

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. VII

WINTER, 1932

NO. 3



A MOUNTAINEER FATHER AND SON

TRAVELLER (on the left) AND HIS GOAT



**TRAVELLER IS RIDDEN BY MISS
BETSY PARSONS, COURIER, OF
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT**

**Nannie is carried by Miss Marion Benest
on Birdalone
(See Page 3)**

**THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

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VOLUME VII.

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HILLS

I never loved your plains!
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleached alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the rugged shale
Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder,
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dreams—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me!

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

—ARTHUR GUTERMAN.

IN MEMORIAM

"Awakened from the dream of life."

Mrs. Davis C. Anderson, Cincinnati
Mrs. Eugene J. Buffington, Chicago
Mr. Cabell B. Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Joseph Carter, Woodford County, Ky.
Dr. Lee K. Frankel, New York
Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Detroit
Mrs. James H. Perkins, Cincinnati
Mr. Embry Swearingen, Louisville
Mrs. Charles F. Thwing, Cleveland
Dr. Whitridge Williams, Baltimore

It is with sad hearts that we read the roll of the death of ten of our members during the last six months. Each name recalls the memory of some outstanding act of service to our young organization and brings before us the gallant history of a long and useful life. It is not possible, in a few faulty human words, to express the poignant appeal of this roll call to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Dr. Whitridge Williams gave us the prestige of his great name on our National Medical Council and the advantage of his rare mind and high obstetrical attainments; Mr. Swearingen was one of our larger donors and, like his wife, a strong supporter of our work; Mr. Carter was the husband of one of the first members of our Executive Committee; Mrs. Buffington came on our first Chicago Committee; Mrs. Thwing never failed in her devoted interest to the work through the Cleveland Committee; Mrs. Hodges gave devoted service on the Detroit Committee and opened her house for one of our meetings; Dr. Frankel, a National Trustee, lent the force of his marvelous intellect and the statistical services of his great institution, for our use; Mr. Bullock, who has lately died at the age of 91, gave many hours of the last years of his long life to the early struggles of our young movement, and placed undying faith in its success; Mrs. Perkins was one of the little group of Cincinnati women who first adopted the Frontier Nursing Service and organized the Cincinnati Committee, of which Mrs. Davis C. Anderson was co-chairman. Our brief tribute to this roll of friends must close with Mrs. Anderson's name. It is impossible to express the blank that her death leaves in our ranks. No sweeter, no finer spirit ever crossed over to the other side. The time is coming when the membership of the Frontier Nursing Service across the Great Divide will equal its membership in the world around us here. The outward loss is an immense spiritual gain. No movement is really successful that hasn't the backing of that real world, of which this outward semblance is but the shadow of a dream.

TRAVELLER AND HIS GOAT

Dear Friends Everywhere:

Through the medium of our little quarterly publication, I shall try to express my inexpressible gratitude to the hundreds of people on both sides of the Atlantic whose cables, telegrams, letters, cards, flowers, services, and messages of all kinds, have sustained me since I broke my back in that horseback accident November 29th. I also wish I could find the right words in which to thank all of the members of our committees, the staff of the Service, the many generous donors of Christmas supplies and of money, who have strained every effort to carry gallantly my share of our common work as well as their own. Surely no one suffering from a painful and long illness, ever met with more kindness and devotion. From the first group of mountain men who picked me up out of the rocks of Hurricane Creek, where I lay in such blinding pain, and carried me as tenderly as women into the nearest cabin, to the various doctors and our own nurses who have given me the kind of care that only affection combined with skill ever gives, every one in everything has conspired to sustain and encourage me. Under such circumstances, even when the body rebels, the spirit is so enthralled that the only possible outcome is happiness, trust and peace.

I am glad to be able to tell you all that the latest X-rays show satisfactory new bone formation and that I am promoted to a steel brace and promised a complete recovery by next September. I do not doubt that the efforts you all are making will continue to bring success to the cause we have at heart during the months in which I cannot carry my full share of the load.

Now a few words about my horse Traveller. Dozens of people have written letters of inquiry about him, and I know that everybody wants to know what became of him and how he is "adjusting," as the psychologists say, to mountain life. No better diagnosis could be made of Traveller's behavior on that ride than has come to me in a letter from General Preston Brown at the Panama Canal Zone. He writes: "Do permit

a relative to reproach you mildly for riding a nervous thoroughbred attired in a cape of any description. They always flap and are certain to cause a nervous horse to be quite unmanageable." That explains Traveller. We do not know his pedigree, but he has the erect ears and the markings of the famous Peavine Kentucky saddle strain and also the immense wind, endurance and the shoulder formation of a thoroughbred. It is not uncommon in Kentucky to cross saddle stock with the thoroughbred, so we assume that some such pedigree lies back of Traveller. It will be September before I can ride him again. Meanwhile our object has been to get him mountain-wise. There isn't a mean bone in his body. He has no nasty tricks. He is not an "outlaw." He ran because he was frightened, and his record of three miles of rough mountain trail, mostly a steep upgrade, in less than fifteen minutes, without being winded or fatigued, proves the thoroughbred in him.

Our first concern was to get Traveller accustomed to the blue Canadian Mounted Police model raincoat of the Frontier Nursing Service. A horse never forgets. We knew that if anyone attempted to ride him a second time in this costume that he would run away again. So Dr. Capps volunteered to get him "adjusted" to the raincoat. He found, however, that Traveller wouldn't let him approach even with the capecoat flung over his arm. So we adopted other tactics. The capecoat was hung in his stall; then the man who fed and groomed him began wearing it while he performed these duties. Soon Traveller got so accustomed to the sight of the thing that he looked upon it with patient endurance. Then the cape and hood were flapped in his face! Finally he allowed Kermit to mount him in the once terrifying costume. Now he doesn't mind it at all, and the best riders of the staff are able to give him all the exercise he needs.

Lastly, by way of quieting Traveller's highly sensitive nervous system, we bought him a nannie goat. In the early days of racing in England, when the thoroughbred stock was developed by inbreeding, to gain the qualities of endurance and swiftness, it was found that a goat about the racing stables exercised a quieting influence on the horses. Certain horses

had their own goats and became much attached to them. From this comes the expression "to get his goat," because unscrupulous people in those days, the night before the race, would steal the goat of a horse they wanted to fail. This would so upset his nervous equilibrium that he couldn't do his best on the tracks the next day. Goats are occasionally kept even now around racing stables. So we bought one for Traveller.

The first effect was happy in the extreme. The goat became deeply attached to Traveller, slept in his stall at night and trotted down to the river to water with him in the morning. Unfortunately, however, we hadn't figured that a goat, as well as a horse, might have a nervous system. One day when a strange dog frightened Nannie at the river and she tore up the mountainside, Traveller bolted after her. We are wondering perhaps if it wouldn't be wise to sever a bond so intimate and disconcerting. We are inclined the more in this direction as Nannie has shown a capacity for devouring every vestige of green sprig at Wendover and an ability to climb the roofs of houses, a tendency to excite dogs and disturb geese, and otherwise break up the bucolic calm that usually rests on the Wendover barnyards. Has anyone any suggestions as to what to do with Traveller's goat?

Again my deepest gratitude to each and all of you for everything.

Yours sincerely,

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

From One of the New York Couriers

"I do want to thank you with all my heart for letting me help a little. It meant so much to me. It was heaven to work with and see such wonderful people, and my only wish is that you will ask me to help again. With love.

"Dot."

(Dorothy Clark)

ACTIVITIES OF OUR VARIOUS COMMITTEES

Our Bulletin is mostly filled with descriptions of field work. We think our friends and supporters would like reports from time to time of the activities of the offices and various committees of the Frontier Nursing Service on the outside.

The big major task of the organization this year has been the sale of passages on the White Star Liner "Britannic" for a West Indies cruise February 27th to March 14th, with the Frontier Nursing Service working in cooperation with the White Star Line. Through the generosity of the White Star Line, 25% of the proceeds of every ticket sold goes to the Frontier Nursing Service, and if the ship is sold to capacity before she sails, through our efforts, we will receive nearly a third of our budget for the current year. All sorts of lovely social features, in addition to the facilities of one of the most beautiful steamships afloat, and the charm of sixteen days in tropic seas and of beautiful ports of call, will be afforded our guests. At Haiti, Colonel Jeter Horton is turning out the Marine Corps in our honor. At Panama, General Preston Brown, in charge of the Canal Zone, is meeting the boat with a party of friends and taking all 600 passengers under his wing for a most interesting personally conducted tour of the Canal. He and Mrs. Brown are giving everybody a reception at headquarters, and no detail will be omitted to make the visit memorable and fascinating. Therefore, the major duty this winter of the Frontier Nursing Service committees has been to put the cruise over.

Special cruise committees have been formed in most of the cities where we have regular committees, and men of outstanding financial position have acted as voluntary sales agents. Circular letters have been sent to many thousands of especially selected people; posters have been placed in prominent clubs, and the folders of the "Britannic" distributed widely. Louisville has adopted the novel plan of having a series of radio travel talks. Through the courtesy of Station WHAS, and several

prominent gentlemen who know the Caribbean, these talks have been given during the busiest evening hours. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Thomas H. Dolan and Mrs. Stacy B. Lloyd, a radio talk has been given over Station WLIT, of Philadelphia. Cruise committees are working actively in Washington and Baltimore. Particularly charming letters have been gotten out by the chairmen of Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and other cities.

Voluntary sales agents in the different cities are as follows:

Baltimore: Junior League.

Boston: Mr. Charles Jackson, 10 Postoffice Square.

Chicago: The Chicago office of the Frontier Nursing Service, 106 East Oak Street.

Cincinnati: Mr. James M. Hutton, First National Bank Building.

Cleveland: Korner & Woods.

Detroit: Mr. Eugene W. Lewis, Morris Plan Industrial Bank.

Hartford, Conn.: Miss Janet Luther.

Lexington: Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Company.

Louisville: Mr. Bethel B. Veech, U. S. Trust Company.

New York: New York office of the Frontier Nursing Service, 63 East 57th St.

Philadelphia: The Girard Trust Company.

Pittsburgh: Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, 1432 Termon Ave., N. S.

Rochester: Mr. Hiram Sibley, Jr., Sibley Building.

St. Louis: Mr. Harry French Knight, Knight, Dysart & Gamble, 401 Olive Street.

Washington: Junior League.

We gratefully acknowledge magnificent publicity from the

press in all of these cities, including rotogravure and feature articles.

We cannot do better than conclude with a brief report from the Executive Secretaries of our three veteran offices in New York, Chicago and Boston.

* * * *

New York

Is it a postoffice, a book store, or a travel agency? The New York office has unfortunately been unable to find itself in the dictionary. During the autumn months the New York committee has been occupied mapping out plans for the Britannic cruise. This includes folders with special letters attached mailed to our eight hundred and fifty subscribers here, folders mailed to special lists provided by the committee, a program of newspaper publicity beginning with weekly releases, gradually increased through January, culminating in daily notices until date of sailing. Among these are of course special feature stories and rotogravure. Folders are being placed in clubs, hotels, doctors' offices, hospitals, museums, and our own pet hairdressers. Radio publicity is obtained through the courtesy of Dr. Shirley Wynne and others. Magazine notices have been given to the following:

Conde Nast publications

Spur

Park Avenue Social Review

Junior League magazine

Travel Trade

Travel Tour

Travel

World's Work

Survey-Graphic.

These writeups appear in the January and February issues. A highly successful debutante committee has been formed to

promote cruise sales, and exhibits have been placed in prominent shop windows.

For their faithful and intrepid spirit in braving strange newspaper offices and magazines located up four rickety flights of stairs in lower New York, thanks must be rendered to the New York couriers, Miss Ethel Bartlett, Miss Carmen Mumford, and Miss Dorothy Clark, and to Miss Cynthia Beatty.

As travel agents we are slowly learning, though it must be admitted that on our first booking we sold a dining room table instead of a cabin.

The last few weeks have been unusually busy due to the very successful sales of Mrs. Gardner's book. The mysteries and intricacies of the publishers' business, to say nothing of the bookstores and wrapping departments, have been opened to our bewildered eyes. From an inchoate mass of content, illustrations, print, covers, and miscellaneous parts, we have seen something compact and professional arise. We have also learned to call that corrugated material in which books are wrapped "chip-back" and that it costs less to send books to Europe than to certain parts of our own great country.

Such in brief have been the heterogeneous occupations of the New York office during the past few months and will continue to be until the Britannic leaves these shores on February 27th.

ANNE WINSLOW,

Executive Secretary, New York.

* * * *

Chicago

The Chicago office has moved out of one corner of the living room of the apartment of the Executive Secretary and now occupies one-half of an English basement room on East Oak Street, just a stone's throw from the Drake Hotel. It is a most delightful and convenient spot and finding it, through the interest of Mrs. Frederic W. Upham and Mrs. Charles W. Demps-

ter, was one of the greatest strokes of luck which has yet come the way of this outpost of the Frontier Nursing Service.

It came about this way. For three weeks I had hunted an office. Offices were plentiful but expensive and my committee were obdurate on one point—they all insisted that the Frontier Nursing Service must be established on the ground floor. Chicago people walk about a great deal. They pop in and out of first floor establishments, but they refuse to go upstairs if it can be avoided. The cheapest office I found on the level of the street was three hundred and fifty dollars a month, which was about ten times the sum I had to spend.

In desperation I finally decided to take a room upstairs, although the committee advised against it, and I had written the letter to the agent and had told my twelve year old son to mail it. Fortunately, like the average male creature, he omitted to do this, being intent on a game of ball in the courtyard. I was on my way to the window to remind him of his dereliction when the telephone rang. Mrs. Dempster was on the wire.

“Have you found an office?”

“Almost,” I replied.

“I have a suggestion for you. Mrs. Frank Hibbard is going to start a little shop, the profits of which go to charity. She has found a location and wants to rent half of it. Do you know Mrs. Hibbard?”

I told Mrs. Dempster that I did not know Mrs. Hibbard personally but knew of her, of course.

“Call her at once,” said Mrs. Dempster.

I called Mrs. Hibbard. It was ten-thirty o'clock and the morning was Sunday. By eleven Mrs. Hibbard and I had met, and by eleven-thirty the bargain was sealed. I was to have half the space of the shop which she had found and my share of the rent was to be twenty-five dollars. I figured that I could

always pawn the office typewriter if worse came to worst and raise that insignificant sum.

Mrs. Hibbard had certain ideas about fitting up the office of which I heartily approved, so I agreed to everything she suggested. When it was all done, it was one of the most attractive places in Chicago and when I requested the bill for my share she replied:

“Furnishing your half of the office shall be my contribution to the Frontier Nursing Service.”

By a singular coincidence, many of the people who patronize Mrs. Hibbard's shop (Conveniences) are also interested in the Frontier Nursing Service. It is a most worth while arrangement.

Now that the Frontier Nursing Service has a definite home in Chicago, accessible to all, we are making real progress. Mrs. Alfred Granger, Mrs. Harold Eldridge, and Mrs. Joseph E. Otis have recently been added to our committee. I think I can see a tremendous growth of interest in our work.

I like Chicago. I like everyone with whom I come in contact through the Frontier Nursing Service. There is a tang to the air of this place which is most invigorating. Chicagoans are keen, interesting, alive!

CAROLINE GARDNER,

Executive Secretary, Chicago.

* * * *

New England

On October the 28th, 1931, we held the first Committee Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service at the new office on 96 Chestnut Street, with Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Anne Winslow, Executive Secretary from New York, present.

Mrs. Breckinridge explained the unique plan to raise money for the Service by filling the Britannic on a West Indies cruise

by which 25% of each ticket sold would go to the Frontier Nursing Service through the generosity of the White Star Line.

At the meeting Mrs. Breckinridge invited Mr. Charles Jackson to be Voluntary Sales Agent for the cruise.

The "Mountain Cruise Committee" was formed, but no definite program for cruise publicity decided upon. Mrs. Gardiner Davis consented to be Cruise Chairman.

At the second meeting the cache idea for cruise publicity originated by Mrs. Davis was decided upon by the Committee.

In order to spread the news of the cruise through as many personal contacts as possible, each member of the Cruise Committee took the responsibility beginning the Monday after Thanksgiving of establishing ten caches. Each cache is equipped with a sales talk for her personal use and five Britannic cruise folders; one folder to keep on her own living room table to show her friends and use as a basis to explain the cruise and the other four folders to be given out to anyone interested in taking the cruise or to use at home to tell more people about the cruise and influence anyone considering a trip to take the Britannic February 27th and enjoy sixteen days of pleasure while helping a splendid cause.

Caches have been established in *Massachusetts*: Needham, Dedham, Brookline, Jamaica Plain, Cambridge, Westwood, Chestnut Hill, Winchester, Belmont, Concord, Newton, Wayland, Cohasset, Salem, Hamilton, Berkshires, Pittsfield, Lenox, Stockbridge, Williamstown, Deerfield and Worcester. *Connecticut*: Hartford and Fairfield. *Vermont*: Brattleboro. *New Hampshire*: Portsmouth and Concord (in the Executive Mansion of the Governor). *Maine*: Gardner, Augusta (in the Executive Mansion of the Governor), Portland. *Rhode Island*: Providence.

There are 165 caches, and 825 folders have been distributed personally and are being used for publicity.

A committee of ex-couriers and future couriers has also been established and they have done splendid work establishing caches and bringing friends to see the "Forgotten Frontier."

Miss Frances Gardiner and Miss Anne Houghton are Co-Chairmen of this Committee.

The motion picture called the "Forgotten Frontier," showing the public health work of the Service in the Kentucky mountains, has been shown each week at the office on 96 Chestnut Street since November 20th and will continue to be shown until after the cruise. Tea is served after the movie.

Two thousand cruise folders with a letter explaining the cruise, signed by Mr. Jackson, have been sent to a carefully selected mailing list.

In order to have as many pamphlets as possible distributed personally, the Cruise Committee is at present, with the help of friends, working by blocks, giving single cruise pamphlets to friends living from Massachusetts Avenue to Joy Street and from Commonwealth Avenue to Beacon Street.

They are also working on a list of doctors so that as many doctors as possible in Boston will have cruise folders on their waiting room tables and can advise patients who need a change to take the West Indies cruise. The Presidents of the different organizations for public health nursing are being sent folders accompanied by a letter from Mrs. Codman and Mrs. Davis asking each President to exhibit the folder to her committee and explain the cruise.

The Boston, Fitchburg, Worcester, Hartford and Providence papers have given the cruise splendid publicity.

ZAYDEE DEJONGE,

Executive Secretary, New England.

* * * *

Cincinnati

We are happy to announce the selection of an Executive Secretary for Cincinnati in the person of Miss Mary Randolph Matthews, of 1104 Cross Lane, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. The choice of Miss Matthews for this position was the last service Mrs. Davis C. Anderson, of Cincinnati, rendered the Frontier Nursing Service, and every day brings evidence of the wisdom of her choice.

"MY NEIGHBOR"

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe"—and Susie, like the woman, had so many children she didn't know what to do. She would have to vacate the cabin she had been renting for \$10.00 a year as the owner was coming back. She was too poor to rent any other house in the community. Far back in the woods and up a little "branch" (brook) was a spot where Susie wanted to have a house. Here was a clearing where once had been a house, and here was a spring. Arrangements were made with The Fordson Company for her to build on this site, and for her to use as much of the dying chestnut timber as she needed. But, of course, Susie couldn't build the house herself, and she was a widow with no man of her own to help.

The time drew near for her to move. The nearest neighbor cut enough logs for one room and laid them up (with the bark on) and covered the roof with hand-hewn "boards" (shingles.) When the day came for Susie to vacate her rented cabin, this man used his team to help her remove her few possessions into the log room he had built. Could it be called a room? It had log walls, but no chinks stopped the cracks, only boards had been nailed across them; it had a roof, but no ceiling; the ground was its floor and there was no foundation between the ground and the bottom log; it had no chimney of any description. But it was Susie's house, and she moved her stove and beds and her three children and her daughter and her daughter's three children into it on the first day of the year. Fortunately the weather was mild, but they needed a fire. Susie attempted to build a fireplace. She cut an opening in the logs at one end and then placed stones in a semi-circle on the outside, cementing them together with mud. These she built up to a height of about five feet, and then made her fire. There was not any stone next to the logs. It was a fire-trap.

When we heard that Susie had moved into her new house before it was finished, we went up to see what shape things were in. We found her cook stove sitting near one corner of

the room with a big fire under the dinner she was cooking, but no pipe whatever on the stove—the smoke simply drifting out through the cracks of the house. One of the doors to the fire-box was missing and flames licked out, reaching greedily toward the clothing of the small children who played about it. While we sat there a neighbor came by, and we all agreed to send word to all the men in the community in the belief that they would get up “a working” to finish Susie’s house for her and the little children.

The very next morning twelve men came armed with axes and saws and chisels. They chiseled out stone for the chimney, they cut logs for a second room, and hewed sills for the room that was already built. Big Benny Adams, who has a saw mill, donated fifty feet of lumber for the floor and he and Cook Morgan loaned enough sawed lumber to finish the floor. Jahugh Morgan donated trees on his place to replace the lumber that was loaned. Elbert Morgan hauled the lumber as near as a wagon could take it to the site of the house, that is, within a third of a mile. In the afternoon two more men joined the crew. During the first day enough stone and logs were gotten out to work with the following day.

On the second day, which was Saturday, six men returned, one of them being a stone mason, and they built the chimney with two fireplaces and laid the floor of the first room and part of the logs for the second room. That night it turned very cold. All of us were thankful that those children had a good fireplace in their home and a floor under their feet. Over the week-end Susie’s brother and a cousin heard that her neighbors had had “a working” and they came down to see if they could be of any help. Centers Revis and Calloway Caldwell, who had worked both days, returned again on Monday and chinked the spaces between the chimney and the wall, using small pieces of wood and mortar. Susie’s relatives remained to complete the second room. They are splitting “boards” for the roof from dead chestnut logs. Every part of the house is “hand-made” except the floors which are of unplanned lumber cut at a sawmill. As

yet the house has no windows, but we have given her two which her brother will put in for her.

This picturesque cabin sits on a little rise on the edge of a clearing in the midst of a great mountain woodland. At one side is the sunny slope of the field which will be her garden, and through the trees on either side can be seen the distant shapes of other mountains. Susie is so proud to have this little home all for her own that she is planning to split palings for a fence and to move some laurel and rhododendron plants into her yard.

Following are the names of the men who worked on Susie's house: Centers Revis, Calloway Caldwell, Jahugh Morgan, Lucian Morgan, Ed Morgan, John Fields, Pearl Fields, Gordon Morgan, Aden Morgan, Cecil Morgan, Cook Morgan, Davey Adams, Ira Adams, Garland Lewis, Jim Combs and Harrison Stidham.

ROSALIE EDMONDSON.

Which of You Will?

It is possible for the Frontier Nursing Service to buy several acres of land with two cottages in good condition, adjoining the grounds of the Hyden Hospital on both sides. The hospital badly needs this additional space and the two cottages for housing its personnel. The hospital is the only one in the entire mountain section giving free care to children and underwriting the costs of medical and surgical attention for emergency cases, both general and obstetrical. Patients are brought to it in increasing numbers from an area of several thousand square miles. The plant greatly needs additional facilities. If anyone in these hard times wishes to make a special memorial gift that would not add to the burden of the Service and yet would greatly stimulate its capacity for service, they cannot do better than write us in regard to the purchase of this property.

**CHRISTMAS AT BARBARA ATWOOD MEMORIAL
CENTER ON RED BIRD RIVER AT THE
MOUTH OF FLAT CREEK, CLAY
COUNTY, KY.**

FOREWORD: Through the generosity of its many friends, the Frontier Nursing Service gave Christmas to over 5,000 children this year, covering a range of nearly 800 square miles. The celebrations lasted several weeks. The largest single party was at the Hyden Hospital and was attended by over 900 people, all of whom received refreshments. Every one of the more than 5,000 children, many of them living beyond our districts and 95% of whom would have had no Christmas but for us, received a toy and a bag of candy, and several hundred received shoes and warm sweaters, and many families of widows and orphans were completely outfitted. The local school teachers and our own splendid local committees cooperated magnificently, and our programs included Christmas trees at many widely scattered points, singing of Christmas carols, and all that goes to make up the beauty of the year's most beautiful season. As it is not possible to describe all of the parties, we append herewith a description of one of them by one of the nurses in charge of the center.

The night before Christmas and all through the house everything was quite peaceful and even the mouse, which Bogie and Charlie had sought for in vain, was given a rest, and also the rain, which had come down so hard, had stopped, and the moon had come out and the sky was so bright, that truly it was a real Christmas night.

The nurses were sitting in front of the fire and their thoughts drifted over the success of the Week of Christmas Parties that had ended Christmas Eve. It was a wonderful scheme having a school district a day—it sounds hectic but it turned out to be the most successful of plans. Children of the pre-school age who had been visited in their homes but had never come to clinic, all came and were weighed, measured, etc.

Babies, too, came to clinic for their first visit, and of course it is on getting them started correctly that all our future Public Health work depends.

Each party seemed nicer than the one before, but the really beautiful one was that given over to the crowd from Upper Flat Creek. Most of these children are not really in our district, as they live anywhere from six to eight miles away from the center, but are carried on our records as "Out of District" cases—but a more appreciative and cooperative crowd would be hard to find.

The weather was stormy, in fact there had been rain all night. Flat Creek looked like an angry, swirling river; however, the rain ceased about 7:30 in the morning and the sun came out bright and warm. We were anxiously awaiting the arrival of our guests, all dressed in our best bib and tucker in their honor. Nine o'clock and no sign of any one. We began to feel sort of sickish for we felt how keenly disappointed the children would be if the water was too high. Ten o'clock and we had just given them up, when we heard such a commotion, cracking of whips, yelling at mules, straining and creaking of harnesses, and lo and behold, an unforgettable sight met our eyes. Five wagon-loads of children—laughing and singing—drew up to the gate and about twenty mules and horses carrying anywhere from one to five on their backs. Really we were so moved it was hard to speak for a moment. We took their pictures as they arrived and unloaded. Mothers and babies and everyone then came into the house. The school teacher was a perfect jewel and had a splendid program of songs and recitations to be given by the pupils. Their opening song was to Miss Tinline and me:

"How do you do, Miss Tinline, how are you?
Is there any little thing that we can do for you?
We will do it if we can and stand by you to a man,
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, too."

Then the same for me. Well, that was almost more than we

could stand. It made up for all petty things and worries that had ever happened.

The children, after having been given cocoa and all the cookies and biscuits they could hold, were taken into the living room to the tree and allowed to choose whatever they wanted—doll, mouth organ, ball, knife, or what-you-will. They were so polite and gracious it was a revelation to us, and everyone was happy and pleased with their choice.

The daddies had been parked outside, as we informed them it was a children's party. They were so nice about it. They really did their bit, for one of the visiting horses took it upon herself to have the colic, so all the men were kept busy giving her colic remedy, etc. Thanks to our colic remedy and their first-aid, the horse recovered and became just an incident rather than a tragedy of the day.

As a reward for being so good, we invited them into the living room to join their wives and babies for cocoa and to listen to the radio and to add a bass note to the carols, and as a special reward we gave them each a wee rag doll, and to our jolly committeeman who had furnished two wagons and a horse, a nice stuffed rag elephant, much to the enjoyment of all present.

We then read them the "Motto of the Service" and gave an explanation of our aims and plans in cooperation with them. Then the party began to get ready very reluctantly to leave, and with a closing hymn they climbed into their wagons, and with a flourish of whips and loud goodbye, they waved to us until they disappeared down the road, and if we could have said another thing it would have been Carrie Jacob Bond's "So this is the end of a Perfect Day," and the chapter of Christmas closed for 1931.

EDITH MARSH.

FEDERAL FARM LOANS

The Federal Government late last spring loaned money to farmers in the drought area to buy seed and fertilizer. It was absolutely necessary for thousands of people who had no other credit, to take advantage of these loans to replant. The great drought of 1929-30, which has been called by the American Red Cross the greatest single disaster in the history of America, created a condition which, but for the relief of the American Red Cross, would have meant famine and starvation to thousands of people and stock. A territory so denuded as the drought section could not provide its own seed for replanting.

These loans have fallen due in the autumn and early winter of this year. Meanwhile the crops which are mortgaged as security to the Government for the loans, have fallen in value from 200 to 300%; in other words, people have to repay the loans at from 200 to 300 times their value. In our section not 5% of the borrowers are able to do this. It is absolutely essential that Congress permit the renewal of these loans for another year, or until the crops have reached a normal sales value. Failure to do this will throw thousands of innocent people into a condition of unspeakable hardship and nullify to a large extent the original value of the loans. Sometimes a moratorium is as necessary for our own citizens as for foreign creditors. Our Government is doing everything to facilitate the rehabilitation of the country in its larger financial aspects. Banks, railroads, insurance companies, and many other vast forms of business, are being assisted financially through this time of stress. The unemployed in industrial centers are being taken care of. Why should the small farmer and tenant alone be left without any credit relief?

Country folk as a rule are singularly honest in meeting their obligations. Personally, I don't know anyone in our section who wishes to avoid the payment of this obligation, but

those of us who know the section estimate conservatively that barely 2% of the people who made the loans can possibly pay them this year without working extreme hardship.

Senator Alben W. Barkley and Representative Virgil Chapman have introduced a bill in Congress to extend these federal farm loans for one year. I urge all of our friends to get behind their Representatives and Senators and fight for this most essential act of justice.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

Sayings of the Children

Martha and Mary went to the Children's Hospital at Cincinnati, to be relieved of various ailments. When they were better one of the young doctors took them to the zoo. With the usual poise of the mountain child, they passed up animal after animal without any evidence of surprise, until they came to the giraffe. Mary gave him one long look extending from his feet to his head, and then said in the tone of a convinced skeptic, "Tain't so, must be a picture."

The skyscrapers of Cincinnati elicited the following practical comment from Martha: "Wouldn't that hold a sight of hay?"

* * * *

One of the Flat Creek nurses reports that she was taking care of a mother, with her new baby, who had no one to keep the house tidy except her children. She told the children that the nurse would take away the new baby if the house wasn't clean on her next visit. As the nurse stepped on the porch she heard a little boy of three rush into his mother's room exclaiming in great haste, "Here comes the nurse, where's the broom?"

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

We have just had a maternity case where the nurse-midwife had to take three guns out of the bed before she could go ahead with the delivery. The same nurse had been greatly troubled during her prenatal visits at having to remove a pistol from between the patient's breasts before she could go ahead with her prenatal examination. It was also necessary to sweep the mantel clear of cartridges. Such a case is unusual, and the patient herself was one of the most cooperative and friendly of human beings.

* * * *

"You will be relieved to hear that Spicey Ann had a very normal and easy time. She told us it was the best time she had ever had, also that she would not have booked with us only her husband dreamt that she died and left him with all the children, 'so he lit right out and came for you all,' to use her own expression."

* * * *

A Night Call

"The call from Fannie came at eight in the evening. Fannie lived out of district, on a phone connection, and, to save time, arrangements had been made for her husband to telephone and for me to go with the nurse-midwife, Isabel Dougall, when the call came, so that she would not have to travel alone at night.

"Almost before the phone stopped ringing, one of the couriers dashed for the barn to saddle the horses. In less than ten minutes Dougall had changed into riding clothes, saddlebags were lifted into place and bags of oats tied on the backs of Dixie and Diana in case it should prove a long case. We were off.

"Dixie and Diana sensed immediately it was an emergency and strained every effort to make time. In less than two hours

we were up at Bad Creek—Fannie's home. Hense, her husband, lantern in hand, met us at the gate. He lifted off the midwifery bags, unsaddled the horses and led them towards the barn. 'How's Fannie?' asked Dougall. 'She peers right poorly,' Hense replied, with a worried look, 'I got her in the fur room thar in the end of the house.' 'Now don't you worry, she is going to be all right and before long your little baby will be here.'

"While we talked we were walking towards the house, where Dougall found Fannie not so 'poorly' but badly frightened. This was her second child and she was apprehensive of a recurrence of the long labor she had with her first baby. Dougall reassured her, and it seemed almost miraculous to me the way she succeeded in transferring her calmness to the mountain woman.

"Immediately upon her arrival, Dougall set about unpacking her midwifery bags, getting a fire started in the stove to heat water to sterilize her things, and opening up the baby bundle. There didn't seem a minute to spare, until at two o'clock on Sunday morning Fannie gave birth to a beautiful baby girl.

"It was four o'clock before the mother had been made comfortable and the baby cleaned and dressed and Dougall was ready to leave. As we went out of the door I overheard Fannie remark, 'I wouldn't take nothing fer my girl.' As we were returning in the dawn, Dougall nodded sleepily and remarked, 'You know, I like midwifery better than any other kind of nursing; it gives you a feeling of having had a part in something perfectly natural and beautiful.'

MINNIE GROVE.

* * * *

When the big Lexington ambulance of Kerr Brothers started up towards the mountains its trip of 165 miles, to bring Mrs. Breckinridge down to Lexington, Dr. Josephine Hunt asked

permission to slip in one of her mountain patients, an expectant mother, who had been brought down by a nurse a few days before for the extraction of some badly abscessed teeth. Our horseman friend, Clarence Kerr, who was coming up with the ambulance, cheerfully took her in. She made the trip all right, but the Hyden district nurse was called out in the night to preside over the premature advent of very small "Josephine." Horseman Clarence Kerr is still pondering over how he would have managed the situation if it had come about a few hours earlier.

News Notes

We extend our warmest congratulations to Dr. George Sturgis, who so generously gave us his time this past summer, upon the occasion of his marriage to Miss Harriet Morse of Milton, Massachusetts, and also to Dr. Arthur A. Holbrook, who has won for his bride one of our former couriers, Miss Susan Dette, of Boston.

* * * *

Miss Marion Ross, our Chief Secretary, who has been working on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation at Teachers College, Columbia, has obtained an M. A. degree in Educational Statistics, and has returned to her duties in the field. Miss Agnes Lewis, B. A., is her first assistant. Thanks to the generosity of the Carnegie Corporation, which has supported our central record system for the past two years, it is possible for us to keep these records (the only medical and maternity data in America covering exclusively remotely rural American stock) with meticulous accuracy and care.

A TOP RECORD

The following report of eager cooperation on the part of farmers and miners in a section of Clay County, in getting themselves and their families protected against diphtheria and typhoid, is not easily matched in the history of modern public health. Will the reader please bear in mind three points? First: No person, since the dawn of time, has ever given a public health talk on the preventive value of typhoid and diphtheria inoculations in the Horse Creek section of Clay County where these clinics were held. Second: The "shots" were charged for at a nickel apiece, and the people are desperately poor, the miners working only two or three days a week, the farmers with crops for which there is no market. *Seventy-five per cent of the people paid up.* Third: Under these conditions we have an astounding total of more than 900 inoculations at one clinic, in a sparsely settled rural neighborhood, where people had to come on horse and mule-back and in wagons long distances.

We feel that this is one of the proudest achievements of the Frontier Nursing Service, in cooperation with the County Superintendent of Schools of Clay County, and, as said above, one not easily matched in the annals of modern public health.

* * * *

"Clara Ford Center,
Red Bird River, Ky.,
10-24-31.

"About three weeks ago I had an S. O. S. from Mr. Baxter Bledsoe, Superintendent of Clay County Schools, asking if we would go over to Horse Creek near Manchester, Kentucky, and inoculate the school children against diphtheria and typhoid.

He told me that there had been 12 deaths on that creek from diphtheria during the past few weeks.

“As you know, Horse Creek is about 15 miles west of Redbird, but Mac felt that you would want us to answer this appeal even though it was so far out of our district.

“The following Friday found me en route to Horse Creek, equipped with sufficient vaccine to inoculate 500 children. Mr. Bledsoe had said that approximately 200 people would want to be vaccinated—but one never knows.

“Mr. Bledsoe met me at the mouth of the creek, as arranged, and his first words were ‘How much vaccine did you bring?’ and ‘Where’s the other nurse?’ I explained I had enough vaccine for 500 persons if necessary, and that Vanda remained at Redbird to hold the fort in case the stork got busy.

“Arriving at the school house, we took one look at the crowd gathered outside and decided we must have help in order to get through with our work by some reasonable hour that night.

“I set up four tables—one for diphtheria vaccine; one for typhoid vaccine; one for sterilizing and one for my own use. (The tables were school desks.)

“I instructed three young teachers in the art of asepsis and filling syringes, and put one in charge of each table. They worked splendidly, each keeping to her own job, thus obviating any chance of getting the syringes mixed. Naturally they knew nothing of dosage—just keeping the syringes full. I felt they would have rather chopped off their hands than touched anything unsterile after they were scrubbed.

“Mr. Bledsoe himself painted the arms with mercurochrome and one of the teachers took names and nickels, while another policed the door. Having 12 persons in the schoolroom at a time prevented any overcrowding and mistakes and we were therefore able to work rapidly.

“We worked steadily on and on, until 7 o’clock and when

ready to pack up, two miners all black with coal dust arrived for typhoid shots. We accommodated them.

"On checking up I found I had given 386 typhoid shots and 337 diphtheria shots. I eventually got to my supper about 8:30 o'clock, and you know I needed no rocking to sleep that night.

"The next Friday I arrived at Horse Creek bright and early—had the same 'set up' arrangement and the same helpers, but was confronted by a larger crowd than the week before. News had gone around and that day we gave 440 diphtheria shots and 478 typhoid shots. They seemed to come from everywhere and by every mode of travel. It was a wonderful piece of cooperation and I was surprised that so many came to be vaccinated without being asked—they were all glad to pay their nickel for each shot, and a nickel means a lot when the mines are only working a day or so a week. I think I am right in saying 75% paid, but all were grateful.

"As usual, Mr. and Mrs. Root took care of 'Glen' and myself, and both of us received the very best they had to offer, in house and barn.

"Tomorrow I am due again to go to Horse Creek. How many will there be this time? I feel prepared for any number. Does this constitute a record in the Service?—918 shots in one day?

(Signed) EDITH M. MATTHAMS,
(Senior Nurse)

A Mountaineer Father and Son

We wish to call attention of our readers to the frontispiece on this Bulletin. It is the second photograph we have reproduced of a mountaineer father and child. We think it one of the most striking pictures ever shown anywhere of that now vanishing type, the American frontiersman or backwoodsman. As Stephen Vincent Benét has said, in somewhat different words,—when the last mountaineer has been absorbed into modern life, something irreplaceable and distinctively original will be lost to our American heritage.

DEDICATION OF THE BELLE BARRETT HUGHITT CENTER NEAR BRUTUS POSTOFFICE ON BULLSKIN CREEK IN CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

On November 18th we had the most thrilling social event in the history of the Frontier Nursing Service since the dedication of the Ballard-Gill Memorial Hospital at Hyden. Although it was so late in the season, the lovely autumn weather held up, and hundreds of neighbors from miles around gathered for the occasion. Our guests of honor came all the way by car from Chicago—the three children of the woman in whose memory the nursing center was given, Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Mrs. Alfred Granger and Mr. Marvin Hughitt, with other members of their family—Mrs. Marvin Hughitt, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Davidson, Mrs. Chester Shepherd, and Mr. Marvin Hughitt Frost.

These guests came in by way of Manchester and Oneida, where they were met by one of the Red Bird River nurses, Edith Matthams, and friends from Oneida, notably Mr. Tom Britton. Our Chicago guests stayed two nights, as well as the dedication day. Riding overland from Hyden, over twenty miles across the tops of the mountains in the opposite direction, came Mrs. Breckinridge accompanied by Mr. Ernest Poole of New York, and the Rev. H. Stewart of the Christian Church at Hazard, who made the dedicatory address.

After the members of the local district committee had been entertained with the Chicago guests at dinner, and refreshments had been passed among the hundreds of other guests who rode in for the occasion, the ceremonies began with singing by the school children, under the direction of Mrs. Pearl Martin, the teacher of the Brutus school, and Miss Violet Burns and Miss Susie Davidson, teachers of the Seth and Arnett schools. Mrs. Breckinridge presided. In addition to the moving speech of dedication by Mr. Stewart, we had inspiring addresses from our local district chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters, from Mr. Tom

Britton, and from Mr. Marvin Hughitt, who moved every heart when he said that he and his sisters, in seeking to commemorate their love for their mother, could think of no better way than providing a nursing center from which care would be given to other mothers throughout all the coming years.

The two nurses in charge of the Hughitt Memorial Center, Miss Doris Park and Miss Edith Batten, proved themselves the most gracious and efficient of hostesses. They are both teacher-supervisors, and this center is to be used as the training field at which new recruits to the Frontier Nursing Service will learn our special methods and the difficulties of mountain travel. This center will therefore serve a double purpose. It is a most complete and lovely building. Our Chicago guests were particularly thrilled with the solid stonework of the cellar and foundations and chimney, the spaciousness of the clinic and waiting room, and the lovely living room with its open wood fire, where the district committee of leading mountaineers can meet with the nurses, and where the nurses can have quiet evenings after their heavy days of riding and district work.

Such an occasion as this dedication makes one realize that America is a united nation and beats with one heart. Chicago and Bullskin Creek in the Appalachian Mountains, meet in their common love and understanding of the problems of the mothers and the "least ones" in our human family.

Norah II

(*Bulletin Index*, Pittsburgh, Jan. 28, 1932)

Efficient Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, who runs the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kaintuck mountains, of which we've told you before, was surprised and pleased to receive a heifer calf from the farm of Mrs. James B. Oliver not so long ago. Twentieth Century Club President Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, who is much interested in the Frontier work, had arranged to send it down. Back wrote Mrs. Breckinridge, whose talents as a correspondent are well known to any who have anything to do with Frontier Nursing: "What a lamb you are about the heifer." The calf has been named Norah II in honor of Mrs. Shoemaker!

OUR FIRST MEDICAL AFFILIATION

On December 14, 1928, through the courtesy of the State Board of Health, we were able to affiliate with the Board for the services of the health officer in our section, Dr. H. C. Capps. This affiliation terminated December 29, 1931, after more than three years of successful and happy relationship, when Dr. Capps went to New Orleans to take a year's special work at the Graduate School of Medicine at Tulane University and the Charity Hospital. The Frontier Nursing Service presented to him and Mrs. Capps a silver bowl with an inscription engraved "In gratitude and with affection," as a small token of their appreciation of the splendid service he had rendered the community and the organization.

It is in no small part due to Dr. Capps that the Frontier Nursing Service has now delivered more than 1,000 women in its district service with the loss of but a single mother on the district (a hook-worm-cardiac, four years ago). More than one abnormal case would have been lost if we had not been able to get medical service, and Dr. Capps, more than any other doctor, has been our most available physician. Shortly before he left, there occurred a terrible confinement in the district covered from the Possum Bend Center (the gift of Mrs. Chester Bolton, of Cleveland). It took Dr. Capps over four hours to reach the case with the hardest possible riding—riding so terrific that our finest mare, Lassie, got the colic and was lame for weeks afterward—but the mother was saved.

We will soon be able to publish the detailed tabulations Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is having made of our first 1,000 maternity cases. They show more convincingly than any language could tell, that a decentralized service of nurses who are properly qualified as midwives, under the general direction of a competent obstetrically trained doctor at a central point, that such a service *does* effectually reduce our high national maternal death rate to a negligible level. In the name of the women whose lives he has saved, we thank Dr. Capps for his three years' cooperation with us. At the same time we welcome Dr. John H. Kooser, another exceptionally well qualified physician, as our new medical director.

CLEVER COUNTRY

By CAROLINE GARDNER

Illustrated

\$1.50

Publishers

FLEMING H. REVELL CO.
156 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Over 1,000 copies of this graphic and thrilling book were sold before it was off the press. The first edition of 2,000 copies was nearly exhausted within one month of publication and a second edition is already on the press.

From the biggest metropolitan centers to some of the most remote mountain fastnesses, "Clever Country" has been hailed as not only a charming but a true description of the life it depicts. Some of the biggest papers in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Louisville, Lexington, and other centers, have reviewed it favorably. Those of our friends who have not yet bought copies for themselves and to give away, may order them from their booksellers or from any one of the offices or committees of the Frontier Nursing Service.

What Price a Baby in the Mountains

One father paid for his nine-pound boy with three guinea hens.

* * * *

"I want to tell you about Mrs. Wagers. Two years ago she had a baby and they were not able to pay the fee. She has worried about it ever since. They are extremely poor, and with a bad year last year and the year before, she had nothing. But, lo and behold, the other day she came herself with two loads of fodder and put them in the barn. Her end is accomplished—the baby paid for at last."

Statement of Ownership

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

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for April, 1932.

State of Kentucky }
County of Fayette } ss.

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

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

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

Editor: Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Leslie County, Ky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.,

By Mary Breckinridge, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of February, 1932.

WALLACE UTTERBACK, Notary Public,

Fayette County, Kentucky.

My commission expires June 12, 1932.

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DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

Everything sent is needed and will be most gratefully received.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

.....

.....

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

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

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

Suggestions for special bequest:

\$50,000 will endow a field of the work in perpetuity.

\$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

\$ 5,000 will endow a baby's crib.

\$10,000 will build and equip a Frontier center for the work of two nurses.

\$15,000 additional will provide for the upkeep, insurance, repairs and depreciation on this center, *so that*

\$25,000 will build and maintain in perpetuity a center.

A number of these centers have been given and equipped, and two are already endowed.

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

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

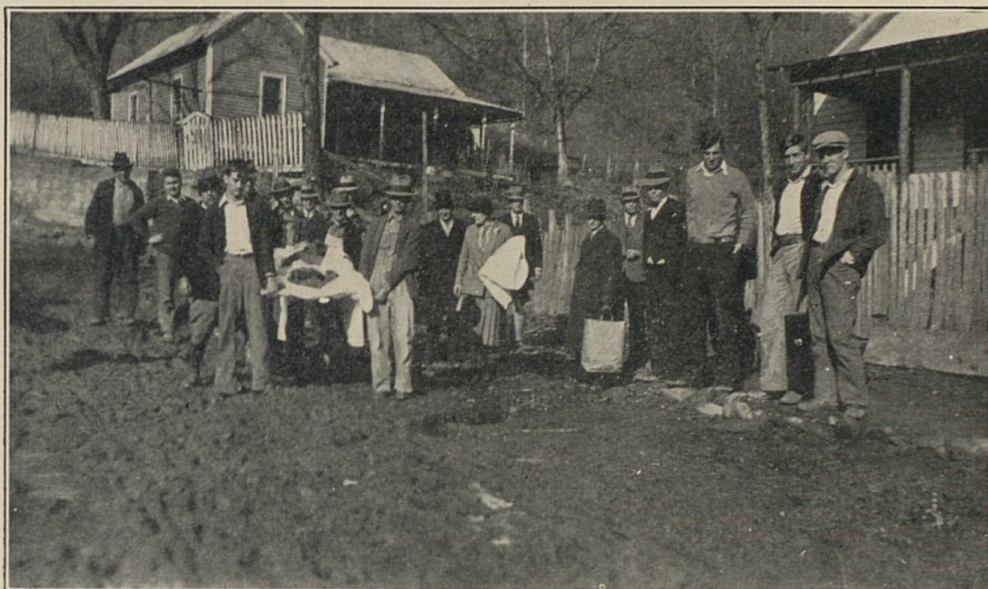
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

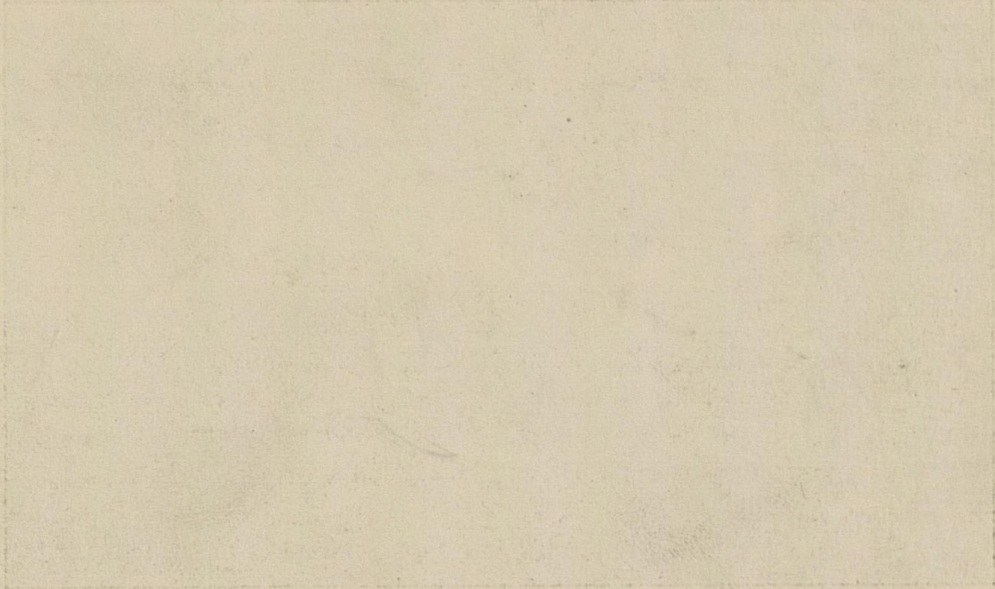
Its object:

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



**A STRETCHER CASE (MARY BRECKINRIDGE) BEING
TRANSPORTED BY FRIENDS THROUGH HYDEN
FROM HOSPITAL TO AMBULANCE**

(Photographed by Robert S. Shriner)



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