fore wall usually shows a space painted an appropriate color, which serves as a black board, and as an area for religious explanations—for most schools are church centers as well. Ventilation is more than adequate. Only in severe weather is the stove "set up," or the windows "put in." If the windows are in, it is not for long, as they frequently become the subjects of violence on the part of Saturday night marauders. At any rate there is a place for the measuring tape, a spot for the scales, a window position for the examining bench and chair—and the stage is set.

The boys are invited to play mountain base ball without, while the girls are being examined. The room then becomes "a buzz"—with eager whispers from various corners—"Who's to go first?"—"I don't want to be examined,"—or "I won't be stripped in this here place." Usually amid much blushing, and tittering (for the mountain girl is very shy) the examining starts. Progress is satisfactory. One notes mothers with babes in arms, and "tiny skirt totters," slowly drifting into seats,—so this will be another busy day. Soon a little preschooler is observed on the waiting bench. One can hear the mother say, "Stop crying. Doctor ain't gonna kill you! Elihu, do you hear me!" A little two-year-old tot is still being breast fed, and he now continues in complete breast milk oblivion until doctor sees him. Well, in short he objects. "He's just a bit cussid," according to mother; then he most lustily announces his dissent—but with a nod to the assisting nurse he is "overpowered," and amidst much sputtering and spitting is examined. Fortunately such children are in the minority, but all in the day's work. After recovery—examinations continue! Lizzie with poor posture, emaciation, enlarged tonsils and dental caries; Mary with poor posture, malnutrition, dental caries,

and adolescent thyroid; Carlin with malnutrition, poor posture, dental caries and scabies. And so on, until the signs of hunger call us to the knapsack contents.

Usually some hillside rock may be sufficiently isolated from the wandering hog to make for a pleasant festive board. In case the milk in the thermos bottle hasn't "churned" or "soured," the meal is perfect. Usually we rest until at least part of our expended energy has been revived—then we try to index the future mountain manhood, as to those who need Dental, E. N. T., Orthopedic, Anti-parasitic or Dermatological care. There, the last one—and we are through.

We promptly replace our equipment in our saddle bags, may needs catch our stray horse, or mend a broken rein, but soon Toby and his varied companion travellers are trekking homeward, with nurse, doctor, and Center dog.

At home—general relaxation ensues. Lady Jane kicks joyfully at the oak in her stall; Sable, the puppy, has a final round with the cat; the mellowing colors of dusk appear, and with it the mountain din of crickets, tree frogs, and "katydids." After a bounteous mountain fare we check daily reports, write letters, play some three-handed card game, and finally take our candles to invade the land of Morpheus, knowing a bit more about mountain children.

JOHN H. KOOSER.

Committee On the Cost of Medical Care

A pamphlet entitled "The Frontier Nursing Service, an attempt to provide midwifery, nursing, surgical, medical, dental, social service and hospital service for a remote rural area," by Miss Anne Winslow, Executive Secretary of the New York Office, will appear shortly as one of the series of "Miscellaneous Contributions" edited by the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care.

FIELD NOTES

We are swinging into our huge Christmas program for nearly 5,000 children, and as this Bulletin goes to press the boxes and barrels are beginning to come in from all directions. Every child will get a bag of candy and a toy, and those who need it shoes and warm clothing.

During the past spring and summer we have had the pleasure of entertaining over eighty-five guests. Among the many interesting ones were three fellowship students from Oxford now at Chicago University, Mr. Percival Mallalieu, Mr. W. J. Sartain and Dr. W. G. K. Duncan; Dr. Leslie L. Lumsden of the United States Public Health Service, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur T. McCormack, Dr. William DeKline of the American Red Cross, and our old friend Dr. Gilbert F. Otto, the helminthologist, with his associate, Dr. C. M. Johnson, and the distinguished public health authority, Dr. W. W. Cort. We have also had with us two foresters making a study of the forestry situation, Miss Julia Lee and Mr. Richard Stevens; and Mrs. Franco Ferreiro and Mrs. W. C. Drummond, representing the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority.

The handling of our guests would have been impossible without our splendid courier service. The following have been in the field this summer:

SENIOR COURIERS: Miss Ethel Bartlett, Litchfield, Conn.; Miss Elizabeth Boardman, New York, N. Y., and Miss Carmen Mumford, New York, N. Y.

FIRST YEAR COURIERS: Miss Betty Pratt, New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Jane Ewell, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Anne Houghton, Milton, Mass.; Miss Susan Morse, Weston, Mass.; Miss Rosamond Rust, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; Miss Mary D. Chase, Milton, Mass., and Miss Hope Foote, New York, N. Y.

The three Executive Secretaries, Miss Anne Winslow for New York, Mrs. John C. Gardner for Chicago, Miss Zaydee

DeJonge for Boston; also Miss Jessie Carson, Contact Secretary, who will work through the winter in California, have all been in the field this summer for work and observation connected with their offices.

At the September 14th meeting of the Perry-Leslie County Medical Association held at Hyden Hospital, Mrs. Breckinridge was unanimously elected an honorary member.

We have been fortunate in having Dr. John E. Kooser and Dr. George P. Sturgis who gave their services during the summer. Through our usual arrangement with the State Dental Association we have also had Dr. Arthur M. Laird again, assisted by Phillip Blackerby, son of Dr. R. E. Blackerby of the State Board of Health.

During Mrs. Breckinridge's absence the Service was run by the Assistant Directors, Miss Gladys M. Peacock and Miss Mary B. Willeford, and Miss Marion S. Ross, Chief Secretary. Miss Peacock has now returned to Teachers' College, New York, to complete the work necessary for her B. S. Miss Willeford is doing the final year's work on her Ph. D. in nursing, and Miss Ross is completing the last semester for her M. A. in statistics on a fellowship grant from the Carnegie Corporation.

Miss Agnes Lewis is in charge of the Record System in Miss Ross' absence.

Miss Bland Morrow, after a summer back at her old post in the hills, has returned to New York for her last year at the New York School of Social Work. Next June she takes up her new duties as head of the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service financed by the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority and under the direction of their Advisory Board.

Miss Bessie Waller and Miss Nora Kelly, the two Confluence nurses, who run Mrs. Chester Bolton's Center, spent the

summer holidays, one in Alaska, the other in Panama, and have now returned to their job immensely invigorated and with plenty of conversation for the long winter evenings. Miss Annie P. MacKinnon (McAlpin) has been over in Scotland for her holiday, while Miss Betty Lester and Miss Edith Matthams paid their first visit to England in three years.

Miss Margaret Tinline took graduate work in Public Health with the Visiting Nurse Association of Cleveland at Western Reserve for six weeks during the summer. Miss Lois Harris, Miss Frances Fell and Miss Margaret Oetjen have returned from Scotland to take up their posts in the field after completing their training as midwives with the Queen's Nurses in Edinburgh, and passing the examination of the Scottish Central Midwives Board. Miss Oetjen also took six months graduate work in Public Health with the Detroit Visiting Nurse Association.

Miss Rose McNaught has been loaned by the Frontier Nursing Service to the Association for the Promotion and Standardization of Midwifery in New York for the coming year as Midwifery Supervisor of student nurse-midwives.

We offer best wishes for her happiness to Miss Helen Gordon of the Record Department who married Mr. Dan Rasmussen in July.

We wish to express our gratitude and appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Robinson of Cold Springs, Kentucky, for the "Garden House," a much needed home for the Record Department of the Service and a number of the Secretarial Staff. Miss Rosalie Edmondson directed the piece of construction which was done almost entirely by local labor, the contractor being Mr. Nick Lewis of Hyden. It has been furnished with chairs made by Mr. Couch of Bowlingtown and beautiful walnut desks and tables by Mr. Floyd Bowling of Big Creek.

THE COUNTY FAIR

Clay County's Fair this summer had a new attraction. Miss Edith Matthams, one of the nurses at the Red Bird Center, had a most interesting health booth, the first of its kind to be held in that county. It stood out from the other exhibits by virtue of its clean white walls, the nurse in her white uniform and the bright colored health posters. Inside was an almost life-size sanitary dirt toilet as approved by the Kentucky State Board of Health, a model fly and snake-proof baby-bed, and a model milk safe. Over each one was a printed notice giving the exact cost of lumber, nails, labor, etc., involved in the construction. There was also a baby scales with a sign, "Let us weigh your baby," which attracted many people, and a model layette on display. Chairs were provided outside for those who wished to rest thus affording the nurse ample opportunity for giving advice and health instruction in addition to the printed literature which was, of course, on hand for those who read.

The nurse came in contact with everybody from County Judge to the humblest citizen, and the doctors and leading citizens of Manchester did everything in their power to help her make the demonstration a success.

It might almost be said that the hero of the occasion was the sanitary toilet which caused intense interest and was the subject of an article in the Manchester Guardian, the local newspaper, the following day.

The same exhibit that we had at Manchester was again displayed at the Robinson Harvest Festival at Quicksand, in Breathitt County (the Agricultural Experimental Sub-Station of the University of Kentucky), and at the Leslie County fair at Hyden.

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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.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who may be willing 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 two are already endowed.

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.”

