

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

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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## “DEATH CAME PEACEFULLY TO THE KING . . . ”

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*“Though God has raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown:  
that I have reigned with your love.”—Queen Elizabeth.*

A good man who fills an exalted station with modesty and wisdom is a world citizen. His death is a world sorrow. Among the English speaking groups deeply affected by the death of the King the Frontier Nursing Service, because of the loyal Britishers in its ranks, because of the unending kindnesses showered upon its beginnings by the mother country, because of its many Empire guests, this young organization in the international family of good will has a treble reason for uniting in homage to the King's memory, with its British friends.

From among the books and papers we have received since the King's death we have chosen selections from the article in the British Journal of Nursing—an article which was to us the most moving we read.

“Preaching at St. Paul's the Dean, Dr. W. R. Matthews, said: ‘King George's reign was a period when crisis succeeded crisis with bewildering rapidity. . . . He was called to play a part of unexampled difficulty, where no precedents existed, and he played it greatly. . . . He had grace and humility. . . . The simple pleasures of home and country life were his. . . . He set a constant example of simplicity of life amid regal state, and of devotion to the public service.’

“The Archbishop of Canterbury, in closing his address at Westminster Abbey, asked of those present two things: The first: ‘to recover simplicity of life . . . let service come before self. Prove in your own lives what King George proved in his: that simplicity is strength.’

“The second: ‘to recover remembrance of God. . . . The haste and hurry and distraction of life infects the soul—we have no time to stop and think, and God is crowded out. Yet it is sternly true that without some inner hold on God within, neither man nor nation can be stable and strong.’ ”

## THE FIRST BATHTUB

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Adam Thompson, of Cincinnati, is credited with having the first known bathtub in America. During a business trip to England he was introduced to the English way of bathing. On his return to America in 1842 he decided to make a bathtub big enough to contain his entire body, and to be filled by a tank instead of by hand. He built a tank in the attic of his home, pumping water into it from the family pump. Pipes for hot and cold water led to the bathtub, the one for hot water coiled within the length of the chimney, through which hot air and smoke from the kitchen range passed.

The tub was seven feet long and four feet wide and deep enough to hold the plumpest of persons. It was built of mahogany and lined with sheet lead. On the first Christmas Day after installation of the tub, Mr. Thompson gave a bathtub party, all the men present trying out the wonderful invention. This party was featured in many of the newspapers and created a sensation.

Members of the medical profession fought the idea with warnings that the practice was dangerous to the health, and state and city governing bodies passed laws prohibiting and discouraging the use of bathtubs. The State of Virginia passed a law taxing owners of bathtubs \$30 a year. In Boston a law was passed which was in effect from 1845 to 1862, forbidding one to take a bath except on advice of a physician. The cities of Providence, Hartford, and Wilmington put a high water tax on buildings that contained bathtubs, and in Philadelphia a law was proposed making it unlawful to bathe between November 1 and March 15. This failed of passage by a margin of two votes.

—Frontier Times

Quoted in St. Luke's Alumnae Bulletin.

## THE SPEECH AND MUSIC OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

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Mrs. Frederick Watson of Llanfechain, Wales, and Milton Abbas, England, has sent us the notes used by her late distinguished husband in his lectures on the Kentucky mountains. He developed this lecture, with slides, after his visit to the Frontier Nursing Service and to Berea. We wish we could have heard him give the lecture with his own inimitable charm. The bits we quote will be of special interest to our readers as showing how much a cultivated mind is impressed by the speech and singing of our mountaineers.

### FROM FREDERICK WATSON'S NOTES

Mr. Sharp and many less skilled observers have been fascinated by the old English words and phrases so quaint to modern ears which are still used by these isolated mountain folk, long after they have been dropped in England itself. One sometimes hears Chaucerian plurals, "textes," "nestes," etc. "Holpen" suggests the King James Bible. "Mistress" instead of "Mrs." by an old woman who exhibited fifteen patterns of hand-made quilts. A farmer-host talked of "gentling" his lambs. A little ailing boy kept urging "Tell me a tale" as it grew dusk or, as one mountain woman put it very sweetly, "when the sun ball drapt behint the mountain."

Like Chaucer's "Clomb" they speak of "clum" for "climbed." Spencer's "drug" for "dragged," "holp" for "helped."

Like Milton a man calls a cow "contrarious," and with Lady Macbeth prefers "afeard" to "afraid."

He "faulted" her for "scolded" her.

I've been very "throng" today is from Scottish usage.

"They git up afore day to git a *soon* start," is reminiscent of Shakespeare's "Make your soonest haste."

"That baby's plumb purty and hit's as pleasant as the flowers."

"They dug into an Indian grave and found a master pile of bones."

For "it" the Chaucerian "hit" is used.

Language is spoken thought and adapts the strangest phrases like "The children pranked with the dog."

Singing is as common and almost as universal as speaking. To us who regard singing as a special study the natural faculty is almost lost. We do not sing at our work or play. But in olden days as in the Highlands of Scotland there were songs for oarsmen, for the harvest, for weddings and funerals, and all activities of a farming community. It is even more prevalent in Kentucky. But let me point a distinction here. The songs are not ephemeral and rather insipid like those of the cowboy, being of recent origin, but deeply nourished in oral tradition and long acquaintance.

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### Our Summer Issue

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The Summer number of the Quarterly Bulletin will be published and mailed this year, and from now on, in the early part of June. The statisticians are preparing fascinating graphs in order to give pictorial significance to the annual figures. We don't want our regular readers to miss this Summer issue. If anyone is leaving home in June and will send us his temporary address we will have his copy of the Bulletin mailed him there.

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### New York's Bean Crop

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Old mountain lady, to guest of the F. N. S., travelling up to the mountains: "Where did you come from?"

Guest: "From New York."

Old lady: "Did they have a good bean crop up there?"

## A NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION

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We have read with profound interest an admirable study sent us by the Canadian Welfare Council called "Need our Mothers Die?" It is a publication of 143 closely printed pages and we have read nearly every word in it. We note with special interest, under a suggestion for demonstration areas, that one such demonstration be located in a typical "outpost" settlement. Canada has many of the frontier features characteristic of these United States and their territories. Of one thing we may be sure, in whatever province such a demonstration is located in Canada, the purpose of the demonstration will be to work out in one frontier section a solution for the problems presented in all frontier sections.

In this connection we want to remind the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service that during the past eleven years they have provided the funds for a national demonstration in the Kentucky mountains. We are often asked, "Why the Kentucky mountains?" And the answer is, "Why not?" A national demonstration, unless it is to be a theoretical and not a practical thing, can't be worked out in mid-air. It has to be located somewhere. Through the generous cooperation of the Kentucky State Health Officer, Dr. A. T. McCormack, and the medical profession in Kentucky; through the profound interest of a little group of Kentuckians who first conceived the plan of a national demonstration and were able to contribute its first financial assistance; because of the peculiarly wild, remote and isolated areas in the Kentucky mountains which made such a demonstration there as physically difficult a thing as in any frontier country in the United States; and, lastly, because of the high native intelligence of the leading mountain citizens and their ardent interest; for all of these reasons a section in the Kentucky mountains was chosen for the national demonstration.

The demonstration has been national from the beginning, supported within its first two years by groups in New York,

New England, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and other sections, as well as in Kentucky. It is designed, primarily, to solve remotely rural problems of maternity, infancy and disease, in relation to social and economic environment; and, subsequently, to train personnel to carry this cabin-and-saddlebag technique to other frontier areas, from Porto Rico to Alaska, including the Indian Reservations. The most moving thing in this whole project to the Trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service is the fact that more than 2,000 Americans realized that here at last was a practical way in which they could do something about the problems of isolated maternity, infancy and disease. As is always the case, we found that the most alert and liberal people in this movement were those who were tackling the same problems in their own localities. These are the people whose imaginations grasped and whose hearts responded to the appeal of the isolated and the lonely, far from the centers of wealth and influence.

We are eager to get on with our training end, now that we have satisfactorily demonstrated a saddlebag-and-cabin technique to meet the needs of frontier countries. On the one hand, we are both humbled and proud that during our first ten pioneer years, six of them depression years, we have had support sufficient to keep our heads above water, although barely that. On the other hand, we are impatient for the day when our field of work will be sufficiently supported to enable us to open our vast laboratory as a training field. This would be possible if we could double our Service membership, especially now that our endowments are increasing. If every one of our friends will each year secure one more new friend, without our having to go to the expense of a personal solicitation, if those who can afford it will begin to build up endowments now, the blessing for America's isolated and rugged frontiers will soon be calculable in our national economy.



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## IN MEMORIAM

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*"Feed them in a green pasture, beside the still waters, in the garden of delight, the place when soreheartedness and sorrow and sighing have fled away, in the light of Thy Saints."—Coptic Liturgy.*

KATE LEE HOLLOWAY ALEXANDER  
(Mrs. Alexander J. A. Alexander)  
of "Woodburn," Woodford County, Kentucky  
1881-1936

This dear friend of our early beginnings, this loyal-hearted, kind and charming woman, this self-effacing life, is now enfolded in the larger life God holds in store for us all. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her two sons, her kindred, and to each and all of us who had the ties of friendship with her. Kentucky will long mourn her as it mourned her gallant husband, and her memory will be fragrant among us as spring flowers in the morning.

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DWIGHT CLARK, of Washington, D. C.  
Died December 26, 1935

This regal soul, this warden of beauty, in the arts and in life, this descendant of old New England stock, of which he was both flower and fruit, has in his passing left for his wife's memory, and ours, certain expressions that hang together poignantly in the facing of Reality. To this loved wife, for so many years our close friend, in Washington, he confided in his last hours of anguish, "I wish there were some way of doing away with poverty." But his last words, when facing the Illimitable, were: "It is so beautiful, so beautiful, so beautiful." At the gates of death we leave him, those wide-open gates, where the want and misery of the world stand to meet their ultimate solution. Eleven hundred years have passed since an old Saxon mystic said: "Thou art the highest Good and from Thee all beauty springs."

MRS. SARAH JANE CHAPPEL, of Hyden, Kentucky

Died February 18, 1936

This exquisite and beautiful old life drew to its close amid the snows and ice of the hard winter. If we were asked to draw a picture as symbolic of the good neighbour I think we would all have drawn Aunt Jane. From the day, twelve years ago, when we rode up, a total stranger, to her old log house at Chapel, in the heart of the mountains, 40 odd miles, horseback, from the nearest railroad, and she opened her hospitable doors and welcomed us, on down through the years after she had moved in to Hyden, and the last day we called on her, she has been a benignant and a gracious influence in the lives of many. She told us early in the winter that she had turned eighty and was liable to die, and gave us as an everlasting keepsake a linsey woolsey quilt which she wove in her girlhood, its gorgeous indigo blue from the native dyes unfaded after more than sixty years. Many times sixty years must come and go before a life of such hidden beauty as hers will fade in its influence on the generations coming after.

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CHARLOTTE ALTON GOODWIN

(Mrs. Howard Goodwin, of Hartford, Connecticut)

Died March 3, 1936

Again we mourn the loss of an old and valued friend, the Secretary of our Hartford Committee—that lovely and kind Charlotte Goodwin, who fulfilled in all public and private relations the duties of good birth and breeding. Her life history is a long record of work for less fortunate people than herself. From her sheltered girlhood, on through her happy married life and radiant motherhood, she soaked up the well of gladness as a source with which she might gladden the lives of the arid and the desolate. Her father, her husband, her children, have our deepest sympathy in their overwhelming grief. Her work has

moved on to larger fields of usefulness and her example rings in the memory like the words of an old carol, "It is a noble part to bear a liberal mind."

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TAYLOR MORGAN

COY MAGGARD

JONAH BEGLEY

of Leslie County, Kentucky

This has been the hardest year we have known in the loss of old friends. These three men, living in different sections of our territory, of varying ages, from youth to older life, have shown us undeviating friendship throughout the years since we first knew them.

Taylor Morgan was our nearest neighbour, from across the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and kinder, better neighbours than he and his dear wife were never known. In the early days when we were building and settling down Taylor's readiness to help at every turn hardly let a week go by without some kindness. He has gone to the place of all good neighbours, to the ranks of those who have been kind, one to another.

In Coy Maggard, of Coon Creek, we grieve to report the death by accident, during this terrible winter, of a young and eager man, who had newly taken on the responsibilities of married life, and before whose bright young eyes this world was unfolding. Some years ago, when he taught at the Hurricane School, he stayed with us at Wendover and we never knew a day in which his temper was not sunny and his nature helpful. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his people whose grief we share.

The latest of our friends to die and, like the others, one of long years' standing, is Jonah Begley, a member of our Hyden Committee, who lived on the Middle Fork below Hyden. In all of our dealings with him in the years since he has had charge of our hauling we have never known him to be other than up-

right and honorable in every dealing. The principle of good work done for its own sake, of a man's word being as sure as a bond, this principle was rooted deep in the character of Jonah Begley and we never knew him to violate it by even a hair's breadth. We share in the sad grief of his widow and children.

Jonah's land was well-tilled and included a broader meadow than one often finds in our narrow, rocky valleys. In leaving the loved soil that was his own (that he tended as an inherited obligation, and left in a better state than he received it), he has answered "Adsum" to the call of the green pastures of Paradise.

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### Sayings of the Children

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Little boy (seeing a bathtub for the first time): "I don't want to be put in that big hole of water."

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Ten-year-old Homer, with a compound fracture of his right arm, taken out of the mountains for city treatment, was offered a banana. "What is that?" he asked. Then he took a bite and summed up his impressions as follows: "Hit would make awful good food for old people what don't have no teeth because hit's soft."

At the sight of a train he volunteered that his little brother went out onct and was scared of the trains, but that he was sure proud that he wasn't scared of no trains.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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The fearful destruction by floods in the East has deeply stirred all American hearts and the Frontier Nursing Service sends its especial sympathy to its Committees in Pittsburgh, Hartford and Providence. It was most heartening to see the way in which the American Red Cross and the Federal Government both swung into action to meet the crisis. The hurricanes in the deep South have added to the national havoc and the universal sympathy for the stricken. As our Bulletin goes to press the Ohio River is now on a rampage and endless water is pouring into the Mississippi. We ourselves have had more flood tides than we ever remember at any season and although our people do not live near enough our rivers to have their homes washed away, they are losing tons of precious top soil and weeks of the best planting season. We have read with interest suggestions for the control of water sheds, and we continue to urge the need for large Federal forest reservations in the upper water sheds of the Kentucky mountains as one of the best means, not only of preserving this area itself, but of controlling the terrible volumes of water which, in a season like this, are pouring down to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi.

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We wish to express our thanks to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company's "Cavalcade of America" for its radio sketch of the Frontier Nursing Service over WABC on January 8th; and to Edwin C. Hill for his second radio talk about us on February 29.

Among publications which have mentioned the Frontier Nursing Service during the last quarter are: The Ladies' Home Journal, in its March article by Paul de Kruif, "Why Should Mothers Die?"; The Eastern Rotary Wheel, official organ of Rotary Clubs, published in India; To Dharma, the official organ of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, in its January issue; The Democratic Digest for March; St. Luke's Alumnae Bulletin;

Nursing Notes for March (the official organ of the Midwives' Institute of London).

Our loyal thanks this year again, to the press of New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and adjacent cities for their friendly, competent, and extremely full publicity.

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We have the honor of announcing that Dr. Richard M. Smith, of Boston, is a new member of our National Medical Council.

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We regret to announce that Mrs. Linzee Blagden, after two years of devoted and arduous work as Chairman of the New York Committee, has relinquished her post, although she still retains an active place on that Committee and on our Board of Trustees.

We are happy in being able to announce at the same time that Mrs. Warren Thorpe, for years a member of the New York Committee, an officer on it and a member of our Board of Trustees, has taken on the New York Chairmanship.

New members of the New York Committee are: Mrs. George P. Brett, Jr.; Mrs. S. Parker Gilbert; Miss Edith Scoville; and Mrs. Carnes Weeks, a daughter of our Pittsburgh Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker.

We are happy to state that the New York Committee has taken in as an integral part of its membership the New York Courier Committee. This includes all couriers resident in or near New York.

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Old couriers of ours who are getting married this spring are Miss Rebecca Crane of New York, to Mr. Duncan Van Norden; and Miss Ann Danson of Cincinnati, to Mr. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser. The Frontier Nursing Service extends to

each of these two dear girls the best of all good wishes for a long and happy life.

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The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service worked like troopers through the autumn and early winter to put over, as their annual benefit, the World's Professional Indoor Tennis Championship matches, on Saturday evening, January 11th, at the Madison Square Garden. Our grateful thanks to the Committee, the Patrons and Patronesses, and those who so generously took blocks and seats of boxes.

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We announce with the utmost satisfaction the birth of a baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. William Warner, Jr. Mrs. Warner, as Betsy Parsons of Hartford, Connecticut, was one of the ablest couriers the Frontier Nursing Service has ever had, and the coming of her son is of thrilling interest to all of us.

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Dr. John S. Fairbairn, the eminent London obstetrician has retired from the Chairmanship of the Central Midwives Board. When we last saw him and his wife in London two years ago they were already planning to sever their London ties and spend an increasing part of each year at their home in Scotland. The Frontier Nursing Service reckons among its deepest friendships that of both Dr. Fairbairn and his wife. His retirement will be a great loss to the Central Midwives Board of England.

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Resumption of publication is announced of the International Nursing Review (official organ of the International Council of Nurses) at 14 Quai Gustave Ador, Geneva, Switzerland, as a Quarterly.

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The larger meetings at which the Director spoke in January and February, in the order of the engagements, were:

Bill O'Brien's Press-Tennis dinner at the Hotel Astor, New York City; The Master's School, Dobbs Ferry, New York; The Woman's Club and the Low-Heywood School, Stamford, Connecticut; The Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church of Plainfield, New Jersey; The Woman's Club of Fall River, Massachusetts, and the Truesdale Hospital at Fall River; the annual meeting of the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, with an over-flow attendance of more than 400 people in the Hotel Somerset Ball Room; the Windsor School, Boston; the annual meeting of the Providence Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, with a large attendance; a special alumnae group of Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. Smith, in Wellesley; Beaver Country Day School, near Boston; the annual meeting of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at the home of Miss Anne Morgan; the First Presbyterian Church of Englewood, New Jersey; St. Mark's Church Ladies Society luncheon meeting at the Hotel Astor in New York City; annual meeting of the Princeton Committee at the home of Mrs. Albert E. McVitty; The Bennett School at Millbrook, New York; the annual meeting of the Washington Committee at the Textile Museum of Mr. and Mrs. George Hewitt Myers; luncheon groups at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, through the courtesy of Mrs. Hugh Matthews and at the National Woman's Democratic Club, through the courtesy of Mrs. John T. Vance; a general meeting at the Woman's National Democratic Club; The Foxcroft School, Middleburg, Virginia; a general meeting of Washington nurses in the National Red Cross auditorium; Arlington Hall School, in Virginia; the annual meeting of the Baltimore Committee in the hall of the Union Memorial Hospital; a special meeting to doctors, nurses and medical students at the John Hopkins Hospital; a special meeting of nurses, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania General Hospital, at the William Penn High School in Philadelphia; a special meeting of the New York group of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority in New York.

Our grateful thanks are due to the several hostesses of these various meetings, to Mrs. Roosevelt for introducing the Director at the Washington meeting; and to the Hotel Somerset



in Boston for the free use of their ball room. Our grateful thanks also to the hosts and hostesses at many private dinners, luncheons and teas, where the work of the Frontier Nursing Service was presented more informally. The Director was honored by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt with an invitation to dinner at the White House.

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Miss Barbara Glazier, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of our couriers, on her visit to her old school (The Oldfields School) near Baltimore, attended our annual meeting in Baltimore. Among questions asked were some as to what the couriers did. Miss Glazier, upon request, replied to this question in one of the clearest, most sensible and to-the-point small talks we have ever heard.

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We grieve to have to announce the death, from cancer, at Pretoria, South Africa, of a former member of the Frontier Nursing Service staff, Miss Eleanor Hine. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her family and friends.

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Miss Kathleen Wilson of Houston, Texas, graduate of Rice Institute, twice a courier with the Frontier Nursing Service, is taking her training as a nurse at the Yale School of Nursing in New Haven. Kathleen is a lover of people as well as of animals and she is training as a nurse in order to serve on the permanent staff of the Frontier Nursing Service. This is our first courier to become one of the nurses and we will welcome her back into our ranks with old affection.

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## THE SINGING CLASS

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“There’s somebody tapping at the maple tree. Tap, tippy-tap, tap, tap! . . . ’ Remember the way you had to do the ‘fah-la-la’s’ in the Christmas carol? Right off the end of your tongues. . . See if you can do it.” And fifteen youngsters,

as faithfully as fifteen mirrors, reflect the leader's facial expressions as they "tap, tippy-tap, tap, tap!"

It is Saturday afternoon and for one hour the Garden House living room is filled with all sizes and shapes of boys and girls, some of whom have been waiting since ten o'clock for the Singing Class to begin.

You may have heard that the Singing Class set the tempo for a most successful Christmas party and braved the bitter cold of Christmas morning to carol the birth of Christ to every one on the Wendover "plantation"—it was the first news that met me when I came back in January. About that time Margaret Watson, our Wendover nurse, and I talked over the advisability of making the class a weekly event throughout the spring months. How to replace the unifying motif of Christmas was the problem.

Not without some trepidation I brought up the subject of birds. At the first meeting they listened in shy silence to what I said and I wondered if their solemn faces were merely solemn or a mask of indifference. But it wasn't indifference! Six weeks later, we take as a matter of course Lucy's accurate description of a variety of sparrow new to the rest of us, or John Baker's tantalizing assertion that there is a bird like the pileated woodpecker in the woods near Wendover.

Mrs. Breckinridge's library has yielded not only the familiar field bird book, but a nature library each volume of which is fascinatingly illustrated. We never sing the *Owl Lullaby* without having as inspiration the picture of two great-eyed owlets at the door of their home in a stump. Since I hold the book, I can't see the picture. But my inspiration is the quiet excitement in the great dark eyes of tiny auburn-haired Laura May as she whispers "Tuwhoo-o-o, tuwhoo-o-o, tuwhoo-o-o."

No doleful ballads, these, taking their fatalistic themes from the unfriendly elements and the sorrows of life, but gay tunes about things children know. Here, in every beaming face, is proof that song has released the child's boundless fund of joy and humor.

KATHARINE SITTON.

## FIELD NOTES

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If, during the past ten years we thought we knew the worst that nature can do (not the Nature of the poets and the artists, but what Galsworthy calls "nature with a small n"), the past year has undeceived us. Our snows began in November and on the third of April we still were having snow. One of the heaviest of all the snowfalls came in March. The blizzards, the ice, the appalling difficulties of travel and of moving sick people, the thermometer below zero, all that sort of thing went on for months with only a few fair and passable days. When spring came finally, with the budding of the sarvice trees and early peach blossoms, almost at once these bits of color were covered with snow and the temperature, 20 above zero, killed off the early fruit. At the time of this writing the snows are succeeded by the floods. We have had so many tides that we have ceased to count them—twenty, thirty, we don't know how many. For twelve consecutive days the regular mule-back mail service was able to reach us only once at Wendover, and we have become quite accustomed to having someone scramble by a trail over the mountains to reach the bridge at the graded road and bring back the mail without having to cross the river.

We have become sadly accustomed to seeing tons of our valuable top soil rolling down with an angry, roaring flood, towards the Ohio and Mississippi, which have too much water already, and finally to the Gulf of Mexico, which does not need our top soil. Our people's homes are not swept away because no one lives close to our treacherous rivers, but we and our friends have done some pretty close fording this spring. Then there is the quicksand, the ever-present quicksand, often moved to a new place after high waters, and always to be tested gingerly before one knows that the bank is safe to climb.

Lastly, all of our properties are in need of repairs, from the hospital, which had several feet of water in the cellar, to every outlying station, where fencing and embankments and retain-

ing walls have been torn away and washed to pieces. We are in a bad way.

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Our first Assistant Director, Mary B. Willeford, has been called suddenly back to her home in Texas by the death of her loved father. All of her friends, and they are many, are grieving with her over this loss. To the Frontier Nursing Service, which is facing her indefinite absence with her widowed mother, having her gone is like losing a right arm. Few women find it possible to combine ability and devotion to duty in so high a degree. Her hold on our affection is unbreakable. Our cover picture is of Miss Willeford, her mare, "Lassie," and of Jayhugh Morgan.

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The deepest sympathy of us all is extended to our Hospital Superintendent, Miss Annie MacKinnon, in the recent loss of a beloved sister.

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We welcome back to the F. N. S. with the utmost joy Miss Bessie Waller, who thought that she had retired from active nursing work but, to our delight, found she couldn't stay away from us. She has charge of the midwifery at the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden. This means she is Dr. Kooser's nurse for the abnormal midwifery and handles personally such normal midwifery cases as we admit to the hospital.

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Miss Dorothy Buck, second Assistant Director, has taken over Miss Willeford's duties, and Miss Vanda Summers is carrying the work of Midwifery Supervisor until her furlough in July. Vanda was in the motor corps of Anne Morgan's old American Committee for Devastated France, before she took up her nursing, and has been with the Frontier Nursing Service for over five years.

We never seem to have done with appendicitis among the staff. Last year it was one of our Indian nurses, Miss Virginia Miller. This year it is, first, our Assistant Statistician, Miss Katharine Sitton, and now, the Assistant Bookkeeper, Miss Audrey Collins. Our own Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, who includes the staff in his many kindnesses to the Frontier Nursing Service, operated in all three instances and, needless to say, all three young women made a satisfactory recovery. Audrey is still not ready to go on duty. Miss Lucile Hodges, our regular senior Bookkeeper, has kindly shortened her furlough to come back and take up the huge piece of work preparatory to the close of our fiscal year and our annual audit.

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Our grateful thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Anderson of Detroit for the gift of "Pinafore," a fine young mare of great promise, who has been of the utmost use to us this winter.

We have to report only one death on our staff this winter and that of a horse, our "Mr. Judy." The loss of this gallant creature, by accident, has been a profound grief to us, but we are ever so thankful that none of the staff has been seriously injured. We again must ask one of our friends to give us another horse, as our horses are kept at the barest minimum necessary to carry on the work.

We are also in need of a really good mule for the heavy hauling up the 600 foot hill to the hospital above Hyden.

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Our senior couriers this winter and spring have been Miss Eleanor Field, of Hartford, Connecticut; Miss Mary Elizabeth Rogan, of Cincinnati; and Miss Jean Hollins, of New York; who has stayed on this winter and early spring as a sort of courier captain to handle what has been our heaviest winter and spring from the point of view of transport. In this way we have had two seniors and only one junior through the terrible winter, when a first hand knowledge of the trails, almost obliterated by

snow and ice, has been essential to the safety of the horses and their mounts. The junior couriers have been, first, Miss Doris Briggs of Rehoboth, Massachusetts; and, second, Miss Mary Gordon, of Pittsburgh. They have done excellent work, with perhaps the greatest difficulties ever faced by couriers coming for the first time to the mountains. It has been an inexpressible comfort to have so strong and able a courier staff in such a season.

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Our grateful thanks to Mr. Elihu Shepherd, our foreman at the Hyden Hospital, for the use of his mule during the winter for hauling at Hyden. He has to take the mule back for the plowing on his own place as soon as the ground dries sufficiently.

Our thanks, also, to the foreman at Wendover, Mr. Jayhugh Morgan, for the frequent use of his mule, "Old Blue," to plow the garden and haul logs.

Our thanks to Mr. Will Asher, of Hyden, for the free use of his team for hauling Christmas toys; and to Mr. Albert Hoskins, a member of our Jessie Preston Draper Memorial center committee, for furnishing new steps and new stove pipes, and for putting in order after the winter storms, our sub-station clinic at Stinnett.

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Miss Josephine Rice, of Washington, D. C., has kindly acted as volunteer office assistant this winter at Wendover, addressing the envelopes for our spring saddlebag appeal. As this appeal isn't sent to active subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service, those of you who are reading this won't be seeing it! If anyone would like a copy, however, to pass on to a friend, we would be glad to send it on. Josephine's assistance has been valuable help to an overworked staff.

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Miss Janet Coleman, the nurse in charge of District Number One at Hyden, gives a graphic description of four midwifery calls in six days during one of the bad flood tides. She was called out on a Monday night and there was too much water for rid-

ing, as well as thunder, lightning, and rain, so she walked, with the father carrying her saddlebags over his shoulder. Except for a few encounters with landslides she managed pretty well and got her baby Tuesday morning. The next call came on a Thursday, in the early morning, and the next Friday evening. She got this last baby, Sophie Ann, at 4:15 Saturday morning. The next call came at 3:20 Sunday morning. She made this by walking to and over the swinging bridge (a sort of "Bridge of San Luis Rey" affair, which rocks as you cross it above the roaring floods) and by riding the father's mule about two and a half miles to the house. The old rule of the Frontier Nursing Service—"If the father can come for the nurse, no matter what the weather, the nurse will always get to the mother"—continues to hold good.

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Our lovely Guernsey cow, "Nora Shoemaker II," has her third heifer calf, by Mr. Deaton's Ayrshire bull that he was so kind as to loan our district for the season last summer. We named this wee heifer "Cherry."

Nora's first daughter, "Blinkie" (the mountain name for sour milk, but "Blinkie's" milk is sweet and creamy), has been sent over as a gift to the nurses at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus, on Bullskin Creek, who badly needed a good cow with milk rich enough for them to make their own butter. Sending a cow to Brutus, however, is not as simple a thing as writing about it. "Blinkie" was escorted by Mary Elizabeth Rogan and Mary Gordon and they planned three days to make the trip, spending one night at Hyden, one at the Possum Bend center at Confluence, one night at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center at Bowlington. As a matter of fact, a big tide caught them at Bowlington and girls and cow stayed there two or three days with Eva Gilbert. It was slow and difficult travel, leading a reluctant cow. As Mary Lib said, "'Blinkie' wasn't accustomed to being led, but then neither are we accustomed to leading cows." After the first day, with experience on the part of both couriers and cow, the travel went along very well.

"Blinkie" was delivered at Brutus in prime condition to her grateful mistresses.

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The 165-motor road from Lexington up to Hazard has been closed to travel most of the spring because of landslides, and is in bad condition due to the terrible weather. The buses have not been running. Prospective motorists are warned to consult the automobile association before attempting the trip. Travelers over this road will remember going through Jackson, in Breathitt County. Parts of this town have been flooded and the Lexington Herald of April tenth has an intriguing picture of the Chief of Police in a rowboat, propelling himself with a shovel.

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### From a Friend In Toledo, Ohio

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"A small bill is enclosed in answer to your delightful reminder, 'Waiting.' What a lovable looking animal that horse is! I would think that he would be a formidable rival to the C and O's priceless Chessie, who in spite of her winsomeness, is being luxuriously self-centered. We who know the part the horses play in your heroic work realize that there is little 'horseplay' in the life these useful animals lead."

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### Our Feathered Friends

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All through the heavy winter and spring snows we have remembered the birds and have put food in sheltered places. It will interest bird lovers to know the names of the hardy little birds who chose to winter in the Kentucky mountains. Among our feathered guests we have observed the following: Carolina Wren, Chickadee, Downy Woodpecker, English Sparrow, Field Sparrow, Hairy Woodpecker, Kentucky Cardinal, Slate-colored Junco, Towhee, Tufted Titmouse, White-breasted Nuthatch, White-throated Sparrow, Winter Wren.



## SUMMER SUGGESTIONS

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We are often asked to list a few special, immediate, extra needs. We did this in the case of Honeymoon Cottage and our regular subscribers simply fell over themselves in making generous gifts to meet that request. Some of the special requirements for this summer are as follows:

(1) A prominent dentist in Hamilton, Ohio, has volunteered a week's services. His supplies will cost approximately \$60.00.

(2) The storms of the winter and spring have done a lot of damage to our various stations. Lots of work is needed on retaining walls, gardens, fences, drains, septic tanks, and, in some cases, on the buildings themselves. The Service owns over thirty houses, barns and clinics, and a good many acres of land. In addition to this, with the cutting down of emergency relief our large floating population of returned miners, and our home population whose land is most eroded by the storms, all desperately need work. We urgently need for these purposes (and will gladly accept small amounts towards this end), at least \$2,000.00.

(3) A good strong mule is badly needed to haul the hospital supplies, \$150.00.

(4) A horse to replace "Mr. Judy," \$150.00.

(5) Orthopedic shoes for indigent crippled children, per pair from \$4.00 to \$12.00.

(6) Glasses for able indigent children who really want to study, per pair, \$8.00.

(7) Steel filing cabinets for midwifery records, special size, six needed, cost for each, \$5.00.

(8) An adding machine, not electric, for the statisticians, Approximately \$100.00.

(9) Two new standard typewriters, cost for each, \$85.00.

(10) Screened porches for six stations, cost for each, including materials and mountain labor, \$50.00.

(11) Four new children's cribs, large size, with mattresses, for the hospital at Hyden, cost for each, \$15.00.

Lastly, from the point of view of construction, the Service desperately needs a Nurses' Home to relieve the seriously overcrowded condition of its hospital. This hospital serves an area of approximately 3,000 square miles and the demands upon it have gotten beyond our capacity to meet. We realize this is a big thing to ask. Additional land will have to be bought; expensive retaining walls and foundations built to prevent landslides; the home built of stone to match the hospital, and large enough for future growth. We estimate the cost at from \$40,000.00 to \$50,000.00. We should build this home this summer. It would make a wonderful memorial gift. The Director will be glad to go anywhere to discuss details with anyone able and so generous as to take this into consideration.

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### The Nurse-Midwife On Peace River

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We quote from a letter from Miss Muriel Pickup, a British nurse-midwife who is working at a frontier outpost in far northern Canada.

"The distances are very trying and a great handicap to prenatal and baby clinics. Last week I made 101 miles on three maternity cases. The horses had to walk all the way with frequent rests, as it was 60 degrees below zero and we were afraid of freezing their lungs. But in every case we were in time."

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## DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

Everything sent is needed and will be most gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

*Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,*

**MR. C. N. MANNING,**  
Security Trust Company,  
Lexington, Kentucky.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

.....

.....

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

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

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

### Suggestions for special bequest:

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

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

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

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

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

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

A number of these centers have been given and equipped, and provision has been made for the endowment of three.

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

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

### FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



