

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NO. 2



GUESTS ARRIVING

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME V.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 2

“Entered at second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.”

THE FIRST OF OUR COMMUNITY HOSPITALS

HYDEN

Patients cared for?

Patients, 69; Days, 1438.

Where from?

Four counties

How brought in?

On horse and mule back over trails.

By flat boat up the river.

By stretcher with 4 relays of 6 bearers (24 in all) distance of 7 and 8 miles.

What ages?

All ages, from infancy to old age, including two sets of twins, each bringing its own cow.

Conditions treated?

Gun shot wounds, burns from saw mill explosions, difficult child birth, feeding cases, acidosis, eye injuries, appendicitis, accidents and injuries of a wide variety.

Character of treatment?

Expert medical care on the spot, and expert surgery from a town 20 miles distant. Nursing entirely in the hands of graduate registered nurses.

Capacity?

Just increased from 12 to 18 beds (8 adult, 4 cribs, and 6 bassinets)—with 20 knock-down cots for special clinics.

FROM WHAT SOURCES HAS THE HOSPITAL COME?

The Central Section and Kohler Light Plant from the Mary Parker Guild fund through the U. S. Trust Company of Louisville.

The Right Wing and Water Works from Mrs. S. Thurston Ballard of Louisville in memory of her daughter, Mary Ballard Morton.

The Land from Dr. A. J. A. Alexander, of Woodford County, and Mrs. Alexander in his name.

Excavations, Costly Stone Work, Barn, and Other Out-Buildings and Outside Improvements from the District Committees of the Frontier Nursing Service on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky and the following people in Louisville:

Mr. and Mrs. Attila Cox
 Mrs. George Gaulbert
 Mrs. John W. Price
 Senator and Mrs. Frederick M. Sackett
 Mr. W. S. Speed
 Mr. Embry Swearingen

and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Camden of Woodford County.

Also special gifts from the following people in Hyden:

Mr. M. C. Begley
 Mr. Sherman Eversole
 Mr. Walter Hoskins
 Hyden Citizens' Bank
 Judge and Mrs. L. D. Lewis
 Mr. Pearl Lewis
 Judge and Mrs. Theophilus Lewis

and labor and materials from many citizens

Dispensary Fittings from the Society of Kentucky Women in New York.

The Operating Room Sterilizers and Other Equipment from Mrs. John W. Price in memory of her husband.

Furnishings for the Women's Ward from Miss Jean McKinney of Pittsburgh in memory of her mother.

A General Electric Refrigerator from Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton of Louisville.

The Living Room, Dining Room, and Kitchen Furnishings from Mrs. Cordes' Sunday School Class of Girls of Wyoming, Ohio; the daughters of Mrs. Maltby of Lexington, Kentucky; Mrs. A. Walheim of Missouri; and in memory of J. and J. R.

ENDOWMENT?

To date—A fund of \$30,000 of which \$10,000 has already been paid by Mrs. Ballard for the upkeep of the building. A sum of \$5,000 by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Glancy of Detroit to endow a baby's bassinette in memory of "Joan."

IMMEDIATE NEEDS?

The endowment of beds and bassinets. The hospital is free to all children and charges only a dollar a day for adults, and less for those who cannot pay.

Furnishings for the men's ward and for the nursery.

Additional money for outside improvements.

Additional quarters for nurses, part of whose accommodations have been given to the patients.

A laundry and storage rooms dug and cemented in the basement, with equipment.

A FINE COW, PREFERABLY HOLSTEIN, FOR THE BABIES.

(This need is urgent.)

A Correction. In the June Bulletin it was stated that the Hospital had been occupied in the preceding 6 months 927 days by 32 patients. This is the correct figure as of April 30, but the average of a little over 5 patients a day quoted was wrong, because 2 of the patients (our first twins) came to the hospital before its completion and had been there 10 months.

We have been asked by the New York Public Library and others for Volume I, Number 1, of our Bulletin of which we ourselves have only one copy on file. If any reader happens to have kept this number will he please send it to the Frontier Nursing Service, Wendover, Leslie county, Kentucky?

ROUNDS

At the request of one of the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service who saw a copy of the following letter it is reproduced in part because he thought the details it gave would interest the subscribers to the bulletin.

The letter is addressed to Miss Maud M. Cashmore, Sister Superintendent to the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich, in the East End of London in England—the maternity at which the writer took her preparation in midwifery:

Wendover, Aug. 14, 1929.

"I was away from home five days last week making "Rounds" and covered over eighty miles with Teddy Bear, and perhaps the best way of telling you about the situation at the different nursing centers is just to describe that ride.

"I left Wendover Tuesday morning and went first to Hyden, where I had dinner at the hospital. A most interesting case had been brought in during the night—a boy of twenty-one shot at his moonshine still by a deputy sheriff, the bullet going into the abdomen and coming out through the lung. He was brought to us on a litter. We sent word over to the mining town of Hazard, twenty miles away, to our consulting surgeon, who came in to operate. We now have a regular physician for the hospital who lives just by, and our operating room has been beautifully fitted up by a generous friend, so we can handle such cases very well. In fact, only a few days before we had an emergency appendix dragged up the river twelve miles on a boat and brought in on a litter. You see, the hospital has its own electric light plant (the gift of one of the original donors) which enables us to have a G. E. refrigerator (the gift of another friend) and the sterilizers for the operating room run by electricity, and very good lights. The surgeon found that the bullet had grazed almost every vital organ, touching none, and I might add that Frank is recovering. He has a young wife of seventeen and a fifteen months old baby and another one coming.

"The hospital is demonstrating every day the need for an emergency place of that sort at strategic points in this mountain country. We have now decided to have every seventh or

eighth of our stations an emergency hospital and to subsidize a doctor sufficiently for our own work to enable him to live in the region. This broadens our scope enormously and will, of course, add heavily to the budget.

"From Hyden I rode on down the river twelve miles to the "Possum Bend" center at Confluence, where I spent the night. The river is quite broad and deep at that point—the lowest station we have as yet on the Middle Fork. It is a charming white house with green blinds, perfectly equipped for its purpose, and with a lovely hardy flower border and five apple trees recently set out—the whole place the gift of Mrs. Chester Bolton of Cleveland. I found my chief supervisor of nurses, Miss Alice Logan, down here helping the resident nurse out in some special problems.

"I had a courier with me because I was going to try out a different trail the next day in going over to the nursing station at Big Creek on Red Bird River in Clay County, distance of nearly twenty-five miles. Somewhere midway, along Bull Skin Creek, will be our seventh nursing station, and we are gradually getting the feel of the district which has already written us to come in. I had sent a courier through there to learn the trail and now I had him with me so that I could learn it too. These couriers, by the way, of whom we have had three this summer, act as volunteers in going about with guests and escorting visiting doctors for clinics. We have just had eye clinics at three points and a specialist was taken everywhere by courier. The three with us this summer are Brooke Kirkland—this is his fourth summer, and his friend James Parton. . Brooke goes to the Kent School, and Jim goes to the Loomis School. The third courier is Joe Carter, from Woodford County, Kentucky, who is going into the Navy. All the boys are around sixteen or seventeen. It was Joe who was with me on this trip.

"We first rode up "Hell-for-certain," which John Fox, Jr. has made historic—a horribly rough creek about eight miles long. This was of course familiar territory to me; and then we got into a great primeval forest extending for many miles in all directions with trails leading in a most confusing zigzag, and it was this territory in which Joe guided me. You could comb the world without finding anything more beautiful than that

forest. What a rewarder such a country is of those who keep their bodies hard and fit! No lover of luxury could ever see that beauty because he wouldn't be able to reach it. It can only be reached by horseback riders, and hard riders at that.

"We rode through for many miles and then came out on a ridge where Bull Creek on the one side and Big Creek and Bull Skin Creek on the other all have their sources and flow the first into the Middle Fork down one side of the mountain chain and the other two into the Red Bird River down the other. We were going down Big Creek. We hadn't traveled very far before we got into our first settlement. Here a woman came out of her house and called me. Although she doesn't live in a territory we cover as yet, she recognized our uniforms, which is now known over an area of many hundreds of miles, and asked me if I could help her. Her baby wasn't two months old and she of course had had no care at the time and had been flooding ever since and looked wretchedly. I asked her if she would go to the hospital if I sent a nurse and a courier the next day, and to my surprise she agreed at once. So the next day Joe went back from Big Creek with one of the Big Creek nurses and took the woman on his own horse and the nurse carried her baby and rode slowly with her the nine or ten miles over the ridges to Hyden. I found them both there the following Saturday on my next visit to Hyden, and she was getting appropriate care.

"But to continue. We followed Big Creek down clear to Red Bird River, a distance of ten miles or so and rough traveling, because the trail is in the creek bed most of the way, but nothing like so rocky a creek as Hell-for-certain. Then, at last, around one o'clock we reached the nursing station, and a joy it was in hot weather to know that twenty-five miles had been covered and the weary horses could be let out to graze. The center at Red Bird is perfectly exquisite—a rambling log building with a big veranda, (which was covered with women and children when I arrived), a living room with an open stone fire, two bedrooms for the nurses, a maid's room, a kitchen, a large waiting room for the patients in the winter, and a dispensary properly equipped, and above a big attic and a sleeping porch. It is equipped with a hot air furnace, hot and cold running water, with a good bath, and a fire hydrant with a long hose for fire

protection, and has a gasoline engine. The barn has stalls for visiting horses as well as for the two living there, a good saddle room, a feed room screened against rats, a great hay loft, and the whole structure is of solid oak with hand hewn oak shingles for the roof, that still being the cheapest form of construction in that section. The whole property is the gift of Mrs. Henry Ford. Certain little things about it are very individual. The desk in the living room is of solid walnut, hand planed locally, and made by a local man. It is really a beautiful piece of work. The chairs are nearly all made locally, and the presses in the bedrooms and of course the tables. The bedroom rugs have been woven on a hand loom at Big Creek, and the linen cloths on the walnut handmade dining table in the living room are also woven in the neighborhood. I give this in detail so that you can visualize one center.

"There was a mothers' club meeting that afternoon and I had ridden the twenty-five miles at a stretch in order to be present and speak to the club—such dear, eager, wistful faces. I took as my subject the development of the mind of the little child up to the school age, using the simplest language and illustrations. After that we had refreshments, the cakes having been made by two members of the club and brought in their saddle bags.

"That night we had company for dinner,—the chief engineer from a neighboring engineering camp belonging to the Fordson Company, and his wife. The engineers of this camp have been of unending kindness to us. Engineering, like nursing, is a profession peculiarly suited to the outposts of civilization, and it is interesting to find a nursing center and an engineering camp almost side by side.

"The next day I parted from Joe, who went on back with the nurse and the patient as aforesaid, and I rode up Red Bird River somewhat less than ten miles, on familiar ground, to the mouth of Flat Creek, where we are now building our sixth center. One of the nurses rode part of the way with me and told me that she had brought a baby into the world at every house on the river for five miles up during the year since the center opened! One poor little mother of fifteen, whose baby was now eight months old, had just come to her in great distress because she realized she was expecting another. We have had mothers of

fourteen, and just lately a little girl of thirteen has married in our Beech Fork district. And yet we Americans hold up our hands over the situation in India! Thirteen is probably more immature for an Anglo Saxon than ten or eleven for a Hindu. The nurse also reported to me a case of malaria, a typical case, which was a surprise to us as we didn't think we had the anophelese mosquito in our section. She had succeeded in getting a doctor over from Manchester (at a cost of \$25.00 for the visit, the distance being eighteen muleback miles each way) who had made a clear diagnosis, and she was trying to get the house screened.

(Note, Later: Blood tests sent the State Board of Health confirmed this diagnosis.)

"We have a wide variety of experiences. As I rode down Big Creek, for instance, a man called me in to see his little boy whose mouth and throat were in a bad condition, looking to me like a typical case of Vincent's Angina. I was sure it wasn't diphtheria, but especially so because the father told me the child had had the toxin-anti-toxin given him by the nurses several months before. I mention this case as illustrative of the way in which one has to contrive to meet situations. The family had only baking soda, so a hot soda gargle was all I could do at the moment; but when I got to Big Creek I telephoned over the nineteen miles to Hyden and got Dr. Capps, who is now with us, and gave him the details of the case and got his directions, and a nurse went back that evening to paint the pustules with mercurochrome, etc.

"Another case we have had lately was a child bitten by a copperhead, one of the three venomous snakes in this country, the other two being the water moccasin and the rattlesnake. Both the copperhead and rattlesnake are fairly numerous in this section. The other day, for instance, in the forge at Wendover, a copperhead was killed right by the anvil. We keep antivenin serum at all nursing centers, and a prompt inoculation of this carried the child through without any trouble.

"But to come back to my ride. The nurses at the mouth of Flat Creek are living in a three-room cabin while they build their new center, which is the gift of Mrs. John W. Price, Jr. of Louisville, and her sister, Miss Jane Atwood of Pittsfield, in memory of their mother, Caroline Butler Atwood. The nurses have

whitewashed their cabin on the inside and creosoted the floor and made screen doors and put mosquito netting at the windows and strips of wood over the worst cracks and installed the equipment of what we call our "mobile unit," the essentials for modest housekeeping and a mobile dispensary. The place has a barn of a sort and a little pasture and an infected well where the water has to be boiled, and it is on Hog Wallow Branch just where it goes into the river. Nobody was at home but the little maid when I arrived, so I had lunch and curled up on a cot with a novel until the nurses came in from a clinic where they had been giving T. A. T. and typhoid inoculations. They had had an experience! The parents had given their consent to have the children inoculated, but we always have to have the children's consent too, and in this instance a young teacher stood up before the group and said, "Children, I am sure it is going to hurt very much, you don't want to have it, do you?" And all the children chorused, "No." So then Miss Peacock and Miss Willeford turned to the teacher and said, "It's our personality against yours!" and talked over half an hour in tones of such glowing fervor that when they called for a volunteer to be the first, Maurice, age nine, a child of good stock, piped up and said, "I will be second." At that a tall, lean father named David Ledford, who was standing near the door, rolled up his sleeve and said gravely, "Take me first." Maurice, gallantly true to his word, stepped up and was second, and then they gave over one hundred inoculations to children and adults.

"This new district is thrilling. Within the first ten days after the nurses were established, five maternity cases had registered with them. They had the horrible shock of three cases of scarlet fever right next door to one of their maternity cases, and of course the nurse who has been on the scarlet fever cases has had to leave all of the midwifery work to the other. One of the children has been desperately ill, and the Manchester doctor could only make one visit on the whole situation. But he was a tower of strength then, and they have all made a good recovery. We have made arrangements to have a little girl, whom the doctor has seen and pronounced a bad heart case, sent down to the Children's Hospital at Louisville, and we talked over a good many situations. The nurses are much concerned over an im-

pending delivery in a one-room cabin with only one bed in it, in which are sleeping a man, two women and five children, including the expectant mother!—the whole family badly nourished, riddled with hookworm, and the expectant mother so anaemic that they can't but anticipate a hemorrhage, and the man doesn't seem to have enough energy even to make another bed!

“The next morning, early, we all met with a leading citizen of the section, a fine, intelligent type of man, whose wife has just had a new baby named Caroline, out of compliment to the new center, and who is a Notary Public. We went to the house of one Shelby Bowling, who is giving us the site on which the new center will stand—a gift worth at least \$100.00, and his contribution toward the \$500.00 we asked of the region. The last time I was over was with Dr. Blackerby of the State Board of Health, and Walter Hoskins of Hyden, a young lawyer who is one of our trustees. We had a mass meeting of citizens at that time, who made their pledges, and Dr. Blackerby addressed them. The engineers from Big Creek had surveyed the gift and Walter brought up the deed. This deed was now signed by Shelby Bowling and his wife in the presence of the three of us as witnesses and the Notary Public, who by the way is the father of young Maurice who piped up “I will be second.” The new site is lovely, has a good building site for the house and another for the barn—something which has to be considered carefully in a country so steep that there is hardly flat space enough even for a tennis court anywhere, and everlasting springs, which the deed gives us privilege of piping down to the three-acre site which is our gift, of walling up and of protecting from surface drainage in perpetuity.

“After this little ceremony and a chat with two or three more citizens of the region, I said goodbye to Miss Peacock and Miss Willeford, our pioneer nurses, who volunteer to open the new stations and give them up as soon as they are comfortable and smooth running, and rode on about twelve miles first by Red Bird River then up Bowen's Creek and over a mountain, then down Bad Creek to the Middle Fork again and our station there where Beech Fork and Middle Fork come together. This is the Jessie Preston Draper Center and the gift of Mrs. Nathaniel Ayer of Boston, in memory of her Kentucky mother. It is a

white house with a characteristic old barn, both set in a wonderful grove of beech. I only stopped there for dinner and a chat with the nurse who was in from her rounds, and then rode down the Middle Fork towards the sunset the twelve miles to Wendover, where I arrived just at twilight, which the mountaineers call "the edge of the dark."

"Next day I had to get up about six to ride to Hyden for a consultation with an engineer from the State Highway Department at Frankfort who had come through their courtesy to give advice as to the terrible slides that had occurred last winter in front of the hospital to within about three feet of the steps. He stayed about an hour, went over the ground thoroughly and gave detailed advice . . . terrible and costly work, and we have no provision for it, and yet it should be done before the winter! Like other similar crises which have occurred from time to time in the four years since we began this work, we will go about getting it attended to as though it had been met financially, and before the work is completed it will have been met. That is curiously always true and has happened so again and again.

(Note. Later: Mrs. Ballard has provided the money for this work.)

"Later in the morning I had a consultation with a representative of the Kentucky Dental Association, who had also come up from the outside, about a project we have agreed to enter in on in cooperation with them and the Kentucky Bureau of Dental Health—to halve expenses in having a dentist for several months to work on the teeth of school children and expectant mothers only. It is a marvelous plan and will cost us about \$150.00 a month, which will be allowed for in next year's budget—but we have to anticipate! If one waited to have the money in hand before one arranged to do things, how work would creep along! It is better to use wings. One discovers that the Source of one's faith never lets one down.

"Late that evening I came back to Wendover, and Teddy Bear and I were both tired. I had him turned into pasture—the new 49-acre pasture just given us by Mrs. William Monroe Wright, and called "The Clearing," because the forest is all cleared around the caretaker's little house. This place is only just fenced in and we haven't yet done much to put it in order, beyond drilling a well, and Teddy Bear is not used to it. He is a

horse of an adventurous temperament and lively inclinations, so the first time he was put in he jumped the hog wire fence, getting his feet tangled in the wire. We stopped that by raising the fence. This Sunday he got himself in further and more serious difficulties by climbing up some rocky cliffs, like a mountain goat, and falling down a bad crevice, where he landed on his back with his head wedged between two rocks. There the caretaker found him when he failed to come down at "the edge of the dark," and there we struggled for nearly an hour to release him. I'll tell you my heart went through many throbs, for I had ridden the dear old brute for over three years and you don't travel thousands of miles over lonely trails with a horse without becoming much attached to him; and then Teddy Bear has such silly gallant ways that are always getting him into difficulties, and a dear way of coming up and begging for apples. And once when my girth broke on the edge of a cliff and I fell under him, he stopped stock still until I could pull myself up.

"Well, six men with ropes finally got him out of this last escapade, but he is in a terrible condition and will be laid up for weeks. The tendons in one knee are laid bare, he has dozens of skinned places and bruises all over his body and his entire head has to be bandaged, it is so badly cut. One eye must be kept completely covered, and the other is so swollen he can hardly see through it. I am doing his dressings myself. They take about an hour each day, for Teddy is a huge horse and the area to be covered seems vast. He is also being "specialed"—I have a fifteen-year-old girl to come up by the day and "mind" him. She sits under a walnut tree while Teddy crops the grass beside her and all she has to do is to keep him from walking off, in his partial blindness, the inevitable slopes in which all mountain grass terminates.

(Note, Later: Teddy Bear died of his injuries on the 8th day.)

"Wendover is full of company as always at this season.—A second year medical student from the University of California and several others from the outside, and one or two mountain children such as are constantly with us. Sometimes when their mothers go to the hospital at Hyden we let the older children stay at Wendover. Just now we have a most interesting child who has been with us about three weeks, a boy aged ten. He

really has no proper home and since his mother was killed he has been living with his natural father and a step-mother and has run away more than once. Kind neighbors have always taken him in, and one of these brought his condition to our attention from the region where he lives, which is beyond the confines of any of the territory which we cover. The father sent me word I could do anything I liked with him, and so I had him brought to Wendover, and the question of his future is puzzling us very much. I thought at first it would have to be an institution for his inheritance is bad, his upbringing worse, and he had an anti-social reputation—which was not to be wondered at, but which would not have made him acceptable in what Timothy calls “a home with a little h” as against an institution. But since I have had him with me I have formed my own opinion, and I think he is not only a normal child but in some ways an exceptional child. He has not been cowed by ill treatment and is certainly not anti-social. We find him polite and friendly. He doesn't stone chickens or break windows! He fits perfectly well into our large and varied household, which now numbers some twelve to fifteen people. My housekeeper, who sees more of him than I do, and has an eleven-year-old boy of her own, says that he is helpful about the place and always obedient. His immediate ambition is to go fishing and swimming, which we gratify nearly every day. His remote ambition is to get strong enough and big enough to kill the man who killed his mother, to whose memory he has a loyal attachment. This means that he has reached the highest code of honor known to his environment. He is very proud of his new blue shirts and overalls and of the white shirts and khaki trousers in which he goes to Sunday School, and inordinately proud of a new pair of shoes, which, however, he won't wear. He carried them to Sunday School in his hand. He is going to school (with Lucian, the housekeeper's little boy who lives on the place) every day and learning how to read. I might add that the schools in this part of the country begin in July and end in January so that the children can get to them before the terrible high waters of the late winter and early spring make it impossible for them to get over the bridgeless creeks and river. Such is our latest guest, and I hope we shall be given divine enlightenment as to what to do with him. Signed: M. B.

FIELD NOTES

The Baby and the Snake.

One of our mothers in the Beech Fork District left her two weeks' old baby in one room while she did some household tasks in the other. She heard the baby crying feebly and ran in to find a snake five feet long lying across the bed and crawling up the baby's body. The weight of the snake probably caused the baby to cry. The mother caught her baby in one arm and threw the snake with the bed clothes on to the floor. It made a horrible sound as of anger. She ran out of doors calling her husband who came down out of the woods and killed the snake. The next day he made the wire screened separate crib for the baby for which the nurse had been pleading. There are more reasons than sanitation why babies should have separate screened beds.

* * *

Twins and Twins

Our first twins, Enos and Eva, went back to Pall's Creek when they were 13 months old, each with six teeth, both standing alone, rosy, fat, and brown from sun baths, and both inoculated against typhoid and diphtheria and vaccinated for small pox.

A month after they had gone another set of twins, Manuel and Nanny, arrived from the same neighborhood, their father driving a cow in front of the mule. They were five months old and weighed less than seven pounds each. After a hard struggle, especially with Manuel, they are really beginning to pull up.

* * *

Hospitality.

Upon two occasions the hospital has had unexpectedly 24 guests for lunch—stretcher bearers of accident cases from many miles away over the trails.

What Price Motherhood?

We have seen many substitutes for store dolls cherished by the hundreds of little girls in our territory who have to make believe, but perhaps the most pathetic looking substitute was over on Flat Creek where one little girl appeared at clinic with a piece of old blanket tied about the middle with a string and a rock fastened at one end for a face.

* * *

The Horses' Innings.

Mrs. William Monroe Wright of Lexington has given 149 acres of pasture land called the Georgia Wright "Clearing," because there is a clearing around the caretaker's little house. Although an enormous amount of work has to be done upon this rugged piece of property, it is already a horse's paradise.

* * *

Dentistry.

We announce with joy that we have entered upon a special piece of cooperation with the State Board of Health and the Kentucky Dental Association whereby Dr. Arthur M. Laird has come to us for an indefinite period of months to do dental work on school children and expectant and nursing mothers in the various districts where we have nursing Centers. The charge to the patients is whatever they can pay up to 50 cents a filling, or free work if they cannot pay. The cost is halved between the Frontier Nursing Service and the Kentucky Dental Association and will come to approximately \$150.00 each a month. We have no money for this work as yet appropriated in our budget, and it offers a splendid opportunity for the giver who believes in preventive work.

* * *

Our Grateful Thanks

There were honored guests this summer. The first, Dr. Robert Sory of the U. S. Public Health Service, held clinics for trachoma at Hyden, at Big Creek in Clay County, and at Con-

fluence, with hundreds of patients. Dr. B. M. Brown of Hazard assisted him at Hyden. The second visitor was Dr. A. J. Stucky of Lexington whose hold in our affections few can rival. We appreciate deeply the following statement from him which appeared in the Lexington Leader after his return home:

"The very best work is being done at all the centers I was impressed with the thorough organization, the accuracy of records, histories and methods."

"The children in nearly all the schools have been vaccinated against smallpox, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

"When I arrived at the hospital, I was surprised and delighted at the equipment. The nurses on duty were thoroughly trained and drilled."

"The work I saw ranks with 'Class A' hospital service of the American College of Surgeons. This should be a source of pride to the State. There is still much to be done, the hospital is hard to reach, it needs more equipment, but withal, it begins to look as if the dawn of brighter and better days for our mountain-locked fellow citizens had come.

"The need of the service is only equalled by the opportunity and privilege. Through this service will be solved one of the most important problems of childhood and adolescence—prevention of nutritional disaster."

The picture on the cover of this number of the Bulletin is of certain of the guests who came to the dedication of the Hyden Hospital in 1928. Among the people in the wagon are Sir Leslie and Lady MacKenzie. Among those on horseback are President Hutchins of Berea and Dr. McCormick of the State Board of Health. The courier at the extreme right of the picture, who is guiding the party, is Brooke Kirkland.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

The Frontier Nursing Service has now a staff of 19 nurses of whom 3 are supervisors and 2 combine supervisory assistance with their general work. The Service is now so widely known that inquiries in regard to it come in every week and from all over the world. This summer we have had applications from nurses in Australia, Jerusalem, and the Punjab. The members comprising our present staff received their general training in the United States, in Canada, in New Zealand, in England and Scotland, and their experience in public health has gridded the globe. The midwifery of all of them was learned in Great Britain. They represent as fine a body of women as could be gotten together, and an officer in that service which boasts it will be found "guarding Heaven's gates" has called them, because of the daring and initiative, of their mobile service, "The Marines."

What is to be done with a group of this character? It must be apparent to every thoughtful person that the value of the Frontier Nursing Service rises or falls with its personnel. We exist but to serve people, and we can only do it through people. We have always disclaimed the kind of impression created by plate glass windows and mahogany swivel chairs, and because our field is rural none of our money goes into office rent. Both in our clerical and nursing staff we employ only the most highly equipped and we employ them at salaries commensurate with the preparation we demand.

In order to develop the best in personnel, more has to be considered than the preparation and experience of the person at the stage at which one engages her. More has to be planned than a fair salary, decent living accommodations, and extra days of holiday for the long hours spent in working overtime. People have to grow. If they stand still their work is static too,—and the Frontier Nursing Service would be missing its mark altogether if its work stood still. We want each member of our

Service to continue her education while she remains with us. We are carrying out the following plans in this connection:

Our nurses are given their full salaries for every day up to one month that they spend in post-graduate work in midwifery or public health, or learning some special phase of technique such as rectal analgesia. We also gave full salaries for five days to the two nurses who represented us at the International Nurses' Convention at Montreal—an experience enormously educational. We will also help with a partial scholarship a nurse working towards her B. S. and diploma in public health nursing and allow her leave of absence. We have one nurse who wishes a leave of absence every spring semester for several years in order to get a Ph.D. in public health and child education at Yale University. She already has, of course, her M. A. This is our Education Supervisor and for her we are trying to get a fellowship.

The very special form of scholarship of the Frontier Nursing Service is, however, an \$800.00 grant for a course in midwifery in Great Britain, including all expenses over and back, to American trained public health nurses who have been long enough with the Frontier Nursing Service to show their special aptitude for its work. These grants are paid in two installments, and the nurses refund fifty per cent of them in monthly installments upon their return to the organization.

There is one other way in which the Frontier Nursing Service is enlarging its educational aspects in the near future, and that is through the placing of the daughters of leading citizens in the mountains in nurses' training schools of grade A standing, with scholarships sufficient to carry them through their general training, through public health training, and through midwifery, in order to enable them to join the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service. There are already five applicants for these positions who are in their third or fourth year high school. They are not eligible until they have graduated from high school. The Frontier Nursing Service sees a recruiting field for its personnel of the finest caliber from among the leading citizens in its own territory. It feels that only the best possible nursing education should be given these young girls.

Here is an investment worthy of the deepest well-wisher of the human race.

It will be seen that we have two scholarship funds to which anyone is invited to contribute,—first for post-graduate work for the nurses employed by the Frontier Nursing Service, especially in midwifery and public health, and second for undergraduate work for the daughters of leading mountaineers to prepare them for the ranks of graduates. To which of these funds will you contribute?

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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 border 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 bequests:

\$40,000 will endow a Frontier Nurse in perpetuity.

\$12,000 will endow a Frontier Hospital Bed.

\$ 5,000 will endow a baby's bassinette.

\$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.

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 Bassinette.

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 purpose:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and young children by providing trained nurse-midwives for remotely rural areas where resident physicians are few and far between—these nurse-midwives to work under supervision; in compliance with the Regulations for Midwives of the State Boards of Health, and the laws governing the Registration of Nurses, and in cooperation with the nearest available medical service.

