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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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THE WORLD'S DESIRE

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the Kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him
And all the stars looked down.

Traditional
(G. K. Chesterton)
The Oxford Book of Carols

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

The change in ownership and character of *Life* recalls the following selection from an issue of many years ago.

"I want to get a combination blackboard and checkerboard."

It was the most crowded hour during the day in the great department store. The urbane floorwalker put on his best commercial smile.

"Yes, sir. Take the elevator to the right. Fifth floor."

The man got off at the fifth floor.

"I want to get a combination blackboard and checkerboard."

"Yes, sir. Get them in the house furnishing goods department, in the basement."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Positive."

The man descended. Wandering into the house furnishing goods department he accosted a genial-looking blonde.

"I want to get a combination blackboard and checkerboard."

"What did you say?"

"I said I want to get a—now, just a minute—oh, yes, a combination blackboard and checkerboard."

"Games department, on the seventh floor."

He then went up to the seventh floor.

The keeper of the games department came forward.

"I want to get a combination checkerlap—wait a minute—a combination—"

The man spoke slowly.

"A combination checkerboard and laprobe."

"What did you say?"

"I said I wanted to get a checkerrobe and lapboard."

The man looked at him curiously and said:

"Yes, sir. You will find them in the specialty department, on the third floor."

The man went down to the third floor. He went up to a nice-looking lady, and, patting her on the cheek, said:

"I want to look at some of your patent, reversible lap checkerboards, cut bias, with pleats on the side."

The saleslady called the floorwalker. He heard the man muttering to himself and called the house detective.

When last seen, as the man stepped into the ambulance that mercifully took him, he was saying to himself:

"Lapboard—checkerrobe—checkerlap—lap checkerrobe—robelap."

CHRISTMAS 1936

"So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

If this Bulletin reaches you just a wee bit late for Christmas Day, we are sorry. The reason lies in your Editor having to leave her job for several weeks for a stay at a sanatorium from which she has enormously benefited.

As this is written we are in full swing with Christmas preparations. The children are rehearsing their carols, the "Mother and Baby Parties" have mostly been held, and everything is being lined up for the old-fashioned folk dances, the trees, the carol singing, the refreshments, the toys.

Meanwhile, every day your gifts for these celebrations for five thousand children are pouring in to us at Hyden. The whole Hospital attic is given over to them, and our Volunteer Christmas Secretary of the year, Dorothea Van Duyn, is unpacking, listing and acknowledging each parcel. Several times a week the truck comes loaded with freight and express from Hazard. The outpost nurses have all sent in their requisitions,—so many hundreds of toys needed for toddlers, so many for big boys, so many for big girls, so many for babies. Experience shows us that we will run several hundred toys short and will never have enough candy, but then the checks are coming in, too. From the gift of \$1.00, to Mr. E. R. Bradley's regular Christmas \$200.00, all are so welcome. We want to send our grateful thanks for both money and supplies. There are great shipments where many have combined together as in Boston's nine barrels and St. Paul's big collection; the large donation from the Women's Auxiliary of the Jefferson County, Ky., Medical Association; Teachers' College and St. Luke's Hospital Nurses' barrels from New York, and such huge individual shipments as our Honorary Chairman in Cleveland, Mrs. Leonard C. Hanna, sends each year. From these and many others, on down to the two handkerchiefs enclosed in an envelope by a friend who could not

give more but who realized our deep gratitude to her for giving what she could,—for everything we are more appreciative than we can express.

Lastly, we want to tell you what it means to us to know that in your busy lives you have taken the time to write us, to send money, to buy or collect supplies, and to pack and ship them. So much that is personal has gone into your efforts that we would be a sorry crowd indeed if we did not thank you especially for the labor of your hands. Heart, brain and hands have all gone into it. May your Christmas and your New Year reflect some part of the joy you have given to thousands of children who would have had no Christmas except for you.

Kind hands! Oh never near to you
 May come the woes ye heal!
Oh never may the hearts ye guard,
 The griefs ye comfort, feel!
May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
 So crown the work ye rear,
That ye may never claspèd be
 In one unanswered prayer!

WELCOME GIFT TO THE HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden has received from the Kelvinator Corporation a marvelous new electric refrigerator. Our friends know that we have our own electric light plant, powerful enough to give us not only our lights but also our ice and our sterilization, but this refrigerator is much larger than the one we had and it is delightful how beautifully it meets the Hospital's needs. You must all rejoice with us.

“I feel as though I've been reading 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' 'Snow White' and 'Rose Red', or that I've actually been in Fairyland. It was a unique experience and one of the outstanding events of my life.”

From a guest.

WINTER BABIES

By G. WINIFRED DENNIS, R. N.

My arrival at the Possum Bend nursing center at Confluence was in wintry weather. Two days later, just when I was feeling established and looking for happenings, a midwifery call came, Sunday evening at 5:00 o'clock. We were wanted three miles off on the other side of the river. It was out of the question to take the horses; the river-ice was solid but not solid enough for horses to cross on. It had been sunny and thawing a little during the day.

So, off we went, Nora Kelly and I, on foot in single file, the man ahead carrying the light, me, rather pleased to be involved, bringing up the rear. Once out on the river-ice, we crossed half way and then had to go diagonally down stream via some (invisible) islands, in order to avoid thin places and occasional open water. It was quite clear and very cold. Various ominous creakings made me wonder whether the rear place was the safest—one was rather acutely aware of black water not very far under one's feet. However, we arrived safely and in good time, were warmly welcomed and accommodated by the mountain family, and had the pleasure of bringing a jolly December baby into the world in the early hours of the morning.

Breakfast with the family provided some new experiences for a stranger, including corn bread and buttermilk; and the walk home in the dawn was a revelation. We had apparently been walking along the river bank on the edge of nothing the previous evening and I, at least, never knew it.

Next night at midnight another call came, again to a family living the other side of the river and two miles up a creek. This time it was really sub-zero weather, colder than I've ever felt it except in Canada. We set off afoot in the same formation and crossed the river at right angles, since the ice was now as hard as rock. The darkness was pitch black and the most wonderful sparkles of color sprang up each side of us when the torch light caught the frosted bushes. Walking up the creek,

from where it emptied into the river, was not very easy; the swifter reaches of the stream were open water and if one paused to consider before jumping over a gap, the ice on which one was standing was apt to give way, letting one into (fortunately) quite shallow but (unfortunately) quite cold water. It was surprising and gratifying to find how much immersion boots will stand before leaking in good earnest. The last part of our journey was the worst, a very steep woodland path where the snow had collected in drifts and an icy crust had formed on top. Here I appreciated my position as rear guard, as quite a good path was broken for me by the flounderings of the others.

On arrival at the house we found all peaceful, but waited some hours to observe the course of events. The main impression of this night on one who was by now getting rather drowsy, was made by the ceaseless conversation of the neighbors who had come in to help. Some of it was unintelligible to a stranger, but all of it was interesting, and seemed to me to beat the record for sustained flow over a period of five hours or more.

At 6:15 A. M., as the patient was not in labor, we left, after settling her to sleep. Again, the walk home was a revelation; the growing light revealed views I hadn't known were there, and incidentally came just in time to supplement the fading light of our torch. We hadn't realized we'd used it so much! The colors in the sky were wonderful, as we arrived home, and our hair and caps were all frosted white, so it was still very cold.

The next night at 10:30 o'clock arrived another man, or rather the same man as the night before, this time sure that there was no mistake about it and would we hurry. Convinced by this time that night calls were the rule rather than the exception, I found no difficulty in hurrying, having had practice. Unfortunately for me, a slight thaw had set in, enough to make the surface snow like glass, and the anxious father took us by a precipitous short cut. He managed it himself at good speed, carrying the saddle bags and a lantern, but I was wishing I had thought of including an Alpenstock in my luggage and delayed things somewhat by skidding downwards in the dark from time to time on top of Nora Kelly. However, we certainly hurried, and arrived very warm in spite of the outside

temperature—me rather regretting the sheepskin I had found indispensable the two other evenings.

This time the little house was all in a bustle and there was no time to feel drowsy. Our baby arrived in good order; and ten minutes after midnight as I sat there oiling the latest arrival, we recollected suddenly that it was New Year's day and we'd agreed the previous day to wake up and congratulate each other!

From the Sayings of the Children

By PAMELA GLENCONNER

Perhaps it is not a fancy. Truth has fallen from the lips of babes before now. He says we all have "our lands" that we go to, when we sleep. He is continually discovering fresh and interesting facts about the lands. "I went to my land last night," he will say, "it was beautiful." There are many sound rules belonging to his land. For instance, anyone who wants a pearl-necklace there, has to dive for it. There are no prisons—"people's feelings are their prisons," they are in prison "when they hate what they've done wrong." Each one has for his surroundings that which he most affects; there are no castles there, all the houses are cottages. The birds trust you and show you their nests. Your clothes are part of you there, so that you never have to change, they grow on you, and are always perfectly "comfortable and right". You eat fruit there, and yet nothing is destroyed, you do not destroy a fruit by eating it, because "its life" makes another fruit just where you picked it from; it is only the shapes of things that can be destroyed. . . . he says a rabbit that is run over by a motor at night, or frogs that are crushed by cartwheels, run on into their lands, and reach safely their hedges, saying: "I *thought* I should get over the road all right; I knew I would"—it's their shapes we see on the road, he says, it is only these they leave behind them.

Oxford, B. H. Blackwell

IN MEMORIAM

SHERMAN EVERSOLE
PAUL EVERSOLE
of Hyden, Kentucky.

The passing of these two Kentuckians, uncle and nephew, within a few days of each other, has stirred our hearts to their very depths. Both men were right-hearted gentlemen, courteous, clean-living, kind. The older one has left a frail widow who is childless; the younger one, Paul, was the oldest child of a widowed mother. Both had been most royally our friends during all the years we knew them and we never knew either to do an ungentle or an ungracious thing.

“Love, thou art absolute, sole Lord of life and death.”

JUDGE WILLIAM DIXON, of Wooton, Ky.

Yet another Kentuckian among our warmest friends has passed through the dim veil and “awakened from the dream of life,” leaving a grieving family and many hundreds of friends behind him here. His was a career of public service, and his a character of public spirit. Throughout the long years of his life he met with the utmost honor all public and private obligations.

“O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When Thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst Thy works a place,
Who in them lov'd and sought Thy face!”

ROSE SANDLIN, Age 3, of Owl's Nest, Ky.

“Suffer the little children”

This wee girl was the youngest child of our friend, the famous war hero, Will Sandlin, and his wife, Belvie. To give

up a little child, to give it up at Christmas, to give up one in which gallant blood flows, one of such potential usefulness,—all that is hard indeed. With aching sympathy we lay our hearts by those of Will and Belvie.

“It is not for our earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.”

TRACY W. MCGREGOR, of Detroit, Mich., and
Washington, D. C.

This regal spirit was one of the most beautiful we have ever known. His life was as nearly selfless as a man's life can be in this world. He was not only generous of his time, his means, but he was spiritually generous. By his broken-hearted widow, by his people, by his numberless friends, he will always be missed. What he gave was never his own. He had become a channel for diviner gifts because “the measureless and glowing goodness of God beguiled him.”

HENRY JOY, of Detroit, Michigan.

“Immortal welcomes wait for thee.”

Again we mourn the passing of an old and valued friend, and our hearts are aching with those of his widow and children. We know, beyond peradventure, that all of the best of life's achievements, all that large ability, intellect, force and, more especially, kindness, have achieved in this world, will carry on with greater fullness in the next. This satisfies the mind but it does not still the throbbing of broken and loving hearts.

DR. RICHARD OLDING BEARD, of Minneapolis, Minn.

In the passing of Dr. Richard Olding Beard, of Minneapolis, the Frontier Nursing Service has lost one of the very first members of its National Medical Council, and the nursing profession one of its oldest and warmest friends. In 1909 Dr. Beard organized the first training school for nurses in connection with

a university hospital. This school became an integral part of the University of Minnesota. Other universities since then have incorporated training schools, and granted degrees to nurses who both graduated from the training school and completed the required university work. Widely known as was Dr. Beard for his medical achievements, he will be especially remembered for this significant step in the education of nurses, and also by all of his friends, for the warm and kindly nature of his manhood.

CELIA GOLDSMITH, of Lexington, Ky.

This young girl was so often up with us at Wendover sharing our work, our hopes, our difficulties, and always with such unselfish sweetness and such ability, that her death is a real blow to us. We share the sorrow of her people and we shall always miss her. A young life, baffled for two years by constant illness, has set itself to further service and more unselfish living in a land less difficult than this. Celia, " 'tis seed-time still with thee, and stars thou sow'st".

Hail, ancient Mounds! sure defense,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of law whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mold,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Wm. Wordsworth
Christmas Minstrelsy

"I loved being in that beautiful unspoiled country. . . . You are doing something so really worthwhile—constructive—and so far-reaching. I had no idea of the extent of your work until I was your guest."

From a guest.

FIRST ROUNDS OF NURSING CENTERS

By MARGUERITE T. WOOLLEY
of Washington, D. C.

There is a spirit of friendliness at Wendover and after a week in its delightful, bustling atmosphere you leave for "rounds" with mixed feelings. The saddle bags are packed and the courier, Dorothy Danner, is ready, so with a feeling of a job to be done the start is made.

The ride down to Possum Bend, at Confluence (gift of Mrs. Chester Bolton of Cleveland), is along the Middle Fork River. We passed straight through Hyden, where the Service Hospital and doctor's cottage are located, without stopping, because I had been there before and would go again. What a thrill, those fourteen miles from Hyden on! You feel like Jack the Giant Killer, going on and on, not knowing what you are going to meet. The daughter of a Kentuckian is usually brought up on stories of "Hell-For-Certain" which proved to be a very modest creek. However, we forded it with saddle bags held over our heads, and water up to our boots.

The nurses in charge at Confluence, Nora Kelly and Della Int-Hout, are very hospitable and interested in showing guests their house and telling you of their work. They are both very socially minded and their Center is a community forum. Kelly told us about her debating club and her sewing classes. She has a beautiful quilt made by a class of girls, and attractive aprons which are not for sale because she wishes to encourage the girls in protecting their clothes when they work. The handiwork on the aprons is very fine and they are made from scraps. It is interesting to see the remarkable things that can be made from bright colored pieces of material. The knitting class needs wool. In one corner of the living room is a flower basket made by the men on the mountains. It is most attractive.

The next morning several children came to the clinic. A boy of sixteen, small for his age, had an ear ache. He never moved while Kelly probed a small insect out of his ear—in fact

it might have helped if he had only shown a little pain. His mother was sick, and would the nurse see her that morning? Several other children came in for one thing or the other, then we saddled our horses and started up Trace Branch.

Our horses, Flint and Llanfechain, clambered up the rocky trail without much urging. While we were riding, Kelly told me of the measles epidemic, which was still going on. One poor mother had gotten up too soon and had a relapse. This visit was interesting as it was the first time I had seen a nurse at work. While unpacking the saddle bags, Kelly gave quite a talk on Public Health, insisting that the children wash their hands and faces, drink water, inquiring about the milk supply, giving suggestions to the neighbor who had come to help, how she could keep the measles from her children. It was interesting to note the guns on the wall, well oiled, in perfect condition.

At the next cabin a young woman showed us her baby very proudly. A fine looking child and very clean. It was plain to be seen that she had learned a great deal from the Service. The healthy baby showed it.

With real regret we parted from Kelly and started for the Margaret Durbin Harper nursing center (a gift from Mrs. Hiram Sibley of Rochester) at Bowlington. One incident on the way made a great impression. It was very warm and I removed a sleeveless riding coat and flung it across my saddle. I paid a great deal of attention to Flint, going down a steep trail, and forgot about my jacket. It was gone when I reached the bottom. Dorothy Danner insisted on going back to look for it. She didn't find it and left a note in a mail box for the postman, asking him to keep an eye out for it and take it to Confluence. When I returned to Wendover days later, the jacket was on my bed.

Bowlington is a center with only one nurse since the depression, Eva Gilbert. The next day was clinic day, and the morning was spent in watching her give typhoid shots, examine pre-natals, and give advice to mothers about their children. A woman came in and asked about her son going to Berea. This woman was intensely interested in her children getting an education. She spoke of two going to school at Buckhorn, the

Presbyterian school, which I understand has a very good high school.

The daughter of a local midwife came in to register with the nurse. She had not registered before because of the expense. Five dollars to deliver a baby seemed too much in these hard times, but her husband insisted that she go to the nurse. Arrangements were made to pay for the delivery in potatoes and cushaws.

The houses around Bowlington looked prosperous, the windows were screened, the yards well kept. It all showed very plainly the influence of the Service and the progressive character of the neighborhood.

The Belle Barrett Hughitt nursing center (gift of the Hughitt family of Chicago) at Brutus on Bull Skin Creek was our next stop, which we made late in the day. The view from the porch is magnificent. The Center is high on a hill, looking towards a magnificent stretch of forest. The nurses, Gwladys Doubleday and Janet Milne (Scottie), greeted us warmly. Scottie was relieving in the absence of Lois Harris on vacation. We were unfortunate in not being able to see any of the work of this Center because we had to leave early the next morning for Red Bird.

From Brutus to Red Bird we went over the steepest trail yet. Never again will I experience the thrill that I did that morning when Flint clambered up trails that looked impassable. We went through Granny's branch and though it was dry and rocky you could see evidences of the damage done by the spring tides. At Big Creek we were met by Betty Lester.

Betty is years old in the Service, having been the former midwifery supervisor. She is in charge of the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River, the gift of Mrs. Henry Ford of Dearborn. Betty knows the Service through and through and is very helpful in checking up on your observations when you are a newcomer. After lunch we walked up to Peabody to get the mail and then crossed Red Bird to see a girl who had been married about two years and was expecting her first baby.

This girl had been a maid at the Center before her marriage, and she is a valuable addition to the community. Her

house doesn't look like much on the outside, but the inside proves definitely that her stay at the Center was educational. The two rooms were nicely papered, everything spotless, and the windows screened. She was proud of her home and wanted us to see the layette she was preparing for her baby. She has paid for the Service layette, but her additions were as nice as any mother could want. She had nice blankets, plenty of diapers, materials for dresses and little sacques.

We got back to the motor road under construction at Red Bird. A new road has just been built by the W. P. A. and supervised by Mr. Queen, the engineer at Fordsons. It is not hard-surfaced, but at this season automobiles went past the Center. We were taken by car to Manchester, county seat of Clay County.

On our way back to the Center we visited the Will Rogers C. C. C. Camp. The officers all seemed to be impressed with the Frontier Nursing Service and the work it was doing. They told stories of the assistance the nurses had given at the C. C. C. camps when the boys were ill and the help Dr. Kooser and the Service Hospital at Hyden had meant to them.

The Caroline Butler Atwood Center (given as a Memorial by Mrs. Atwood's two daughters of Louisville and Pittsfield, Massachusetts), at Flat Creek, higher up on Red Bird River, was our last stop. Peggy Tinline is the nurse in charge, another one long in the Service. I went out with her on the district to see an expectant mother. A really beautiful child with yellow curly hair was playing outside the cabin. The children were healthy and apparently the mother is doing the best she can under hard circumstances. It will be years before her cabin is near a motor road, and the approach is up a wild rocky branch of Flat Creek. In the winter and spring during snow and tides it must be impossible even to take a horse up there.

When we returned to the Center a woman was waiting to see Peggy. She had the most terrible looking sores on her legs. She showed one leg to the nurse because she thought it had become infected from "dew poison." She explained that her husband was paralyzed and she had to be man and woman both. She had been chasing the hogs out of the corn and scratched her leg. When it had "swelled" she had used boiling

ooze. Boiling ooze is made by boiling peach tree leaves and oak bark together. While that leg was being soaked, we untied the other. She had scraped this one when a tub of beans she was canning fell over.

Early the next morning Dorothy Danner and I started back to Wendover. I felt as if I had learned a great deal about the Service. It is beyond words to try and describe the accomplishments of the Nursing Centers, and the nurses.

It is a joy to have been in the mountains where you use horses to make rounds. It is a joy to meet the mountain people, to know them as friendly, hospitable, charming hosts and hostesses to stray guests. The love of the land is strong and even though it is hard to cultivate, at least it belongs to them. I have a feeling that this is true even though a great many do rent land from big outside companies that own it. The children who have a chance to grow up on land and be out in the open are blessed, if only the struggle to live were not so great. I was impressed with the way that everyone thought about the nurses, sharing their problems with them, and the nurses' interest shows what has been accomplished in human understanding.

Beech Fork was not visited on this trip, but my last weekend at Wendover I went alone. A thirteen mile ride, not on Flint this time, who had been sent to Red Bird, back on district, but on Babette, a new mare in the Service. Her gait was good and naturally I felt thrilled to ride that distance alone. However, Stevie (Elizabeth Stevenson), the nurse, met me about two miles beyond Stinnet.

At Beech Fork is the Jessie Preston Draper nursing center, given by her daughter, the late Helen Draper Ayer of Boston. Two photographs of portraits of Jessie Preston Draper and of Helen Draper Ayer have lately been given to Beech Fork and are hung in the clinic waiting room. Mrs. Draper's portrait shows the hair arrangement of the late eighties of the last century. A kind strong handsome face, that of this native Kentuckian, and you can almost see her approval of the work that is being carried on in her memory. The donor, Mrs. Ayer, has a lovely look, in her picture. It is interesting to realize that Mrs. Ayer's photograph will always look modern. The simple hair

arrangement and softly draped dress will always have a look of belonging to any period. It is a beautiful thought to present these pictures, and gives the patient and the visitor a closer feeling of friendship with these women who were forward looking and understanding. They had wealth, but knew the lack of modern facilities in rural communities. They lived in Massachusetts, but knew about and thought about the women in the Kentucky mountains.

Like all the rest who have visited the Frontier Nursing Service, I too go back to the city with a feeling of wanting above all else to see that the Service goes forward.

An epicure, dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too!"

FROM TWO MEDICAL STUDENTS

"I consider the two days spent with the Frontier Nursing Service as an outstanding experience from the educational viewpoint."

"I am most grateful to you for shaking me out of the self-complacent attitude of the average 'crowd-thinking' medical student."

Our cover picture for this issue is by the French sculptor Jean Damp, and its title is "Grandmother's Kiss".

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

As we go to press we have not a final report on the Frontier Nursing Service benefit given by the Chicago Committee, announced in our last issue. Our clipping bureau has sent us a wealth of material showing that the polo was superb, the equestrian styles exhibited by couriers, assisted by debutantes, were altogether charming, and that a host of friends aided Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, the Chairman, Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, the former Chairman, Miss Adelaide Atkin and Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr., Benefit Chairmen, in putting it all over successfully. Our very special thanks are due Miss Virginia Gardner for handling the publicity superbly.

The New York Committee also staged a benefit on Friday evening, December 4, when they took over a performance of Filbert Miller's production of Wycherley's "The Country Wife," with Ruth Gordon in the leading role, at the Henry Miller Theater. The newspaper publicity was superbly done and a host of friends took boxes and orchestra tickets and gave dinners in advance of the play. We hear on all hands that our New York Chairman, Mrs. Warren Thorpe, handled the whole affair magnificently, assisted by her admirable committee, of which Mrs. George Brett, Jr., is now Secretary. Exact returns on this benefit have not reached us, but the Treasurer of the New York Committee, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, writes us that they will come to considerably more than \$4,000.00. The immense lift to the budget of benefits such as these two is simply more than the English language can express, and we haven't the Latin and Greek to do it justice. We want each friend who worked on these large benefits to know how much we realize that such things are not easy. There is an immense amount of arduous labor involved as anyone who has ever worked on a benefit knows.

It gave us a great deal of pleasure to know that Dr. Marcia Hays and Miss Wilma Duvall both spoke in behalf of the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service to a group of that admirable sorority which maintains this department, the Alpha Omicron Pi, in San Francisco,—bless them.

Our grateful thanks go out to Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd for speaking on the Frontier Nursing Service, after a recent visit, to the wives of the faculty of the Lake Forest Academy, in Lake Forest, Illinois.

Many people are asking us about the outcome of the Russian Imperial China offered for sale for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service in the last issue of the Quarterly Bulletin. Among the inquiries that reached us almost at once was one from that up and coming city of St. Louis. Our letter in reply was immediately acknowledged by a telegram clinching the sale, and so the china has gone to St. Louis, and our Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, has received a check in return, for the amount we asked, plus an additional donation on the part of the purchaser. We are glad to know the china is in the hands of someone who will appreciate its beauty and its historic value, someone also who has been to Russia and knows something of the background from which the china originally came.

All of Kentucky is deeply honored by the choice of our splendid State Health Officer, Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, at the New Orleans meeting of the American Public Health Association, to succeed Doctor Parran next year as President of the Association.

We are sometimes asked why we do not print comments on national news, and news of the world, and why we avoid in our columns controversial subjects. The purpose of the Quarterly Bulletin is to convey to the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, who support the work and subscribe to the Bulletin, news of the Service, and, from time to time, such other news as touches the welfare of remotely rural populations. We would

miss the mark, and miss it widely, if we left our chosen field to discuss questions for which we are not equipped and as to which our Trustees have varying points of view. Our readers may be sure that, because of its over-seas affiliations, our Service, as a wee bit of international good will in active expression, is vitally interested in all public questions. We are stricken to the heart over the plight of Spain; we have held the deepest sympathy and the truest understanding we could reach with the British Empire during its recent crisis.

One death in Great Britain in the autumn has touched the Frontier Nursing Service profoundly, and that is the death of the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, at the advanced age of 93. It has been the rare privilege of this editor to know her for years and to have a close friendship with her daughter, Lady Hermione Blackwood. To us she was more than a public character because we had fallen under the influence of one of the most charming and fascinating characters of the time. To us Lady Dufferin will always represent the great lady, for her private life was as kind and courteous as her public life was devoted to human welfare. In a world filled with fine ladies, the presence of a great lady holds the threads of social life together, and we mean social in its broadest sense.

As the wife, for nearly forty years, of one of the most brilliant statesmen of his time, Lady Dufferin will be remembered not only as his companion but for the things that she did in her own name: the medical aid she arranged for the women of India, her work with lepers, her immense interest in nursing. This interest was kept alive by her three daughters, and one of them as Lady Plunkett, wife of the Governor General of New Zealand, founded the first extensive remotely rural nursing service on this planet. Another one of her daughters, Lady Hermione Blackwood, took the arduous training as a nurse and as a midwife, and it was when we were both nursing in France that we met.

Lady Dufferin outlived her husband, all of her sons, her generation. In closing this brief sketch of a noble life, we quote from the poem written by Rudyard Kipling, "The Song of the

Women", commemorating Lady Dufferin and her work in India.

"If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with death and dulled his sword;
If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be nought."

The Midwives Act of 1936

On the 31st day of July the Midwives Act of 1936 came into operation in Great Britain. This is the third Act regulating the practice of midwifery in that country. The first was passed in 1902 and provided for the licensing of midwives. The Act of 1902 was amended in 1926 and now a third Act has been passed. This third act provides for the establishment throughout the country of a domiciliary service of salaried midwives for the care of women in childbirth. This is another step in a campaign not only to improve maternity services and to reduce maternal mortality but also to raise the status of the midwifery profession by providing adequate salaries for those who enter the new service and by compensating those who retire within a given period.

To quote from "Nursing Notes and Midwives' Chronicles", October, 1936: "The Act provides for the establishment by local supervising authorities of a salaried midwives' service; the payment by those authorities of compensation to midwives who voluntarily retire from practice and to those who are required to retire owing to old age or infirmity; the payment by the Exchequer of grants toward the cost of the new service and towards the amounts expended in compensation; the prohibition of maternity nursing by unqualified persons in any area by order of the Minister as soon as he is satisfied that the new service in that area is adequate; and the periodic attendance at post-certificate courses of all practicing midwives."

It has already been shown in Great Britain that where

domiciliary midwives on a salaried basis have been provided and organized by voluntary hospitals and nursing associations the maternal mortality rate has been well below the national rate. The new service is expected to do the same thing over a greater area than has previously been covered. However, the voluntary organizations that have provided salaried domiciliary midwives in the past will be allowed to continue their services under the new Act and will be given certain Grants from the Exchequer toward their budgets.

The service provided by the new Act should mean that every expectant mother regardless of her financial status will have an adequately trained person in attendance on her before, during and after delivery. The patient will have some choice in the selection of her attendant and she will be expected to meet the part of the cost that she can afford. If she has a physician she will in addition have the care given by the midwife acting as a maternity nurse to the physician. When the patient needs a physician and one is called by the midwife, the fee of the physician will be met wholly or in part by the Grant from the Exchequer in those cases where the patient can not afford to pay it. In other words, the patient will be provided with adequate obstetrical care, whether by midwife or doctor or both, and the resulting cost will be met by a Grant in indirect ratio to the ability of the patient to pay.

Since 1902 the practice of midwifery has been controlled and regulated by the Central Midwives' Board. This Board sets certain standards which midwives must meet before they can be licensed to practice. The midwives who work under the new Act will be required to meet the standards set by the Board and will work under the requirements as heretofore.

To the well-qualified midwife the new Act means an assured salary adequate for self respect and confidence for the future. The service will eventually offer opportunities for promotion and advancement which will attract well educated and highly trained women which will improve the professional standing of the qualified midwife.

MARY B. WILLEFORD, R. N., Ph. D.

FIELD NOTES

Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville came up in October and gave us another one of his wonderful and so useful tonsil clinics. His volunteer assistants, also of Louisville, were Dr. Dougal MacGregor Dollar and Dr. J. Keller Mack.

Dr. Scott Breckinridge of Lexington was dated for his annual clinic in September but three of the Hospital nurses fell ill simultaneously and it had to be called off. Dr. Breckinridge never forgets us however and will come in the late spring.

We are happy to announce that our friend and neighbor Mr. Fawbush Brashear has been reappointed game warden for several Kentucky counties, including Leslie and Clay. Mr. Brashear made one of the ablest game wardens we ever knew and we know that we can get on with fish and game preservation now that we have him back on the job.

We were greatly shocked and grieved at the terrible loss which occurred to our friend, Mr. Pearl Lewis, in the late autumn when his entire home was completely burned to the ground with everything in it. Pearl had a nice, roomy log house which he had been building for some time past and he had nearly completed it; he had in all his winter "stuff" and new clothes he had bought for his wife and children. All of this was a total loss. As everyone who has been with us in the hills knows, Pearl assisted the plumbers and steam fitters at the Hospital and the plumbers at all of our Centers, he has a set of tools and does repair work. He has lost his savings of years which he had invested in his property. Everyone has pitched in to help him get some sort of shelter and clothing for the winter.

Among the many babies who are a special joy to us is one born to Hayes and Zilpha Morgan, a fine boy named Ralph. Hayes is a son of our caretaker at the Georgia Wright Clearing and Zilpha was employed at Wendover until the time of her marriage. We congratulate the young man on his choice of parents and wish him a long, happy life.

Miss Katharine Sitton, Assistant Statistician, has left us, to our great regret, for a post with the State government at Frankfort for which she is admirably suited. We not only miss her in her work, but she was particularly good with the singing classes. She has succeeded both in her work and in the singing classes by Miss Dorothy Gunklach of Cincinnati. Another new and welcome arrival in the administrative group is Miss Ann Martin of Louisville.

One of the most exciting things that has happened to us this year is the decision of Miss Jean Hollins, senior courier, to take a course in veterinary science at the University of Kentucky, Lexington, in order to be of greater usefulness to the Frontier Nursing Service. She is concentrating on horses and cows. We are so grateful to Dr. W. W. Dimock of the extension division for his personal kindness to her and to our trustee, Dr. Charles Hagyard, for giving her many special opportunities on the great horse farms around Lexington. Our special thanks go out to both of these gentlemen also for hospitality and successful treatment for our horse, Llanfechain, when he had an infected foot and was sent down to them.

We wish to extend our grateful thanks to Mr. T. L. Adams of Big Creek in Clay County for the gift of three gallons of roofing paint for the Clara Ford Center barn on Red Bird River.

Among our welcome guests recently have been Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd of Winnetka, Illinois, and her daughter, Barbara; Mrs. Harry B. Hollins of New York and Long Island, mother of Jean, who came up with her daughter over a week end; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hifner, Jr., of Lexington; Miss Marguerite Woolley, daughter of our trustee, Mr. Robert Woolley, of Wash-

ington, D. C.; Dr. and Mrs. George P. Darling and Miss Marguerite Wales, of the Kellogg Foundation, Battle Creek, Michigan, and our old friends Mrs. Warren C. Drummond and Mrs. A. J. Henning of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority. Mrs. Arthur Bray, old school friend in Switzerland of the Director, is now on her third visit to us in the hills. She is from Yorkshire and calls her place over there the headquarters of the Frontier Nursing Service in England, where she keeps open house for any of us who go over, and is a very real and much loved part of the Service.

Miss Carmelite Mumford of New York has not only been one of our finest senior couriers but has lately given a term of service as an assistant in social service (for which she is equipped) to Miss Bland Morrow. The Social Service Department always has so very much more to do than it can ever accomplish that it has been a special joy to us to have an able assistant for two full months.

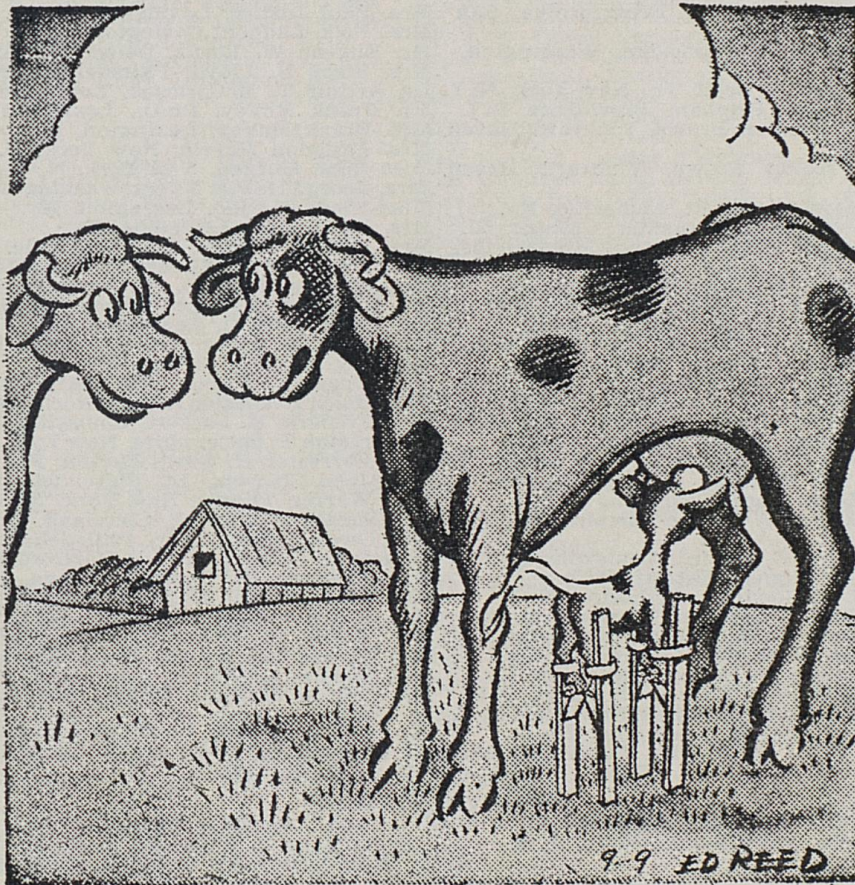
Couriers during the present time have been, seniors: Dorothy Caldwell of Cincinnati and Barbara Glazier of Hartford, Conn.; juniors: Christine Ekengren of Washington, D. C., and Sarah Taylor of Hartford.

Dr. Lawrence Wagers, the health officer for Clay County, has had a lot of his W. P. A. men working on sanitary toilets—an immense benefit.

We are most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dodge, of the Hollyrood Farm, near Lexington, for the gift of four very fine Rhode Island red roosters to the Wendover poultry yard. Pure bred stock is of double value to us, not only in increasing our own egg yield but because we trade off our extra roosters to neighbors for ordinary roosters, thus improving the breed of chickens over a large territory.

The annual Thanksgiving reunion at Wendover for all the Hospital nurses and all of the outpost nurses who could ride

over was the best in years. We were able to arrange relief for the outpost centers so that each was represented for the first time since 1932. This is the one big holiday-reunion for the Frontier Nursing Service staff. We are all too busy with our five thousand children to get together in the Christmas holidays. To the Director's immense regret this is the first Thanksgiving reunion she has missed in many years, but she was greatly cheered at the sanatorium by a telegram from the assembled crowd at Wendover.

OFF THE RECORD**By Ed Reed**

"Junior almost starved until we got him those stilts!"

—Courtesy of the New York Post.

HONORARY TRUSTEE

Lady Leslie MacKenzie, Edinburgh, Scotland

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Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York, N. Y.	Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, New York, N. Y.
	Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

.....

.....

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

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

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

Suggestions for special bequest:

- \$50,000 will endow a field of the work in perpetuity.
- \$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.
- \$ 5,000 will endow a baby's crib.
- \$10,000 will build and equip a Frontier center for the work of two nurses.
- \$15,000 additional will provide for the upkeep, insurance, repairs and depreciation on this center, *so that*
- \$25,000 will build and maintain in perpetuity a center.

A number of these centers have been given and equipped. 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 cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.”

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

1776

The first of the thirteen original states to ratify the Constitution was Delaware on September 17, 1787. It was followed by Pennsylvania on September 28, 1787, and New Jersey on November 18, 1787.

1787

The ratification of the Constitution by the thirteen original states was a process that took place over a period of several years. The Constitution was first proposed by the Framers in 1787, and it was not until 1788 that it was ratified by the necessary number of states. The process of ratification was a complex one, involving a series of debates and negotiations between the states. The Constitution was finally ratified by the necessary number of states on September 17, 1788. The ratification of the Constitution was a landmark event in the history of the United States, as it established the framework for the federal government and the rights of the states.