

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. X

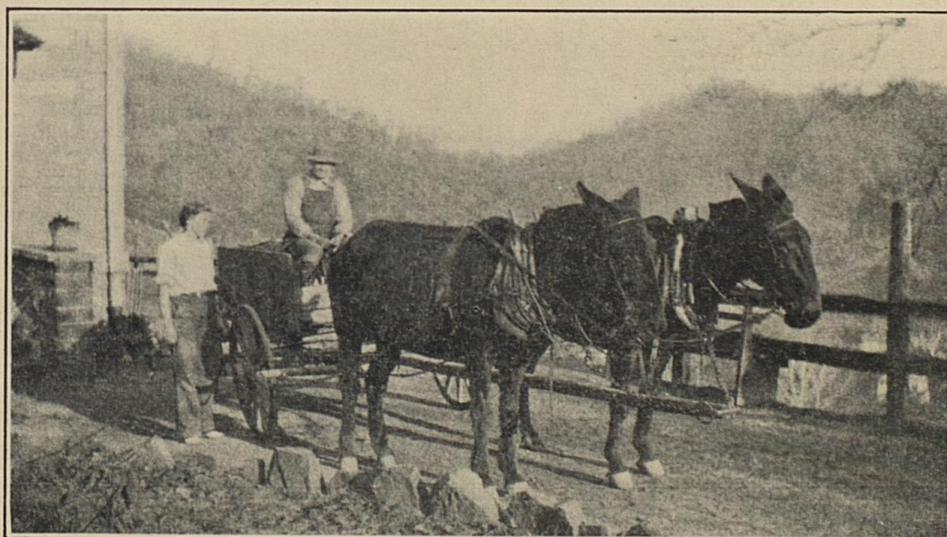
WINTER, 1935

NO. 3



Miss Bland Morrow, Social Service Director
(Alpha Omicron Pi)

Wendover Barns in Background



A Wagon Leaving The Hyden Hospital With Christmas Toys
For An Outpost Nursing Center

Volunteer Christmas Secretary, Sylvania Bowditch, to the left

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

Art thou not glad to close
Thy wearied eyes, O saddest child of Time,
Eyes which have looked on every mortal crime
And swept the piteous round of mortal woes?

No tears shall weep thy fall
When, as the midnight bell shall toll thy fate,
Another lifts the scepter of thy state,
And sits a monarch in thine ancient hall.

Him, too, the nations wait;
"O lead us from the shadow of the past,"
In a long wail like this December blast,
They cry, and, crying, grow less desolate.

Beneath his gentle hand
They hope to see no meadow, vale, or hill
Stained with a deeper red than roses spill
When some too boisterous zephyr sweeps the land.

A time of peaceful prayer,
Of law, love, labor, honest loss, and gain—
These are the visions of the coming reign
Now floating to them on this wintry air.

—HENRY TIMROD
1829-1867

IN MEMORIAM

Nelson Fant, of Flemingsburg, Kentucky

In the summer of 1934 there died in Kentucky a knightly gentleman, a man of strictest probity in his public and private life. He represented a type of American more usual a generation ago than now—a leader in a little town, a leader not only in name and wealth but in hard work, in honest relationships, in good judgment, in modesty, in the helping hand and the friendly word. Through the era of speculation, he counselled prudence and gave an example of it. Through the era of depression his liberality lay hidden until his death.

The fine old-fashioned house in which he lived, with its beautiful lines and graceful charm spoke the openness, the simplicity, the generosity and prudence of the kind of man who honored such a house with his presence, and shared it with his neighbors.

If the real story of America could be written during this past troubled era, we should find that her safety lay all along in the hands of these quiet leaders. Their heads were not turned by prosperity; their hearts were not broken by the depression they did nothing to bring on and everything to relieve.

The Frontier Nursing Service is profoundly honored in that Mr. Fant, after arranging for certain specific bequests and leaving the bulk of his considerable estate to his widow, has provided that on her death it shall all go to the Frontier Nursing Service as a memorial to their only son, Nelson Fant, Jr. Generations yet to come of women and of little children, and of the sick and helpless, will be reverently and tenderly cared for from the income of this fund, in the name of a young man cut down before his prime.

The Frontier Nursing Service extends its profound sympathy to the woman who shared Mr. Fant's generous, open, kindly life for many years and who now sits desolate at his hearth beside his empty chair. When husband and children are both gone, there are only memories, but in the case of this family an old prayer is answered—"Lord, keep my memory green."

A CHRISTMAS REPORT

My metamorphosis from a courier at Wendover to the Christmas Secretary at Hyden Hospital was a gradual one. Throughout November and the first week in December I rode over to the hospital two or three times a week, unwrapped and sorted the various packages that had come in since I was last there. But when Elihu began making two loaded sled trips up from the post office a day with his mule, and when the truck which went to Hazard for freight and express filled the front hall with boxes and barrels every trip, I found that every other day was not sufficient to keep me caught up and so moved over to the hospital, to stay during the rush in the ten days before Christmas.

When the shelves in the attic were first cleared for action, there seemed a vast amount of space. However, as one box after another was unpacked and their contents spread around, the space became less and less until it was a question of where the things could be put. There was a large platform on which we placed the clothing. We started a system whereby the smallest children's clothing began at one end and each pile after that was for slightly larger children, etc., all the way up to adults. The underwear lay in one pile, the sweaters in another, the stockings in another, etc., arranged neatly according to size. But by the time the first wagon went out to the first outpost it was nearly impossible to keep them in order.

The same thing happened with the toys. The knives and harmonicas were put in the same box until there were so many they had to be put into separate and bigger boxes. All the dolls were put into one huge wooden box, and when that was filled they were sorted, rag dolls and rubber dolls, china dolls and celluloid ones put in separate places. And even so, the big box though at first depleted was filled again.

Willing helpers were easy to find. Everyone liked to open the boxes and see the exciting things that came out of them. Nurses on the wards would slip up for a bit between attending to the patients. And the district nurses when they came in from work would turn to and be of great assistance. Even the con-

valescent patients were put to work, dressing dolls and sorting beads, and rolling up the string. One woman had been in the hospital for quite a long time, and it made her very happy to think she could help in the Christmas work. One of our kind neighbors offered his services and came up and helped us pack.

The week before Christmas the wagon began coming in from the outlying districts for their loads (see cover picture). Beech Fork was the first to come, and for two days we went around our what-had-become-by-that-time toy shop, picking out presents for so many school boys, so many school girls, so many preschool boys, so many preschool girls, and so many babies. Lists of these the nurses had made out and sent in, and there did seem to be a great many children. Box after box was filled and loaded on to the wagon which had come down the river sixteen miles that morning to collect them. Red Bird's boxes went the next day, Flat Creek's the next, Bowlingtown and Brutus the day after that, and Possum Bend after that. So what with packing the boxes for the wagons, unpacking the new things that come in daily, and seeing that each center had the right amount of toys, clothes, candy, used clothing, and used books on its wagon, life was rather busy. For a while the poor attic was so congested with boxes coming in and boxes going out that there was hardly room to move about.

Hyden and Wendover had their parties after Christmas so as to take advantage of the last minute things sent in. Then too, it is easier to buy toys for them from the outside with the money designated for the purpose. This year, what with gifts and money, there was plenty to go around, and from all reports the children were overjoyed with their presents. As always, knives, toy trucks, dolls, beads, and balls led the list of favorite things. Some of the centers spread everything out under the tree and let the children choose what they wanted most, and these were the things most often chosen.

At Hyden Hospital, where three districts have their headquarters, paper shopping bags with the family's name on them were filled with the children's presents, and by seven in the morning the children began to collect outside until by eight there were hundreds. After they had gotten their bags from one room they had some cocoa and then went in to the

Christmas tree to see Santa Claus who gave them "pokes" of candy. Outside they eagerly opened their bags and picked out their presents and went down the hill playing their harmonicas, hugging their dolls, or showing off their knives, thoroughly happy.

We want all of our kind friends to realize how much their help in making Christmas in the mountains a happy time is appreciated. There were a few parcels which had the names of the sender obliterated in shipping or had insufficient address to make acknowledgment possible. To all others I am writing individually. Our profoundly grateful thanks to each and all.

SYLVIA BOWDITCH,
Volunteer Christmas Secretary.

We announce with interest and every good wish for their happiness, the marriage on New Year's Day, in the chapel of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Louisville, of Mrs. Joseph Carter of Woodford County, Ky., a member of our executive committee, to Mr. William Cassius Goodloe of Lexington, Ky.

* * * *

"Do you know we almost quarrel about who will get the first glimpse of your little magazine? We read every word of it."

From MR. AND MRS. GEORGE H. CLAPP, Pittsburgh.

* * * *

We gratefully acknowledge in this bulletin four decks of playing cards for Wendover, and regret that we can not make personal acknowledgment to the kind donor. The decks were sent from Macy's in New York, and unfortunately the enclosed card was evidently mixed with one intended for another parcel. It reads, "To Shirley Ann, dear, from Grandpa and Uncle Leo."

* * * *

The Frontier Nursing Service appreciates the kind reference to the success of its maternity program in an article in the December *Survey Graphic*, by our old friend, Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, of Yale University.

HOWLERS FROM A BRITISH WAR BUREAU

(Given us by an English friend)

I am writing to tell you that my baby has been born two months old when shall I get more pay.

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will it make any difference.

I am expecting to be confined next month, will you please let me know what to do about it.

My Bill has been in charge of a spitton shall I get more pay.

In answer to yours I have given birth to twins. Hoping this will be satisfactory.

My husband is dead and I am a widow. I want to pick up what is dropped.

Please send me more inflammation about my son.

I enclose my certificate and six children.

Please send me more money as my new baby is a bottled one.

My daughter Fanny was baptized in half a sheet of paper by the Rev. Thomas.

I have received no pay since my husband has been gone from nowhere.

My husband has been away from Crystal and got four days furlong and now has gone away to the mind sweepers.

We have received your letter, I am his grandma. He was born and brought up in answer to your letter.

I write those few lines for Mrs. ———. She is expecting to be confined and can do with it.

In answer to your form I am no relation to the Smith, but I love him and had three children to him.

Please hurry up with my money as we are sitting with empty stomachs. I expect you are sitting with full ones.

I am glad to tell you that my husband has been reported dead. I have not received no pay since my husband was confined in a constipation camp in Germany.

In accordance with instructions on ring paper I have given birth to twins enclosed in envelope.

INDIAN NURSES

The Patriot Service Committee of the Colonial Dames of Pennsylvania, inspired by Mrs. Henry Pease of Philadelphia, started the ball rolling. Mrs. Pease visited one or two of the Indian reservations in the Northwest and got together with our Indian Bureau in the Department of the Interior over a PLAN. In many of our Indian reservations the condition of the child-bearing mother, and of the baby, is not good. The government has put in hospitals with American doctors and nurses, but not all of the Indian women will use the facilities offered them. We still have around 200,000 full-bloods on our reservations, and a fair number of them don't speak English. The Pennsylvania Dames thought that if they could train superior Indian girls as nurses and put them back on the reservations, they would supply the necessary link between Uncle Sam and his wards. They took, therefore, with the permission of the Indian Bureau, from the government school at Lawrence, Kansas, a young Cherokee named Adeline Clark and a young Chippewa named Virginia Miller. These two were in the upper ten per cent. of the graduates of the school. They placed them at the Pennsylvania General Hospital in Philadelphia, where they went through three years nurses' training and took their Pennsylvania State Boards.

At this point the Frontier Nursing Service came into the picture. The Pennsylvania Dames and the Indian Bureau both realized that these young nurses could not be taken directly from a large general hospital and put back on the reservations without graduate training in remotely rural nursing technique, in maternity and child care, under conditions not unlike those they would have to face afterwards. The Frontier Nursing Service, therefore, was asked to take them for a year as graduate students and give them this graduate training. We agreed to join in this fascinating affiliation, but our narrow budget could not be stretched to include the board and allowance of student nurses, the purchase of two extra horses and their upkeep every month, and complete outfits of winter and summer uniform. We, therefore, appealed to the Colonial Dames of Kentucky, who voted an appropriation to cover the maintenance and allowance of one

Indian nurse. The Dames of other states are at the time this goes to press evincing equal interest in the Indian nurses. Massachusetts has already sent us a generous check. New York, Michigan and Rhode Island are other states already interested. We have no doubt of the outcome, because the Dames everywhere are enthusiastic over this concrete plan started by Pennsylvania to benefit our only living Colonial memorial.

Meanwhile, the two Indian nurses are with us and showing rare aptitude for the work. Both ride horseback well, and both are admirably trained as nurses. Our Kentucky population is already proudly pointing out its traces of Indian blood, and our local committees are offering the most helpful cooperation.

Meanwhile, the Minnesota Colonial Dames have also taken two girls to give them training as nurses in Minneapolis, and Pennsylvania is taking two more. The head of the National Patriotic Service Committee, Mrs. Arthur Holbrook of Milwaukee, is deeply interested in the plan. A big movement is under way.

Overheard—

In the bleak mid-winter
 Frosty wind made moan,
 Earth stood hard as iron,
 Water like a stone;
 Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
 Snow on snow,
 In the bleak mid-winter,
 Long ago.

(C. ROSSETTI)

Man with a good piece of bottom land and good clothes:
 "What does the wind say to you?"

Man living on marginal land with thin overalls and no coat:
 "Hit says to me, 'I'm a goin' to split you in two.'"

First man: "Why didn't you work and make money for clothes like I did?"

Second man: "I worked all summer but my children et hit up. There warn't nothin' left for clothes."

WHY?

It was my privilege during my holiday last summer to visit at a country place in Kent. At Canterbury I met Miss Babington, of the Precincts, the Hon. Secretary of the Kent County Nursing Association. This association is affiliated with the famous Queen's Institute, and their nurses are trained in midwifery at the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich in London, where I took my own midwifery training, and at the Plaistow Maternity Charity.

Readers of this Bulletin are aware of the maternity record of the Frontier Nursing Service. We carried through our first thousand cases with but two maternal deaths, both of them heart cases and neither one due to an obstetrical cause. We have carried through a second thousand maternity cases with no death from any cause, direct or indirect. Our system is that of the Queen's: namely, normal cases carried by nurses who are also graduate midwives and abnormal cases carried by a physician, namely our own medical director who is a first class obstetrician. This system works. It works in England, and it works in Kentucky.

From Miss Babington's report of the Kent County Nursing Association, we take the following significant figures.

1. British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, Woolwich. Years 1924-31 inclusive. Hospital and district. Cases, 6,808. Maternal mortality rate, 1.9 per 1,000 births.
2. Plaistow Maternity Charity. Years 1910-31 inclusive. Hospital and district. Cases, 103,386. Maternal mortality rate, 1.03.
3. District cases attended by all Queen's Nurses from 1928-31 inclusive. Cases, 260,787. Maternal mortality rate, 1.09.

Why do we continue to lose over fifteen thousand maternal lives every year in America? Why do we have a death rate of from six to seven mothers per thousand live births? All over Great Britain, and in the Kentucky mountains, under the system

in use by the Queen's and the Frontier Nursing Service, the loss of mothers is never more than one or two per thousand births. Why has America the highest death rate in childbirth of any civilized nation that keeps vital statistics? Why have we lost more women in childbirth in our history as a nation than men in war? The Frontier Nursing Service is blazing a white trail across the darkness of this national disgrace. You who support the work of the Service with your money, your time, and your affection, you are blazing this trail. Your names are all down each year in our audit, and this prosaic audit is really a Book of Life.

M. B.

The Horses Had Christmas, Too

From one of our Cincinnati couriers, Dorothy Caldwell, came a large box of sugar just before Christmas, with a lump for each horse, and a card with special mention of her favorites.

To Lassie,

the violet, to inspire her to emulate its modest and tender qualities.

To Gloria,

the rose, because Bland likes Gloria, and she also likes roses. (Could it be that the logic isn't faultless, if she doesn't?)

To Diana,

the forget-me-not, because, even if you wanted to, you couldn't forget her, no matter how hard you tried.

To Dixie,

the lily of the valley, chiefly because I've a soft spot in my heart for both.

To Birdalone,

the aster, because they're both such hardy perennials.

And to all the horses, a very merry Christmas, and lots of sugar.

GREENFIELD VILLAGE

During a recent visit to Detroit, the editor of this Bulletin had the privilege of a personally conducted tour by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford over this famous village. Few experiences could be more profoundly moving for an American. Associations that reach back into the heart of America in science, in education, in folk songs, in history, and in the early memories of all of us, are all grouped about that old-time village green.

There is Lincoln's court-house just as he pleaded in it as a young lawyer. There, too, are one-room early American schools. The brick school was that attended by Mr. Ford in his childhood. The log school is that in which McGuffey taught. Among the houses is the one-room log cabin where McGuffey was born. "The Little Mansion," a substantial house of great charm, is where Stephen Foster was born. On a stretch of water floats a small, old-time steam boat from the Sewanee River. The Martha and Mary Church stands at the head of the green, a building of lovely lines constructed out of the brick that once made the home where Mrs. Henry Ford was born. An old-fashioned inn brought from another part of Michigan and reconstructed just as it was, a tintype studio where we had our pictures taken, a cobbler's shop where shoes are being made today, a post office from which we sent off picture post cards—all of these things are not only real as they were, but many of them are in actual use at the present time. Children attend the schools; services are held in the church where a beautiful modern organ has been installed. Perhaps some day people will stop at the inn and sit on the horse-hair sofa in its old-fashioned parlor. Most moving, because most significant of vital changes in the modern world, are the little old stable where Henry Ford constructed his first model, and the Menlo Park Laboratory, brought over just as it was from New Jersey, where Edison perfected his great inventions. Perpetual fire, lit by Edison himself, is kept in the furnaces. The gas jet he worked under, all the light any of us had then, is still lit. Even

his old mortar has been found in pieces and put together just as he used it.

“There is no tale to write of what I did,—
I only served my master as he chose.
Within my bowl he ground his mixtures fine,
Pounded his powders, pulverized his paste.
One day a workman dropped me. Out I went,
Cast to the dump among the broken shards.

“Neglected in the dust of passing years,
I lay forgotten till another came;
Within my scattered parts he saw the clew
To all those yesterdays at Menlo Park.
With his own hands he matched my sides again,
Restored my fragments each one to its place.

“One day my master climbed those steps once more,
With his own hands he set me on this ledge.
‘Here’s where it always stood. Here it belongs,’
Said he. And now I wait for his return,—
A humble mortar dreaming of the past,
While shadowy figures linger on the stairs.”

(—WM. A. SIMONDS)

Barter Plus

Kit to Wendover nurse: “Margaret, who is that tall, good-looking young boy who greets me so pleasantly each morning?”

Wendover nurse: “Oh, he is working off five midwifery fees.”

Kit: “Five midwifery fees! That is impossible.”

Wendover nurse, laughing: “Of course, it is impossible in the way you are thinking about it. That boy has a small farm of his own, but no corn on it. He has offered to work off five midwifery fees for five of his married friends who are having new babies this winter. Each father will give him five dollars worth of corn for his labor.”

DARKIE

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was sent us by a Scotch nurse now living in New York, who is old and crippled and gallant. At the same time she sent Christmas gifts for our children and wrote, "These little gifts I am sending you are crude, I know, but they are sent with all the love of an old nurse's heart for the poor people who are 'up against it'. If I may suggest it, I like them to be given to the most troublesome ones, those whom it seems impossible to do anything with! I have often found that a little unexpected gift works miracles."

During the frightfully severe winter of 1911 I was doing district nursing at Glasgow, Scotland. Early in December we had a terrible blizzard with intense cold; pneumonia was prevalent everywhere, especially among the poor people, and on account of the weather, many of the big works were closed down, so that unemployment was an added suffering. My district was on the outskirts of the city, and it used to take me almost an hour by tram to get there.

It had been snowing all night, but as we all left the Home at 9 a. m. for our different destinations the sky had the appearance of clearing. Traffic was disorganized in every direction, snow was piled high everywhere, though squads of men were working frantically to clear the tramlines. In those days they had not the effective devices that they now have for clearing the snow away after heavy storms, so there was almost an hour's delay before we were able to start.

I was dreadfully worried at this, as I had a very sick patient down with pneumonia, whose crisis was due at any moment. His young wife (pretty as a picture) had given birth to her first baby only two weeks before, and therefore was anything but strong. When I had the case, four days before, I did all in my power to induce her to let the doctor send her husband to hospital, but she utterly refused! "Nurse dear," she said, "dinna ask me to pairt wi' ma Donald! How could I bear to think o' him lying amang straingers in a hospital ward?" (She had all the poor people's horror of sending their relatives away to an institution) "an I alane here wid the wean? Let him be, Nurse, let him be, I will look after him masself, I will mind him good."

When I arrived that morning it was eleven o'clock. Close

to a window of the little house stood a dejected-looking horse, the snow falling on him, melting almost as it fell; he appeared to be gazing earnestly into the window outside which he stood. I knocked at the door, but evidently I was not heard, so I lifted the latch and walked in. In front of the fire sat the young mother, tears running down her face and dropping on the sleeping infant in her lap. When she turned and saw me, she was completely overcome; I did my best to console her, and after some time she was able to answer my questions. She told me that Donald had had a very bad night, but had now been sleeping for about two hours. Then I asked her why the horse was standing outside in the snow, and she broke out into fresh weeping. "Oh! Nurse," she said, "all night Donald kept saying that he could see his mither, who died four years ago, standin' at the foot o' his bed, an' she was beckoning him tae come. About six o'clock this morning he begged me tae bring Darkie out o' the stable—he wanted tae say guid-bye tae him; so as soon as it was light enough, I asked a neighbour tae bring him his horse. Donald would hae me open the window, then put the bridle in his puir wasted hauns, an' he said, 'Darkie, old boy, I am going tae leave ye, an' I hae a sair, sair heart at pairtin' frae ye. Ye hae aye been a guid beastie tae me, an' now I am going on a lang, lang journey all alone an' I canna bring ye along! May the guid God, Who even looks after the little sparrows on the tree, watch o'er ye, an' gie ye intae the hauns o' a kind maister who'll ken how tae treat ye right.' After a while Donald fell asleep again, still holding the reins in his hauns. I had not the heart tae disturb him, an' I was so tired out that I quite forgot to cover up the puir dumb brute!"

I then softly opened the bedroom door and looked in. There lay poor Donald asleep, the hectic flush only adding to the beauty on his face, which was turned towards the window where Darkie stood patiently looking at him. I closed the door again, and told his wife that I would return in a few hours; I had so many other patients to attend to. Before leaving, I gave her some money, and told her that I would send in a neighbour who would buy some bran, and she was then to make a good hot mash for the horse. I took an old rug I found in the room, and went and covered poor Darkie.

When I returned some hours later, Donald showed every sign of sinking rapidly. The doctor had called, and told his wife to prepare for the worst. Donald recognized me as I entered, and when I went over to his bedside, he took my hand and begged me to look after his wife and little son. "And, please, Nurse," he said, "don't forget Darkie! We were good pals for six years, I have had him since he was a year old, an' there never was a nicer or a kinder beastie! Perhaps you, who have been such a godsend to us all, will see that he falls into good hands?" I gave him my promise to see to everything, and a look of great happiness overspread his face. He kissed my hand, and gradually sank into unconsciousness. He passed peacefully away that night.

I made a collection amongst some kind friends who never failed me when I appealed to them (I am afraid my appeals for help were many that hard winter). After the funeral I was able to send the widow home with her baby to her parents in Inverness-shire, and a kind old man, a great lover of all animals, bought Darkie.

Often, afterwards, when I had a day off-duty, I would mount my bicycle and ride out to a farm at Milngavie, and there I would see Darkie, looking in the pink of condition, grazing in a field on good green grass. I flattered myself that he recognized me, for when I called him, he would run up to me, and rub his head against my shoulder, showing every sign of pleasure.

KATHLEEN HALL.

We have received a profoundly interesting reprint from *The American Journal of Hygiene* of May, 1934, called "The Distribution and Epidemiology of Human Ascariasis in the United States," by G. F. Otto and W. W. Cort. This big title means WORMS, against which we wage a warfare that won't end until the worms are exterminated. Included in the report are the findings from the survey made in our section. It is grievous to read that "in the Kentucky mountains are found the most favorable conditions for the development of a wide-spread, intense infestation." Well, the fight is on, and every supporter of the Frontier Nursing Service is a warrior.

A January Baby

Do you remember the wedding you and Willeford went to last spring? The young couple are now living where Peacock and Willeford stayed while they built the Bowlingtown and Brutus centers. I was called there about two in the morning on Sunday. I don't believe it ever has taken me so long to get up Leatherwood Creek. The snow was nearly to the top of my boots and still coming. Poor Dixie picked up a ball of it with nearly every step and went sliding all over the place. I don't know how we managed to slip at all with the snow as deep as it was, but we did. I was glad there was a barn to put her in when we got there. The young mother had a normal time culminating in the arrival of a very normal daughter. About eleven-thirty the same morning, Dixie and I started home. You should have seen Leatherwood Creek. It had risen to a regular river and was just covered over with piled up snow and slush ice. When we got as far as the Middle Fork, the backwater in the road came up to the horse's belly, and the ford was just packed with snow blocks. The men said no horse or boat could get through. Just then Mat came along and said he was going to try to cross at the shallows. Then we got telephone word at the B.'s that a big "tide" was on the way. We didn't wait long after that. We went straight across the shallows and up to Mat's plowed field. Mat's horse refused to go up the bank, and he had to get off in the water, but Dixie took it in her stride. Neighbors came running down to the river to see if we could make it.

DOROTHY BUCK, R. N.

A New Year's Telegram

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge,
Wendover, Kentucky.

Happy New Year and best wishes to a great work.

WILL ROGERS.

**ORGANIZATION AND SUPERVISION OF THE
FIELD WORK**
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

The field work of the Frontier Nursing Service is organized on a decentralized basis. No other plan would be feasible in a country where the difficulties of transportation are so acute. The people ordinarily travel by horse or mule and the usual speed is about four miles an hour. Because of this slow mode of travel it is necessary for the nurses to be not more than five or six miles from their farthest patients. Therefore, the nursing centers are located approximately ten miles apart. The Service operates eight such nursing stations, one of which is also an eighteen bed hospital.

At each station or nursing center one or two nurse-midwives live in an eight-room house built and owned by the Service, but managed by the nurses. They carry the work in a district having a radius of five miles and covering an area of about seventy-eight square miles. Every nursing center has a local committee composed of the leading citizens in the district. The local committee members meet twice a year with the nurses, who give them a report of the work and discuss various problems with them. Thus we work *through* rather than *for* the people.

Before the depression the Service was staffed by thirty trained nurses and midwives. Since the depression, however, we have had to cut our staff to some extent, with the result we have only about twenty-two nurses. In addition we have the secretarial and social service staff, which makes a trained personnel of thirty, carrying on the work of the Service. The supervisory and administrative staff consists of the Director and her assistant, a midwifery supervisor, and a hospital superintendent. We have our own medical director who has charge of the hospital and who also answers the necessary midwifery and sick calls in the field. The surgeon for the hospital lives in a mining town twenty-four miles away on a State highway, and therefore is able to come quickly to the hospital for operative cases.

Although the regular medical service of the organization is carried by the medical director, we have in addition a collaborating Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, 165 miles away. This Committee is composed of physicians and specialists who authorize our "Medical Routine." This Routine, which is similar to the standing orders of other public health nursing organizations, authorizes the nurses to give certain treatments and medications pending the arrival of a physician. The nurses follow this Routine in their field work, and the Medical Advisory Committee assumes the responsibility for their so doing.

In so far as the general nursing work is concerned no attempt is made at specialization. Not only are the members of the field staff graduate, registered nurses, but they are also experienced in public health and trained in midwifery. In a sense they are specialists in midwifery, but along with their midwifery work they also carry a generalized nursing and public health program. The nurses in the centers make themselves responsible for the health of all the families that live in their districts. The nursing work is carried on a family basis, all members of a family being considered "patients" in the sense that the nurses are responsible for their health, whether they are sick or well. Once a patient is taken up and admitted into the district's count, he is carried continually until he either dies or leaves the district. His case is not closed when he recovers from the condition for which he was first seen. In this way the family is carried as a unit from the standpoint of both health and sickness.

The midwifery supervisor has her headquarters at Wendover, but it might almost be said that she lives in her saddle. She is on call for all abnormal cases, many of which she attends either alone or with the medical director. Every month or two she visits all the outlying centers, seeing those prenatales about whom there is any question, reporting them when necessary to the medical director, and giving advice in regard to midwifery problems. She tries to see all primipara that register and refers them for medical examination. She keeps a card file of all the active midwifery cases, usually about 100 patients, posting them as they register and closing them out a month after delivery. With such a file she knows at any time what cases are being carried, how many are due, and what difficulties may occur. Thus she knows

how to regulate her own visits to the outlying centers and when it may be necessary for her to keep in the closest communication with the medical director. Every midwifery record as it is closed a month after delivery and sent in to the Central Office is carefully checked by the midwifery supervisor.

The hospital superintendent functions, on the whole, as would the superintendent of any hospital. She has five full time nurses on duty, one a nurse-midwife and four non-midwife nurses. Our hospital is supposed to be one of eighteen beds. However, it is often occupied by many more than eighteen patients, because there is no other hospital in our territory, and it is almost impossible to refuse any patient really needing care. The hospital superintendent carries certain other duties in addition to those having to do with running the hospital. She is responsible for distributing the medical and nursing supplies not only for the hospital but for the outlying centers as well. The district nurses requisition through her once a month and she supplies them with what they need. The districts adjacent to the hospital are carried by three nurse-midwives who live in the hospital annex. Although they manage their own districts as do the nurses in the out-lying centers, yet the hospital superintendent has the responsibility of adjusting any problems, changes or relief that occur.

We have not yet been able to afford a full time person as public health supervisor except for certain periods of time, because the depression which necessitated the cutting down of the staff, resulted also in a certain doubling up of supervisory duties. Those of the public health supervisor have been largely taken over by the assistant director. She visits each center every two or three months and stays a short time with the district nurse. During that time she goes out on the district with the nurse when possible, and cooperates with her in her home visits and family contacts. She discusses with the nurse any problem or difficulty that has arisen, in regard either to the district work or to the records.

New nurses are introduced to the field by senior members of the staff who act as teaching supervisors. All nurses who become members of our staff have been previously trained in general nursing, in public health and in midwifery, but in a field as

unique as ours, it is essential that they have an intensive period of additional training under a senior nurse. For one month at least and preferably for six weeks, the new nurse assumes little responsibility. She is under the direct supervision of a senior staff nurse who plans the day's work for her and helps her with the riding, the trails, the country and the records. Even then the new nurse usually is not given a district. For a varying length of time she acts as a floater to relieve wherever necessary, and in this way becomes familiar with all the centers. Later she becomes a junior nurse in a center, and finally in charge of one. We feel that this gradual breaking in of a nurse is very desirable in the conditions under which we work.

Records of the individual patients are kept in each center and are filled in by the nurses who make the visits. These records, except for the midwifery ones which conform to the British standards, follow the classifications ordinarily used for American public health records. We have the family folder which calls for information covering the more pertinent facts regarding the family as a whole. From these are made health records of the families having to do with such items as condition of the house, the water supply, the milk supply, sanitation and the food supply of the family as a whole. These health records are kept up to date by the acting public health supervisor and filed at headquarters. From them valuable statistical data can be readily obtained.

In each family folder are separate cards for the various members of the family. The infant, from birth to one month, is carried on the neo-natal record. From one month to one year the baby card is used; from one year to six, the preschool. The record of the child from six years to maturity is carried on the school card, and thereafter the adult card is used. These individual records are inspected and checked by the acting public health supervisor from time to time as she makes her visits to the out-lying centers.

Although these individual records are held and kept up to date by the nurses in their own centers, the record system is headed up in the Central Office at Wendover. The nurses' daily report sheets are sent in each week to the Central Office, and there they are summarized and tabulated for the month and for

the year. Two or three times a year a member of the Central Office visits each center and checks up on the count of the records. The Central Office is administered and our statistics are compiled by a statistician and her assistant.

Some results are intangible and some can be given in figures. Such things as cooperation, an increased understanding of what we are trying to do, and a realization of a need for the work, can not be measured statistically, but can only be felt and appreciated. Cases carried, visits paid and received, deliveries and inoculations can be set down in figures. These are given in the following paragraphs.

During the nine years of the Service ending May 1, 1934, the Service has paid 161,832 home visits, and has received 115,601 at the clinics. We have delivered over 2,000 patients, with only 48 stillbirths, and no maternal deaths due directly to obstetrical causes. In the first thousand cases we had two maternal deaths, one due to chronic heart and kidney disease, and the other to chronic heart disease. Neither of these two deaths could be attributed directly to an obstetrical cause. In the second thousand deliveries we have had no maternal deaths from any cause whatsoever.

We have given over 68,800 inoculations and vaccinations. These include not only typhoid, diphtheria toxin-antitoxin, influenza and pneumonia, and smallpox, but also a few other sera such as an anti-tetanic and anti-venin which have been given directly under the physician's supervision.

Sick cases, not including midwifery, to the number of 3,054 have been cared for in their homes. All except 166 recovered. Whenever possible these cases were nursed under the supervision of our own medical director or an attending physician from outside our territory. We have had our hospital only six years, but during that time it has cared for 1,579 patients.

At the close of the ninth fiscal year the Service was carrying 1,146 families. Among these there were 256 babies, 1,139 pre-schools, 2,243 school children, and 2,337 adults.

The Frontier Nursing Service is a private organization and is financed almost entirely by voluntary contributions and subscriptions. In various cities we have committees of friends who are interested in the Service and who are instrumental in helping

us to raise funds. We also charge fees for services rendered in the field. These are as follows: for midwifery service, including prenatal, delivery and post-natal care, \$5.00; for all other care, including public health and morbidity nursing, a \$1.00 a year fee for each family. The hospital makes no charge for children under sixteen years of age; \$1.00 a day for hospital care is charged for adults. Cost charges for dressings and supplies are made. Payment in work or produce is always accepted. Needless to say these charges do not cover the cost of the services. But such could not be expected in a country where the economic status is so low that the average per capita income in money is approximately \$36.00 a year.

In regard to our plans for the future we have two specific aims. The first is to complete our originally planned demonstration area of 1,000 square miles, of which we now cover over 700. We had expected to reach this goal by the end of our tenth fiscal year, but because of the depression, we will not be able to do it by May, 1935. We hope it will not be many years after that date before we cover the additional territory. In such an area the number of cases would be sufficient for us to obtain reliable statistics and to draw definite conclusions as to the need for and the result of putting well trained nurse-midwives in remotely rural districts.

Our second aim is to use our territory as a training field for the preparation of nurses as midwives for other isolated sections of the country. This plan can be made effective by working in cooperation with a midwifery school located in Lexington. The theoretical work and practical experience can be given in the city district under obstetricians and properly qualified midwives. But after the groundwork of the course has been given in the city, additional training in the rural aspects of the work will be given in our own field, for these midwives will be trained only for rural sections of the country. There are other sections of America, not only in the Appalachian Highland region, but in the Ozarks and elsewhere in our country and its territories where graduate nurses trained as midwives are needed in maternal and infant care.

MARY B. WILLEFORD, R. N., Ph. D.
Assistant Director.

FIELD NOTES

Mrs. Polly Asher of Warbranch has given her organ to the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork. Over fifty years ago, this little organ was carried by mule or ox-team more than eighty miles from the nearest railroad point to Polly Asher's home. And it is still going strong. Burley Hall seems to know something about it. He takes the strings down and cleans them. Miss Stevenson has singing parties every Saturday and as many as seventy-five people come. They bring box lunches, and Stevie provides cakes. They were learning carols all through December.

* * * *

With the enthusiastic cooperation of Miss Bland Morrow, our Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Director, sewing and knitting groups are being started now at most of our nursing stations. At Possum Bend the children are making themselves sweaters out of the local wool in natural color and trimming them with bright-colored bits of "brought on" wool, or with black from the wool of a black sheep. These children also dressed twenty dolls for other children for Christmas. The children at the Caroline Butler Atwood Center, at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River, are piecing a quilt which is to be raffled off among the Service staff to get enough money to buy wool and print. Wendover has a thriving sewing and knitting class under the personal direction of Mrs. Vashti Duval and Miss Jane Hupman. All you who read, if you have any left over bits of wool about your houses or bits of calico prints, please send them to Miss Bland Morrow, Wendover, Kentucky, for these sewing and knitting groups. Thimbles, thread, and needles are also welcome. Knitting needles are made locally by the boys.

* * * *

The Possum Bend Center has had a debating society, chiefly composed of young men, for a considerable time. Everyone who has attended its meetings gives highest praise to the fairness and ability with which the debates are conducted.

* * * *

The Bowlingtown nursing center has been planting trees

and shrubs along its fence. Many of the shrubs are gifts, but Bowlingtown is taking some of its one dollar annual fees in six trees carefully transplanted.

* * * *

The Treasurer for local funds of the Leslie County Committees of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Sherman Eversole of Hyden, has presented the Hyden Hospital with an extremely good cow and calf. The two cows already belonging to the hospital are October, a very fine Holstein given up by Mr. Kroger of Cincinnati, and November, a good grade cow. Mr. Eversole's gift has been named December, and she is a good provider. Our hospital babies drink a lot of milk. We have a badly burned four-year-old there now who takes nearly two quarts a day, and it eases her. She also has a Christmas dolly on the pillow by her, and that eases her, too.

* * * *

Every nursing center received again this Christmas from our national chairman, Mrs. Ballard, a most royal gift, viz.: feed for the cows to last until Spring, and a barrel of flour.

* * * *

One of our Indian nurses, Virginia Miller, has had an acute attack of appendicitis since she came to us. Our surgeon, Dr. Collins, of Hazard, came over and operated on her, and she will be riding again in a month's time.

* * * *

The Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus on Bullskin in Clay County, after going a month without any babies at all, has had six in five days in the Christmas holidays. Relief had to be thrown into the area from all directions. Miss Worcester rode over from Bowlingtown and Miss Buck, the Midwifery Supervisor, cleared twenty-two miles and four mountains on Dixie in less than five hours. Miss Harris, senior nurse at Brutus, reports that the Christmas party had to be put off until New Year's Eve because everybody was spending every hour giving nursing care to mothers and new-born babies. All twelve mothers and babies are doing well.

* * * *

Miss Green, senior nurse at the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River, has just put over a splendid piece of salesmanship, in

selling the idea of hospital care to a bad maternity heart case on one of her remoter creeks. She talked the poor, dear, frightened thing into it and brought her over the twenty-five miles. The baby is now safely born under medical care, and both mother and child are doing well. For the first time in her life this mother has eaten oranges and "tame grapes."

* * * *

One hundred and fifty beautiful big dolls; a gross of knives, of the Boy Scout variety; boxes and boxes of miscellaneous toys and of clothing, new and old; some of the nicest layettes ever made—all these wonderful Christmas gifts from the Alpha Omicron Pi, left us breathless with joy over the royal way in which this sorority interprets always our united cooperation in a common task.

* * * *

Senior couriers at the present time in the Service are Miss Sylvia Bowditch of Boston, who is, however, acting as Christmas Secretary over the holidays, and Miss Susan Adams of Dubuque, Iowa. The Juniors are Miss Elizabeth Mather, of Cleveland, and Miss Eleanor Field, of Hartford.

* * * *

We will always remember 1934 as a terrible year for horses. No sooner was that awful Periodic Ophthalmia completely eliminated than we got distemper in the barns. The couriers have been doing nursing work for weeks past. Poor old Gloria had an old-fashioned quinsy sore throat with her distemper and Dr. Kooser had to lance it and the couriers give it daily dressings. We sent for distemper serum, and as soon as it came inoculated all the non-infected horses. This seems to have put a stop to it, but we do need two new horses, please. Fortunately two of our friends have loaned us their mules for the winter or we would be desperate.

* * * *

A revision has just been finished of our Record Routine, paid for out of the Carnegie Corporation Statistical Fund, and carrying the results of years of experience and hundreds of hours of study and research. The committee for the Record Routine are as follows: Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D., Miss Marion Ross, M. A.,

Miss Dorothy Buck, R. N., M. A., and Miss Mary B. Willeford, R. N., Ph. D.

* * * *

We have said good-bye with abiding regret to Miss Bessie Waller, who has been with the Frontier Nursing Service first as junior nurse and then as senior (the American equivalent of the British sister) for over four years. No abler nurse or finer woman ever served in this or any other service. Miss Waller has returned to England where she will engage only occasionally in the practice of her profession, and before long will retire from all nursing into the leisure so justly earned by her long and useful career.

* * * *

Miss Mary Harry, whose gallant career includes shrapnel wounds in the line of duty during the war, and years with the Frontier Nursing Service, in which she has had a fractured skull, a copperhead snake bite, and two operations as a result of the old war wounds, has returned to us after a year's furlough. She is in charge of normal midwifery cases at the Hyden Hospital.

* * * *

Laura, of the Mud Lick neighborhood, is an expectant mother who came to the hospital from beyond our districts. During the five weeks she has been with us waiting for her baby, she has been learning to read and write, and was extremely proud when she could send a Christmas card to her husband in her own handwriting. She has been the best sport, and has helped the Christmas Secretary no end with the toys.

* * * *

Babies born at Christmas in different sections of our wide area this year have been named Christopher, Carol, and Christina.

* * * *

Among our many Christmas parties extending from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day, none went over with a bigger bang than the Christmas dance at Wendover. Young people rode in from all directions. The volunteer music of fiddles and banjos, including that played by Mozelle, age nine years, was so racy that even the elderly joined in the dance. The names of some of these old folk dances are: Winding the Ball of Yarn, California Fruit Basket, Boxing the Gnats, Ocean Wave, Going to Town, and the Wild Goose Chase.

Sayings of the Children

“When a nurse was at a midwifery case last night, one of the children in the next room called out and said, ‘I want to see the baby.’ The grandmother said he must wait until the nurse had dressed it. ‘What!’ he said, in a surprised voice, ‘did hit come naked? An’ hit was snowin’ when we went to bed!!!’ ”

* * * *

Wee Bess to her mother: “That sure is a lazy nurse. She leaves all the babies at the mouth of the branch and don’t bring none up here to us.”

* * * *

Floyd, of Flat Creek, age 5, after listening for the first time to a radio, went home to his log cabin and sat behind a box all day “actin’ up like he was a radio talkin’ and singin.’ ”

A Wish for Your Happiness in the New Year

Dear Father, hear and bless
Thy beasts and singing birds,
And guard with tenderness
Small things that have no words.

—From a Christmas Card.

Think not the beautiful doings of thy soul
Shall perish unremembered. They abide
With thee forever; and alone the good
Thou doest nobly, truth and love approve.
Each pulse and gentle deed of mercy brings
An honest recompense—and from it looms
That sovereign knowledge of thy duty done—
A joy beyond all dignities of earth.

—From entrance of old (now abandoned) Medico-Chi. Hospital,
18th and Parkway, Philadelphia.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We have lately had our annual meetings in Detroit and Cleveland at which the Director gave a report of the year's work, and showed our wonderful new colored slides. Both meetings were at night. In Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. William Kales opened their beautiful home for the meeting. In the absence (in Japan) of our Detroit Chairman, Mr. Gustavus Pope, our Vice-Chairman, Mr. Charles Hodges, presided splendidly.

For our Cleveland meeting we had the lovely home of Dr. Charles Briggs. Our Honorary Chairman of so many years in Cleveland, Mrs. Leonard Hanna, was not well enough to preside, but our active Chairman, Mr. Dudley Blossom, did the honors most gracefully. A lot of old friends and many new ones attended both meetings, and there was a most welcoming spirit of affection and good will.

As this Bulletin goes to press, the Director will be attending the annual meetings in the East, with a number of club engagements fitted in. These club engagements for fees, which go to the Service, netted \$585.25 last year, with expenses paid in addition.

* * * *

The Frontier Nursing Service extends its grateful thanks to the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit, for its invariable hospitality in entertaining the Director whenever she is in Detroit. The University of Michigan chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi at Ann Arbor had a luncheon meeting, for a report of the work in November. The Director has spoken at a number of schools during the autumn and early winter. Among them are the Milwaukee-Downer College and School; the Francis Parker School and the Chicago Teachers' College in Chicago; the Country Day School in Winnetka, Illinois; the Liggett School in Detroit; the Hathaway Brown and Laurel Schools in Cleveland. Earlier in the year she spoke at the Hillsdale School in Cincinnati. Her engagements in the East include the Ethel Walker School at Simsbury, Connecticut; and always each year those early and loyal friends of the Service, teachers and students of the Bennett School at Milbrook, New York.

One of our couriers, Miss Marion Shouse, of Washington, has just realized nearly \$300.00 on a sale for the Frontier Nursing Service during the Christmas holidays.

* * * *

We are rejoiced to learn that our Co-chairman in Cincinnati, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, mother of the courier, Mary Elizabeth Rogan, is recovering from her serious illness.

* * * *

Mrs. Arthur Holbrook, of Milwaukee, is the mother-in-law of two of our couriers, Betty Wynn Rugee of Milwaukee, and Susan Dette, of Boston. Dr. and Mrs. Holbrook threaten to send their third son down to the mountains to look for a bride in our Courier Service. They thoroughly approve of a period in the Service as a preparation for matrimony.

* * * *

We extend our sympathy to our friend, Mrs. Perry W. Harvey, of Cleveland, in the loss of her colored chauffeur, Sam. Sam began driving Mrs. Harvey back in 1905, with a carriage and horses, and has been with her ever since. Whenever Mrs. Harvey extended her generous hospitality to members of the Service in Cleveland, Sam took them about, always radiant with good humor and superlatively careful in his driving. We have lost a loyal friend.

* * * *

The Louisville committee of the F. N. S., under the auspices of Mrs. Ex Norton, held its annual meeting January third, following dinner, in the ballroom of the Brown Hotel. Mr. E. S. Jouett, in the chair, led the program with his accustomed courtesy and charm. A telegram from Mrs. Ballard in Florida to another vice-chairman, Miss Mattie Norton, expressive of affection, and regret that ill-health caused her absence, was read by Mr. Jouett. A telegram was drafted in reply, unanimously endorsed from the floor and sent Mrs. Ballard, to remind her of the love and loyalty of all present. The F. N. S. gives its grateful thanks to Mr. Harold Harter, the manager of the Brown Hotel, for his courtesy in setting aside a suite for the use of the ladies of the Louisville committee and out of town trustees.

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DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send supplies of clothing, food, toys, layettes, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the *Frontier Nursing Service* and sent either by parcel post to Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky, or by freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center or to be used for a special purpose and will send a letter to that effect his wishes will be complied with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

Everything sent is needed and will be most gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,

MR. C. N. MANNING,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington, Kentucky.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember this institution in their wills, this form of bequest is suggested:

"I hereby devise the sum of
dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

.....

.....

It is preferred that gifts be made without restriction, since the Trustees thereby have a broader latitude in making the best possible use of them. Of course, however, they are also welcome where a particular use is prescribed.

To facilitate the making of gifts of this sort, it is suggested that if they come by will there be added to the form shown above some such language as the following:

"This devise is to be used (here describe the purpose.)"

Suggestions for special bequest:

- \$50,000 will endow a field of the work in perpetuity.
- \$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.
- \$ 5,000 will endow a baby's crib.
- \$10,000 will build and equip a Frontier center for the work of two nurses.
- \$15,000 additional will provide for the upkeep, insurance, repairs and depreciation on this center, *so that*
- \$25,000 will build and maintain in perpetuity a center.

A number of these centers have been given and equipped, and provision has been made for the endowment of three.

Any of the foregoing may be in the form of a memorial in such name as the donor may prescribe, as, for example, the Jane Grey Memorial Frontier Nurse, the Philip Sidney Frontier Hospital Bed, the Raleigh Center, the Baby Elizabeth Crib.

Any sum of money may be left as a part of the Frontier Nursing Service Endowment Fund the income from which will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees, and the principal of which will carry the donor's name unless otherwise designated.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

“He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.”

Its object:

“To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.”

