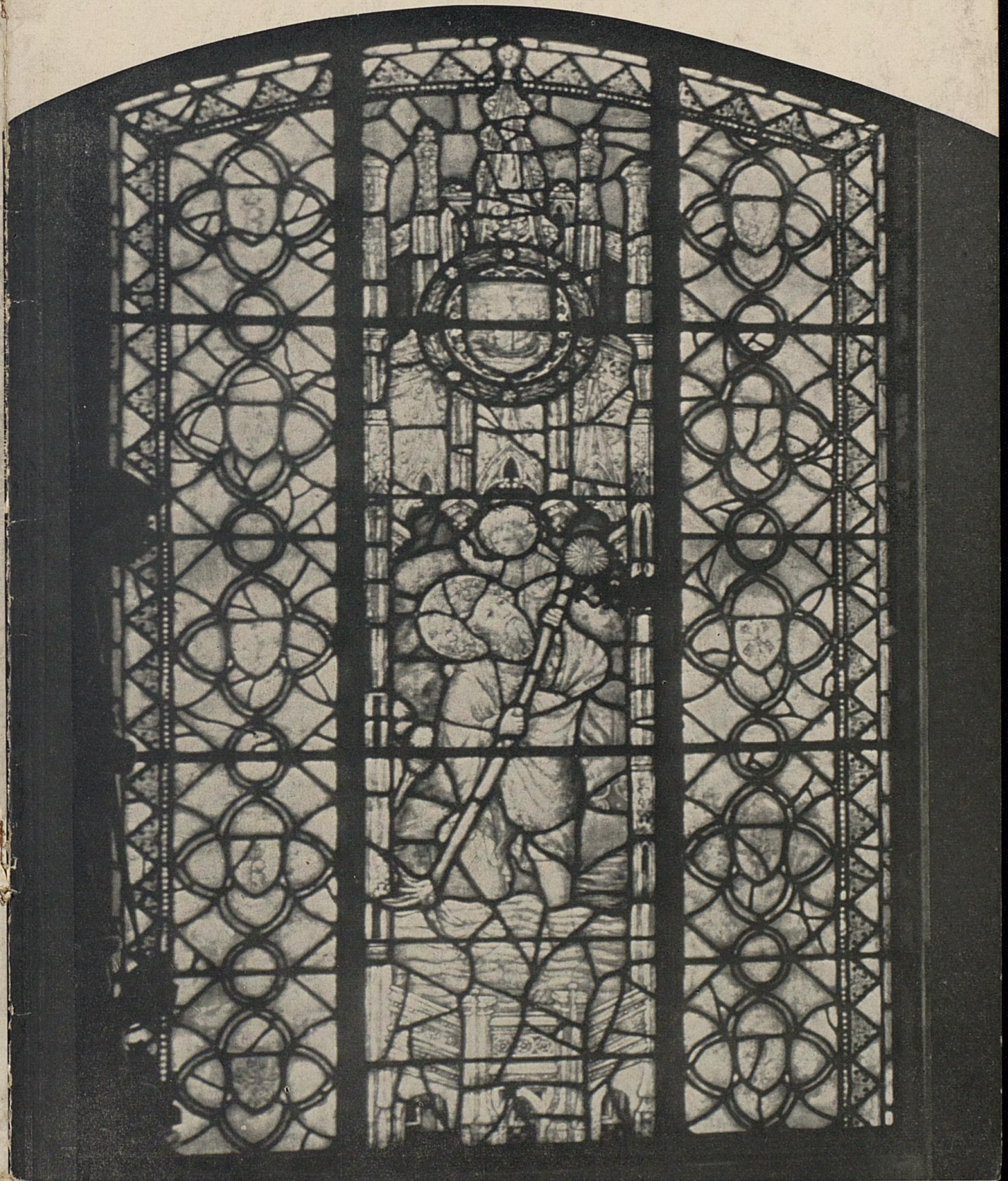


# The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. XV

AUTUMN, 1939

NO. 2





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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR

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VOLUME XV

AUTUMN, 1939

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"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,  
under Act of March 3, 1879."

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## ADVENT BELLS

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Adapted from the German  
of  
OTTO FROMMEL

### I

Bells of Advent! Let every heart stand still,  
And every sadness ebb in peace away;  
For light has scattered all the dreary dark,  
And prison-night gives place to dawn of day.

### II

For lo you come, you whom the earth awaits,  
God's prince for whom creation groans; ah when  
On land, in town, will peoples all receive  
Your friendly kingdom of God's reign in men?

### III

The fears that breed cold cruelty in us  
Your coming will dispel, for you are kind;  
The waste, the woe, the wantonness of war  
Are conquered only in the Christ-like mind.

### IV

The buried soul of your divided church  
(Your wounds are open yet, your blood is shed)  
From out her tomb of loveless negligence  
Shall rise and blossom, quickened by your tread.

### V

Yes, you are coming Christ—we will prepare—  
O song of hope across earth's piteous hells!  
In candle flame and organ roll shall men  
Lift contrite hearts with you, O Advent bells.



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## LEGEND OF S. CHRISTOPHER

NOTE: This story is one of the oldest Christian legends, so old that its origin is unknown but probably dates not long after the death of Christ. The form in which we have given it is taken from the *Legenda Aurea*,—a book compiled and put into form about the year 1275 A. D. by Jacobus de Voragine. The English translation used is that of William Caxton, the fifteenth century English printer. The modern edition is the one edited by F. S. Ellis and printed by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. of London. We have inserted punctuation marks and divided the story into paragraphs.

*Christopher said to the king: "Tofore or I was baptized I was named Reprobus, and after, I am Christopher" . . . . To whom the king said: "Thou hast a foolish name, that is to wit of Christ crucified" . . . .*

Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, and he was of right great stature, and had a terrible and fearful cheer and countenance. And he was twelve cubits of length, and as it is read in some histories that, when he served and dwelled with the king of Canaan, it came in his mind that he would seek the greatest prince that was in the world, and him would he serve and obey. And so far he went that he came to a right great king, of whom the renomee generally was that he was the greatest in the world. And when the king saw him, he received him into his service, and made him to dwell in his court.

Upon a time a minstrel sang tofore him a song in which he named oft the devil, and the king, which was a christian man, when he heard him name the devil, made anon the sign of the cross in his visage. And when Christopher saw that, he had great marvel what sign it was, and wherefore the king made it, and he demanded of him. And because the king would not say, he said: "If thou tell me not, I shall no longer dwell with thee," and then the king told to him, saying: "Always when I hear the devil named, I fear that he should have power over me, and I garnish me with this sign that he grieve not ne annoy me."

Then Christopher said to him: "Doubtest thou the devil that he hurt thee not? Then is the devil more mighty and greater than thou art. I am then deceived of my hope and purpose, for I had supposed I had found the most mighty and the most greatest Lord of the world, but I commend thee to God, for I will go



seek him for to be my Lord, and I his servant." And then departed from this king, and hasted him for to seek the devil.

And as he went by a great desert, he saw a great company of knights, of which a knight cruel and horrible came to him and demanded whither he went, and Christopher answered to him and said: "I go to seek the devil for to be my master." And he said: "I am he that thou seekest." And then Christopher was glad, and bound him to be his servant perpetual, and took him for his master and Lord.

And as they went together by a common way, they found there a cross, erect and standing. And anon as the devil saw the cross he was afraid and fled, and left the right way, and brought Christopher about by a sharp desert. And after, when they were past the cross, he brought him to the highway that they had left. And when Christopher saw that, he marvelled, and demanded whereof he doubted, and had left the high and fair way, and had gone so far about by so aspre (rude) a desert. And the devil would not tell him in no wise.

Then Christopher said to him: "If thou wilt not tell me, I shall anon depart from thee, and shall serve thee no more." Wherefor the devil was constrained to tell him, and said: "There was a man called Christ which was hanged on the cross, and when I see his sign I am sore afraid, and flee from it wheresoever I see it." To whom Christopher said: "Then he is greater, and more mightier than thou, when thou art afraid of his sign, and I see well that I have laboured in vain, when I have not founden the greatest Lord of the world. And I will serve thee no longer, go thy way then, for I will go seek Christ."

And when he had long sought and demanded where he should find Christ, at last he came into a great desert, to an hermit that dwelt there, and this hermit preached to him of Jesu Christ and informed him in the faith diligently, and said to him: "This king whom thou desirest to serve, requireth the service that thou must oft fast." And Christopher said to him: "Require of me some other thing, and I shall do it, for that which thou requirest I may not do." And the hermit said: "Thou must then wake and make many prayers." And Christopher said to him: "I wot not what it is; I may do no such thing."

And then the hermit said to him: "Knowest thou such a



river, in which many be perished and lost?" To whom Christopher said: "I know it well." Then said the hermit, "Because thou art noble and high of stature and strong in thy members, thou shalt be resident by that river, and thou shalt bear over all them that shall pass there, which shall be a thing right convenient to our Lord Jesu Christ whom thou desirest to serve, and I hope he shall show himself to thee." Then said Christopher: "Certes, this service may I well do, and I promise to him for to do it."

Then went Christopher to this river, and made there his habitacle for him, and bare a great pole in his hand instead of a staff, by which he sustained him in the water, and bare over all manner of people without ceasing. And there he abode, thus doing, many days. And in a time, as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voice of a child which called him and said: "Christopher, come out and bear me over."

Then he awoke and went out, but he found no man. And when he was again in his house, he heard the same voice and he ran out and found nobody.

The third time he was called and came thither, and found a child beside the rivage of the river, which prayed him goodly to bear him over the water. And then Christopher lift up the child on his shoulders, and took his staff, and entered into the river for to pass. And the water of the river arose and swelled more and more; and the child was heavy as lead, and alway as he went farther the water increased and grew more, and the child more and more waxed heavy, insomuch that Christopher had great anguish and was afeard to be drowned. And when he was escaped with great pain, and passed the water, and set the child aground, he said to the child: "Child, thou hast put me in great peril: thou weighest almost as I had all the world upon me, I might bear no greater burden." And the child answered:

"Christopher, marvel thee nothing, for thou hast not only borne all the world upon thee, but thou hast borne him that created and made all the world, upon thy shoulders. I am Jesu Christ the king, to whom thou servest in this work. And because that thou know that I say to be the truth, set thy staff in the earth by thy house, and thou shalt see to-morn that it



shall bear flowers and fruit," and anon he vanished from his eyes. And then Christopher set his staff in the earth, and when he arose on the morn, he found his staff like a palmier bearing flowers, leaves and dates.

## THE DEATH OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

By LAWRENCE HOUSMAN  
Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

Christopher, who bore our Lord  
On his shoulder through the ford,  
After years (his great reward)  
One glad day lay down to die.  
From his body, limb by limb,  
Labour he put off from him,  
Till he heard a passer-by  
Stand before the ford and cry.

When he heard the summons sound,  
Christopher rose up from ground;  
Forth he went on duty bound,  
Murmuring: "Lest I work amiss,  
Christ must give me strength for this:  
This my latest labour is!"  
When he reached the ford at length,  
Spake the Voice of all his bliss,  
Saying, "Christ shall give thee strength!"

Humble, bowed, and very faint,  
At His Feet fell down the Saint,  
At His Feet fell down to pray,  
"Lord, I have not strength to-day,  
Thou must go some other way!  
These old limbs can lift no more  
That dread weight which once they bore."

In his face the Holy Child  
Looked and smiled;



And His Voice grew full and wide,  
Many waters multiplied,  
Saying: "Christopher, let be!  
Since thou once didst carry Me,  
I am come to carry thee."

Very gently from his knees  
Lifted him the Prince of Peace;  
Wonderful and Counsellor,  
In His Hands the Saint He bore;  
He, the everlasting Lord,  
Carried him across the ford.

Underneath, a level road  
All the trodden waters flowed;  
Not a wave was dispossessed  
That the Heavenly Bearer pressed,  
With the Saint upon His Breast.  
"When," said He, "My weight did hurt,  
Thou My beast of burden wert.  
Now for thee, My child and lamb,  
I the Beast of burden am."

---

### ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL

---

For years we have read aloud the Legend of St. Christopher and Housman's poem on Christmas Eve at Wendover and at the Hospital at Hyden on Christmas Day. More than any other legendary character he has seemed peculiarly ours because of the dangerous ford in the river over which he carried travelers.

Innumerable times in our recollection has a mountaineer, a courier, a nurse reminded us of him. Only those who have to cross angry, rushing rivers on foot or on horseback can appreciate fully how deeply this legend has imprinted itself on our hearts. Sometimes the ford is so treacherous that a mountain friend goes in advance of us to try it out first. Many times have nurses and couriers carried little children on the pommels of their saddles.



For years we have wanted a small stone chapel for prayer at our headquarters and to give it St. Christopher's name. We have bided our time knowing that some indication would come to us when the chapel could be built. A few months ago Dr. Preston Satterwhite of New York, who knew how we felt about Christopher, sent us as a gift a beautiful fifteenth century French stained glass window that he had in his possession. A picture of it forms the cover for this Bulletin but it cannot even suggest the beauty of the coloring in the glass. Dr. Satterwhite said that when the chapel was built he would pay for having experts set up the window.

We will know if we are to build the chapel this summer by pledges of money that come to help us to do it. Of course, we of the Frontier Nursing Service will give money and we know that our mountain friends will give a few of the days in which they are employed on the building of the chapel, and that will be a generous gift from their small incomes.

Will those of you who want to have a part in St. Christopher's Chapel please write and tell us that you can make a gift between June and October of 1940, or fill in and send to us the pledge on page 50 of this Bulletin? Small gifts will be as welcome as large ones because people who can only give a dollar or two will have a part in the prayer. Do not send any money whatever as we are not setting up a special account for the chapel until we know that it can be built. Send us your pledge only.

This chapel will be a love offering to God and a place where we can withdraw from our busy lives for quiet communion with Him.

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#### THINGS TO KNOW

If your child is a phthisic asthmatic, then bore a hole in a house log that is just his height, put a piece of his hair in it, and when he outgrows it he is cured.

. . . .

If you are, yourself, rheumatic, cut a double slit in your skin; place a horse's hair through the slit. This is a sure cure.

. . . .

If you have night-sweats, put a pail of water under the bed.

. . . .

If you have a "rising," then a cross of black soot will bring it to a head.



### TWO APOLOGIES

The editor of the Quarterly Bulletin assumes full responsibility for two serious mistakes in the Summer number for 1939. We apologized in advance for the imperfections in that Bulletin because it was thrown together hurriedly at the beginning of the war and did not get its usual careful revision. When these mistakes appeared in print they were glaringly apparent, but it was too late to prevent the circulation of the Bulletin.

Earlier in the summer two women whom the editor knew and admired deeply were very seriously ill. Miss Grace Abbott did die, and every movement for social betterment in the United States for years to come will miss her. Miss Lillian D. Wald is recuperating, to the joy of all who know her. The editor of the Quarterly Bulletin begs the pardon of all our readers for having given a wrong notice of Miss Wald's death and for having omitted a notice of the death of Miss Abbott.

The second mistake is less serious because from the context it is obvious to whom the memorial notice refers. We paid our final tribute to our dear friend, one of the loveliest women who ever lived, Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley of Rochester, New York. In the names listed under In Memoriam, by a mistake not caught until the Bulletin was in circulation, the name of Mrs. Harper Sibley, her daughter-in-law, was given. Every one who read the In Memoriam notices will have known from the context that we were writing of Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. For this, too, we tender our deep apologies.

In the future we will try to take time for careful revision, no matter under what pressure the Bulletin has to be issued. In the future we will group our In Memoriam notices in the Spring number, at the close of the Bulletin year.

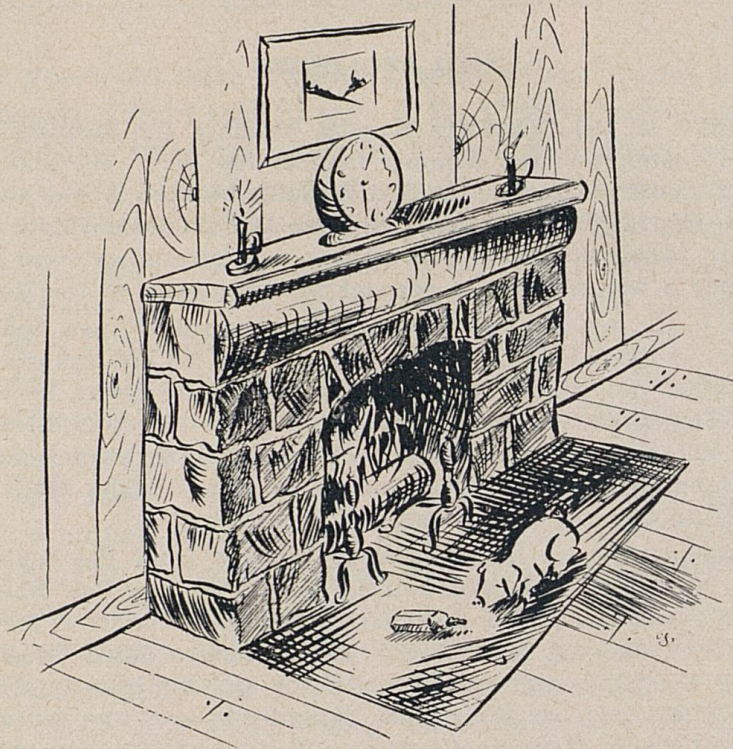
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### TRAVELOGUE OF A PRESIDENT OF AOII

When I speak about being a homebody I really mean that I need to be. In two years time as president of AOII I traveled 45,000 miles, granted more than 500 interviews with active chapter officers, 43 housemothers and 43 Deans of Women, not to mention all alumnae officers, and outside speaking engagements on topics relative to the fraternity world. The aggregate time that I was away from home in two years was nine months. It staggered me when I counted up the months, weeks and days. My family is happy to have me home, or so it seems anyway. I was tired as a dog when the Convention was over in Pasadena. Since then I have played golf and won some nice snazzy prizes.

Mary Dee Drummond, in a letter of October 18, 1939.





## BONZO

By "BENNIE"

This is a tale of a little brown hog,  
Whose mother had left him beside a log,  
Near a river so deep and rocky and wide,  
For Alas! She was sick, so sick that she died.

The poor little fellow was hungry and cold,  
He was such a wee morsel not yet a day old.  
In blankets we wrapped him, and oh! what a thirst,  
He drank and he drank 'till we thought he would burst.

Bonzo we called him, that day weeks ago  
When in little brown sweater he'd trot to and fro,  
With Tally, and Toto and Trash in the rear,  
He'd grunt and he'd squeak to all who were near.

Guests of the Service in the sitting room sat,  
While Bonzo most proudly lay down on the mat.  
A bottle of milk by a lovely hot fire,  
Was all that his little old heart could desire.

But now Alack! the day has come,  
When off to Pig Alley my pet has gone.  
His coat is coarse, his girth is great,  
But amongst his kin he walks in state.  
He is King of the hogs and knows it well,  
'Till he dies of old age 'tis there he'll dwell.



## WHEN I JOINED UP IN 1930

---

By NORA K. KELLY, R. N., S. C. M.

*"Ready for death if need be, but very much in hopes of something better."*  
—Little Dog Rags in Timothy's Quest.

For the twentieth time I read the letter. Yes, very clearly it stated that "a sure-footed mountain horse would meet me." This was in response to my plea for more time in order to take riding lessons before joining the Frontier Nursing Service. Someone had fallen sick and Mrs. Breckinridge asked me to sail two months earlier than had originally been planned.

I was on the train running from New York to Lexington. My two traveling companions were Miss MacKinnon (whom I soon knew as Mac), who was returning from a vacation, and Olive Nicklin, who was joining the staff. She and I had a lot in common. We were both coming to the mountains. We did not know what was before us except that we had to ride from Krypton to Hyden, stopping at Confluence for breakfast,—the distance some twenty-odd miles, which might as well be a hundred the way I felt.

Nicky said she had been taking riding lessons in New York under an ex-Russian cavalry officer, and did I think she would be able to manage the Kentucky horses? She hoped she would. She also hoped she could ride twenty miles at a stretch. I thought of my equine experience, which consisted of riding old "Peter" bareback in the fields in my childhood, and of driving him some three miles to Swithin, the blacksmith, for shoeing. However, of all this I said not a word, but desperately hoped for the best.

We finally arrived at Lexington and after a few hours' wait climbed onto the mountain train. In spite of my fears I slept very well and was awakened in time to dress and descend at Krypton at 4:45, on a cold morning. It was not yet daylight. We had breakfast at a lodging house and donned our riding garments. I wore a sweater, some green plus-fours, heavy golf



stockings and shoes. What the others wore I was in no state to notice except that Mac was in uniform.

After a little wait, two boys arrived with our steeds—two mules and a horse. I mounted first. Mac paid special attention to the stirrups and girth, for which I was to be very thankful later. I was all settled and waiting for the others when we heard a freight train approaching, bell and whistle in full action. The noise proved too much for my mule which was not used to being at the railroad. With a jerk at the reins he was off full gallop, mud flying in all directions. I tried to pull my wits together, but could not remember any useful hints about dealing with mules. I knew they could be stubborn, so I just hoped he was going in the right direction and clung on.

After a time he gradually slowed down and later on the others caught me up. Mac appeared a trifle anxious, I thought, as she asked if I was all right.

There had been heavy rains for the last few days and the mud was the most awful I had ever seen. The rocks were huge, the creek very deep, and in one place we had to lean low over the animals as we rode under overhanging rocks.

Now I had been warned that the roads were bad; in fact they told me in letters that in many places there were no roads, only trails. But here I could see no sign of even a trail. However, I did not want to appear too citified, so I rode thirty minutes by my watch, and as there was still no sign of a road, I said in my very brightest and airiest manner: "Are we hitting the road soon, Mac?"

Her reply dashed me. "Why this is the road. It's a main road and a good one, too."

On we rode, up hill and down, until we saw the river, very deep looking, wide, and a horrible thick yellow in color. Finally the road went down to the edge of the water, and Mac rode ahead of us, saying, "Keep behind me. Keep behind me." Which we did, just expecting her to skirt along the water's edge. To our amazement she struck right across, deeper and deeper in the horrible yellow current. The water came up to my knees. I wondered how much deeper it would be. Nicklin behind me



kept saying "Oh! Oh!" I never uttered a word, but kept as near Mac as I dared. Gradually the water got shallow, and we reached the other side. We all laughed, and in a few minutes rode in to the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence. Here we had a warm welcome from the nurses and coffee and sandwiches. After a short rest we mounted once more, this time on the horses which had been brought down from Hyden by Elihu, the man from the Hospital.

Mac mounted Dixie, a beautiful mare; Nicky, a big black horse named Dude—and because he was large and quiet it was thought best to put a crippled child, Julia Howard, whom we found at Confluence, up behind her. The child lived five miles up river, had come in from the outside the day before and was anxiously waiting to go home. As the telephone was out of order her family were still unaware of her presence at Confluence.

I was to ride Diana, a beautiful little sorrel mare, and Elihu rode Silver. With many good wishes from the nurses at Confluence, and some anxious looks from them at the river (which I did not fail to notice) we started off.

The first ford at the mouth of Hell-for-Certain looked wild and deep and wide. Mac and Elihu held a brief consultation, and then plunged in. The current was swift, and I could feel the huge rocks underneath as my horse gamely made her way across. When we reached the other side, we found that Nicky had been unable to keep up with the other horses and had turned back. She looked very forlorn waiting on the other bank with the crippled child behind. Elihu and Mac again consulted. Elihu thought the water too deep to ride back for Nicky on Silver, who was rather small, so Mac dismounted and he took Dixie over. It seemed ages until they were all safely across. While I was waiting with Mac, I learned that there were three more such fords before we reached the Hospital.

Once more we got on our way, and in due time left Julia at her home, and crossed the next three fords without mishap, and finally rode into the Hospital barn. Mac said she was very proud of us and that we had done well. As for myself, now that the trip in was over, nothing seemed impossible.



## TRAILS, TOWN AND TRAIN

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By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

### SEPTEMBER

With the first of September, I had medical permission to begin my normal life again, with all the riding and the train-catching and the speaking this involves. It has been a good test of the uses to which a renovated back can be put. It has been great fun during the past three months to see thousands of old friends in the mountains and in outside cities. Here follows a report written especially for those of you whom I have not seen, and who want to keep up with the Director's activities.

I got to our Hospital at Hyden from a brief Canadian holiday on the last day of August, and to Wendover on the first day of September. We were plunged head-foremost into a crisis precipitated by the war, but that is another story and covered elsewhere.

After a week of intense activity in the field, I went to the first American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology ever to be held in the United States, at Cleveland, from September 11th to 15th. The Frontier Nursing Service had an exhibit there,—a beautiful exhibit, made for us years ago by Franklin of New York. It was a most enthralling Congress, under the auspices of Dr. Fred L. Adair, who honors us by lending his name, and very often his advice, on our National Medical Council.

The list of speakers fairly bristled with eminent names, and among the doctors and nurses so many were our own old friends that it was almost like Old Home Week to us. I say "us" advisedly, as Nora Kelly and Louise Mowbray (Charlie) both spent part of their holiday there, and our own Mary B. Willeford, now in San Francisco, not only attended and helped with the exhibit, but made one of the best speeches given.

The title of her speech was "Providing Continuity of Maternity Care in Rural Areas," and she brought out in the clearest way how important it is to begin with the mother before the baby is born, to carry her through the confinement and to give



her and the baby complete care afterwards. No really good work can be done that neglects any part of these three periods. She gave two examples of agencies where the ideal of continuity of care is met in a thoroughly practical way, although the methods used are dissimilar. One example is the Frontier Nursing Service and the other a demonstration under the Social Security Act in Orange County, California.

From the Congress I went to Escanaba, Michigan, to speak to the Upper Peninsula District meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. E. J. MacMartin was the convention chairman, and Mrs. Judd Yelland my charming hostess. This brought me to Sunday, which I spent with the head of the Classics Department at the University of Wisconsin and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Agard, in Madison. Monday I went to Menasha, Wisconsin, where I spoke that night at the Country Club under the auspices of the V. N. A., and our special friend, Mrs. Chester Shepard. Then, back to the mountains via Cincinnati for a luncheon at the Queen's City Club with our chairman, Mr. James M. Hutton, and Mrs. Rogan and Mrs. Danson, at which we perfected plans for the Cincinnati annual meeting.

#### OCTOBER

In October I made the first rounds of the outpost nursing centers in over a year. We had big rallies everywhere. It was glorious to get the feel of a horse again, to see the nurses in their centers, to meet in all about two thousand of my mountain friends.

The first rally was at Brutus, on Bullskin, preceded by a picnic lunch out under the trees behind the school-house. I sat between our chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters and his family, and the Hensleys of Sizerock, and was so full of fried chicken, biscuits, and cake that I could hardly stagger to my feet when it came time to speak. I had stayed overnight at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center, with Minnie Meeke and Foxie, and was enchanted with the neatness and order of everything.

After the Brutus rally I rode to Bowlingtown, and stayed overnight with Eva Gilbert at the dear Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center. Again I was struck with the order and beauty



everywhere. The next day we had the Bowlingtown rally. As our excellent chairman, Mr. Will Gay, had a cold, I was introduced by Mr. B. P. Bowling. The crowd assembled on the grounds of the nursing center, and included a lot of school children, who had walked miles, as well as many adults.

After that, Kelly and I, who were doing the lower rounds together, rode up the Middle Fork and across the mountain to the Frances Bolton Nursing Center, Possum Bend, at Confluence, where we spent the night with Denny and Boxie. Everywhere along the trails that lovely Michaelmas daisy, called by the mountaineers "Farewell Summer," was blooming in clusters of purple and white.

This center too had many improvements since I had been there, due to the generosity of friends. The awnings over the clinic porch add so much to the comfort of the patients. The rally took place in the grounds of the center that afternoon, preceded by a box lunch. Our chairman, Mr. Elmer Huff, introduced me and there were many guests, including our sheriff, Mr. C. B. Duff from Hyden, who had come down for the occasion.

The following week I made the rounds of the upper centers, accompanied by Dorothy Buck (Buckett). We spent Monday night at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork with Green and Inty, and were soon deep in plans for changes and additions that the center needs, and improvement of its pastures. I was deeply impressed with the rock work that had been done by local labor since I was last there. We had a splendid attendance at the rally next day, and a number of the men made excellent speeches. Our chairman, Mr. Sherman Cook, introduced me, and we all had refreshments. After that we rode up the old trail of Bad Creek, came down on Bowen's Creek and had about a mile of new W. P. A. road, and then dropped down into Bowen's Creek and followed it down to Red Bird River. Buckett and I rode up to the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center at the mouth of Flat Creek soon after dark and got the warmest kind of a welcome from Charlie, and from Mary Combs, our standby there for so many years.

Here, too, we had the problem of pastures and the water supply, and also we had many new improvements to see. The rally next day was at the school-house, through the courtesy



of Mr. Tit Smith. Everybody pooled their box lunches so that everyone had plenty to eat. I was introduced by our chairman, Mr. Bascomb Bowling. We all had a glorious time.

That afternoon I had the novel experience of going down Red Bird River in a car on the new W. P. A. road. Couriers met the car at the Clara Ford Center and went back in it to ride the horses from Flat Creek back to Wendover.

At this point I want to say that the rounds would have been much more fatiguing for me if the couriers hadn't brought horses to me at several points where W. P. A. roads end and trails begin, and cut the riding down in half, on more than one occasion.

The Clara Ford Center, with its glorious view and lovely grounds, was looking its very best. Like all of the centers, it had been freshened up and was in the pink of condition. I was shown with delight, by Vanda Summers, new gifts that had been made to it, and improvements that had been made on it.

The rally there next day was at the school-house on Big Creek, and was again an affair of box luncheons. I was introduced by our chairman, Mr. Leonard Adams. As the new state highway comes by at that point, our own car with the couriers met me and I was able to get back the last twenty miles without any more riding.

The next meetings were the meeting of the Hyden Committee at the Hospital, with our dear Judge L. D. Lewis presiding; and a swinging bridge rally combined with a committee meeting at Wendover.

We also had our annual meeting of all the nurses who could get in to Wendover on October 26th this year, instead of at Thanksgiving, and with our hearts rather especially full of the absent ones.

#### NOVEMBER

On October 29th I left the mountains for six weeks on the outside, and trails gave way to trains. We had a meeting on the 30th of our Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, and on the 31st of our Executive Committee at the Pendennis Club in Louisville. I also had a meeting with Dr. McCormack and Dr. Crittenden at the State Board of Health. On November 1st we had a huge meeting in Cincinnati at the Queen's City



Club, with our chairman, Mr. James M. Hutton, presiding. After that I went to Washington for an interesting meeting of the National Council for Mothers and Babies, and then on to New York for the night of November 5th only, to be the "Woman of the Week" over the General Electric program, the "Hour of Charm." The General Electric made a generous donation of five hundred dollars to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Monday morning, the sixth, I went to Philadelphia in time to attend a tea for our committee given by Mrs. S. Pemberton Hutchinson. Our big annual meeting was the night of the 8th, at the Merion Cricket Club on the Main Line, and the large room was crowded. The meetings all seemed to be going with a swing this year, and my new colored slides were among the best I ever had. I stayed there with our chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, in the country, and with Mrs. E. Waring Wilson at Bryn Mawr.

Then I went back for a week in New York, which included so many minor engagements and so many meetings with dear friends and interesting people, that I couldn't begin to put it all down. The main engagements were the annual meeting at the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria on Tuesday morning, the 14th, where I was introduced by our old and dear trustee, Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, in one of the best introductions I ever had. There was a fine crowd there, which included friends from Princeton, New Jersey, from Riverdale, Bronxville, and other points outside New York City. The dearest group in the crowd of course to me was that of our old couriers. The meeting was followed by a committee luncheon.

That night I spoke to the alumnae of my own hospital, St. Luke's, and Thursday night I gave the graduation address to the nurses of the Lenox Hill Hospital. The gracious and lovely ceremony attending the presentation of the medal by the Colonial Dames is covered in a special article.

The following week was all New England, and a peculiarly happy one, because I love New England. I spent Sunday, the 19th, with my old friends Howland and Edith Jones, in Marblehead, and went up to Boston that night for our annual meeting Monday morning at the Brookline Country Club. This was preceded by a sort of reception, with coffee, and followed by lunch



with Faith Perera and other friends. It was a fine meeting. Our chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, introduced me, and I started off with the warm glow one always feels when one knows a lot of the crowd frightfully well. That night I spoke at the Alpha Omicron Pi Boston Alumnae Banquet, and met again old friends and others I had long been wanting to meet.

The next day, in the morning, Mrs. John Rock drove me down to Providence, where I stayed with my friends, the Sinclair Armstrongs. We had luncheon with our chairman, Mrs. Walter S. Ball, and I spoke that afternoon at the Gordon School after her lovely introduction. It was fun to see old friends and couriers. I had the joy of listening that night to a tip-top lecture by Sinclair Armstrong, who covers Modern European History at Brown University, and has recently returned from a stay of months at Heidelberg.

Next morning I hurried back to Boston, because I had a number of engagements there, including visits with my surgeons and friends, Dr. W. Jason Mixter and Dr. William A. Rogers, and with Dr. Frederick C. Irving of the Boston Lying-In. In the afternoon Mrs. Reginald Smithwick gave a tea to our whole committee at her home in Chestnut Hill.

On Tuesday I went down to New Haven, where I stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Robert M. Lewis, who gave me a beautiful dinner, after which I spoke. The next morning I had a delightful time with people there, including a visit to Calhoun College.

Then I went with our dear courier, Barbara Glazier, by motor to Hartford, where we had a luncheon attended by committee members and old couriers Sally Taylor Butler and Eleanor Field Wells, at the Country Club. Dear Louise Taylor was called away by the sudden death of an uncle, so I did not see her. I stayed overnight with my friend, Mrs. Newton Brainard, and her husband, and we had the annual meeting in the evening at the Avery Memorial Hall, where our chairman, Mrs. Charles W. Page, Jr., introduced me graciously.

Saturday was purely personal. Barbara Glazier drove me out to South Kent School, to see Jim and John Breckinridge, and I caught a train for New York that evening.

This story is getting too long. I had another week in New



York, with two meetings of the New York Committee; luncheon with our Princeton chairman; a speech at the Nursing Education Club at Teacher's College, Columbia University, with an introduction by its president, Miss Esther Martinson; a most interesting meeting with Dr. Watson at Sloane, with Miss Isabel Stewart and Miss Hudson of Teacher's College, and Dr. Haven Emerson; a dinner to meet some of the board members and medical staff of St. Luke's given by Dr. and Mrs. Harry Lyle; and many more fascinating things than I can name. Also, there was a meeting of the American Friends of France at 3 Sutton Place, a tea to the old C. A. R. D.'s by "Kit" Carson, and one by Elizabeth Perkins to meet some of the Colonial Dames and some of the C. A. R. D.'s.

In the early days of December, on my way back to Kentucky, I stopped off in Pittsburgh for a happy conclusion of a lovely tour. I stayed with our chairman and everlasting friend, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker. The committee and old couriers and mothers of couriers had a luncheon for me at the Country Club, where I spoke. I saw Mary Gordon Kraft's baby boy, and he was so splendid that I felt her apologies for his not being a girl and a future courier were rather forced! Mrs. Henry Oliver preceded our big meeting at the Edgeworth Country Club with a dinner attended by charming people. I told all about the work of the Service, and showed the slides at the Country Club that night, and all the time I had that feeling of a deep glow of happiness that it gives one to be with and speak to so many friends.

A day or two later and I was back at the Hyden Hospital, and then at Wendover, and the trails have again succeeded the towns and trains.

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#### INTER-DEMOCRACY FEDERAL UNIONISTS

Dozens of people who read our review of "Union Now" in the last Quarterly Bulletin have asked us to give them in this issue of the Bulletin an address to which they can write for more information.

The National Organizing Committee has its headquarters at Union House, 445 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. The telephone number is Chelsea 2-5088.



## ELEANOR VAN RENSSELAER FAIRFAX MEDAL

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In New York on November 16th, the National Society of Colonial Dames in the State of New York, conferred a great honor upon Mary Breckinridge when it presented her with the Eleanor Van Rensselaer Fairfax Medal at the House of the New York Colonial Dames, 215 East Seventy-first Street.

The order of the ceremony follows.

The president, Mrs. Ethelbert Ide Low, spoke as follows:

"The National Society of Colonial Dames in the State of New York extends a warm welcome to our guest of honor, and the other distinguished guests, who are with us today.

"The National Society of Colonial Dames in the State of New York is a group of women pledged to keep alive the memory of the sacrifices and achievements of our Colonial forefathers, which are beyond praise, and to stimulate in the younger generation, a spirit of true patriotism and a desire for useful service.'

"We regret to announce that the President of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, Mrs. John Cotton Engelhard, is unable to be present.

"In this connection I want to read the following telegram:

'Mrs. Ethelbert Ide Low

President National Society Colonial Dames of New York

"The Kentucky Society sends cordial greetings to the New York Society and desires to express appreciation of the award conferred on Kentucky's distinguished member Dr. Mary Breckinridge for eminent patriotic service.

(Signed) Board of Kentucky Society.'

"May I say that when the name of Mrs. Breckinridge was chosen by the Society as recipient of our Medal, it was without the knowledge that she was a Colonial Dame. This was also the case when the Medal was given to Miss Martha Berry of the Berry School, Georgia, who proved to be a Dame in her State. This is mentioned as it shows what type of women the National Society of Colonial Dames are.

"A short history will be given of the Eleanor Van Rensselaer Fairfax Medal by our past President, Mrs. William Adams Brown. During the seven years Mrs. Brown was President of



this Society, she accomplished many things, among them the building of this House, and she instituted this medal for Eminent Patriotic Service. One could not introduce Mrs. Brown, that would be like introducing the President of the United States, and it is not done."

In a moving address Mrs. Brown gave the story of the life and public service of Eleanor Van Rensselaer, a descendant of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer. She was the war-time president of the New York Dames, and a national vice-president. The word picture Mrs. Brown painted was so vivid that even those present who had not known Mrs. Hamilton Fairfax realized something of the beauty of her life.

Mrs. Brown said that the Medal, designed by Malvina Hoffman, had been previously given to the following four people: Louisa Lee Schuyler, philanthropist; Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army; Elihu Root, former Secretary of State and Secretary of War, and Martha Berry, for her educational work in the Southern mountains.

"Our next speaker will tell of the work of Mrs. Breckinridge, the founder and director of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. James is an old friend of Mrs. Breckinridge's and as a member of the New York committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, is well qualified to address us."

Mrs. Henry James gave a description of the life and work of Mary Breckinridge in language of simplicity and dignity.

Mrs. Low then presented the Medal with the following citation:

"Mary Breckinridge

"We are assembled today to present to you our Eleanor Van Rensselaer Fairfax Medal for Eminent Patriotic Service.

"In conferring upon you the highest honor which is in our power to bestow, we recognize your remarkable work on behalf of sick and suffering people of English ancestry, in a part of our country where medical aid is difficult to obtain.

"With utter forgetfulness of self, you have confronted risks, and have endured toil in the service of your fellow-men, and you have inspired others to show a like measure of devotion.

"We ask you to accept this Medal with the assurance that it conveys to you not only our personal admiration and esteem but also the sympathy which is felt by the members of our Society, in the noble work to which you have dedicated your life."



## TRAINING FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIVES

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The declaration of war in Europe hit the Frontier Nursing Service an almost staggering blow, and at the same time forced upon us the necessity of immediately training graduate nurses in our own frontier technique, which includes midwifery.

When we began our work more than fourteen years ago, we started with a three-point program.

First, we chose an inaccessible, isolated, and remotely rural strip of frontier country to serve as our laboratory in human welfare. In this laboratory, with the enthusiastic cooperation of the mountain people and of outside nationally-minded people, we put into operation a program to provide care for women in childbirth, to give medical, nursing and surgical care to the sick of all ages and both sexes, to carry out modern methods of public health and social welfare, and in the doing of all this to work out a technique suited to frontier conditions.

Second, as our frontier work developed we opened our field of operations to men and women (medical, nursing, lay) from all over the world for study and observation.

Third, we intended to give graduate physicians with special graduate obstetrical training the opportunity of working in our laboratory under our own Medical Director for periods of time long enough to enable them to learn frontier methods, in the hope that some of them would dedicate at least a few years of their lives to frontier medical practice. We also intended to train American graduate nurses in midwifery and in frontier technique, to meet the demands upon us to supply such nurses to organizations working on other frontiers.

It is this third and last part of our three-point program that up until now we had not begun, except in a tentative way, when we took two Indian nurses, trained as nurses by the Colonial Dames, to be employed afterwards by the Indian Bureau on the Reservations.

The war has forced us into an immediate adoption of the third point of our program, but we cannot begin on a large enough scale to meet even our own immediate needs. In our



Hospital at Hyden, and on the three nursing districts immediately around Hyden (where we can provide skilled teaching), we have only enough maternity cases to train two nurses at a time, when we should be training six. However, experience has taught us, as indeed it teaches every receptive heart in every walk of life, that if we do the best we can to meet each emergency as it arises, then that emergency becomes an opportunity that opens another door into a larger and better life. Frontier work is largely made up of emergencies.

All of our old friends know that the Frontier Nursing Service methods are an adaptation of the Scotch Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service, and that the man who started that Service, the late Sir Leslie MacKenzie, came over with Lady MacKenzie to Kentucky to dedicate our first Hospital buildings at Hyden. They also know that we American nurses owe to the courtesy of the Old Country our training as midwives for what is called over there "overseas work." Our Service was set up as a bit of international cooperation in this manner, and for years the staff was composed half of British and half of American nurses who had received their midwifery training in Great Britain.

The demands for our American nurses on other frontier areas have drawn a number of them away from us, and their present positions range from Alaska to New Mexico.

When hard times came, we could not afford the scholarships necessary to send over more American nurses. The course in Great Britain costs forty pounds, besides laundry and text-books and travel. Because of this heavy expense, we ceased to send American nurses over, and our staff became about two-thirds British to one-third American.

With the coming of the war, some of the British nurses have felt it necessary to return to serve their own country. If the war assumes a more deadly character, and there is an increase in the demand for nurses over there, then others will also be returning. It is incredible to us that a war in Europe could do to us what hard times have never been able to do, namely cause us to close down whole areas of operation and in so doing break faith with our people.

The only alternative is to meet the emergency as rapidly



as we can. By March 1st we will have two of our own Hospital nurses equipped and ready for field duty. By July 1st we will have two more ready. The Lobenstine Clinic in New York, under the auspices of the Maternity Center Association, is taking two of our nurses for the midwifery part of their training, and they will be back with us in July. This means that we will have six nurses ready then. By the autumn we will have trained two more of our own. All through 1940 we will be short-handed on the districts and the work not so well covered as in the past.

We are vastly encouraged by the interest and cooperation of hundreds of friends. One of the men on our National Medical Council wrote Dr. Kooser early in October: "Wouldn't it be a fine time to start a midwifery course for nurses who are interested, knowing that you are getting short-handed?" Other letters from doctors and trustees alike showed us that the plan we were conceiving had spontaneously occurred to many people interested in us. The type of course we have set up, the nurses taking it, a syllabus of the medical lectures and the cases, all of that will be told in a later issue of the Bulletin.

The practical teaching for the Hospital cases is given by Miss Betty Lester; for the district cases, by Miss Nora K. Kelly. A quiz from time to time is given by Miss Dorothy Buck. These three brilliant nurse-midwives have risen to top positions in the Service through years of difficult outpost work. Dr. John H. Kooser gives the midwifery lectures. Dr. Scott Breckinridge of Lexington will top off the course with such special help as we find most needed then.

We have presented our plan to the following groups of people, whom it intimately concerned, and all of whom have endorsed it.

(1) To approximately two thousand mountain friends in eight different sections, and in particular to the Hyden District Committee, which offers active cooperation.

(2) To our Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, without whom we could not have taken even the first step.

(3) To Dr. Arthur T. McCormack and Dr. Charles B. Crittenden, of the Kentucky State Board of Health, who will examine the student nurse-midwives at the end of their course and certificate them if they pass the examinations.



(4) To our own Executive Committee, at a meeting in Louisville on October 31st, where invaluable suggestions were given.

We have discussed the course with Miss Isabel M. Stewart and Miss Lillian Hudson of the Department of Nursing and Health at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York. They have shown us that such a course would fall under the general policy of Teachers' College in allowing nurses credits if they wish subsequently to work for a B. S. degree. Mrs. Shepard Krech, Chairman of the Board of the Maternity Center Association in New York, and Miss Hazel Corbin and Miss Hattie Hemschemeyer, Director and Assistant Director, have given their kind cooperation in helping us meet this emergency.

We have also discussed the problem with those men on our National Medical Council, with whom we have been in personal touch recently, namely: Dr. Frederick C. Irving and Dr. John Rock of the Boston Lying-In Hospital, Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, of Sloane Hospital, New York, and Dr. Robert M. Lewis, of the Yale University School of Obstetrics. All of these men have shown the deepest and kindest interest.

We have also taken up with them another part of our program, which is to obtain, if possible, an assistant for Dr. Kooser, to enable him to carry extra burdens. We want this assistant to be either one of the men who has taken at least one year's graduate work at one of the great American graduate obstetrical schools, and who is lent to us for a period of six months; or one of the men who has just completed the course and who comes to us for six months before starting his regular practice. This would give us an adequately equipped medical assistant, and at the same time, by changing approximately every six months, would fulfill that part of our program designed to interest younger members of the medical profession in frontier work.

To our joy, but not to our surprise, because we always expect the best to happen and it so often does, we have already received scholarships to cover the training of five of the first six graduate nurses. All are the gifts of trustees. One came from Louisville, Kentucky, two from Detroit and two from Pittsburgh. We have also received, from a friend in Glendale, Ohio,



money for needed equipment, textbooks, case books, etc. We have not as yet received the money for an assistant to Dr. Kooser. Not only do we need that, but in advance of making out our next fiscal year's budget, we should have promised or on hand the scholarship money for the next set of nurses.

One other gift—and a very large one at that—is urgently needed. We can train five or six nurses at a time as soon as we have the money given us to build a Nurses' Home. This will enable us to move the nurses out of the Hospital, and take the entire Ballard-Morton wing for maternity cases. In that way, we will not only have enough case material to train the nurses in midwifery, but we will be able to take in numbers of isolated women who live beyond the fringes of our territory and have no one to give them care in childbirth.

We have promised Frontier Nurses to agencies working in other outpost areas when our own emergency is met. The Nurses' Home will house them, for their frontier training, over the years to come. Whoever gives this Home will have an everlasting part in the care of lonely women and their babies from Alaska to the Caribbean.

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**"LORD, GIVE ME FAITH!"**

Lord, give me faith! to live from day to day,  
With tranquil heart to do my simple part,  
And, with my hand in Thine, just go Thy way.  
—Oxenham.

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**NONIE HAS MADE A START**

Nonie, a very young grand-daughter of our Pittsburgh chairman and trustee, says she is going to be a courier first and then a midwife. When her grandmother told her she would have to take nurse's training first, and then training as a midwife, she replied most earnestly: "But I **have** been midwife to a cow."

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**FROM ONE OF OUR STAFF**

"It was seven years ago last Friday evening that I first entered Hyden on my way to becoming a Frontier Nursing Service nurse. I want you to know that they have been very happy years for me and that I have always been glad that I left my other work in the city hospital for this. It has been so much more what I wanted than the other was."

E. G.



## OLD STAFF NEWS

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EDITOR'S NOTE: This column has only one object in view and that is to keep our old staff everywhere in touch with one another and with those of us in the Frontier Nursing Service. Anybody is welcome to read it, but the names we use are names by which the staff know one another and not their full names. We are not giving at all the names of the recipients of the letters or the exact locations of the writers. Will all of the old Frontier Nursing staff who read this please send us news and bits of letters they are willing to have printed in this column for their friends to read?

### FROM HOLLY IN ESSEX

First Letter—September 2, 1939.

Yesterday I sent a cable which they could not guarantee would arrive, asking for my leave to be extended "indefinitely."

I don't know how this will appear to you, so far away from all this but it does seem the only reasonable course to me here. We still cannot say what will happen but expect war at any time. I am staying with a married sister who has been very ill for over a year ending up with a complete nervous breakdown from which she has just started to recover. She has had a special nurse for weeks but she, the nurse, left yesterday, having been called up by the Nursing Reserve. We are just 35 miles out of London and expect to receive 10 prenats (not earlier than in the 8th month) tomorrow. There are 40 others to be billeted in other houses round about in this small village and the district nurse is already quite busy and I expect to be also!

We only came down to this town a few days ago. I have been frantically making black screens as all the windows are to be darkened every night. We thought we had all these fixed last night and yet the police called in twice to tell us of some chink of light visible through them. We have buckets of sand and shovels all over the place for removing incendiary bombs before they burn the house down and are all complete with gas masks but none for the neo-natals as they arrive! Really we all know that war is bound to come but still it seems unbelievable that it should be so when we sit in the lovely garden enjoying the peace of it all. Of course, if by some miracle it could be stopped without us going to war, I should be returning



on September 21st via the Georgic for which I have my ticket already.

I am very anxious about my sister. She is still terribly upset by any noise and what will be her reaction to an air raid I do not know. So far it has been good for her to have to think about all these mothers descending on us and it may all be just the cure for it all. Five of my brothers are now in the Navy, Army or Air Force. The sixth is abroad.

Second Letter—November 15, 1939.

The twenty-four expectant mothers descended on us, fourteen of them quite unexpectedly and two with pre-schools! It was very wonderful that the real summer weather coincided with the evacuation and we could live in the garden all the day. All our guests were most helpful and delighted with their country holiday. Actually I only had six deliveries in the house, some going into hospitals near by and others going home again. . . . This is the strangest war, isn't it? We all wish something would happen though all dread the beginning of a great offensive on the Western Front—I suppose what we all long for and hope one day to hear from a radio news bulletin is the beginning of a revolution in Germany. . . .

I hope you will have had a very happy Thanksgiving day reunion. I shall be thinking of a merry party at Wendover and hope it won't be so many more years perhaps before we may again meet there. One of the thrills of life now is to see a letter from Kentucky and I have been lucky to have several.

From Vi in Somerset—September 3, 1939.

First of all—note the date—and think of us—if it will help any, pray for us! Somehow, although we have been on tenterhooks all week and for three days have been receiving children from London, etc., we never seriously considered it as a certainty—although we told each other it could not be avoided.

All this you will have heard and therefore news by letter is never very fresh. We are much better prepared than in 1914 and the evacuation has been carried out methodically and comparatively quickly. The organization is exceptionally good and plans have been made and put into action for educating and



supervising the children in their new areas. The teachers came with them and they are billeted on all and sundry—both teachers and children. Not many mothers and toddlers have arrived to date.

We are not given to demonstration as a race, are we? But even so it is amazing how calm and matter-of-fact we all are. I suppose it is the knowledge that our leaders have done their best to avoid war and it really is inevitable and unavoidable.

When I came here first I was amazed at the very fine cattle. They have a number of Fresians, with udders (as Mrs. Breckinridge would say) like St. Paul's dome!

As to the pigskin gloves—do keep them with my love.

From Ellie in Somerset—Early September, 1939.

We miss the newspapers on the walls! Texts seem quite tame. I was in a house the other day and there was a very peculiar picture of "The Infant Jesus" in the bedroom. I just could not help thinking it looked like a photograph of one of the members of the family as a child. Eyes popping and cheeks bulging. It was in a frame that the old lady had made years ago—a wooden frame with bits of cork stuck all around and then varnished over. The same lady had made a matching frame and had pasted bits of picture post cards together framing the words "What is Home without a Mother?"

I have been on this district four weeks next Saturday. I have rooms—a bedroom and a sitting room—there is no bathroom. I stand with one foot at a time in the basin and wash both myself and the bedside mat the same time.

Later.

I am at present in charge of an old workhouse turning it into a Maternity Hospital.

From Peggy in Kent—September 15, 1939.

Well at the moment I'm sitting in an empty ward—empty of patients but just full of beds—awaiting air raid casualties or wounded soldiers, whatever comes along first. Just before the outbreak of the war the patients were hurried away to hospitals in the safer areas and we had to get ready for any emergency. The government has sent umteen of all kinds of equipment and



we have literally hundreds of nurses and doctors from a London hospital. So far fortunately we have had no air raids. We had one or two warnings but they were unable to get through the defences, though I expect you get more accurate news than we do.

James and I have a wonderful dugout in the garden and are going to fit it up with oil lamp and tea pot, etc., as you know how James loves his tea. He's wondering what he should join up in—as of course every one is needed, male and female. At the moment the women are just too busy getting themselves fitted out with breeks, tin hats, armlets or something or other. I hitch-hike to work each morning as 50 per cent of the buses are being taken off the roads owing to the petrol shortage.

Postscript to letter,—by James: Trust you are well and happy. Aren't you pleased you are out of all this turmoil? Still you can bet your sweet life that we will come out of it all right, of course after a tremendous lot of muddling.

Editor's Footnote: He was gassed in the last war.

From "Worcester" in Sussex—September 15, 1939.

I meant to write before, but the weeks immediately before the war were a bit trying. It was difficult to arrange anything. Always one had to consider "if there is a war." I still find myself saying it frequently, in connection with this and that, but the uncertainty has passed, and one feels that it is here, for better or worse, and I think I definitely prefer this state of affairs. Of course it is a little difficult to plan the various economies, before they are absolutely necessary, but somehow I feel we shall manage quite nicely. The refugee question was a bit irksome to a nice domesticated animal like myself. I loathed the idea of a (possibly verminous) slum family being billeted upon me, especially as I expected to be doing midwifery outside my home. But, it wasn't so bad, like most of one's troubles. An old lady was evacuated from the nursing home to my home, and later I received an expectant mother. She is a very humble, and meek little soul, and we are having a lot of fun making the layette together. My husband is quite enjoying it all too, and it seems to be a family baby that will arrive.



From Mickle Major in London—October 7, 1939.

It took us exactly 22 days to travel from Montreal to Liverpool. We were six days in Halifax harbour and eight ships left in grand style one lovely warm sunny afternoon—accompanied by destroyers and seaplanes—sailing out of the harbour really was a thrill and a lovely sight. After that we travelled all over the Atlantic—north, east, south and west. Did some wonderful maneuvers—and finally arrived at our destination without any mishap. It was very nice having companions all the way and most interesting to watch those ships twisted and twirled all over the ocean. How the captains knew where we were most of the time is beyond me. We were quite giddy with all our turning and twisting. Most of the time we kept in formation but several times daily we all sailed in opposite directions—always joining up again very shortly. Most agile vessels.\* The weather was extremely kind to us and we got to know our fellow passengers very well. It was a pleasant voyage, but we were all glad to see England. We carried our lifebelts and gas masks with us all the time and slept with them at hand. So glad we didn't need to use them—though for my part I felt very safe all the time.

Edith and I are putting our names down on the reserve—haven't heard yet which department. I've written to several—and if not wanted just yet—I shall do temporary midwifery where needed. But I feel that until war really starts in earnest that I can take a few weeks to see my friends, but not long as one wants to be doing something at a time like this.

If only things would happen in Germany—and they seem to be far from satisfied in that country—we may still avert a World War. I'm personally over-optimistic, but somehow feel that the situation will be saved, though not just yet. But if it has to come we are ready.

I think about you all very frequently and wonder what you are doing and how things are over there. I'll never forget Kentucky and the happy time I spent there. My very best wishes to you and all my friends.

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\*Editor's Footnote: It sounds like the Kentucky folk dance called, "Winding the Ball of Yarn."



From Mickle, Major, in Edinburgh—October 31, 1939.

Here we are—Robbie, Edith and myself—having a reunion week-end in Edinburgh.

It was lovely being able to meet once more, and needless to say much of our conversation was of the good times we had in Kentucky. Reminiscences flowed swiftly one after the other.

We thought it a very good opportunity to write a joint letter to you and all our Service friends to wish you all the very, very best wishes for this Thanksgiving and many succeeding ones and success and prosperity for the Service and the hope that through these troublous times the work will go forward.

Robbie arrived resplendent in her new Territorial uniform—grey and red. Very smart it is, too.

Edith and I have put our names down on the Territorial Reserve—no one knows just how soon we may be needed—everything depends upon future developments. So far things are quiet here and although we most sincerely hope they will remain so there is no predicting the future.

I expect you get news of all the various happenings here—they certainly are not what we expected. However, there is no doubt about our preparedness. Edinburgh—just the same as London and, in fact, every town large and small—even to the tiniest village—just doesn't exist at night. It hides behind a veil of blackness—but behind the veil life goes on as usual. It's all rather weird. Rather reminds one of a rabbit colony—like them we keep disappearing into dark holes. But apart from this and the feeling that it is quite impossible to make any future plans, but just live from day to day—life goes cheerfully along.

From Wallie in Surrey—November 15, 1939.

I do wonder what is happening to you all since the last Bulletin that gave me lots of news and also, as usual, made me rather homesick, but am sure many changes have taken place since then. I have not heard from Mac or Vanda for ages. We are living under the strangest conditions just now, not knowing what is going to happen, always expecting something. We have been threatened with rationing of food, electricity and gas, but up to the present nothing but petrol has been rationed. Thank goodness the men's lives are not being thrown away as in the



last war. Let's hope that they will find a way to prevent that.

I'm still with my little girl and expect to be unless things alter very much. I'm needed much more to stay with her than to be looking for war work. There are plenty of people for that. Anita's father will be called up in due course, then he would like to know she will not have another stranger to look after her, so I'm staying. I love her. She is an intelligent and affectionate kiddie; has developed marvelously in the last 18 months, and we are very great friends. I'd like you to see her.

Are the Christmas things rolling in in good numbers? I do hope so. How soon Christmas will be here again! I shall think of you all.

From Sybil J. in South Rhodesia, Africa, October 14, 1939.

I suppose like everything else the poor F. N. S. is feeling the effects of war. . . . As far as I can see I shall remain here for duration. We can only spend our six months leave in Africa, so I shall just have to postpone mine until the war ends. . . . I think the hospitals are if anything over-staffed as so many are not taking leave. . . . Petrol has gone up in price here but is not rationed so far. There are really no hardships at all now, but one does feel so cut off. . . .

#### GIVING BABIES A BREAK

Suppose every child could have the care given the Dionne quintuplets. It is safe to say that infant mortality figures could be pushed down almost to the vanishing point and that several diseases which now take young lives by the thousands would be conquered.

In the present state of medical service infant care up to the quins' standard is not obtainable, at least for the vast majority of youngsters born into this world of many troubles. Perhaps it will not be attainable for some time to come. But that is no reason for not trying to get it.

Cleveland is host this week to the men and women who are trying to do just that, to educate the public to the importance of better care for infants and their mothers. Such is the purpose of the American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology which opened yesterday at Public Hall and continues through Friday.

These scientists, doctors, nurses and social workers know what can be accomplished. They want the public to know it, too. That is why they have brought Dr. Allen Roy Dafoe here for a lecture tonight and why this and several other of the sessions are open to the public.

Cleveland has made notable progress in recent years in reducing maternal and infant mortality. So have a good many other cities. But there is still room for a great deal more improvement. This congress by effectively telling and showing what should be done will help to make the world safer for the babies and mothers of today and tomorrow.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer—September 12, 1939.



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## OLD COURIER NEWS

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The Frontier Nursing Service thinks there is no finer body of young women on this planet than our Courier Service. From knowing them we have gained an enormous respect for the younger generation. Each of our girls is as straight as a die, clean, sweet, temperate, lovable. If we were advising nice young men where to look for wives, our advice would be just this: "Win any one of these girls that some other man hasn't already won, if you can. You could almost choose blindfolded. Every one is the kind of girl you would like to have for the mother of your children."

On October 14th Marjorie Delight Bemis of Boston married Arthur Perry, Jr. They are living in Providence, R. I., where Mardi has been enthusiastically welcomed on the Providence Frontier Nursing Service Committee.

Louise Ireland's wedding on December 27th in Cleveland takes place just as this Bulletin gets into the mail. The lucky man is Gilbert Watts Humphrey.

We wish both these dear girls a life in which they will receive a large part of the happiness they have so generously given to others.

. . . . .

After six arduous years of splendid work Helen Stone (Pebble) has given up the chairmanship of the courier section of the New York Committee. The chairmen of this section have been among our most outstanding couriers. Carmen Mumford was the first, Mary Graver (Mrs. Vladimir Littauer) was the second, and Pebble the third. We are lucky in that Mrs. Edwin Allen Locke, Jr. (Dot Clark), has now taken the chairmanship. Not only is she a brilliant horsewoman and able to test the riding of new applicants for the courier service, but she is the mother of two young children of whom one, the girl, is a courier-to-be. She thinks of motherhood as a responsibility as well as a privilege and does not take cocktails or smoke. At one of our recent committee meetings in New York, she slipped home in the middle of the session to nurse her baby. When she came back the meeting was still going on and all of our members' minds, as home-loving women, were relieved about the baby!



The following notice appeared in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger:

"Miss Margaret (Peggy) Harrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Harrison, of Brook Road, St. Davids, today won the thanks of the officials in Edinburgh, Scotland, for the outfitting of a British Red Cross rest room at Waverly Station there.

"Miss Harrison who stayed abroad this Summer when her parents and another daughter left for home, had already offered her services as Red Cross driver.

"Other drivers nicknamed her 'Gasoline' when she declared she would buy her own fuel. Meanwhile she handed over a check, received from her father, to provide for the rest room. . .

"Friends here said that Miss Harrison, who is in her early twenties, is 'a remarkable girl.' She has worked as a courier with Mrs. Mary Breckinridge's famed Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains."

In a letter to us of October 30th, Peggy writes us herself about her car. She says: "I am doing transport work for the Red Cross as we had our big station wagon over here. There is rather a shortage of strong vehicles and other volunteer drivers have only little cars so they can't take the heavy stuff from warehouses, etc."

. . . . .

In a letter of November 12th, Marvin Breckinridge writes from London, as follows:

"When I reached England the night before war was declared, by the last train to leave Switzerland and the last boat to cross the Channel, I thought I should be here about a week, just long enough to see the Heskeths and Louise's and Flora's new babies since I was here two years ago, and then return to America. However, I found I could not get a passage for about a month, and I also found that there was work to be done here in portraying photographically the background and spirit of England in this war, so I have decided to stay on for several months at least . . . There is a tremendous lot of work to be done in the line of photo-journalism, meaning a whole series of related photographs, with long captions and a short article, describing and explaining one phase of Home Front activity.



I find it very interesting. My headquarters are in London, and I am very lucky indeed in having a standing invitation to Easton Neston, the Hesketh's place, whenever I want to come, and specially for Christmas.

"It is hard to know just what to write about England as a whole during this war. The main impression is the quiet, business-like attitude of people toward the war. There is no rah-rah feeling, no bands, no waving banners to induce people to recruit. Indeed, there are so many volunteers in every field that most recruiting has been closed. Life goes on fairly calmly. The lack of traffic, due to petrol rationing, and the difficulty of getting about in the country for the same reason; the absolute blanket of the blackout, most noticeable and remarkable in London, especially now that the days are getting so much shorter; the reduction in the price of rents in London, since so many people have moved out, and the increase in the price of meat and butter, and the shortage of flashlight batteries and overcrowdedness of some of the busy-hour buses, are the only really prominent changes since the war started. One can still buy all kinds of food, get taxis, and porters at stations (the dark trains for night traveling are rather boring), go out to dinner at good restaurants, and on to a theatre or the cinema (though many in central London close early), have one's hair waved at the best places, and first-class mail delivered promptly. Train schedules are much cut down, but I am still able to get about to Northampton, Sandwich, Oxford, etc., without any special trouble. So far no tragedies, except the Royal Oak which was a single occasion, have occurred to dampen people's spirits. Their reaction, when they are not too busy with preparations for war work to think and feel at all, is one of boredom rather than depression. I personally have been surprised to find life as normal as it is during a war. There are a few inconveniences, of course, but nothing serious, and I am glad to be here and to be occupied with telling other parts of the world how well and calmly the English are taking this unwanted war."

From our English courier, Alison Bray, we have a letter dated November 8th, from which we quote as follows:

"I think of you all the time and only wish that this letter



was to tell you what boat I was coming on and when I should see you again. However, all those lovely plans have gone now, but if you will have me I want to come back to you as soon as this beastly war is over—all being well.

“Life is so strange now. It’s like being in a dream, nothing seems real. It must be the queerest war that’s ever happened. We go on from day to day expecting things to happen and nothing does. We all feel that something big will blow up sooner or later, but nobody knows when. Most people have wonderful theories about when the war will end, but they are so conflicting that it’s no good believing them!

“I can’t tell you where I am because of the censor, but I can still get home at weekends. I and my company are working at a depot and enjoying it very much. The girls are mostly doing clerical work and I look after them. They are billeted in a house near the depot and seem very comfortable. I am staying with a doctor and his wife (also an A. T. S. officer) and another A. T. S. officer is there too, so we have a very good time.

“Everyone has been very helpful and kind to us. We have been pretty busy so far, but now things are running fairly smoothly and I haven’t so much to do, hence this letter which I am writing during a lull at the office. Both my brothers have been called up since the end of August. They are away from home now, but still in England and able to get home at intervals. I am sending you a snap of the three of us in uniform which I thought might amuse you.

“I loved the last Bulletin. How I wish I could have been at the Courier Conclave. It must have been fun. I don’t think I ever told you about our summer holiday. We were invited to stay with some American friends who had a house outside Paris. We got there all right and had a glorious time, but we had to come back nearly a week early because of the international situation. We had quite an exciting time getting back, as we had taken the car and of course hundreds of other people were trying to get back in a hurry and all the boats were full. After various difficulties we managed to get across.

“This letter will have to be for every one as I have not much time for writing. Please give my love to all at Wendover and to the Hospital and other people when you see them.”



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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In his opening speech at the New York annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service, Doctor C.-E. A. Winslow of Yale University, brought out the fact that the recrudescence of the cave-man and his psychology of brute force in international affairs, must not blind us to the more than equal pressure in the world of good influences.

In one of Jeans' books he says that if the known history of the planet were compared to a row of books of 500 pages each and if one-half of each page represented a century, then we should have approximately one thousand books. Only in the last volume would man appear and civilized man would fill less than two pages of this last volume. Those of us who are Christians might add the further reflection that the time since the birth of Christ would hardly fill a paragraph on the last page.

Thoughts like these comfort us in meeting the shocks under which the world is reeling today. For my own part when I recall the summer I was thirteen years old which we spent in a datcha or villa on the Gulf of Finland, and remember the honesty and kindness of the Finnish peasant, I need all the consolation I can muster to face the desolation of that intrepid little country now.

. . . . .

As these lines are written our mail is full of expressions of good will. With the Christmas checks, which like the toys are coming in every day, there are often enclosed little notes of encouragement and hope and good cheer. We read them with an appreciation so deep that I am sure some part of it must reach the heart of the writer and carry its message of gratitude.

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After several years of devoted work as chairman of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Warren Thorpe has resigned that position. At a recent committee meeting in New York a warm vote of thanks was extended to her and Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., was elected as her successor. Mrs. Herman F. Stone was re-elected as treasurer, with unani-



mous appreciation of her work. Mr. Frank Polk was tendered the post of honorary treasurer, which he did us the honor of accepting. Mrs. Henry James accepted the chairmanship of the nominating committee. Mrs. Carnes Weeks and Mrs. James E. Thompson were elected secretaries.

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Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh chairman, has, with the consent of her Committee, appointed Mrs. Alexander Hays Hunter of Sewickley, and Mrs. John F. Kraft, Jr., of the East End, as vice-chairmen of the Pittsburgh Committee, and they have kindly consented to serve.

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Our grateful thanks are extended to Colonel Henry Breckinridge of the New York Committee for handling for us the legal details in New York of a gift from a charitable trust and of our inclusion in the will of the late Frederick Brevoort Allin.

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We want to express our deep appreciation to Boots and Saddles Riding School, Inc., of New York, for the use of their plant and horses in testing out courier applicants for the past several years.

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The Louisville Committee held a card party benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Woman's Club on Friday, November 10th. We hear reports that the attendance was good, everything very pretty, and that everybody had a good time.

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The Washington Committee Benefit is again the John Mason Brown lecture followed by refreshments and the date set is January 27th. Those of you who live in or near Washington will receive notices and will certainly see announcements in the newspapers. The price of admission is no more than is paid for a really good lecture anywhere with refreshments afterwards. This is becoming a social event in Washington as well as the one opportunity people there have during the year to hear John Mason Brown on "Broadway In Review." I know every one who reads this notice will think that the strongest reason for taking tickets is to help the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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The Philadelphia Committee is planning again to have an



expert give a course of bridge lessons for its annual benefit.

Other committees are lining up activities but there will be more of this in the Winter Bulletin.

The work of the Frontier Nursing Service has been presented to the following groups of people by the following friends of the Service: To the Sociology Class of the Richmond, Kentucky, State Normal College by Mr. Jesse L. Lewis, of Hyden. To the Parnassus Club of Nettleton, Miss., at their annual child welfare program, by Mrs. Hope Morgan Stidham, formerly of the Wendover, Ky., neighborhood. To the Versailles, Ky., Rotary Club by Dr. Francis M. Massie of Lexington. To the Edison Park Woman's Club of Chicago by Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr. (our courier, "Tips" Stevenson). (To the fee of \$15.00 given by this Club, "Tips" asked the women to add the \$5.00 they expected to spend for a corsage bouquet of orchids. This made \$20.00 which she presented to the Frontier Nursing Service.) To the mothers of her Day Nursery in Philadelphia, by Mrs. E. Waring Wilson. This group of women are mostly of English, Scotch and Irish descent and are mill workers by trade. They were thrilled to hear about the Frontier Nursing Service and took up a silver collection to subscribe for the Bulletin.

On October 25th, the St. Paul Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service held its annual meeting at the home of its chairman, Mrs. Edwin D. White. Mrs. George Chase Christian of Minneapolis spoke to the group on her visit to the Frontier Nursing Service last summer and held them enthralled. There was an exhibit of the knitted work of the Frontier Nursing Service Co-operative Handknitters.

Until further notice, 310 Cedar Street, New Haven, Connecticut, United States of America, will be the address of the temporary headquarters of the International Council of Nurses.

This is the message that has gone out to the nurses of the world through their national organizations. Anna Schwarzenberg, the Executive Secretary, is on leave of absence and Calista Banwarth will serve as Acting Executive Secretary.

With the October issue, publication of the International



Nursing Review has been temporarily suspended. Much of the creative and research work outlined for the executive staff and the various committees will, of necessity, be in abeyance while the nurses of many nations are deeply engrossed in immediate service for their own people. Effort will be made to maintain helpful contacts with the member organizations and other countries through correspondence.—THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF NURSING, DECEMBER, 1939.

The Midwives Institute of London, upon the advice of the National Birthday Trust Fund, and owing to the location of their building, have moved into the country to No. 20 Selwood Road, Croydon, Surrey, for the duration.

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#### CARE OF PET ANIMALS In War-Time

The R. S. P. C. A., Our Dumb Friends' League and the National Canine Defence League are co-operating with the National Veterinary Medical Association and the P. D. S. A. on the question of dealing with animal pets. Transport, personnel and equipment have been pooled, and the Societies are collaborating under the A. R. P. Department of the Home Office.

The following general recommendations have been made for dealing with their household animals:

1. Send or take them into the country in advance of an emergency.
2. Provide dogs with muzzles and leads, and cats with baskets, if travelling by public conveyance.
3. If you decide to keep your animal with you, find out at once the nearest veterinary surgeon or local centre of an Animal Welfare Society in case their help is needed.
4. Animals will not be permitted to enter public shelters. If you have a suitable private shelter you can take them with you, but muzzle your dog and put your cat in a basket, for frenzied animals are dangerous and difficult to handle.
5. If you and your family have to leave your home at short notice, and cannot take your animals with you, in no circumstances leave them in the house or turn them into the streets. Your animals cannot accompany you under the Government Evacuation Scheme. It is needless to destroy your animals if you can find neighbors to take care of them, but if their painless destruction is necessary take them to the nearest veterinary surgeon or local centre of an Animal Welfare Society.

With the exception of "destruction," all this advice is good. We hope the combined societies who care for animals will forthwith arrange a system for their care and protection. Rich landholders have ample space, and why could not "landgirls" undertake this national duty? They will be looking after the animals destined to feed the community. Surely the least we can do is to care for the species whose love we value and which are not destined for the pot.

Quoted from the British Journal of Nursing  
September, 1939



## FIELD NOTES

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As we go to press, the attic at the Hyden Hospital is piled almost to the ceiling, on shelves and in packing cases, with a bewildering assortment of dolls, drums, knives, balls, baseball bats, sewing kits, babies' woollies, horns, little red trucks, books, games—literally thousands of toys. More are coming in every day, and already we have several hundred pounds of candy. There are heaps of warm clothing, too, old and new.

The sight is dazzling to our eyes. We see in prospect the wistful faces of the children and the grubby hands held out.

This Bulletin, like the last one, is late. The lot of an editor who has no time to edit is hard. You won't receive this until between Christmas and New Year's. Before that, you will have received your notes of thanks, and therein lies a story.

Mary Wilson, our senior courier from Washington, D. C., took the post of Christmas Secretary. Those of you who sent the first shipments got notes from her. Then for a few days you got notes from anyone who found time to write them. After that, the notes have come from Elizabeth Campbell, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

Mary Wilson had an attack of appendicitis. It was not a severe attack, and she was put to bed and every care given her. When she was able to travel, Dr. Kirkwood and his wife took her to Washington on their way back to Boston. Her surgeon there operated immediately, and we had a welcome telegram from Mrs. Wilson saying that everything was all right. The appendix was stringy and twisted. Subsequent news is very encouraging.

This left us without a Christmas Secretary, just as the pre-Christmas season was reaching its peak. To meet this emergency, Elizabeth Campbell, another dear senior courier, gave up not only the parties and fun of the Christmas season in Sewickley, but the family reunion as well, and came on down to us and took over. This is the kind of spirit we expect from our old couriers, but it always leaves us deeply moved, because it is an heroic spirit.



After two years without a vacation, Dr. Kooser has taken the months of November and December. Apparently he and Mrs. Kooser are having the happiest and most interesting time ever enjoyed by any two people.

We were unable to get one doctor to relieve for the whole two months' absence, because we did want outstanding medical men, and they are hard to pry loose from their regular work. We have been rarely fortunate in the two that have come, and each has brought a charming wife with him.

Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, of Boston, associate of our old friend, Dr. John Rock, came to us for the month of November. Dr. Isadore Dyer, from Oklahoma, is here for the month of December. Both are all-around experienced men, and both have had years of special obstetrical training. Dr. Kirkwood was with Dr. Irving at the Boston Lying-In, and Dr. Dyer was with Dr. Adair at the University of Chicago Hospital. They and their wives have fitted into our mountain life as though born to it.

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Three of our nurses left us in late November, to sail on the Duchess of York from Montreal for their homes in Great Britain, and are still at sea as we go to press. They are Madge Tait, Mary Brohan, and Marjorie Jackson. Our hearts are filled with anxiety for them, and we are hoping that a cable telling of their safe arrival will get through. Marjorie Jackson ("Jacko") is the nurse who wrote the story "You're Wanted on Cutshin." She has a brother in the air service, one in the navy, and one in the tanks. Madge Tait, an equally devoted nurse and a favorite with all who knew her, had a knack for painting signs. It is she who has painted the sign on Aunt Hattie's Barn.

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This brings us to Aunt Hattie's Barn, the gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong of Washington, D. C., and the most beautiful barn ever built in this part of the world.

It has ten big box stalls for the horses and cows, a large feed room (screened against rats), a model saddle room with places for everything, a great hay loft with solid oak flooring, and a wonderful stone foundation that will never slip off the side of the mountain. All of the Hospital horses have a haughty



look now when you approach them, as if they recognized the advantages of their superior housing.

. . . . .

We have been so fortunate as to engage the services by the year of Oscar Bowling, as maintenance man for the properties of the Frontier Nursing Service. His brother, Floyd, is maintenance man for the Fordson Company. Oscar and Floyd have built the last four of our outpost centers, namely, the Clara Ford, the Caroline Butler Atwood, the Belle Barrett Hughitt and the Margaret Durbin Harper centers. Everyone who has seen these centers knows how extraordinarily well constructed they are. Oscar takes care of new construction for us, like the Hospital barn, and in between supervises the repair work necessary on any of our properties anywhere.

Local labor assists at every point. In that way, the men get to pay their bills to the F. N. S., and earn welcome pay checks in addition.

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Among the recent improvements, for which the money was given by our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, of Detroit, Michigan, are the Hyden Hospital screened veranda upstairs, which has been glassed in and heated from the central plant. This gives us more beds during the winter months than we have ever had before.

The Wendover kitchen has been enlarged by throwing the pantry into the main kitchen, thus making a huge difference in light as well as space. Many improvements have been and will be made at the outpost centers. We like the centers to look always as if they were on dress parade, and that in a mountain country means a lot of work each year.

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The senior couriers since our last Bulletin have been Frederika Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Deedie Dickinson, of Detroit, Michigan. The junior couriers are Barbara Ingersoll of Winnetka, Illinois, and Mary Hays (Molly) of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Molly stayed on after her regular term was up, because of the rush we were in. All of the couriers have given the most welcome and efficient service.



We welcome Miss Nellie Davis of Brooklyn, New York, and Miss Gerda Beck, of Waukegan, Illinois, as new nurses at the Hyden Hospital.

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The Black Star Coal Company, which lent us their fine horse "Senator Sackett" for some months past, has now, through the generosity of the Hon. Frederic M. Sackett, made us a gift of this horse and we are deeply grateful.

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Our nurse, Mary Flora Bennalack ("Bennie"), had barely gotten over her broken foot before another nurse, Della Int-Hout ("Inty") had a riding accident to her knee. She was leading her horse up a trail and he kicked a stone forward, which hit her behind the knee, badly injuring it. After six weeks, she is again on duty.

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During Agnes Lewis' vacation (which she reports as a very satisfactory one) our resident courier, Jean Hollins of New York, completely took over all transport by horse and motor. She already handles, because of her veterinary training, the nursing of sick horses and cows, and for some time she has handled the purchase of remounts. She continues to carry all of these responsibilities.

. . . . .

Dr. F. W. Urton came up to us again in the early autumn for one of his welcome tonsil clinics at the Hyden Hospital. Dr. Dougal M. Dollar again came with him as anaesthetist, and Dr. Schlinger came to assist. They operated on 48 young patients, and Dr. Dollar donated ice cream to the lot. Mrs. F. C. Symonds sent a big bunch of Michaelmas daisies to the children. They loved the flowers as well as the ice cream, and were particularly pleased to receive a huge bunch of dahlias, from the first grade school children in Hyden, with greetings and the hope that they would be better soon.

. . . . .

Among our welcome guests since we last went to press have been our trustee, Mr. Bethel B. Veech, and his daughter, Mrs. Otter, from Louisville. It has been years since Mr. Veech came



in to see us, and we were so pleased to have him back again, and to have his daughter with him.

Miss Helene Newman, an American nurse working under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in Siam, at Chiengmai, Thailand, spent a few days with us for observation and study of our field of work. We also entertained with great pleasure two of our old A. O. Pi friends, Mrs. George Dean and Mrs. Walton Ford, of Atlanta, Georgia, and Dr. Hunt Breckinridge Jones, of Hartford, Connecticut.

. . . .

One of our nurses reports a maternity case that would seem incredible to anyone not living in the mountains. She was called in to Chesney one night, to find that she was in labor in the one room of the two-room cabin that had no heat at all, and she was too far along in labor to be moved into the other room. Fourteen people were crowded about her, until the nurse shooed most of them out. The baby was born between four and five in the morning.

Chesney lost a lot of blood, and her temperature dropped to 96. She rallied nicely, however, when the nurse-midwife had gotten two men to carry her into the room with the fireplace, and had gotten her warm and some hot fluid into her.

The nurse left her between 7 and 8 the next morning, and when she returned about four in the afternoon, she found Chesney in much better condition. She was in a state of malnourishment, and about the best food for her was that prepared by her mother and packed a mile up the creek to her by a neighbor.

It was not until several days had passed that the nurse, on her daily visit, learned that Chesney had been up every day since the baby was born, and had been going about the house doing some of the work. The cabin was located where the nurse and her horse could be seen at least five minutes before she got to the house, and the patient always went to bed again when she saw the nurse coming.

The climax of the story came when the nurse was riding up the branch to her patient's house on the eighth day after the delivery, and met a whole procession coming down the mountain. Fourteen people were on their way to Harlan county to find a job. With them was Chesney, the patient, packing the new baby.



Several other women were packing their babies, and the older children and men were packing the few belongings they were taking along.

The nurse finishes her report with the following question, which none of us will ever be able to answer: "Now I ask you, what will happen to Chesney, over whom I had worked and worried so much this week?"

. . . . .

Mr. Ance Roberts, one of the members of our Beech Fork Committee at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial nursing center, has built at his own expense a room on to his house for the nurses' weekly clinic at Essie. He spent fourteen dollars of his own money, and our nurse, May V. Green, helped out with five dollars of hers. With some help from neighbors, he laid down the hand-hewn floor himself. The F. N. S. is adding a window to make the clinic room more useful in the winter.

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All of the Service, and her many friends, extend to our bookkeeper, Lucile Hodges, their deepest sympathy on the recent loss of her beloved father in Huntsville, Alabama.

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#### F. N. S. COOPERATIVE HANDKNITTERS

"I have never seen such knitting by hand before. It is absolutely perfect."

The sweater that called forth these words of commendation was made by a mountain child of eleven, who lives nearly thirty miles from the railroad, and who did not even know how to knit a year ago when the first of our knitting classes started.

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Then there is the joke about the drunk who went into a saloon for a snort. As he raised his glass skyward, he said, "Hitler is a horse's neck." "Whish" went somebody's fist, and the glass was knocked from his hand. He ordered another shot, and as a prelude to gulping it down, he repeated, "Hitler is a horse's neck." Then somebody's fist connected with his jaw, and he went to the floor. Raising himself feebly on one elbow, he muttered, "Where am I, in Germany?" "No," said a voice, "you're in Kentucky—where we have respect for horses."

—From Walter Winchell's column—Lexington (Kentucky) Herald.



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(Detach Here)

## ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL PLEDGE

I pledge ..... dollars to the Frontier  
 Nursing Service for St. Christopher's Chapel, and I will pay this amount  
 between June and October of 1940 after I receive a message from the  
 Frontier Nursing Service that sufficient funds have been pledged to build  
 the chapel.

Signed:.....

Address:.....



## 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 November, 1939.

State of Kentucky }  
County of Leslie } 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: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owners are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mr. E. S. Jouett, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Mattie A. Norton, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, 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 28th day of September, 1939.

CLARA DALE ECHOLS, Notary Public,

Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires April 11, 1943.



## 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."

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

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

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

### Suggestions for special bequest:

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

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

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

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

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

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

A number of these centers have been given and equipped. One is endowed for upkeep, and one for both upkeep and nursing.

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



