

The Quarterly Bulletin of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME XV

SPRING, 1940

NUMBER 4

"WADDLE AND SPLASH"



AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME XV

SPRING, 1940

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VERTUE

By George Herbert, 1592-1632

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuouous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

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IMPRESSIONS OF WENDOVER

By CAROLYN McK. CHRISTIAN
(Mrs. George Chase Christian)

Chairman of the Minneapolis Committee of the Frontier Nursing
Service and Trustee

It was a beautiful day last May, when I found myself in Lexington, preparing for a brief visit with Mrs. Breckinridge at Wendover.

Soon after lunch, one of the couriers met me at the hotel with her car, and we started on our drive of 160 miles into the Kentucky mountains. As we left Lexington, over fine roads, we began to climb into the hills, passing through many typical hill towns, with ever-narrowing rough roads leading through deep ravines and often fording streams. By the Middle Fork of the Kentucky river we left our car and transferred to a tiny flat-bottomed boat, "Tadpole" by name, paddled by our escort from Wendover who had come to meet us. The steep hillsides that bordered the river on both sides were sprinkled with white blossoms of the cucumber tree, and the late spring foliage was enchanting. As we glided up the quiet river, the sun was setting behind the hills, making dark silent shadows through which we passed to our landing on a sandy beach.

This silence was broken by sounds of welcome from far up the trail: voices, bark of dogs and neighing of horses, and soon we joined them to go up the trail to Wendover.

I had often pictured the little log house in the forest, but I was surprised to find such a large settlement. First we passed by the stables for horses, cows and pigs, and innumerable chicken houses and runways placed on the hillsides (for chicken raising is one of Mrs. Breckinridge's hobbies). Then the path broadened out up the hillside, past the offices and the cabins to the hospitable hearth of Wendover.

Very soon after my arrival dinner was served at the long table in the Dog Trot, and afterward we all gathered around the fire for conversation and games until our early retirement. As I went upstairs, one of the nurse-midwives who roomed next to me said that I must not be disturbed if she was called out

during the night, as she expected, and then she explained how the prospective father would ride over the hills to get her; as he approached, the dogs would bark; he would knock at our door; she would dress in her uniform, get her maternity saddle bags, always ready, saddle her horse and go back with him over the hills to his cabin.

And now I should like to tell the routine of a typical day as I saw it. At about 6:00 A. M. the "helper" knocked at my door to light the fire and close the windows, for it is cold high up there in the mountains. After a hearty breakfast, the couriers attend to the horses, sick and well, and start off on their rounds of errands, taking supplies and bringing sick women and children to the nearest hospital center. The office force go to their clerical work, the telephone begins to ring, and the house-keeping for this large group proceeds. Mrs. Breckinridge and her secretary are shut away from it all for hours of work together. Then the postman appears on his mule, and carries up the heavy mail sacks to the government post office just off the dining room or "Dog Trot" as it is called at Wendover.

Now I take an hour's walk around the settlement, up the hillside to see the cozy cabins where the couriers and secretaries live, inspecting the chicken coops and gardens on the way. Every one seems to have a pet of some kind—geese, cats, dogs, etc.—and many of the women work in their own gardens.

A visit to the office showed a model of business-like efficiency, with its secretaries and modern equipment. This is a self-supporting unit of about twenty people, with living quarters, gardens—both vegetables and flowers—and even a coal mine which empties its product practically into the kitchen stove.

At noon a bell brings everybody to the Dog Trot for a very wholesome lunch, for the morning work is strenuous and appetites are ravenous. Then, at work again until 4:00 o'clock, when everyone assembles for a substantial tea or lemonade, and again at 6:00 o'clock for a delicious dinner and relaxation. Often others of the staff drop in from an outpost center for dinner and the night, and then it seems like a reunion in a college dormitory.

After a long refreshing sleep, I took my leave of this haven, floated down the river where the car awaited us and took us

on to Hyden Hospital, which is one of the eight centers and the medical headquarters for the Service.

Driving back to Lexington through the beautiful Spring landscape, I felt that I had touched the hem of the garment of St. Christopher as symbolized in this life of burden-bearing and unselfish service.

I LOVE OLD DOCTORS

By MRS. M. C. DARNELL, Frankfort, Ky.

I love old doctors with their gentle hands,
Their sure, firm touch, and that familiar stoop—
The hallmark of their craft. When spirits droop
With fear, or when the soul with joy expands,
They know the words to say, and even more—
By beds of pain and loss they've learned to know
When to keep silent. When their steps grow slow
'Tis good to sit and listen to their lore,
And when one calls me "Daughter," back I go
To Childhood's sweet Elysian fields of yore.

I love young doctors, with their confidence
That in their time millennium will arrive:
Ills will be conquered, scientists contrive
That indiscretions bring no consequence.
Inspiring is the thought that their young eyes
Will see into the magic future far
Beyond our years. Their plans revitalize
Our stolid thoughts, and stir us till we are
As full of faith as they, who seek to rise
And hitch their streamlined roadsters to a star.

But oh, for comfort and for peace of mind
Give me the middleaged! When I am ill
I want to take off all my attitudes
And hang them in the closet with my clothes:
That deference to the old and to the young,
That feigned alertness. LET ME BE MY AGE.

I love these doctors in the middle years
Whose memories match mine. They're not so old
That I must treat them with undue respect,
They're old enough to not be taken in
By shamming; young enough to try what's new.
No studied rhymes for them; they know my thoughts,
And when I'm cross and snappish, they come back
In language that is music to my ears.

—From The Woman's Auxiliary Section of
The Kentucky Medical Journal..

FEDERAL UNION WOULD HAVE SAVED FINLAND

By SAMUEL C. SPALDING

From Union Now Bulletin, April, 1940—published at 10 E. Fortieth Street,
New York, N. Y.

And now,—Finland!

Surpassing courage, a flaming love of liberty,—these qualities, which had endeared her to us all, animated too small a body. The endurance which had been the wonder of the world for over a hundred crashing, breathless days and nights, whose memory will live forever, went the way of all tired flesh.

Like the Echo of Doom

“Inside one of Helsinki’s restaurants,” cabled Leland Stowe to The New York Post and The Chicago Daily News, “a throng of men and women . . . sat quietly. . . . Almost as soon as the foreign minister announced the peace, a dark-haired young woman in a red-checked sweater . . . began to weep silently, hiding her face in her hands. All around me other faces stared. . . . A middle-aged woman . . . winced and fought to control herself, then began to rub tears from her eyes. . . . Words came like the echo of doom”

That was over there. And over here? What can we do about it, remembering that our Union is still only a map and a plan and a high resolve? . . .

We can say: Had the Union come in time, Stalin would not have dared to march on Finland.

We can say: We free peoples and the world around—we strivers for greater freedom—are all members one of another. A blow—a wound—anywhere, is felt everywhere. How long are we going to let the enemies of democracy cut off one of our members after another—a finger, a foot, a hand—without going, not to war but to **peace** about it?

IO VICTIS

“Speak, History! Who are Life’s victors? Unroll thy long annals and say, Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae’s tryst, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—William Wetmore Story.

LETTERS FROM A FRONTIER HOSPITAL

By CHARLOTTE DUGGAR, R. N.

FOREWORD: Miss Duggar was with the Frontier Nursing Service in our emergency Hospital at Hyden during the year 1937. These excerpts are from letters written over a period of months to Miss Gertrude Fife, the Director of the School of Anesthesia, University Hospitals, of Cleveland. We owe their printing in the Bulletin to the courtesy of Miss Fife.

"Here I am in this new field of work, with its great possibilities, but I must confess I feel like an outsider, but that feeling will disappear as time goes by, I suppose. As I was standing on the mountain watching one of the nurse-midwives trying to catch her horse I was asking myself if ever I would be equal to their tasks. This morning one of the nurses was telling me about a home in which the neighbors held a blanket to keep the snow off the baby while it was being delivered. They say that quite often the water freezes in the basin during the delivery.

"The hospital is full; we have ten children, four of which are burn cases. The courageous and brave manner in which these children suffer is enough to break a person's heart. One little boy was cutting wood and a piece of the wood hit him in the eye. The doctor thought the sight had been destroyed entirely, but this morning he could see the light, and you have no idea how happy that child was.

"Yesterday the mountains were white with snow but today it is warm and practically all the snow has melted."

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"All children under sixteen are given free hospitalization, but these people appreciate having the hospital so much that usually they make a donation when they take their child home."

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"We do have some darling youngsters here. One boy—a beautiful child, was sitting on my lap in the bathroom, and he looked out the window and saw the Annex and asked me if that was the 'work-house'. I told him no, that that was our place of rest and we were sitting in the 'work-house' at that particular time. He is a pretty youngster but he has a huge knee, about

twice its normal size. I do not know the diagnosis. He was taken to Hazard for an X-ray* and so far as I know the report has not been returned. I notice Dr. Kooser has written an order to get the father's permission for an anesthetic, so I suppose he is planning to attempt to straighten the leg and put it in an extension. This little boy talks so much in his sleep that I cannot tell when he really wants something. He is the one who cried the first three nights he was in the hospital, and asked me to get the mule and take him home. I told him I could not ride a mule and he said. 'Well, if you put me on the mule I can go home alone.' He is only four years old."

.
"A mother just brought her baby to the hospital yesterday. It weighs 13 pounds and is one year old. The child has not the slightest idea what food is and how to eat it. It tries to suck everything that is put into its mouth, therefore it is quite difficult to get enough nourishment into it. The baby's ears and eyes are infected, which certainly is not surprising.

"Our wards are packed; we have the patients sitting on chairs and I am wondering where they will sleep tonight. . . . Dr. Kooser sent for me before lunch. He wanted to show me a child who is in the advanced stage of hookworm infection. The little boy appeared to be about four years old—he was eight years old, very anemic, emaciated and listless."

.
"Well, another dear little girl age six was burned to death. They brought her to the hospital Saturday evening and she died Sunday morning at 9:25. She was washing dishes when her clothes ignited, and of course she was in the room alone and could not help herself. Can you imagine—that is the eighth burn case I have seen in the short period I have been here.

"I expected a hearse to come for the child's body (very foolish of me), but in its place came four men, very poorly dressed, bearing a little white coffin. Never did anything impress me more deeply than seeing those figures slowly moving down the mountain side with that little child. The moon was shining brightly and the white coffin and the dark figures of the men certainly made a most remarkable picture—it was all too very

* Our Hospital still hasn't an X-ray machine. Under "Urgent Needs" in this issue we beg one of our readers to supply this want.

sad. The men expressed their appreciation for all we had done for the child and twice asked for the bill. We told them there were no charges, but they donated a dollar, which is a considerable sum for any of these people to give."

"We admitted an obstetrical patient at 5:00 P. M. The midwife said she was in labor, and a breech. Dr. Kooser told me to be prepared to give ether. I came to my room, and at 9:00 I was sent for, and believe me, I went with a prayer on my lips. That was a prayer that most surely was answered, because I have never seen a patient react better to an anesthetic. The delivery was very difficult and the baby was not in good condition for a while after the delivery but it has improved remarkably.

"We have one of the best hospital superintendents you can imagine (*Mac*). She is very kind to all of us. She came down and prepared tea after the delivery and insisted that I eat or drink something, but I had eaten such a big dinner that I could not eat again.

... Tonight is such a beautiful night; rather peculiar weather too. During dinner we heard the thunder far in the distance but when I came to my room the stars were shining so brightly that it seemed impossible for it to rain, but during the delivery there was quite a thunder storm. Now the clouds have vanished as quickly as they came and everything is lovely again.

... I must not forget to tell you that our cookstove is our sterilizer. It is rather annoying to have to sterilize something and take it down to the stove and find that more coal is needed and then get the hands all black while filling the stove with coal—but I suppose we ought to be thankful."

(Insert by Miss Fife)

(Worn enamel ware; a sterilizer; used anesthetic gas machine were sent from the University Hospitals of Cleveland; along with diapers, toys and various things for the children, sent by myself and others in the anesthesia department.)

"You will never know how thrilled and excited I was when I went to the clinic this morning expecting to find a pasteboard box for shipping my coat, and seeing those three huge crates from the University Hospitals of Cleveland. The Superintend-

ent had whispered something to me about a box or boxes in the clinic, as she was leaving the breakfast table and I thought it was a box which I had asked her to get for me for a coat which I wanted to send back to Lindner's for the summer. We cannot open the crates at all this afternoon because this is clinic day and there are always a lot of patients present. I am just dying of curiosity. I do hope there is a white enamel sterilizer in one of the boxes; if there isn't, Laura and I are going to order one tomorrow."

(Letter written the following day):

"How I wish you could have been here yesterday afternoon while those three boxes you sent were being unpacked. I have never enjoyed a Christmas as much as I did yesterday. The Superintendent was so excited, and thrilled beyond words to receive so many useful articles. She said, 'Charlotte, how did they know that we needed diapers so badly?' Almost everything she picked up she would say: 'Thank goodness, thank goodness! we surely can use this.' Miss Crowell, the clinic nurse, said: 'Now we will not have to use Maxwell House Coffee cans for emesis basins.' And how glad we are to have the extra bedpans. The sterilizer was another welcome article.

"And last but not least, the anesthesia machine—it is perfect. I cannot tell you how much it is appreciated, with blood pressure, manometer, mercury, filter and everything.

"They surely were packed beautifully, and all arrived here just as it was shipped from Cleveland. I nearly fainted when Dr. Kooser came in and told me to order nitrous oxide immediately, so that we could use it during our gyn clinic next month; there are twelve operations scheduled.

"At present we have only three hospital beds. All the rest are very low cots which sag in the middle.* You can imagine how our backs feel when we have to take care of patients on beds of that type. Nevertheless it is being done and apparently quite satisfactorily to the patients because they do not complain—in fact they are thankful for the hospital just as it is. Cribs are also in bad condition. I went out on the porch to get the last empty crib to admit a child and didn't that fall apart!

* Not long after these letters were written, we had four modern, beautiful Gatch beds given us by a trustee in Pittsburgh, for the use of those of our patients who need such beds the most.

The child was quite sick, so I had to make other arrangements but admitted the youngster all right. One of our nurses who is a good mechanic, wired the crib together the next day and laughingly said it was good for another ten years.

"I listened to a conversation between our doctor and the Superintendent which concerned a pair of old shoes. He was very much upset because the Superintendent did not have a pair of shoes to give to a patient who came to the clinic almost in her stockings. I did not say anything but I felt badly to think that I had not taken my old shoes to her so that they could be given to the patient. The patient's little boy was surely wearing his father's shoes because the ones he had on were about three times too large for him."

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"Our beautiful little John Sizemore was taken to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati this morning and I sincerely hope they can do something to help his knee.

"While listening to the weird hoot of an owl I shall answer your letter received a few days ago. Do come down in July if you can possibly arrange the trip. I cannot look forward to the hike you mention, with a great deal of pleasure, because I have not learned how to keep on my feet yet. Yesterday while leading my horse down a steep rocky slope I fell directly in front of her. She stopped immediately and did not move until I was on my feet again.

"April 1, 1937, will be an outstanding date in my memory. I rode ten miles and was in perfect agony for about six out of the ten. Such terrible trails I did not know were in existence. How the horses walk over those rocks day after day is more than I can understand. Miss Hollins, the nurse with whom I was riding, told me that the trails were really in good condition yesterday, and that they had been about six inches deep in mud between the rocks. Miss Hollins has clinic at Bull Creek every Thursday. She saw twenty-four patients yesterday, which was considered a small number. Quite frequently during the summer she has over one hundred."

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". . . It seems so strange that down here everybody knows everybody else. They may live thirty-five or forty miles apart

but still know everything that happens to each other. Miss MacKinnon said a man died here one morning and that same morning when the district nurse rode seven miles from here the people she visited asked her why the man had died. A few days ago one of our bed patients was telling me all about where Dr. Kooser had gone that day and whom he went to see and how the patient was injured, and I did not know that Dr. Kooser had left the hospital. It is startling the way these people know each other's business.

"Five of us hired a car to take us to Hazard to see 'Lloyd's of London.' The picture was very good and I enjoyed the trip ever so much. It rained as we were going but coming back the moon was shining beautifully and the hills were lovely."

A BUDGET OF TIME

Items

Work	Enough to earn my wage, my bread and my self approval.
Play	Enough to escape the peril of my work; that I may not take my task too solemnly, myself too seriously, and my annoyances too savagely.
Sleep	Enough so that my powers will be on edge and not my nerves.
Books	Enough to give me a sense of companionship with great minds and souls.
Friends	Enough to keep my friendships warm, to convince my friends that I think them God's best gift to me.
Service	Enough to make a decent payment on my vast debt to the community and my forebears.
Worship	Enough to keep clear my vision of God, of good and of the whole of things, to rest, restore and replenish my oft exhausted spirit.
Total	24 hours a day.

—Rev. Jay T. Stocking, D. D.
St. Louis, January 1, 1929.

FIRST TRENCH DOG KILLED IN ACTION

In the *British Journal of Nursing* of April, we read that a Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* sends the following sad item of news: Bobbie, an Alsatian, was sent out as a runner in front of the French lines on March 9th. He was shot and killed by enemy fire. When night fell, a sergeant-major and three men went out and brought back Bobbie's body.

Bobbie is the first dog despatch carrier to be killed in action. He was buried with military honors by the Zouave regiment to which he was attached.

"GLORIA"

By NELLIE DAVIS, R. N.
Clinic Nurse of the F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden

During the autumn and winter I gave a course in Home Nursing and Baby Care to twenty girls in the sophomore Home Economics class of the Leslie County High School. A series of twelve lectures of 1½ hours each made up the course, which was given in the form of a continued story.

First we introduced Gloria, the heroine. We studied her in detail, as to her anatomy, physiology, and personal hygiene. To make the story lifelike we brought in a little romance. At a birthday party given by Gloria's cousin from Hurt's Creek she met Ed.

Ed, a local boy from Camp Creek, came home for the week-end. He was a senior student at Berea College, majoring in Physical Education. It was really love at first sight, and Ed continued to date Gloria on week-ends. At Christmas their engagement was announced and the wedding date set for June.

Busy, busy was our heroine, for she had to plan and prepare her hope chest, and she also had a great deal of school work to keep up, for she was in her senior year. During the Christmas vacation Ed and Gloria planned carefully the building of their house. Both, having been schooled, knew the importance of proper toilet facilities, windows and screens, proper chimney height above the roof to prevent a fire, and also where to place the well for convenience, sanitation, and an adequate water supply.

Near the end of his college year, Ed joyfully announced that he had been accepted as athletic coach of the Leslie County High School. He and Gloria planned to get married and began to map out their budget. Each student worked out three budgets for maintenance of the home, food, clothing, personal improvement, and savings, on salaries of \$30.00, \$40.00, and \$60.00 per month. The average salary received in the community is about \$35.00 per month.

Gloria's classmates gave her a kitchen shower, and as the

wedding was only a few weeks away a complete inventory of the necessities for the young couple was made by the students.

The house lot was bought on a monthly payment plan, but the new house was a gift from the bride's father, who built it himself according to the plans given him by Gloria and Ed. The well was a gift from the groom's father. "Dreamhouse" was completed and practically all furnished before the wedding date.

One week before the wedding Gloria and Ed visited Dr. Kooser for the tests that will be required by Kentucky's new premarital law. Dr. Kooser also gave them a little talk and some advice on married life.

The wedding took place in the Rockhouse Sunday School on June 20th, with the Reverend Campbell Symonds presiding, and was followed by a reception picnic, attended by friends and relatives of the bride and groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed ———, after a week of honeymooning at Mammoth Cave, returned to "Dreamhouse" to take up their new routine. Ed worked hard landscaping the yard and tending the small garden, while Gloria kept house, canned vegetables and enjoyed putting the finishing touches to "Dreamhouse." We took up housekeeping, meal planning, washing, and home decorating at this point.

Eight months later Gloria announced to Ed that she was to have a baby. Both were thrilled, and Gloria at once registered with "The Nurses," who gave her careful guidance in proper everyday details. Ed made a baby bed and Gloria her layette, while she prepared other necessities required by "The Nurses."

When Butch Junior arrived, a bouncing chap of eight pounds weight, Gloria and Ed were as proud as two persons could be. Under "The Nurses'" guidance, Butch thrived beautifully, with proper feeding habits and clothing. At six months he got immunization shots against diphtheria. The class attended a demonstration bath with a live baby. Return demonstrations were necessary. Proper care of clothing and dressing the baby were demonstrated. The students made a complete layette, and gave it to the F. N. S. for a needy family.

Life in the Ed ——— household went along smoothly until

one day Ed came home from school feeling very badly. Gloria took his temperature, put him to bed, and immediately proceeded to observe a few isolation precautions, because little Butch certainly must not be exposed unnecessarily. The doctor was called, and diagnosed "Flu." He left treatment and medicinal instructions with Gloria. She gave Ed a bed bath, and Dr. Kooser was very pleased at the good general care she gave Ed. At this point the girls were taught bed bathing and a few simple home nursing procedures, such as making a bed with a patient in it. Return demonstrations were also required.

Thus our story ended, with Gloria, Ed and Butch thriving. Due to proper instruction from school and "The Nurses" Gloria was capable of making her career of marriage successful and happy.

At our last lesson we gave general instruction in the prevention of accidents, at home and school, and in first aid.

We held a poster contest when the course was finished. The girls had made posters on the different lectures. The first prize went to Ruby Begley and Alberta Baker for their poster "Playing Safe." The second prize went to Sally Keen and Ollie Hensley for their poster "Home Treatments." Our judges were Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of the F. N. S.; Miss Annie P. MacKinnon, Superintendent of the Hyden Hospital; Mr. Perle Estridge, Principal of the Leslie County High School; and Dr. John H. Kooser, Medical Director of the F. N. S.

The prizes were awarded at a tea held in the nurses' living room in Hyden Hospital. For most of these students it was the first tea that they had ever attended, and they really were thrilled at the opportunity of such an occasion.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

—Robert Herrick, 1591-1674.

In Memoriam

*The lyf so short,
The craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard,
So sharp the conquering.*

—Chaucer.

REVEREND MAITLAND ALEXANDER, D. D., Sewickly, Pennsylvania
 MRS. THOMAS BLAGDEN, New York
 MR. CHESTER C. BOLTON, Cleveland, Ohio
 MR. CHARLES W. GORDON, St. Paul, Minnesota
 MAJOR ALFRED HOYT GRANGER, Roxbury, Connecticut
 MRS. ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, New Haven, Connecticut
 MRS. CARLO HOSKINS, Hoskinston, Kentucky
 MRS. ALFRED E. HUNT, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
 MR. JAMES M. HUTTON, Cincinnati, Ohio
 MRS. STEWART JOHNSTON, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
 MR. ROBERT McKITTRICK JONES, St. Louis, Missouri
 MR. REEVE LEWIS, Washington, D. C.
 MRS. ELIZABETH C. MARMON, Indianapolis, Indiana
 MRS. FIELDING L. MARSHALL, Chicago, Illinois
 REVEREND FRANK H. NELSON, Cincinnati, Ohio
 MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, New York
 MR. WILLIAM WALKER, Shields, Pennsylvania

*Father, in joy our knees we bow,
This earth is not a place of tombs;
We are but in the nursery now,
They in the upper rooms.*

—George MacDonald.

Many indeed are the names of the Frontier Nursing Service friends whose lives in this world have closed during the past few months. Three of them, Mrs. Blagden, Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Marmon, spent nearly a century on this troubled planet before their golden evening brightened in the west. Two friends, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Walker, had been invalids for years before they set out on "the adventure brave and new." Mrs. Hoskins, a

member of one of our mountain committees for thirteen years, had long been in failing health, through which shone undiminished the beauty of her self-effacing and lovely spirit.

A fifteenth century Spanish writer has said "This world is but a highway going unto that other." Mr. Gordon, Major Granger, Mrs. Hadley, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Vanderbilt,—all of these friends of ours, whose large and kindly hearts responded quickly to human needs,—all of these friends had traveled many years along this highway. How many wayfarers bless their memories is known only where "time has sundered shell from pearl." Mr. Bolton passed out of this life during his active working years. The spirit of his striving could not be better put than in the following words for which he cared: "All work is empty save when there is love."

Two of our old friends were clergymen

" . . . souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."

Dr. Alexander had the understanding heart that is the glory of the church as seen revealed among her servants:

"Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died."

Of the Rev. Frank Nelson it is hard for his friends to write briefly. A flock of warm and tender memories crowd through the minds of all who knew him and are our tribute to him: "Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death."

Of Mr. Hutton, the Chairman of our Cincinnati Committee, our trustee and loyal friend of many years, a man both gallant and good,—of all that he meant to us we can say so little. His call came suddenly. His active life, in which no pressure of private affairs ever obliterated his sense of public responsibility, has ended at a time when the world needs him most. We who believe that such a man moves forward into larger spheres, can say of him as Maurice Baring said of his friend:

" . . . losing all, you gained the civic crown
of that eternal town,
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen
of the bright commonwealth
Ablaze beyond our ken."

THE TRAINING OF FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIVES

By DOROTHY F. BUCK, R. N., S. C. M., M. A.
Assistant Director of the Frontier Nursing Service

In the autumn issue of the Quarterly Bulletin we gave an account of the foundations laid for our course in midwifery and frontier technique. In the Articles of Incorporation of the Frontier Nursing Service, as quoted at the back of each Bulletin, one of the objects of the Service is given as follows: "To establish, own, maintain and operate . . . midwifery training schools for graduate nurses." In our own urgent war-caused need for more nurse-midwives we have now started our midwifery training school. Our first two pupil-midwives, Hannah Mitchell and Jennie Burton, have just completed our first course.

Miss Mitchell and Miss Burton have already begun to fill two of the five vacancies caused by war withdrawals from our district staff. Their official examinations by Dr. Charles B. Crittenden of the Kentucky State Board of Health were to have been held in early March, but have had to be delayed until May because of Dr. Crittenden's serious attack of influenza-pneumonia. In the meantime the two new nurse-midwives are gaining experience which will give permanence to their learning, and are also keeping an eye on their books lest they forget more theoretical phases of their subject.

Since Hyden is the site of our Hospital and the home of our Medical Director, it was chosen as the most suitable place for teaching purposes. But here we had to do a bit of reorganization to provide material for the practical work of the pupils. Through the generosity of a Detroit trustee, the large upstairs porch which runs the whole length of the Hospital was glassed in and heated, thus providing space for more midwifery patients. There has been no lack of such patients! Even with this additional space the prenatals have overflowed into the small part of the porch left for general cases. Two of the three Hyden districts have been consolidated and our first specialized program set up. The public health and the sick nursing were put

in the hands of a non-midwife nurse. The midwifery in all its phases is carried by the training school.

The teaching of the pupil-midwives in our course follows the general lines laid down by the Central Midwives' Boards of England and Scotland. In their six months course, the course that most of the F. N. S. nurses have taken, British and American alike, the Boards required each pupil to deliver a total of twenty midwifery cases, of which five must be in hospital and five on district. Each of our pupils actually managed, with teaching and under supervision, twenty-five deliveries. These deliveries were about equally divided between the Hospital and the homes of the patients. In addition to these normal cases, the hospital work gave an opportunity to the pupils to observe and assist the Medical Director with abnormal cases. Among those seen by the pupil nurse-midwives during this course were: a case of locked twins, a face presentation, a cord presentation, and two breech deliveries: one a double footling, the other a completely extended breech.

The emphasis of our training for the pupil-midwives has been to teach them to manage the normal in such a way as to prevent the abnormal wherever possible, and to recognize the abnormal when it does occur and to apply proper emergency measures, if such are necessary, before the physician can arrive. We have kept always in mind that we are training for frontier work and not for city work.

Instruction of the midwives included a review of their knowledge of general good health and the special dangers to it during child-bearing. They were given instruction and practice in abdominal examinations including external pelvimetry; urinalysis, especially the examination for albumin; blood pressure, both systolic and diastolic. They were taught the physiology, mechanisms, progress and management of labor, including possible complications, and their own responsibility. They reviewed the care of the delivered mother and the new-born child.

Since our pupils had already had experience in hospital care of mothers and babies during their general training, all their post-partum and prenatal experience was provided for in the patients' homes or in our special midwifery clinics. Each pupil

attended sixteen such clinics, staying with the doctor during four of them to learn those things which only a doctor's examination can show, and staying in the outside room during the remaining twelve to learn the complete midwives' examination. Each pupil also made more than 150 prenatal visits in the home and carried at least nine patients from the time their babies were born until they were a month old. Each pupil made 100 home visits to these postpartums.

Miss Nora K. Kelly, Assistant Director, and Miss Betty Lester, Assistant Hospital Superintendent, were in direct charge of the course. Both these nurses are graduates of excellent English midwifery schools. Both have been with us for years and have proved their ability to handle midwifery cases under the most trying circumstances. Both have filled the position of midwifery supervisor in the Service. Both have been on leaves of absence in which they took further midwifery work in England to help them to keep their knowledge up-to-date.

Although our own Medical Director was on his vacation during the first two months of this course, we were fortunate in having men to relieve him who were specialists in obstetrics and also experienced in teaching it. Thus Dr. Samuel Kirkwood of Boston, Massachusetts, and Dr. Isadore Dyer of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, ably carried the lecture work until Dr. Kooser returned.

The theory of the course was given in twenty lectures by the physicians and twenty-seven classes conducted by Miss Kelly and Miss Lester. There were also occasional quizzes and written tests followed by class discussion. Before the end of the course our small, very-much-the-worse-for-wear pelvis and an inadequate fetal skull gave place to a brand new manikin and lovely dolly, the gifts of one of our trustees in Glendale, Ohio.

Thus as the war clouds grow blacker across the water and more and more of our trained staff find the call to their home land too great to ignore, we are trying to fill in our ranks, and to fill them in with a personnel so equipped that the continuity of the kind of service our mountain folk have learned to trust will not be broken. As this goes to print, two more nurses are beginning the course, but, alas, two others are leaving us.

"HAND-ME-THE-SCISSORS"

By HANNAH DRUSCILLA MITCHELL, R. N.

"Mitch, you've a call on Owl's Nest, Molly Buttler."

At three-thirty in the morning we seem to be a part of an organization of the unconscious. We obey impulses which register only faintly in our thinking minds.

Slowly my mind worked even while my fingers flew: "Molly Buttler—her husband's left her—wonder who came—Bar Jackman or Brett from down below—black tie—where's the nursing pin to hold it?—bet her mother who said she'd delivered many a baby sorta wishes I wouldn't hurry—but she said she wouldn't tech her own chil'uns that-er way—strap to right boot must be right here—wonder how the river is—pretty high yesterday."

The sky looked gray among the stars and the pale late quarter-moon was unsubstantial and thin as Lady Ellen and I with Barry, a pale collie-blur ahead, rode down the hill. A committee of dogs met in the road at Pig Alley to challenge our advance and at several houses along the way others bayed in defiance.

Then no sound except the splash and gurgle of water under Lady Ellen's feet as we forded the river at lower Owl's Nest. We had left the man far behind walking with his lantern. No lights save the gleam of my own flash light.

It was darker still in the interior of the Buttler home with only a six-inch lamp (without a globe) as illumination.

Fire, hot water, cold water, clean garments all ready for the nurse.

Two neighbors and a mother saying: "Can I hep you, nurse?"

Busy hands, smiling faces, anxious minds—three hours—still busy hands, still smiling faces, reassured minds, and the wail of a new-born baby girl.

"You all got a name-child now" cackled the grandmother as she joyously thumped me on the back, "Molly allus said she was goin' to name hit atter you if hit was a girl baby."

And so they did—Hannah Druscilla.

Next day several children from Fred Martin's went to see the new arrival and returned home to tell of the beauty of the new baby to their father and mother.

"What'd they name hit?" was the query. None could remember except Paul, a little tike of about four. "I know what 'twas," he boasted, "Hit was 'Hand-Me-The-Scissors'."

CONTENT IS NOT ENOUGH

By UNA W. HARSEN

Content is not enough.
I, who know beauty and an ordered life,
Should never be at peace
While thousands do not know that thing called joy—
Gray loveless lives
Lived out in numbing fear.

And alms are not enough.
No, I must feel
A passion of protest that such things can be—
Fruit of man's greed and blind iniquity.
For it was not to make a world like this
Christ died on Calvary.

From "The Christian Century," several years ago.

LEGISLATION

St. Luke's Alumnae Bulletin, New York City, March, 1940.

The *New Yorker* of March 9 carries a cartoon depicting a Western Union window in which there is a sign reading "Wire Your Congressman Today. A Wide Choice of Messages on All Vital Issues." Legislators in Albany must wonder if all vital issues concern nursing. . . . A headline in the *Civil Service Leader* says "State Needs Nurses" and a correspondent in one of the daily papers writes "Good gosh, are things that bad?" But the poor legislator doesn't need nurses. He'd like them to go away and leave him alone and wearily says so. We can but hope that he won't fall ill after arduous days of debate on the budget, for should his doctor recommend the service of a nurse his instant response would be "Oh death where is thy sting?"

If we could be sure that the various bills introduced were concerned with better care for patients instead of a great deal of verbiage designed to cover an axe, many of us would feel less apprehensive. . . .

The legislature is expected to adjourn this month and we fervently pray that this is no idle rumor.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Our Helen Stone ("Pebble") gave a radio broadcast over Station WCNV on April 26th. Unfortunately we couldn't get this station in the Kentucky mountains, but we saw the advance script, in question-and-answer form, and it was excellent.

Few things are more satisfying than to have our couriers measure up to the opportunities of spreading knowledge of the Service.

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All of her friends felt the greatest pride in Carmen Mumford when she decided to give up society and go to college, after she had been out a couple of years. She recently completed her four year course at Barnard College, Columbia University, and is now starting in with the New York School of Social Work.

We are glad to say that in between these two arduous periods of grind she took a long holiday. We quote from a letter received from her in late March:

"For the last five weeks I have been touring America, or more particularly California, and have been having a really grand time. On my way through Chicago I stopped off for twenty-four hours to see some friends and the Chicago Social Service School. . . . The people there were terribly nice to me. . . . While there I was introduced to all the heads of the School. In fact, after I'd used your name, they insisted I wait until Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge had finished teaching in order to meet her. She was so glad to hear about you and was, I thought, an enchanting person. Because I always think of the Service as part mine, I cordially invited her to visit Wendover, and believe she really wants to whenever she gets enough time.

"This last week of vacation I've settled on a dude ranch and am having a good time riding all day, every day. As wild scheme number 999, it occurs to me to wonder why the F. N. S. couldn't run a dude ranch—in a small way. You could use a courier for a wrangler, and the country is certainly beautiful enough. Of course more horses would be needed, but that's a

constant state anyway. . . . At any rate it would be much easier for an Easterner to get to, than is the Great West."

The following article (abridged) by Emma Bugbee appeared in the New York Herald-Tribune on Monday, April 1st, 1940:

A little bit of the old frontier remains in this country in the Kentucky Mountains, where a nurse rides all night to attend a mother in an isolated log cabin, and a girl-courier stumbles down a mountain trail leading her horse lest the two children on its back faint from exhaustion before they reach the hospital. Some people think this Frontier Nursing Service of Kentucky supplies the last opportunity for the younger generation of Americans to show that they have not grown soft with easy living, and that, given a task to do and a sturdy horse to ride, any of them can measure up to the same sort of hard living that made heroines of their great-grandmothers.

Just what this life with the Frontier Nursing Service demands of a young courier was described by Mrs. Edwin Allen Locke, Jr., of 106 East Eighty-fifth Street, chairman of the courier committee of the New York branch of the organization.

Mrs. Locke weighs only a little over 100 pounds, and still looks like the fragile debutante she was when, as Dorothy Q. Clark, she did her two months duty on horseback (*in 1931*). Now that she has two children, she stays in New York and helps recruit other young women for Kentucky pioneering.

"It is the only service of its kind a young girl can do," she said. "In the city a girl works in a hospital or clinic or some other huge organization which seldom gives her a sense of responsibility. But every girl wants to do something worth while. The boys can go to Labrador and work for the Grenfell Mission. The girls can go to Wendover—that's the headquarters of the F. N. S."

Stiff Requirements

The committee has set up very stiff requirements for candidates, Mrs. Locke warned. Each girl must be "100 per cent healthy and a thorough horseman." One question asked each candidate is, "How much experience have you had in taking care of horses?"

Mrs. Locke settled into a reminiscent mood, recalling her own first days in the mountains, and some of her more exciting adventures. She could not remember just how she became interested in the work, but she had been a student at the Ethel Walker School at Simsbury, Conn., and probably, she said, some schoolmate told her about it.

"I remember that cold early morning ride, when we started for Wendover," she said. . . .

A Difficult Trail

"Next day I started off for Red Bird with a member of the staff, riding twenty-four miles over a difficult trail. Our horses swam a river at one place. We were lost a couple of times. We were leading another horse, too, that had to be delivered to the nurse at Red Bird, whose own horse had gone lame.

"Part of our work was assisting the nurses at a birth—usually at night. The father would come to call us, and we would find the mother in a log cabin with a few of her relatives on hand to help. They might have a pan of boiling water ready for us, but there would be no electricity, and no plumbing of course. . . .

"Once I escorted two children from the hospital at Hyden back to their homes, over a twelve-mile trail I had never ridden before. Fortu-

nately the children knew the way. I had one little girl of three in front of my saddle, and a little boy of four behind. . . ."

Mrs. Locke added that "if any girl were spoiled" this service "took it out of her." Usually, she said, the girls measured up to the task, working harder than they had ever worked in their lives, but enjoying it hugely because of the satisfaction of knowing they really were doing something useful. "There is no doubt about the usefulness of taking a sick child to a hospital," she said.

Another part of the couriers' routine is escorting visitors to the nursing centers scattered at intervals through an area of 700 square miles. Visitors come from all over the world to inspect this unique service. . . .

"I was courier for Ernest Poole when he got his material for 'Nurses on Horseback'," Mrs. Locke said.

Bargain Box

Mrs. Locke said that new recruits were greatly desired, although there is a long waiting list for this very popular form of social service. The former recruits, about twenty in number at the moment, are active in New York in fostering interest in the work and in enlisting new helpers—not to mention helping to raise money. This spring there is a new source of revenue, as the Frontier Nursing Service has joined other philanthropies in the Bargain Box, an all-year rummage sale at Third Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street. Anyone wishing to help the pioneering nurses in the Kentucky Mountains, even if she cannot ride a horse, may send old clothes and books to the Bargain Box.

The following article, called "Foreign Corresponding" appeared in the Junior League Magazine of March, 1940:

We point with pride to one of our leading graduates in photography. Marvin Breckinridge, whose camera has now, surprisingly enough, landed her in a flourishing radio career. A member of the Washington League, she started her professional career as a political worker in the office of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Then she grew interested, quite casually at first, in photography, discovered a talent for it, studied professionally, and opened a studio in New York. Since she had always traveled a great deal and enjoyed it, she gravitated naturally to doing illustrated travel articles for this *magazine* and others like *Harper's Bazaar*, but she also found time to do a thriving little business in portraiture and to teach a Junior League class in photography. The war found her in Switzerland, working on a photo-story for *Town and Country*. She caught the last boat across the Channel for England and started a hectic career of photographing such things as the evacuation of London's children, mainly for *Life*. Edwin Murrow, Columbia Broadcasting Company's European head, knew her and her work; he put her on the air on November sixteenth to describe some of the scenes she had witnessed as a photographer. Again, almost by accident, she discovered a talent. She has that rare thing, a natural radio voice and manner as well as a reportorial gift. Since that first broadcast, she has been working entirely for Columbia, and is now stationed for them in the Netherlands, making frequent broadcasts to the U. S. A.

FROM A SCOTTISH CALENDAR

The minister's wee daughter was taken to church for the first time. During a pause in the prayers, she was heard to remark in a loud voice: "Mummy, ye dinna let daddy do a' the talkin' at hame."

MEDICINE IN RURAL MARYLAND

from the Baltimore, Md., Sun, April 14, 1940.

Certain sections of Maryland present problems in medical and nursing care, particularly in the field of obstetrics, which eventually will have to be met by methods similar to those used by the Frontier Nursing Service in the mountains of Kentucky, according to Dr. John McF. Bergland, one of Baltimore's leading obstetricians and chairman of the local committee for the service.

"Many of the older physicians in remote rural sections are dying off," Doctor Bergland points out, "and few of the young medical school graduates seem inclined to take their places. There is no sign that the situation will improve. The logical answer seems to be a supply of specially trained nurses to function as they do in Kentucky where the country is sparsely settled and the difficulties of transportation are great."

Conditions In Garrett

Out in Garrett County, according to Dr. C. H. Peckham, obstetrical consultant for the State Bureau of Child Hygiene, children not infrequently are born during the winter in mountain cabins so far from the nearest settlement that word of the event does not reach the outside world until the following spring. Roads leading to these cabins are so bad that neither physicians nor nurses could reach the prospective mother by automobile in severe weather, even if they could be summoned.

Garrett County has five public health nurses pitted against a population of 20,000 people, of whom only a handful are Negroes. Last year 512 babies were born in this section. Few of the mothers had pre-natal care, though when the public health nurses learn that a baby is expected they encourage the future mother to consult the nearest physician, who is paid a small fee by the State if the family is unable to meet his modest bill.

No Trained Midwives

There are no trained midwives in Garrett to go to the aid of women in childbirth, so those who are unable to secure a physician are forced to depend on the services of a neighbor whose ideas on the subject of cleanliness may be extremely vague and who is incapable of dealing with an emergency, or to negotiate the ordeal alone. Something of the same situation, Dr. Peckham says, obtains in the western part of Alleghany County, beyond Cumberland.

Both Dr. Bergland and Dr. Peckham agree that nurses need more than a special training in midwifery to cope with conditions in a mountainous, thinly populated region. There, to be of genuine service, they must travel on horseback and carry their supplies in saddlebags; they must answer calls at any hour of the night, traveling over trails they can learn to recognize almost by instinct in the dark; they must ford streams, build fires if necessary and perhaps do a bit of cooking on the side.

Kentucky Service

Such service has been rendered with increasing efficiency for the last fifteen years in the Kentucky hill country by the Frontier Nursing Service. This organization, however, has been depleted of a large portion of its staff by the war in Europe, for many of the nurses, being English born and trained, have answered the call of their country's colors.

To meet the situation the service has established a training school of its own and plans to fit American girls for work not only in Kentucky, but on other American frontiers. Some of its graduates, Dr. Bergland and Dr. Peckham believe, well might prove to be the solution to a serious situation in the extreme western section of their State.

Operated On Shoestring

The Frontier Nursing Service, which is financed by private contributions, always has operated on a shoestring. This shoestring, however, is unequal to the strain imposed by the necessity of establishing a training school which, in addition to providing nurses for its own field of operations, is the one in the country upon which communities like Garrett County can draw to meet their own needs.

Dr. Bergland is chairman and Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon is vice-chairman of a committee of Baltimoreans who are undertaking to throw the Frontier Service a financial rope, through the medium of a concert to be held April 24 at the Maryland Casualty auditorium. The concert will be presented as a song fantasy, based upon the Negro spirituals and interpreted by a mixed choir of Negro students at Dillard University, New Orleans. Frederick Hall will direct the choir, which will appear in traditional costume against an appropriate background.

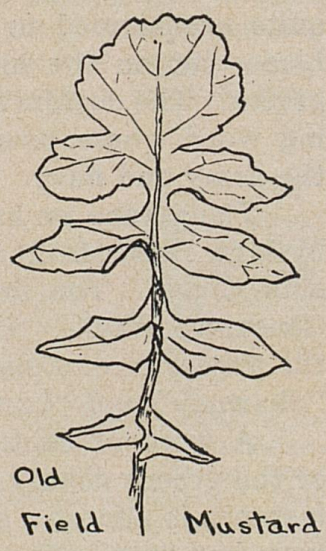
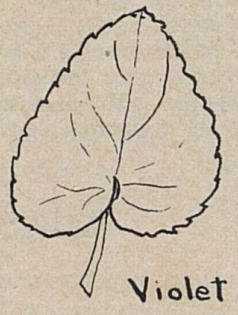
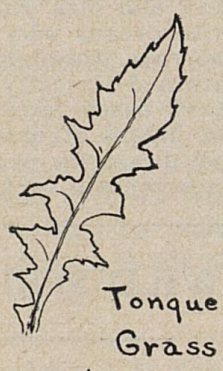
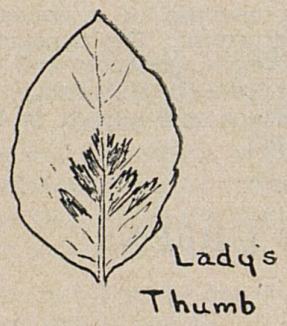
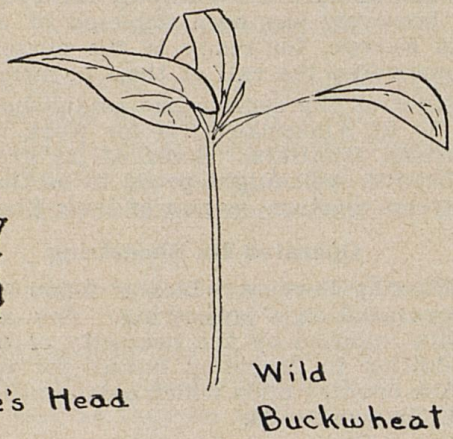
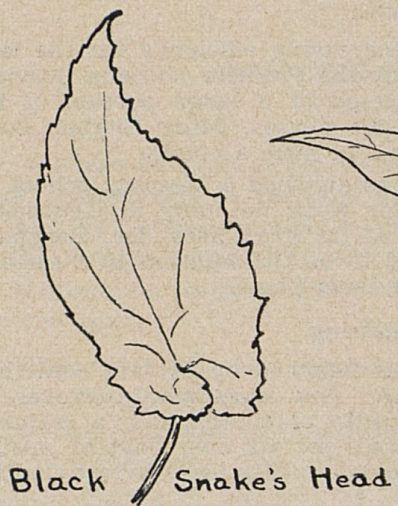
MESS OF WILD SPRING GREENS

In the Spring in the Kentucky mountains our nurses are quite accustomed to find the women and children away from home, out on the hills, gathering "salad" for a mess of wild greens. The custom is as old as the word "mess" itself, a charming word whose usage now is limited to the officers' table of the army and navy.

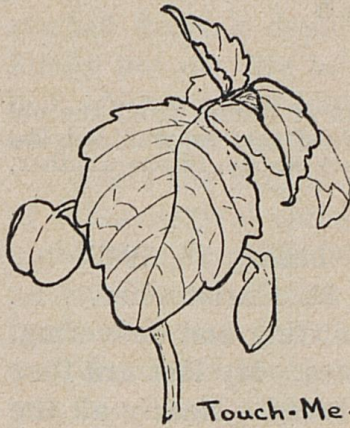
The greens we have illustrated were gathered in early April by Mrs. Belle Morgan of Wendover, who was a Cornett of Cutshin Creek. The drawings were made from nature by Miss Genevieve Weeks. Unfortunately, the late season has delayed the appearance of such delightful wild greens as "Careless" and "Shawney" and "Lambs Quarter."

A word of caution to the amateur greens-gatherer: Some of the greens closely resemble poisonous plants. "Careless" for instance is almost a sister to Deadly Nightshade. We ourselves have had "rank p'ison" pulled out of the greens we gathered.

Mess of Wild Spring Greens



From The Kentucky Mountains



Touch-Me-Not



Plantain



Shoestring



Poke



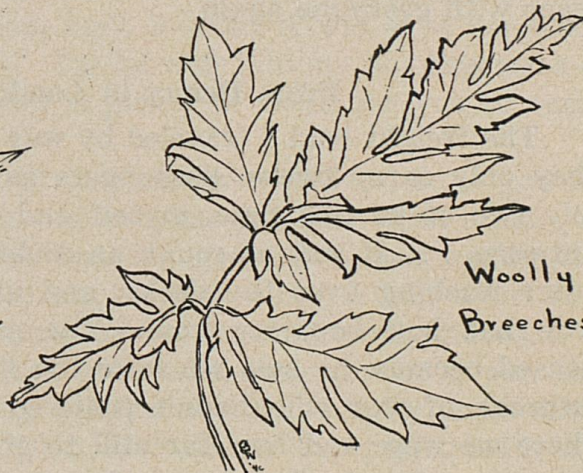
Rabbit Lettuce



Crow's Foot



Box Elder



Woolly Breeches

OLD STAFF NEWS

EDITOR'S NOTE: We continue to print bits of letters from the old staff for staff reading. Anyone is welcome to read this column, but the names we use are the names by which the staff are known to one another, and not their full names.

From Parkie in Surrey, England—February 28, 1940.

Enclosed is a small pledge towards St. Christopher. . . . We are so busy delivering and knitting, knitting and delivering, the wool is getting mixed up with the babies. My last are four boys and one girl, of the British Bulldog breed. Nearly all the husbands are serving in the Forces, Navy or Army. The mothers are a wonderful bunch of women. Just now we are knitting white woollies for Finland. Our hearts go out to them in their heroic struggle and we hope with all our hearts that they win, as we shall, even if it takes our last penny.

What a homecoming the Graf Spee got, and the poor prisoners rescued from the Altmark. London went crazy over them yesterday. Our first really spring day today, and almost the first time we have seen the sun since before Christmas. We had your winter, I should think, snow and more snow. Now we are glad to see the green grass growing and snowdrops up. . . .

We are all well and enjoying life, and we hope as soon as peace is declared you will find time to pay us a visit for a grand reunion. I shall be glad when it is all over and we are at peace with everyone again.

From Denny in London—March 12, 1940.

The freight boat I traveled by was quite comfortable really. They only carry twelve passengers as a rule; and there were only two of us this time, myself and a Belgian lady going to Antwerp. . . . It was as rough as could be the whole way over, water washing over the decks, and all the furniture and my little hat box bouncing round the cabin. The captain was pleased because he said we were the first passengers since the outbreak of war who hadn't pestered him all the time about where we were and how far still to go, etc. We both felt too ill to care a hoot! Two days before we arrived at ——— they

started keeping double watch in case of submarines, etc., and kindly put our life belts handy for us within easy reach of the bed. Not a thing happened though. This line (*a Belgian*) has only lost four boats since the war started.

I left the ship at ————. We anchored, along with rows of other neutral ships, some way from shore, and waited overnight in a horrible "black out" condition. I asked the naval authorities who came to see the ship's papers, etc., if I could land; and next day they did some semaphoring with the shore and decided I could, so I went on the naval launch. Customs was **too** easy, as they land no passengers at ———— now. So there really wasn't a customs department open, and they just took my word for it when I said I'd no contraband.

It took us twelve days to travel. . . .

. . . .

From Jacko in London—March 20, 1940.

I had just got settled into being a domiciliary midwife when lo and behold my mobilization papers came through, as a sister in the Queen Alexandra's and for active service abroad. I was thrilled, as you can imagine, but the London County Council wasn't quite so pleased. They were very, very nice, of course, but just begged me to stay—said my duty was with London's babies. . . . So the Q. A. I. M. N. S. have called it off this time, but if I think the London County Council can replace me any time I've only to let the Q. A.'s know and I can join up.

It's very nice of them, isn't it—and it will give me some time to be near my people. I'm moving into my flat this week—great excitement, and there is plenty of room for you to come and stay. . . .

They are very short of domiciliary midwives, so if you do come home I know they would welcome you with open arms. . . . We are very busy indeed, but it's great fun, and really the people are so grateful and are so very nice. I had twins last week—in fact, I am enjoying life very, very much indeed.

I think of you so often out there, and wonder if you are enjoying the lovely spring weather. I still hardly dare think about my darling Lady Ellen (*her mare*) but perhaps I'll see her again one day.

My sister arrived home from West Africa last week after

a very good journey—so there are plenty of boats evading old Hitler.

.

From Margaret at a Military Hospital in England—

March 20, 1940.

I received my mobilization papers on the 8th of March and was told to report to _____ on the 11th. The matron I was working with was very nice about my going at such short notice and told me I could go back to her any time for a temporary or permanent job, it didn't matter, but I'd know that I always could get a job with her if I wanted one. All of which of course was very cheering. . . .

Anyhow off I set on Monday the 11th all sort of queer inside. You know how one feels when about to launch out into the unknown and it was the absolute unknown as far as I was concerned. I'd never heard of _____ in my life. Well, I arrived about 1:00 P. M. and decided to have lunch first as it would look a bit too Scotch to arrive just on lunch time. The village of _____ offers nothing in the way of eating places but I finally found a very small place, where I managed to get a ham sandwich and tea cakes. Feeling fortified I set off for the hospital on foot—it is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the village. After asking about a million people I at last came to the matron's office where a V. A. D. welcomed me, and presented me with endless forms to fill in. Meantime other dames were arriving and doing exactly the same things. On the completion of form filling we were taken down to be medically examined. It was a rather sketchy examination but we all passed with honours in spite of rather elevated pulse rates due no doubt to the excitement.

When we came out we were conducted to our rooms. I am sharing one with four nurses. Nobody said any more about what we were to do or not to do, so two of us decided to go and explore _____ which is fairly close. We found our way to the bus, boarded and finally got to the town. Went to the movies, beautiful wild-west stuff—guns, etc., and quite enjoyed ourselves. Had supper and returned to our quarters about 11 P. M.

As soon as I opened the bed room door a voice from under

the bed clothes of the nearest bed said, "Hullo, Margaret Watson, where on earth have you been?" At first I couldn't think who the dickens it was but finally it dawned—it was Madge Tait, late of Kentucky and Wendover. We had a fine reunion. I can tell you it was wonderful meeting a known face in this wilderness, for such it seemed to be at first.

Next day I went on duty in a medical ward and there I've been ever since. Now I am beginning to feel a little more at home and know my way about fairly well although I still frequently find myself going up instead of down or the other way about. . . .

We start our day at 7:15 A. M., get called at 6:45 or thereabouts, crash down at 7:15 for breakfast and go to our various wards at 7:30. About 9:30 A. M. or 10:00 we all drink tea. Run around with the M. O. chief, etc., and at 12:00 or 1:00 go down for our lunch. Tea is served at 4:00 or 5:00 P. M. You go to whichever one suits you best depending on your duties. At dinner which we have at 7:00 or 8:00 P. M. we also have quite a tuck in.

It is unfortunate that letters have to be censored, otherwise I could write you a lot more; but we must curb our tongues, otherwise the blue pencil will be used a bit freely and spoil my beautiful letter. However, it is quite a good life and no doubt it is going to be interesting. Of course I am hoping I'll be sent abroad sometime or other but nobody knows.

. . . .

From Madge at a Military Hospital in England—

April 14, 1940.

You will note my change of address! I was "called to the colours" on March 10th and was shipped down here. It is the largest hospital in England . . . all towers and balconies and minarets. The corridors which run the whole length of the building are exactly a quarter of a mile long—so you can imagine how my knees knock when I set off to find the path. lab., or the O. M. O.'s office, or the Quartermaster's Store. . . .

The grounds are huge, beautifully laid out, and they run down to the sea. We have our own private pier, at which the

Red Cross ships land sick convoys. Altogether it is a lovely place, and I like being here, but I won't be here long, as we are just broken in to Army rules and regulations, and are then shipped off on Red Cross trains or boats or to bases abroad, at a few hours' notice. We hear rumours now of contingents going to Norway.

Wasn't it funny that I should have Margaret Watson for a room-mate? It was nice to meet a person I knew, and we have had lots of fun together so far.

Once a week we have Colonel's inspection! What a spit and polish goes on! My head swims. . . . I am in charge of a division of Neurasthenic Disorders, and am solely responsible to the Specialist. . . .

I am getting quite used to heel-clickings and salutings, and O. M. O.'s and C. O. inspections, and bugles and parades, messes, bunks, orderlies, R. A. M. C.'s, and all those queer abbreviations that go to make army life what it is. I don't jump out of my shoes now when heels click and arms swing up to the salute when I pass. I thought at first I'd never get used to it. . . .

How is my beautiful Cameron (*her horse*)? Do you give him an apple occasionally? I'm sure he'd appreciate it! . . . What of Buck's beloved Penny? Is she doing all the things Buck hoped she would? . . . The dogwood will be out now. Is the tree by the cabin as thick with blossom this year? It was a lovely sight last year. . . .

I hear we may receive the casualties from the Norwegian Naval battles—I hope we do, it will be good nursing. This is a crazy war, but it's only just beginning as yet. God alone knows how it will all end. I must awa' as they are coming to aspirate a chest after tea, so I'll get my trolley ready now. . . . We received a big B. E. F. convoy today. Poor laddies! . . .

It is lovely here today, brilliant sunshine, and a nice brisk wind, just sufficient to whip up plenty of white horses on the sea. Three Red Cross ships are anchored in the bay, their whiteness being a vivid contrast to the dull grey of the camouflaged naval vessels and the green of the water. Away over the

bay I can see the trees of the New Forest—William the Conqueror's hunting grounds in 1066. It certainly is a lovely spot.

I often think of you all. A special hug for Cameron. Cheerio!

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From Willeford in Texas—April 20, 1940.

My mother has improved marvelously since my return.

I think your new department for ex-staff is very interesting. I do hope you continue it. I hear from several of the nurses in England, but I do like what you print in the Bulletin from them.

I know you are as sunk as I am over the war. Each time another little neutral country falls I just get sick. England and France have a huge burden to carry in righting all the wrongs for the little countries.

.

A CABLE

Sansorigin—April 13, 1940.

Landed.

BETTY LESTER.

SOMEBODY'S CHILDREN

Mother (showing a globe to a small daughter): Now this is the world we live on.

Small Girl: The world? I thought we lived on a budget.

.

A boy of eight wrote a composition about Lincoln and began it this way:

"Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin. He was named Abraham after the intimate friend of God."

.

A small boy watched an agile carpenter and his slow moving, heavy helper laying a floor. Finally he leaned over the helper, poked him several times to get his attention and asked: "If he's the carpenter, are you the walus?"

—Contributed.

URGENT NEEDS

Our Spring Bulletin marks the close of our fiscal year. It is our custom at this time to list the special needs of the Frontier Nursing Service for repair, upkeep, and replacements on its many and widely scattered properties. Our properties are conservatively valued by our auditors at over two hundred thousand dollars. They are all situated in the steepest kind of mountain country, and subject to the endless landslides, erosions, and raging torrents of mountain winters.

This year we bring before our supporters not only an enormous list of indoor and outdoor replacements and repairs, but also an appeal for urgently needed new equipment and construction for the Hyden Hospital. First and foremost we need a new house for the doctor and his family. We took over the old cottage where he is living when we bought the ground. It was a flimsy, very badly constructed building, little more than a cabin, and its two bedrooms are utterly inadequate. Our maintenance man has just told us that it is not worthwhile to make further repairs, and he does not think the foundations and inner supports will hold up another year. Because it was built almost on the ground, with no cellar, it is riddled with termites and rotting with dampness. It would take hundreds of dollars to make it safe, and it isn't worth it. We want a new, well-constructed and much larger house, that will adequately house the Medical Director and his growing family. This is our largest need financially (except for a Nurses' Home), and much the most urgent.

Another thing we have listed which we consider of paramount importance is a portable X-ray machine for the Hospital. It was not possible to have X-ray there as long as we had our own private electrical plant, as it was not capable of carrying the extra load. Now that we have utility connections, we desperately need and ardently want small X-ray equipment, with fluoroscopic attachment. Until we get another wing to the Hospital, we haven't room for anything larger than that. As things stand now, we have to send our fracture cases by truck or ambulance out to the mining town of Hazard for X-ray.

That is hard on the patients, and costly. We have made an estimate for a new portable machine, including the building of a dark room in the cellar, with running water, but it might be possible to get a second-hand machine at less cost.

Lastly, of course we need a Nurses' Home very badly indeed, but we have not listed this, as it is so much more expensive than anything else. We estimate that it will cost from forty to fifty thousand dollars. We have listed instead a conversion of the long lower veranda of the Hospital into two rooms and a small veranda, which will help carry our burden until we can get more space.

The sum total of the things needed in the following list amount to a very great deal of money, but it is made up in the main of items most of which are not overly large. Please take your choice. If a duplicate gift is made, we will write the second donor asking if we may transfer his gift to a need which has not been met.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Indoor:

Closing in, heating, and re-converting downstairs veranda into two rooms and small porch; putting in three cubicles in clinic waiting room (estimate).....	\$1,200.00
1 set of scales for weighing drugs—Dr. Kooser's Office.....	16.00
1 sterilizer for instruments—Dr. Kooser's Office.....	90.00
1 card filing cabinet—Dr. Kooser's Office.....	9.75
Treatment Table—Dr. Kooser's Office.....	37.95
Examining Table—Dr. Kooser's Office.....	45.25
1 portable X-ray outfit with fluoroscope, including material and labor on a dark room, and running water (estimate).....	2,000.00
1 autoclave, and installation—Operating Room (the load is now too heavy for the old one and it has broken down).....	600.00
1 obstetrical bed (complete with mattress)—Delivery Room.....	150.00
2 bassinets (complete with mattresses) @ \$18.00 each.....	36.00
12 bedside tables @ \$17.50 each.....	200.00
3 doz. face towels @ \$3.00 per doz.....	9.00
2 doz. bed spreads @ \$1.49 each.....	35.76
9 doz. hospital sheets @ \$10.35 per doz.....	93.15
3 doz. draw sheets @ \$4.25 per doz.....	12.75
180 yds. curtain material (for entire hospital) @ 22c per yard.....	39.60
50 yds. slip cover material for living room couches and chairs @ 59c a yard.....	29.50
Making curtains and covers (estimate).....	20.00
Window shades.....	10.00
Curtain rods and lengtheners for all windows.....	10.50
Replacing dishes (cups, saucers, dinner plates, etc.)—Blue Willow pattern	52.50
Plated silverware (knives, forks, teaspoons, tablespoons, soup spoons)	97.20

*Battleship linoleum for kitchen (old linoleum worn out).....	60.00
Laundry stove (for babies' washing only).....	7.20
New set of grates for furnace and new air valves for radiators, including labor	96.85

Outdoor:

New Doctor's House (estimate).....	10,000.00
New guttering for Hospital and Annex, including labor.....	40.00
Forge Shop	15.00
Repairs on rain water tank (including paint, tightening hoops, and labor)	14.20
**"Samanthy" (reconditioning)	100.00

WENDOVER**Office Equipment:**

Extra adjustable shelves for supply cabinet.....\$	5.35
Stenographer's desk and chair (Social Service Department).....	60.00
Scrap books for clippings (made out of ply-board locally).....	5.35

Indoor:

Second dormer window in attic (like one given last year) so we can see supplies for house, horses, clinic, and office without flashlights	75.00
Battleship linoleum for kitchen, hall, bathroom, and dispensary (including haulage and labor in putting down).....	105.57
3 doz. bath towels @ \$4.05 per doz.....	12.15
3 doz. hand towels @ \$4.00 per doz.....	12.00
6 5-yd. bolts Terry cloth for kitchen towels @ 69c a yard.....	4.14
3 doz. wash cloths @ 10c each.....	3.60
3 doz. sheets @ \$10.30 per doz.....	30.90
3 doz. pillow cases @ \$2.35 per doz.....	7.05
Replacing dishes—Pink Willow pattern—semi-hotel china (cups and saucers, dinner plates, pie plates, cereal bowls, vegetable dishes)	23.58
4 milk pitchers @ \$1.00 each.....	4.00
6 stone milk bowls with lids @ 40c each.....	2.40
Furnace in Garden House (new body, and repairs to pipes and registers—must be done before winter (price includes esti- mate for labor).....	175.00

Outdoor:

Work Shop (lumber, nails, creosote, etc., and labor) estimate.....	300.00
Running water to Horse Hospital Barn (including labor and ma- terials) estimate.....	100.00
Filling in barn stalls and in front of the barn with crushed rock and cinders.....	20.00
Whitewashing barns, including scraping off old whitewash (19 stalls at \$3.00 a stall).....	57.00
Cleaning out septic tank and putting new pipe in drain field.....	46.00
Materials for 2 W. P. A. toilets for workmen (free labor).....	30.00
Repairing walls to incinerator after freezing weather.....	24.00
Re-terracing to stop erosion, and work on grounds.....	100.00
Whitewashing big chicken house	12.00
Whitewashing and reflooring small chicken house	19.99

* Where there is heavy traffic we have learned that it just doesn't pay to invest in cheap linoleum. This will last for years.

** Old Model-A Ford car given the F. N. S. by Betty Lester, for the pupil-midwives on Hyden District III, which covers the "pike."

Furnace repairs	30.00
1 doz. sheets	10.35
1 doz. pillow cases.....	2.35
Curtains for rooms.....	4.00
Couch covers	3.50

Outdoor:

Repairs to barn (renewing sills, foundation, and building up stalls)	150.00
Whitewashing barn: 6 stalls and a runway @ \$3.00 each.....\$21.00	
Cow barn and manure bin..... 6.00	27.00
Digging new hole for burying tin cans.....	8.00

BRUTUS

(Belle Barrett Hughitt)

Indoor:

Rug for living room to replace 9-year-old one.....\$	40.00
Battleship linoleum for kitchen (including labor in putting it down, and haulage	50.00
3 scatter rugs for bedrooms.....	5.50
1 doz. bath towels	4.05

Outdoor:

Repairs to barn (renewing sills and foundation; building up stalls)	150.00
Repairing barn roof (materials and labor).....	49.50
Whitewashing barns and outhouses (6 stalls, a runway, cow barn, and chicken house @ \$3.00 each).....	27.00
Repairing manure bin.....	20.00
Painting Center, including guttering, and porches.....	75.00

CONFLUENCE

(Possum Bend: "Frances Bolton")

Indoor:

Paint for kitchen and entrance (4 gal.) and labor.....\$	25.00
Rug for living room (to replace 13-year-old one).....	40.00
Scatter rugs	5.00
Renewing bathroom floor (60 ft. flooring, and labor).....	6.00
Slip covers for two chairs and day bed (material and making).....	15.00
2 200-pound capacity galvanized cans with lids for flour and sugar	4.00
Overhauling furnace	50.00

Outdoor:

Repairs to barn (renewing sills and foundation; building up stalls)	150.00
Whitewashing barn (6 stalls and a runway and cow shed @ \$3.00 each—includes scraping off old whitewash).....	24.00
Materials for W. P. A. toilet for workmen (free labor).....	15.00
Renewing wooden frame and putting in rock supports around hand pump	10.00
Repairing retaining walls, stone drains, septic tank drain field.....	100.00

FLAT CREEK

(Caroline Butler Atwood)

Indoor:

Battleship linoleum for kitchen (including haulage and labor in putting it down).....\$	50.00
Rug for living room (to replace 11-year-old one).....	40.00
Table cloths (Colonial checks).....	6.00
Replacement of dishes—Pink Willow pattern.....	5.00
2 bookcases (locally made).....	20.00

Outdoor:

Repairs to barn (renewing sills and foundation; building up stalls, etc.)	150.00
Repairs to barn roof (materials and labor).....	49.50
Putting new door and top to spring; checking valves in pipe line, and putting in new gaskets.....	10.00
Repairs to water tank (painting, new top, overflow pipe, pipes covered to prevent freezing in winter).....	50.00
Miscellaneous repairs to guttering, to well which is badly needed in dry weather, and to manure bin (materials and labor).....	60.00
Whitewashing barn and outhouses:	
6 stalls and a runway @ \$3.00.....	\$21.00
1 chicken house and a cow barn.....	6.00
Wheelbarrow	5.80

RED BIRD

(Clara Ford)

Indoor and Outdoor:

The money for all spring repairs at this center has already been donated.

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL REPORT

We are enchanted to announce that the great ecclesiastical architects, Cram and Ferguson, of 248 Boylston Street, Boston, have given us a sketch for St. Christopher's Chapel, with blue prints and full directions for building. Their dimensions, which are designed to suit the dimensions of St. Christopher's window, call for a chapel 13x26 feet. Native stone and native labor are both to be used in the building.

We have received pledges from twenty-eight people for \$2,572.00, and one English pound. Two people have sent \$5.00 each, and one person has sent an English pound. If we decide during the summer that we can start work on the Chapel, we will write those of you who have sent pledges and advise you. The money donated for the Chapel will be handled on our books and through our audit as are all other building funds, and our treasurer will send his customary receipt to each donor.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Trustees and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service and their friends will take place at the Louisville Country Club this year, on the Upper River Road, on Tuesday, May 28th, immediately after a luncheon, which will be held at 12:30 P. M. We expect an exceptionally large group of trustees, and the Louisville Committee is making arrangements for a delightful meeting, in a particularly cool and charming spot. Mrs. Morris B. Belknap is Chairman of the Louisville Committee, and Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton is Chairman of the Annual Meeting Committee.

The big news as we go to press is a telegram from Baltimore about the benefit held by the Baltimore Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service the evening of April 24th. The Dillard University Choir, one of the most outstanding Negro choirs in America, gave their fantasy, a Negro spiritual, "The Birth of a Song" under the direction of Frederick Hall. Our telegram states that there was a good attendance and that the Choir was excellent and enthusiastically received. It is too early to compute the net proceeds, but the telegram indicated they would be good.

We in the mountains extend our grateful thanks to the Benefit Chairman, Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, and our courier Betsy, and to the Baltimore Committee and the long list of patrons and patronesses and supporters of the benefit, and to our Baltimore Chairman, Dr. John McF. Bergland, for their splendid work on the benefit. Our clipping bureau has flooded us with excellent publicity, including pictures of couriers and couriers-to-be. In fact, we want to include the Baltimore press in our grateful appreciation. One article, in the Morning Sun, is so interesting that we print it elsewhere in the Bulletin.

As this Bulletin goes to press, the Director starts off on a series of engagements in the Middle West, and will be gone from the mountains for exactly two weeks. Our annual meeting in Cleveland will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John

Sherwin, Jr., in the country, on the evening of Monday, May 13th; the annual meeting in Chicago, the morning of Wednesday, May 15th, at the Fortnightly Club; the annual meeting in Minneapolis, the morning of Thursday, May 16th, at the home of Mrs. Harold O. Hunt in the country, and the annual meeting in Detroit the evening of Tuesday, May 21st, at the Little Club in Grosse Pointe. In between these major engagements are a number of others, including two schools in St. Paul. It will be a joy to meet again the friends and trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service in these friendly cities. The description of the meetings will have to wait until the summer issue of the Quarterly Bulletin.

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We quote from a recent letter written to us by our friend Miss Maud Cashmore, matron of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, in Woolwich, London, as follows:

"We are taking in all the mothers from the military families and the War Memorial Hospital, in fact any who cannot or will not be evacuated and have nowhere to go. We are very busy, and are too fully booked up, but someone must provide shelter. All the Antenatal Clinic and Waiting Room and lecture rooms are turned into beds, and the House of the Star is now used for Antenatal and Postnatal Clinic and offices, as we cannot ventilate it properly if we sandbag efficiently.

"I want this to get to you, but there is nothing really to say, except that we are carrying on, come what may."

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We have only recently learned that Mr. W. A. Hifner, Jr., the head of our firm of auditors, Hifner and Fortune, of Lexington, Kentucky, was elected a member of the Council of the American Institute of Accountants at the meeting in San Francisco last September. We are proud indeed of this high and justly deserved honor that has come to Mr. Hifner.

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It is with joy that we congratulate Mrs. Chester C. Bolton on her election in February to the House of Representatives to succeed her late husband. We congratulate also Capitol Hill and the American people upon having a woman of Mrs. Bolton's caliber as a member of the governing body of the nation.

The following quotation comes to us via Mrs. Francis Boardman, of Riverdale, copied from a letter from her son, Francis Boardman, Jr., at the American University, Beirut, Syria:

"Some Frontier Nursing Service data has come. They are fascinating to a number of the nurses and people in village work here. I enjoyed reading Mrs. Mary Breckinridge's Quarterly Reviews. Her little touches are something that a Phi Beta journalism graduate with 20 years of the wrong kind of experience could never effect!"

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Readers of this Bulletin will remember that three years ago an anonymous donor, whose name even yet we do not know, gave Wendover an Electrolux refrigerator. As everyone knows, Wendover has no electricity, and this type of refrigerator is run by kerosene.

The old unit in the Electrolux gave out on us not long ago. Servel, Inc., of Evansville, Indiana, has presented us with a new unit free of charge. The Farmers' Supply Company in Lexington, Kentucky, through the courtesy of Mr. C. H. Jett, donated not only the freight charges on the new unit but for sending the old unit down to Evansville. Finally, Mr. E. P. Smith of the Smith-Maytag Company in Hazard carried through the installation of the new unit also without charge. Our deeply grateful thanks are extended to all three of these firms.

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We grieve to announce that our trustee, Mrs. Edward B. Danson of Glendale, Ohio, had a bad fall from her horse in Tucson, Arizona, and broke a pelvic bone. We are glad to be able to say that she is making a good recovery.

It is also a great pleasure to announce that our other injured trustee, Mrs. Herman F. Stone of Long Island, has now quite recovered from her bad fracture of last fall.

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The sympathy of everyone in the Frontier Nursing Service is extended to Mrs. Vashti Duvall, who was for so long hostess-housekeeper at Wendover, on the recent death of her mother. Mrs. Duvall was with her daughter, Wilma, in San Francisco

when the sad news came, and she left for her home in Southern Kentucky by airplane.

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Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, for so many years a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Susanne Preston Wilson, to John Livingston Grandin, Jr., of Boston. The marriage will take place at York Harbor, Maine, in August. We extend to the young couple every wish for a long life of happiness together.

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We are happy to learn of the marriage of our trustee, Alice Gordon Grayson (widow of Admiral Cary T. Grayson) and George L. Harrison, President of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. We congratulate Mr. Harrison on having won a woman of such outstanding ability and charm.

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All of Kentucky is grieving that this is the last year we will have Dr. Frank L. McVey as President of the State University. Dr. McVey reached the retirement age a year ago, but the Board insisted on his remaining until July first, 1940. He has been not only one of the ablest and most honored presidents of the University, but he has endeared himself to thousands of Kentuckians.

With his going we lose also his wife, Frances, a native of the Blue Grass, and a woman whose charm, graciousness, and rare abilities were at the service of all her fellow citizens.

One must not let one's self think for a moment that anybody is irreplaceable, but our hearts are sad in losing these two people, and there aren't any other two just like them.

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Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, of Boston, who relieved in November for one month of Dr. Kooser's vacation, and Mrs. Kirkwood have left an indelible place in our affections. We have recently heard from Dr. Kirkwood that he is proposing to introduce the Frontier Nursing Service in his lectures next year, and that he is speaking on the Service to the School of Nursing at the Boston Lying-In in May. He writes: "My work at the School of Public Health is developing into a far bigger job than any

of us had anticipated. That plus the fact that, it seemed, most of my private patients chose February to deliver is largely the reason for my hectic existence since leaving Kentucky. But it is fascinating work and has a real future I think. Sometime I want a chance to talk with you at some length about the problem in general. I have already come up against it in teaching a small seminar group of public health students this semester, two of whom are faced with similar projects in the far west. Even my short actual experience has proved invaluable. I feel at least that I have had a real glimpse of the basic requirements."

Friends of the Frontier Nursing Service are constantly speaking to various groups about the work. One of our old nurses, Doris Park ("Parkie") spoke to a district branch of the Soroptimists in Surrey, England, this winter. On March 6th Dr. Josephine Hunt made a speech about the Service under the auspices of the Welfare Department of the Woodford County Women's Club (at an open meeting of the Club) in Versailles, Kentucky.

On the night of April 4th Dr. R. Glen Spurling of Louisville entertained the Conversation Club. This, the oldest dinner club in Louisville, celebrated its 80th birthday in 1939. The subject of Dr. Spurling's speech was "A Visit to the Kentucky Mountains," and he included the F. N. S. in the talk. Mr. Percy Booth was at the meeting, and led discussion of the Service. Dr. Spurling reports that all of the men seemed deeply interested.

Everyone in the Frontier Nursing Service knows and likes Mrs. George P. Dean, Second Vice-President of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, and a delightful woman. We have enjoyed her visits to us in the hills, and love the personal touch she puts in her writings about the service. A notably good article of hers is in the last copy of *To Dragma*, that of March, 1940, and is preceded by a little Christmas story by our social worker, Miss Catharine Pond.

Mrs. Dean and her husband have recently gone from Atlanta, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, to live. Our clipping

bureau has sent us welcome notices from the Montgomery papers, who have acclaimed the Deans with joy as an addition not only to their social life but to university and golfing circles in the city.

Our New York Committee continues to do extremely well with the Bargain Box venture. It will be remembered that we came in on this Thrift Shop as a sixth charity, and that our selling day is Saturday. In order to get a reserve of rummage, the Bargain Box Committee held a tea, at the home of Mrs. Carnes Weeks, admission to which was rummage. We have most enthusiastic reports of the tea, which "went off with a bang" and the result was 80 boxes and barrels of rummage, to be carted around next day to the Bargain Box.

When dividends are paid in July, the Frontier Nursing Service will receive a valuable addition to its budget. We beg our readers in and around New York to keep the F. N. S. in mind when they dispose of rummage, and to send it to the Bargain Box, 1175 Third Avenue (at 68th Street) or call Regent 4-5451. All correspondence should be addressed to the Bargain Box Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Locust Valley, Long Island, or the Bargain Box Treasurer, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, 47 East 88th Street.

"WILD LONE"
By "BB"

The Story of a Pytchley Fox—Charles Scribner's Sons

Our readers see so many book reviews, and so many books, that we rarely ever recommend one in these columns. "Wild Lone" must be an exception. No lover of wild life can afford to miss it.

In our opinion, this story of Rufus, the Pytchley Fox, the girl Pamela who enters into his life, the vixen his mother, his career, the countryside through which he ran, and above all the intimate revelations of the pathos and beauty of lowly creatures in forest and field,—all of this makes for high reading and deep thinking.

"The wonder of the world, the beauty and
the power, the shapes of things, their colours,
lights, and shades; these I saw—
Look ye also while life lasts."

FIELD NOTES

*"The early trees put forth their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind that told of winter's grief."*

—Thomas T. Lynch, 1856.

On April 12th and 13th we saw the last of our many snows. We also saw for the first time in the mountains the service tree (which usually blooms in late March) and the redbud and the dogwood all in flower at once. Spring would indeed be welcome if the world were at peace. With our intimate Old Country ties, our families and friends in warring nations, we are so hurt that spring has not come to our hearts as yet. Some of us older ones wonder if it will ever come again.

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We are glad to report that our influenza and pneumonias on the district and in the staff are all pretty much out of the woods. The Director's personal secretary, Elisabeth Holmes, and one of the Possum Bend nurses, Rose Evans, whom we call Cherry, were ill and off duty for weeks. When they were able to travel, we sent them down to Lexington for X-rays and check-ups by members of our dear Medical Advisory Committee down there. Cherry has now returned to Possum Bend and partial duty. We were able to get her to within six miles of the center by car, and from there on she had to ride horseback. She wrote: "The unpacking and packing by the roadside from suit-case to saddlebags and feed sacks intrigued the passersby—and the changing to pants was done, I hope discreetly, behind Jean's car, much to the amusement of all!"

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Since the last issue of the Bulletin, our dear Betty Lester, who has been with the Service for fourteen years, has made the dangerous crossing to her home in the Old Country, to serve in Scandinavia or wherever else she may be called. As Betty was Assistant Superintendent of the Hospital, in charge of midwifery and the teaching of the pupil-midwives for their hospital cases, her going has meant a difficult period of readjust-

ment for us. We have transferred Louise Mowbray (Charlie) from the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center at the Mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River to the post of Hospital nurse-midwife. Helen Edith Browne (Brownie) has been transferred from Hyden District II to Flat Creek.

As we go to press, our sixth British nurse will be leaving us,—May V. Green, now stationed at the Jessie Preston Draper (Beech Fork) Center with Inty. Green has been with us for eight years, and is one of the world's dependable people. She also has volunteered her services with the Old Country. It is cruelly hard to give up these tried and seasoned nurses. The home fronts in England, the charities there that use nurses, could hardly be more disrupted by the war than the Frontier Nursing Service here in the Kentucky mountains.

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The whole Service wishes every happiness to Gerda Beck, one of the Hyden nurses, who was married on April 13th to Walter Mortenson, Instructor of Chemistry at the University of Wisconsin.

New hospital nurses are Anne W. Metlar of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Rose K. Avery of Morganton, North Carolina. The two new graduate nurse pupil-midwives are Catherine V. Uhl of Decatur, Illinois, and one of our hospital nurses who has gone into the training school, Ruth Peninger. Jennie Burton, recent graduate of the training school, has been sent to Beech Fork to replace Green, and Hannah Mitchell, the other graduate, is stationed at Hyden.

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We have chosen a picture (taken by Marvin Breckinridge) of the two old Wendover geese, Waddle and Splash, as our bit of spring symbolism for our cover picture. Geese live to great age and lay eggs until they are about twenty years old. Splash died about a year ago while nesting, and it was pathetic to see Waddle's desolation. He lingered by the nest for days, and would not be comforted.

At about this time Mrs. Christian came to see us at Wendover, and she presented us with a second mate for Waddle, a beautiful blue goose whom we named Carolyn after her. Waddle received her with grave dignity, but with no affection what-

ever. He consented to leave the nest in her company, and treated her for weeks like an adopted daughter. Finally they mated. If Carolyn will ever consent to set, we shall have goslings, but Carolyn is the layingest goose we have ever known. She began to lay in late summer, every two to four days, and up until now has laid more than seventy eggs. We keep a set of the latest ones always ready to hand over to her whenever she is ready to assume the final burden of maternity.

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On April 9th we had a notable birth in the Wendover Hospital Barn, attended by couriers Jean and Fanny, and stableman Kermit Morgan. Our lovely mare, named Sunshine after Mrs. Thruston Ballard, presented us with a filly. Sunshine had an accident to her ankle in a mud hole and as we could not use her for months we decided to breed her. She'd been sent down to Lexington to be under the care of our trustee, the noted veterinarian Dr. Charles Hagyard. While she was there, she was bred to Golden Whirlwind, an exceptionally fine registered chestnut saddle stallion, through the courtesy of his owner, Mr. Kenneth K. Gutridge. Thus our filly foal is by Golden Whirlwind out of Sunshine. Jean and Fanny have named her Wildfire.

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Our junior couriers for March and April have come from two parts of the country from which we have never had couriers before. One is Neville Atkinson, of The Plains, Virginia, and the other is Patricia Pettit, of Minneapolis. We want to thank both Virginia and Minnesota for sending us two such outstanding girls.

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Friends familiar with the Wendover living-room will remember a wild turkey, a duck, and a salmon head. The turkey was the first shot by your editor on an uncle's plantation in Mississippi in her teens. The duck was the first shot on the wing by her brother, General Breckinridge, as a little boy on the Potomac. The salmon head is a relic of a number caught by her father above the Arctic Circle, in Finland, in the nineties. These beloved relics (????) were sent in to Hyden re-

cently for an exhibit in connection with Wild Life Week. Don't say we haven't done our bit!

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When the manikin given us by an Ohio trustee for the midwifery school, with its dolly, arrived at the Hospital, we were amazed to see the shipment labelled: "One piece of statuary, not an image."

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Among our welcome guests in the early spring were our dear trustee, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, of Downingtown, mother of our courier Fanny, who is so much a part of us that she never seems like a guest, and her delightful friend, Mrs. George Thomas, III. Our old friend, Mrs. J. H. Roblee, of St. Louis, came to us for a day only, and brought two friends with her. We were delighted to receive a visit from Mr. Ross W. Sloniker and Mr. R. M. Towzey, of Cincinnati, who were charming guests for lunch but could not stay longer. We had the pleasure of entertaining for several days Miss Grace M. Rood, the nurse at the Pine Mountain Settlement School. Other welcome guests who came for the day only were Mrs. Waller Carson and her daughters Julia and Mary, with Mrs. Charles Whitney and her son, Charles, from Milwaukee. They included us in a tour of Kentucky.

Mrs. Whitney's husband has sent us one of the most interesting books we ever read, written by himself, and with the most beautiful photographs and drawings, called "Bridges, a Study in their Art, Science, and Evolution." What inspired the gift we think was the fact that his wife and son had crossed the new community swinging bridge just completed over the river below Wendover.

The day after we go to press we are expecting a week-end visit from our old courier, Barbara Glazier, of Hartford, Connecticut.

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The whole of the Frontier Nursing Service extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. John H. Kooser in the recent death of her loved father, in Pennsylvania.

SH-H-H!

My Maw—she's upstairs in bed.
 And it's there wif her
 It's all bundled up and red
 Can't nobody say a word
 Since it come to us
 Only thing 'at I have heard
 'cepting all its fuss,
 Is "Sh-h-h."

That there nurse, she shakes her head
 When I come upstairs,
 "Sh-h-h!" she sez—'ats all she's said
 To me, anywheres.
 Doctor—he's th' man at brung
 It to us to stay
 He makes me put out my tongue
 'Nen sez "Sh-h-h-h!" at way!
 Jest "Sh-h-h-h!"

I goed in to see my maw,
 'Nen clumb on th' bed
 Was she glad to see me? Pshaw!
 "Sh-h-h!" 'at's what she said!
 'Nen I blinked and tried to see
 'Nen I runned away
 Out to my old apple tree
 Where no one could say
 "Sh-h-h!"

'Nen I lay down on th' ground
 An' say 'at I jest wish
 I was big! An' there's asound—
 'at old tree says "Sh-h-h!"
 'Nen I cry an' cry an' cry
 Till my paw, he hears
 An' comed there an wiped my eye
 An' mop up th' tears—
 'Nen sez "Sh-h-h!"
 I'm go' tell my maw 'at she
 Don't suit me one bit—
 Why's all say "Sh-h-h" to me
 An' not say "Sh-h-h!" to it?

—Contributed.

SHEPHERD DOG ROUTS BEAR

Clintwood, Va., August 2, 1939 (AP)—"Boss," a Shepherd dog, routed an almost full grown bear today after the beast had severely clawed a mountain mother who fought to protect a baby in her arms and another child at her heels.

The bear attacked Mrs. Dollie May Barker near her home. The woman thrust her 3-year-old son into a rain barrel and fought the animal with a stick while holding the baby in her arms.

The dog took up the fight and put the bear to flight. Mrs. Barker was brought to a Clintwood hospital for treatment of wounds to the arms and legs.

—From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

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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 truck or 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,
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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. 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 co-operate 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.”

