

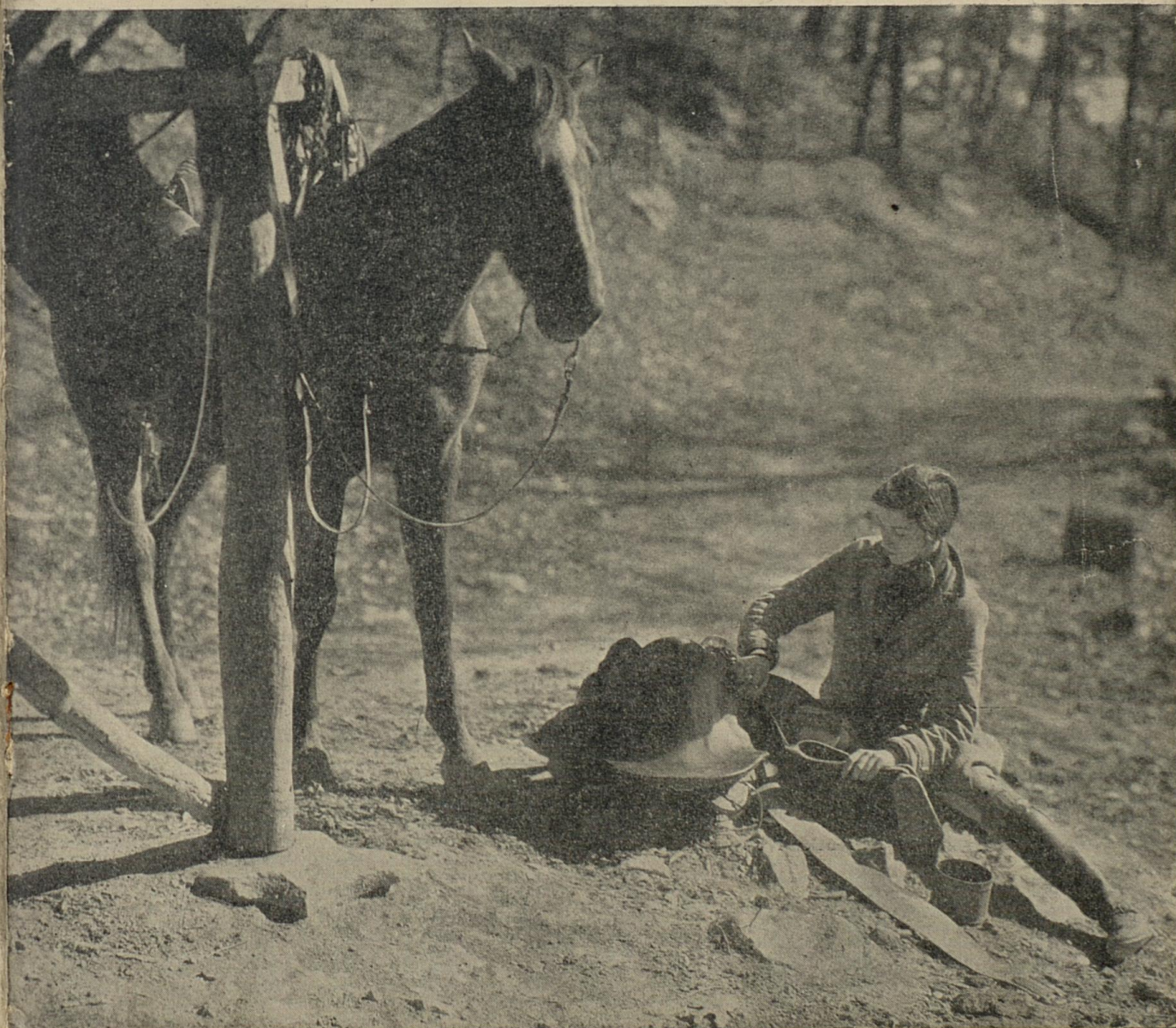
# The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. IX

WINTER, 1934

NO. 3

## COURIER AT WORK



THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 3

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## TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

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Is this a fast, to keep  
The larder leane,  
And cleane  
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,  
Or rag'd to go,  
Or show  
A down-cast look and sowre?

No: 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat  
And meat  
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate;  
To circumsise thy life.

To shew a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin:  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

## THE WINTER

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After a mild December and January we in the mountains shared the terrible weather of February and early March. In fact we have had the worst blizzard we ever remember in here. The snow was so deep that the horses couldn't travel and the nurses went to their deliveries on foot, plowing through drifts up to their waists in places. It is rare that we cannot cross the rivers, even when they are in full "tide," as the men can usually get us over in little flat bottom boats, but this time the tide was full of floating blocks of ice, as has happened only two or three times before in our memory, such ice as would capsize any small boat. As the rivers went down the snow melted and rains came and raised them again so that we have had tide after tide.

We at Wendover stood out in the fields one day watching the swirling, swollen Middle Fork. Suddenly there shot into sight one of the little flat bottom boats, guided by two men at stern and bow. Rolled up in a litter in the bottom of the boat lay a desperately wounded man—a gunshot case. They got him safely down to our hospital at Hyden.

At the present writing we have seventeen patients in the hospital: an appendix, pneumonias, gunshot cases, abnormal maternity cases brought in for the doctor's care, a terribly burned child of four, etc., etc.

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### Sayings of the Children

Small boy, proudly: "My pappy, he's a good citizen. He packs a gun an' has kilt two men, and he takes his dram. But he hain't never stole even a chicken."

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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The "Courier at Work" on our cover is Miss Betsy Parsons of Hartford, Connecticut, who is always doing something "different." In November she completed a voyage of more than 5,000 miles, taking 67 days, from Falmouth, England, to Nassau in the Bahamas, on the 420-ton schooner "Wanderbird" as a member of the crew consisting of the owner, his family and friends, ten persons in all. Ports of call between Falmouth and Nassau included: Funchal, Madeira Island; Santa Cruz, Island of Tenerife (one of the Canary Islands); Bridgetown, Barbados Island; Roseau, Island of Domenica; Santa Lucia and Martinique; the harbor of Bassaterre on St. Christopher Island.

Miss Parsons left the boat at Nassau and proceeded to New York by passenger steamer. At present she is engaged in running a farm in New Hampshire.

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Miss Betty-Wynn Rugee, our Milwaukee Courier, and Miss Mary Louise Breen, of Dayton, are somewhere in Arizona at the time this Bulletin goes to press, digging bones and such for the Dayton Art Museum. They were last heard from via a picture post card from Tombstone, Ariz.

Elsewhere in this issue appear excerpts from Miss Breen's account of her visit with us last October, which she wrote for the Junior League Magazine under the title of A Kentucky Saga. She is president of the Dayton Junior League, under whose auspices the Director had the privilege of speaking early in February.

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We note with much interest and appreciation the news items of the bridge parties, teas and other events being sponsored by the various chapters of Alpha Omicron Pi to raise funds for our Social Service Department, which is their national philanthropy.

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Mrs. Ernest Poole has organized a young and most effective committee in New York to assist Mrs. Linzee Blagden's

senior committee. Mrs. Poole's group is giving a benefit ball at the Waldorf Astoria on April fourth.

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Miss Gladys M. Peacock, Assistant Director of the Service, gave a dramatization of the work of the Service, from the National Broadcasting Studios in New York over a nation wide hook-up, in February.

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Mr. Edwin C. Hill's new book "The Human Side of the News," has a section in it devoted to the F. N. S., which parallels the talk he gave in 1933 over the air during one of his regular broadcasting periods.

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In the February issue of the British Journal of Nursing we read that "The Quarterly Bulletin, the organ of the Frontier Nursing Service, U. S. A., is eagerly awaited in the editorial office of this Journal." This is good news to us. This splendid old periodical has vigorously led every international advance in the modern nursing world and we delight in the personal friendship of its editors.

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On Monday, February fifth, the director had the honor of speaking before the Academy of Medicine in Cincinnati. The Frontier Nursing Service owes an unpayable debt of gratitude to the medical profession without whose interest and encouragement and support the work of the Service could never have been done. In no city have distinguished members of this profession been more actively interested in the Service than in Cincinnati.

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Little Miss Joan Henning, who arrived in Louisville in January, has been enrolled for the courier service of the Frontier Nursing Service for 1953. Her mother, Jo Yandell, was one of our early couriers and her capacity and charm and gallantry did much to set up this branch of the work. Her father, Jim Henning, came to push his courtship in these hills. Her grandmother, Mrs. S. C. Henning, is one of the early organizers of

the Service. A big welcome awaits Joan in 1953 and by that time the couriers will probably be mounted on autogyros instead of horses.

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We are enchanted at the return of Mrs. S. C. Henning to Louisville after a year in Europe. Both as chairman of the Louisville Committee and Vice-chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Henning can ill be spared from the deliberations and work of the Service.

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We lose with regret Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., from the Vice-chairmanship of the Louisville Committee. Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton and Mrs. Ralph W. Gifford have accepted Vice-chairmanships of this committee and are cordially welcomed.

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General and Mrs. Preston Brown, whose hospitality at Balboa will never be forgotten by those who took the Britannic and Belgenland cruises, have left the Canal Zone. General Brown has been transferred to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and he and Mrs. Brown are now members of our Chicago Committee.

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This winter the whole Service shared with Mrs. Herman B. Stone and her daughter, our courier, "Pebble," the grief in their irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Stone.

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The Service learned with profound regret of the death of Mr. Melvin A. Traylor of Chicago, a member of the Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. No career better than his illustrates the latent capacity of the remotely rural child and its all-American significance. Mr. Traylor, born in Adair County, Kentucky, was exposed to few if any modern influences until his late 'teens. Nevertheless he forged his way to the very top of the modern world.

## Giotto

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Our Pittsburgh Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, in cooperation with the Arts and Interests Committee of the Junior League (of which committee Mrs. George L. Craig, Jr., is chairman), arranged a most impressive and successful benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service, at the Twentieth Century Club on Friday evening, December fifteenth.

Reproductions, in the form of tableaux, of scenes of the Nativity, selected from Giotto's frescoes, done in the year 1304 for the interior of the chapel of Enrico Serovegno at Padua. The effect was enhanced by the singing of Gregorian Chants and early Italian Chorales by the music students of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and the tableaux were clarified by an especially written text of which Mrs. Henry Scott, Jr., is the author.

Other agencies cooperating with the Junior League in the performance included the Italian Women's Committee, and the technical staff of the Pitt Players. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott and Mr. Walter R. Hovey directed the production.

The program girls were dressed in the uniform of the Frontier nurse. The programs were in the form of scrolls of parchment like paper and tied and sealed with the F. N. S. seal.

No pains or trouble were spared to make the production perfect and all reports have been enthusiastic and appreciative in the highest degree. The Frontier Nursing Service feels honored to have been associated with a benefit of such distinction and artistic perfection and is unendingly grateful to all who helped to make it so.



## KENTUCKY SAGA

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By Mary Louise Breen, Dayton

Courtesy of Junior League Magazine for February, 1934.

(Excerpts)

It was a little bewildering that ..... had to be shot the day I arrived. I could not tell, for a moment after I descended from the bus, whether the seething crowd was there to greet me, or for a less obvious reason; then a blue-uniformed figure detached herself from the sidewalk group and came toward me.

"I'm one of the Frontier nurses," she introduced herself. "We've brought some children to the doctor's, and if you'll wait an hour or so you can ride up to the head of Hurricane with us, and you'll find the horses there."

I was only too glad to spend the time getting a little first hand information. My idea of the nursing service for the mountain people of this section was vague. I had come down to visit on an impulse and by invitation wangled through a Junior League friend who did two months volunteer service as a courier each year.

The one hour lengthened into four before we were ready to leave.

Two nurses, four children, a mountain woman who had had ten teeth extracted and was very gory, eight balloons, four packed saddle bags, a camel's hair coat, two suitcases, and myself—all in one Ford. And off we swept. Twenty miles with a vista changing from rose to blue to purple as the balloons swished in front of my eyes. I kept handing my clean handkerchiefs to Lizzie who was a "bleeder" and extremely occupied.

A red-headed courier, five horses, and the head of Hurricane Creek hove into view almost simultaneously, and a real problem presented itself: five horses (divided by?) nine people,

eight balloons, four saddle bags, a camel's hair coat and two suitcases equals a neat juggling so that I finally found myself in a deep saddle, a child on my right hip, a suitcase on the pommel, and the reins lost among the flopping skirts of a long coat. We rode slowly down Hurricane and up a stony mountain trail, dropping children at gates and stiles and finally putting the still suffering Lizzie under the care of her mountaineer husband. Then we headed for Wendover, the main nursing center, unsaddling and stabling quickly the horses when we arrived, passing the guest house and various outbuildings dim in the dusk, and entering the fire-warmed living room with the nursing and secretarial staff gathered for the candlelit evening meal.

. . . . .

I was sleepy and turned in early, and it must have been midnight or later when I heard the gate click, a horse come pounding up and a gruff voice calling:

"Jehu, Jehu—" Did I detect the haste in the voice? "Want a nurse."

"Here we go." Giving Betty Wynn a punch.

"You're dreaming. Go back to sleep."

But Stevie burst in.

"Need three horses. Hustle."

And was gone.

Groping in the dark, sweater after sweater, wool socks, leather coat. Where in the deuce is that flash?

Three horses, "Billy, Glen and Woody," panted Betty Wynn loping into the tack room. No time for fooling. I clipped Billy on the nose with my elbow and slid the saddle on him and ducked for the girth.

Ten after twelve. About seven minutes in all. Not bad.

Black on the trail going up. I could not see the road, I could not see Billy's head in front of me: a strange sense of precariousness gripped me. I slid my legs more closely around

his barrel, twined my fingers in the long mane and leaned over him. Higher and higher we rode.

"Keep to the left of the trail," murmured Betty Wynn. "It falls off to a chasm."

"Can't see."

"Stevie, *hurry.*"

Mist swirled wetly about us. I put my hand against the horse's straining shoulder for warmth. Even that was wet.

Six miles. One hour and a half. We slipped off, hitched the horses to a gate post and ran through a slanting corn field to the cabin. One room; three double beds, one of them containing a wide-eyed three-year-old and a six-month-old neighbor baby; in another a dog and a cat curled in a heap of blankets; a little coal stove and one lantern furnished light as well as heat, the wind came through wide floor cracks and between the newspapers on the walls. Stevie in riding breechs and a butcher's apron, incredibly deft; my flashlight trying to follow and aid her movements, Betty Wynn handing articles from the saddle bag. Stevie's low voice, movement, otherwise, silence, and presently somebody else was in the room, squalling at an unceremonious entrance. The tension was broken like a sudden turning on of lights.

. . . . .

Nurses on horseback. Aye. A thrilling epic. Stevie was one too. She climbed to the fence post, and we slid a horse under her, laughing uproariously, concealing our very deep admiration for everything but her riding.

We weren't much good at tribute, but we went back to Wendover in the lessening darkness and stayed up an extra hour to fix her tea and marmalade sandwiches and hoped she would interpret it as a gesture.

## BOOKS

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

NURSES ON HORSEBACK, by Ernest Poole.

Macmillan Company. Illustrated.

"Nothing in the range of pure romance begins to compare in picturesque and thrilling dramatic quality. . . ."

—Los Angeles Examiner.

CLEVER COUNTRY, by Caroline Gardner.

Fleming H. Revell. Illustrated.

"A most engaging narrative of the Kentucky Appalachians—The book is a human document."—Saturday Review of Literature.

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

"A fundamentally important contribution to this vital subject."

—C.-E. A. Winslow, Yale University.

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### A Little Experiment in Agriculture

The Daniel Farley's are a large family, with most of the children small. They have a cow, but the place they have been farming is very poor and Dan never made more than corn enough to "bread" the family, much less feed the livestock. For two or three winters past we have supplied feed for the cow to keep her from starving. Last spring we decided to try soy beans and fertilizer, on one of the thin-soiled fields. The soy beans, the inoculation stuff for the seed (to insure the maximum germination), the fertilizer and the hauling of everything cost \$19.27.

The hay that came off that field has fed the cow and heifer calf all this winter and there is still plenty to carry through until spring. In fact, if Dan can get hold of a nag for the spring plowing, as he is trying to do, that hay will also constitute a very valuable part of the nag's feed during crop-raising time.

BLAND MORROW,  
Social Service Director,  
(Alpha Omicron Pi grant).

## ACROSS RED BIRD RIVER

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(Reprinted from The Nursing Times, London, Jan. 27, 1934.)

The reflection of the moon on the river is suddenly broken into quivering silver pieces as the nurse on horseback fords the Red Bird River. She is on her way to deliver a mountain woman in the Kentucky Mountains. Half an hour ago she was in the famous Land of Nod, when—"Hullo! Hullo!"—she is suddenly awakened by the familiar shout of a man's voice. It is a call to Marthie Morgan who lives up Hoot Owl Hollow.

Prince is saddled in double quick time, the girths tightened, and saddle bags slung into place, and the stillness of the night is broken by the clatter of hoofs as the nurse on horseback leaves the barn.

"Come on, Prince! With luck we shall be back by morning, in time for your breakfast of oats."

Prince tosses his head and on they go, the husband, Lute, following on his mule.

Flashlight in one hand and reins in the other, the nurse-midwife, in her blue rider's uniform, and Prince wend their way through the trails, slow over rocks, making good speed on level ground. Frost is in the air, and the vapour from the horse's nostrils reminds one of the old nursery pictures of dragons blowing out clouds of smoke.

Across a corn field, cuddling round the side of a hill, a log cabin suddenly comes into view, silhouetted against the sky. No light can be seen—there are no windows—but smoke is curling out of the chimney.

At the approach of hoofs the door opens.

"Get down and come in," cries a neighbour, who has walked half a mile to hold the fort till the nurse arrives. The nurse hitches Prince to the fence and enters. A wood fire is blazing and an old iron kettle is boiling on the hearth. In the corner on

a double bed is our Marthie. There are no lamps, but her face, seen by the light of the fire, has a look of gladness on it.

The saddlebags are opened, and after sundry preparations all is in readiness for the great moment. Nurse is now a figure in white, the mother clean and tidy and the bed ready for the occasion.

A wooden box is beside the bed. By means of white paper napkins it has been transformed into a "set up" table, complete with enamel bowls and glistening appliances. A smell of lysol fills the air; a little methyated lamp contributes its share towards log cabin technique.

Lute has drawn up an empty lard can, and sits gazing into the fire, chewing tobacco. Periodically there is a sizzling as the tobacco juice reaches its destination. From time to time the neighbor woman takes a turn in the only chair, one made by Lute. When required she holds the flashlight, or warms little garments in front of the fire. Slowly the hours creep by. The fire has consumed many logs and Marthie's anguish is nearly over.

At last there is a lusty cry, then a sizzle on the logs, and Lute rises and walks over to the bed to gaze for the first time on his son and heir. His eyes glisten.

"Well, reckon I've got a farm hand now!" he says.

As dawn is breaking the stars twinkle faintly down on a figure in blue seated on a faithful brown horse, returning happily along the trail which leads to hot coffee, a warm stable and oats!

VANDA SUMMERS, R. N.

## FIELD NOTES

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We welcome the arrival of "Jerry," a splendid, spirited and friendly gelding, the gift of Mr. Gustavus Swift of Chicago.

\* \* \*

Miss Ellen Halsall has returned to the Service after her year's furlough in England. While over there Miss Halsall held the position of night sister at the Liverpool Maternity Hospital and supervised the deliveries and teaching of the student midwives in over a thousand cases. Of her work Dr. C. M. Marshall, the Obstetric Assistant and Registrar of the Hospital, writes as follows:

"In the middle of last year the Medical Committee decided that it was highly important that they should appoint some person of senior standing to be in complete charge of the labour ward at night. At that time, Sister Halsall was taking a refresher course in this hospital, and it soon became evident that she was a woman of outstanding qualifications and attainments. Miss Cauty, our Matron, selected her to fill the post; the wisdom of her choice soon became apparent to all.

"As my position here entails the responsibility for most of the night emergency work, I was early impressed by Sister's personality and by her professional capabilities. She quickly earned the confidence of the whole resident Staff, and during the whole year she was with us we never once found that this confidence was misplaced. We were all deeply impressed with the extent of her Obstetric knowledge, and the readiness with which she fell in with our methods and adapted herself to our ways.

"Her unassuming manner and charming kindness have made us all miss her very much. You are extremely fortunate if, in your service, you have many women of her calibre. Had she been free to remain we would gladly have appointed her permanently. I trust she is in good health and happy in her old surroundings once again."

\* \* \*

Miss Doris Dunstan is taking a year's furlough for advanced midwifery training and a visit to her family.

Miss Bessie Waller and Miss Ada Worcester have returned from vacations in England.

Miss Mary B. Willeford, Assistant Director of the F. N. S., is spending a vacation with her family in Texas.

\* \* \*

We not infrequently bring expectant mothers over long mountain trails by horseback to the Hospital at Hyden to be under Dr. Kooser's observation. Our women have ridden from infancy and ride almost up to the date of their deliveries. In January, the Midwifery Supervisor, Miss Betty Lester, brought a woman in from the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center neighborhood, over on Leatherwood Creek. Neither she nor the local nurse were sure of the baby's position so we thought it a wise measure to get her in to the doctor. The distance is eighteen miles, the trails are terrible and three mountains in three counties must be crossed. Betty rode in triumphantly on "Traveler" with her patient on little "Carminettie." Six hours later Herman and Hannah, lusty twins, arrived safe and sound.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Arthur Bray, of Church Lane House, Adel, Yorkshire, an old school chum of the Director's in Switzerland in the '90's, has made her second visit to us in the Kentucky Mountains. Mrs. Bray seems almost like a part of the F. N. S., so intimately has she identified herself with everyone and everything.

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Midmonthly Survey, February, 1934.

(Excerpt.)

The Council of the New York Academy of Medicine has approved unanimously the report of a committee which had aroused criticism from some physicians and hospitals because it emphasized the responsibility of the medical profession for the majority of preventable maternal deaths (see The Survey, December, 1933, p. 420, Mothers Who Died). A current bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky Mountains points with justifiable pride to the record of its staff of nurse-midwives and physicians: among nearly 1800 women cared for in childbirth, usually in the most primitive surroundings, there has not been a single obstetrical death. Two women died from heart conditions, one eighteen days after delivery.



## Frontier Nurses Welcome Two Horses, Donated and Delivered Free of Charge

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Thursday morning at crack of dawn a van belonging to the Whitney farm, sent for the purpose through the kindness of Major Louie A. Beard and Frank B. Jones, left Lexington with the two mares given for the use of the Frontier Nursing Service by J. Ed Madden of Fayette and Hunter Platt of Woodford counties.

They had been handled and worked for ten days or two weeks by Walter S. Baker and William S. Roberts to get them in shape for their work in the mountains. They had been shod by Mac Kerswill and wore new bridles given by R. E. Fennell, starting on their trip fully equipped and prepared to carry the nurses of the Frontier Nursing Service over mountain and creek and river at the call of the mothers of that region.

W. J. Harris, who had made a search of the Blue Grass for horses suitable for the nurses and had arranged for these mares to be cared for until they were sent to the mountains, made the arrangements for their going, as he did for the bringing of the mare from Woodford county to Lexington, which was done by Roland C. Drake, who donated his van for that purpose.

The driver of the Whitney truck, accustomed to transporting the royalty of the thoroughbred world, reached Hyden Thursday afternoon. According to a conversation Mr. Harris had with Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, the arrival of that truck with those two mares was a real occasion. The nurses pronounced them the most beautiful of all the horses that had come to serve the nurses of the mothers and children of that region. The nurses, who had taken to Hyden Prince, the horse that was to come to Dave Prewitt's in the Blue Grass to recuperate, and Nora the Guernsey cow that was to go to Walnut Hall, were gathered to give welcome to the new mares.

Friday the truck returned and left at Dave Prewitt's Prince, that is to be treated by Dr. Hagyard, and took to Walnut Hall Nora, that is to remain until Prince recovers.

The two mares were given free of cost by Mr. Madden and Mr. Platt. The care of them and the shipping to the mountains was given free of cost. The money that was contributed Mrs. Breckinridge has put in a special fund to aid in the purchase of another mare in the spring, with the hope that it can be taken back to the mountains when Prince and Nora are returned. She and the nurses and the people of Hyden expressed keenest appreciation for the generous donation of these mares and the contributions that made it possible for the Frontier Nursing Service to have them and have a nest-egg to build toward getting another mare as soon as possible.—Reprinted from The Lexington Herald, February 11, 1934.

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### Our Barnyard

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The Service is acquiring more and more livestock. All of the nurses now have cows and Miss Worcester at the Jessie Preston Draper Center and Miss Tinline at the Caroline Butler Atwood Center are keeping bees, with profit and pleasure. Most of the centers raise chickens, and Wendover has geese as well, and is accumulating pillows from their feathers.

We announce with pleasure the following additions to horses and cattle within the past year.

To "Bruna," one of our finest saddle mares now getting old, a filly named "Sunshine." To "Roxy," gift of Mr. Hunter Platt, a male foal named "Trigger." To "Molly," the cow at Bowlingtown, out of "Franklin" a heifer calf named "Newdelia." To "October," the splendid Holstein given the Hyden Hospital babies by Mr. B. H. Kroger of Cincinnati, her third calf, "Petunia." (October ate all the petunias in the garden during her period of expectancy.) To "Norah," the purebred Guernsey given by Mrs. James B. Oliver of Pittsburgh, her first calf, a beautiful heifer. We have named her "Blinky," which is the mountain name for sour milk. To "Arabella," the cow at Flat Creek Center, a heifer calf named "Janet." To "Clover," the Beech Fork cow, a heifer calf, "Frosty."

## A Book Review

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THE STORY OF CHILDBIRTH, by Dr. Palmer Findley.

Doubleday, Doran. Price \$3.00. For sale at all book stores.

It is rare to find a distinguished obstetrician who has the gift of writing gracefully and easily for the lay public. Excellent manuals may be had for the instruction of the expectant mother, but the general public has long awaited the publication of a book in historical outline, treating not only the advances of today, but telling also the enthralling story of the far distant past. The present should never be studied in any subject, the future never prophesied, without that continuity which only the past can give. This is especially true of childbirth, that most primal, primordial of all things.

Dr. Findley's fascinating book goes back in its story to the twilight of the gods, to legend, superstition, and the gropings of earliest history. It is richly illustrated, with old prints and woodcuts and modern photographs. From civilizations as ancient as those of Egypt and Greece to the primitive cultures of barbaric tribes, we read and see pictured the customs, the rites, the taboos attending childbirth. Slowly, so slowly, we watch the growth of Science, the stupid human reactions against every advance, the gradual dawning of a social conscience among men. This social conscience is still struggling to liberate motherhood everywhere from its age-old martyrdom. The Frontier Nursing Service appreciates Dr. Findley's reference, in Chapter Five, to our own efforts on behalf of this great cause. Birth and death are twin portals through which all mankind must pass—but three score years and ten should stretch between.

We close Dr. Findley's book in gratitude for the radiant and compelling power that has shown us the past so vividly and cheered us on towards a brighter day.

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Mr. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.	Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
	Mr. C.-E. A. Winslow, Dr.P.H., New Haven, Conn.
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Wendover, Kentucky

#### Volunteer Director

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R. N.

#### Assistant Directors

Miss Gladys M. Peacock, R. N., B. S.  
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#### Medical Director

John H. Kooser, M. D.

#### Contact Secretary

Miss Jessie Carson

#### Statistician

Miss Marion Ross, M. A.

#### Office Secretary

Miss Agnes Lewis, B. A.

#### Social Service Director

Miss Bland Morrow, B. A.  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

## HONORARY TRUSTEES

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Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky.	Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio
Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Washington, D. C.	Dr. Barnett Owen, Louisville, Ky.
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Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio	Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York, N. Y.
	Dr. William H. Welch, Baltimore, Md.
	Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio

Inclusive of

## MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Dr. Scott Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. Francis Massie, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.
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Dr. Josephine Hunt, Lexington, Ky.	Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.
	Dr. F. Carlton Thomas, Lexington, Ky.

## NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

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Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York, N. Y.	Miss Winifred Rand, Detroit, Mich.
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Miss Ruth W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, Pa.	Major Julia C. Stimson, Washington, D. C.
Miss Lillian Hudson, New York, N. Y.	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.*

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.”

