

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

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THE "LEAST ONE"



THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
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THE STORKE

The storke she rose on Christmas eve
And sayde unto her broode
I nowe must fare to Bethlehem
To viewe the Sonne of God
She gave to eche his dole of mete
She stowed them farely in
And far she flew and fast she flew
And came to Bethlehem.
Nowe where is he of David's line
She asked at house and halle
He is not here they spoke hardly
But in a maungier stalle
She found him in a maungier stalle
With that most Holy mayde.
The gentle storke she wept to see
The Lord so rudely layde,
Then from her panting breast
She plucked the feathers white and warm
She strewed them in the maungier bed
To keep the Lord from harm
"Now blessed be the gentle storke
Forevermore," quoth he,
"For that he saw my sadde estate
And showed such pity
Full welcome shall she ever be
In hamlet and in halle
And called henceforth the blessed bird
And friend of babies all."

—From the flyleaf of a Sixteenth Century prayerbook.

Courtesy of American Journal of Nursing.

HOLIDAY PREPARATIONS

Although Christmas is still five weeks off as we go to press, our toys and tree decorations, warm clothing and candy are coming in on a much more generous basis than this time last year. We are correspondingly grateful, and it looks as though, for the first time in our history, we might have almost enough toys to go around. In any case generous friends are sending gifts of money in lieu of toys, with which we can buy, at the last minute, whatever is lacking. We also deeply appreciate the extra gifts of money coming to us to help meet the cost of the Service itself as we face another rugged mountain winter.

The attic at the hospital at Hyden would delight the heart of any child lover. Every day when the huge barrels and boxes, that come by freight and express and parcel post from all over the United States, are brought in, then the unpacking begins and the sorting of all of the toys. Such delights as trumpets, mouth organs and drums are put in a packing case together; the dolls in another packing case, warm clothing in others, and the things for big boys and big girls to themselves.

The donors' names and addresses are listed in a card system, and then checked with red pencil as the gifts are acknowledged. This is one of the many jobs of the Volunteer Christmas Secretary. Lastly, early in December, the wagons will roll in from our seven hundred square mile territory and each will be packed with a toy and a bag of candy for every child and a generous share of the clothing and shoes. We give to approximately five thousand children; over ninety percent of whom would have no other Christmas if we didn't provide one. Even the unborn baby gets a woolly, and all except babies get a bag of candy tied with a red string.

The packing and tying of thousands of little paper bags is, in itself, no light job and everybody gathers around in the evenings to help. We do it on sheets, on the living room floor, in front of the fire, after "the edge of dark."

If anyone fails to get an acknowledgment of his or her so welcome gift within ten days after it has been shipped, kindly write the Frontier Nursing Service at Hyden. Every year we get a few parcels where the names on the outside have been blurred beyond recognition by the rain or snow. When the name is put on the inside of the bundle, acknowledgment is easy. Thank you each and every one.

A CHRISTMAS "LEAST ONE" ON HELL-FER-SARTIN

By FRANCES FELL, R. N.



Illustration by M. Oetjen, R.N.

At six o'clock on Christmas Eve the mountain darkness that descends so quickly in the Kentucky hills had completely surrounded the two small white buildings composing Possum Bend Center. The air was chilly and the nearby hillsides were being leisurely powdered by a gentle snowfall. Suddenly there gleamed in the darkness a light from a lantern, while the figure of a man astride a small, lean mule appeared at the wire fence enclosing the center grounds, and a man's voice shouted—"Hello, Hello, Hello—Nurses."

Before the last hello had found its echo, the door to the little white cottage was opened and one of the nurse-midwives, clad in riding clothes, appeared on the porch, holding aloft a kerosene lamp. She recognized the man as Sam Napier, and asked him to come inside and get warm. He refused, explaining that "Sally his wife was punishing turrrible, and wanted the nurses."

Fifteen minutes later the two nurses mounted on their faithful equine friends, rode out of the white barn after the

This was first written for the Public Health Nurse and is reprinted (condensed) from their issue of December, 1930.

anxious young father. Both were acutely aware of the distance to be traveled before Sam's house could be reached. The Napier cabin was perched on the top of Devil's-Jump-Branch on the famous "Hell-fer-Sartin" creek—a rough creek bed to travel either afoot or on horseback.

Patiently the two horses, Penny and Darky, followed the mule through the chilly waters of the creek. The snow continued, changing from gentle, fine powdery flakes to stinging icy granules that clung tenaciously to the sleek coats of the horses as well as to the heavy outer garments of the nurses.

Gloves or mittens are luxuries for a poor mountaineer. On this cold, snowy Christmas Eve, Sam's hands were bare. He frequently changed the lantern from one hand to the other in order to thrust his numbed fingers into the pocket of his shabby black overcoat. He often remarked "Hit's a powerful bad night, and a heap of trouble for ye to come this fur, but Sally she allowed hit were time fur you all to come. She always knowed with the boys, so I reckon she needs ye."

The nurses took turns in assuring him that this night journey was just part of the day's rounds. They quoted the motto of the Frontier Nursing Service adopted since its earliest pioneer days: "No matter what the weather, if a father comes for the nurse she will return with him."

On a sunny day the six mile horseback journey would have taken an hour and a half. The blackness of the night, together with the heavy snowfall kept the horses going at a slow walk. Three hours passed before the first cabin on Devil's-Jump-Branch was reached. The last half mile was up the particularly steep, rocky incline long ago christened by the early settlers "Devil's-Jump." When this point was reached, the nurses dismounted in order to lead their weary horses up the slippery path ending at the door of Sam's tiny weather-beaten log cabin.

The kindly neighbor women who had come to sit with Sally during her confinement had heard the horses coming and had opened the door to call out a warm welcome to the tired travelers. Sam took immediate charge of the horses and assured the nurses that the barn was warm and dry.

One of the women seized the saddle bags and carried them

into the cabin. Friendly hands peeled off the nurses' wet wraps and spread them out to dry before the brightly blazing log fire which, together with the light from one "coal oil lamp" illuminated the combined bed and living room. The whiteness of the pine board floor, as well as the orderly arrangement of the hand-made rustic furniture would have made a lasting impression on even a casual visitor. * * *

The sooty black iron tea kettle used in every mountain home was waiting on the hearth filled with boiled water. Several small tin lard pails had been assembled on the table for the use of the nurses. One of the beds had been made with clean sheets. Blankets were unknown in this humble mountain home. There was, however, a plentiful supply of clean, hand-pieced quilts of various weights, patch work patterns and brilliant colors, turkey red predominating. The nurses opened the midwifery saddle bags and laid out the necessary equipment for the delivery.

Sally had since her marriage at sixteen always been known as the "sewinest and workinest woman on the creek." * * * Silently and patiently this young twenty-six year old mountain mother labored. The women folk encouraged her by relating the story of the first Christmas Baby. When she became restless they admonished her to "do what these women tell ye, because they know what's best for ye."

Shortly after midnight the first Christmas baby on "Hell-Fer-Sartin" made her appearance crying lustily. How her parents rejoiced at the birth of a daughter because the other four were sons. The nurses were given the privilege of choosing the name for this tiny black-haired daughter. They consulted together and suggested Noel Mary as a name for Sally's "least one." The name pleased the parents. After Sally had given her daughter a keen look and learned her weight was eight pounds, she reckoned she was "a right pert young un."

Meanwhile Sam had raised the door in the ceiling leading to the loft above where the four boys were snuggled together in one bed and informed them that they had a little sister. The nurses were urged to "take a night" and share the other bed. However, the snow had ceased and the moon had come up flood-

ing the snow clad slopes with magic light, so the hospitable invitation was refused. Sally was assured that a nurse would return to care for her that afternoon. One of the elderly neighbors had offered to remain for a week to look after the little household, so instructions regarding the care of the mother and baby were given her.

After everyone had partaken of a steaming cup of black coffee and Christmas greetings had been exchanged, two weary but elated nurses mounted their horses and rode away. It was then two o'clock in the morning and brilliant moonlight was glistening on the snowy hillsides. In the peaceful beauty of the snow-powdered hills and with the memory of the happy family in the tiny, isolated mountain cabin, the fatigue and cold were forgotten. The nurses lifted their faces to the star sprinkled sky and their silent thoughts were—"Noel Mary Napier—a Christmas baby on Devil's-Jump-Branch, Hell-Fer-Sartin Creek—He came, that first Christmas Babe, that you too might have life and have it more abundantly."

Sayings of the Children

John, age seven, taken to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati and first seeing the lights of the Great City: "Who could have lit all them lamps!"

Little Latham, passing by the Possum Bend Nursing Center with a friend on the day after he had had a T. A. T. shot, pointed to a fallen tree: "See that log, the nurse took a needle as big as that log and druve it into my bones."

Said Rennie, going down to the Blue Grass on a train out of the mountains, and struck with the widening valleys: "Awful big bottoms folkes has got down here."

FROM A COURIER'S DIARY

Beech Fork Center (Jessie Preston Draper Memorial)

Saturday, July 28.

I am here to help Stevie with a party she is giving for the school age children in her district.

This morning we arose at about seven and, after breakfast, started in on the scheduled party. The children had begun to arrive at six, but read books and played games in the big clinic room until we put in our appearance.

It has been a very rainy day, but, in spite of that, fifty-seven children came to our party. The first thing on the program was to weigh and measure all of them, and examine their teeth and tonsils. This little chore took up nearly all the morning, so, when we finished, it was time to start getting the refreshments ready. The lunch we served consisted of cocoa, jam tarts, and crackers, and seemed to be very successful.

After lunch, we persuaded all of them to sing some of their songs for us, and they sang very well. One little boy named Ed, who was the leader, was splendid, and, in no time, he had overcome the shyness of the younger children and had them all joining in. One of the songs they sang was called "Old Sailor Man." It has innumerable stanzas, which tell of the sailor's attempts to be accepted by the rocks, the sea, the angels, etc., all of which refuse to have anything to do with him. Finally, in desperation, he applies to Satan, who receives him immediately. After this final verse had been sung, one little girl went right on singing. Ed waited until she stopped and then explained to her, without a trace of impatience, "Don't you know that's all there is to that song? Ole Sailor Man gets took in by the devil, and there just *cain't* be nothin' after that."

After the singing, the rain having stopped for a little while, all the children went outside and did various odd jobs for Stevie. One group cleared out an accumulation of trash and burned it; another weeded around the house; another weeded what is to become a lovely, natural rock garden; and a group of

older boys weeded the flower garden. They all worked like grown men, and, in just a little over half an hour, with so many hands, the place looked entirely different. The remarkable thing was that none of them seemed to feel that they were really working; they chattered and shouted to each other and had a wonderful time.

By this time, it had started to rain again, so we went back to the clinic, where we played games until three or three-thirty. Then they left, each one with a bag of hard candy (a real treat and the making of a party), as he said good-by. I had to leave, too, so I packed my saddle-bags, taking in them besides my change of clothes, three and a half dozen eggs for the Wendover breakfasts. I felt some qualms about carrying eggs on horseback, but Stevie assured me they were well packed and would be safe, so I took her word for it and hoped for the best.

I made excellent time going back to Wendover, covering the eleven miles in about two hours and a half (and breaking just three eggs). I arrived in time to help bring the two mares and their colts in from pasture, and then cleaned up for dinner. After dinner, I played a little bridge, but went to bed fairly early.

Tomorrow is Sunday, so not much activity is scheduled for the "Courier Service," except for the regular watering of horses; but something unusual is bound to happen. I wonder what it will be, this time.

DOROTHY CALDWELL,

Cincinnati Courier.

Berea and the Frontier Nursing Service are both delightfully remembered in an article called "America Revisited" by Frederick Watson in *The Crippled Child*, the periodical of the International Society for Crippled Children.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA

Anyone who has visited Wendover the past summer will understand only too well the full meaning of Periodic Ophthalmia, the outbreak of which in our stables has been one of the greatest tragedies that has ever happened in the Service.

Carmenetta was the first victim. She was a little mare that, because of her gentle, quiet disposition and surefootedness, carried the most precious loads during the time we had her—Mrs. Breckinridge on her first trip down Hurricane after her back was broken, Marion after her long illness, and some of our dearest friends unaccustomed to riding. Except when used for special purposes, she was ridden by Inty. Inty first noticed Carmenetta's eye was discharging and thought it only a gnat or a seed that had infected it. She gave her careful and tender care and when results were not obtained, called various men for consultation. The only diagnosis we were able to obtain from local authorities was "moonblindness." In the nine years of the Service no one had ever heard of a contagious eye disease, so the main thought was to remove whatever particle was causing the irritation. After several days without relief, Carmenetta was sent up to Wendover to be put in the horse hospital barn and cared for by the couriers. After a week's rest she seemed much better and able to go on duty again.

Soon we began hearing of horses and mules in the district affected the same way, and in rapid succession Nellie Gray, Little Bill, Glen, Jason and Roxy all developed bad eyes. We asked Dr. Charles Hagyard of Lexington to come up, which he did as a courtesy without cost to us, and he diagnosed the condition as Periodic Ophthalmia, a very contagious disease about which little is known except that it is recurrent and results in inevitable blindness. As there was no permanent cure for the disease and complete isolation was impossible for so many, we were forced to destroy all six of the infected horses.

To Margaret, our Wendover nurse, the going of Little Bill was a real bereavement. He had taken her carefully and faithfully for five years on the darkest nights, through swollen fords,

and over frozen mountain trails. No horse in the Service was more loved by his mistress than was Little Bill. To the couriers and to the rest of us, the loss of Glen was felt very deeply. He was a favorite with everyone. In fact each horse had one or more lovers.

Rather than risk someone else's doing it, and perhaps making a dreadful task more dreadful by bungling it, Kermit finally agreed to perform this last service for the horses to whom he had given years of devoted care. Many times he had said that he couldn't shoot Little Bill and Glen, but neither could he let it be done at the hands of one who did not love them. The rest of us tried to go about our work as usual, but the atmosphere at Wendover was noticeably gloomy. It was almost as though we were parting with members of our family.

There wasn't much time for grieving, for all the barns throughout the Service had to be disinfected and freshly white-washed inside, other parts creosoted, fresh cinders and sawdust put in the stalls which the infected horses had occupied, and all the saddles and bridles disinfected with lysol. The drastic disinfecting did not cease until Kermit, the couriers—everyone who had been in contact with the sick horses—had been made "surgically clean."

The horses we have left are doing double duty, and it often happens that we must borrow or rent local mules and horses in order to carry on the necessary work. When this is done the borrowed or rented animal is housed outside our enclosures. We are enforcing an absolute quarantine in all of our barns against horses and mules not of the Service, until the epidemic is over. Nor are our horses allowed in outside barns. As rapidly as possible we must fill in the ranks, although new horses cannot replace in our hearts those we have lost.

AGNES LEWIS.

The "Pisen Branch" neighborhood in Bowlington district has been paying its midwifery fees in fodder this year, on a hundred percent basis.

A STUDY OF FIRST CAUSES . . .

LEADS TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN THE KENTUCKY HILLS

I am driven to ponder "first causes" in this job of ours. I think it is only by that process—discovering fundamental causes and understanding their implications—that we can hope to do an intelligent piece of work.

In a very simplified form our question, a two-sided question it is, seems to me to be this: (1) To what extent is the human factor involved in this composite that we call the problem of the super-rural mountaineer? Or to put it another way, what has happened to the human entity, the human spirit, through the years and years of struggling with the narrow, harsh, unyielding environment which has been the lot of our mountain folk for generations, an environment ruthless in its consequences for human life? (2) The other side of the question is, what new or revamped economic possibilities are there, within the mountain area or out, which might be developed to relieve this terrific economic pressure that has human life literally against the wall? * * *

To look briefly at the economic aspect of the question first, we shall have to face at the outset certain hard, stubborn facts. Of course, we are not assuming that the economic factor is the whole of the external situation. That it does underlie practically all phases of this problem is, however, a conclusion that we cannot escape. Some of the basic economic facts that we need to face are these: (1) In these remotely rural areas practically the only source of livelihood is farming on a subsistence basis, which does not really support the major part of the population, it only keeps them alive. (2) Subsistence farming itself, however good or bad of its kind, is not, unless supplemented by some source of cash income, an adequate way of living. One simply can't raise on any farm, much less a mountain farm, everything that is needed to live decently and to contribute one's share in maintain-

ing a reasonable minimum of social institutions according to the lights of this Twentieth Century. (3) Industry as now managed does not need mountain labor, so, for the near future at least, there is little hope from that quarter, either of reducing the population-group dependent on mountain agriculture or of supplementing with cash the income from this basic source. (4) On the quantitative side, large "spots" throughout the Southern Appalachian area are in the toils of this inadequate agricultural economy and the people involved run up into the hundreds of thousands. (5) The "way out" of this situation is long and devious. It isn't really the "way out," it's "ways out," and will require the effort of individuals, private organizations, public agencies, in concert, and patient, intelligent devotion to the task.

A discussion of these possibilities for reconstructing the economy of the region is not my first interest here, but I do want to suggest some of the possibilities that are already evident, such as: Forests, scientifically handled as a regular crop, for that large portion of the land that is admirably suited to that and nothing else, plus fish and game to make these forest preserves still more productive as attractions for tourists; local wood-working industries; intensive farming of the more adaptable land, with crops better suited to the peculiar mountain situation; marketing developments and better marketing facilities—these will indicate some of the variety of economic possibilities still to be realized.

There is still another aspect of the economic situation that we should not pass over. I think the present prospect of there being undertaken a thoroughgoing attack on this tenacious, omnipresent economic problem is brighter than it has ever been. Recent years have brought a more adequate appraisal of the facts in the "mountain problem," a more honest facing of the implications to be derived therefrom. There seems reason for believing also that the economic debacle has given us as a nation a heightened sense of social responsibility. And finally, Government is itself displaying a special interest in the social and economic handicaps of the subsistence farmer, caught as he is in the circle of poor land, distant markets, lack of capital, lack of social insti-

tutions, and all of the hampering influences that grow out of social and intellectual isolation. * * *

It is the need for understanding that makes me think and talk in terms of "first causes." Understanding isn't really big enough in its meaning to include all that I intend. It is more like thinking and feeling oneself into the situation of another person until one finds oneself compelled to try, on the one hand, to improve that situation, and, on the other hand, finds it possible to be endlessly patient and faithful with the person who is caught in that situation. I suppose this is really my own interpretation of that command that one should love his neighbor as himself—that is, penetrating the "neighbor's" situation with such acumen and sympathy that his problem becomes as vital and urgent as one's own.

Before we begin thumbing through experiences which are actively conditioning the mountain people here and now, we must remind ourselves that many of these and similar experiences have gone into the very warp and woof of the whole group's psychological past. Their force has been accumulating through generations of living under a "do-without" economy, an economic system that has necessitated doing without almost everything of a material nature except enough to keep body and soul together. This "do without" economy has gone much deeper than material things, though its psychological significance is deep and pervasive even as it relates to material things. In the world of ideas, the mountaineer has had to be content with traditions (dating back to the Eighteenth Century, many of them), the guess of his fellows, his own speculations and unverified observations. The scientific approach to a problem, with its dauntless search for facts and bold facing of their implications, has never reached the isolated mountaineer. Do you see the deadly effect of having to confine one's thinking to the narrow circle of Eighteenth Century tradition, one's own very limited experience and the speculation of untutored minds? Can you see also how years, generations of helplessly watching the ravages of typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis, diphtheria, seeing over and over again women dying in childbirth without means to prevent it, seeing the crippled and deaf and blind doomed to useless lives—can you see the stoic fatalism that that sort of thing engenders, crippling and stultify-

ing when it becomes, as it inevitably does, a part of the group's spiritual inheritance?

With this as a very inadequate suggestion of the mountaineer's psychological past, perhaps we can create something of a panorama of the circumstances and experiences which tend to mold and control the mountaineer of today. To start with the breadwinner, let's say that he is a renter, but he lives on "company land" (more than half the land in Leslie County is owned by companies), paying either a small cash rent or a "rent" consisting of certain services to the company in the way of upkeep and protection of the property from fire, unlawful cutting of timber, etc. Easy terms apparently, but on the other hand the company forbids his clearing any new ground, so that his farming must be confined to a small plot of bottom land which is the family garden and perhaps ten acres of hill land, with a slope of from twenty to forty degrees, land that has been farmed for years, leached by rains, exhausted by repeated planting to corn. Last fall hog cholera was rampant. Almost nobody had the money to pay for vaccination, and the hogs are dead. Perhaps the man will be able to "work out" a little grease and meat along from a merchant or a more fortunate neighbor, otherwise they will do without. At any rate, the hope for an adequate supply of meat and lard for the winter is gone, the brood sow is dead and unborn is the litter of pigs that were to have made next winter's meat supply.

This is only the beginning of the breadwinner's trials. Last fall hunter's torches set the woods afire and burned a long stretch of his rail fence. To replace it he and his eldest son have worked for weeks, in wet and cold, with thin shoes and thinner clothing, cutting dead or dying chestnuts (the only trees the company will permit him to cut), snaking the logs out of the woods with the old nag, splitting them into rails and laboriously rebuilding the fence. Thus it is with almost everything he undertakes. Lacking tools and equipment, almost any desired end must be achieved by the crudest, most laborious, most time-consuming method. The mule needs a new feed box, for example. He may either hew it out of a log, spending many hours doing it; or he may seek the company's permission to cut a tree, drag the log some five or ten miles to a sawmill; leave part of the lumber in payment for the

sawing, drag or sled the remainder back home, and then wait that uncertain moment when he will have the money to buy a few nails. Given the lumber and nails, the box would be done in half an hour. Instead he hews out the log and spends hours and hours doing it, with probably a dozen other things that need to be done nagging at his mind.

Soon he and the boy and the women folk will start again on the thankless, backbreaking task of cultivating that steep, bleached field, where mule and ploughman tussle with the rocks at every step. (A recent study in one of the Kentucky mountain counties estimates that on the steeper land the corn yield is slightly more than one bushel of corn for each day's labor, as against fifteen bushels of corn per day's labor in a lowland Kentucky county.) To work from daylight until dark, father, mother and children, on a hillside where it is exhausting just to walk about, much less to work; to battle with stones that first tear up one's shoes, then the soles of one's feet, dull the edge of one's hoe and break the edge of one's patience; with nothing in one's stomach at breakfast but a little cornbread and white gravy, at noon cornbread and wild greens, at supper some of the same but less of it, as "it don't take as much to sleep on as it does to work on"—can't you see what this endless, fruitless toil does to human beings? To wonder that they don't fence off the yard, tote in wood dirt, dig and plant and weed for flowers "to beautify the home," is a little beside the point. Heaven knows they need the beauty and the experience of creating it, but to grow querulous about it in the face of the price they pay in toil for thirty or forty bushels of corn at the best—barely enough to "bread" them through next crop time and keep the mule and cow just this side of starvation until grass comes—well, to grow querulous about it is just to shut one's eyes to bald, raw, primary economic facts.

How endlessly the struggle repeats itself. The roof of the two-room cabin begins to leak. Through the company's agent and after considerable delay our farmer gets permission to cut a certain white oak to make boards for a new roof. It must be cut "on the right of the moon," however, so the boards won't curl, and there is more delay. Finally the tree is down, sawed into rounds with a cross-cut saw (a back-breaking job at which the mother periodically relieves the stripling lad on his end of the

saw), the rounds "rived" by hand with axe and maul into boards and the boards stacked ready for use. But they don't go on at once. They may stay there until they blacken with age, while the house gets more and more leaky and the family gets the habit of shifting their beds and clothing whenever it rains to ever-diminishing dry spots. It takes nails to put boards on a house, quite a lot of nails, and nails cost money, and our farmer can't get a day's work for cash anywhere. The only thing he has left that he might sell are the mule and the cow. If he sells the mule, subsequent crops will be more meager than ever. If he sells the cow, the "little 'uns" won't have any milk. The cow's getting nothing to eat now except "roughness" (that is, corn fodder) and she gives only milk enough for the "little 'uns" to have a mite. Perhaps he will eventually, in desperation, sell the cow for next to nothing, and get the nails for the roof. If out of that same money he buys some food and the family eats to the full and ravenously for a few brief days of grace, it shouldn't be a matter for surprise.

I often think that this "do-without" economy bears even more heavily on the women folk than on the men. Day in and day out the woman must try to cope with housekeeping and family-raising while facing endlessly the handicap of having to work without the barest necessities. 'Tis sickening to sense what it must do to one to be responsible for feeding children and have almost nothing to give them; to try to make your meager offering of food acceptable when your only cooking utensil is an old frying pan or perhaps only a lard bucket; to try to keep house and children clean without soap (when cholera takes the hogs there isn't even fat with which to make homemade "lye soap"); to mend clothes until even the patches won't hang together; to see your children sicken, your home remedies of brews and poultices fail, and watch them die with no doctor available or no money to pay his fee; to see the youngsters going to school year in and year out with no books, not even pencils and tablets; to see your adolescent boy gropingly searching for some outlet for his energies, some expression for the bewildering impulses making themselves felt within him, some answer to his need for sociability, only to end up one of a crowd of wild, gun-toting youths who are in the same plight; to be able to offer your daughter no choice

but an early marriage, with motherhood before she is hardly more than a child herself and then the old, old round of children, drudgery, struggle against hopeless odds, and old age at forty. To my mind the women whose spirits are broken by this kind of life are much more easily understood than those who, in spite of it, manage to hold on to a love for cleanliness and order, to continue patient and gentle with their children and find time to dream wistfully of their future.

There is a whole series of sociological maxims that describe the thing I have been trying to say in more specific terms. "Poverty tends to produce poverty." "Without some new element in the situation, people do not tend to create a very much higher standard of living than that in which they have grown up." These are some of them; but I am not trying to find a pat phrase to describe the situation. What I am most desperately trying to say is, that fighting a losing battle against hopeless economic odds, as the isolated mountain farmer and his family have been doing for generations, with attitudes, habits, tolerances handed down from one family to the next—this experience is, for the human entity, exhausting and debilitating in the extreme. The ordeal through which the mountaineer has passed, the deprivations, the life-long insecurity to which he is subjected, these things so condition his attitudes toward personal and social problems that we cannot hope really to serve him unless we first understand the war he has to wage just to live and the psychological consequences thereof.

Faithfully yours,

BLAND MORROW.

Books for Christmas Presents

NURSES ON HORSEBACK, by Ernest Poole.

Macmillan Company. Illustrated.

CLEVER COUNTRY, by Caroline Gardner.

Fleming H. Revell. Illustrated. With Map.

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

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

THE MAKING OF A HOME

We have spent a good deal of time this summer on the affairs of Virginia King and her husband, Clem. Virginia is an attractive young woman, married three years. Her husband is slow, but steady.

In 1931 they were unknown to each other. They hired themselves to a family on Turkey Branch. This family was poor and the cabin small, so they suggested that Clem and Virginia should marry and move into a nearby hut. They did that, using a borrowed bedstead and chairs. They continued to eat with the family in return for field labor.

When Virginia registered this spring she gave a history of bleeding with her two former pregnancies. Both babies were stillborn. "Bucket," the midwifery supervisor, came to see her. We brought her in from the cornfield and put her to bed with a lecture on the importance of rest. On the next and several subsequent visits she had to be called in from the field. Of course she continued to bleed. Later I found that she and her husband were trying to make two full crops. One, in return for food and one for themselves to supply food for next winter. On Sundays they dug roots to sell for clothes.

After the crops were "laid by" I got an urgent call from another neighbor. Virginia had been taken sick while visiting her and was bleeding profusely. This woman kept her in bed and she soon responded to treatment. But she couldn't stay there, the woman hadn't any spare food, and there wasn't room in the cabin. I began to look around for a home for the two of them.

Our chairman's wife suggested that we ask for a small shed which her husband had made for use as a hog pen. He was quite willing and promised to help as much as possible. The shed was too small so we had a "working" and made it twice as large. Just at that time our chairman's barn roof blew off during a storm so he presented us with all the old roofing. There was plenty of it in good condition to cover our "house"

nicely. A little later Clem "worked out" lumber and we built a second room. We have only paid \$3.00 for labor. All the work has been done by neighbors, free.

Then Clem weeded a garden in return for a cooking stove, and Virginia "worked out" sheets and pillow slips. Our chairman's wife donated a bedstead and mattress. The Red Cross box provided blankets and quilt. The Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Department helped with the cooking utensils and food.

Virginia and Clem moved in. At present the walls are papered with pages from Sears-Roebuck. As yet we have no stove for the living room but Clem is now weeding my flower bed to earn the money for that. Virginia is piecing a quilt for one of the neighbors and the money earned in this way is to buy glass windows. Odd strips of lumber from the Shipley-Gates mill have been used to make a baby crib. Clem made it, a bit wobbly perhaps, but!

I have been relying upon the sale of his fodder to provide winter clothing but it was badly burned and just yielded 117 binds. However, it has provided Clem with money enough for a good pair of shoes and Virginia with the beginnings of "a set of dishes." She has wanted them so much. We chose willow pattern so that it might be purchased piecemeal. The place isn't luxurious but they are so proud of their "things." The whole business is a joy to me, because they have responded so well. Virginia is a neat housewife and a good needlewoman. Clem, though slow, keeps right on working. Also, there is every reason to expect a living baby in the immediate future.

ADA WORCESTER, R. N.

Nurse in charge of the
Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center.

P. S. Later: The baby is born, a boy, and Virginia came through in fine shape.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We are honored to announce that Mr. Dudley S. Blossom has taken the active chairmanship of our Cleveland Committee, which Mrs. Leonard Hanna organized and directed for several years, and of which Mrs. Hanna is now the honorary chairman.

* * * *

Valued additional members of our National Medical Council are Dr. Louis S. Greene of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Gavan Fulton of Louisville, Kentucky. Miss Edna Foley has become a member of our National Nursing Council.

* * * *

Mrs. S. C. Henning of Louisville has had to resign the chairmanship of the Louisville Committee because of a prolonged absence from that city. She is succeeded in the office by the first-Vice-Chairman Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton. Mrs. Ex Norton has honored us by taking the first-Vice-Chairmanship and Mrs. Ralph Gifford is second-Vice-Chairman. Mrs. Henning remains on the National Executive Committee, but has been succeeded in the office of Vice-Chairman by another member of the Executive Committee, Miss Mattie Norton. New members of the Board of Trustees are Mrs. Paul Justice and Mr. W. J. Harris, both of Lexington, Kentucky.

* * * *

In October and early November the director has met over twenty speaking engagements in a number of the cities in the Northwest. These included meetings of the State Nurses' Associations in Wisconsin and Kansas, club engagements in a number of the cities and addresses to high schools and private schools. She has also given a report of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service at the annual meetings held by its committees in Minneapolis and Chicago. These meetings were presided over by the splendid chairmen of these two cities, Mrs. George Chase Christian and Mrs. Frederick Upham. Approximately six hundred people in Chicago attended the annual meeting in the ballroom of the Drake Hotel.

The director also had the honor of addressing the Women's Auxiliary of the Kentucky State Medical Association at their annual meeting in Harlan.

* * * *

The first Benefit of the season was put over magnificently and profitably by our Hazard Committee of which Mr. Lewis Judy is Chairman and Miss Mary Hoosen is Secretary. Mr. Lawrence Davis gave all the profits of an afternoon and evening at his moving picture theatre. In addition to the regular feature the "Forgotten Frontier" was run through twice. The whole community of Hazard co-operated for this Benefit, and with the active assistance of the county school officers, over six hundred school children attended the show in the afternoon. Free transportation was given by a number of firms in Hazard who own trucks. Another interesting Hazard Benefit, in the form of a tea, with silver collections, was given the next day by the Hazard Woman's Auxiliary of the Perry County Medical Association.

* * * *

"Dougal," for years our nurse at Wendover, and now Mrs. F. A. Marraine of London, has given birth to a little daughter, Anne Ione. We wish for this baby a nature as sunny and a life as useful as her mother's.

* * * *

We record with sadness the passing of several members of the committees of the Frontier Nursing Service since publishing our last issue: Mrs. William V. Kelley of Chicago; Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer and Mrs. William W. Vaughan of Boston; Mrs. Alexis C. Angell, Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs, Jr., and Mr. Frederick L. Alger of Detroit.

Our Pittsburgh Chairman, Mrs. Charles L. Shoemaker has lost her father, Mr. David Brown Oliver, who died within a week of reaching his hundredth birthday. Mr. Oliver has been called the father of the public school system of Pittsburgh. In addition he had sponsored, for nearly a century, nearly every movement in that city for worthy and disinterested enterprise. Mr. Oliver was one of the earliest subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service, and that is but one instance of a national breadth of outlook characteristic of this fine old type of American.

FIELD NOTES

Everyone who has visited the Frontier Nursing Service has fallen under the charm of its hospital superintendent, Miss Annie MacKinnon, affectionately called by all of her friends, "MacAlpine." Miss MacKinnon is taking a year's furlough from the Service, where she will be most terribly missed. We are glad however, to announce that her post is filled by Miss Rose McNaught, whose beginnings with the Frontier Nursing Service go back to our early days. Miss McNaught was loaned by the Service for approximately three years to the Lobenstine Clinic in New York as its District Supervisor. We welcome her return to our field with the utmost pleasure.

* * * *

Another nurse who has been for years with the Frontier Nursing Service and is now taking a furlough of indefinite length, is Miss Margaret Oetjen of Chicago. Miss Oetjen is the nurse on the cover picture of this issue of the Bulletin.

We welcome back Miss Edith Marsh of Ravenna, Ohio, after an absence on furlough of nearly a year.

Miss McNaught was one of our early fellowship nurses for midwifery at the York Road General Lying-In in London, and Miss Oetjen and Miss Marsh went on our fellowships for their training to the Queen's Institute of District Nurses, and the Simpson Memorial Hospital, in Edinburgh.

Miss Eva Gilbert, R. N. M. A., who has been with us for nearly three years, and has taken part in all of our activities except midwifery, has now gone, at her own expense, to Edinburgh, to get her midwifery training.

* * * *

Our couriers this autumn have been Miss Sylvia Bowditch of Boston, senior courier, and Miss Adelaide Atkin of Winnetka, Illinois, and Miss Dorothea Newman of Concord, Massachusetts, as juniors. Miss Bowditch is taking over the job of Volunteer Christmas Secretary later in November.

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Everyone who has been to Wendover knows Miss Wilma Duval, Secretary to the Director for years, and how splendidly she serves the Frontier Nursing Service. Miss Duval has a fur-

lough until June and is studying at the University of Chicago.

* * * *

Everyone connected with the Frontier Nursing Service will rejoice that a telephone line has been put up by the Napier Brothers, connecting Brutus with Bowlingtown and thence direct to Hyden and Wendover. This additional line, with the Kentucky State Forest Rangers' Service along Red Bird River, connects up all of our stations by telephone, for the first time in our history. Unfortunately, however, the telephone lines are often blown down and we have to revert to our telephoneless condition. We owe the Brutus telephone connection to the enthusiasm and work of our Brutus and Bowlingtown district committees and especially to the sub-committee formed for this purpose, composed of Mr. Will Gay, Mr. Shipley and Mr. William Barger.

* * * *

We are unendingly grateful to the generous response of many friends, to our article in last spring's issue of the Bulletin called "Honeymoon Cottage." One friend from Philadelphia gave the entire septic tank system. A courier gave the chicken, coal and wood houses. A friend in Washington papered all of the rooms, and a Louisville friend donated the bathtub and other bathroom fixtures. Lastly two other interested people gave generous sums for the general repair on the cottage. In all about fifty percent of the costs were donated. We are still open for contributions to cover the cost of the kitchen sink and materials for the general remodeling of the house. This, and the installation of the plumbing, are the only items not met in full.

As to a name for "Honeymoon Cottage," unfortunately we still find ourselves calling it "Honeymoon Cottage." The preferred name among those we suggested was Blossom Patch. Other suggestions have been Climbank and Pathacre.

* * * *

In September Dr. Scott Breckinridge and Dr. J. Y. Whitehouse, both busy obstetricians of Lexington, Kentucky, came into the hills and, generously giving their time and skill, held a gynecological clinic at our hospital for patients of the Service. This is the third big clinic given us by Dr. Breckinridge. On September third, the first day of the clinic, twenty-seven patients

were examined. Eleven of these were found to need operations, and on the following two days Dr. Breckinridge and Dr. Whitehouse performed the necessary operations. The patients have recovered and have returned to their homes, full of gratitude to the doctors who not only saved their health but in the case of four of the patients saved life itself. The Frontier Nursing Service won't even try to express the deep appreciation it feels for the clinic; it can only give a warm invitation to Dr. Breckinridge and Dr. Whitehouse to return again next year for another one.

* * * *

Dr. F. W. Urton, of Louisville, came into the hills and, on October 22nd and 23rd held his second tonsil clinic at our Hyden Hospital. Fifty-four children from eight nursing centers travelled a "fur piece," some as far as twenty-five miles, on horseback, muleback and by wagon, to attend the clinic and have their tonsils removed. Our hospital has normally only eighteen beds, but during a clinic it can expand in a most unusual way. For twenty-four hours we had sixty-three patients. Needless to say a few more beds than the usual eighteen were put in the wards, and most of the beds held two patients instead of one. One little girl coming out of the anaesthetic said to her nurse, "Dear nurse, please get in bed with me." But even had the nurse accepted, there was no room for her in the single bed, already occupied by two small children. A little boy just out of ether said, "I know who I am, I am a GOOD boy." Evidently his mother had impressed on him that he must be a good boy, and he was "a good boy" too.

We are deeply grateful to Dr. Urton for giving his time and skill in holding so necessary a clinic for us. It is impossible for us to put into words all of our thankfulness, but we hope that the fifty-four youngsters, who probably will be free of sore throats, colds and ear troubles this winter, will testify both to their appreciation and ours. We hope that Dr. Urton and Mrs. Urton, who spent one day at the hospital with us during the clinic, will return annually.

HONORARY TRUSTEES

Sir Leslie and Lady MacKenzie, Edinburgh, Scotland

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

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	Miss Marguerite Wales, New York, N. Y.
	Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.

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.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1922, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for October, 1934.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., publishers of the Quarterly Bulletin and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1922, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky.

Managing Editor: Same.

Business Manager: Same.

(2) That the owners are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Mrs. S. C. Henning and Mr. E. S. Jouett, of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, of Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. Joseph Carter, Versailles, Ky., secretaries; and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the corporation or person for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.,

By Mary Breckinridge, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1934.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires January 9, 1935.

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.”

