

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
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THE DAME'S SPINNING SONG

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Water Babies

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY TWINS

By ETHEL MICKLE, R. N., S. C. M.

Mrs. Marion Stewart (Lula) was an old patient of the Service. All three of her babies had been delivered by "the nurses," and when she found that a fourth was arriving she decided that again they must officiate. Meantime she had moved some miles out of our territory, so made arrangements to move into district a month beforehand, and until then to meet the nurse regularly at a half-way point for pre-natal care. And she kept her bargain too—even to getting her husband to swim the mule across Red Bird River when it was in tide, whilst she crossed in a boat, mounting the mule on the other side. She did realize that these regular examinations were necessary, especially as we had decided that she would have twins, and she showed slight symptoms of toxemia which needed treatment.

A month before full-term Lula sent the expected summons. Knowing that she would probably have a quick time I hastened to get into uniform and made as quick a trip as possible, but with the roads in their present muddy condition, and the long steep hill up to the Flatwoods, the five miles take up a considerable time. As I alighted from my horse I heard the cry of a new-born baby and found that the first twin had put in an appearance three minutes ahead of me. His brother was in a hurry too and was born two minutes later. They were twins to be proud of, weighing $7\frac{1}{4}$ and 7 pounds respectively.

All was well, and after making mother and babies comfortable—the latter snugly wrapped up and in a dresser drawer by the fire with hot bottles—I left for home.

About 8:15 p. m. a very anxious husband arrived at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center saying that his wife had had two "fits" and he knew that unless something could be done quickly she would die. Luckily our telephone was working, and we got in touch with Dr. Kooser who advised us to bring her

to Hospital if her condition permitted—otherwise to the Nursing Center at Brutus and he would ride the twenty-mile trip over. He had already made it once that day having held a clinic at the Center in the morning.

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I sent the husband ahead to collect men to help stretch the patient, and Minnie and I both went up to get treatment started as quickly as possible. Horses seem to know when we are on a hurry call and both of them went along briskly and surely in the dark. We arrived about 10.00 p. m. and found that Lula had had three more convulsions. Whilst we treated her, her friends cut poles and stitched quilts to them to make a stretcher, and gathered as many men as they could from the few scattered houses in the neighborhood. It was going to be a rough trip out, for the Flatwoods are on top of the hills and every way out means a steep and rough journey down.

By 12:30 a. m. we were ready to start. Lula had had only one more "fit" since treatment was started and her condition was improving. The babies were well wrapped up in blankets and two men carried one each. They went on ahead to gather yet more help on the way, as so far our stretcher-bearers were too few in number. The patient was surrounded by hot bottles so that there was no fear of her getting cold. My associate, Minnie, had to return to the Nursing Center to be on call for other deliveries, so a boy escorted her back as I began the long trip to the Hospital with the patient and her babies.

The first part of the way was down a mile-long steep mountain trail. The recent flood-rains had made deep fissures and holes and it was difficult to manipulate a stretcher. It must have been a terrific strain on the bearers, but they were cheerful about it. After a while we greeted with relief first one man and then another appearing out of the darkness with lanterns, to take their turns in relieving the stretcher-bearers. The two men with their white bundles containing babies had made good time visiting various houses on the way to line up the extra men. At intervals they came back to me to see that the babies were all right, only to disappear again to collect more men and to arrange for boats at the ford.

At the foot of the mountain we struck the road along Red Bird River. Here we had to make many detours over fences, through fields, the yards of houses (cutting barbed wire where necessary) to avoid wading the river and the many stretches of deep mud left by the flood.

At 3:00 a. m. we arrived at a point on the river where we had to cross by boat. While the men were nailing two boats alongside each other, we went into a nearby house. The occupants had already been aroused by the advent of the babies, who were getting quite a lot of attention. A good fire was burning, so we heated water to refill our hot bottles, and gave the patient some more "shots." Then we paddled across the river in relays, for we were about twenty in number now. The dark flowing river with overhanging trees, the numerous lanterns, voices calling and the swish of the paddles, made an unforgettable picture—very beautiful but somewhat eerie.

Arrived at the other side we trudged off once more, first up Laurel Branch and then down onto Goose Creek. Laurel Branch was bad in parts. We had to wade in the creek as there was no side path. It was rocky, with big stones and fallen trees. The men were getting weary and had to change every twenty to thirty yards. But at last we reached Goose Creek, on the other side of which was the State road. A high swinging foot-bridge had to be negotiated. It had numerous slats out underfoot and we had to crawl very slowly across. The men said that it was a "good" bridge. Hope I don't ever have to cross a "bad" one. A small cornfield to cross and then we all thankfully deposited our burdens in a house to await the arrival of the truck sent by Dr. Kooser to take us the remainder of the way. It was now 5:00 a. m. and a bitterly cold March morning trying to snow. Once more we refilled hot bottles. By this time our truck with a small bed in it had arrived. One man with the twins rode in the cab, and the patient's husband and I went in the back of the truck with the patient.

Not until we sat down did we realize how cold it was. Walking had kept us fairly warm, but now our wet feet began to freeze and throb and cause us acute pain. The patient was becoming more comatosed and was quite blind—so we made all the speed we could and arrived at Hyden Hospital at 7:15 a. m.

The first sight of that little Hospital on the hill was one of the most welcome that I can remember.

Before I left the Hospital to return to the Nursing Center at Brutus, my patient was making good progress and has since made a good recovery. The babies are fine.

COURIER COW CARE

By ELEANORE W. GEORGE, Courier from Sewickley, Pa.

When the organ of Whiteface most essential
Ceased in parts to be providential
And local vets said "fomentations"
There were many vital indications
The human young were so increasing
To replace the old deceasing
That the midwives could not nurse a cow
Or the mountain stork would cause a row.
So Agnes her new courier sent
To Confluence, on nursing bent
She greatest willingness professing
But she no bovine skill possessing.
All day she let the water boil
Whether for tea or whether for toil;
She filled the bucket and held the cloth
And sat and dreamed in happy sloth.
Whenever a rider stormed the gate
The courier shook with a wave of hate,
For Whiteface was a curious soul
And to barn window she must stroll
And spilled the bucket with perfect aim
And she rushed to welcome all who came.
Against the cow's side did the courier lean
While she tenderly plied the vaseline;
A long tongue with taste buds prickly
Did make the courier's neck all sticky;
But then if she wanted to sing all day
A patient ear let her have her way;
Or when an old story she'd retell
Whiteface would listen and listen well.
The udder softened in due time,
Then the courier knew her skill sublime:
" 'twas not wet heat that made her heal
'twas my massage that closed the deal."

PELLAGRA

By JOHN H. KOOSER, M. D.
Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service

Among the problems of our people is that of foodstuffs. Food is literally the axis between health and disease. Because we are ever interested in an adequate diet for all our people, we think and speak often in terms of cows, chickens, pigs, gardens, and crops. Recently, our interest has been centered on a concrete dietary problem—pellagra.

Pellagra is truly an old disease which has been renovated. It was first described by a Spanish physician, Gasper Casal (1691-1759). Francois Thiery was the first to publish an account of the disorder in 1755. Both of these men referred to the disease as "Rose-Sickness". In 1771 an Italian physician, Francesco Frapolli, published a careful account of the disease giving it the present name of Pellagra which means, "Rough Skin." It is also referred to as "Mal de la sol" because of its seasonal variation and resemblance to sunburn.

From the eighteenth century to the present pellagra has undergone a number of interesting changes. Its separation from leprosy was a marked advance. For a long time it was thought to be a contagious disease because of its rash and the fact that it frequently occurred in more than one member of the family. The search for the causative organism proved futile and pellagra was finally divorced from the acute eruptive fever group. Lombroso (1836-1909) introduced the "spoiled corn" theory and the men who thought pellagra was caused by eating spoiled corn were called "Zeists." This marked the beginning of the ultimate discovery that the underlying cause of pellagra had to do with food. Dr. Joseph Goldberger of the United States Public Health Service (1912-1928) confirmed this. This worker produced pellagra experimentally by feeding certain individuals restricted diets. He also demonstrated that the same groups were promptly relieved of their symptoms by the

addition of foods such as lean meat, eggs, milk, and fresh vegetables. Here at last was proof that a dietary deficiency existed. A number of medical centers have carried on from this point.

Dr. Spies and Dr. Blankenhorn (University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio) were successful in showing a food relationship in alcoholic pellagrins that was similar to the work of Dr. Goldberger. In addition they were able to cure severe cases because they could supplement diets with food extracts and concentrates. Somewhere in the substances currently used in the treatment—Brewer's Yeast, liver, milk, meat, and eggs—there has to be a vitamin common to all, which would be the equivalent of C (Scurvy) and D (Rickets) in the vitamin alphabet. The clue came from Elvehjem and his co-workers in 1937, who showed that "Black Tongue" could be cured by the administration of nicotinic acid. Black tongue is known as "dog plague" in the south and was common in dogs attached to pellagra households. Nicotinic acid has been known as such since 1867 when it was prepared from nicotine. It was isolated from yeast and rice polishings in 1911, and in 1937 from liver, to cure Black Tongue. But would it cure human pellagra?

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The Frontier Nursing Service comes into the picture at this point. Our geographic location places us in the endemic pellagra belt of South Eastern Kentucky. A visit to us from Dr. Spies and Dr. Blankenhorn led to an extension of the University of Cincinnati pellagra program—in the form of a pellagra clinic at Hazard in Perry County. This was started in April 1938.

The clinic is one in which nicotinic acid is used in a combined treatment and prevention study. As with all diseases undergoing a renovation, clinical and laboratory studies must go hand in hand. It is our good fortune to be a part of the clinical phase. The clinic is held at weekly intervals at the Perry County Health office, with the assistance of the staff; Dr. Buckhold, Miss Alexander and Mrs. Hale. Dr. Blankenhorn (Cincinnati, Ohio), and Dr. Collins (Hazard, Ky.), are consultants. The nicotinic acid used in the first seven months of the study was supplied by the Harris Laboratories, Inc., of Tucka-

hoe, New York. Miss Marion Ross (the chief statistician of the Frontier Nursing Service), made a valuable statistical analysis of the findings and results.

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Pellagra is a disease confined in the main to the lower income groups, where people do not eat the proper foods, or where the proper foods are not to be had. It is also found in localities where the method of living has changed. To a lesser extent it is found secondary to any number of chronic debilitating conditions. It is definitely linked with the personal economy of the home and the general economy of the community, two factors which are non-separable both as causative and as curative agents. Pellagra did not appear in this country until cotton culture drove out the production of food on the southern plantations; and not in pioneer countries, as among the mountaineers, until all the game animals were killed off so that the meat supply became predominantly salt pork.

In Kentucky the pellagra pattern is similar to that of its southern neighbors. It is found endemic in industrial regions, with a spotty distribution in the hill and farm country. From the county death rates (Vital Statistics Ky. '37), the pellagra area is found to be in the southern part of the state, with its peak in the south east. Additional information shows an average of 86 deaths per year (Vital Statistics, Ky. 1930-1937). In this region the area covered by the Frontier Nursing Service stands out because pellagra, once endemic, is now rare.

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Classical pellagra begins in the early spring with loss of appetite, and loss of weight. Sore tongue, sore mouth, stomach pain, nervousness, diarrhoea and rash follow. Occasionally there is faulty ideation and incoherence. The disease is usually in full bloom by May. After a period of weeks or months, the disease may recede spontaneously and remain quiescent. There is a marked tendency for relapses and recurrences, and the disease may become chronic. Sometimes the disease shows psychic disturbances which may progress to insanity. It is estimated that 10% of the inmates of the insane asylums in the south

are there because of pellagra. This is formidable when one reflects that pellagra is a preventable disease.

The management of the pellagrins has all the customary variables such as age of the patient, the severity of the attack, and whether it is recurrent, relapsing or chronic. Other significant points are the present state of the nutrition, number of dependents in the household, the source of the food supply, as well as the amount of food-stuffs consumed. It is a mixed business with a generous share of the human element always prominent.

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In due time the Hazard clinic grew to 45 active patients with 20 more under observation. The futility of attempting any changes which economy would not permit was soon apparent, with the result that our concentration was on the use of the new drug, i. e., nicotinic acid. (Needless to say we passed through a lengthy period of trial and error with each patient to establish the optimum dose per patient.) The patients were very co-operative. They appreciated our effort to cure their disease and were interested in the progress they made under the medication.

Our clinic continues through the courtesy of the Kentucky State Board of Health, who now supply the necessary nicotinic acid. We will make additional studies on the role of the new drug in terms of prevention. Sufficient work has already been done to prove the curative value of nicotinic acid.

We want not only to cure this disease but to prevent it. The status of nicotinic acid in this role will be ascertained in future work. With pellagra, a deficiency disease, foods are of vital importance in prevention. Hence real prevention resides in such homely items as cows, chickens, and gardens. Our studies in prevention will therefore include the diets of our people and that of our neighbors in the mining areas. But this is another chapter and will be covered in a later report.

From a Trustee in Ardmore, Pennsylvania:

"The Winter edition of the Quarterly Bulletin is full of courageous reports both of patients and nursing staff."

A LESSON OF FAITH

(Abridged)

By MARGARET GATTY
From "Parables from Nature," 1855

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly; "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat. They cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf! What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar! you will remember about the food——"

And with these words the Butterfly drooped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep

that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night long round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning says she to herself—

“Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?”

Now, in the neighbouring corn-field there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do, to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

“Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high,” observed the Caterpillar timidly.

The Lark said, “Perhaps he should;” but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright, blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully, which she did now; but it was of no use, so she dropped upon her legs again, and resumed her walk around the Butterfly’s eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along.

“What a time the Lark has been gone!” she cried, at last. “I wonder where he is! He must have flown up higher than usual this time! How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious blue sky!”

And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly’s eggs.

At last the Lark’s voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

“News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!” sang the Lark; “but the worst of it is, you won’t believe me!”

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat"—and the Lark nodded his beak towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew, and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that. Something that you can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent! my good friend," cried the Lark exultingly, "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"Never!" said the Caterpillar indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the Lark; "but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark; "you won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you, if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark; "for

the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a Butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar, "you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything that I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—"everything that it is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies!—Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark, warmly. "Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call any thing impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar, "I know what's possible, and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!—"

"And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence, receive as I do upon trust."

"How am I to learn?" asked the Caterpillar—

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the

earth below, and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learnt the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said—"I shall be a Butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a Butterfly, and was going to die again, she said—

"I have known many wonders—I can trust even now for what shall come next!"

WANTED:—ONE NEW LEG

Among the one-legged people in our territory, are three who need immediate attention. Mrs. Clercy H. of Bowen's Creek neighborhood, lost a leg sometime ago and her sons with the utmost difficulty saved and saved, out of nothing to save, and bought an artificial leg for her. It was carried to her on muleback and it doesn't fit and causes continual irritation.

Lily Mitchell is a thirteen-year-old child whose leg was amputated in our Hospital years ago and who has been using crutches. She is not comfortable and cannot get the exercise needed at her age, but it is too expensive to provide a series of legs for a growing child.

Mrs. Lula C. of Leatherwood Creek is a one-legged widow who looks after a house of little children and her garden on crutches, and manages to eke out a living with help from her old father on the crops. Obviously there is no possibility in that family of buying a leg.

We have worked out a plan for these three people through the generous kindness of our friend, Dr. John A. Caldwell of Cincinnati. On passes given us by the L. & N. Railroad, we can take them to Cincinnati without cost. The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati will take Lily without charge, and Christ Hospital has agreed to give short-time hospitalization to the two women without charge. Dr. Caldwell personally will examine Mrs. Clercy H. and have her leg re-fitted by an artificial limb maker. He will also contrive a makeshift artificial leg that will tide Lily over for the next couple of years. The only expense attached to these arrangements is the need for one new artificial leg for Mrs. Lula C. A good one can be had for approximately \$150.00. Will one of you please send us the money for this leg? A poor widow with children and a garden to keep and no assistance but what an old father and neighbors can give her, really does need a new leg when her natural leg has been cut off.

TWINS MARCUS AND MARTHA

By ELIZABETH HARRIMAN, New York Courier

NOTE: The mother of twins Marcus and Martha had died beyond our districts, and we were given care of the babies pending arrangements with their grandparents to take them. The grandparents do live in one of our districts so an F. N. S. nurse visits them weekly to help the old people in their care. This is the story of their journey to the new home. See illustration on inside of back cover.

I knew I was awake, yet wouldn't admit it. However, after a few moments of bluffing I chanced a squint at the sky. After almost four weeks of gray skies I was greeted by the sun. I bounced out of bed and noisily dressed, dropping my boots, banging drawers and being a general nuisance to the others asleep at 6:30 a. m.

The next step was breakfast which I managed to cook while making sandwiches for lunch—with some helpful and interesting side remarks from Lulu, the Wendover cook. I found it difficult to keep my meals straight.

I was just about to depart when the ever watchful Agnes insisted on extra sweaters and a flashlight—just in case! The trip into Hyden on Buddy was great fun. There's nothing like an early sunny morning ride on a good horse.

Kelly arrived at the Hospital with Lucien about the same time, and after getting slightly mixed up with Mac's grab sale we fought our way to the second floor where we found the twins gurgling their milk down, and then calmly up again. It took considerable time to collect their trousseau. Even a queen would have been jealous! There were clothes, bottles, formulas, medicine, canned milk and more clothes. Meanwhile the twins were happily upswallowing as though in protestation at leaving such pleasant surroundings.

Kelly and I finally managed to get away—feeling rather like celebrities with all the clicking cameras.

We bounced along in Lucien's car for some twelve miles, and after being misdirected once we found the family waiting for us where the trail leaves the road. The family consisted of

the grandparents (who were going to take Marcus and Martha), the father, an uncle and a mule. They all seemed pleased and off we started, the mule looking like an over-decorated Christmas tree bulging with all the sacks of clothes, blankets, canned milk, bottles, oranges.

I discovered that after weeks of cold weather, tramping the mountains for an hour and a half on a hot day was an effort. I felt rather sorry for those who don't like hiking. Everyone we passed had to inspect the babies whose arrival was quite an event. With one final stiff climb we reached the twins' new home. We were proudly shown their netted crib, which was home made. Kelly was explaining how to feed them when it suddenly struck us that they were hanging onto every word, and to our horror we discovered they couldn't read. It would have taken an Einstein to remember the Hospital formula. So we beat a hasty retreat and while eating lunch behind a bush figured out proportions with a tin cup. Luckily the old people's daughter-in-law, who could read, lived "just down the creek" and she promised to come up every morning and mix up the food.

When everything was straightened out we departed with a few misgivings—but happy in the memory of the gleam in the grandparents' eyes.

PAVILION OF DEMOCRACY

(From the New York Times)

The scaffolding is still up around the nearly completed Czechoslovak pavilion on the World's Fair grounds... Some one has well suggested that the building be left in this state as a memorial. It was begun as an exhibit of a free and proud republic. It was courageously continued after most of the freedom had vanished but the pride remained. Now it stands for a nation in chains—not vanquished in fair fight, not broken in spirit, not so craven as to cheer the conqueror's troops, but compelled by the overwhelming force of its enemies to give way.

In Bohemia the fruit trees along the roadsides will soon be radiant with blossoms. Green will creep across the fields around the trim, white-washed houses. Church bells will ring under the bulbous eastern towers and people will come trooping in out of the warm spring sun. The snow will melt on the mountain fortresses of the Ore, the Tatras and the Giant Mountains, on the slopes of the Carpathians. The fructifying winds will move, as in ages past, across the forests of oak and beech and pine, and

ripple the surfaces of the loveliest lakes in the world. The land is as beautiful as it is rich, and for countless generations men have loved it. It is a land for free men, not for slaves and sycophants. But freedom must now go back into the hearts of the people. The other day they jeered at Hitler's booted troops and threw snowballs at his tanks. But the bravest will soon be in exile, or in concentration camps, or dead.

The older generation will remember another spring, 20 years ago, and a beautiful dream of liberty, unshadowed by the present nightmare. They will remember the noble aspiration of Woodrow Wilson, and not his—or their—mistakes. They will remember Thomas Masaryk riding in democratic triumph into Prague. He needed no storm troopers to protect him. They will think of Benes, now in exile. They will think, but not gratefully, of a Judas—Konrad Henlein. They will know that not all was well with their republic. All could not be well, in so short a time, with so long a history of tyranny, quarrels and separatism behind it. But they will know, as the democratic nations do, that all could have been well if Czechoslovakia had not stood in the path of an expanding empire. They will know, as the world does, that it was Hitler's lust for power, not Czechoslovakia's internal weaknesses, that broke down their liberties.

They will know that this is not the end of the kingdom of Bohemia, nor of the nations of the Czechs and Slovaks. Bohemia has known tyrants before. Its leaders in former times were imprisoned and killed, its national spirit ruthlessly punished. Nevertheless, the race and the racial aspirations survived. Indeed, the persecutions and suppressions which they endured aided them to survive. In our day the extremes of nationalism have often worked evil. Nationalistic Germany has become a ruthless enemy of other people's nationalisms. Some of the smaller states have injured themselves and their neighbors by attempting to be self-sufficient in a world technologically geared for wide frontiers. But only a fanatic could have called the Czechs and the Slovaks enemies of human freedom. They had the beginnings of a healthy, constructive society until the germs of our generation's worst disease were artificially introduced from outside.

They do not know, nor can we, what the future is to bring. One can not prophesy, even from day to day, not even from the time these words are written until they appear in print. But this much history does teach, that the freedom of a virile people is a growth hard to root out. History does teach that conquerors have achieved their own destruction by their own arrogance. Napoleon lost no battles on the road to Moscow, but only a corporal's guard of his vast army got back to France. It may be that the conquest of Czechoslovakia, which is Hitler's first attempt to extend his authority on a large scale beyond even the fantastic boundaries of his own racial theories, is also his first step toward ruin.

The Czechoslovak pavilion at the Fair is uncompleted. Perhaps it will not be completed. The pavilion of democracy is also incomplete. But the walls are strong, and when tyrants tear them down, free men build them again.

KENTUCKY STATE ASSOCIATION OF MIDWIVES, INC.

On October 7, 1928, a group of Frontier nurses, who were also midwives, met at the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden, Kentucky, to form an association of midwives to be known as the Kentucky State Association of Midwives. At this initial meeting those of the charter members who were present adopted a constitution, voted to submit it to the State health officer for his approval, and selected a committee to draw up the by-laws. The Association, with a membership of sixteen nurse-midwives, was incorporated in Fayette County on the 10th of October, 1929.

The purpose of this young Association was stated in Article 3 of its constitution as follows:

"The nature of the business proposed to be transacted, promoted and carried on by this corporation shall be to foster, encourage, and, in the qualifications for its own membership, to maintain a high standard of midwifery with special reference to rugged, difficult and economically poor areas; to do this in cooperation with the State Board of Health and the officers thereof, and in cooperation with the medical and nursing professions and with other like-minded citizens and organizations; and thereby to raise the standard of midwives and nurse-midwives, who are or have been or may hereafter be engaged in the active practice of midwifery, to a standard not lower than the official standards required by first class European countries in 1929."

Qualifications for membership in the Association were stated in Article I of the by-laws as follows:

"Qualifications for membership in the Kentucky State Association of Midwives shall be as follows:

1. The applicant shall be proposed and seconded by two members of the Association and her application shall be endorsed by the Board of Directors.
2. Her preparation as a midwife shall not have been less

than that required for license in first-class European countries in 1930.

3. The applicant shall be provisionally elected by the Board of Directors and formally elected at the annual meeting by the membership of the Kentucky State Association of Midwives.

4. The dues shall be one dollar a year.

5. Membership in the Kentucky State Association of Midwives shall terminate automatically upon failure of a member to pay her dues after two notices by the treasurer or, on her behalf, by the secretary, and lapse of one month from the last notice. Reinstatement will be possible upon payment of the dues, including arrears, at the discretion of the Board of Directors."

The Kentucky State Association of Midwives vested its power, when it is not in session, in a Board of Directors consisting of seven persons to be elected at the regular annual meeting. It further provided that from the directors so chosen there should be elected by the Board a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer.

In 1933 the Kentucky State Association of Midwives adopted the seal with the Kentucky cardinal and his mate shown on the inside cover of this Bulletin. The motto, by special permission of the Midwives Institute of London, is the English rendering of their Latin motto "Vita Donum Dei"—"Life is the Gift of God."

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During the years that have followed since the organization and incorporation of the Kentucky State Association of Midwives, no great task has been required of its members. The existing membership, which now numbers forty-four nurses who are graduate midwives, all are or have been on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, with one exception. The exception is that of an American nurse who had taken her training as a midwife in London in order to work in the Orient and who wished to become a member of the only American association of midwives who are graduate nurses as well.

When the annual dues of one dollar required of each member had passed the sum of eighty dollars, the Association voted

to have its accounts audited, which was done. After the accumulation of a small reserve in the bank, the Association has three times voted gifts for special purposes. The first time was in 1932 when it sent twenty pounds to the Midwives Institute of London, England, for the Rosalind Paget Jubilee Trust Fund. In 1936 at a cost of ninety-five dollars, the Association placed a granite stone at the head of Nancy O'Driscoll's grave in Lexington. In 1937 the Association gave fifty dollars for the clinic on Cutshin Creek, named for Nancy O'Driscoll and built in her memory by local labor and local donations of supplies and funds. It will be remembered that Nancy O'Driscoll, a member of the Kentucky State Association of Midwives, died in the line of duty with the Frontier Nursing Service, on June 20, 1931.

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The Kentucky State Association of Midwives has kept a close relationship with the Midwives Institute of London, in which almost all the Association members already had membership.

The Midwives Institute was organized in 1881 by a little handful of enlightened midwives at a time when midwifery in Great Britain was on as dubious a basis as it is in most parts of the United States today. The Midwives Institute now has a membership of between eight and nine thousand midwives, organized into one hundred and sixty-six Branches throughout the country. Since the first Midwives Act of 1902 in London, the national recognition of the value of the Institute has steadily advanced until lately the National Birthday Trust Fund has provided the Institute rent free with beautiful headquarters, not only for its business rooms, but for a library and museum and a hostel for visiting members. The Institute is allowed to appoint one medical practitioner and two midwives as its personal representatives on the national Central Midwives Board and it is now represented on the Committees of the following Societies: Joint Council of Midwifery; National Council of Women; National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare; National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child.

In advance of the first Midwives Act of 1902, the Midwives Institute worked for the Act, successfully. In advance of official instruction now provided for teachers of midwives, the Mid-

wives Institute began to provide in 1918 courses of instruction for teachers, and continued them until such work was made compulsory in 1930 and taken over by the Central Midwives Board.

In the early days of the Midwives Institute, its members had to meet the opposition that always seeks to block the trail of pioneers. Midwifery in England in 1881, like nursing when Florence Nightingale arose to lead it, was at a low ebb. It is sometimes forgotten that Sairy Ganp was a midwife as well as a nurse and typical of both in her time.

Miss Nightingale concerned herself with midwifery as well as with nursing. Among the priceless treasures of the Frontier Nursing Service is a book given us by Adelaide Nutting, a book given her by Miss Nightingale's cousin Henry Bonham Carter, entitled

Introductory Notes
on
LYING-IN INSTITUTIONS
Together With
A PROPOSAL FOR
ORGANIZING AN INSTITUTION FOR TRAINING
MIDWIVES
AND MIDWIFERY NURSES
By
Florence Nightingale
London:
Longmans, Green & Co.
1871

The least that the early members of the Midwives Institute had to face was ridicule. This is typified by the remark of one sweet old lady of that day to Dame Rosalind Paget: "What embarrassment it would be, my dear, if we used the word midwife when the footman is bringing in the coals."*

Now the Midwives Institute has for its patron Her Majesty, the Queen of England.

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In the early days of nursing in these United States, nursing

* Quoted from memory.

went through a period of ridicule and abuse. The first English Nightingale nurses, imported for Bellevue Hospital in New York and the old Blockley in Philadelphia, were rotten-egged and had vile epithets hurled at them because it was felt that no decent woman would undertake to be a nurse.

These things pass. We had a great horse in Kentucky called "Fair Play." Reasonable people tend to think that it is right to do well whatever needs doing at all. It follows that nurses should be qualified to practice nursing, and that midwives should be qualified to practice midwifery. It is in this expectation that the Kentucky State Association of Midwives came into existence twelve years ago and quietly pursued its purpose of providing, under medical direction and in cooperation with State health authorities, decent and safe care to women in childbirth in that particular "rugged, difficult and economically poor area" where it pleased the providence of God for its work to begin.

MARE GIVES BIRTH TO TWINS, ONE A COLT, THE OTHER A MULE

Special to The Courier-Journal

Lawrenceburg, Ky., April 24.—Ben Gritton, who owns and operates a farm in the Sinai section of Anderson County, could hardly believe his eyes when his 5-year-old work mare gave birth to twin foals March 31. The fact that his mare had twins wasn't so surprising, but the oddity was that one of the twins was a colt and the other was a mule.

For several days it was doubtful if the twins would survive, but now the little black colt and the little long-eared, brown mule are as frisky as you please and Gritton has refused \$500 for them. They are still for sale, but the bidder will have to go higher than that, according to Gritton and his wife, both of whom have become attached to the twins.

The dam of the twins first was bred to a jack, and twenty days later, she was bred to a stallion.

Statistics are said to show the odds are 25,000 to 1 against twins being born to a mare and that only once in 50,000 cases do the twins live. Just recently, pictures of a thoroughbred mare and twin colts, property of the J. B. Crosbie Farms, Tulsa, Okla., were given national publicity, but rarer are the mare and horse-mule twins on the Gritton farm.

From a Friend in Hartford, Connecticut, On Renewing His Membership in the F. N. S.:

"One of the greatest pieces of work in the whole country if not the world."

THE DARK ROAD

There is no light in any path of Heaven,
 Every star is folded in dark sleep;
 The clouds hang heavily, the moon is hidden,
 How will she know the road her soul must keep?

She did not ask for heavenly palaces,
 A little human home was her desire;
 The intimate close touch of human hands—
 To love and watch beside a human fire.

As tears will be remembrance in her heart
 If she recall her lamp's familiar light,
 And as a sword vain pity in her heart
 If she should hear her children's cry tonight.

Ah, Mary Mother, stand by Heaven's gate
 And watch the road for one who comes to find
 In loneliness and fear what Heaven holds
 To comfort her who leaves the earth behind.

—Ethel Clifford (18—)

TO PROTECT BABIES

Predicted Fall In Birthrate To Be Made Up By Cut In Death Rate

The Japanese government will positively protect babies up to the age of 3 years, beginning next April, in order to minimize the child death rate, seeking to make up for the predicted fall of next year's birth rate due to the China Emergency so that the number of conscriptable young men will not show a decrease 20 years hence, it was decided at the meeting of the cabinet on Friday, December 2.

—The Osaka Mainichi & The Tokyo Nichi, Nichi,
 Tuesday, December 6, 1938.

FROM THE MOTHER OF A COURIER

"Betsy has reached home safe and sound and in such perfect condition that I feel I must thank you for all that a sojourn with you means to her, The life at Wendover with you and your splendid staff fills a place for Betsy that no other occupation or contact ever reaches. It is all so vital, the need so great and the atmosphere at Wendover so peculiarly outstanding and satisfying. I think you must surely know how real is her enthusiasm and affection."

"Blessed are they who continue to dwell in peace, for by Thee, the Highest, shall they be crowned."

—St. Francis of Assisi.

In Memoriam

FRANCES PORTEOUS SHORT

(Mrs. Marion Lewis Lovell Short of Manchester, New Hampshire)

1913-1939

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,
Age cannot weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,
We will remember them."

Sometimes there comes a shock of death before which the mind reels and under which hearts are so completely broken that it is not possible for them to mend quite as they were before. On January eighteenth Fanny gave birth to her son, and two weeks later she had gone beyond "the changes and chances of this fleeting world."

Our memories throng with Fanny as we knew her in her radiant, self-forgetful girlhood—Fanny as a courier here in the mountains, transforming the common days with her buoyant touch, Fanny in her golden youth.

When we think of her people, her husband, her baby, our hearts are hushed before such acquaintance with grief. No human words dare touch their desolation, their longing for "the sound of a voice that is still."

Life triumphant, Life immortal, Life so loving that it penetrates the dark night of death, to comfort and to guide earth's broken ones—ah, who can doubt its reality?

"They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation."

"Then," said he, "I am going to my Father's House, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. . . . My marks and my scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles. . . ."

JUNIOR BOWLING of Confluence, Kentucky
HIRAM COUCH of Confluence, Kentucky

An aftermath of our great flood was the death by drowning

of Junior Bowling, only twelve years old, and of Hiram Couch, in his twenty-fourth year. Both these young people faced a life of unusual promise. We have quite a good loan library at our nursing center at Confluence and Junior had borrowed, read and returned in perfect condition, practically all of the books in this library. His desire for knowledge was unquenchable, but he never shirked the hard work at his home and in the fields. It is said of him "he was always working away at something, and he always seemed so happy."

Hiram was a young man of the noblest type, one of those who was never drunk and who never carried a gun. He, too, was exceptionally industrious and intelligent. Hiram leaves a young widow to whom he had been married only about a year and to whom he was so deeply attached that his concern for her shone through all the acts of his daily life.

To the families of these two young people we extend our tenderest sympathy in their overwhelming grief.

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

MR. S. PRENTISS BALDWIN of Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. LELAND G. BANNING of Cincinnati, Ohio
MRS. PHILIP H. GRAY of Detroit, Michigan
MR. WILLIAM HEYBURN of Louisville, Kentucky
MRS. GRANGER A. HOLLISTER of Rochester, New York
MRS. JOHN B. ROGAN of Glendale, Ohio
MRS. HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR of New York

The long and honorable lives of these seven friends of the Frontier Nursing Service have lately drawn to a close. While we extend to their families our sympathy for the grief that ever attends the death of a loved one, it is fitting and right to be glad for the accomplishment of each good life that has rounded out its normal span. This world is a better place because these people lived in it. The life they have relinquished was but a prelude to the life they have begun.

"Winter is on my head," said the poet in his old age, "and eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me."

ONE OF OUR DAYS IN HYDEN HOSPITAL

By BETTY LESTER, R. N., S. C. M.

To people who work in city hospitals, a day in our little emergency Hospital at Hyden will probably not sound so busy, but to us such a day can be quite hectic.

Our Hospital staff consists of the superintendent, one nurse-midwife, four general duty nurses for day and night nursing, and a clinic nurse for Dr. Kooser's huge out-patient department.

In the maternity ward on this particular day the patients included seven mothers, five new-born babies, and two expectant mothers (all abnormal maternity cases); in the general ward there were four post-operatives, a woman so crippled with arthritis that she could do nothing at all for herself, and a case for an emergency appendix operation which had been brought in during the night.

The day began with the delivery of one of the expectant mothers in the wee hours of the early morning. The appendectomy was scheduled for eight o'clock and Dr. Collins, who always does our surgery, had come over the twenty-six miles from Hazard to operate. Dr. Kooser started the anaesthetic, one of the nurses scrubbed to take charge of the instruments, and another circulated, while I stood by to continue the anaesthetic and let Dr. Kooser assist Dr. Collins. The appendix was ruptured, and the patient's condition was so poor that immediately afterwards she had to be given a subcutaneous injection of saline, which necessitated one of the four hospital nurses staying with her.

The operating room was quickly cleared, and Dr. Kooser, with the clinic nurse to assist him, went to the out-patient department. Dr. Collins had hardly left us before two terribly sick babies were admitted: one was a case of malnutrition with anaemia, twelve months old and weighing only a little over ten pounds; the other had intussusception. We had to telephone immediately over to Hazard and ask Dr. Collins to return at once.

Five unexpected guests arrived for lunch!

At two o'clock Dr. Collins was back and the baby taken to the operating room. Her condition was poor, and she was given stimulants and oxygen on the table. With all the nurses so busy it was hard to detail one to special her afterwards, but it had to be done. In the meantime word had come that a questionable strangulated hernia had been received at the clinic—the only bright spot lay in the fact that Dr. Collins was already on hand. And just at this point the malnutrition baby's parents arrived, had to be typed for blood, and a blood transfusion given their baby.

By this time the ward patients needed evening care. The operating room had to be cleared again, the woman with arthritis had to be fed. I telephone Miss Buck at Wendover for a "floater" as an extra night nurse, since our one night nurse could not possibly take care of so many desperately ill people and all the new-born babies.

By seven-thirty we all wanted to call it a day, but it was long after that before any of us could go off duty.

It is characteristic of an emergency hospital that all of the patients are nearly always terribly ill and that the unexpected happens day and night. In fact, the unexpected is routine. We have only twenty beds and often we have to send patients home on stretchers, where the district nurses can visit them, in order to make room for people who need the beds even more.

While all this volcanic activity goes on in the little Hospital itself, there are often eighty to a hundred patients trailing through the out-patient department, and most of them have relatives and friends who trail with them.

The early fly's the one to swat,
He comes before the weather's hot,
And sits around and trims his legs,
And lays a thousand million eggs,
And every egg will be a fly
To prove our torment bye and bye.

—Contributed.

URGENT NEEDS

Our Spring Bulletin marks the close of our fiscal year. It has become our custom at this time to list the special needs of the Frontier Nursing Service for repair and up-keep of its many and widely scattered properties. Out of our general funds for running the work we cannot set aside a sufficient sum for these things. Even where a donor gives permission to use his gift for repair and up-keep or, alternately, for regular budgetary expenses, we are driven to use the gift for running expenses in most instances. It is when a regular donor gives a bit extra, especially for repairs and replacements, that we can joyously and whole-heartedly spend the money that way.

The summer months are the logical ones for us to get these repairs done. Our men have their crops laid by in July and do not harvest before autumn. This is the period when they need employment and seek it eagerly at a far lower wage than they deserve. Hauling of supplies is much easier in the summer than in the winter. Lastly, our appalling winters and early springs in the mountains with their endless landslides, erosions and raging torrents, always leave us with flattened fences, fallen walls, leaky roofs and property more or less at loose ends. This is especially true just now when we have gone through the only real flood in our history, preceded by torrential rains of tropical violence.

The sum total of things needed in the following list is enormous, but it is made up in the main of items most of which are not overly large. Please take your choice. If a duplicate gift occurs, we will write the second donor asking if we may transfer his gift to a need for which nothing has been given.

GENERAL

Linen for Hyden Hospital, Wendover, and All Nursing Centers:

Table cloths	52.68
4 doz. sheets @ \$10.35.....	41.40
5 doz. pillow cases @ \$2.35.....	11.75
7 doz. hand towels @ \$1.20.....	8.40
7 doz. bath towels @ \$4.50.....	31.50
4 doz. bed spreads @ \$1.20.....	57.60
1 doz. bed pillows @ \$5.70 per pair.....	34.20

8 doz. wash cloths @ \$1.00.....	8.00
2 doz. tea towels.....	2.50
Office Supplies:	
1 new typewriter (urgent).....	100.00
1 Burroughs adding machine.....	100.00
1 transfer check file—8 drawers.....	37.20
1 section steel card files—2 drawers, No. 551 Columbia (5x8).....	12.00
For case records: records department	
2 sections steel files—2 drawers	
Contribution files @ \$9.45.....	18.90
2 sections steel files—4 drawers (urgent)	
Correspondence files @ \$18.00.....	36.00
2 typewriter tables on rollers @ \$7.50.....	15.00
1 Kleradesk file	6.30
For Orchards and Pastures:	
Grass seed for 50 acres.....	160.00
Phosphate	187.50
Lime	127.50
Nurses' clinic uniforms—Material only.	
Uniforms will be made by Mrs. Marcum's N. Y. A. girls at	
Manchester	35.00

HYDEN HOSPITAL***Indoor:**

1 enameled table for delivery room.....	27.00
Moving and re-building an inside wall and door to enlarge Dr. Kooser's examining room (estimate).....	150.00
Removable glass enclosure for upper sleeping porch, to relieve overcrowding of wards in winter. Material, including glass sections and copper screening (prices quoted)	140.10
Labor (estimate)	50.00
	<u>190.10</u>

Outdoor:

General spring cleaning and repairs on fencing, gates, etc.....	125.00
Extending drainage field of septic tank	
(This as an emergency had to be done, but we didn't have the money)	89.33
Whitewashing barns	25.00

WENDOVER**Indoor:**

1 new kitchen range (urgent).....	287.50
1 new kitchen sink (urgent).....	80.00
Enlargement of kitchen to include old pantry and 3 new windows (urgent) (estimate)	150.00
Dormer window in attic (greatly needed for light).....	75.00
1 5-gallon cooker	3.50
1 20-pound capacity roast pan.....	4.00
3 covered milk pitchers.....	2.00
Replacing dishes (plates, cups and saucers).....	18.05
2 gallons enamel (for kitchen cabinet and tables).....	6.49

* One of the largest needs of the Hyden Hospital, namely, a new pump and engine and a new water tank for the total sum of \$1,280.00, has just been met by the generosity of the Mary Parker Gill Fund, through the United States Trust Company of Louisville, Kentucky.

Outdoor:

Repairing spillway at spring (washed out in flood) (estimate).....	40.00
Repairs on incinerator	
Estimate on new fire bricks, labor, hauling, etc.....	100.00
Replacement of fencing washed away by flood (estimate).....	50.00
Boat	13.00
Chore wagon	7.50
Whitewashing 4 barns.....	40.00

**OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS
BEECH FORK**

(Jessie Preston Draper)

Indoor:

1 living room rug.....	40.00
5 small rugs @ \$2.29.....	11.45
1 easy chair	25.00
1 linen cupboard (urgent).....	15.00
1 new top for kitchen stove (urgent).....	5.39
Dishes	1.94
Inlaid linoleum for kitchen.....	50.00

Outdoor:

1 wire cutter for cutting hay.....	2.00
New fencing for garden (material and labor) (estimate).....	60.00
Whitewashing barns and outhouses.....	20.00

BOWLINGTOWN

(Margaret Durbin Harper)

Indoor:

Re-upholstering large chairs (material and labor).....	15.00
3 large pottery vases for garden cut-flowers (very special request)	3.00

Outdoor:

Fencing for pasture (locust posts).....	15.00
Waterproofing basement (urgent) (estimate).....	75.00
Lumber and labor for box surrounding exposed water pipe.....	5.00
Ladders for water tank.....	5.00
Whitewashing barns and outhouses.....	20.00

BRUTUS

(Belle Barrett Hughitt)

Indoor:

Painting kitchen (materials and labor).....	30.00
Rug for living room.....	40.00
Material for chair and couch covers.....	8.85
Curtains for bedrooms.....	10.00
Kitchen utensils	6.82
Dishes	1.12

Outdoor:

Painting nursing center (materials and labor)	
This was not included in last year's painting of barn, gate and tank (estimate).....	150.00
Repairing barn roof (materials and labor).....	49.50
Garden tools.....	2.35
Shovel and feed bucket for barn.....	2.00

CONFLUENCE

(Possum Bend: Frances Bolton of Cleveland)

Indoor:

Inlaid linoleum for kitchen floor @ \$1.75 per sq. yd. (Asked for last year and not given).....	50.00
1 large rug for living room.....	40.00
1 small rug.....	5.00
Painting kitchen and 3 bedrooms (materials and labor) (estimate)	60.00
Varnish for all floors and woodwork (materials and labor) (estimate)	50.00
Loose covers for 2 arm chairs and day bed (materials and labor).....	15.00
Curtains for bedrooms.....	10.00

Outdoor:

Awning for clinic waiting porch (16 feet).....	13.25
Awning for clinic window (7 feet).....	5.25
(This clinic is on the garden, has no shade, and is horribly hot for the patients in summer. Awnings asked for last year were not given.)	
Stripping ceilings to barn stalls.....	5.20
Roofing for cow shed.....	15.00
Rebuilding retaining wall damaged by flood (estimate).....	50.00
Whitewashing barns and outhouses.....	20.00

FLAT CREEK

(Caroline Butler Atwood)

Indoor:

1 large rug for living room.....	40.00
Inlaid linoleum for kitchen floor @ \$1.75 per sq. yd.....	50.00
2 cocoa door mats.....	1.58
2 vegetable bowls.....	1.18

Outdoor:

Tar for barn roof (materials and labor).....	49.50
Replacement of old outside toilet (for use of workmen).....	15.00
Repairing leak around chimney.....	4.00

RED BIRD

(Clara Ford)

Indoor:

1 large rug for living room.....	40.00
1 small rug.....	5.00
Awning for clinic porch.....	5.00
3 small awnings for clinic windows.....	10.00
Fire screen.....	10.00
Curtains and chair covers.....	15.00
Kitchen utensils.....	5.00
1 doz. teaspoons.....	3.00

Outdoor:

Replacing worn-out fence wire.....	10.00
New gate for upper pasture.....	7.50
50 gallons creosote.....	75.00
Lumber and asphalt roofing for repairing manure pen.....	15.00
Screen wire (100 feet) For repairing old screening at windows, doors, and manure pen	25.00
Repairs on waiting-room roof.....	10.00
Whitewashing barns and outhouses.....	20.00

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Frontier Nursing Service extends its greetings and a royal welcome to the King and Queen of England on their visit to these shores.

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The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority holds its Biennial Convention this year from July 2nd to 8th, at The Huntington in Pasadena, California. All of our readers know of our deep indebtedness to the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority for its support of our social service department as its national field of work. We wish these dear people a gloriously successful Biennial, and a rare good time in one of the loveliest parts of this world.

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We have no prospective courier among the newest babies because they are all boys. Our loving congratulations are extended to the following couriers and their husbands:

To Mr. and Mrs. John B. Morse, Jr. (Margaret McLennan), Lake Forest, Illinois, a son, Richardson Morse, on December 29, 1938.

To Rev. and Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson), Freewater, Oregon, a son, David Wilson Henderson, on February 23, 1939.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick Kraft, Jr. (Mary Gordon), Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a son, Jack Kraft, III, on April 3, 1939.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr. (Elizabeth Boardman), Concord, New Hampshire, a son, Malcolm, on April 7, 1939.

To Dr. and Mrs. James E. Thompson (Etta Bartlett) in New York, a son, James Edwin, on May 2, 1939.

In addition to the courier babies another welcome little boy came to Mr. and Mrs. Mason Dix Harris at Phillips House in Boston on February 28, 1939. Mrs. Harris as Zaydee DeJonge was first executive secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service in Boston and later a member of the Boston Committee where

she endeared herself to everyone who met her. Mr. and Mrs. Harris live in New York.

Our tenderest sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Molesworth (Betty Horsburgh) of Twin Lakes, Kent, Ohio, on the loss of their baby who only lived a few hours.

Infants, the children of the spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing
Green grass and such a sky?
How can they die at spring?

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Two girls, well loved in the Frontier Nursing Service, were married on April 15th. Our courier, Rosemary Crocker of Fitchburg, Mass., married William Sumner Kemp, Jr. Rosemary was one of the best junior couriers ever to come to us. We wish her all the happiness in the world and our only regret is that her marriage means that she cannot serve with us as a courier again.

On the same date in New York, Dr. Virginia Clay Hamilton of Lexington, Kentucky, married Mr. Boyd Langdon Bailey. In our very early years Virginia spent a summer with us while she was still a medical student and everybody thought her one of the best sports and one of the dearest people in the world. This marriage combines the professions of medicine and law and we think that rather enthralling.

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All will agree that weddings and babies are delightful, but we get as big a thrill from the well deserved honors of old age. Our loyal friend and trustee, Mr. George H. Clapp of Pittsburgh, lately celebrated his eightieth birthday. This means that hundreds of friends celebrated it for him. The University of Pittsburgh gave him a dinner and had a cake with eighty candles, so vast that it took two co-eds and two men to carry it in. It was three stories high with a big candle on top. After the dinner the head-waiter cut off the whole top and put it in a box to be taken to Mrs. Clapp.

Mr. Clapp passed the fiftieth milestone, during this winter, for several of the events of his life, and each occasion was celebrated by his friends. On February 16th he was presented with an aluminum plaque, the annual award of the Pittsburgh Branch

of the American Chemical Society for work done in the development of aluminum, and he says in a letter "for a few other, more imaginary, things." He writes that he is still suffering from megacephaly!

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It was a pleasure to read in the Washington, D. C., Star of April 2nd, a comprehensive and unusually clear presentation of the distinguished career of our honored friend Mrs. Chester C. Bolton of Cleveland and of her services to nursing which have extended over the greater part of her life. We know of no one who has done as much for nursing as Mrs. Bolton or who has done it so wisely. She stands as a tower of strength behind the best of the nursing profession. Not every one who knows of her largest single gift to nursing, the creation and endowment of the modern school of nursing at Western Reserve University, knows also of the immense amount of time and labor for nursing that Mrs. Bolton has given over a period of many years. In fact, there is no field in nursing, from training schools to public health, which Mrs. Bolton has not sponsored and for which she has not worked. She was one of the early consultants of the Frontier Nursing Service in its remotely rural adventure and gave one of the first nursing centers, "Possum Bend," at Confluence. She has said that she thinks of nursing "as a great force reaching into every walk of life and dealing with people of every age from birth to death in every part of our country."

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Our correspondence ranges all over the habitable parts of this globe, and sometimes letters come to us from sections not considered safely habitable by the human race. One has come lately from Winifred Dennis (Denny), now at Flowers Cove, Newfoundland with the splendid Grenfell Association. She writes "for a difficult delivery here it is impossible to get the doctor. It takes him several days by dog team even in good weather." She adds casually, "Unluckily I froze my feet going by dog team eighty miles to St. Anthony. We ran into horrible weather, blizzards and deep snow drifts and no trails. I had to walk ahead on snow shoes to make a trail for the dogs.

You couldn't see ten yards ahead and could only make about two miles an hour. Really indescribable. Luckily my driver didn't lose his head or we might be wandering in the heart of the country yet. Anyway I froze my feet and had to stay a week in bed, and of course on any of my constant trips now, my feet are frosted again." Denny adds rather naively that when her term of service with the Grenfell Association is over, she will be "foot-loose!" Anyway she is coming back to the Frontier Nursing Service in July, to our unbounded joy, and her feet won't get "frosted" in Kentucky at that time of the year.

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Another former nurse of ours who is remembered as Bridget Ristori is now the wife of Dr. W. V. Tothill of Wagin, Australia. As a midwife as well as a nurse she is able to be of great help to her husband. She writes:

"An astounding country. It is nothing to motor 75 miles and see no man, car, or beast, and that is in this part, which is considered **thickly** populated. . . . The climate is most upset in Australia this year, a heat wave, with 100 deaths; bush fire, with 79 deaths; a drought, followed by cyclone, torrential rains, etc."

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The old workers of the Frontier Nursing Service carry the story of the Frontier Nursing Service wherever they go. Denny gave a talk on the Frontier Nursing Service to the Woman's Community Club at St. Anthony in Labrador. Bridget has spoken several times to various country women's meetings. Our Mary B. Willeford, now in California, has spoken of the Frontier Nursing Service over and over to many gatherings of nurses. There is hardly a week that one of our couriers doesn't give a talk about us. Two of the latest talks were by Mrs. George Manuel Fenellosa (Elizabeth Sutherland) before the Fortnightly Club of East Grand Rapids, Michigan, in March; and by Betty Butcher before the Shepard Guild of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Mass. Both young lecturers presented the F. N. S. with their fees.

Many of the couriers continue to travel adventurously. We have just had a letter from Sylvia Bowditch written on the S. S. Amra, of the British India Steam Navigation Company, Limited, enroute from Rangoon to Calcutta. She writes:

"Since leaving the Philippines I think we've enjoyed Bali the most. We were only there three days but we saw a great many interesting things, particularly several of the dances. Some of them were put on specially for the tourists and were beautifully done. But we did see one that a man in a neighboring village arranged for the benefit of the natives of the compound to which we went. There the costumes were not as gorgeous as in the specially arranged ones, but it was fun to see how the villagers would put on a dance for themselves. One of the dances they did was called a Kris Dance in which the Evil Spirit was to be avenged. While the Evil Spirit was doing his dance dressed in a wonderful costume of goat's hair and a great mask, a group of young boys, who looked about eight or ten years old, and one older one of about eighteen were working themselves up into a trance. They sat on one side and bowed up and down, and occasionally jumped up and down, all the time being stirred up by the music which consisted of gongs and a series of a sort of xylophones. Finally when the spirit finished the boys rushed out and pretended to strike him. After them came the older one with a kris—a wiggly bladed short sword, the point of which he pressed against his chest and pulled and writhed until I couldn't see why it didn't go right straight through him. He finally fell exhausted and the little boys in turn grabbed the kris and did the same things. An older man—he may have been a priest—calmly went around sprinkling holy water over the fallen children and they apparently revived, although we didn't stay to see as it was dark by then and the crowd broke up. It amazed me though that small children could work themselves up until they became quite unconscious of what they were doing.

"We were sorry not to have seen any of the nature dances while in Java but did enjoy watching them make batik. The yellow wax on the white cloth to me was almost lovelier than the finished dyed product. Nearly all the Javanese wore the

batik sarong or long skirt and the patterns of them were fascinating."

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The whole English speaking world honors Queen Mary of England. For the nursing profession on February 11, she did an especially beautiful and gracious thing when she attended as guest of honor a meeting of fifteen hundred girls at the old city of London Guildhall. These girls had been assembled from all parts of the south country by the Association of Head Mistresses, to see the great London hospitals and to hear about nursing as a career. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as chairman, read the address from Her Majesty in which she said: "I appeal to the girls of the country to ask themselves whether they may not find in this great profession not only a career of interest and usefulness but one of the truest and noblest forms of national service."

An interesting thing about this meeting is that nurses themselves were among the speakers. Miss Merry, an inspector for the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, spoke on the work of the Queen's nurses; Miss Reynolds, matron of the London Hospital, also spoke, and immediately afterwards Miss Helen Few, a probationer nurse, spoke on the point of view of the nurse in training. Other speakers were Miss Hayter, representing the London County Council and Mr. H. L. Eason, principal of London University, who spoke to the girls from the point of view of a surgeon.

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On April 20th through the kindness of the Lady Tweedsmuir, Marvin Breckinridge was invited to show our moving picture "The Forgotten Frontier" at Government House in Ottawa, Canada, at a tea given by Her Excellency.

The audience was made up of members of the Victorian Order of Nurses led by Miss Smellie, of members of Boards of the Canadian Red Cross, the Victorian Order, Maycourt (an organization somewhat similar to our Junior League) and of other outstanding women, including Madame Casgraine, the wife of the Speaker of the House. Our former nurse-midwife Mary

Cummings, now Mrs. Dudley Lloyd, of Montreal, went over to Ottawa with her husband for the occasion.

Mrs. John Farr Simmons, wife of the Charge d'Affaires of the United States Legation in Ottawa, introduced Marvin Breckinridge in the following gracious words:

"Your Excellency:

"May I express my deep appreciation to you for permitting this film, *The Forgotten Frontier*, to be shown here this afternoon. We, in the United States, feel that the Frontier Nursing Service is doing a unique and valuable work in isolated areas which will serve as a model for similar work in other parts of the country.

"Miss Marvin Breckinridge, who will speak to you for a few minutes before showing the film, is a cousin of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. After working in the mountains as a volunteer, Miss Breckinridge travelled 600 miles on horseback in summer and winter making this film, *The Forgotten Frontier*. Miss Breckinridge . . ."

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The Kentucky Society of Washington, D. C., dedicated to the Frontier Nursing Service their Derby Ball on April 17th at the Willard Hotel, and has given the proceeds of the Ball with which to buy a horse to be named "Kensowe," and full equipment of saddle, bridle, saddle bags, and blanket. This is one of the loveliest compliments we ever had paid to us and everything about the occasion was charmingly done. Mrs. Gordon Edmonds, president of the Society, welcomed over four hundred guests. She was assisted by the general chairman of the Ball, Mrs. Smith Bowman, and by the other officers and past chairmen, including a number of notable men and women. Our courier, Marion Shouse, asked to stand before the microphone for a few minutes, extended to everybody present the grateful thanks of the Frontier Nursing Service for "Kensowe" and his equipment, and for the honor of having the Ball dedicated to us.

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Two big benefits were staged for the Frontier Nursing Service in April: "Broadway In Review for 1939," the new lecture by John Mason Brown, in Washington on April 8th at the May-

flower Hotel; and the "Mikado" at the Colonial Theatre in Boston on April 21st. The returns from the Boston Benefit are not in as we go to press. The Washington Benefit netted over \$1,500.00.

In our last Bulletin we gave an account of the extraordinarily good division of the Boston Committee into effective smaller groups to work for their Benefit and so we won't repeat the names of these dear and competent women here, but we will close this grateful acknowledgement with a few words from one of the Boston papers:

"At the Colonial, the promptness with which the huge audience gathered, and the expectant stillness that descended on the house with the first dimming of the lights gave ample evidence that friends of the Frontier Nursing Service are Savoyards as well."

For the Benefit in Washington there was also an extraordinarily effective distribution of labor and responsibility, as the following line-up of names will show:

The chairman of the Washington Committee is Mrs. Lawrence D. Groner. The chairman for the Benefit was Mrs. John W. Davidge, and she and Mrs. Groner also took charge of the printing of the tickets.

The committee on arrangements, including publicity, had Princess Margaret Boncompagni as chairman, with Mrs. Montgomery Blair, Jr., and Miss Marguerite Wooley as assistants.

The committee on boxes was chaired by Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, and Mrs. Philip Coffin, Mrs. Cary T. Grayson and Mrs. Nelson Perin assisted her.

The committee on posters consisted of the following: Mrs. Emory Land, Mrs. Keith Merrill, Mrs. Charles F. Wilson and Miss Florence Wooley.

The committee in charge of addressing the invitations, the younger members of whom also acted as ushers, was composed of the following: Miss Barbara Bradley, Mrs. Bolton-Smith, Mrs. Seldon Chapin, Mrs. Lewis Clark, Mrs. Oscar Coolican, Mrs. Edward Ellerson, Mrs. Gale McLean, Mrs. James F. Mitchell, Miss Ann Perin, Miss Josephine Rice, Misses Elizabeth and Marion Shouse, Mrs. Mark Sullivan, Jr., Mrs. Corcoran Thom, Jr., Mrs. Henry M. Waite.

Mrs. Louis S. Greene made herself responsible for the amplification system.

The list of patronesses was headed by Mrs. Roosevelt and included the wife of the British ambassador and other diplomats, the wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the wives of several other Justices, the wife of the Secretary of State, the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, the wife of the Secretary of War, the wife of the Surgeon General, and the wives of several Senators and Representatives, as well as many other prominent and charming people.

John Mason Brown, who was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, was his usual brilliant self in his presentation of the modern theater. The lecture was preceded by a brief showing of a few slides of the Frontier Nursing Service by our courier, Marion Shouse, and was followed by a social gathering with refreshments for the four or five hundred people who attended.

This is the second year in succession that the Washington Committee has had John Mason Brown. The committee has already booked him for next year as it is going to make an annual occasion of this most successful and delightful benefit.

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It would seem as though Boston had done its bit with a vengeance in staging a big and successful benefit at the Colonial Theatre. But Boston has done more than that. Some of the young people on the Committee, headed by Mrs. Guido Perera and Mrs. Edward Dane (our courier Jane Ewell), got together what they euphemistically called a "Silent Committee" to stage a special "Waltzing Party" in the Somerset Hotel Ballroom, for the Frontier Nursing Service.

To begin at the beginning: For years a group of friends who are waltz-minded, have been waltzing informally in the private home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Welch. The "Silent Committee" approached Mr. and Mrs. Welch and won their interest. The Welches agreed to allow the Committee to use the name "The Waltzers." They told their waltzing friends about the party, and Mr. Welch even gave the use of his secretary to take charge of all the acceptances. In addition to the regular "waltzers," a number of other friends attended the ball, making a

hundred and twenty-five couples in all. The net profit of the entertainment was \$511.28.

The "Silent Committee" fully justified its name. In order not to confuse the publicity with the big Mikado benefit, they kept every mention of the Waltz Party out of the papers and even hid their own names—a rare accomplishment in times like these. The whole affair was unique and charming, and the Frontier Nursing Service extends its grateful thanks to that "Silent Committee."

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The Annual Meeting of Trustees, Members and Friends of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place just about the time this Bulletin gets in the mails, namely, on Wednesday, May 24th, following a luncheon at 12:30 p. m., at the Lexington Country Club, on the Maysville Road, near Lexington, Kentucky. Our committee in Chicago is also staging an annual meeting for its members at the Fortnightly Club on Wednesday morning, May 17th. Our Cleveland Committee is having the annual meeting for its members at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Ingalls Thursday evening, May 18th. We will have gone to press before these dates, but the Bulletin will not be in the hands of its subscribers until afterwards.

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The Director of the Frontier Nursing Service had the honor of being made a member of the Fourth White House Conference on Children in a Democracy. The first sessions in Washington were on Wednesday, April 26th, and included really thrilling speeches by the President, by Mrs. Roosevelt, by the Secretary of Labor, and others.

It will be remembered that the first such Conference was under President Theodore Roosevelt, the second under President Herbert Hoover. The one called by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the fourth such Conference, and the second in his administration.

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As all of you know it hasn't been possible for the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service to get about for meetings this

year either on trains in the outside world, or on horseback in the mountains. We have, however, had three recent delightful committee meetings. One in Washington, where I stayed over night for the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy, was held at the hospitable home of the Washington chairman, Mrs. Lawrence D. Groner. Another was in Louisville on my way back to the mountains in the lovely country place of Senator and Mrs. Frederic Sackett. To the joy of every one on the Louisville Committee, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap has accepted the chairmanship of this Committee, so ably carried for years by Mrs. S. C. Henning. The third committee meeting was that of our Hyden group held at our Hospital in Hyden. This Hyden Committee is the second oldest of the Frontier Nursing Service and we have no finer or more cooperative group.

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We extend our warmest congratulations to our old friends of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London in the recent gift of ten thousand pounds, in one check from one person. It seems to us amazing that anyone in a country so taxed as England can give so generously to a charity. The Matron of the British writes that her committee "shouted" when they saw the check, and it had to be handed around before each member could be personally convinced that it was real.

GOD AND THE SENATORS

It ought not to be believed that the emperor did these persecutions unto christian people because they believed in God, for they refused none, but it was a displeasure to them that they worshipped God without authority of the senators. . . . Another cause allegeth Orosius, and saith that the senate had despite of this, that Pilate had written the miracles of Jesu Christ to the emperor only (Tiberius—42 B. C.—A. D. 37), and not to the senators, wherefore they would not accord that he should be admitted to be worshipped among the gods.

The Golden Legend (Middle Ages).

SPRING

" . . . the earth quite unconstrained, and the trees likewise, open themselves and bring forth various flowers."

—The Ancren Riwle—13th Century.

FIELD NOTES

The loveliest thing ever has just happened to us. Our friends know how much we have longed for a considerable tract of land adjoining the Hospital, with a good coal mine on it, a young orchard, two cottages and the site for a newer, bigger and better barn. All of this has just been given us by Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong of Washington. We have the land and the money with which to build the barn this summer, and fencing and gates; the money also with which to put the orchard in condition, repair the cottages, and provide steel rails and coal cars for the little mine. The Hospital for years has bought its coal from this mine, but now it owns the mine and there is enough coal to supply the Hospital for years and years to come.

The new barn was urgently needed. The old Hospital barn, one of the earliest we ever built, was not only inadequate but it has got to be torn down to make room for a road the W.P.A. is putting up to the Hospital. Those of you who come to see us next autumn will get the thrill of your lives over these improvements. They mean a lot of extra work for us through the summer but it is such grand work, and along with it goes the knowledge that we will be giving carpenters, stone-masons (for foundations) and general labor quite a lot of jobs.

We have at Wendover "Aunt Jane's Barn." The new Hospital building will be called "Aunt Hattie's Barn," and never forget that we have "Aunt Hattie's Coal Mine" as well. Glory be!

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The cover illustration of this Bulletin is from a photograph by Marvin Breckinridge. The photograph on the inside of the back cover is of the only State highway bridge on Red Bird River, taken in the recent flood by our senior nurse, May V. Green.

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Among the things that we had to give up "when hard times came a-knockin' at the door" was our dental work for children and expectant mothers. Through the kindness of Dr. A. Karl Tatum of Hazard, we have had an occasional extraction clinic.

A recent one at the Margaret Durbin Harper Nursing Center is described in a report from the senior nurse in charge, Eva Gilbert, as follows:

"We had a very successful dental clinic here last Tuesday. Dr. Tatum came with Mrs. Tatum Monday evening, and held the clinic all day Tuesday. At the end of the day we found we had had sixty-two at the clinic, with thirty-six of that number having a hundred and five teeth extracted. I feel that the health of a number if not all of these people ought to be improved, because each extraction seemed necessary. If we could have a dentist here more often perhaps something could be done to make so many extractions unnecessary. In line with this subject you will be interested to hear that recently several people have said to me that the fillings which their children had had put in, when the Service had a dentist here a number of years ago, are still good, having preserved the teeth thus far. They feel very grateful to the Service for making that work possible."

We are printing two Twin articles in this Bulletin, but the thrill of the year for us in babies was when we welcomed our first triplets in Hyden Hospital on the third of March. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burton of Confluence, very much wanted a girl and they did not seem abashed when we presented three daughters instead of one. On the contrary they are delighted and proud. All three little maidens are thriving and their names are Rebecca, Judith and Marietta.

On March 15th we were grieved and glad. The grief lay in giving up our chief statistician, Marion Ross, who had been with us for thirteen consecutive years. The Frontier Nursing Service doesn't seem the same without her. Our whole statistical section was set up by her and carried on with the utmost integrity and accuracy. Her long acquaintance with the field work meant that she knew the stories behind thousands of names. Her figures were symbols of real people and she never forgot the real behind the symbolic.

Although we miss Marion sorely yet we are glad because her new work takes her near her brother and the elderly aunt who has been a mother to her since her own died long ago.

In addition, she has the fascination of again helping in a new creation. She has taken the post of statistician for the Associated Medical Services, Inc., of Toronto, Canada. This recently formed organization is exploring fascinating fields under their president, Dr. Herbert W. Baker, their vice-president, Mr. F. G. Beardall and their chief medical officer, Dr. J. A. Hannah.

We in the Frontier Nursing Service look upon ourselves as a sisterhood, and although we cannot but grieve when we lose one of our best and most useful people to another field of work, yet we are always glad, too, that one of the little sisters can begin a new adventure elsewhere. Members of our staff family are now exploring far-off paths on every continent of this planet, but we are all of us united by a bond of memories and affection as unbreakable as life itself.

Marion Ross's post as chief statistician has been taken over by Genevieve Weeks of Providence, Rhode Island, who is admirably equipped to carry on the high standards of work set by her predecessor. We have welcomed her with the greatest pleasure. Other welcome additions to our staff are Flora Mary Bennallack (Ben) and Mary Brohan, new district nurse-midwives. We welcomed back with joy Thelma Hood for a period of two months relief as chief floor nurse at the Hyden Hospital for "Delaney's" furlough.

We have been so fortunate this early and late spring as to have as senior couriers Fanny McIlvain of Philadelphia and Helen (Pebble) Stone of New York, who have been with us so many times that they are in the very heart of the Frontier Nursing Service. They have been assisted by the following excellent juniors—Mardi Bemis of Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts and Elizabeth Campbell of Sewickley, Pennsylvania through March and April, and Mary Jamison of New York and Barbara Bullitt of Louisville who are with us through May and June.

Our deeply grateful thanks are extended to Dr. Scott Breckinridge of Lexington for again holding his annual gynaecological clinic for examinations and operations at the Hyden Hospital, the last of March and the first of April. His spring

visit and the wonderful work he does for us are more welcome than we can ever express. It was a great pleasure to have with him his son John B. Breckinridge and Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Allen.

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Among our welcome guests lately was our honored trustee and recording secretary, Mrs. W. H. Coffman of Georgetown, Scott County. We have been wanting to get her in for years and the week she spent with us was pure joy. Another guest who made her third visit to us and whose presence gave us unbounded delight was our Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain. She brought with her Mrs. Margery Nichols and how we hated to see them both go.

For all too short a time we had Mrs. Joseph C. Carter (Mary) of New York in to see us. Her young husband Joe, as a boy, was in here helping us several times during our early years, and everybody around here wanted to see what kind of a wife Joe had taken. The opinion expressed was universally satisfactory!

Other guests who came in for a few hours only, or overnight, were Miss Mary Louise Rochester of Crossnore, North Carolina; five student nurses from the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn, New York; and ten W.P.A. supervisors from Paintsville, Buckhorn and Louisville, who came in for tea. We had a welcome visit from Archdeacon Gerald Catlin, who stayed overnight and held an early communion service the week after Easter. Two of the most interesting people ever to come to us were Dr. and Mrs. Robert M. Lewis of New Haven. He is the Associate Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Yale University.

Recent guests have been the United States Forester, Mr. W. E. Hedges, Miss Astrid Anderson from the famous Hindman School, and those two delightful men, Dr. R. Glen Spurling and Mr. Charles W. Williams of Louisville.

As this Bulletin goes to press, we have just greeted our dear Minneapolis chairman, Mrs. George Chase Christian, who is making her first visit to us. Also our old couriers Freddy Holdship and Eleanore George have just bounded down from Sewickley, Pa., for the week-end.

Among our friends we must not forget to mention two delightful dogs. Jean Hollins' golden retriever, Dair, is staying with us now and Duchess, the great Dane belonging to our courier Louise Ireland, came up with Louise and her friend, Rebecca White, for two days. We have had them put their paw signatures on an ink pad and so into our guest book.

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Our grateful thanks are extended to our Hyden Committee member, Mr. Jess Lewis, for the gift of a whole sack of raw wool for the Frontier Nursing Service Cooperative Handknitters.

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Our Mac (Annie P. MacKinnon, superintendent of the Hospital at Hyden) had a nasty old appendix taken out in Lexington by Dr. Francis Massie, with Dr. Josephine Hunt in steadfast attendance. Mac had been running down for weeks with no clearly defined symptoms. Dr. Kooser made many blood counts on her and many observations and finally sent her to Lexington for a complete check-over. The appendix is out in consequence and we are assured that when Mac returns from a little holiday by the sea with a loved sister, she will be "rarin' to go" again.

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At the request of Mr. Sam D. Gunn, President of the Middlesboro Rotary Club, Mr. Chris Queen, the Fordson engineer, and Vanda Summers, our senior nurse, went to Pineville, where Vanda spoke to the Pineville Rotary Club about the Frontier Nursing Service on the evening of March 17th at a dinner. On Saturday, March 18th, at noon, they met with the Middlesboro Rotary Club, where Vanda gave another talk about the Service. They were accorded a most courteous and attentive reception by both the Pineville and Middlesboro Rotary Clubs.

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We feel that it is under the Field Notes column and not under Beyond the Mountains, that we should express our loyal love and admiration for Dr. William J. Hutchins of Berea on the occasion of his retirement as president of that famous college. If ever anyone were heart and soul of the mountains, it is Dr. Hutchins. All through the future years we shall sorely miss the rare understanding of his gifted and beautiful mind. We get comfort out of the thought that a son of his succeeds him.

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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.

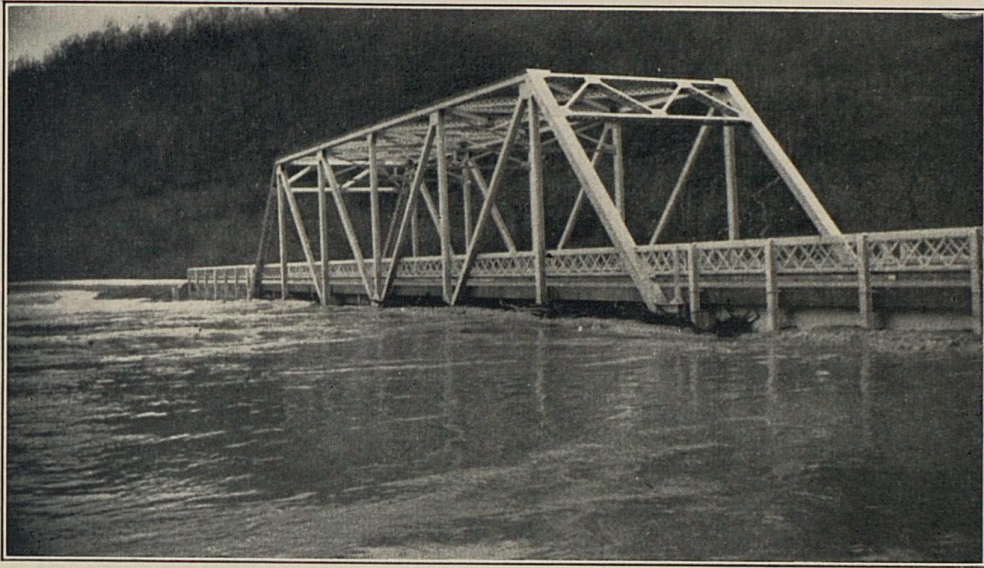
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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



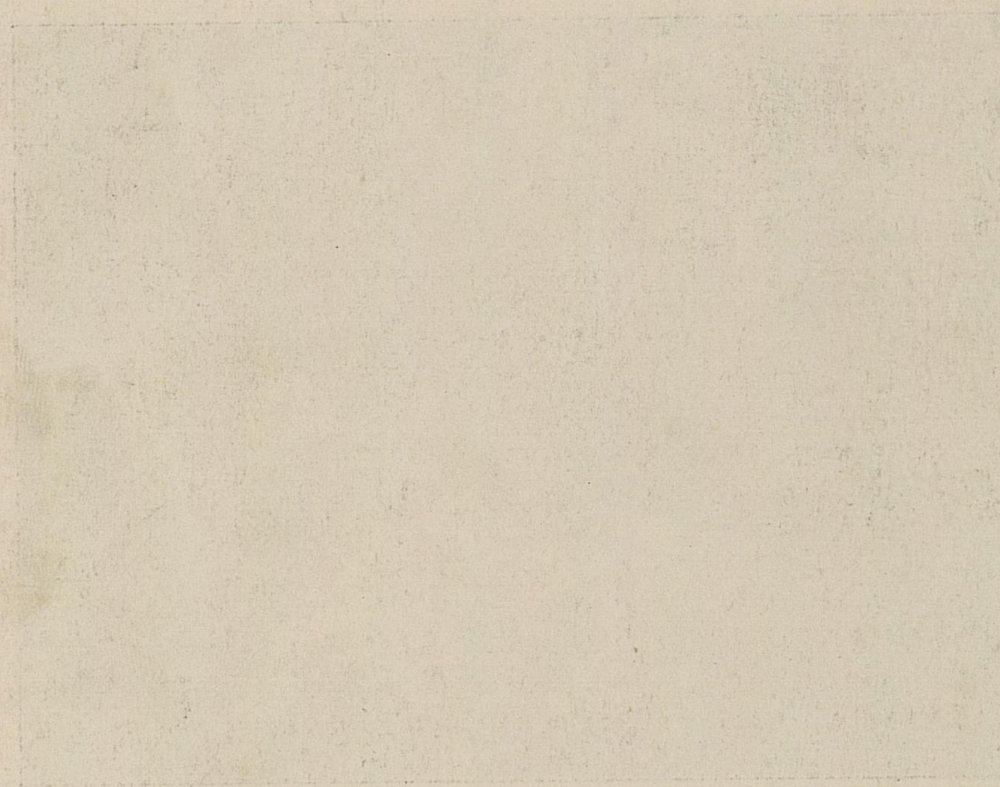
STATE BRIDGE ON RED BIRD RIVER IN THE WINTER FLOOD



TWINS MARCUS AND MARTHA, LEAVING HYDEN HOSPITAL, IN THE ARMS OF NURSE, NORA KELLY (left), AND COURIER, ELIZABETH HARRIMAN (right)



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