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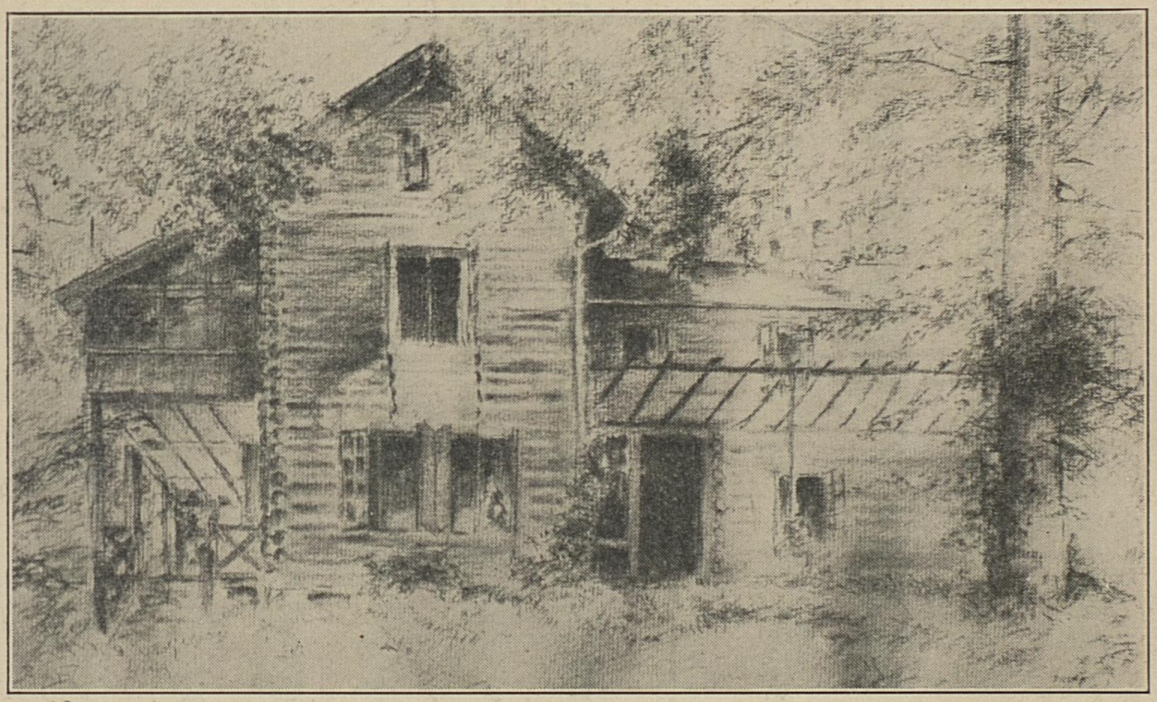
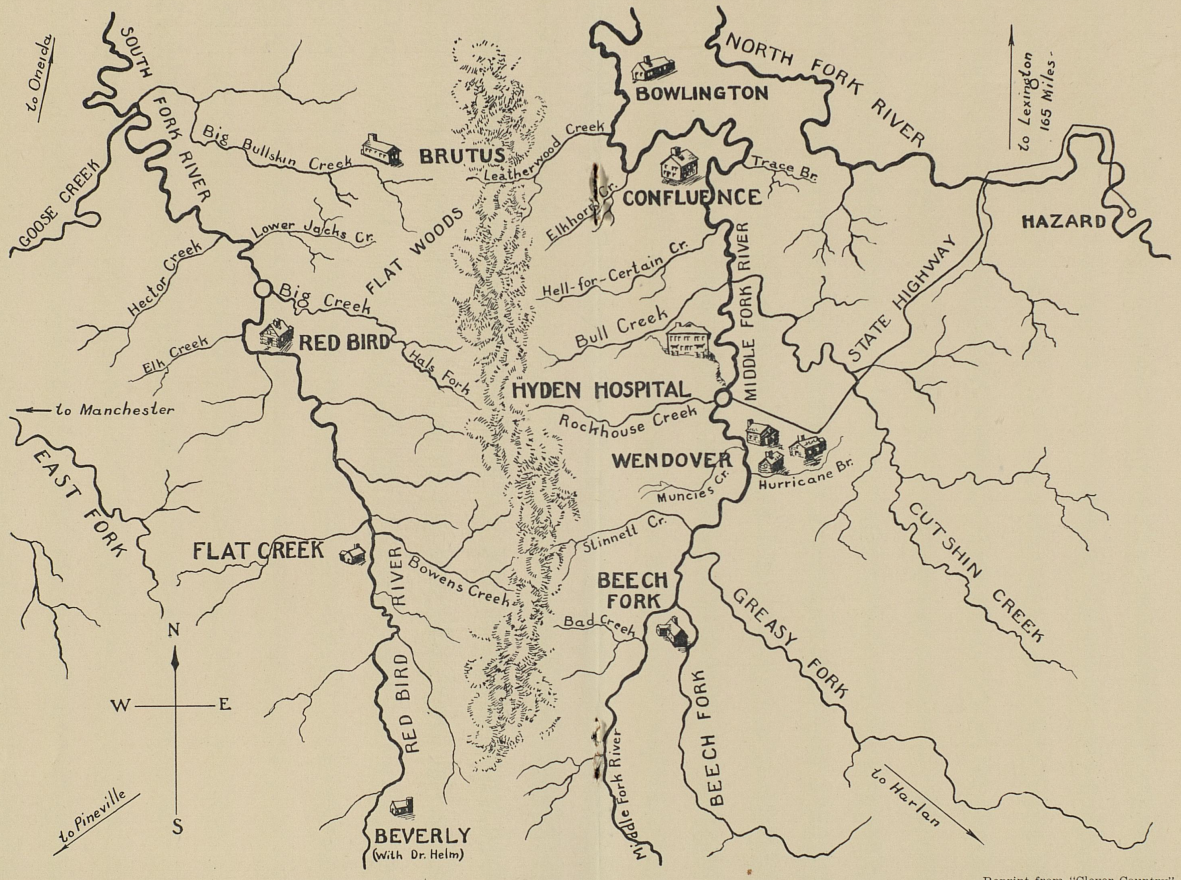


**"WENDOVER"**

From a drawing by Guy Ignon, 1933.




Reprint from "Clever Country"
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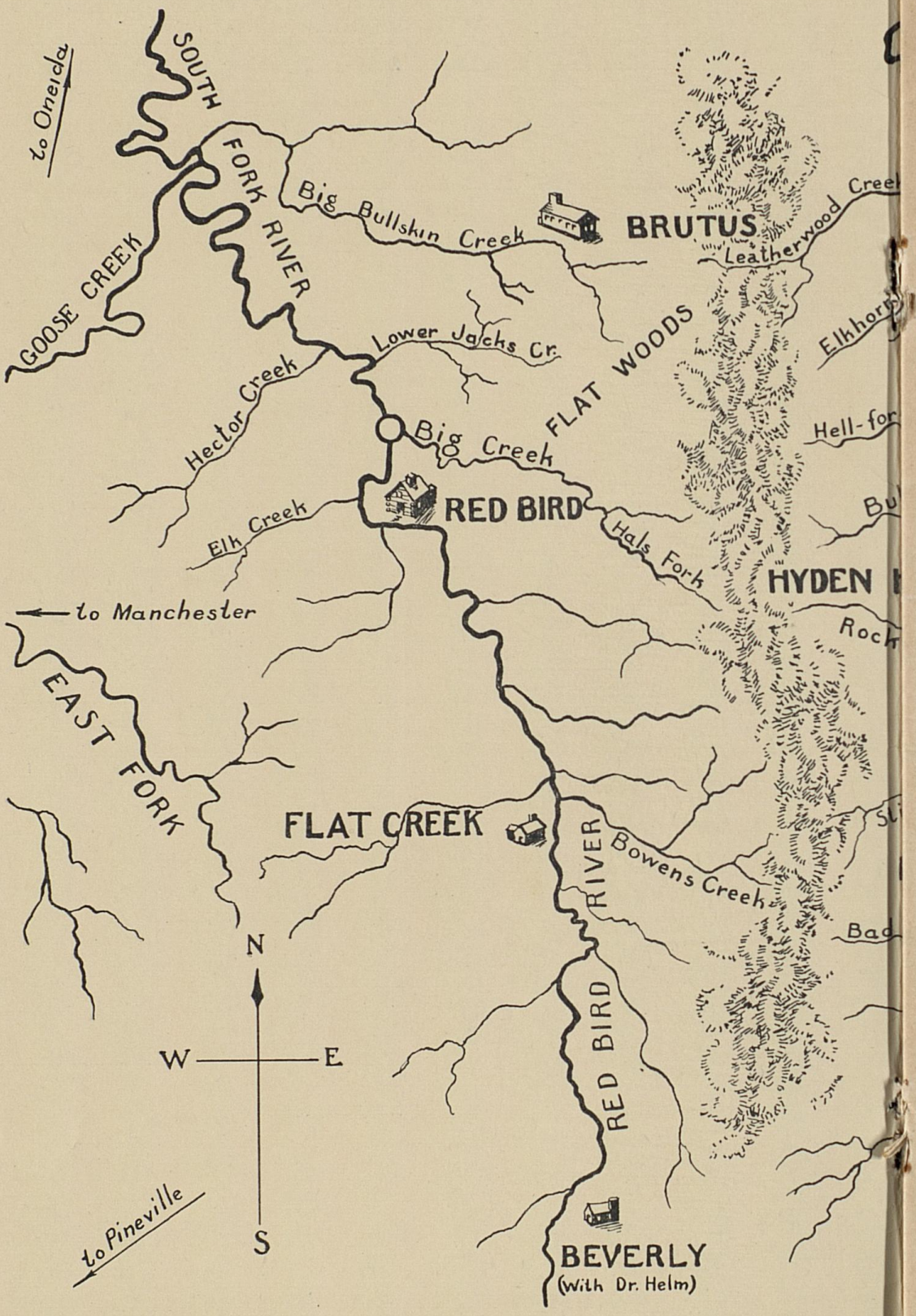
to Oneida
SOUTH FORK RIVER
GOOSE CREEK
Big Bullskin Creek
BRUTUS
Leatherwood Creek
Elkhorn
Lower Jacks Cr.
Hector Creek
FLAT WOODS
Hell-for
Big Creek
RED BIRD
Elk Creek
Hals Fork
HYDEN
to Manchester
EAST FORK
FLAT CREEK
RIVER
Bowens Creek
Bad
N
W
E
S
RED BIRD
to Pineville
BEVERLY
(With Dr. Helm)

# "ROUNDS" IN EIGHT DAYS

*by*

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

## SUNDAY

Dogwood winter. In March we have a "sarvice winter;" in May, a brief "blackberry winter;" but the cold weather in April is "dogwood winter," because it comes when the dogwood is in bloom.

My first "Rounds" since I broke my back seventeen months ago, just after "Rounds." Over eighty miles of horseback travel and the doctor's permission to ride. The spring of the year. Eight days in the saddle, with a different nursing center every night. Old trails, old friends. Nurses, neighbors, horses and dogs everywhere.

The first day's ride is only five miles down the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River from Wendover to our own hospital at Hyden. Below Wendover's log houses, in their setting of beech trees and wild flowers, winds the trail. Everybody is out to see us off, and our indefatigable senior courier, "Pebble" Stone, is my escort to Hyden. I am riding little Carminettie, a steady, safe pony, suited to the kind of back which still needs a steel brace, but a little slight for the fords. She makes the rapids through Muncy's ford steadily, however, and at a "plantation" or "running" walk Pebble and I and the two horses ride easily down to the County Seat of Hyden. High above the village stands the stone hospital of the Frontier Nursing Service, built in memory of two Louisville women (Mary Ballard Morton and Mary Parker Gill), on the slopes of Thousand Sticks Mountain.

The hospital is intensely busy. Three cases of acute appendicitis have been brought in during the past ten days—two by stretcher and one by boat twelve miles up the river. I went into the men's ward to see the boat patient, Bige, a boy of ten, and to give him a Japanese trick box sent down by a friend from New York. If you open it one way you have a nickel, if

you open it the other way the nickel is effectively concealed. Bige is captivated and says "it will pleasure him always." One of the patients, an old friend, is desperately ill, with two special nurses. One of our own nurses, "Harry," is abed from an emergency operation,—one of many following old shrapnel wounds received in the War. Three women showed me their new babies. I had a long talk with Amanda, one of our standbys for seven years, whose confinements are always difficult. Since it was Easter day and her baby was due, I suggested to her that it would be nice if it came that night so I could see it before I rode on my way. Mandy was most obliging. A few hours later Betty, the midwifery supervisor, came smiling to me with the news that "Mary" was on the way and that things were going well. At nine that night, while the doctor and Mac and I were talking, Betty, in white from head to foot, and wreathed with smiles, looked in to whisper, "not Mary, but Marius, has come, and everything is fine." Before I climbed into bed that night I slipped into the ward to greet Mandy's little Easter son.

## MONDAY

All through the night it kept raining and when morning came we faced the problem of how I was to get down to the Possum Bend nursing center at Confluence, a distance of about twelve miles by river, but longer and harder and rougher over the ridges and through the heads of the creeks. Four times the river must be forded to get down to Confluence. The meanest ford, although not the deepest, is at the mouth of Betty's Branch, near Judy's Whirlpool. One of our friends with a phone connection lives by this ford. First he telephoned that it could be crossed and that he would go over with us. Then, just as we were riding off, he telephoned that the river had passed fording. We debated. Finally, my assistant director, "Texas," now my escort, and I decided to ride over Thousand Sticks Mountain, cross Bull Creek, ride down it four miles, cross the gap over the next mountain, to Hell-fer-Certain, and ride down Hell-fer-Certain to the river and then on down the bank of the river to the Possum Bend center on the same side. It meant about six-

teen miles of hard riding—nothing to Texas, but a big effort for me. So we made a "soon start" and Lassie and Carminettie travelled well. Up in the head of Bull Creek one of our good friends, Em Shepherd, joined us. He said he would ride all the way to the mouth of Hell-fer-Certain, because the last "tide" had shifted the quicksand and he wanted to get us safely by. Both Bull Creek and Hell-fer-Certain were roaring torrents, the muddy waters covering the ugly stones and deep pools.

We travelled slowly but pushed steadily on and, in the late afternoon, came down onto the backwaters of the swollen Middle Fork, at the mouth of Hell-fer-Certain. Through the mist and gathering dusk we glimpsed the horizon blue uniform of the Frontier Nursing Service and saw "Dunny" plowing upstream to meet us and guide us around the quicksand. Em refused to "stay the night." He wanted to ride back towards home until dark and stop with someone midway. So Dunny, on Bobby, led the way. Texas followed on Lassie, and little Carminettie and I brought up the rear. We struggled through the mouth of the creek and the backwaters of the river around the quicksands, and then climbed a narrow trail against which the river was washing. This led on to the road, and less than an hour's easy riding brought us to the white house and green shutters of the nursing center at Confluence.

There all was warmth and dryness and welcome. "Marshie," the other nurse, and "Pepper" the bull dog, ran out to help us unsaddle the horses and lead us in to the big fire in the living room and the supper, which local friends had been invited to share with us. We sat over the fire until late, talking about all the happenings at Possum Bend, and especially the building of the new clinic on Grassy Branch, in which all of the local people were taking part. Since Possum Bend is the gift of a Cleveland woman, Mrs. Chester Bolton, they had called the new clinic the Cleveland Clinic on Grassy Branch, and some of the Cleveland doctors were sending down supplies for it. About forty men had offered their services to get the logs out and to work on the construction. It was to be built of logs, with the roof of "boards," on hand-hewn oak shingles, on a donated site, about five miles from the nursing center, at the head of Grassy Branch, in a most responsive district.

## TUESDAY

The rain stopped in the night and the river eased down a bit. Soon after breakfast one of the Frontier Nursing Service volunteer couriers, Frances, rode in from Bowlingtown way, with a six-year-old boy on the pommel of her saddle. He had stuffed peas in his ears and she had gone down to bring him in to our doctor at the hospital. She reported the Shoal ford, between Confluence and Bowlingtown, as barely passable. After a little rest and lunch she started on the twelve-mile ride up the river to Hyden, with small Jem balanced neatly in front. A week later I learned how she got through. Jem was taken across the river in a boat by an obliging mountaineer and Frances, relieved of her precious responsibility, swam her horse easily across. Eventually she had to leave the river and follow the upland, roundabout trails we had taken. Just as Texas and I were starting off, Dunny was called across the river to see eight-year-old Lennie Hunt, who had just broken his leg. The father came for her in a boat and she gathered splints and bandages together and hurried out. A week later we heard the end of this adventure, too. When the river had subsided he was carried on horseback to the hospital at Hyden. A day later the doctor relayed him over 200 miles by motor and train to our good friends at the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, who never refuse a mountain child. Lennie stood all the long trip gallantly, only asking now and then, "Is it a fur piece?" The x-rays were taken, the leg was set and will soon be serviceable again.

Meanwhile, Texas and I were well on our way towards the nursing center at Bowlingtown, in another county, further down the Middle Fork. We crossed a mountain garlanded in redbud and dogwood and the tender green of young leaves. Through a sort of watery sunshine we could see "a fur piece" the windings of the river and the little homes nestled here and there. Then we came down on Elkhorn Creek and travelled to its mouth and the terrible Shoal Ford. Frances had crossed it with Jem that morning. The river was not much higher. We knew we could get over. But it is no joke to cross the worst ford on the river, when the rapids are galloping madly, the waters are angry and dark, and the big rocks concealed—just before it passes the fording point.

At the mouth of Elkhorn, where the swollen creek mingled with the backwaters of the river, we again saw the blue uniform of the Frontier Nursing Service. "Bucket" was coming to meet us and to see us safely across. Like us she was cloaked and hooded in the great raincoats we have copied from the Canadian Mounted Police. We exchanged brief greetings with the waters up to our horses' bellies, and then she led the way on Dixie. Carminettie and I followed, and Texas and Lassie brought up the rear. We travelled about 500 yards down the river, near the left bank, then Bucket turned and slowly started across. The horses hardly seemed to move. They picked their way step by step in the rocky bottom. The waters lashed against their legs and tore madly past. I thought of the young courier, with Jem on the pommel of her saddle, and wondered how often our guardian angels saw us through. Dixie and Lassie travelled superbly, the current bearing them down ever so little. Carminettie felt it more. Twice her legs swayed beneath her, but she didn't stumble. With her little head up she finally made the far shore. After that it was easy riding to the lovely nursing center on the hillside, the Margaret Durbin Harper, gift of Mrs. Hiram Sibley of Rochester, with its great oak barn whitewashed, shiny and clean. The horses had a good rub down and were turned out on the pasture for an hour's grazing before the "edge of dark." Bucket's housekeeper dished us up a wonderful feed, with all sorts of spring greens and a roast guinea off the place as the piece de resistance.

## WEDNESDAY

It was just as well we had planned on a second day at Bowlingtown, to give my tired back a rest, for it rained again and the river rose past fording. There was plenty of time for a tour of inspection of the place, to discuss the work, and to see the babies that came to the morning clinic. One adorable infant had been named Marmaduke, in honor of a surgeon on the outside. Two superb babies, Eva and Reva, were living testimonials of Bucket's child hygiene program. That night we had a big dinner and committee meeting. At the close we discussed our next day's travel over the swollen river. Committee chairmen in the

mountains assume certain obligations calculated to confound our chairmen in the cities outside. Burt Gilbert said he would get us across the Bowlingtown Ford the next day dry-shod. By way of contrast I might add that a ford like the Shoal, just above furious rapids, and very rocky, can only be crossed if the horses walk across it. When the river rises too much for that it is past fording. Nothing can swim, and if one attempted it one would just be washed down. The Bowlingtown Ford, on the other hand, is deep and quiet. One can swim it in anything but a high "tide."

## THURSDAY

The morning found us down by the ford with Burt and two other friends and a boat. Our chairman sprang on Lassie. Another friend took Carminettie, and a third loaded us and our saddlebags in the boat. As we paddled slowly across we saw Lassie plunge in, walk a few steps and then settle into long, easy strokes. Little Carminettie, short-legged, had to swim from the moment she left one shore until she reached the other. She did it gracefully, and looked like a Newfoundland dog with her black coat and neck stretched up above the water.

We met the whole Bowling family on the other side and were invited to a wedding and a big dinner at 11 o'clock. Their rambling old house is surrounded by trees and shrubs, among them some quaint and curious ones from the far South that Manuel Bowling has collected. He showed them to us and told us how he brought the Cape Jasmine indoors every winter to keep it from freezing, and what he did for the cactus. Then we went into the big room where his daughter and her fourth cousin, of the same name, were sitting side by side, in front of a young preacher. The family and friends gathered around and the ceremony began. "Stand on your feet and join your hands," said the preacher. The young girl, rosy-cheeked, and the young man with a shock of yellow hair, arose and clasped hands. "Will you take her and cleave to her and cherish her as long as you both live?" asked the preacher. "I will," answered the boy. Then the preacher turned to the girl. "Will you take him and cleave to him and cherish him as long as you live?" "I will,"

she answered. After that he pronounced them man and wife. Her married sisters kissed the girl affectionately and the whole family moved into another room, where a splendid dinner graced a long table. We began with chicken and sausages and ended with enormous white and yellow iced cakes. A lot of fun passed around at the expense of the bride's older unmarried sister. "She would have to dance in a hog trough," they said, as that was the custom when a girl let her younger sister marry ahead of her.

Soon afterwards we rode away, up Leatherwood Creek, across a mountain, down Panco towards Bullskin. We had leisure to observe the good work done on the county roads through the wise handling of unemployment relief funds. Hundreds of men are back in the mountains from the mines and the railroads, and even the manufacturing towns, without work, without land, cows, hogs, chickens, anything. The work relief system gives them a meager, but assured, livelihood and stretches a trail here and there, properly drained and widened, with mud holes filled in. The work relief also repaired our hospital wall, and roads and drains at several centers.

Bullskin is a most delectable creek, with broad fertile fields, unusual in our section, creating a green and smiling valley. The apple trees were in blossom as we left the forest behind us and rode down through comfortable homesteads towards our nursing center at Brutus, arriving just in time for a meeting of the splendid Brutus Committee. Although this nursing center (The Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial, the gift of Chicago friends) is only two years old, the grounds were in beautiful condition, the pasture well grassed, the shrubs flourishing, the young orchard beginning to bloom. The nurses, Lois and Jean, came running out to meet us, like the words of the mountain ballad, "We'll all go out to meet her when she comes," followed by their dogs, and by little Kola, Brutus housekeeper since first the center was dedicated. Again we rubbed down the tired horses and turned them into pasture. Several hours later, after our committee members had left, we gathered around a fire for long conversations.

For the first time I saw the Florence Williams Memorial Library, given to Brutus, by a Cincinnati friend, and the records of how constantly the books were borrowed, how faithfully and in what good condition they were returned. Favorites, among

young and old, were Ben Hur, The Tale of Two Cities, Lindbergh's We, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Bible Stories, animal stories and Western tales.

The night passed unbroken by calls for the nurses, and early the next morning we rode off for Red Bird in a blazing sun.

## FRIDAY

The usual road from Brutus to Red Bird leads over one of the steepest mountains in creation, known as the "Flatwoods," and then down Little Jack's Creek to Red Bird River, and up the river to the mouth of Big Creek, and the nursing center a mile beyond. We made the first mountain and, coming down on Little Jack's and learning that Red Bird River was still in an angry state, we decided to avoid the fords by crossing the next mountain, to come down on Big Creek by way of Granny's Branch. So we turned up a fork of Little Jack's and picked our way slowly up the stream. This was new territory to Texas and me, and what was our delight to find in the cabin at the head of the fork Mrs. Cad Hensley, a patient brought to the hospital some two months before for the removal of a six-pound cyst, and returned to her remote abode on a litter. We hailed each other with delight and Texas and I lingered to talk with her and her husband, out plowing the steep hillside. Then her daughter, Nellie, ruddy-cheeked and in overalls, volunteered to act as our guide across the gap to the head of Granny's Branch. We wound up and across through a glorious country, heavy with the odor of wild plum, white with the bloom of dogwood, rosy with redbud, and sprinkled with great yellow patches of mustard gone to seed. Sometimes we heard the note of the thrush, sometimes we saw the cardinal and his mate.

Near an abandoned site, where the home had burned, we passed an old apple orchard, hoary but still lovely, by the ruined chimney. Such a sequestered and almost inaccessible spot would have suited an ancient hermit. Gushing springs came out of the side of the mountain and tore down to join the branch. The branch was racing to Little Jack's Creek, Little Jack's rushing in its turn to Red Bird River. Red Bird, tempestuous and rapid meets Goose Creek and becomes the South Fork; and the South

Fork, eighty odd miles further on, in Lee County, joins with the Middle Fork and the North Fork, to form the Kentucky. The Kentucky, gathering in all these Appalachian waters, moves towards the Ohio, and then the Ohio sweeps on to the Mississippi, with its majestic march down to the sea. These little springs, this tiny branch, were all tributaries of that mighty system. The continuity—the unity—the swift passing. We felt a part of it as we reined in for a moment where the springs came out of the mountainside, near the old apple orchard by the ruined chimney.

Granny's Branch is rocky. Granny's Branch is rough. The sun was well past the meridian as we rode down into the village of Big Creek and on to the trail up Red Bird River. Soon we saw the nursing center ahead of us, set high on the side of the mountain above the windings of the river, and with an American flag flying from its roof in honor of the day.

The Clara Ford Center on Red Bird, gift of a generous friend in Detroit, is a rambling log house of exceptional beauty, with its "blossom patch," its thriving young orchard, a beautiful pasture, and woodland white with dogwood. We rode over a new bridge across the branch and dismounted at the great oak barn, freshly whitewashed. "John," the nurse in charge, with "Randy" at her heels, met us, smiling and wide awake although she had spent the last night on a delivery. She helped us unsaddle our mounts and turn them into pasture. Then she told us about the new bridge. The old one was beginning to rot. As we have no money even for essential repairs, the mountaineers had a "working" and put up a new bridge with donated timber. The labor in whitewashing the barn had been given by fathers in payment of midwifery fees, since money is as scarce this year as hen's teeth. All the nursing centers we visited were well kept up. All of the nurses were as smiling and gay as John, although they had come through a hard winter of rain and snow and "tides" on a bare maintenance level only. We are often asked how we have kept going through the depression. That is how.

We had arrived at Red Bird just in time for the committee meeting. A huge dinner was set out in the dispensary waiting room, and while we got out of our riding clothes into mufti the committee drifted in on mules and afoot. First, we sat down to

the dinner, of chicken and sausages, fresh greens and onions and potatoes, preserves donated by members of the committee—all delightfully cooked, all homemade or home grown. Only the coffee and the sugar were "fotched on." The cream was so thick it had to be served with a spoon. I noticed, in travelling from center to center, a real difference in the condition of the nurses who had cows and those who depended on the scanty amount of available milk they could get from neighbors. At Bowlingtown, Red Bird, and Flat Creek, the nurses were rosy and blooming, with plenty of fresh milk, butter and cream. At the other centers we were greeted with smiles as gallant but from paler faces. From this I formed a resolution that, depression or no depression, every nursing center should have its cow.

Our committee met on the broad veranda overlooking the river. When the members had gone, John and Texas and I gathered in the living room—a charming place in which John has lived for so long that it has the touches of the real homemaker. Books fill the shelves by the chimney. Knitting lies on the table. On the wall hangs a painting by a local woman, with no lessons in art but a born talent. The desk is of solid walnut, hand planed by a local man trained at Berea. The linen cloths on the homemade walnut dining table, like the bedroom rugs, were woven on a hand loom at Big Creek by a woman taught at the same excellent institution.

## SATURDAY

Our ride next day up Red Bird River to the Caroline Butler Atwood Center, near the river, at the mouth of Flat Creek, was uneventful except that Texas stopped off to see a sick baby for John, and that we lingered here and there to chat with an occasional old friend. Red Bird had lost its muddy, angry look, and although the fords were still deep they were passable—even the long ford that wanders a quarter of a mile up river, where the only safe travel lies in the avoidance of banks on both sides. About a mile below the Atwood Center we again saw the blue uniform of the Frontier Nursing Service as Peggy rode to welcome us with smiles and a general look of physical well-being that I attributed to Arabella, her cow. We hadn't ridden far,

however, before an expectant father came down the trail on his mule—his anxious face wreathed in anything but smiles, and Peggy dashed off with him. We followed more slowly, fording the river for the seventh time that day, turned up the mouth of Flat Creek and rode in through the pull gate to the grounds of the Atwood Center. Peggy had already caught her midwifery bags and gone on with the expectant father; but Minnie, her housekeeper, and Bogie, the dog, came out to help us. The horses were soon on grass and we walked slowly up the path, through Peggy's flowers and shrubbery, towards the house. Peggy has a loving touch with flowers, and the grounds were blooming.

There was just time to change into mufti before the committee began to arrive for its quarterly meeting. We carried on without Peggy, first with the dinner in the dispensary waiting room and then with the business of the meeting. A row of mules stood hitched outside the pull gate. Mrs. Reve Sizemore came five miles, with her little boy pickaback behind her, to take her husband's place, because he, one of our early devoted committee members, had been shot in a personal feud two months before. She thought she knew who shot him because she knew the people who wanted to shoot him. But he had said to her once, "Nancy, if they get me I don't want you to go about 'lawing.' That won't bring me back. Just stay home and raise the children." There are five children, three girls and two boys, the oldest twelve years and the youngest ten months. "Where did you get your big hat?" asked someone of her little son, Jimmy, almost extinguished under a large black felt. "Hit was pappy's," he answered happily and then ran down to see which mule had broken loose and to tie it up again. I had a few moments quiet talk with Mrs. Sizemore. There is no school near enough for the children to get an education. The neighbors are helping her get in her crop; but she has no cow. One could tell that by looking at Jimmy, who is two years undersize. She spoke with decision and without bitterness. I knew that our social service director could help her, and told Mrs. Sizemore that she would call in the course of the spring.

Near the "edge of dark" when everybody was leaving, Peggy came back from her maternity case. She brought the mail with her. This was Saturday. The Wednesday Lexington

Herald was our latest printed news of the outside world. I had seen the Tuesday paper on Friday at Red Bird. I couldn't read Peggy's copy until we dried it in front of the fire, as the mail bags got wet coming through the deep fords. Peggy has, however, two other connections with the world outside. One is the forest ranger telephone service, recently put through, to Red Bird. She and John have a little talk over it every night when the wires aren't blown down by storm. The other is the radio. Several of the centers have radios, gifts of a St. Louis friend. Of course, they aren't always working because the batteries have to go long distances on muleback to be re-charged. But Peggy's was in good order and we listened to New York to hear what had happened on Saturday—after having read in the wet paper Wednesday's news.

There followed our long conversations over the fire. Out of her narrow maintenance Peggy had saved the money to buy a swarm of bees and was setting up a "bee gum" in her garden. The honey, added to Arabella's cream, would, I felt sure, necessitate an alteration in Peggy's uniform. After we shut off the radio, the outer world faded into its true distance and our own world fell into its right proportions. These we all of us pronounced good.

SUNDAY

Our next trail lay up Bowen's Creek. Texas was thrilled to meet a smiling young woman in a print frock, on a mule, with a fat baby on the pommel of her saddle and a rubicund boy about five years old astride behind her. She hailed them delightedly, and told me that Butler was the first baby in that district she personally brought into the world when she and Peacock (her co-assistant) were living in the cabin on Hog Wallow Branch, building the Caroline Butler Atwood Center. His fat brother is one of Peggy's babies, and both of them do credit to the Service and to their mother. We rode on past Woodson's Fork of Bowen's Creek, which is haunted and where a dark shape springs up on your horse behind if you ride over it by night with a guilty conscience; and then over the gap down on to Bad Creek. Here we passed many friends and stopped at one log cabin to talk to Becky Ann. Six years it was since Texas and

Peacock had attended Becky Ann through a terrible confinement, while they waited three long days and nights to get a doctor. The baby died, but Becky Ann herself was very much alive and delighted to see us. Her six sons, ranging in age from seven years to manhood, were growing like weeds and good working men, all of them, "hit's the truth." One had a job as mail boy, carrying Uncle Sam's own mail in the big blue and white striped bags, with which we were so familiar, swung across his mule.

We stopped so often and talked so much that it was nearly night before we reached the Middle Fork again and rode over our last ford and up to the rambling white house we call the Beech Fork Center—the Jesse Preston Draper Memorial, gift of Mrs. Helen Draper Ayer of Boston. Again an eager welcome from Adah, the nurse in charge, and her dog; and her latest piece of news, imparted to us as we unsaddled, that Tom Buck, a most useful person but hard to persuade, had at last built a sanitary privy.

After dinner, as we sat around the fire, all the local happenings of recent weeks came out one by one, and each had a human story as old and as large as the universe behind it. The father of Adah's last baby had been shot, just three weeks before the baby was born, but the mother was brave and, like our friend in the Flat Creek district, she settled down to the task of rearing his children. The Win Baker family had two pairs of long, woollen stockings apiece, with different colored tops. Mrs. Win still carded and spun and knit her own wool, so that the fallen market price didn't affect her o'er much. It was otherwise with the families back from the railroads and mines, without land or sheep or cows, and out of touch with the immemorial self-sufficiency of the hills. They were all on the State work relief and would have starved without it. Adah's district was terribly busy, with both sets of people, but she liked carrying on alone and had managed very well through the winter without the second nurse, she said. All she wanted was a cow.

## MONDAY

The Beech Fork Committee meeting began with a noon dinner, spread out in the big waiting room, under the large clock

which has a history. When the "big room" was built all of the men who worked on it came to Adah saying that each wanted to give a day's wages to get a clock to hang in that room, to remember their work by. There it hangs today and ticks off the busy minutes of a nurse-midwife's day; and strikes the hours for her calls at night.

We had a thrilling committee meeting, of seven men and three women. The men had left their busiest season in the fields to come. One of the women, nearly eighty, walked up the river. Another came with her baby on the pommel of her saddle a distance of five miles; the third was five months pregnant. In what other part of the world do women attend meetings under circumstances like these? The men tied their mules for them as they came in, and afterwards helped them to mount and ride away. No fine manners or pretty speeches, but chivalry as one finds it in the Appalachians.

Adah gave her report for the quarter since the last meeting and I gave a report of what I had been doing on the outside, as completely and as clearly as if I were giving it to a committee in Washington or New York. It was thoroughly discussed, and the measures we had taken to meet the depression were approved. Adah then reported the falling off of our small local fees because of lack of money to pay them. Even the work relief brings in no money. That is paid for in scrip for food and clothing. She told how the various families had contributed labor and fodder to pay their fees. Then the committee "named to her" other ways in which the money might be collected in kind. It was a valuable discussion and one of the most alive and constructive committee meetings I ever attended anywhere.

Texas and I rode off as soon as the meeting broke up, down the familiar trail, along the Middle Fork, to Wendover, eleven miles below—a trail I had not followed for seventeen long months. We stopped here and there to talk with friends and when we met a former district judge, of all friends one of the oldest and best, travelling in our direction, we persuaded him to come and "take the night" with us. At about the "edge of dark" the rambling log buildings of Wendover, with the evening lights and the smoke from the stone chimneys, loomed out of the forest before us. We were home. "Rounds" were over.

# ALPHA OMICRON PI CORNER

## F. N. S. Social Worker Takes Part in Emergency Relief

In the Kentucky mountains hard times started as far back as 1927, when employment in the coal mines began to show a marked decline. By 1930 ex-mountaineers by the thousands were coming back from industrial centers to try to squeeze out a livelihood from abandoned farms.* Not until the winter of 1932-1933 did Emergency Unemployment Relief come to the mountains.

Here are some of our cases:

CASE NO. 1932: Family just back from the mines, where the ten of them have been starving on $17.00 a month. Moved into an old log house in Horsehead Hollow. The man and his fourteen-year-old son have begun at once to clear a steep slope that was worn out and abandoned years ago. By the look of the man he won't last long at this kind of work unless he gets substantial food in his stomach and that soon. Twenty years in the mines have left him with an unhealthy pallor, thin stooped shoulders and chronic bronchitis. No mule, no cow, no pigs, no chickens, no seed corn, no farm tools; a rocky, wornout field, a tumbled-down shack, and twenty years to forget the ways of farming—'tis not hope, 'tis a terrible desperation that brings such families back to mountain farms. Curious to see the pride still left in that woman, as she "shoos" the children out of sight that a stranger may not see their near-nakedness.

CASE NO. 164: Two old people and a sixteen-year-old girl living alone. The old man is paralyzed and has been bed-ridden for three years. The mattress is worn into holes, in places his thin wasted body is literally on the springs. The bed covers are dirty because they will stand no more washing and hold together. And relief money cannot be spent for bedding.

CASE NO. 1324: One of the "better-doing" families, almost re-

*See "The Corn-Bread Line," by Mary Breckinridge, The Survey, August, 1930.

fused relief. Man produced a letter from his son who is trying to work his way through high school. The boy asks, apologetically, for a pair of shoes, saying his "toes are on the ground." Letter is two months old and the man says the shoes haven't been sent him yet—he can't get a day's work to do.

CASE NO. 906: Woman practically blind. Man does all the housework and can never go beyond calling distance. Four small children wearing clothing made from old bed-ticking.

CASE NO. 519: Investigator reports not a vestige of food in the house—except, he adds, about a fourth of a pound of salt, borrowed from a neighbor.

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Wendover has eight beautiful new blankets made from the wool sheared off the backs of Frontier Nursing Service sheep.

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## Sayings of the Children

Small Bernard stepped out of his cabin one morning when the Redbud trees were in flaming blossom. "Oh, mammy," he said, "look, the pawpaw trees is full of roses."

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Martha went to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for an operation. After her convalescence one of the doctors took her for a tour of the city in his car. The skyscrapers aroused her feeling for practical values, hence her exclamation: "Wouldn't they hold a sight of hay!"

# A WORD OF EXPLANATION

Our friends will note that the 1933 Spring issue of our Quarterly Bulletin is issued in late September. Our Summer issue will appear in late October and our Autumn issue in late November. The reason for these apparent vagaries is two-fold.

First, we enjoy the same second-class mailing privileges as other magazines, which enable us to mail an issue of our Bulletin to all of our subscribers at a mailing cost ranging from $5.00 to $10.00—namely, 1¼ cents per pound. In order to keep our status as a magazine with second-class mailing privileges, we must bring out four issues annually.

Second, we had no money with which to bring out the Spring and Summer issues on time. We are allowed to defer them provided that they appear in their numerical order before the close of the calendar year.

Our readers will note that the matter in the Spring issue was written in the spring and applies to the spring. In the Summer issue we will give our usual annual report, condensed to save costs of printing, and some of the thrilling adventures of the summer months. Our Autumn issue will appear approximately at its usual date.

In this connection, it is a pleasure to state that our Bulletin is one item of expense that carries itself. In other words its costs are completely covered by the subscriptions. This publication is as old as the Frontier Nursing Service and has been our medium of communication with our friends since the beginning. We have a file of subscribers' letters from all over the country, and even from abroad, telling us that their interest in the work has been maintained largely by the information about the work conveyed to them in the pages of the Bulletin. We gratefully acknowledge their loyal support.

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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.**

## 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."

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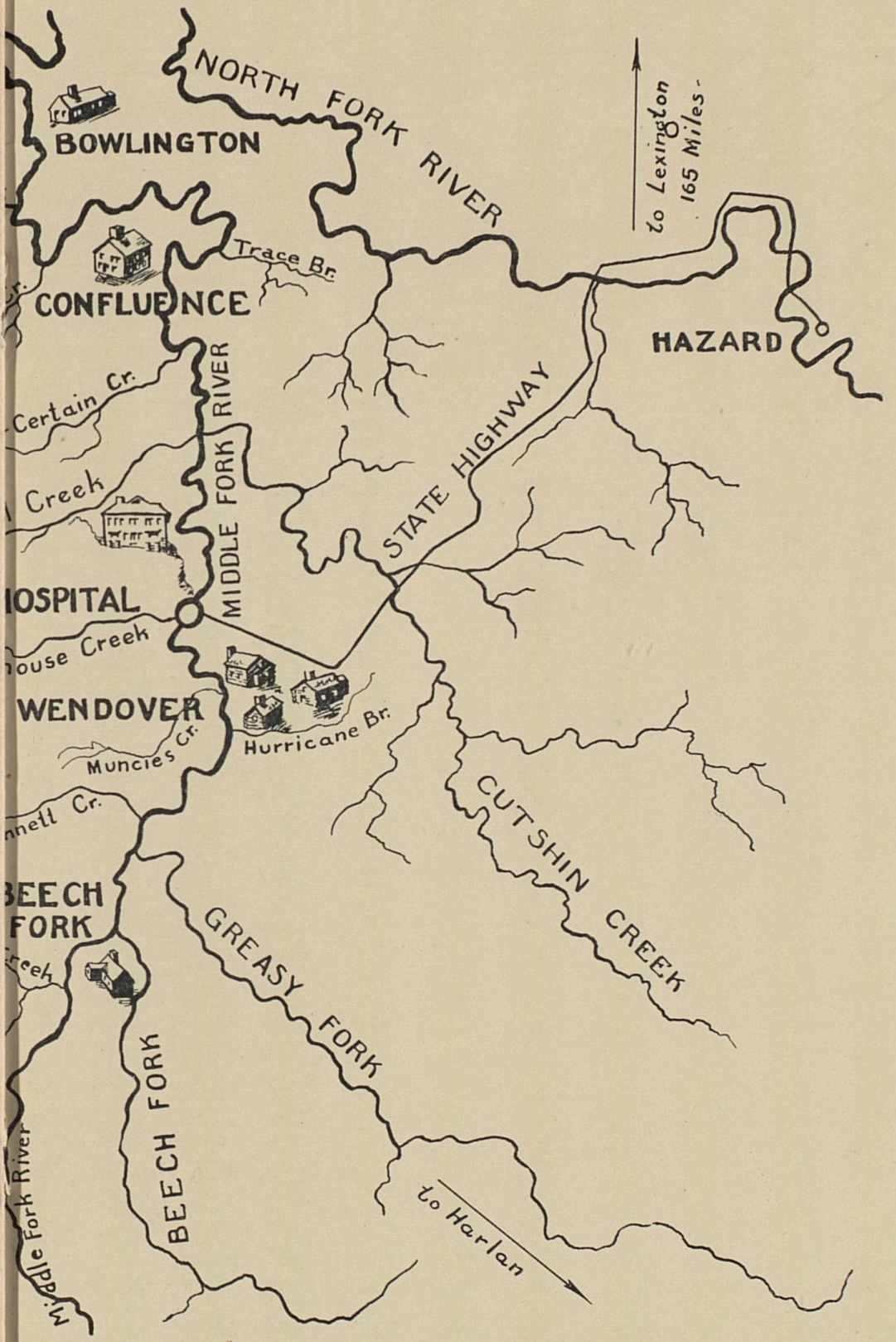


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