

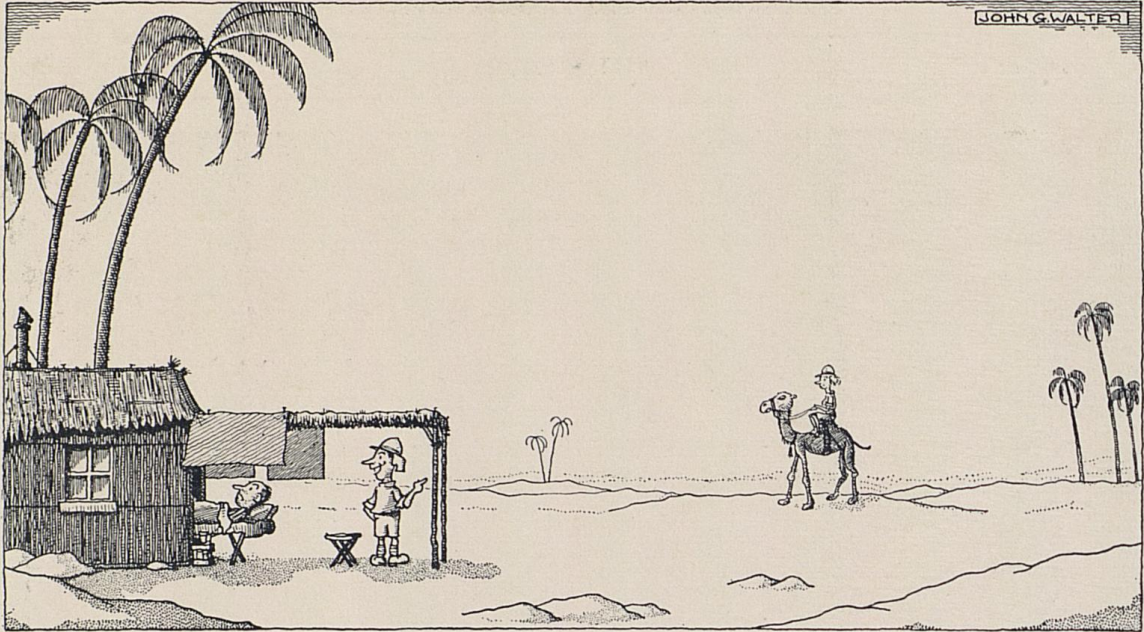
The Quarterly Bulletin of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOL. XV

SUMMER, 1939

NO. 1





"You'll be well looked after now, old man, here comes the district nurse"

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME XV

SUMMER, 1939

NUMBER 1

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under Act of March 3, 1879."

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IN MEMORIAM

"World Peace"

Born: November 11, 1918.

Died: September 3, 1939.

Aged twenty years, nine months,
and twenty-three days.

*"Comes the blind fury with th' ab-
horred shears*

And slits the thin-spun life."

—John Milton.*

QUO VADIS?

*"Patriotism is not enough...I must have
no hatred or bitterness for anyone."*

Edith Cavell

This Bulletin goes to press September ninth. Its main features were assembled during the summer. Even so, in several articles there is an undercurrent of the breaking storm.

In the Kentucky mountains, where race stems from the British Isles, where England is affectionately called "The Old Country," where the idiom is more nearly early English than anywhere else on earth; in the Frontier Nursing Service with its Scotch tradition and its dear English-Scotch working relationships, where many of us have homes overseas and brothers in fighting forces; in the Kentucky mountains and in the Frontier Nursing Service, we are stricken to the heart.

With our common endeavors, in our free and cherished association, we have lived as one people. Now as one people we kneel with our race and kindred on "the great world's altars that slope thro' darkness up to God. . . ."

*From The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky., of Monday, September 4, 1939.

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

CITY BANK BLDG.
LEXINGTON, KY.

To the Officers and Trustees,
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1939, with the result as disclosed on the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds, both principal and income, were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

Contributions and gifts in cash, have been checked against the Treasurer's receipts and reports and traced into the bank.

All disbursements have been verified by means of canceled checks and supporting vouchers, and the bank accounts have been reconciled and found correct.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

During the year General Endowment funds were increased through the gift of 500 shares of the Common Stock of Woolworth and Company and valued at \$23,500 as of the date of the gift.

The amount of a bequest by Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard is not determinable at this time.

Respectfully submitted,

HIFNER AND FORTUNE
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky,
May Twentieth,
Nineteen Thirty-nine.

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
May 1, 1938 to April 30, 1939

For the first six years of the Frontier Nursing Service it was our annual custom to print our audit in full, and to print also in full the enormously long schedules of the field activities of the Service. The necessity of reducing the cost of so much expensive printing led us to condense this report, which formerly took an entire edition of the Bulletin, into a summary of both our fiscal and field affairs. The fiscal statements are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, and the field statements are taken from the reports of the statisticians. Here follows the summary of the fiscal year, which closed April 30th, 1939, both as to the funds and as to the work.

FISCAL REPORT

We received this year from all sources, including donations and subscriptions, nursing, medical and hospital fees, investment income, the Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service fund, sales of books, revenue from the Wendover Post Office, benefits, and refunds, but exclusive of \$23,500.00 in new endowment, a total for running expenses and retirement of debt of \$97,489.68.

The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 2,456, the largest number we have ever had. This figure includes 2,049 old donors and 407 new donors. Our grateful thanks are due the chairmen of a number of Frontier Nursing Service city committees for benefits and special appeals, by means of which they raised funds during the past year. The total sum received from benefits was \$5,032.04. This does not include \$1,265.00 received from the second of two Boston Committee benefits, as the receipt came to us after April 30th—the close of the fiscal year. Nor does this include the result of the special appeal sent out by Mrs. Charles S. Shoe-

maker, our Pittsburgh chairman and a vice-chairman of the Executive Committee, who, in lieu of a benefit, sent out her personal appeal in December. The results of this appeal are listed under donations. They brought the Pittsburgh donations for the year up to the sum of \$10,001.43, the largest single sum this year from any committee except New York and the Blue Grass committee of Kentucky. The touching and lovely personal gift of Dr. Alexander J. Alexander and his brother, Mr. James Alexander of \$10,000.00 for a retirement of debt in their mother's name came from the Blue Grass, and is included under total donations.

Other sources of revenue during the past year have been as follows:

Income from Nursing Centers.....	\$ 3,262.06	
Medical Fees	1,277.20	
Hospital Fees	1,073.87	
Wendover Post Office.....	915.05	
Investment Income	9,599.68	
Sales of Books, viz:		
"Clever Country"	\$12.10	
"Income and Health".....	3.23	
"Nurses on Horseback".....	24.00	39.23
		<hr/>
Miscellaneous Refunds16

This makes a total of revenue receipts of \$97,489.68.

ENDOWMENT

The Frontier Nursing Service received from a friend who prefers to remain anonymous 500 shares of the common stock of Woolworth and Company, valued at \$23,500.00 as of the date of the gift. This gift brings the total endowment funds to \$252,924.53, as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	53,024.53
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Isabelle George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
General Endowment (Marion E. Taylor Memorial).....	10,000.00
General Endowments (Anonymous).....	102,400.00
	<hr/>
Total	\$252,924.53

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after ad-

justments in values have been written down or up, at \$210,059.87, all without lien. No mortgage has ever been placed against any of the Frontier Nursing Service land or buildings, even during our leanest years.

INDEBTEDNESS

The Frontier Nursing Service still owes \$10,000.00 to its trustees, left from a total of \$50,000.00 loaned during 1930-1932, to enable us to tide over that difficult period. The Service is also still indebted to the older members of its staff for the sum of \$17,780.55, representing the amount, on a 2/3 basis, of unpaid salaries during the same years of adjustment and reduction. Although these indebtednesses have both been greatly reduced, there is still a large amount to pay off, and it is our wish to begin to allow a substantial sum for this purpose in our next budget.

Current bills and salaries unpaid at the close of our fiscal year amounted to \$3,335.63. Cash on hand in banks was only \$906.71. This indicates that the Service was in arrears on last year's budget to the extent of \$2,428.92. As regards the audit this is true, but actually funds, like those of the second Boston benefit, which belonged to the past fiscal year more than met this deficit when they came in early in this fiscal year. Therefore, this overdraft did not have to be allowed for in this year's budget, which is again set at \$92,000.00.

BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1939-1940

We give here an analysis of this budget, accepted by the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service at the annual meeting at the Lexington Country Club on May 24th, 1939.

Field Salaries	\$55,000.00
Field Expenses:	
Administrative (Bulletins, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, telephone and telegraph, etc.).....	4,500.00
General (Hospital and dispensary supplies, freight, hauling, gasoline, laundry, etc.).....	15,000.00
Feed, Care and Purchase of Horses.....	7,000.00
Social Service Department.....	3,000.00
Interest on Borrowed Money.....	300.00
Repayment on Money Borrowed.....	1,000.00

Insurance:		
Fire	\$462.43	
Employer's Liability	400.00	
Car Insurance, etc.....	137.57	1,000.00
Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements.....		4,000.00
Contingencies		1,200.00
		\$92,000.00

Although we know in setting this budget for the coming year that certain items will be larger or smaller, as prices rise and fall, experience has shown us that we can estimate even so large a sum as \$92,000.00 with a fair degree of exactitude. Our budget last year was \$92,000.00 and our actual expenditures were \$91,637.98. (Audit—Exhibit B.)

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

Field and Hospital

The field nurses carried during the year a total of 8,377 people in 1,668 families. Of these, 4,978 were children, including 2,274 babies and toddlers. Bedside nursing care was given to 338 very sick people, of whom 18 died. The district nurses paid 19,220 visits and received 25,135 visits at nursing centers. The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was occupied 4,413 days by 440 patients. There were sent to hospitals and other institutions outside the mountains 40 patients who, with their attendants, were transported on passes given by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company.

Under the direction of the State Board of Health, the Service gave 6,231 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, etc., made 22 tuberculosis skin tests and 15 Schick tests, and sent 1,139 specimens out for analysis.

During the year 174 field clinics were held with an attendance of 5,604 people.

Maternity

The Frontier Nursing Service continued its policy of carrying out a rounded maternity program: giving full prenatal, delivery, and postpartum care to the women in its territory. Special efforts were made toward the eradication of worms and the alleviation of anemia in all prenatales. A thorough examination in pregnancy and another one six weeks after delivery were

given whenever possible by the Medical Director, Dr. John H. Kooser, and followed by treatment where it was indicated. The Service booked 424 new prenatals for this care and delivered 383 women who had registered during pregnancy. Of these latter, 5 miscarried. The remaining 378 women gave birth to 376 live babies (including four sets of twins and one set of triplets) and 8 stillborn babies. There were 388 women closed from the midwifery count after at least a month of postpartum care. None died.

Of the deliveries 325 were done in the homes of the patients: 322 by the nurse-midwives and 3 by Dr. Kooser. Dr. Kooser also visited three other homes and completed the third stage for the nurse-midwife. The remaining 58 deliveries took place in the maternity section of the Hyden Hospital. Of these 51 were delivered by a nurse-midwife, 5 by Dr. Kooser, and 2 by the attending surgeon from Hazard, Dr. R. L. Collins. Dr. Kooser was also called upon to deliver the placentae in two cases in which the nurse-midwife had delivered the baby.

Besides the cases who received the benefits of the full maternity program, the Frontier Nursing Service delivered 22 unregistered women (emergency cases): 17 in their homes, 5 in the Hospital. Of these 22 cases 11 were miscarriages. Postpartum care was given to 10 women delivered by local midwives and neighbors. Thirty-two women who received such care, under only a part of the midwifery program, were closed as midwifery patients: 30 after postpartum care, 2 at death. Both women who died lived outside the territory of the Service. The first was brought into the Hyden Hospital after being attended by a local midwife. She died of puerperal sepsis and pelvic peritonitis with complicating pneumonia. The second woman was not brought to the Service until the third day after she was delivered of premature twins by a local midwife. She gave a history of three convulsions followed by maniacal manifestations. The diagnosis was severe toxic psychosis, chronic nephritis, and possible chest involvement.

There were also 12 deliveries of women living outside the territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service who came into that territory during pregnancy because they wished its services. Six of these came to the Hyden Hospital and six to homes

within the boundaries of the districts. All were given prenatal care, and postpartum care as long as the Service could keep in touch with them. There were no deaths.

Medical and Surgical

Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. J. E. Hagen, of Hazard, Kentucky, performed numerous operations during the year, those on indigent people as a courtesy to the Service. None of the doctors in the various cities, to whom the Service sent patients, made any charges for their services. The regular medical work was carried by the Frontier Nursing Service medical director, Dr. John H. Kooser. The Service is particularly grateful to Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville and Dr. Scott Breckinridge of Lexington, for again giving their services for tonsillectomy and gynecological clinics at the Hospital in Hyden.

The Service is also deeply grateful to Dr. Josephine Hunt and her associate members on the Medical Advisory Committee in Lexington, Kentucky, for the attention they have given, gratuitously and so graciously, to both patients and members of the staff, sent down to them on various occasions; to the Children's Free Hospitals in Cincinnati and Louisville for gratuitous care given the children sent them; to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for free passes; to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission, the Kentucky School for the Blind and the School for the Deaf for care of our patients; and to Miss Florence Johnson and her associates in the Nursing Service of the New York Chapter of the Red Cross for their invaluable kindness in meeting at the dock new nurses coming to us from overseas.

Pellagra Clinic

Dr. Kooser's Pellagra Clinic, held in cooperation with the Perry County Health Department, at Hazard, treated fifty-five pellagrins with nicotinic acid during the past year. In addition to the cases treated, others were examined and were found to be free of pellagra. In all, over six hundred visits were made to the Clinic. As the new fiscal year opens, there are seventy-two definite pellagrins on the register.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Service and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases:

Dependent and neglected children:	13 cases
Handicapped Children:	10 cases
Medical-social cases:	48 cases: of these—
	30 were sent to hospitals elsewhere
	18 were given service of other kinds
Assistance to families, usually to meet an acute need:	15 cases
Miscellaneous services:	9 cases

Service has also been given in connection with the following group or community activities:

- Knitting and sewing classes
- Circulating libraries
- Christmas celebrations
- Tuberculosis and Crippled Children's clinics
- County Red Cross Chapters—Leslie County and Clay County, Ky.
- Girls Sewing Project—National Youth Administration, Clay County, Ky.

GUESTS AND VOLUNTEER ASSISTANTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 122 overnight guests a total of 342 days and nights. Guests present for meals only numbered 161, a total of 259 meals. These included both outside and mountain friends. No exact record has been kept of the guests at the Hyden Hospital and outpost centers.

During the past fiscal year 19 couriers served with the Frontier Nursing Service, and three other volunteers, for work as Christmas Secretary at Hyden and in the offices at Wendover. They gave a total of 919 days' service.

CONCLUSION

In concluding this report of our fourteenth fiscal year, we want to extend our grateful thanks to the staff—doctor, district nurse-midwives, hospital and administrative group, social service and courier service—to our city and mountain committees, to the Kentucky State Board of Health and its officers, to our thousands of supporters and to our thousands of patients, for

their cooperation and loyalty during all of the past twelve months. Outside the mountains enthusiastic support for the work was maintained by numerous committees and large membership, without the help of the Director's usual reports at annual meetings. In the mountains the zealous enthusiasm of our local committees and neighbors in each district never flagged. It is impossible to express adequately our very deep appreciation.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman.

C. N. MANNING, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many years ago I made a tour of the Outer Hebrides, to study the work of the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service. It was my good fortune to meet up with two members of the Scottish Board of Education, Mr. James Grigor and the writer of this letter.

We crossed the Sound of Harris together, in a wee ferry that almost broke under the waves; we found ourselves marooned on a hundred and fifty ton steamer all one night in Castle Bay, off the Island of Barra, when the seas were too rough for the steamer to sail. We had many adventures and we have all three remained warm friends.

This letter reveals quite unconsciously the public character of a useful man in a country at peace.

11th July, '39

Troon, Scotland

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I have just been reading the Spring 1939 Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service which you still so kindly send me. It still continues to be absorbingly interesting. My wife and I enjoyed the article on Pellagra and were engrossed in the details of the St. Patrick's Day Twins—and One of Our Days in Hyden Hospital. Your organization is really wonderful. It is one of the bravest and kindest services in the world.

As I think I told you, I retired from active service on the

thirty-first of December, 1937, and stayed on in Inverness till the end of last May, when we removed to Ayrshire, where my new address is as at the beginning of this note.

I was on fifteen different committees in Inverness, including Nursing, Unemployed, Necessitous Children's Dinners, Blind Institute, Northern Infirmary at Inverness. I shall probably find my way into some such committees here. I have retained my membership of one of the Inverness committees—National Fitness. On that committee I represented the islands of Skye, Lewis, Harris, Uist, and Barra, and it will be convenient for me to go north from time to time. The other members felt I knew more about these islands than any other member, and they appealed to me to continue.

I was vice-convener of a committee dealing with refugees from Czechoslovakia. We had about seventy of them housed in Culloden House, four miles from Inverness. They have had a very hard time.

It was good of your people in Washington and New York to give such a delightful welcome to our King and Queen. I met them once at Dunvegan Castle when they were Duke and Duchess of York. They were both pleasant, affable, and the Queen very natural and kindly, with a subtle touch of humour. They came North to open a Boys' Hostel that the Education Authority are running in Portree, Isle of Skye.

We are in this country putting through a great number of Housing Schemes which should tell on the health of our people.

You remember how very keen your late friend, Sir Leslie Mackenzie, was on the questions of medical infection and medical treatment of school children. He began his campaign nearly forty years ago, and one result of these services, together with improved nutrition, is that the average weight of school children of twelve has gone up eight pounds, and the average height two inches. The expectation of life in this country has gone up by about twenty years.

Yours sincerely,

MURDO MORRISON.

THE MOBILE UNIT IN 1928

By GLADYS M. PEACOCK, R. N., S. C. M., B. S.

LEAVING THE OLD

When we had the news broken to us that we were to build and organize the new center on Red Bird River, our feelings were considerably mixed. On the one side we were facing the difficulties of the unknown, and the sorrow of leaving our little white house surrounded by beech trees on the Middle Fork; on the other hand there was the thrill of seeing another center grow under our eyes, from a standing tree to a seven-roomed modern house, and the renewed efforts we should have to make to win the confidence of the people in the new district. A struggle always brings satisfaction; therefore we decided that we were glad we had been the ones to open up the new Red Bird District.

The day had come for us to leave Beech Fork. A wagon had been ordered to take us and our belongings over to the new district, and at five a. m. we heard the sound of wheels as it came rattling and clattering up to the barn.

"Howdy," called the driver of the team.

"Howdy! Cal. You're in good time."

"Yea! I'm in good time. It's a long twenty miles over to Red Bird and you'n's said you wanted to be thar afore dark. We've a mighty steep hill to climb too, yon side of Bad Creek. You've a mighty big load thar,"—looking dubiously at the pile in the barn.

"Yes! it looks a lot, but most of it isn't very heavy," we reassured him. "Let's get to loading right away."

The wagon sides were taken down and two men started putting in the stuff. Dexterously they fitted the furniture in, putting the mattresses flat on the floor, piling on top of these tables, chairs, stools, boxes, etcetera. Everything had to be fitted in exactly. A very old baby kitchen stove was the hardest to place. Many times it was taken in and out until it looked secure. A two-foot tin tub, our future bath, was perched on

top of everything. White enamel pitchers and basins filled in all the cracks and corners. Our two enormous wardrobe trunks were the white elephants. Many sighs and groans escaped from Cal and Lewis as they struggled to get a safe resting place for these. Finally all was roped in, and the wagon sides were put up. Frantically we threw left-overs in at the last moment. An old black tea kettle, Bogey's kennel (made out of a barrel), two pairs of riding boots, and numerous other items which we might never want again, but hated to leave behind.

Cal had placed four sacks of corn and oats, and some hay, in the front. These served two purposes: food for the horses and also a seat for the driver. He mounted the wagon. We assisted Elva, our seventeen-year-old matron-maid, and Virginia, her eight-months-old baby, to climb up by the wheels. Then Bogey, much to his disgust, was hoisted up and tied to the leg of a table. He was distinctly annoyed at being made to ride in a wagon, but as he was only seven months old we thought he would be unable to travel the twenty miles by foot.

With a cracking of the whip, and much jangling and rattling, the cavalcade left the Jessie Preston Draper Center at Beech Fork. The last thing we heard was a shriek of delight issuing from Virginia, pitched and rolled from side to side, as the wagon lurched over the rocks and boulders; and the last thing we saw was our trunks swaying from side to side as the wagon forded the Middle Fork River. Every moment we expected to see our personal belongings splash into the water. It seemed incredible that they should stand erect with the wagon wheels at an angle of 45 degrees. Long before the twenty miles were over we had become reconciled to the fact that we might lose them any minute in one of the fords.

The other nurse, Mary B. Willeford, and I did not start on our trip until two hours after the wagon, as we knew that Betsy and Bruna would get us there in much quicker time. Saying good-bye to the two nurses who were replacing us at Beech Fork, we started out to follow the wagon, without looking back.

We had barely gone three miles when we saw coming towards us a grey streak. As it approached we saw it had a long rope attached to it, and to our great surprise recognized Bogey. He was running towards home as hard as he could go. When

he saw our horses he lay flat down on his stomach and, wagging his tail hard, he alternately put his head between his paws and looked up at us in a very sheepish fashion, expecting a scolding. We told him he was a bad dog but we took his lead off. He bounded up, and with sharp yaps of delight began jumping wildly up and down under the horses' heads. His excitement was great. He realized that he was to be allowed to follow on foot.

After travelling another three miles we saw, to our great surprise, the wagon standing stationary upon the first slope of the big hill. Elva and Virginia were seated on a rock by the road side. Both our trunks were lying by the side of the bank, and Cal was leaning against the wagon, scratching his head and spitting.

"What's happened Cal?"

"Sure can't make that hill with this hyar load."

"Did the trunks fall out?"

"Noa. I took them off. Thought maybe I could make two trips up the hill."

"Oh! but that would take hours to do, besides being terribly hard on the mules to go up and down that terrible hill twice. Isn't there anything else we can do?"

After much talking and discussing the matter we asked him if two more mules to help pull would be of any use.

"Sure, that would be fine," replied Cal.

"Well, where is the nearest house that has mules? Bill Bowling has two strong animals, wouldn't they be all right?"

"Sure, and he only lives a quarter of a mile up the branch from hyar."

Cal was sent off on Bruna to get Bill and his mules, and in a short time the wagon was on its way again, with four stout mules pulling the load up the hill. Bill Bowling accompanied us to take back his animals.

We seemed to travel for hours. At noon we stopped by the creek and ate our lunch of sandwiches and coffee, Virginia contentedly drinking her milk and eating spinach and apple sauce, Bogey eating up all the scraps, but most of the time lying exhausted but happy beside Virginia. No other human would dare to be as familiar with Bogey as was Virginia. She only, could pull his tail, twist his ears and put her finger in his eyes.

Once again we started off. It did not seem possible that we were only half way. Fortunately the greater part of the trip was in the shade of enormous trees. Only when we got into the open creek beds did we realize that it was a broiling hot day.

A short time after lunch we noticed that Bogey was flagging. Persuading him to jump onto a high rock, I drew up beside him, and dragged him onto my saddle. We took turn about holding him in front of us for a short time, but only for a very few minutes at a time. With a wild jerk he would leap out of our arms and follow slowly at the horses' heels. However, he was just a little too tired to swim, so whenever we came to a ford, he would race ahead to a high rock and stand waiting for us. Wagging his tail as we approached, he would bound onto the front of one of the saddles, much to the horse's disgust. The moment we got to the other side of the river he would leap down again.

On and on we went, past cabins, over dry creek beds, rocking, rattling, swaying. Would we never get there? Was it possible that there was still a country in America where it took all day to travel twenty miles?

At last we came out on Red Bird River. The valleys widened, the hills seemed higher, and there were many more open spaces and flat fields. Every now and again we came across a screened frame house. We felt we were entering a more prosperous country. Only one more mile.

ARRIVAL AT THE NEW

Just at the "edge of dark" we clattered up a little branch and stopped in front of a small two-roomed cabin sitting on top of a hill over-looking the deep twisting, curving Red Bird River. This was to be our home for the next four months.

No two people were more glad to see that cabin than Elva and Virginia, who was dropping off to sleep.

We had expected another wagon from Hyden to meet us there, but we could see no signs of it. What were we to do? All our cots were to come in it, and all the linen, blankets and dishes.

We decided that the two of us could make do with what

we had, but that Elva and her baby must go to neighbors. We crossed the branch to a medium-sized frame house, and enquired of Mrs. Carlo Hoskins, the owner, if she would take Elva and Virginia in for the night. She was only too glad and begged the two of us to stay and have supper and spend the night there also. We refused for ourselves but accepted for the mother and baby.

Having settled our little family, we then went back to the wagon and started unloading. Never did a cabin seem smaller. Two tiny rooms and that was all. No kitchen, no lean-to room. The neighbors had torn off the old newspapers that had previously covered the walls, and had had the place whitewashed from ceiling to floor, so it was spotlessly clean.

We told Cal to unload our stuff and dump it all in the front yard, as we would put it into the house ourselves, excepting the two large trunks. These we had Cal stow away in the farthest corners we could find. They seemed to take up the whole room.

One by one we dragged in the pieces of home-made furniture and fitted them into every corner. One room was to be given to Elva and the baby, and to serve during the day as a waiting room for the patients. The other room, Willeford and I would use as a dispensary, bedroom, sitting room, bath room and guest room. But where was the kitchen? In vain we looked for a shed that could serve that purpose, but there was nothing suitable. Suddenly we had a bright idea. We would use the tumble-down little porch. We hoisted the stove to the end of the porch, made a hole in the roof to put the stove pipe through, lined the hole with tin so that it would not catch fire, and getting a few stray planks that were lying around, we nailed them to the end of the porch to serve as a back. We now had a first-class kitchen!

By this time we were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. The stove not having been put together, we gathered some sticks of wood from the packing cases for kindling, got some logs that were lying outside, chopped them up with our axe and started a fire in the open grate of the "general" room. Digging out a saucepan from the debris in the yard, we opened a can of soup, heated it, then opened another can of pork and

beans, and with the bread that we had brought along had a wonderful meal.

The next thing was to find some water. Taking our flashlights we roamed around the hillside until we came upon a little old well with a bucket full of many holes attached to it. We pulled up all we needed, filled our own bucket, and stumbled down the rocky hill. Not being sure that this water was pure, we proceeded to boil a small quantity of it on our open fire, for drinking purposes.

It was somewhere around 1 a. m. when we decided that we were hot and tired and that it was time to turn in. How we longed for a bath! This longing set our minds to work. Why shouldn't we have a shower? Getting two more pails of water and looking carefully around to see that there were no loiterers about, we proceeded to undress. Soaping ourselves in the house we then went out onto the hillside at the back of the house and in the dark of night, not daring to use our flashlights, we slowly poured a pail of water over each other. Every now and again not being able to see, we would miss the mark and get a wetting on the head, but the results felt marvelous. To our regret we discovered too late that we had no towels. However, an extra shirt filled the need.

Just at "sun up" we were awakened by Elva knocking at the door. Her attitude when she saw us on the floor was most amusing. She seemed very upset that she had slept on a bed while we had not had one, but we reassured her that it was only because of Virginia that we had made her more comfortable.

She hastily lit a fire in the open grate in her room, and in half an hour we sat down to a large breakfast of cereal, fried eggs and bacon, toast and apples, all of which she had brought over from the neighbor's. No girl was ever more enthusiastic or more willing than Elva. She had been with us for over a year and looked upon us as her particular property, to be cared for in every way.

We thought that we would have plenty of time to get the house straight before Mrs. Breckinridge, our Director, came over that night. We thought that it might be days before we would be called out to visit any sick cases in the district.

We had just finished breakfast at six o'clock and were in the throes of putting the kitchen stove together when a much perturbed man rode up the hill on a mule.

"Howdy."

"Howdy."

"Are you the nurses?"

"Yes. I'm Miss Willeford, and this is Miss Peacock."

"Pleased ter meet yer. My name's Taylor Ledford."

"Sit down, won't you, Mr. Ledford," offering him a packing case to sit on.

"No—I want you'n's to come over right away. One of my young un's is mighty bad off."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's havin' fits. Got all shaky and then got all stiff. Looks as though she's like ter die. Can you'n's come right quick?"

We told the man to go to the barn and saddle our horses while we got out the saddle bags. We decided to go together as this was our first case. How we hoped we would be able to do something for the child, as our whole future reputation depended on the result of our first case.

Following the father down the steep hill we forded a deep part of the river, then climbed a narrow trail until we reached a nice little frame house. The porch was thronged with people. All eyes were on us as we entered the house. We found a neighbor holding the child, who was having a convulsion. The mother was crying and calling upon God to save her child.

After finding out a little about the history of the illness, we set several of the neighbors to work. A tin tub was produced, water quickly heated on the open fire, blankets warmed and the bed prepared. We had the necessary mustard in our bags. Quickly putting a gag between the child's teeth to prevent her biting her tongue, we placed her in the hot tub of water, then proceeded to give her a colonic irrigation. Surrounding her with quart jars of hot water and placing her between the warm blankets, we put her into the bed and anxiously awaited results. One hour passed, two hours passed, and there was no return of the convulsions. All this time the neighbors were watching our every move.

We packed our saddle bags, leaving instructions with the father and a neighbor for the treatment of the child, advising them to call us should there be any recurrence of the attack.

The father accompanied us to the gate. As we were mounting he said: "I reckens you'n's knows yer job—we're mighty glad you'n's has come into this hyar neighborhood."

We told him we were glad to be there, too, and with a parting nod he watched us ride down the creek.

From that time on there was no question as to our reception. Every day calls came. Every day people came up to the house for some complaint or advice. After two weeks we had to start a regular clinic morning from 8 a. m. until noon. Mothers, babies, school children, and even fathers thronged our little porch. Frequently we had fifty or sixty people in one morning. The word had gone around from the Beech Fork Nursing Center of the work done over there by the Frontier Nursing Service, and we were immediately accepted on Red Bird River.

That first night Mrs. Breckinridge rode up. Excitedly we told her of our first call. We could not have found a more appreciative audience. Her joy was even greater than ours. No one knew better than our Director just how much the results of a first visit can affect a district.

The wagon from Hyden had arrived with our cots. With only two for the three of us, we three lay awake talking far into the night in our white-washed cabin, making plans for the future of the new district on Red Bird River.

TOWN PAYS TRIBUTE TO COUNTRY DOCTOR

BROOKFIELD, Vt., August 14 (AP)—Townfolk of Brookfield today paid tribute to the memory of a country doctor who, for 41 years, faced the whims of New England weather to care for their sick, bring their babies into the world, and comfort their dying.

They unveiled a bronze tablet set in a solid, 5000 pound block of Barre granite in honor of Dr. E. E. Ellis.

The doctor's granddaughter, Madeline Ellis, unveiled the tablet whose simple inscription read: "Elmer E. Ellis, M. D.,—Our doctor from 1896 to 1937."

THE AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE

(Summer of 1939)

By ALISON BRAY, English Courier

The Auxiliary Territorial Service is a new organization for women, forming part of the Territorial Army. It is the first time in this country that women have served with the Army during peace-time. In the case of a National Emergency members of the A. T. S. will perform certain non-combatant duties with the Regular and Territorial Armies, and the Royal Air Force. They also assist the Services in peace, where possible, as part of their training. So far, about 900 officers and 16,000 other ranks have been enrolled.

The A. T. S. is divided into Units, roughly one unit to each county. The units consist of Companies, which have their headquarters in various parts of the county. Here in Leeds we have six companies forming part of the unit of the West Riding of Yorkshire, which is the biggest unit outside London. Each company is attached to a unit of the Territorial Army, my company (the 20th West Riding Company) being attached to the 49th West Riding Divisional Signals. I am very pleased about this, because our family have been connected with the Signals for many years, so it is like working with friends and they give me a great deal of help.

The companies are of Lower or Higher establishment. The former have one Officer and 23 members. I have a small company at present, but it may be enlarged later on. I have only 16 members so far, but they are all very keen, and seem to enjoy the work. We are all very pleased that such a good type of woman has volunteered.

Some companies are composed entirely of clerks or motor drivers, but they are mostly "General Duties" companies, consisting of cooks, orderlies (who do the cleaning, waiting, messages, etc.), clerks and store-women. All companies will take on work at present done by men, so that the latter will be free to go elsewhere.

Nearly all the members must enroll for General Service,

they must be willing to serve anywhere in the country or overseas if necessary. There are just a few companies for Local Service members, who will always be within reach of their own homes. The age limits are 18-43 for General Service, and 18-50 for Local Service.

I have a General Service (General Duties) company, and the first people I enrolled were much nearer 43 than 18. Until I got used to it I felt very awkward telling them what to do, when they probably knew more about it than I did. The work was very muddling to begin with. There are such a lot of rules and regulations to remember and forms to fill in, that I got quite dizzy. However I don't mind so much now. I went to London for a week in February, to the School of Instruction, which was a great help.

At our weekly meetings we have lectures on Army organization, First Aid, Anti-Gas measures, etcetera, and also Drill and Physical Training. The unit to which we are attached provides the Instructors. We try to get extra training for the cooks, clerks and store-women. We go to Camp in alternate years, but it is not our turn this year; instead, we joined with three other Companies and ran a weekend camp of our own, which was very amusing and quite successful.

Lately I have been busy issuing Uniform, which is khaki-colored and looks very smart. Now we have closed down for two months while everyone is on holiday, and we hope to resume the training with renewed vigour, in September.

DOG GIVES LIFE TO SAVE HIS MASTER FROM BULL

MOULTRIE, Ga., Dec. 13 (AP)—Byrd Franklin is alive but his dog is dead. The dog, a breed of bulldog that knows no fear, gave his life to prevent a bull from goring Franklin to death.

Franklin was driving the bull from a field near Moultrie when the beast suddenly turned on him and with a toss of horns hurled him to the ground.

The bull charged with lowered head and Franklin helplessly awaited the attack. A second before the bull reached him, Franklin's dog leaped and gripped the enraged animal's nose. He clung there until Franklin scampered to a nearby fence.

The bull eventually shook the dog loose, and gored and trampled it to death.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

THE SECOND COURIER CONCLAVE

By DOROTHY CALDWELL

Of all my gay times at Wendover, the week of June 17th to 26th, 1939, at the Courier Conclave, was the gayest of all. Never a dull moment was the watchword. It was just like being a courier all over again, only with more hands to get the work done more quickly, and far-into-the-night sessions of games and just talk.

I arrived on Sunday afternoon—the twenty-fifth—to find Jean Hollins, Fanny McIlvain, Marion Shouse, Pebble Stone, Joan McClellan and Babs VanDuyn Verbeck already there.

On Monday, with the Conclave officially under way, everybody pitched in doing whatever her fancy dictated—grooming or watering horses, writing letters, or taking horses to pasture. About nine o'clock Joan and Babs set off for Beech Fork, taking Erin up and bringing Kelpie back for one of the new nurses to ride.

In the afternoon I went to Hyden and brought out an adorable little spotted pony named Danny from Denver Mattingly's. Dr. Kooser had bought it for Nancy's fourth birthday and wanted it kept at Wendover and tried out until then. By the time I returned, the last of the Conclave had arrived—Betty Horsburgh Molesworth and Kay Bulkley.

That night we all went over to the Garden House and played Sardine—except Betty and Kay, who had had a long drive down and were very tired, and Pebble, who was ill. Some of the secretaries joined us, and Ben, one of the newer nurses, kept us all in stitches.

Jean was the first sardine, and she hid beneath a heap of dirty clothes in a hamper in the laundry. She'd nearly suffocated by the time we found her and climbed in with her. The next round was the last, for no one except Joan and Babs ever did find the hider. The rest of us simply spent the evening piling up under desks and tables in the pitch-dark Garden House, keeping utterly silent, only to find out after several minutes that it was only Ben again at the bottom of the heap, and moving on.

The party finally broke up with a midnight snack over in the kitchen.

Tuesday morning Jean and Fanny started out to Lexington to take Hazel Dufendach out and have Trash's teeth examined—Trash being Betty Holmes' pup.

Betty Molesworth, Kay and I spent a good part of the morning giving the pony a bath and grooming him until he shone. He was then given a run of the place, and proved himself to be such a discriminating grazer that Mrs. Duvall herself said he was no menace to the garden. Thereafter he could be seen any time of the day sauntering along the road or the paths, occasionally cropping grass, and occasionally dropping in at the barn to see if some stall door might be open, where he could glean a little extra hay or oats.

Tuesday night the Hospital at Hyden gave a picnic, and nearly everyone from Wendover went. Five of us—Babs, Joan, Betty, Catharine and I—rode over. The rest went by car from the mouth of Muncie's Creek.

The picnic was an outstanding success. It was held on the level place in front of the old coal bank in the new Hattie Strong pasture, and when we arrived Dr. Kooser, Betty Lester and Brownie were already putting the last touches to a whole flock of deliciously barbecued chickens. Jean and Fanny returned from Lexington before we had finished, so the courier representation was complete. Even Pebble was there that evening, for she was feeling better than she had in several days and insisted on being with us.

After we had finished eating the marvelous supper Mac had prepared for us, we sat around the fire singing and talking for hours—with interruptions caused by a certain amount of courier horse-play that caused the utter ruination of several white skirts. The evening concluded with a game of Hide-in-the-Dark, that unfortunately ended in a casualty. Ben had hidden on top of Mac's "Wee Hoose" and when she was found and jumped down she broke two bones in the ball of her foot. The party all returned to Wendover shortly after this, and we of the horse-back group enjoyed a beautiful but very weary ride home in the moonlight.

Wednesday morning the annual meeting of the Courier Con-

clave took place in Mrs. Breckinridge's room. All of us felt that the courier organization as such should again be financially responsible for some contribution to the F. N. S. We also felt that nearly all ex-couriers would like to be included in whatever gift the Conclave should decide on. One of the couriers suggested dues, but the major drawback to dues seemed to be the fact that so many couriers contribute in so many different ways that a special levy for dues would be definitely unjust. Accordingly that idea was dropped, and all courier contributions are to be voluntary, as always in the past.

Last year courier contributions were sufficient to buy the horse, Robin Hood—a beautifully gaited, strong, and eminently satisfactory grey-black. This year our goal is even higher. We hope for sufficient donations to buy phosphates, lime and grass seed to make usable pastures at Wendover and The Clearing, on the new land given the Hospital at Hyden; and also to provide fertilizing and seeding at Beech Fork and some of the other outpost centers. This will take about \$300.00 and will be one of the finest gifts we can make. Furthermore, no one knows better than we couriers do just how vital is the need for adequate pastures and how difficult to create them in the mountains where the soil is not naturally grass-producing.

The next matter of vital importance to be settled was the time of the next annual Courier Conclave. All couriers and ex-couriers please note: It is to be June 16th to June 25th, 1940. Make your plans now, and don't miss it!

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Marion Shouse. She is an utterly tireless worker for the courier organization—which has no officers, but blithely goes its way letting Shouse do all the work.

After lunch, Betty Molesworth left for home and husband. We were all terribly sorry to see her go, but enjoyed having her with us for even those three days.

Thursday was a quiet day, with all of us just loafing. The work was done early, so we had a try at Hop-Scotch for awhile and had lots of fun at it. Unfortunately, most of us had forgotten the details of the game, however, and the rest of us couldn't agree on the rules, so we had to give it up. After lunch we still had nothing particular to do, so we played more

games. Mumblety-peg kept us busy till tea-time, with Jean Hollins proving herself easily the best of us.

That night we went up to Ben's room, where she was confined with her broken foot, and there we played "The Wendover Game" until all hours of the night. The high point of the game—Madge Tait (Wendover nurse) trying to act out the words "The Sphinx."

Friday we made the mistake of taking five horses to pasture, and then had to get them back before we left for Red Bird at three. Kay, Babs, Joan and I had lots more than we could handle for nearly an hour trying to catch those horses. Old Bobbie and Robin Hood gave up right away, but even with their help we couldn't catch Lassie, Babbette and Kelpie. At last we called for help from Fanny, and whether she charmed them or they just knew we were now too many for them, they surrendered at once.

There were eleven of us from Wendover, and two of the nurses from Hyden who piled into Walter's truck and drove to Red Bird. Vanda had contrived a perfectly wonderful trash-hunt for us, and we were exhausted at the end of it. We were given a list of clues that sent us all over the place—from the water tank to the mail box at the front gate—in search of small household articles that Vanda had spent a large part of the afternoon hiding. Here's a sample:

"Swing open, swing shut;
It's a switch tender."

Get it? Neither did I. It was a hairpin hidden at the gate. And the winners were Jean and Brownie.

Saturday afternoon the couriers got a little of their own back, for the secretaries, having heard much about that day in the pasture, decided that they'd go and catch three of the six horses there and just show us. Accordingly, Betty, Catharine, and Dale sallied forth; all of us following at a discreet distance to watch and take pictures. We needn't dwell on it. They caught Bobbie and Robin Hood, and eventually we helped with the rest.

Saturday night was the Wendover Scavenger Hunt. Ben had made it up while bedridden, and it was a real one. What with grubs, white hairs from Bobby's tail, toads, and tadpoles,

the Garden House was quite a sight at the end of it. It was a splendid hunt, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly—or perhaps I'm prejudiced, for Audrey and I were the winners.

On Sunday we really began to think the Courier Conclave was ended, for early in the morning Fanny and Joan left. Jean, too, departed at around noon. Shouse and Babs had left for Lexington early in the morning to bring Mrs. Stone in, for Pebble's operation had taken place on Friday; so only Kay and I were left. In mid-afternoon Shouse and Babs returned, to be followed shortly by several from the Hospital in Betty's "Samanthy." We had a picnic in the grove by the river below Wendover, and the Conclave was over for another year. When we wakened next morning, Babs and Marion had gone, and only Kay and I were left to carry on. Kay stayed as regular Senior Courier, and I to fill in for a week.

The Conclave was perfect. Except for Pebble's illness, all of us enjoyed every minute, and all of us felt that we had a real place at Wendover. Next year, I'm sure, will find all of us back again—which is really the highest testimonial of praise that can be given. We only hope we'll find more and more each session, for after all the real purpose of these meetings is to let us keep up the contacts we make with fellow-couriers.

Couriers, plan to be with us next year. And this year, help us plant honest-to-goodness pastures! Pastures with the stickweed, iron-weed, the chick-weed and rag-weed superseded by grass!

"An amoeba named Bert and his brother
Went out for a drink with each other
In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And then found that each was a mother!"

—Contributed.

FROM GEORGE WYNDHAM RECOGNITA

Detraction is one of the principal forms of self-promotion, and those that cannot reach the citadel themselves, must clamber up over the bodies of their companions who have taken it.

—Charles T. Gatty.

In Memoriam

"The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil."

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

MR. DEWEY EVANS, Wooton, Kentucky
DR. ALFRED FRIEDLANDER, Cincinnati, Ohio
MR. GRANVILLE HUFF, Confluence, Kentucky
MR. JOHN M. OMWAKE, Cincinnati, Ohio
MR. JAMES T. SHAW, Detroit, Michigan
MRS. HARPER SIBLEY, Rochester, New York

During the last few months the Frontier Nursing Service has again lost a group of friends. Mr. Evans, as the Area Engineer for the W. P. A. in this section gave a really extraordinary impression of integrity, ability, and good-will, during the brief time in which we knew him; Dean Friedlander, of the University of Cincinnati Medical School, directly and through his associates gave us encouragement and help more times than we can number; Mr. Huff was a member of our mountain committee at Confluence, where his good sense and fine character were a great asset to the nurses stationed there; Mr. Omwake, a member of our Cincinnati Committee from the beginning, was one of the most lovable men in America; Mr. Shaw, the husband of a beloved member of our Detroit Committee, closed his long and honored life after months of suffering bravely borne; Mrs. Sibley was one of the dearest, gayest, kindest women we ever knew. She also lived beyond the three-score-and-ten-years,—a long life of ever widening friendships. We love to think that her memorial to her mother Margaret Durbin Harper, the nursing center at Bowlingtown she gave us, is in a very real sense a memorial also to her.

"UNION NOW"

By CLARENCE K. STREIT
Harper and Brothers
\$3.00

"Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, **must** Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death?"

An essential characteristic of any epoch-making work is that it finds a multitude of minds prepared to receive it. Like many others, I was groping in thought in the direction of this book long before I read it. That an unbreakable relationship to permit peaceful progress on this planet must be established, and that quickly, few could doubt. The difficulty lay in how and where to begin.

Much as I want good will between the nations of South and North America, I long ago dismissed as impracticable the idea that **world** peace would come from a closer coordination of such diverse traditions. Such a union reminds me of something I read in my girlhood in a book called "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" in which Aunt Jane tells of the wedding of two people who had nothing else in common but that "their farms j'ined."

That nations removed from us by weeks in point of travel, and even further removed in the technique of self-government, should be chosen as our special buddies because of geological upheavals in primordial time, just doesn't make sense. Why are continents more to be cherished than seas? If man has evolved at all, his choice of associates need not be selected on the basis either of water or mud. In any case, our friends to the south, with no transcontinental route even in the making, are quite definitely overseas.

"To organize world government soundly we must turn to the peoples most advanced and experienced politically, and this turns us to the democracies. Peoples that accept dictatorships must be classified, politically, among the immature, or retarded, or inexperienced, high as they may rank otherwise. In admitting to be governed authoritatively, they admit they are not able to govern themselves freely. While men accept being governed as children they must be rated as immature."

"The political character of the problem, the magnitude of the object and the need of early, sound solution all favor organizing the smallest practical number of the nations most advanced politically into a nucleus world government."

Mr. Streit suggests fifteen democracies to form the nucleus of the Union. They are: The American Union of the United States, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Ireland, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, The Swiss Confederation, The Union of South Africa, and the United Kingdom of Great Britain. In his well-documented book Mr. Streit shows how the resources of these democracies control the financial, military, and economic world. He says they have only themselves to blame for their difficulties and their fear of loss of freedom, because **"together they practically own this earth, and do not know it."** He adds **"Each of these democracies was made to secure precisely the same objective, the freedom of man, and they all forget it."**

Here is no group of incompatibles as was the League of Nations. Mr. Streit shows how the League, through the very nature of its composition and mechanism, could not succeed in any "union of true minds." But this group of democracies, if united (each nation under her own government, whether monarchy or republic) would insure the freedom of each, the freedom of all. From this union of self-governing peoples will radiate a peace for the rest of the world as contagious as war.

In every generation there is some spiritual abstraction so dear to man that he will die for it. This takes different forms as the centuries pass. The theological wars of other ages are incredible to us, but the fact that men will die for their beliefs, and even suffer torture, is not incredible. The right to choose one's own government—to govern one's self—with freedom of speech, that is something the democracies have won and will not give up. With freedom of speech goes as a corollary freedom of silence—the precious Sister Silence of St. Francis. This, too, the right not to cry "Heil! we will not give up."

I read "Union Now" on a quiet island in Canadian waters in August. Now comes September. Is it ever too late? Is civilized man at the mercy of volcanic political upheavals? Has he no capacity to hurl himself into the peace he wants, with the

same unity as into the war he loathes? Is he fated always to unite only for war and tumble apart when it is over? Is it beyond his power, beyond his imagination, even beyond his will, to organize a **Union Now** that will stop war overnight, and provide the only possible basis for an enduring peace?

“O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars.”

Man, free man, need not blame the fates. Least of all should he blame his enslaved enemies. His the choice of rest from wars in free cooperation with his fellow freemen, or a harvest field where his heart and life are dinged with rotten death.

M. B.

BELOVED BRUTES

“ . . . the four-footed ones of earth shall lay
“Forever-by the sadness of their day.”

Lawrence Housman.

“THE OLD GRAY MARE”

That was her name in her youth, but as the years went by she became “The Mare” preeminently. She was Betty Lester’s mount but sometimes, when his own horse caved in from hard riding, Dr. Kooser took out The Mare, whose endurance surpassed all others’.

Blizzards or burning heat, day or darkness, The Mare took it all in her stride. A whinny of joy to greet her rider, a zest in the going that communicated new life to him, a sure-footedness on every rocky trail and in every swift ford,—these were some of The Mare’s gifts to her friends.

At the last she gave her life as well. Death,—sudden, violent death—she met with her customary self-immolation. She kept her footing until her rider, Jean, had won free of the stirrups. Only then did she let herself fall back across the road’s edge to the depths below. There she lay, her noble head with

agonized eyes silhouetted against the sky, until a merciful bullet released her.

"THE GIRT DOGS OF WENDOVER"

Within a year Wendover has lost the three great dogs who fraternized with us. Of Feno we have written. Now Wendy and Fenette have followed him. The wild range of our rough mountain country, the rivers they swam, the horses they followed, shall know them no more.

Wendy, the greatly daring, companion of rides and hearth rugs, Wendy of the thumping tail, had moral as well as physical courage. Under local anaesthetics, without leash or muzzle, she submitted to successive operations, and if she squealed, apologized at once with licking lips and a deprecating thump of the old tail. After blindness came and right on through her last hours of suffering the tail thumped always at the voice of friends.

Fenette, the gentle, the loving-hearted, Fenette of the golden voice—deep, melodious—Fenette went into the valley of the shadow, her paw outstretched for the clasp of a companionable hand.

For years it was my custom to place saucers of early morning milk on the stone hearth before the fire in my room, when the girt dogs came rollicking in to breakfast with me. Of late Miss Pittypat often joined them, and then I set out three saucers all in a row. They lapped the milk, the one purring, the two tail-wagging. Before they began, we had grace: "Ye beasts of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

One of the Brutus nurses was calling on a patient on Trace Branch. She knew that the patient liked company, so she took with her five friends from Cleveland and Milwaukee, who were making a brief Easter visit.

As they approached the house, Maudie, the three-year-old, ran inside, yelling:

"Hey, Mammy, here comes a war."

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A neighbor asked James Edward, age five, when he was going to take the whooping-cough. He replied, "When t'others git through with hit."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

"Didn't we all love the King and Queen!"

This bit from one of our many letters about them is characteristic of the tone of them all. As we write these words now, the King's speech on the opening of war has just come to us over the air. When a position of vast responsibility is held by a man who represents the innate dignity of the human spirit at its best, the chord of love is rightly struck. So recently the King and his lovely, human Queen have crossed and re-crossed the then quiet seas. Now no storm of nature could equal the one made by man.

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At the meeting of the Eighth International Midwives' Congress in Paris, attended by the representatives of 70,000 midwives, from England, France, Germany, Italy, Poland and many other countries, the midwives rose as one at the reading of the following Resolution:

"The Eighth International Midwives' Congress declares that if the catastrophe of war overwhelms the world again, it will be against the wishes and desires of the mass of the people in every country and, above all, against those of the Mothers. Midwives, whose work is the preservation of life, deplore the wilful destruction of it through the use of scientific knowledge for destructive instead of constructive ends. The Congress asks Midwives everywhere, whatever the future may bring forth, to remember the bond which unites them to one another in working in the same spirit of humanity."

The British publication "Nursing Notes and Midwives' Chronicle" states in its issue of June of this year that "It was a pledge between us, whatever dark rivers of war and hatred might flow between our countries we midwives would remember one another in friendship and unity in our common work for humanity."

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A group known as the "American Friends of France" was organized in the spring of this year by Miss Anne Morgan, in

anticipation of work for such friends to do. The nucleus is composed of the old members of the American Committee for Devastated France, but the rolls are open to all lovers of France who wish to assume some activity in her behalf. Communications should be addressed to Miss Anne Morgan, 3 Sutton Place, New York, New York.

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The death of Miss Lillian D. Wald, of Henry Street, brings to its close the life of a great pioneer. Nurses and laymen alike join in reverence for her honored memory.

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The death of Edward S. Martin, former editor of the old *Life* and of the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, closes the earthly career of one of the most distinguished and delightful of men.

The notices about him in the papers touch lightly or not at all upon one of his deepest interests. Mr. Martin was a confirmed believer in the survival of the personality of each one of us after death, and had given much time to amassing proofs that were to him irrefutable. He met this question as he did all others, with gay humor and a deep appreciation of the values of life. He has escaped now to that wider field of usefulness he anticipated with an almost radiant delight.

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The picture on the inside cover of this Bulletin was used by the Queen's Institute of District Nurses in their annual report. We were so charmed with it that we wrote *Punch* for permission to reproduce it in our Bulletin.

The picture on the outside cover page is by Marvin Breckinridge.

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The Cincinnati annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place on Wednesday, November first, at four o'clock at the Queen City Club, with the chairman, Mr. James M. Hutton, presiding. Refreshments will be served by the Cincinnati Committee.

The annual meeting held by the New York Committee for

the members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place on Tuesday, November 14th, in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

At both these meetings, the Director will make the annual report of the work of the Service, and illustrate it with colored stereopticon slides.

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Mrs. S. C. Henning, our trustee of fifteen years' standing, was such a power in getting the Service started, and she did so many difficult things, like riding all over our early field of work, and entertaining scores of people in her home, and taking in sick children, that to enumerate any of her activities and leave the others unstated isn't quite possible.

Among the things she did was to organize our first Louisville Committee. This committee has been for some time without a regular chairman, and we are fortunate indeed that Mrs. Morris B. Belknap has now taken the chairmanship, both because of her close friendship with our loved Mrs. Ballard and because of her rare abilities and social charm. We are greatly honored to have her enlisted in so responsible a post.

Soon after Mrs. Belknap visited us in the mountains, she called her committee together, and they arranged for the first piece of work this autumn. This will be a benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service, in the form of a card party, to be held on November 10th. Those of you who are bridge enthusiasts, living in and around Louisville, will have a good time if you attend, and at the same time help carry the work of the F. N. S.

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We are highly honored to be able to announce that Dr. Frederick C. Irving, of the Boston Lying-In Hospital, and Dr. Robert N. Lewis, of the Yale University Obstetrical School, have consented to serve on our National Medical Council.

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Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, our chairman of the Detroit Committee since its inception, has resigned, to our great regret. We owe more than we can express to his deep and kindly interest. We are fortunate in that our vice-chairman, Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Junior, has accepted the chairmanship. Mrs. Henry B.

Joy has taken the vice-chairmanship. Our Detroit Committee could not be in abler hands.

Mrs. John Sherwin, Junior, has resigned the chairmanship of our Cleveland Committee. We have had several chairmen in Cleveland, and each one outstanding. The late Mrs. Leonard C. Hanna was the first one, and remained on the committee as honorary chairman until her death. She and Mrs. S. Prentiss Baldwin, in whose drawing room our first Cleveland meeting was held, and the late Mrs. Perry W. Harvey, who was our first hostess, were the three who really launched the F. N. S. in Cleveland, so many years ago.

Our second Cleveland chairman was the late Mr. Dudley S. Blossom, whose name was one of the most honored in any community in the world. Then Mrs. Sherwin took the chairmanship, and her friendly interest, good sense, and social charm carried on our finest committee traditions.

We are happy to announce that Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland has now taken the chairmanship, and this means that the committee is again in most capable and devoted hands.

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The Minneapolis Committee held its annual meeting in the country home of Mrs. George Chase Christian, the chairman, at Wayzata, Minnesota, on July 28th, shortly after Mrs. Christian had visited us in the Kentucky mountains. Mrs. Christian made a full report of her visit to the Frontier Nursing Service and of the work, and was kept speaking for three-quarters of an hour. She had asked to have sample sweaters, socks, etcetera, from the Frontier Nursing Service Cooperative Handknitters sent for the meeting. They were greatly admired, and eight of the ten samples sold immediately, and orders were taken for a large number. Mrs. Arthur Hartwell was so kind as to take charge of the orders.

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A wedding of deep interest to us is that of our Wilma Duvall, for so many years Secretary to the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, to Mr. Leonard Austin Whittlesey, in San Francisco, on July 13th. The warmest affection and a thousand

good wishes go out to Wilma from the hearts of her many friends in the Kentucky mountains.

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Another wedding of great interest to us is that of the late Mrs. Thruston Ballard's grandson, Rogers Clark Ballard Morton, to Miss Anne Jones, at Christ Church Cathedral in Louisville, on the 27th of May.

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Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Berentson have a son, John Franklin, born on September 1st in Chicago. Mrs. Berentson will be remembered as Katherine Sitton ("Bobbie") by her many friends in the Kentucky mountains, where she served in our statistical department. All of us wish her joy in the new baby.

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Even during the summer months, an occasional friend of the F. N. S. is so kind as to tell about the work to groups of people. Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington has spoken twice in our behalf, with colored slides of the Service—once to the Pilot Club in Lexington, and once to the Rotary Club in Paris, Kentucky.

Through the interest of Miss Mary J. Hunt, the F. N. S. was included in a Class Day program at Lexington. Miss Beverley Talbert took the part of the nurse in one of our uniforms, and carried our saddlebags. She was posed in front of the mountain cabin, with a mountain mother and a great-grandmother at her side.

Our Wendover nurse, Sybil Holmes, while on a recent holiday in Nassau, spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service over the air, on the Nassau Broadcasting Station.

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As we have stated often enough before, our old crowd is scattered all over the globe, but until recently we have never had a former member of the Service staff in the South Sea Islands. Mrs. W. B. Tothill (who was our nurse Bridget Ristori) has gone to Nauru, in Oceania, to live. Her husband has been made Medical Officer to the British Phosphate Company. She writes that the only literature that they can find about Nauru is "Life and Laughter Among the Cannibals" by Collinson. In

advance of going to the island she tells us that it is only eight miles square, and that a hundred white people, eight hundred Chinese, and two thousand Nauruano live on this limited bit of land. We have not been able to locate it on any map.

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It is with the deepest distress that we learn of the accident this summer to our dear friend, Dame Rosalind Paget, of London. In a fall, she has broken her hip. This is a terrible accident to befall anyone, but at Dame Rosalind's age the sudden cessation of all of the normal activities of a lifetime makes it doubly distressing. We do so heartily hope that she can make a sufficient recovery to take her part in the arduous duties that confront Englishwomen at the present time.

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The General Federation of Women's Clubs, in Council on Wednesday, May 10th, in San Francisco, passed a resolution endorsing calendar reform on the perpetual twelve-month plan of equal quarters, known as "The World Calendar," and requested the United States Government to cooperate with other governments in bringing about calendar reform.

A motto of the World Calendar Association is peculiarly affecting when one reads it in September, 1939—"Let Us Encompass the World With a New Order of Time."

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We beg our readers to forgive any imperfections or omissions in this issue of the Bulletin. Except for the Annual Report and the signed articles, the Bulletin has had to be thrown together rather hastily, because your editor spent the month of August on a holiday in the Muskoka Lakes of Canada, where her people have had an island since the turn of the century. Incredible, the peace of that lovely country, now at war! Heart-breaking, the memory of Canadian friends, standing on our dock and waving goodbye with hats and handkerchiefs until our steamer passed out of their sight.

OLD COURIER NEWS

The old couriers at the Conclave decided that they wanted a column in each Bulletin for themselves alone. No exact title was chosen, so this one is tentative, and we are open to suggestions.

Our British courier, Alison Bray, contributes an article called "The Auxiliary Territorial Service," published elsewhere in this issue. Since it was written, Alison has been called from a quiet country home in Yorkshire to active duty. In a letter of July 10th, enclosing the article, she says:

"It's glorious to think that if all goes well I shall be with you again in six months' time. Sometimes the prospect doesn't look too good, but I will do my very best to get to you. We are all much more used to crises now, and don't worry about them so much (or try not to). We feel that it's no good getting worked up and exhausted every time there's some bad news. We shall have enough to worry about if anything does happen (and it may not) and the best thing to do till then is to carry on as usual and hope for the best."

Weddings of couriers during the summer months were as follows:

Betsey Schadt to Dr. Carl F. Shelton in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, on May 24th, 1939.

Barbara Boyd to Mr. Herschel Virgil Downs in Flagstaff, Arizona, on June 19th, 1939.

Penelope Kirkham to Mr. John Parke in New York, on June 26th, 1939.

All of these dear girls have shown an abiding interest in the welfare of people less fortunate than themselves. Our eager wishes go out to them for a large measure of personal happiness as well as usefulness in their married lives.

Louise Ireland, of Cleveland, announced her engagement in July to Mr. Gilbert Watts Humphrey, Yale graduate, football

and hockey star, also of Cleveland. Date of the marriage has not yet been arranged.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Paul B. Magnuson, Jr. (Marianne Stevenson—"Tips"), Northbrook, Illinois, a son, Paul B. Magnuson, III, on June 13th, 1939.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (Barbara White), of Bronxville, New York, a daughter, Pamela Dockett Dailey, on July 30th, 1939.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Howard T. Serrell (Margarita Noble), of Greenwich, Connecticut, a son, Howard T. Serrell, Junior, on August 22nd, 1939.

FROM A YOUNG MALE GUEST

"When we were with you was one of the few times in my life I've regretted I wasn't a woman. Then I would be able to be of greater service to you. As a man I was utterly worthless, only good to be led around and ordered about by the capable ladies who help to run your place. It certainly made more understandable to me the position of women in the workaday world who complain of male domination. The only difference is that with the situation exactly reversed, besides feeling helpless and useless as far as making any contribution to the work at hand was concerned, I had absolutely no complaint as to the treatment I received. So, if for a while I was more of a burden to the F. N. S. than an asset, it is consoling to know that the load was only temporary and now, relieved of its load, that worthy enterprise can proceed unencumbered.

"If your gentlemen visitors want to be consistent, they should wear kilts. Personally, I think you do us a great favor even to allow us on the premises. Some women, I'm sure wouldn't be bothered. Once they'd won success without much or any assistance from mankind, they'd continue to run a flourishing, thoroughly feminine establishment in which we'd be resented as intruders, as snakes in the manger, wrenches in the machinery, or more appropriately, weasels in the hen roost."

"A father once told his son that there are two classes of people—those who do the work, and those who get the credit. The father said: 'My son, join the first class—there is far less competition.'"

"Work done grudgingly is Servitude,
Work done willingly is Service,
But work done lovingly is Sacrament."

"The Meeting House" published weekly by
First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

FIELD NOTES

It has not been a quiet summer. We have had several staff illnesses and emergencies that ranged from poisonous spider bites to Ben's broken foot. Much the most critical situation in our staff was the terrible illness of our courier, Pebble Stone, followed by an emergency operation and a desperate fight for her dear life. Our Dr. Scott Breckinridge of Lexington, who says that he has "a deep personal interest in the F. N. S. and everyone connected with it" and that it is "a labor of love" to respond whenever called, and our Dr. R. L. Collins at Hazard, who feels as Dr. Breckinridge does, both came to Hyden for the operation and several times afterwards.

Dr. Kooser, Pebble's special nurses from Lexington, Mac, and our own staff at the Hospital worked right royally over her, and from the minute her mother arrived from Long Island we felt that she would get well. She did, and is now making a splendid recovery at home.

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Miss Lila and Miss Mabel Buyers have retired from the Girls' Dormitory of the Presbyterian Mission at Hyden, after years of constructive and beautiful work. Scores of girls have left them equipped as homemakers and as Christian women, for the difficult job of living in the Kentucky mountains.

For twenty-six years Miss Lila and Miss Mabel have carried on in their self-appointed task under difficult physical conditions, with humor, gaiety, practical good sense, all springing from their loving hearts. For many miles around, among thousands of people, they will be missed. With characteristic self-abnegation, Miss Lila writes that those who come after them will improve on their failures, and that "He can restore the lotus-eaten years."

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We gratefully acknowledge many wonderful special gifts this summer, large and small, numerous and single. Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, responded magnificently to our request for funds for urgent needs at the Hyden Hospital and at Wendover.

Not only have we been able with these funds to get a lot of things done, all of which, like the Hospital septic tank, were desperately needed, but we have given a lot of work to a good many men who needed it.

For all this repair work, as well as for the construction of the Hattie Strong huge new barn now going up, we have been so fortunate as to engage the services of Oscar Bowling of Big Creek. He will be remembered as the foreman in charge of the construction of the Clara Ford, Caroline Butler Atwood, Belle Barrett Hughitt, and Margaret Durbin Harper nursing centers in earlier years. He is the best foreman we ever had,—in fact, we cannot imagine a better one.

Among other special gifts was a thoroughly reconditioned Model A Ford, with new tires and a complete set of tools, from a friend in Detroit, for the use of the nurse at the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River. This is the only one of our centers where most of the work in the summer and autumn can be done by car, providing the car is swung high enough above the wheels to negotiate such of the trails as even in summer are still rough. The nurse at this center will have to go back to her horse for most of the winter and spring work. Our other districts are still predominantly horseback travel, although some of them can be reached by truck, and with more difficulty by car, in the summer and autumn months. The new W. P. A. roads cross and re-cross the trails at many points, but the trails are still in the main pretty much as nature made them.

We are grateful to the Kentucky and West Virginia Power Company, through its district manager, Mr. R. O. Gordon at Hazard, for the installation of a special line from the Hospital to the new electrical pump and engine, given us by the U. S. Trust Co., trustees of the Mary Parker Gill Fund. The new Hospital water tank, as well as the pump and engine, have all been installed since we last mentioned them, and are working marvelously. We must touch wood, for it is almost incredible for us to go through a whole season without trouble from the Hospital water system.

Our dear trustee, Judge L. D. Lewis, and his wife, have

given us a strip of land, consisting of a little more than half an acre, on the right-hand side of the hospital, which rounds out our boundaries on that side and which will forever be known as the "Lewis Land" in our memories and affections, as well as on the deed books. Judge Lewis' brother, Mr. Nick Lewis, gave us a considerable quantity of rock that lay on his side of the branch dividing our land from his. We hadn't enough rock within easy hauling distance for the mules on our own side of the branch for the foundations of the Hattie Strong Barn.

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We want to express in the warmest manner possible our everlasting thanks to Mr. Ed Farmer, Mr. Bill Farmer, and Mr. Cleon Roberts for their gratuitous service in driving the Service car between Muncie's Creek and Hyden, twice a day during the "crisis" at our Hospital when night and day nurses had to commute from Wendover because of the crowded condition at the Hospital. Through the generous services of these friends the car part of the trip was taken care of, and the nurses were met by horses or boat at the creek for the rest of the journey.

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Eva Gilbert, our senior nurse in charge of the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial nursing center at Bowlingtown reports the receipt of a number of special gifts for that center. Among them is a new kitchen coal range given by her own friends and relations; five waste paper baskets, given by her brother; a card table, given by our courier, Pebble Stone; a lovely copper tea kettle, given by Miss Ruth Hillis, an instructor in Berea College, and the work on re-upholstering the two large living-room chairs, by a neighbor woman in the district named Mrs. Ota Smith.

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Special gifts for other outpost centers included money for special needs of the Possum Bend Center at Confluence from Mrs. Henry H. Pike, Jr., of New York; for the Caroline Butler Atwood Center at Flat Creek, from Mr. Arnold Kates, of New York; for special itemized needs for Hyden, Wendover, and Red Bird from Mrs. Morris B. Belknap of Kentucky; for office files

from our courier, Freddy Holdship, and for a horse from our courier Elizabeth Campbell, both of Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

Lastly, no less than three friends responded to our request for an artificial leg. Mrs. Allen Lester Fowler of Annapolis, Maryland, wanted to make it a thank-offering because she, with two legs, left a widow, had successfully brought up her children. A friend in New England, who wishes to remain anonymous, gave another artificial leg for a man who needed it as badly as the widow, because he also had a family to support. Another old friend, in Chicago, volunteered first to give the leg, and then graciously consented to have her money used for another special case. The one we have chosen is a tuberculous widow, considered curable, with four young children. We have sent her to the Evangelical Hospital at Beverly for a period of six months.

These gifts have been among the most constructive we ever received, and our gratitude and that of the three people whose lives are restored to usefulness knows no bounds.

Among the nurses who have left us during the summer and whom we miss more than we can begin to express are Annie W. Ellison and Violet Clarke (Ellie and Vi) who went back to their permanent posts with the Queen's Institute of District Nursing; Mary L. Hollins (Holly) who went back to England for a two months' furlough, but has now cabled for permission to remain indefinitely, during the period of war; Isabel Milne (Scottie) who has gone home for an indefinite furlough, and the two Mickles, Ethel and Edith (Mickle Major and Mickle Minor) who also expect to come back to us someday. These nurses have each given the most loyal, devoted and efficient service from "The Old Country" to the Old Country's descendants in the new. They are greatly loved on their districts, and in the Hospital, where Mickle Minor acted as Hospital midwife. Our thoughts throng with the memory of them and our hearts are full of affection for them.

Before Mickle Major left the Belle Barrett Hughitt center at Brutus, she had a last meeting of the district committee, and

Nora Kelly went over for it. In the absence of the chairman, Mr. Jaspar Peters, the secretary, Mr. Lee Bruns took the chair. Seven members of the committee were present, and the nurses served a dinner immediately before the meeting.

Among other questions under discussion was the difficulty attending the maintenance of the privately built telephone line between Brutus and Bowlingtown. It will be remembered that the F. N. S. bought the wire for this line and that the local committees at Brutus and Bowlingtown gave all the work. That meant that they cut the poles from the forest, dragged them over to the line and set them up over a strip about eight miles long. This line connects with another line that links up with medical and administrative headquarters. The Brutus line has been out of order for about six weeks, and the Napier Brothers, who are in charge of it, have given hours of time towards repairing it. Such funny things do happen to it. One man borrowed a piece of it for a clothes line for his wife. When the washing was over, he brought the piece back with many apologies, but it had to be put up again on the poles. Another man who was "too gaily" shot a lot of the glass insulators off the poles, under the mistaken impression that they were meant for targets. The Napier Brothers are still struggling and all citizens are cooperating to get service again.

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Among the new arrivals in the F. N. S. are the nurses Rose Evans (Cherry) and Peggy Brown, who are daughters of old friends of our dear friend Mrs. Frederick Watson in England. They have been preparing for two years in graduate midwifery and district work to come to the Service. Another new nurse who has come to us is Betty Boxall (Boxie). We welcome also Catharine Pond, of New Jersey, who has joined the secretarial staff.

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The Wendover nurse, Sybil Holmes, returned recently from a four months' furlough in Nassau, England, and Scotland. Our old nurse, Grace Winifred Dennis (Dennie) returned in early July after an absence of two years. Grayce Morgan, daughter of our late neighbor across the river, Taylor Morgan, and of

Mrs. Sallie Morgan, who has been with the Frontier Nursing Service on its secretarial staff for over nine years, is taking a six months' furlough in Florida.

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Jean Hollins, resident chief of the courier service, has returned after a two months' vacation, bringing back dog Dair with her. In her absence Fanny McIlvain of Downingtown, Pennsylvania, relieved for her, attended by dog Toto. The senior courier since our last Bulletin has been Katherine Bulkley (Kay), of Cleveland, Ohio, and the junior couriers have been Jane Blankenhorn, of Cincinnati; Nancy Cadwalader, of Joppa, Maryland, and Nancy Blaine, of Winnetka, Illinois. These newest couriers have all done excellent work, and have been of great help to us.

Nancy Burrage of Ipswich, Massachusetts, gave the month of August as a voluntary secretary on the Wendover staff, and was of real value to us.

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As we have had over fifty guests during the summer months it is impossible to mention them all, or the pleasure we received from their visits. Among those especially connected with the Frontier Nursing Service were Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, wife of Major-General James C. Breckinridge, with her sons Jim and John, who made their first visit to us after promises extending over many years. Jim and John became of the greatest use to us immediately, and John stayed on a month after his mother and brother had left, as a sort of courier adjutant. As he is an excellent horseman, the couriers found plenty for him to do.

Our trustee, Mrs. W. C. Goodloe, came for an all-to-brief visit from Lexington, Kentucky, and brought her young niece and nephew, Louisa Horton and Andrew Horton of Washington, D. C., with her. Our trustee, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, of Louisville, Kentucky, was one of the most welcome and lovely guests we ever had. Mrs. M. A. Blankenhorn, wife of Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, member of our National Medical Council, of Cincinnati, came in overnight with her daughter the new courier, Jane, to our very great pleasure.

Our beloved old courier, Sylvia Bowditch of Boston, and her friend Elizabeth Jackson (daughter of Mr. Charles Jackson, treasurer of the Boston Committee) stopped by with us for only overnight, on their way home from San Francisco. Jean Hollins' sister, Hope, stayed several days with us, and fitted in to the Service like a hand in a glove. One of the earliest couriers we ever had, Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson, Jr., of Philadelphia, who was with us as Elizabeth Van Meter, with the late dear Kitty Prewitt Dabney, in the days when you rode horseback from Hazard, came in for a few brief days.

Nora Kelly's sister, Miss Violet Kelly, on her way home to England from the Rangoon General Hospital in Burma, stopped off for a visit with us in the Kentucky mountains, and we enjoyed her and loved her, and hated to see her go. Our former nurse, Magdalene Crowell (Meg) spent one day at the Hyden Hospital, where she is missed every day of the year.

Our latest guests have been Miss Margaret Woll, chief of the Kentucky Welfare Commission, who with her friend, Miss Margery Hughes, paid on overnight visit.

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The Eleventh District Kentucky State Nurses Association met at Wendover on June 17th for luncheon at its regular meeting. Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Miss W. B. Carico, and Miss Lilla N. Breed of Louisville, Kentucky, had come all the way from Louisville to the meeting, and to our great pleasure they stayed overnight with us.

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Our deep gratitude goes out to our friend, Dr. Francis M. Massie, and his associate, Dr. H. C. Van Kirk, of Lexington, Kentucky, for a general surgical clinic held at the Hyden Hospital in July. Dr. Massie left a string of grateful patients behind him, and even deeper friendship in the hearts of all of us to whom he has meant so much over a period of years.

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A wedding of deep interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of Walter Begley, who is the second generation of his family to be in charge of the hauling of our supplies, to

Miss Lula Stamper, of Hindman, on June 15th, at the Presbyterian Church in Hyden.

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We have had a series of tragic shocks to members of our staff. Our loving sympathy goes out to Brownie, on the sudden death of her brother; to Mac on the sudden death of her sister; to Cherry on the recent loss of her mother, and to Boxie on the death of her father, followed almost at once by the deaths of her grandfather and uncle and her godmother, all suddenly.

YELT LEMON SHAPE

Ingredients

Yolks of 4 eggs ½ lb. sugar 1½ lemons—juice and rind

Method

Put all into a saucepan and stir until it boils. In the meantime dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in about a glassful of hot water and add the boiling mixture. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff snow and mix lightly with all the rest (off the fire). Put into a mould and put into a cool place to set. Serve with whipped cream.

—Contributed by Mrs. T. James, The Yelt,
Doveridge, Derbyshire, England.

THINGS TO KNOW

If you are a baby and live in certain mountain neighborhoods, it is well to have the "bold hives," else you won't live to grow up. On the other hand, if you get the "stretching hives" you may expect an early death.

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If you are grown, avoid the "black grip" or the "weak trembles."

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A really efficacious treatment for shingles is the blood of a black cat.

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The best remedy for your child if it has thrush is to ride until you find a man who has never seen his father, and get this man to blow into your child's mouth.

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If the fruit trees bloom in the dark of the moon, the bloom will not be destroyed by frost.

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Wendover, Ky.

Medical Director

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Hyden, Ky.

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Miss Genevieve C. Weeks, B. A.

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(Social Service Department)

Assistant Director and Hospital Superintendent

Miss Annie P. MacKinnon, R. N.

Assistant Hospital Superintendent

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Inclusive of

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| Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. F. Carlton Thomas, Lexington, Ky. | |

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DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
MR. C. N. MANNING,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington, Kentucky.

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

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

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

Suggestions for special bequest:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

“To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in child-birth; 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.”

