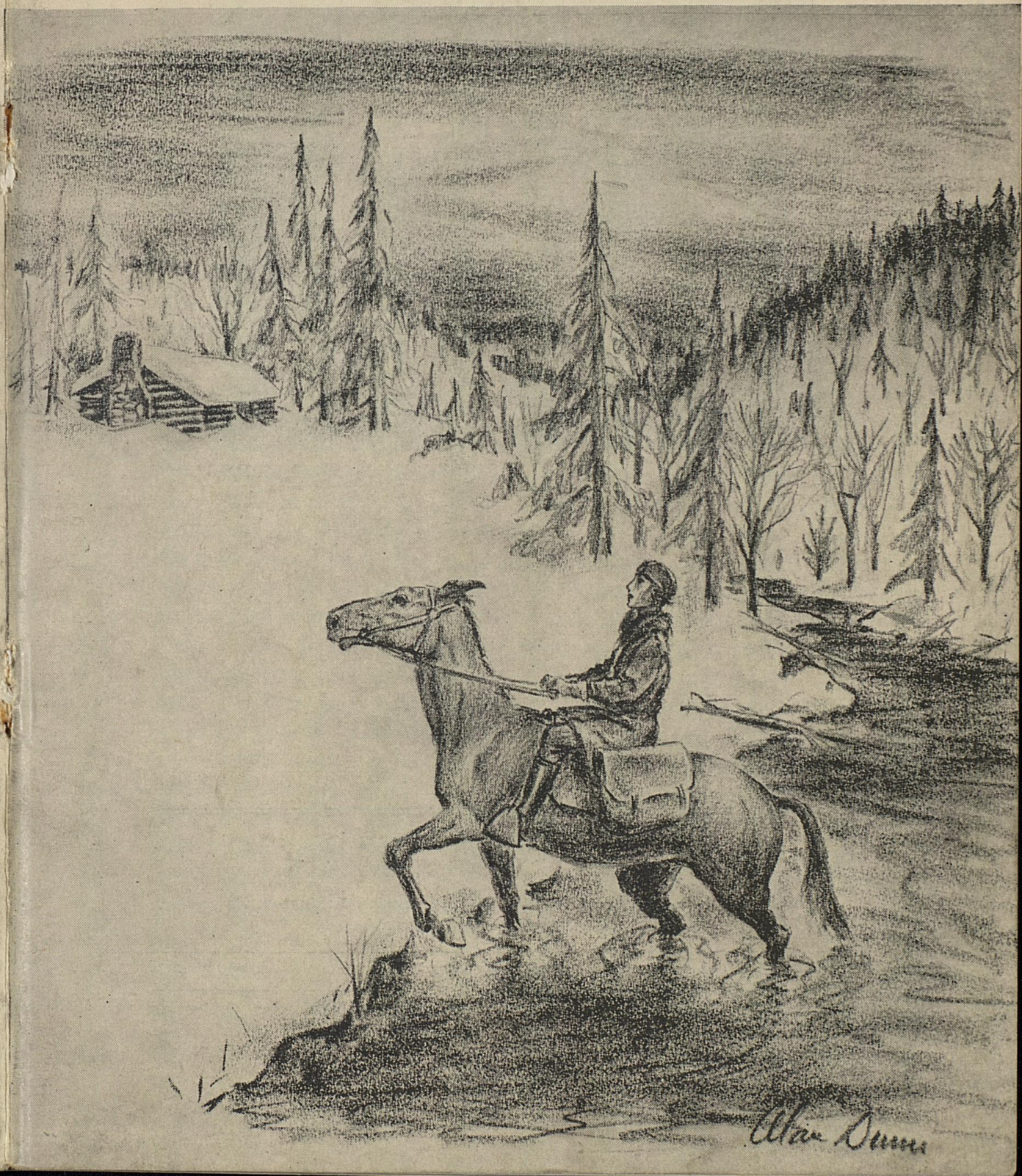


The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

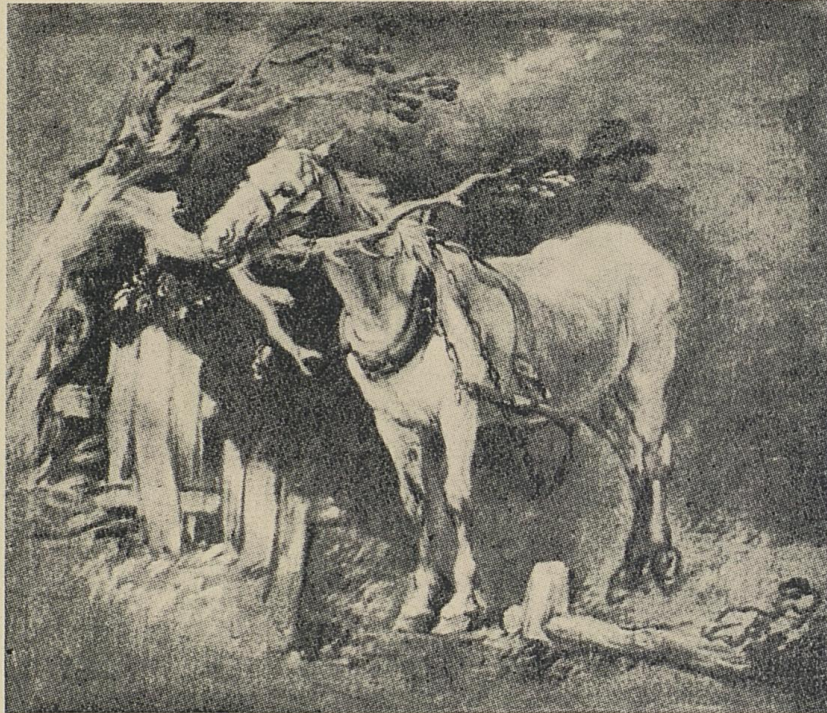
VOL. XIII

WINTER, 1938

NO. 3



National Gallery, Millbank



Gainsborough

1484

STUDY OF AN OLD HORSE

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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THE WHITE HORSE

From

THE LIFE OF SAINT COLUMBA (COLUMB-KILLE) A. D. 521-597

by Adamnan (A. D. 679-704)

Translated from the Latin by Wentworth Huiyshe

After this the Saint goes out of the granary, and, returning to the monastery, sits down half-way at the place where afterwards a cross, fixed in a millstone, and standing to this day, is to be seen at the roadside. And while the Saint, weary with age as I have said, rested there, sitting for a little while, behold the white horse, a faithful servant, runs up to him, the one which used to carry the milk pails to and fro between the byre and the monastery. He, coming up to the Saint, wonderful to tell, lays his head against his breast—inspired, as I believe, by God, by whose dispensation every animal has sense to perceive things according as its Creator Himself has ordained—knowing that his master was soon about to leave him, and that he would see him no more, began to whinny and to shed copious tears into the lap of the Saint as though he had been a man, and weeping and foaming at the mouth. And the attendant, seeing this, began to drive away the weeping mourner, but the Saint forbade him, saying: "Let him alone, let him alone, for he loves me. Let him pour out the tears of his bitter lamentation into this my bosom. Lo! now, thou, man as thou art, and possessing a rational soul, couldst in no wise know anything about my departure hence save what I myself have just now told thee: but to this brute beast, devoid of reason, the Creator Himself has clearly in some way revealed that his master is about to go away from him." And so saying, he blessed his servant the horse as it sadly turned to go away from him.

We were the friendly beasts—
We knew this Jesus well.
Full forty days and nights
The Lord with us did dwell.
Lean limb and padded paw,
We followed in His track—
And not a claw unsheathed,
And not a lip writhed back!
We watched with gentle eyes
When down He laid Him;
No jackal in the land
Would have betrayed Him.
Our tongues had licked the dust
From His worn sandal—
We brought our round-eyed young
For Him to fondle.
Lion and leopard and wolf—
We would have ministered to Him.
We were the friendly beasts—
His own kind slew Him!

Sara Henderson Hay
The Christian Science Publishing Society
Boston

WINTER IN THE MOUNTAINS

“Keep thou my heart, till summer comes again,
O little cabin, folded in God’s hills.”

This Bulletin goes to press in early January. I am taking the copy down with me as I leave the mountains for a string of Eastern engagements which will not be written up until the Spring Bulletin. We have put a lot about animals in this issue. At some time during the year—but I don’t remember when—we Americans have a “Be Kind to Animals Week.” It is one of those many irritating weeks that are thrust at us in the midst of our diurnal rounds. Fortunately, most of us appreciate our animals; and we here in the hills find that we draw particularly close to them when the rough weather sets in. The horse or mule that struggles on through a blinding snow storm, with icy water under foot, or deep mud and mire—such an animal has shared the day’s toil and peril with you; and how could he be less than a friend? The dog that follows after, swimming the river in your wake, just for the fun of it,—such a dog has his honored place on the rug before the fire when the day is done.

To get out of the mountains now from Wendover is easier than it was in the early years. I have to ride only some three or four miles before reaching the new motor road. I remember one January, in the days when it was twenty-three horseback miles to Hazard, when I had to go out at the tag-end of one of our worst blizzards. I started off alone, on that loved horse of mine called Teddy Bear, on whom I rode thousands of miles alone, and who fell off a cliff and killed himself a little later. We had the trail to ourselves for the first six or seven miles; and then we heard an immense jingling and clanging of harness, and met the U. S. mail—first class only—coming in by mule pack. The mail carrier rode the leading mule, and three others followed, laden with sacks.

After that we rode for miles without meeting a living soul, until by arrangement we met up with a reluctant plumber, who

was coming in to mend frozen pipes, and who brought a friend with him because he dared not make the trip alone. We swapped horses, so that Teddy Bear could get back to his own barn for the night, and I rode one Roddy Mac, a much less exhilarating companion, during the rest of the long day.

The skies cleared, and the sun came out over a snow-white and desolate looking world. The travel under foot was abominable. The horse kept breaking through the ice of the creeks. Finally, I decided to take a short cut of which I knew, and get out of the beds of the creeks by crossing a lonely mountain, which would cut off three miles. We toiled up to the summit of the mountain, Roddy Mac and I, and just as we reached the top the sun set, with a panorama of color such as I have rarely seen. Night descended fast. We were pushed for time, to get Roddy Mac to a stable and me to an evening train. It was impossible to ride down the mountain. We both slid on our haunches, and I reflected that if one of us broke a leg, we could lie there until a thaw before any one came that way.

At last, in pitch blackness, we got to the foot of the mountain, and hit the main trail again just above the mining town. Suddenly I saw in the darkness ahead the flares from the lights on miners' caps. It gave me such a friendly feeling to know there were human beings near at hand. As I pushed toward them, they all dispersed and ran away. In a moment I knew why. There came a thundering blast, and rocks and earth fell all about us. There was nothing to do but keep going, which we did. Roddy Mac was stabled, and I got my train—but only just!

In the New York papers, at the time of the blizzards two years ago, written up with big headlines, was the story of a young woman, seriously injured, who had to be carried more than a mile on a stretcher through the snow, because her ambulance was unable to reach the hospital. "Nearly two feet of snow," shouted the papers, "Cars stalled all along the road" . . . "The Ambulance surgeon and his driver walked with the stretcher."

At the close of an article by Dr. Kooser in this issue, there is a vivid description of a common experience in the mountains

—that of transporting a woman in childbirth some eight or ten miles by stretcher through a winter storm. Such is winter in America's lingering frontiers—the sort of thing that Galsworthy calls "Nature with a small 'n'." But to most of us who live here, the winter has a charm that a smiling, summer country never brings.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

The Chicago Council on Foreign Relations Presents the Case for China

Note: We had the high privilege of listening on November fifth to this address—a most statesmanlike speech on foreign relations. The point of view of the statesman and of the Christian are reconciled in the concluding lines, which we quote. The italics are ours.

"The second issue comes home to us, as Chinese, caught in an international struggle. When you have an international struggle on your hands, you naturally feel you want to defend your country and go on hating the enemy. I have seen it here. I have met it on every hand, expressions of sympathy for China. At the same time, I have seen alongside the rising sympathy with China also a growing sense of resentment toward Japan and the Japanese people. Do not let us do that; because, if we do that, we commit the same mistake that we did in the European war, because *by hating, we made ourselves unfit for peace.* Therefore, in this particular situation that I find myself caught, I have been helped through this experience to see very clearly the one essential qualification of a peacemaker and that is the attitude that I see in Christ when he fought the wrong in people—he never hated the wrongdoer.

"If you can catch some of this spirit of hating the wrong but not hating the people in which the wrong seems to be, you will make yourselves the true peacemakers whom Christ preached of in his Sermon on the Mount."

Lecture Reporting Service, sent us through the courtesy of Mrs. Charles W. Dempster of Chicago.

An Epitaph to a Dog

To the memory of Pincher his lamented dog this monument was raised by his master, Montague Gore, as a last pledge of their long and reciprocal attachment, and as a mark of his deep regret for one who had been through many years his hearty companion by day, his watchful guard by night, in whom were displayed all the noblest qualities of his race, friendship without flattery, fidelity untainted by interest, gratitude abiding, unerring sagacity, love of his master undivided, intense, which age could not chill, nor lingering disease enfeeble, the passion that ruled his life and was extinguished only by death. (July, 1850.)

Contributed from England.

Characteristics of Intelligence

What are the characteristics of an intelligent person? Are there any general qualities common to the intelligentsia as a group? Prof. Walter B. Pitkin, of Columbia University, in *The Psychology of Achievement*, points out ten of the "strongest general characteristics of a highly intelligent person." Here is his list:

"Lively curiosity toward many matters.

"A desire to investigate some of these matters for oneself.

"Strong trend to analyze whatever one thinks about and, as a result, to perceive the factors of the matter in their inter-relations.

"Fairly active imagination, at least in some subjects.

"Unusually even performance over long periods; little tendency to deviate much from one's usual level of skill.

"Clear understanding of one's chief desires and aspirations; hence concentration on dominant interest.

"Memory somewhat better than average and decidedly selective.

"Patience with details, based on a grasp of their importance.

"Interest in reflection and observation much stronger than interest in handling things or managing people.

"Distinctly modest self-appraisal, often even to the point of belittling oneself."

—From *The Churchman*.

MOUNTAIN OBSTETRICS

(Condensed)

(Presented to Members of the Eastern Division of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses.)

By ~~Dr.~~ John H. Kooser, M. D., Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service.

It is quite an unusual experience for me to speak to a group of nurses. I consider it a privilege and trust that my remarks will be as profitable to you as the experience will be to me. The relation of nurse to physician, and physician to nurse, has been and is a very close one, exemplified particularly well by the motto of the State of Kentucky, "United we stand. Divided we fall." Such a basic concept is necessary for an organization such as the Frontier Nursing Service, where the viewpoint of the nurse-midwife and the doctor is necessarily one of cooperation in a program for prevention and conservatism.

Not only a rural viewpoint, but an ultra rural one is our immediate consideration. As most of you know, this organization emphasizes mother and baby. Within our territory any expectant mother who wants the nurse-midwife is cared for by the Service. Needless to say, we cannot care for all cases outside our territory, but within our elastic geographic boundaries we do the best we can. It is a business—much like setting our house in order. We arrange to the best of our capacities and abilities, then accept what comes. We are fully aware of our limitations; we attempt to alter our shortcomings. If we can improve coming generations by our work, we shall have served our purpose.

PRENATAL PERIOD

Practically, our system works as follows. Mrs. X is "expectin'." She usually comes to the clinic to be registered by the nurse-midwife, or if this is not feasible, she may be taken up at home. Registration includes a brief family legend, name of creek, and number of miles from center. The latter is quite

important, not only for the nurse, but also for me—if the patient lives five miles from Bowlington Center, if the month is January, and if the nurse calls me at Hyden—23 horseback miles away. History taking includes brief notes as to past illnesses—rheumatism, acute contagions, and recurrent upper respiratory infections. Special note is made of menstrual cycle, diet, and general habits. Physical examination is of two parts, general and specific. . . . Other items include weight, height of fundus, temperature, pulse rate, position, blood pressure, foetal heart sounds, foetal movements and urine examination. The items just enumerated are part of each subsequent examination, the scale of visits for normal cases being monthly for the first six months, every two weeks for months seven and eight, and weekly for the last month.

A registration is not complete without an arrangement in regard to the five dollar fee, and the way in which it is to be paid. The more affluent pay in cash, the others in kind. Many babies are paid for in kind, chiefly labor and produce.

At this point I wish to state that the nurse-midwives are completely responsible for the normal obstetrical patient. At first thought, this is fine; but I should remind you that they must know the abnormal as well, and for two very good reasons. In the first place, only by knowing "what is not," will they know what is normal. In the second place, they must be able to cope with an emergency until medical aid arrives. This sounds simple; but it takes courage to do a manual removal of the placenta, or bimanual uterine compression for hemorrhage, knowing the doctor is four to six horseback hours away. Further, I should add that the responsibility of the nurse is immediately shared when she reports any irregularity to the midwifery supervisor, or to myself. It is then our problem to institute correction within our limitations. A complete list of do's and don'ts is supplied each nurse. This is called our Medical Routine, and is authorized by our Medical Advisory Committee.

TOXEMIA

Every patient with albumin or an elevation in blood pressure is a potential toxemia until proven otherwise. Due to our lack

of adequate laboratory facilities, which prevents an accurate grouping of such cases, we have adopted a clinical classification on the basis of the response of the patient. In our mild group are those who respond to a given course, prescribed at home. Our mid-group includes those who must be hospitalized for special procedure. The severe group includes those who are active until after the termination of the pregnancy.

The subject of toxemia of pregnancy is one of our most difficult problems. Our guides, of course, are the blood pressure, urine, and general state of the patient. We are aware of chronic nephritis with pregnancy, hypertension with pregnancy, as well as the acute fulminating eclamptic, who may literally flare up over night. We view any early sign or symptom with alarm; we attempt to explain every change, however mild. This, I grant you, is a task, with our limited facilities.

Nursing ingenuity is often taxed severely. Some patients see the necessity and do everything requested. Others must be cajoled, and literally "sold the idea" of therapeutic restriction. We have a few extremes, including a toxemia with B. P. $\frac{250}{170}$, who refused treatment in a very positive manner. She said she would call when she was "fixin' to get down." She was true to her word, and fortunately her course was uneventful.

HEMORRHAGES

Every bleeding patient is a placenta previa, until proven otherwise. Such a condition is always an emergency. We have had benign cases, such as cervical bleeding and cervical polypi. We have had our share of premature separations, and several very active cases of placenta previa centralis.

HEARTS

The mountain cardiac is a special problem. The first clue to her detection is often found in the registration history. She may have had acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, chorea, or severe tonsillar infections. Again, she may show an accelerated pulse, irregularity, dyspnea, or oedema. Points such as these lead to a thorough investigation. An occasional patient is de-

tected in one of my routine examinations. Such examinations are made at specially arranged prenatal clinics, which I hold periodically at Hyden and at the outpost centers. Patients who are compensating are watched carefully for adverse signs. The patient with decompensation is the real problem. It is sometimes difficult to convince her of the rationale of rest and proper medication, for mountain women usually carry on at a full rate until they drop. Hence, in such cases, after the successful termination of pregnancy, we advise and carry through sterilization.

HOSPITAL

Our hospital plays a unique part in our obstetrical set-up. We have a small room which is used exclusively for deliveries, and a small ward, which is reserved primarily for postpartums. Accessories include a spacious porch, available during the warm weather, and a separate unit for infectious obstetrical patients only. Hospital obstetrics are complicated, chiefly due to limited quarters. Should Brutus send in a premature separation, or Bowlington a pneumonia, the strain is evident. If an infectious postpartum appears, that is a hospital emergency, insofar as it means special duty nurses and quarters for them, in a building where even the trunk room shares a bed. But whatever difficulties are involved, once we register a case we assume full responsibility.

EMERGENCIES IN CABINS

The problem of the emergency case can be very difficult. We prefer to hospitalize such a patient when possible. If necessary, the case is managed in the cabin or in the nearest nursing center. If the patient cannot come to the hospital, the hospital goes to the cabin. I have done several internal versions by flash light. I once extracted a placenta manually in a cabin so cold that with the order for "Pituitrin, please, Miss X," Miss X picked up the charged syringe in four pieces. Some strength to that pituitrin! On several occasions, every necessary item for a transfusion, including centrifuge and microscope, was transported to a center by horses. Once the transfusion

was done by flash and lamp light. Once I found a postpartum extremely dehydrated, due to acute dysentery. An intravenous was imperative. She was given one, using saline tablets, boiled water, and can with tubing whose original use was intended for vaginal irrigation. And so, I could continue; for to each of us there falls a due share of the unusual.

It is said, "Necessity is the mother of invention." It is perhaps our lot to have a good share of necessity. A nurse in a cabin must be the mistress of the emergency. It is her lot to decide when to call for help. She knows what is required of her. The children must be disposed of—a willing neighbor will see to that. The agitation from the patient's mother, aunts, sisters, and visiting granny must be kept well in hand. The fire must be prosperous; plenty of hot water. The husband is on his way to the phone. Will he remember to give her horse a full rein at the ford? I hope he can get the message relayed through the exchange. What shall I do if the doctor is out? And, now for the several hours until he arrives. And so, you see, the emergency is not mine alone, but the nurse's as well. She may face the above after being out thirty-six hours. Providence enters into such situations, dog-tired as one may be. There is always that emergency energy in reserve; and it appears as it is needed. I am sure mountain obstetrics has no text book; but with experience we evolve our routines and procedures.

"ORGANIZATION"

Organization usually means records, ledgers, time sheets, office desks; but to me it will always mean *Molly Jones*. I answered a knock at the clinic door one wintry afternoon, to find Stanley. "Yes, I've come for the nurse. Molly's bad off as she can be."

"Poor nurse," I thought, when I saw her and Stanley go through the barn; for I knew Sally Sizemore Branch, seven hard miles away—two mountains, five branches, and one main creek. I felt snug in my warm room, but I wasn't peaceful long. Several hours later—Dry Hill on the phone. Report from the nurse about Molly: "Come at once. Bleeding, possible central placenta previa." I hurried in my preparations. My horse was

roughshod; and I squeezed into my bags several specimen tubes, one containing normal saline. The mare was excited as usual, but my dinner was disturbed also, so we were even. We made the trip without mishap.

Our gloom dispelled as we neared the cabin, as it meant a fire for me, and possibly a stall for the mare, if she could be easy with her heels for a while. As I heard the report from the nurse, I thawed externally and chilled internally—multi-para; 37 weeks gestation; moderate, painless bleeding; pulse quick, but of fair volume. After opening my bags, we assembled packing, instruments for packing, and gloves. I examined. A brisk hemorrhage verified my findings. We packed and watched. The hemorrhage was of short duration. The general condition of the patient responded to an opiate. We decided to chance it. Yes, hospital. Well, in short, four people went up and down the creek, and finally, sixteen volunteer stretcher-bearers. The stretcher had been made—two long, husky saplings with several cross slats. By this time a heavy snow was falling, taking the bite from the wind, but making it bad underfoot.

At last the procession started toward Hyden. I went ahead, to arrange for the patient. In due time I rode up to the hospital, and disturbed the cat. A sleepy dog scowled. But the staff reaction was more active. Fires to be poked and jabbed, pans to be boiled! The sleepy operator said she could get the surgeon at Hazard. The county health officer was aroused, to come and match the blood specimen I had brought back. The staff volunteered the blood.

When I saw adequate commotion, I again set out for my patient. What if she had been held up along the way! I did not see the trek up that stretch from Jones to Asher's Branch—the roughest I know. But I saw their pine flairs on Lick Branch, a beautiful beech grove. It is one of the few spots where even the animals hurry through in awe. The flares outlined the nurse in advance. Fine, so far, she "burred." The men were mudding it up a little knoll. Molly seemed snug on her stretcher. The crunch, slush, in and out of mud, calf deep, outer surface frozen; feet slipping in and out, but up and on; men's voices; the cracking of the brush; even the dog, with his steamy ex-

pirations. It seems fanciful now, but I pondered on sounds for at least two minutes.

Well, in short, we arrived. Molly said she was too warm! The men beamed and steamed, as they thawed out from the knees down and, inwardly, with hot liquids. Everything was in readiness. A Caesarian section was done, and little five pound-fourteen ounce Jane came first, a previous placenta second.

And so for "organization." Need I say more?

A Letter from a Crippled Child

Note: One day of heavy tides in the creeks and rivers, the Wendover nurse, Margaret Watson, was called to a sick child. She got there, of course, promptly, high water notwithstanding, and found that eleven-year-old Lillie had been sick in bed five days from what had originally been only a small scratch on an ankle. With pneumonia and general septicemia both invading the frail little body, she was carried by stretcher somehow across the torrents and down the river to our hospital at Hyden. There she lay, between life and death, for weeks; and the poor little right leg had to be amputated just below the knee. It was while Lillie was in the hospital that she became interested in books and one of our couriers, Rebecca Crane (now Mrs. Duncan VanNorden) used to go over and read aloud to her.

Three years have passed; but reading and writing letters are still Lillie's chief joy. We get a good many from her throughout the year; and mountain-child fashion she calls us by our Christian name. Needless to say, Santa Claus takes a very special interest in Lillie. One year Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, of Washington, sent us the most beautiful doll we ever received. Santa Claus gave this very special doll to Lillie. This year we sent clothing, books, and a particularly gorgeous neck-

lace and bracelet that came in one of our many boxes from outside friends.

We print Lillie's last letter, as typical of her zest in living, her unbounded hospitality, and her loving heart.

“Dec. 10, 1937.

“Dear Mery

“I will Write you a Few lines to let you no that Well and getting along Fine Mery Christmas is getting clost and I hope you and me and all others has a Good time this year Mery I am getting along so Good that I don't no hardly how good I do feel Mery I am 5 foot 11½ quarter of a inch 14 years old Mery I would love for you to come over and Stay for Christmas Grandpa and Grandma are coming up week Before Christmas and stay throuh Christmas With us Mery I Would love to have your picture offel well I would Love to Be Back over there With you all and I would Love to see you all offel Well and hope to see you soon Mery about all I do is read story Books and some times I wash dishes

And so I close

Answer Soon

Good-By Lillie Mitchell

. . . . We owe a tremendous debt to the animals: it will have to be paid sooner or later with compound interest. Our superior intelligence involves greater responsibility; we have a trust committed to us in relation to the more helpless creatures who serve us, and we shall have to give account of our trust when the day of reckoning comes.

Helen A. Dallas in *Light*, London, August 5, 1937.

Our cover picture was drawn for the Frontier Nursing Service and given to us by the well known New York artist Alan Dunn.

PHRASE-BOOKS FOR THE NEW EUROPE

Something ought to be done about phrase-books. They just don't fit up-to-date travel in Europe. I thought I was well enough equipped with a book that told me how to buy oranges, how to turn down a room at a hotel (This room is too small, too too large, too hot, too draughty, too dear; show me another). It told me how to chat wittily with the porter about registered luggage and the proper size of tips. It even gave the outline of a glorious row with the taxi-man which I should love to have the nerve to make in English. So much for ideals. But in practical matters of modern travel, alas! it left out the pith of the matter.

What is wanted is a really up-to-date phrase-book, suitable for all climes, countries and politics. It should run something like this:—

At the Hotel.

Have you any politics in this town? No? Then we shall stay here.

What is that noise outside our window? Is it a gun, a rifle, a bomb, a machine-gun?

We (fem.) will stay inside the hotel.

Give us a room which does not face the street. Give us a room which does not face anything. Give us a room in the cellar.

Sir, do not train that machine-gun on this window. We wish to go to bed. Chambermaid, sweep up these bullets and that plaster. We wish (impt.) to go to the cellar.

In the Street.

We will put our arms in the air. No, Sir, we have not a revolver, a rifle, a machine-gun. No, we have not an automatic up our trouser-legs. Does your Excellency permit us to lower our arms? We have fatigue. Very well, do not get excited. We will keep them raised.

No, we are not taking military photographs with our camera. It (he) does not work.

Please do not gesticulate with that revolver. It might go off (explode itself). Now please do not rest it against your stomach. Someone might jog your elbow. It is of no consequence. You know best. Good-bye, Sir.

At the Town Hall.

Is it graciously permitted that we speak to the Duce, General, Colonel, Sergeant, Drummer-boy? Very well, we will speak to the Postman.

Have we your Excellency's permission to take a walk? We wish to go for a walk because we are English. We will die if we do not take a walk. This will cause an international incident.

Please write us a permit to take a walk. Please have this permit signed by the Duce, General, Colonel, Sergeant, Drummer-boy. All of them if possible. A thousand thanks, General.

Asking Directions.

Do we proceed past this field-gun, or that machine-gun nest? Not if we wish to be healthy.

Should we proceed on (the) all-fours?

Shall we ask this policeman the way? No, he will arrest us.

Sentry, here is our pass. What a pity you cannot read. Never mind. It is a most excellent pass.

Here are our passports. The photographs are us. You doubt it? Thank you, Sir.

We are going in this direction, if it please you. Is there plenty of cover? How far does your rifle carry? Never mind; it is of no consequence. We were just asking (inf.).

No, we were not laughing at the Republic, the Army, the Fuehrer, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. We were not laughing at all. We do not laugh. Are we under arrest?

In Jail.

(This section is totally missing in my phrase-book.)

Must you search our luggage? That is not high explosive. It is tooth-powder. Have the bounty to put back the small change. No, we have no guns up our trouser-legs.

Without doubt we would (subj.) complain to the British Consul if he was not (subj.) fifty miles away.

Have we committed treason, *lèse majesté*, espionage, chameperty, dangerous thoughts?

How much costs a good funeral?

No, we are not Marxists, Fascists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, Theosophists, Reactionaries, Revolutionaries. We are English tourists. We came here to enjoy ourselves (subj.). We think your country is wonderful. We wish to leave at once. Have the goodness to procure for us a car, charabanc, horse, mule, donkey, wheel-barrow.

Are they firing that gun at this jail? Are the walls of the jail high, thick, wide, deep?

No, we do not wish a revolver, an automatic, a rifle. We do not wish to join in the fight. We wish to lie on our fronts.

Has the governor of the jail been arrested?

Which side has won? *Viva el Duce, la république, la libertad, der Fuehrer!*

Let us go home quickly.

Reprinted from *Punch*, London, August 19, 1936.

Note: We think this will be useful for those of you who go abroad this year.

Be kind to little animals
Whatever sort they be
And give a stranded jellyfish
A shove into the sea.

IN MEMORIAM

MISS LUCIE NORTON,
of Louisville, Kentucky

"An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace."

In the death of this member of the Louisville committee, the Frontier Nursing Service has lost not only a friend, but one of the most lovable personalities associated with its work. Her integrity of character was so united with graciousness and charm as to create a personality with far-reaching influence. We are prone to think that influence is generated by bustling activity. The reverse is more nearly true; for the creative forces in the world lie deep. Those of us privileged to spend a few hours now and then with this lovely soul were conscious of carrying away a spiritual renewal. Now she has passed on; and it is right that the day of her passing should have been the day most dear to the heart of Christendom.

ROBERT WORTH BINGHAM, of Louisville, Kentucky
FRANK B. KELLOGG, of Saint Paul, Minnesota
MRS. HENRY H. SPRAGUE, of Boston, Massachusetts
MRS. PRITCHARD STRONG, of Rochester, New York
FRANCIS PARSONS, of Hartford, Connecticut
M. J. McLAUGHLIN, of Lexington, Kentucky

During the last few months, and especially during the last few days, news has come to us of many deaths that affected us deeply. Of the two distinguished statesmen we need not write, as the newspapers are full of their public careers. Judge Bingham was for years a member of our organization; and Mr. Kellogg's wife is a member of our Saint Paul committee. Mrs. Sprague belonged to our Boston committee from its beginning; and Colonel Parsons and his wife were two of our strongest friends in Hartford, and their young daughter has been one

of our couriers. Mrs. Strong was a member of our Rochester committee. She and her husband were killed when their own airplane crashed; and they left behind them one little girl, nine years old. Mr. McLaughlin was secretary-treasurer of the Welsh Printing Company of Lexington, Kentucky, which has handled our Quarterly Bulletin from its first issue in 1925. We shall sorely miss his kind interest and his warm and friendly personality.

To the families of all these friends, we wish to convey our deepest sympathy. Young as the Frontier Nursing Service still is, we have so many friends that no month passes without the loss of some of them. Soon our membership will be as large on the other side as on this. Those of us, probably the larger part of us, who believe in the survival of people after death and their continued interest in the world they loved and worked for, know that they will send us

“. . . thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.”

A Prayer for Animals

Hear our humble prayer, O God, for our friends the animals, especially for animals who are suffering; for all that are overworked and underfed and cruelly treated; for all wistful creatures in captivity that beat against their bars; for all that are in pain or dying; for all that must be put to death. We entreat for them all thy mercy and pity. Make us ourselves to be true friends to animals and so to share the blessing of the merciful; for the sake of thy son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Anonymous.

FIELD NOTES

Lois Harris, senior nurse at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial center at Brutus, has just left us to take part in the maternal welfare demonstration of the State Board of Health of New Mexico, in San Miguel County. We are frightfully proud that one of our ablest nurses has been chosen for this vital piece of work; and we were enchanted to endorse Lois for it wholeheartedly. None the less are we sad at parting. Lois has been with us since the first year that our work began. She left us to work two years with the East Harlem Nursing and Health Center in New York, to gain experience in public health, and after that, to take her midwifery in Edinburgh. Since then she has been with us right along, and for years has been in charge of our most remote outpost center. She is greatly beloved on her district and, of course, by all her associates.

It is the custom of the F. N. S. to be glad when its seasoned troops are called into battle on other frontiers. We are glad now; but we think the time must come soon when we can set up a training school for graduate nurses in midwifery and remotely rural saddle-bag-and-cabin technique, to enable us to pass qualified personnel on where they are needed and will be supported, but without too much loss to our own field.

Ours is a demonstration area; but it has been our aim from the beginning to make it also a training field as soon as we can finance the added costs.

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Nora Smallwood, aged eleven, was brought to us nearly six years ago from a region beyond the seven hundred square miles we cover. She was the worst case of pellagra we have ever had. We kept her six months at the hospital and brought her up to as nearly normal as such a child can ever reach—one can not fully restore “the years the locusts have eaten.” Nora is an orphan, and we placed her with admirable foster parents, Fanny and Dewey Adams, on Camp Creek. She is one of the children

supported by our Social Service Department (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund); and Bland Morrow makes her an allowance of ten cents a week.

Nora's early years were so rough that she has developed an amazing capacity for saving. Like Queen Victoria when she succeeded to the throne, her first ambition was to have a bed of her own. Over a period of two years she saved enough out of her allowance to buy herself a personal, even if second-hand bed. Her foster father put improvements on it; and her foster mother saved enough feathers for a feather bed. As a Christmas present, Bland gave her a cotton mattress.

Someone has said that there are two things in life we should have comfortable, since we spend all of our time in one or the other of them—our beds and our shoes. The Alpha Omicron Pi Fund keeps Nora in shoes; and now she has acquired a bed all her own.

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Our trustee in Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Harry C. Boden, sent the children five thousand lolly-pops for Christmas!

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We have a little old lady living on one of our creeks who asked if she might have a doll. She said she had wanted one all her life and had never had one. Well, we gave her one of *your* dolls, and her delight in it is touching. She has given it a place of honor on her mantle-piece.

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Nora Kelly, at Flat Creek, at one end of our vast territory, and Stevie, relieving for Eva Gilbert at Bowlington, nearly fifty miles away, each asked the nurses from the centers to the right and to the left of them to ride over and take Christmas dinner. Some couldn't, because of a rush of babies, but those who could rode the twenty miles gladly, for an hour's dinner and fun.

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The Director rode over to the hospital on Christmas morning, in time for dinner, and spent three days sharing in the joy of the season there. We had three young mothers with

babies in the maternity division, and four expectant mothers. Another baby was born just after Christmas. There was one horrible emergency, when a dear little girl of thirteen was brought in with her head badly crushed by a large rock which had fallen down on her. Dr. Collins came over from Hazard and operated, but said "We can't save this one." Her poor father and mother were so heart-broken.

On Monday evening, December twenty-seventh, the splendid Hyden district committee held its annual meeting, preceded by dinner in the long hospital dining-room.

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We were enchanted to have a visit of several days, shortly before Christmas, from Marion Shouse of Washington. As soon as she arrived, she went out on a delivery with Vanda Summers, where she was of considerable help. After that she divided her time between the hospital attic, helping the Christmas secretary with the shipments of toys, and Wendover, where she busied herself with the courier duties in which she excels. She came in the nick of time, as two couriers had had to leave just before Christmas, and until the new ones came down Jean Hollins was carrying everything single-handed.

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Our Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, is taking a month's vacation this winter. We are fortunate in securing for his relief Dr. Fred King Vaughan of New Orleans. Dr. Fred Adair of the University of Chicago, one of the most valued members of our National Medical Council, interested Dr. Vaughan in coming to us.

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Our deepest sympathy is extended to Edith Marsh ("Marshie") in the recent death of her father at Ravenna, Ohio.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We acknowledge with appreciation an excellent article on the Frontier Nursing Service by Beryl Hearnden, which appeared in the *Country Woman*, January, 1937. This interesting magazine is published by the Associated Country Women of the World, an organization with headquarters at 30 Baker Street, London, and whose honorary president is Ishbel Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, LL. D., G. B. E. The Association has branches all over Europe, in the United States, Canada, Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, and Palestine. It is one of those international movements which, by getting people together in a common interest, does so much for human understanding, and in consequence for world peace. Miss Hearnden's article says,

"They are exceptional women, these nurses. Some of them began their nursing careers with the armies in France. One worked for about three years in Newfoundland, using sailboats for transport in summer, and dog-sleds in winter. About half of them are English or Scots. One is a New Zealander, and the rest American. The best rider, they say, is a girl from Texas."

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Miss Edna C. Rockstroh, who will be remembered by the friends of our early years as "Rocky," is doing a fascinating piece of work in California with the migratory population in the San Joaquin Valley, under the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the State Department of Public Health. We recently read a charming description of her work among people where sometimes mothers, babies, dogs and goats are housed together in tents. She spoke of the excellent cooperation of the ranch and camp owners. In the same talk, "Rocky" described some of her experiences in nursing with the F. N. S. in its early years.

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Dame Alicia Lloyd Still, D.B.E., R.R.C., has resigned as matron of the famous St. Thomas's Hospital in London and superintendent of the Nightingale Training School, the latter established by Miss Nightingale herself at St. Thomas, is

the first training school for nurses in the world. Dame Alicia has had a long and distinguished career. In spite of her numerous activities, she managed to keep an air of charm and leisure that made meeting and talking with her a delight. She is succeeded in her position by Miss Gladys Verena Hillyers, S.R.N., S.C.M., who has her diploma in nursing from London University.

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A wedding of deep interest to us was that of our courier, Louise Myers, of Washington, to Lieutenant John Ramsey Pugh, on the third of January. We wish this dear girl a very long and happy life.

Another fine courier of ours, Marguerita Noble, has announced her engagement to Dr. Howard Serell of Greenwich, Connecticut. They are to be married in May.

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We grieve with our sister nurses in Great Britain over the death of Miss A. M. Peterkin, C. B. E., the late general superintendent of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Those of us who knew her years ago, in the days of her active and extremely successful work, remember her as one of the most charming people in the nursing world.

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We appreciate an article in the Glasgow Herald, Scotland, of December first, about the Frontier Nursing Service and its close ties with Scotland.

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We quote with pleasure and congratulations from a letter just received from the matron of the famous British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London: "The Appeal Committee have not only built us another ten beds, but have cleared our debt, and they are now starting collecting for the next ward block. We had a film première at the new Gallery Theater on Regent Street in November, and Queen Mary was present, and they made three thousand pounds. This is a record for any of our benefits, but Queen Mary is immensely popular. The crowd in Regent Street was so great

that they could hardly get her car up to the theatre, and it was marvelous to hear the cheering."

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A friend of many years standing, who wishes to be anonymous, has just given the Frontier Nursing Service a most generous endowment in preferred stock, which will bring in an income of nine hundred dollars a year. Due to the generosity of such friends, our endowments are piling up each year; and we look forward to the time when we reach our goal of a million dollars.

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The Frontier Nursing Service is grateful to the *Detroit News* for a full two-page spread of pictures, and an article on the work of the Service, in the Pictorial Section on December 5th, 1937.

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THE NEW YORK COMMITTEE OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE IS HOLDING ITS ANNUAL BENEFIT ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD. THIS WILL TAKE THE FORM OF THE LONSDALE PLAY, "ONCE IS ENOUGH," WITH INA CLAIRE. THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE IN AND AROUND NEW YORK ARE URGED TO GET TICKETS PROMPTLY THROUGH THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. WARREN THORPE, WHOSE HOME AT 15 EAST SIXTY-FOURTH STREET IS HEADQUARTERS FOR ADVANCE SALES.



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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 Fron-
tier 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. One is endowed for upkeep, and one for both upkeep and nursing.

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.”

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

On the 1st day of January, 1900, the following was received from the Secretary of the Board of Education:

The Board of Education has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. in relation to the proposed changes in the curriculum of the public schools of this city. The Board has considered the same and has decided to refer the same to the Committee on Curriculum for their consideration and report. The Committee will report to the Board at its next meeting.