

The Quarterly Bulletin of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. XIII SPRING, 1938 NO. 4



The fascinating cover picture on this issue is from a drawing made for us by our courier, Elizabeth Duvall, of New York, and illustrates an actual experience.

Elizabeth Duvall and Elizabeth Sutherland had to take eight horses up Hurricane Creek to meet guests. This picture shows how they did it. In the evening, Elizabeth Duvall and Jean Hollins took the guests back to the Head of Hurricane, and then returned to Wendover, after dark, with the eight horses.

The drawing of the horses is so individual in each case, that those who know them personally will hardly need to be told their names.

Reading from left to right, they are: "Babette," "Flint," "Llanfechain," "Heather," the "Old Gray Mare," "Sunshine," "Tramp," and "Gloria."

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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SPANISH CAROL

"In Joseph's Lovely Garden"

In Joseph's lovely garden
The Lord Christ's tomb was made,
And there His broken body
To rest was gently laid.

A great rock strongly sealed it,
That Death might have full sway;
But God sent down His angel,
To roll the stone away.

When dawn was faintly breaking
Across the garden fair,
Three women entered weeping,
Bearing spices rare.

Then spake the guardian angel,
In shining raiment bright,
"He whom ye seek is risen,
And death is vanquished quite!"

O angel of the garden
Descend to us today,
And comfort all our sadness,
And drive death's fear away.

We all are sorrow-laden,
Speak to our hearts we pray,
"He Whom ye love is risen,
And lives with Christ alway!"

O Jesus, blest Redeemer,
All praise to Thee we bring;
No power of death could hold Thee
Our Saviour, Lord and King.

As Thou hast risen all glorious
May we one day arise
O'er sin and death victorious
In Thy blest Paradise.

"WHY WORRY?"

Foreword: It was a delight to have Miss Leota Sullinger spend twenty-four hours at Wendover, on the 2nd and 3rd of April, with seventeen of her Girl Scouts, for the purpose of studying wild flowers. As we didn't begin to have beds for such a crowd, the children rolled up in their blankets on the floors of two or three of the log buildings. They cooked their supper at a campfire, down by the river, and then came up to the living-room at Wendover Big House, for their ceremonies.

These included part-singing of many songs, accompanied by the guitar. The girls also recited several poems, and among them was the following:

There's a lot of folks in this old world,
Who do nothing but cry and shout,
Where if their troubles were sifted,
There'd be nothing to worry about,
For there's just two things that can happen,
You're either successful or not,
If you are successful, why worry?
But maybe you're sick a lot.

If sickness does o'ertake you,
You've still no cause to cry,
For there's only two things that can happen,
You'll either get well or die.
If you do get well, why worry?
But if you die, it still won't matter a lot,
For there's only two things that can happen,
You'll either go to heaven or not.

If by chance you do get to heaven,
There's one thing assured, and it's this:
You'll be happy every blessed moment,
You can't worry where everything is bliss.
If by chance you don't get through the pearly gates,
It still won't matter a lot,
You'll be so busy shaking hands with your friends,
You'll never notice it's hot!

THE LITTLE MOTHER

By VANDA SUMMERS, R. N., S. C. M.
(Senior Nurse on the Hyden District III)

Slush, slush, slush, was the sound made by the men's feet as they carried fifteen-year-old Polly Dixon on a stretcher to the Hospital through the mud! Her babe was not yet born!

I wanted to say hurry! Hurry!—but knew that the men were doing as well as they could through the knee-deep mud. The night was as dark as pitch and the rain pouring down. Now and again the little procession would stop for the men to change around, or we'd hear "Wait a minute" and a man's boot would be almost wrenched off by the clinging earth. As I walked beside the stretcher I had visions of the bright lights of a city, and the screaming siren of an ambulance. Speed! Speed! What a contrast! How lucky those city folks are!

Polly lived in a cute little two-roomed cabin at the head of a very steep branch. I had arrived there twenty-six hours previously and found everything ready, and a bright log fire burning in the crude stone fireplace.

After an examination I realized it would be an all night affair but hoped the baby would be there by dawn. I advised the anxious young father, Aubrey, to try and get a little sleep, but he insisted on sitting up all night. So while Polly was dozing he and I watched many logs burn out.

Dawn came. Polly was more restless. Everything was apparently all right but just progressing slowly.

The weather had turned very warm, but the sky was over-clouded and the heavens were beginning to rumble.

We had breakfast, consisting of very delicious home killed pork and fried potatoes and coffee. Tommy, my faithful steed, who had been hitched to the fence all night, was watered and fed. I am sorry to say he didn't appreciate his

breakfast, as I did mine, because he just had ears of corn! And he does love his oats!

As time went by I began to realize that Polly wasn't progressing as she should and was getting quite tired. So I decided to give her a sedative and let her rest so that she would finally wake up and have more strength for her final ordeal.

Still the hours rolled by. Polly had rested and started up again, but no advance! Just as I was about to send a note to the Doctor giving all details of the case, I heard Tommy whinnying loudly. I looked out of the window and to my joy I saw Dr. Vaughan and Meg scrambling up the hill! Thank God for doctors!

They had snatched a brief moment from the Hospital to get a breath of fresh air and see what was happening, as I hadn't returned home.

In half an hour they left me with various instructions and renewed confidence.

For three hours Polly had a lovely sleep and as she slept we had a very bad thunder storm. The wind blew in great gusts, and the beech trees round the little cabin swayed to and fro. The small branch running beside the fence began to fill—and then began to roar—and Polly slept through it all! Finally she awoke and the pains returned—but no progress. I then decided the sooner she was in the Hospital the better and Aubrey consented readily. So off he went to take a note to the Doctor and bring back a stretcher.

It seemed hours before he returned. I kept looking out of the window to see if there was a light coming up from the foot of the hill and all the time hearing the groans which came from this little child-mother: "Oh Lordy, how much longer!"

Now and again I would give her a few words of encouragement and she would try to smile, for she knew everything possible was being done for her!

At last Aubrey arrived, soaked to the skin, and he had with him several men, whom he had enticed out of their beds at such a late hour, to help carry the stretcher.

There was no time to dry. We worked quickly and quietly and finally had Polly snug and warm, wrapped up in many quilts and covered with the large rubber sheet we nurse-midwives always carry in our saddle bags. I gave her her last "shot" for the rough trip and off we started.

It was a perilous journey because the men had to keep crossing this steep raging branch, nearly being swept off their feet by the rushing water.

One of Aubrey's little brothers said he wished he could do something to help, so I gave him Tommy to lead and off they went into the darkness while we advanced slowly with the aid of flash lights. I don't know what Tommy must have said to him on the way home, but little brother remarked to me at the end of the journey "He sure is an intelligent horse!"

How pleased we all were as we approached Hyden and saw the welcoming lights of the Hospital, high up on the hill! It was an awful night for such a trip, but Polly kept snug and dry and, to put it in her words, when I asked her if she was warm, she said "I'm burning up."

I was thankful to pass little Polly over into capable and efficient hands, which worked all night, and the next morning there was a small new occupant in one of the baby cribs and a happy new mother, exhausted but grateful.

Into the Birth Register will be entered automatically, a Full Term Living Female, but into the Register of our Memories we will underline the Living Female and thankfully add, a Living Mother. I shudder to think what would have happened to Polly if it hadn't been for the Frontier Nursing Service!

HYDEN HOSPITAL WELL

As we go to press, we are struggling with one of those awful well situations, that only the mountains can produce. The Hyden well, given the hospital by Mrs. Ballard, is 210 feet deep. Sand has fallen in at great depth. Bailers and mechanics, with a complete rig, are struggling with the situation. We, too, are struggling.

MR. E. S. JOUETT

The Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service met at the Pendennis Club in Louisville, Kentucky, on Thursday, March 3rd, 1938, and nominated Mr. E. S. Jouett to succeed Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard as national chairman. Mrs. Warren Thorpe of New York was nominated to succeed Mr. Jouett as vice-chairman. Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit was appointed to fill the vacant place on the Executive Committee. As the Executive Committee has the power to fill interim vacancies, these nominations are tantamount to election, to be ratified at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

The Frontier Nursing Service is fortunate indeed in having Mr. Jouett for its new national chairman. Mr. Jouett is the third chairman. The first was Dr. A. J. A. Alexander, of Woodford County, Kentucky, and the second, Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, of Louisville. Mr. Jouett is fitted by the highest qualities of mind and heart to follow the tradition of fine leadership created by Dr. Alexander and Mrs. Ballard.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

The citizens of Hyden, Kentucky and its environs, have arranged a service in memory of Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard of Louisville, the national chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service, to take place at the Baptist Church in Hyden, on Sunday, May first. The Reverend Hoyt Porter, the Baptist minister, will conduct the service, assisted by the Reverend F. C. Symonds, the Presbyterian minister. Mr. Porter will make a short address, and the best voices in the community will lead the singing. This service will give an opportunity, desired by so many in this section, to express their love of Mrs. Ballard, and their appreciation of the love she felt for this section and expressed in medical, nursing, and hospital care.

TWO BABIES IN ONE NIGHT

By CHARLOTTE GOODWIN

(Courier from Hartford, Conn., and Bennington College)

As I opened the door to let in Gretchen, Kelly's Doberman, I felt a cold blast of wind and snow. "A nasty night out," I remarked as we resumed our game of Russian Bank, in front of the fire. For the third time that evening, my aspirations toward being a successful Russian Banker were thwarted. But had it not been time for bed, I feel sure I should have won that fourth game.

Pulling off my long flannels, I shivered slightly at the thought that nurses actually did venture out on nights such as this. It was not a comfortable thought, so, dismissing it from my mind, I crawled into bed, blew out the candle, and was soon on the road to blissful unconsciousness. Half way along that road there came a distinct feeling of uncertainty—was that someone talking outside? Surely not. But again voices seemed to penetrate my drowsy state, and with a dynamic effort my eyes opened, and there was Kelly saying, "It's a call, do you want to go?"

In ten minutes, we were on our way. The man who had come for us said that it was impossible to ford the river on horseback. There was only one other way to get there, and that was to walk over a mountain ridge. An odd trio we must have seemed, picking our way over the snow; our leader with saddlebags over his shoulder and a lantern swinging in his right hand; Kelly and I trudging along behind using our flashlights when climbing over fences, saving them on the level stretches.

It was not an easy walk, nor was our speed in any way leisurely. We climbed partly in a brook-bed, and partly on a winding trail for a good two miles before we saw the top of the ridge over which we must go. It was hot, climbing, and I found myself unbuttoning my jacket as we steadily as-

cended. Kelly and I were panting at the top; yet the prospect of descending seemed such a relief that we pushed on down without stopping. The snowfall had let up a little, and our progress was faster. It was slippery underfoot, however, and we frequently used a handy tree to keep us upright on the steepest spots. At about one o'clock, after two hours of hard going, we shook off the snow, and walked into a neat, warm cabin. Despite our incessant effort to win the race, a wee bairn had reached the goal fifteen minutes before us, and was gloating vociferously over her victory.

Quickly and efficiently Kelly went to work. It was not long before a seven and a half pound baby girl, dressed in conservative pink, lay in her big sister's arms, and Kelly and I were drinking what we both considered rugged coffee, as fuel for our return journey. The wind screamed around the corner of the house, but the counteracting thought of climbing into our own beds was stimulus enough, so we downed the last drop of coffee and put on our coats.

As we were saying goodbye, there came a knock at the door which meant only one thing. I caught Kelly's eyes, and she grinned as if to say, "some night!—and we were off, following another mountaineer to his cabin home two miles away. Our entrance to this tiny home saw a grim contrast to that which we had just left. Snowflakes pushed their way steadily in through long uncovered strips in the roof. Two children lying in a bed in the corner were covered by two blankets; one blanket was of pure white. The bed on which their mother lay was more protected, but snow, blown from other parts of the room, fell upon her from time to time. Kelly had only a moment to take off her coat, before the baby—a third boy—arrived. It was hectic and speedy work, fighting against cold and dark in a space hardly big enough for one person to move in. As Kelly worked over the mother, I held the baby near the fire, actually bending over to keep snow from falling on him. Meanwhile, a neighbor was sent for more blankets, and when we left, the two children, as well as the mother and baby, were in as comfortable a state as could possibly be conceived under the conditions.

The snow was letting up, and daybreak near, when we started our homeward trip. We walked perhaps seven, perhaps only five miles, but it would take very little to convince me that from five-thirty to seven-thirty that morning, Kelly and I covered twenty miles. The sight of Flat Creek Center,* roof covered with snow, smoke curling from its chimney, is a sight indelible upon my mind.

We breakfasted at eight.

*The Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center, at the mouth of Flat Creek, on Red Bird River.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

One of our nurses "caught" a girl baby on Bee Branch. The next morning, nine-year-old Ted said to his mother: "I think if Nurse would wash her saddle-bags out real good, maybe next time she could bring a baby boy."

Grandfather, holding up a towel with a hole in it: "Shall I wipe on the towel, or on the hole?" David (five years old), without looking up: "Rub on the hole, Grand-daddy, and see if you get anywhere."

Daddy, to Mervin, age five: "Nurse may be aiming to take Baby, if we don't give her pay." Mervin: "I'll take fifty cents for my hen, and a dime apiece for my five chicks, so Nurse won't pack her off, and John aims to sell his pet hog."

. . . .

The following saying is contributed by Mrs. T. A. Mellon of Pittsburgh. A small boy in saying his evening prayers, after asking for protection for the entire family and neighborhood, suddenly looked up and said: "And, God, take good care of yourself, for if anything happens to you, we will all be in the soup."

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, for up-keep, and for replacement of its many and widely scattered properties. We are not able to include in the budget an adequate sum for these necessities. Unless they come from special gifts, we lack essential equipment, and our buildings are not well maintained.

The appalling winters and springs in the mountains, with their endless erosion, land-slides, and raging torrents, make the up-keep of buildings, pastures, and fences a much more costly thing than it would be in a flat country. Our distance from the centers of supplies brings heavy charges in freight and hauling. These are special liabilities.

Special assets consist of the good-will of our neighbors, who often give us hours of free labor, or pay their bills in labor, and who are always enchanted to get the work they so desperately need and for which they take a far lower wage than they deserve.

In this year's list of needs, we give only the most urgent items and although the sum total of them all is enormous, the cost of each is, in most cases, quite small. We are adopting the plan of listing them center by center.

GENERAL

2 more horses, urgently needed. Each, \$150.00, plus trucking, \$25.00.....\$175.00

HYDEN HOSPITAL

(Our greatest needs usually are here. But we have had so many special gifts during the past year for the hospital that the only urgent requirement is - - -)

30 gallons of floor paint and varnish 97.50

WENDOVER

Office Supplies

1 Adding Machine	65.00
1 Transfer Check File—8 drawers	37.20
1 Section of Steel Card Files—Columbia (5x8) 1 drawer No. 551.....	12.00
2 Sections Steel Files—Records Department	25.00

1 Section Steel Files—four drawers—fire-proof	110.00
Complete overhauling of one typewriter	15.00
1 Typewriter table on rollers	7.50
6 Typewriter chairs @ \$10.00 each (Our postal clerk, statisticians, book-keeper, and secretaries use split-bottom, mountain-made chairs. They get back- aches. Please give them properly built and adjustable type- writer chairs)	60.00
Indoor	
2 Utility Cabinets—for kitchen @ \$5.75 ea.	11.50
5 Dozen Sheets @10.35 per dozen	51.75
28 Gallons of Paint and Varnish—for dog-trot, postoffice, porches and other floors	90.00
2 Chairs for Guest Room @ \$15.00 each	30.00
Outdoor	
("The Clearing," for 30 new acres)	
Lower Pasture—Hogwire fencing, posts and labor	500.00
Upper Pasture—Hogwire fencing, posts and labor	300.00
Repair of Wendover Cistern	60.00

CLEVELAND NURSING CENTER (Possum Bend) at Confluence

Indoor	
1 doz. Sheets	10.35
1 doz. Pillow-cases	2.35
Paint and Varnish	16.00
Linoleum for kitchen floor	30.00
Replacement of worn-out curtains	5.00
Outdoor	
Retaining wall between road and garden	50.00
Stone drain between house and retaining wall	25.00
Cement for leak in foundation, and to fill in between stones in paths	10.00
Awning for Clinic Waiting Porch (16 ft.)	13.25
Awning for Clinic Window (7 ft.)	5.25
(This Clinic is on the garden, has no shade, and is horribly hot for the patients in summer).	
Screening for manure bin and replacing screen doors and windows.....	5.50

MARGARET DURBIN HARPER NURSING CENTER at Bowlingtown

Indoor	
1 doz. Sheets	10.35
1 doz. Pillow-cases	2.35
1 doz. Face towels	3.00
Replacement of worn-out curtains	5.00
1 Tea-kettle, 5-quart size	3.00
Paint and Varnish	10.00
Outdoor	
50 Locust posts and 24 posts for corner braces for replacing rotten posts in pasture and yard fence. Also cost of labor	30.00
Work on gutters and drains behind barn to prevent water running into barn. Also work on refilling stall floors	20.00

**BELLE BARRETT HUGHITT NURSING CENTER on Bullskin
Creek, at Brutus**

Indoor	
1 doz. Sheets—urgent	10.35
1 doz. Drinking glasses60
3 Vegetable dishes	2.50

1 doz. Wash cloths—as soon as possible	1.20
1 doz. Face towels	3.00
3 Pie tins75
Repair of typewriter (plus express and trucking)	15.00
Outdoor	
6 Gallons of Paint, Varnish and Creosote, for barn, gate and tank....	55.00
CLARA FORD NURSING CENTER on Red Bird River	
Indoor	
1 pr. Andirons	20.00
1 Fire screen	5.00
Linoleum for kitchen	30.00
Replacement of worn-out curtains and chair covers.....	25.00
China	12.00
Kettle and sauce-pans	5.00
1 doz. Sheets	10.35
4 Bedside rugs @ \$1.50 each	6.00
Indoor and Outdoor	
Paint, Varnish and Whitewash, for house, porches and barn.....	65.00
CAROLINE BUTLER ATWOOD NURSING CENTER on Flat Creek	
Indoor	
2 Arm-chairs (really good ones, for tired nurses) @ \$25.00 each.....	50.00
½ doz. Sheets	5.25
Outdoor	
Varnish and Paint, for floors, windows, porches and gate.....	40.00
Replacement of screens for several windows	10.00
Seed for pasture	3.00
JESSIE PRESTON DRAPER NURSING CENTER at Beech Fork	
Indoor	
1 Living-room rug 7x9	40.00
Replacement of curtains	10.00
1 Arm-chair	25.00
1 Large cupboard (for layettes in waiting-room).....	15.00
1 Tea-kettle (5-quart size)	3.00
Cooker and sauce-pans	5.00
Casserole dishes	3.00
½ doz. Medium-sized plates	4.25
½ doz. Dessert spoons	3.00
3 Table-spoons	1.50
1 Percolater	3.00
Paint, for large waiting-room and bedrooms upstairs.....	30.00
Outdoor	
Pipes and faucet, and cement tub for watering the horses, the cow—with labor	40.00
1 Sprayer for fruit trees	2.00
1 Wire-cutter for cutting hay wire	2.00
New fencing for garden, with labor	60.00

AN ENDORSEMENT

The Board of Directors of the National Information Bureau, Inc., has endorsed the Frontier Nursing Service.

In Memoriam

MRS. S. THRUSTON BALLARD
National Chairman of Frontier Nursing Service

"There was a post come from the Celestial City"
—Bunyan

Tests which determine the fitness of a character for public service are sure to be encountered by those we number among the great and good, in even a brief life-span. How much more is this true with a person who lives more than the allotted three-score years and ten.

It is debatable whether happiness, prosperity and health, or their reverse, grief, straitness and dis-ease, are the better anvils for the hammering out of character. But does it matter? The metal will be tried in the refiner's fire, before the creature can become a tool fit for the Creator's use.

Over the long life of the well-beloved one who has so lately answered her summons had swept sunshine and storm. She knew rare happiness, and few people were more "acquainted with grief." All experiences alike served the one purpose of creating a mind clear and just, and a heart compassionate like Christ's own.

The blessings of her life, and they were many, were administered and shared as though she held them in trust—"He only who forgets to hoard, has learned to live." The merciless test of prosperity (and is there a test more merciless?), the private satisfactions of a perfectly blended domestic life, did not cloud her sense of duty to the world's unhappy ones, or dim an escutcheon which could well have been "I serve." Nor did she, when the storms had broken, when she had outlived husband, children, and most of her generation of family and friends, wrap herself up in that subtle form of selfishness—self-centered grief. The metal had been purified in the refiner's furnace.

In the mists of this transitory world, we see results only, and not the inner processes. But ever our great and good

ones ". by those hid ascents climb to that day which breaks from Thee."

Dear Leader in our common venture, now "in the land of far distances," you always gave yourself. With the generous outpourings of your means for lesser men, you gave your clear brain, your just judgment and your merciful heart. You, yourself, were God's gift to us.

Sometimes there comes to a freshly broken heart, and perhaps to such alone, a moment of exaltation, when the mists of earth are swept away, and nothing matters except Reality. One is There, not here. Such a moment came to her, when she first attended divine services after the death of her third and last little son. While fresh, boyish voices sang, she was swept in spirit beyond "the changes and chances of this fleeting world," and saw this truth:

"All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given Thee."

"Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."—Shakespeare.

Mrs. Franklin Bache, of Philadelphia, Penna.

Mr. Ingersoll Bowditch, of Boston, Mass.

Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, of New York.

Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. James H. Lockhart, of Pittsburgh, Penna.

Mr. Francis C. McMath, of Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. William Watson Smith, of Pittsburgh, Penna.

Again, we have to record the passing of many people associated with the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Bache was, from its inception, a member of our Philadelphia committee and one of our most loyal friends; Mr. Bowditch was the father of our courier, Sylvia, and the brother of our Boston chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman; Mr. Gilbert was the husband of a member of our New York committee, and, together, they were most loyal supporters of the F. N. S.; Admiral

Grayson was a member of our Washington committee and the husband of its first chairman; Mrs. Lockhart and Mrs. Smith were members of our Pittsburgh committee, and Mr. McMath was a member of our Detroit committee.

These people, each and all, represent the finest traditions in American life, and their passing has left a gap in our social structure that will be hard to fill. Our deepest sympathy goes out to their families, in their overwhelming grief.

HUGH AND CHRISTINE

By BLAND MORROW

(Social Service Director of the Frontier Nursing Service
under the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

When little five-year-old Hugh arrived at the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital the impression he gave was that he knew only three words: "piece of bread." No sooner had he finished one piece of bread than he was asking for another. Even during his bath he clung to his bread, changing it from one hand to the other to keep it dry and eating on it all the while. He went to sleep with a piece of bread. Orange juice, tomato juice, vegetables, milk—these he seemed not even to recognize as being food, but he could be induced to take anything by the mere promise of a piece of bread. Apropos of the egg served him soon after his arrival at the hospital, he queried: "Do you fellows have a lot of eggs up here?" The nurse responded, "Yes. Do you have eggs at your house?" To that, Hugh's answer was: "No, we have just bread and gravy at our house."

Hugh's little sister came to the hospital at the same time he did. Her condition was similar to his, only more advanced. Her swollen face atop her tiny, emaciated body made her look malformed. On her legs and thighs the purple blotches characteristic of her disease had become dry, hard sores. The mucous membranes of her eyes and mouth were raw.

She was so weak that she could not turn herself in bed. After two blood-transfusions, a faint glow of color began to show in her ears and finger tips. But Christine died. The diagnosis was scurvy.

Fortunately, cases such as Hugh and Christine are rare. They had had too little to eat, too much of the same thing. But the cases of Christine and Hugh are rare only in degree. Malnutrition, dietary deficiency—these are words which are repeated over and over in our descriptions of the children who are under our care. And if sheer familiarity tends to relieve them of their ugliness, there is the occasional Hugh to remind us of what those words can mean, the occasional Christine as a tragic token of the price an impoverished region exacts of its children.

COURIER CONCLAVE

The Courier Conclave has been arranged for the weekend, June tenth, eleventh and twelfth, at Wendover. We are expecting twenty-five couriers and we hope that there will be at least one representative from each committee. Yes, there will be beds enough! We are bringing over all the tonsillectomy cots from the Hospital. For the three days of the meeting all routine office work will be suspended, and we are looking forward with the keenest pleasure to the "gathering of the clan."

If there is anyone west of Wendover who wants to come but does not have a group to motor down with, please communicate with Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Voltz Road, North Brook, Illinois. Any one east of Wendover, should communicate with Marion Shouse, 2600 Thirty-first Street, Washington, D. C. We urgently request that everyone let Wendover know not later than June first if they are coming. We expect a thrilling time.

—A. L.

AN OPEN LETTER

Wendover, Ky., April, 1938.

Dear Friends, far and near:

There are literally hundreds of you who will read this who are my personal friends, and some of you are relatives as well. I haven't time to write you individually. Hence, this open letter.

This is to tell you that I am going, on June 20th, to the Baker Memorial Building of the Massachusetts General Hospital, for an operation, later in that week, on the old fracture in my back, and I shall be up there in a plaster cast for three months afterwards. With the concurrence of my Lexington orthopedic physician, Dr. W. M. Brown, who, after my back was broken, got me on my feet again, the operation will be performed by Dr. William A. Rogers, orthopedist, and Dr. W. Jason Mixter, neurologist. These kind men gave me thorough examinations after my back went bad on me this winter in New England.

There is no need to go into technical details. Most of you know that I have been suffering increasing pain and disability in the site of the old fracture during the past two years. For some time an operation has seemed inevitable, but I hoped to be able to defer it for several years. When is it ever convenient for a busy person to spend three months in a plaster cast? The decision has now been taken out of my hands.

Pain is a useful teacher. Talmadge once said: "A woman prayed for patience, and God sent her a green cook." Pain is just such a remedy for an impatient temperament. However, when weeks pass into years, when one never rides a horse or stands up to make a speech without a lot of pain, that's just naturally too much pain. It cramps one's style.

If you remember Uncle Remus, you may recall that when Brer Fox had eaten up five or six of Brer Rabbit's children, Brer Rabbit "begun to git mad."

As we say in the mountains, I shall be glad to "get shut of" pain. After a long convalescence, and months of quiet here at home in the hills, I shall be wholly free from pain and can tackle the job of living and working with my old physical zest. This is the reason you must be glad with me.

There is one thing more to be said. Some of you will want to send me books and flowers. Please don't. The hospital has a marvelous library with thousands of volumes, including the new books, and a jolly librarian comes up every morning with a selection on a wheeled cart to choose from, so that I shall have no need for books.

As for flowers, my room is tiny, and has only a bed-side stand, so there isn't room for more than about three violets or two zinnias. These, I know, will be brought me by New England friends who have gardens. What I beg you to do is to relieve the only strain on my mind, namely, the financial strain for the work I love so much, and send a wee extra check, just enough to buy a book or a bunch of violets, to our treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Building, Lexington, Kentucky. Send with it, on a card, something like this: "Here is my book for Mary Breckinridge," or, "These are my flowers."

In Sweden they have a beautiful custom. When anyone dies there, they send a check to that person's favorite charity, in his name. A Swedish friend of my sister-in-law lost her baby, and my sister-in-law sent a check all the way to a children's hospital in Sweden, in memory of the baby. Why can't we follow this custom sometimes, for an operation or an illness?

Bless you, each one, for the happiness you will bring me if you make your gifts, not to me, who have no need for them, but to our people in here, who have operations and illnesses, too.

One last word. If any of you are vacationing in New England, after the first of July, and pass through Boston, stop off and see me. That will bring me joy, and you will always find me "at home!"

Yours with sincere affection,

Mary Breckinridge

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE HANDKNITTERS

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

(Senior Nurse in Charge of the Caroline Butler Atwood Center at Flat Creek)

"That's a mighty fine habit of yours teaching all those girls to knit."

May I, through the medium of the Spring Bulletin, thank all the people who so kindly sent us yarn, boucle and knitting needles in response to our appeal in the Autumn Bulletin? I have tried to acknowledge each package separately, but there have been some packages with no name or address. A few have also arrived rather the worse for wear, the name and address having been obliterated, owing to high water and the fact that our mail comes mule-back.

I feel everyone will be interested in knowing just what has happened to all this yarn:

1. About sixty-five girls, between the ages of nine and twenty-one have been taught to knit.
2. One hundred and twenty sweaters have been knitted, and the girls have been able to buy them for ten or fifteen cents apiece, according to size and quality of yarn. The sweaters have been of many hues and shades, sometimes in stripes, often resembling Joseph's coat of many colors. They had

to be like this in order to get a sweater for each girl who learned to knit, and to use up all yarn, no matter how small the quantity.

3. Over seven dozen sets of knitting needles have been sold.

Each week we have new girls coming to learn. For instance, today we had two sisters who had walked five miles, two others who had come six miles, and yet another who came eight. We have now quite a number of expert knitters who are knitting sweaters to order, also bedsocks, bed-jackets and men's socks. We are hoping in this way to make ourselves self-supporting.

We "aim" to call ourselves the Frontier Nursing Service Handknitters. We hope to produce and sell beautiful work at a reasonable price.

We wish to thank everyone who has helped to make this little idea possible by gifts of yarn and money.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FEBRUARY 21ST FROM DR. KOOSER TO THE DIRECTOR

"You will be interested in my most thrilling case of 1938. Wallie delivered a multipara yesterday morning. Everything was normal including a small third stage flow. After about twenty minutes, the trickle assumed the proportions of a very severe hemorrhage. I was called. Half way up the hill I heard Wallie's emergency whistle. I arrived to find Wallie and Mac about to extract the placenta. The patient was pulseless, almost lifeless and of a yellow-green hue. I slipped on a glove (not even time to go through Lysol), extracted the placenta and treated for shock. She rallied sufficiently to permit me to cross match for a transfusion. Betty donated 500 c.c. of blood. Today the patient is in fair condition. Should she turn septic we have many more chances than we had yesterday morning."

Note: She did not turn septic but has made a good recovery.

"BONIFICA UMANA"

FOREWORD

The Marchesa Iris Origo sent us a charmingly illustrated bulletin descriptive of "the nursing and school work which is being carried out in the Val d'Orcia, a valley of Southern Tuscany which, within the last ten years, has come under the scheme of land-reclamation, or **bonifica**, of the Italian Government. This scheme comprises not only the re-forestation of the hills, the damming of streams and riverbeds, road- and bridge-building, and the building of new farmhouses to enable a larger number of peasants to settle on the land, but also the building of schools, nursery schools and small medical centres to promote what is known as the "bonifica umana": the renaissance not only of the land, but of its inhabitants. The Marchesa has given us permission to print that section of her bulletin which covers the medical and nursing work.

The "**Ambulator**" is visited twice weekly by the doctor from the nearest hospital—and on those days the waiting room is crowded with patients, many of whom have come there over many, many miles of lonely country—on foot or on donkey-back, or sometimes in a slow ox-cart. The first of these **ambulatori**, which contains a fully-equipped, small operating-room, and a room for artificial sunlight and violet-ray treatments, has, since its opening in 1933, treated 3,122 patients. In addition, the **ambulatorio** has got two tiny wards—of two beds each—one ward for maternity cases, one for emergencies. The latter is also often used for ailing or convalescent children from very poor families, whose need is not so much for medical treatment as for a protracted period of care and nourishment—thus often arresting the development of rickets and T.B.

Perhaps however the most important work of the **ambulatorio** is that performed by the resident district nurse, whose constant visits to even the most remote farm-houses, in addition to the devoted nursing when required, have gradually succeeded in sweeping away many prejudices against hygiene and medical aid and have been especially valuable in the promotion of infant welfare. Her domiciliary visits average 1,300 a year. At the present day the **ambulatorio** forms the local centre for the **opera maternita e infanzia** (maternity and

child welfare). It is the present writer's conviction that a number of such **ambulatori**, scattered throughout the more isolated rural districts, with a resident nurse, would perform a more useful function than more or larger hospitals in the country towns. The peasant, as a rule, has not yet fully overcome his fear of the doctor and—no important factor—of the expense of medical treatment; he seldom goes to hospital until he is already too ill to be cured. But the nurse, like Mahomet, can go to the mountain; and many are the lives that can be saved by her timely interference and advice.

It may interest the readers of this bulletin to know that the Italian Red Cross nurses who specialize in work in rural districts or slums have modelled themselves on the district nurses of America; and that every year a small number of these go to America to complete their training. The nurse of the **ambulatorio** here described, who was greatly impressed and touched by the photographs shown her by the Frontier Nursing Service, has requested me to send her greetings and admiration to her American colleagues, and to tell them that while the work in the rural districts of Italy is not as arduous or exacting as that of the Frontier Nursing Service, it is inspired by a similar ideal.

MAY DAY—"CHILD HEALTH DAY"

We are asked by the Children's Bureau to call the attention of our readers to the week beginning Sunday, May 1st, and to ask them to take part in local programs for child health. These programs may be recreational, educational, or agricultural, or have to do with the safeguarding of health and the prevention of disease. They should always lead to a greater community interest in the welfare of the child and should begin with an interest in the mother before his birth.

Full information for programs and speeches, as well as fascinating data, covering what Americans are doing for their children and what still needs to be done, may be had on application to the Children's Bureau, of the United States Department of Labor, Washington, D C.

TOWN AND TRAIN

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

On January fifth I left Wendover, riding "Babette," a dear, flea-bitten gray mare, bound for eastern cities.

NEW YORK

After a day in Lexington, Kentucky, where there are always our printers, members of our Medical Advisory Committee, our treasurer, Mr. Manning, the tailors who make our uniforms, and a dozen other people to see, and after an overnight stop with my brother at the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Virginia, I landed in New York, my first port of call.

Monday afternoon, January tenth, was the big day of the annual meeting of the New York Committee, its members and friends, in the hall of the New York Junior League. Our fine chairman, Mrs. Warren Thorpe, introduced me, and we had a splendid meeting. I made the F. N. S. report, and showed the new colored slides, made from Marvin Breckinridge's lovely pictures and from the best of our kodak prints.

After the meeting, tea was served to everybody through the courtesy of our New York treasurer, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, and our old courier, Miss Helen Stone. Altogether it was a great occasion.

The next morning, Tuesday, at eleven, I spoke at the Junior Emergency Relief Society, down at the Hotel Biltmore, where they were all busy sewing. The chairman, Mrs. Walter E. Lambert, introduced me, and I was greeted also by our old friend, Mrs. David Hanrahan, and other friends. These dear people send us annually a generous supply of their clothing, and we surely do appreciate it. It was a joy to tell them so.

There were other appointments during the day. That night friends gave me a scrumptious dinner, where I met a whole new lot of delightful people.

Wednesday, the 12th, was another busy day. After morning appointments and luncheon, we had a meeting of

the New York Committee at Mrs. Thorpe's place on 64th Street, which extended well into the afternoon and where plans were matured for the annual theatrical benefit. That evening, I had dinner with some of the old American Committee for Devastated France crowd, at Elizabeth Perkins'. We had our great chief of those days, Anne Morgan, as guest of honor.

Thursday, after routine engagements, including a luncheon, I went out to Riverdale to dine with those delectable people, the Timothy Pfeiffers. Riverdale is just a bit of home. For years and years it has supported a nurse and her horse, and has sent us tons of layettes. I spoke at the big Community House Hall, and had an all too brief visit with special friends like Anne and Francis Boardman, Barbara White, our old courier, and her fiance, Mr. Gibson Dailey. Here also I showed the slides, and all agreed they were the best we have ever had.

The next day, Friday, was rather quiet, but I had a fascinating hour or two at the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, with Dr. Louis I. Dublin, and his statistical assistants, Miss Steele and Miss Ryan, discussing our third thousand maternity cases, which they are now tabulating. Also I had a quiet luncheon with Mrs. Richard Weil, a member of our New York Committee, who is also an old personal friend. As nothing had to be done that night, I put my tiresome back to bed.

NEW ENGLAND

Saturday, the next day, I went to Boston, and straight on out to Marblehead to stay over Sunday, with Mrs. I. H. Jones, who was a school girl in Switzerland with me, a century ago! Monday, January 17th, began a blizzard—my usual New England weather, and I like it. I came up from Marblehead to Boston, where our beloved Boston chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, and Dr. Codman, had a tea at their house on Beacon Street for the members of the Boston Committee. It was a delight to meet so many dear and enthusiastic workers, who are also old personal friends and include the young group of couriers, as well as people of my own vintage.

We are always flattered that some of the busy men on this committee get to these gatherings, some of the doctors, and always our Boston treasurer, Mr. Charles Jackson. Our vice-chairman, Mrs. John Rock, was laid up in a hospital with a sinus, poor lamb, so I didn't see her, nor did I see Mrs. Thomas Craven, who has a new baby, Olga—already booked for the Courier Service in 1957.

On Thursday, January 18th, we had the Boston annual meeting, preceded by luncheon, at the Hotel Vendome. I had a delightful time at the speakers' table, with Dr. W. Jason Mixter on my right, and the Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy on my left. After Mrs. Codman had made a report, Mr. Pomeroy introduced me, and I made my report and showed the colored slides. When the meeting was over, I had the pleasure of seeing old friends, including almost all the couriers from in and around Boston, and Zaydee Dejonge, who confided to me the jolly news that she was about to announce her engagement to Mr. Mason Dix Harris, of New York.

Wednesday, the 19th, Mrs. Codman and I went down to Providence, and that afternoon we had the annual meeting of the Providence Committee, in the hospitable home of Mrs. Edward P. Jastram. Our delightful Providence chairman, Mrs. Walter S. Ball, presided and introduced me, and I spent the night with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Armstrong. She, like Zaydee, was a member of the old Motor Corps of the American Committee for Devastated France. Another Providence friend who attended the annual meeting was Miss Mary Gardner—so dear with advice and help in the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service.

The day following the annual meeting, Mrs. Ball gave me a luncheon at that quaintest of places, the Providence Arts Club. Following that, I spoke with the slides at the regular meeting of the Rhode Island Colonial Dames, in the lovely home of Mrs. G. Pierce Metcalf. The president of the Dames, Mrs. Thomas I. H. Powel, gave me one of the most gracious introductions I have ever had.

The trains from Providence to Hartford are on a sort of bias schedule. In order to avoid going all the way into Boston and out again, I had to catch the Boston train at a town called

Blackstone. Mrs. Armstrong motored me over and drove so carefully that the snow drifts were not too bumpy. By this time the old fracture in my back was acting up, and it needed all the joy I got from meeting friends to buck the effort in following so close a schedule.

I met Mrs. Codman by appointment on the train at Blackstone, and we went to Hartford, where our Hartford chairman, Mrs. Charles W. Page, met us at the station. She drove us out to the Town and County Club, where we had a luncheon meeting. Our splendid group of old Hartford couriers attended en masse. The air was electric with excitement, because of the near approach of Sally Taylor's marriage to Dr. Edgar B. Butler, and of Eleanor Field's to Mr. Herbert W. Wells. Both girls looked as happy as brides.

I had brought the slides to Hartford, not knowing whether we could use them or not, but Louise Taylor and Barbara Glazier and the other couriers lined up a machine, an operator, and a screen in about fifteen minutes, so we were able to show the pictures after the luncheon. Mrs. Page gave me a delightful introduction. Later I went out to the home of my old friend, Mrs. Newton C. Brainard, who was a classmate of mine at St. Luke's Hospital many years ago, and had a happy quiet evening with her.

The next afternoon, Saturday, the Ethel Walker School sent their car for me, and I went out to Simsbury, to speak at this dear place. This was not my first visit to Ethel Walker, where I do so enjoy the atmosphere of the school and the jolly lot of girls they always have there. After the meeting, they sent me to the station in Hartford, and I caught a train for New York.

ROCHESTER

The night of Monday, January 24th, I took a train for Rochester, New York, with that particularly dear courier, Carmen Mumford, who comes of old Rochester stock, and who had arranged to take the trip with me. Then followed several busy days, in one of the most interesting of American cities. The towns I frequent get to have, for me, personalities of their own. That of Rochester has always been and still

is, of a far-reaching kind. They are prone up there to give their local problems a national slant. I always enjoy it.

Our Rochester chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, was unendingly kind. My first engagement, the day of arrival, was at the Chatterbox Club, where both Carmen and I spoke, and the charming Mrs. Harper Sibley introduced us to this most amusing group of people. That afternoon, Helen Rogers gave a tea to our members, for me to meet old Rochester friends. Among them was our own former devoted nurse, Marion Price, now Mrs. John Franklin Buyer. Among other old friends that I met that afternoon or at luncheon the next day were Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Willard, Dr. and Mrs. John J. Lloyd, and many others.

The evening of the second day at Rochester, we had our annual meeting in the huge hall of the Department of Sociology at the University of Rochester. I was given a delightful introduction by the distinguished head of the Department of Sociology, Dr. C. Luther Fry. In spite of a snow storm, and numerous counter-attractions, several hundred people came to hear the report and to see the slides.

PHILADELPHIA

The following week was given over to Philadelphia and its environs. Our annual Philadelphia meeting took place on Tuesday, February 1st, in the ballroom of the Barclay Hotel, and was followed by a delightful tea, given by the Philadelphia Committee. Our lovely Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, presided at the meeting, and introduced me with one of the very best little talks I have ever heard. After that, it was easy to plunge into the reports, and show the slides.

Lots of old friends, like Miss Louisa Rawle and Miss Letitia Scott, attended this meeting, and a good many new friends too, and there was a bevy of couriers. Like so many meetings, however, this one had its note of sadness, because since I had last been in Philadelphia, we had lost our honorary chairman, that great lady, Mrs. Marcou, and our loved committee member, Mrs. Franklin Bache.

The day after this meeting, Wednesday, escorted by my dear cousin, Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, I spoke to the Woman's Guild of the Presbyterian Church at Bryn Mawr. Mrs. McIlvain and our courier Fanny, drove me from Bryn Mawr to their lovely country place at Downingtown, where I was able to rest, in the company of a sweet baby, "Bonnie," a Great Dane, an Airedale, a Police-dog, two puppies, and a large cat!

However, it wasn't all rest. Thursday afternoon, the McIlvains drove me over to Pottstown, where I had an engagement for tea and then to dine with Dr. and Mrs. James I. Wendell, surrounded by hundreds of the most ingratiating boys. I spoke to the entire Hill School that night and showed the slides. It was great fun.

MILLBROOK

The next day, Agnes Lewis came up from Baltimore, to make a report on the work she was engaged in for the Baltimore and Washington Committees. After lunch, the McIlvains motored us to Wilmington, Delaware, where Agnes caught a train for Baltimore, and I caught a train for New York. From New York I went out for the week-end to the Bennett School and Junior College at Millbrook—a place that is really dear to my heart. Since our earliest days, I have been going annually to this delightful school. I always stay at Exmoor, with the Rann-Kennedys, Margaret Gage, and Courtney Carroll. I speak to the students, show the colored slides, attend their rehearsals of Greek drama and dance, and share in the whole life of one of the loveliest spots I know.

HARRISBURG AND PITTSBURGH

I returned to New York after this week-end, and early Wednesday morning, February 9th, I went to Harrisburg, as the guest of Governor and Mrs. Earle in Pennsylvania's fascinating old Executive Mansion. Their hospitality and kindness, and that of Miss MacKenzie, were unbounded. We had a big meeting in the large drawing rooms that afternoon, followed by a reception.

Thursday, the next day, I went to Pittsburgh, where I stayed until Sunday night as the guest of that royal hostess and dear chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker. She and her husband, their chauffeur Frank, her personal maid Margaret, all the family connections, everybody, join in spoiling their guests.

The big Pittsburgh meeting took place in the Hall of the Twentieth Century Club, Friday night. Norah Shoemaker introduced me, and I made my report on our work, and showed the colored slides to several hundred people.

Saturday morning we had a meeting of the Pittsburgh Committee, at Mrs. McClintic's hospitable place. There are many old friends in Pittsburgh to enjoy, among them those dear trustees, Mr. and Mrs. George Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Gordon (the parents of our courier Mary), Dr. and Mrs. Paul Titus, and many others. I lunched with Mrs. A. H. Hunter, and had tea with Mrs. John C. Oliver, and if I didn't dine out every night with other friends, it was only because of that bite in my back, which led Norah to put me to bed.

A word about this back. Supported by an aluminum brace, wonderfully light and strong, the old fracture managed to keep pace with my schedule for a few weeks, and then went bad on me. The doctors I consulted in Boston advised what the British call "a spot of rest." Therefore, I had arranged to go from Pittsburgh, the evening of Sunday, February 13th, to Quantico, Virginia, to spend a week with my brother, Major-General James Carson Breckinridge, and his wife. They made up a fracture-bed for me, by putting planks under the mattress, so that it was nice and hard and I could rest without pain. They said the next time I came, they would put in a concrete base!

WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE

After this heavenly week, our dear courier, Marion Shouse, motored me in to Washington, on Monday, February 21st. That afternoon our Washington chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, and Judge Groner, gave me a tea, where I saw again a host of old friends, too many to name.

After the Groner tea, I joined up with friends and went on to another tea at the home of our trustee, Robert Woolley, and his daughters, among them our own Marguerite.

Tuesday, I went to a luncheon at the home of that lovely member of the Washington Committee, Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth. Marion Shouse met me there and took me out to the Cathedral of St. Alban's, where I had the honor of standing as godmother, in the Bishop's Chapel, to the enchanting infant son of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carlile Bolton-Smith. The ceremony was followed by a christening party at their home. In the evening my cousin, Princess Margaret Boncompagni, and I dined together, and discussed the details of the Washington benefit, on which she is Mrs. Groner's top worker.

Our annual Washington meeting came on Thursday, and again this year we had the Textile Museum, attached to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hewitt Myers. In the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Myers, our former courier, their daughter Louise, now Mrs. John Pugh, acted as hostess, with the utmost ease and charm. Mrs. Roosevelt introduced me again this year, with all her accustomed graciousness.

One of the loveliest experiences of my life came to me in Washington. After a luncheon which Mrs. Groner gave me at the Sulgrave Club, Marion Shouse took me to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Its beauty is final. The dream-pictures of childhood have come true. Other happy experiences included an evening hour with Justice and Mrs. Brandeis; a morning hour with that delightful woman who is the heroine of the story called "The Argonaut"; and several bedtime hours with Stephen Bonsal's book, "Heydey in a Vanished World," which he and Mrs. Bonsal gave me.

On Friday, the 25th, I went up from Washington to Baltimore for our annual meeting in that nice old town. I stayed with our vice-chairman, my old friend, Mrs. William McMillan. Our chairman, Dr. John Bergland, and his wife gave me a dinner at their home in advance of the annual meeting at the hall of the Union Memorial Hospital. Several hundred people attended the meeting, including a lot of my own profession and a great many doctors and their wives. Among

the latter were my cousins, Dr. and Mrs. C. Breckinridge Gamble, and Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Alexander. We are fortunate in having a great obstetrician as the chairman of our Baltimore Committee and many eminent medical men represented on his committee. His introduction at the meeting was a masterpiece.

Then back I came for a meeting of the Washington Committee Monday morning, to discuss their annual benefit.

KENTUCKY

As I left Washington, I received the telegram that bore the sad news of the death of Mrs. Ballard. When I reached Louisville, it was to attend her funeral in old Christ Church, where I had so often gone to services with her. The next few days, with their inevitable engagements, would have been almost impossible to go through, if I had not been at "Garden-court," where always abides a spirit of peace.

After the Executive Committee meeting, I went from Louisville to Lexington, in the car with Mrs. George Hunt and Mr. Manning. On Saturday, March 5th, exactly two months after I had left the mountains, I returned in our own car with Mac and Fanny, who had driven down for me. The austerity of winter still hung over the hills, but here and there a wild plum or a "sarvice" tree breaking into bloom, foreshadowed the returning miracle of spring.

To meet me, at the head of Hurricane Creek, was the same dear, flea-bitten gray mare, "Babette," on which I had ridden out in January. My eastern Rounds were over.

I presented my young nephew, Johnny Breckinridge, to Mrs. Roosevelt, after the annual Washington meeting. When he opened his mouth in response to her kind greeting, I wondered what upon the name of the living earth he was going to say. What he said was: "Well, Mrs. Roosevelt, I never expected to meet you."
—M. B.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Dr. Harley Williams' kind article about the Frontier Nursing Service in the London Times, which we will print in the next Bulletin, somewhat abridged, has led to a lot of curious fan mail. Letters range from a pathetic one, from a German physician who has his own reasons for wanting to emigrate, to a request for a job from a "strong and healthy girl, age 15 years," who works in an English mill.

. . . .

Our readers will remember Miss Edith Batten, who was for years with the Frontier Nursing Service as one of its ablest senior nurses. They will be delighted to hear that she has been appointed Superintendent of the Queen's Convalescent Home and Guest House, Bryn-y-Memai, Bangor, North Wales.

. . . .

We are delighted to announce the birth of a son to one of our Indian nurses, Virginia Miller, now Mrs. A. V. Rogers. The young man was born on the Indian Reservation at Stone Lake, Wisconsin. His father, as well as his mother, is in the Indian Civil Service. We wish for little "Thomas Arthur" as useful and happy a life as theirs.

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Our grateful thanks are sent Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland of New York, for the gift of an old engraving of the staghound, "Odin," by Lanseer, for the Wendover living room.

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An engagement of very special interest to the Frontier Nursing Service is that of Miss Emily Hoge to Mr. Alec Booth, both of Louisville, Kentucky. The young couple will be married in June, and we send them our warmest good wishes for every happiness.

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The latest engagement among our couriers is that of Frances Hall Rousmaniere ("Frennie") who marries Mr. Rich-

ard Salter Storrs, Jr., on April twenty-seventh. We congratulate Mr. Storrs and wish Frennie every joy in the years to come.

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Our warmest congratulations are extended to Mrs. Benjamin Hill Berenton on the birth of a daughter, Anne Katharine, in Chicago on January 20th. Mrs. Berenton will be affectionately remembered as Katherine Sitton (Bobbie), junior statistician at Wendover, and volunteer head of the Children's Singing Class.

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Marvin Breckinridge gave a talk about the Frontier Nursing Service to the St. Agnes League of St. Albany, at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, on January 22nd.

On March 25th, Mrs. Paul Magnusen, Jr. ("Tips"), spoke before the North Side Woman's Club, in Chicago, and sent us the \$5.00 fee the Club gave her.

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On February 8th, Mary Margaret McBride gave a talk about the Frontier Nursing Service over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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Miss Linda Neville, of Lexington, Kentucky, so widely known and so greatly loved for her work among the blind, was at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary this winter, with a baby girl from Clay County, Kentucky, for an operation on the baby's eyes. While she was in New York City, she was interviewed by Mr. Bob Trout, of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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St. Luke's Hospital Nurses Training School in New York will hold a commemorative service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Wednesday, May 18th, at 8:30 P. M. The address of welcome will be given by Bishop Manning, and the speakers will include Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. Alma H. Scott, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, and Mr. Stephen Baker. The Cathedral choir will furnish appropriate music. This is part of a program of several days' duration, commem-

orative of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of St. Luke's Training School.

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The Providence Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service had a magic show on February 12th, as a benefit for the Service.

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At the annual meeting of the Minneapolis Committee of Social Agencies, our trustee, Mrs. George Chase Christian, was publicly honored for the part she has taken for "Betterment of the City's Social Life." The Frontier Nursing Service sends its congratulations and deep appreciation of the fitness and beauty of this award.

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Friends of our former Contact Secretary, Jessie Carson, and they are legion, will be delighted to know that she is back in her old library world in New York, and happy in the profession to which she has given the greater part of her life. She lives at the American Woman's Association Clubhouse.

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The annual meeting of trustees, members, and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year at the Pendennis Club, in Louisville, Kentucky, on Saturday, May 28th. The meeting will be preceded by a luncheon at 12:30 P. M. Reservations for the luncheon at one dollar a cover, should be made to Miss Helen Speed, of the Pendennis Club, 218 W. Walnut St. A printed notice will be sent every member of the Service two weeks in advance of the meeting.

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The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service holds its annual benefit on Saturday, April 16th, just about the time this Bulletin gets into the mails. The committee is working hard and expects a big success. The feature is the nationally known dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post, John Mason Brown, who lectures on "Broadway in Review," at the Mayflower Hotel. The tickets include liquid refreshments as an aftermath of the lecture, and the pleasure

of an informal social gathering, with Mr. Brown as the center of attraction.

. . . .

The annual meeting of the Cincinnati Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place at the lovely home of the chairman, Mr. James M. Hutton, and Mrs. Hutton, on Tuesday, May 31st. Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, co-chairman, and Mary Elizabeth, are handling the invitation list, which includes all active and past members of the Frontier Nursing Service in and around Cincinnati, and a number of other friends. This is the last meeting of the year on the Director's schedule, and will be one of the very nicest.

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Our fine Washington courier, Christine Ekengren, will be married April 23rd to Mr. Richard Hawkins, of Pittsburgh. We hope that in losing her from our Washington committee, we will gain her on the Pittsburgh committee. We wish her a long life of happiness.

DORIS

Little Doris Wells, aged five, in the neighborhood of Poll's Creek, was one of our burned children, brought into the hospital at Hyden this winter. Her skirts caught in an open fire; and she had a horrible burn across the back, from the shoulders to below the thigh, and had also a bad case of shock.

Under Dr. Kooser's regular treatment for these burn cases (gentian-violet, electric light and, later, boric compresses and salve), Doris made a good recovery. Her state of mind was greatly eased by the gift of a dolly she called "Reeney," and "Reeney" went home with her to Poll's Creek.

Our hospital is free to children, but Doris' father, Mr. Floyd Wells, presented us with twenty-five dollars, as an expression of his gratitude for what we had done for his child. He also had fire screens made for the open fires.

FIELD NOTES

Two of our ablest and dearest nurses are leaving us this spring, not for furloughs, but permanently. Miss Bessie Waller first came to us in 1930, and was a crackerjack on the district. Several years ago, she felt that she was no longer young enough to carry the hard horseback riding, and left the Service. She got homesick for us, and we for her, and came back about two years later to take charge of the maternity division in our hospital at Hyden. She has done a splendid piece of work, but does not feel that she is physically able to carry the long night hours of midwifery, even indoors. This time, she is going for good, and will soon retire to the rest and quietness she has so justly earned. We will miss her always.

Our Mary Cummings, since she took her midwifery training with the Queen's Institute in Edinburgh, has been stationed at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus. She is now senior nurse in charge there, and has uniformly delighted us with her work, and as a person. Her engagement is announced to Mr. Dudley Lloyd, a Canadian, and she will be married in the autumn and live in Montreal. Hard as it is to see her go, we rejoice in her happiness, and get a rather special thrill out of the fact that she plans to return to the hills for her wedding. She will be married at Wendover, and bride and bridegroom will start their wedding trip on horseback.

Our senior couriers during January and February were Jean Hollins, of New York, and Fredericka Holdship, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. The junior was Charlotte Goodwin of Hartford, Connecticut, and Bennington College. We point with pride to an article by Charlotte in another section of this Bulletin.

Never has the Service been better staffed, but as Dr. Kooser said, "This was an open season on couriers." Char-

lotte got a kick in the leg from a horse traveling in front of her, that laid her up in our hospital for several days. Freddie got a terrible black eye with a biff from the horse's head when she was leaning over to get out of the way of branches. These accidents left us very short-handed, and Peggy Harrison, of Philadelphia, sped down as fast as train and car and horse could bring her, to fill in the gap.

March and April couriers are Fanny McIlvain of Philadelphia, as an ever welcome senior, and Elizabeth Pagon of Baltimore and Alison Bray of Yorkshire, England, as the juniors. Elizabeth is our first courier from Baltimore, and if that quiet old town can produce many more like her, then we want a crowd of Baltimore couriers. Alison, niece of our old friend, Mrs. Arthur Bray, is our first English courier, and we think it scrumptious of her to come all the way over for two months volunteer work with the F. N. S. She is carrying her end in the finest courier tradition. This is another welcome link that binds the Frontier Nursing Service to the old country.

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Our medical director, Dr. John H. Kooser, took a winter holiday. Through the kind interest of Dr. Fred Adair of the University of Chicago, one of our National Medical Council, we secured the services of Dr. Fred Vaughan, of New Orleans, to relieve during Dr. Kooser's absence. Dr. Vaughan is a brilliant obstetrician, and we were rarely fortunate in having him. Dr. and Mrs. Kooser and their precious baby, Nancy, returned greatly refreshed from their holiday.

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We were happy in having Josephine Rice of Washington, D. C., back again this winter to help in addressing the envelopes for our Spring Appeals. We had a welcome visit also from Barbara Glazier of Hartford, Connecticut, and were delighted with the visit of Dr. John Caldwell, from Cincinnati, and his English guest, Mr. H. C. Bainbridge, and a brief overnight stop from Mrs. R. C. Pagon of Baltimore, and her friend Miss Elizabeth Renshaw.

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The Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River has had a "work-

ing." As most of our readers know, a "working" is a neighborhood act of friendship, in which labor of men and mules to help in the upkeep of the nursing centers is given. We always furnish dinner, and the men come at "sun-up" and stay till the "edge of dark." Twenty men, two teams, and two singleton mules came to the Red Bird "working." The teams hauled rock to level the road, the single mules hauled timber for fencing, the men repaired the stile steps and reset the swing gate. They got the road partly widened and ditched, and are coming back for another "working" to complete the job.

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Mr. Farmer Collins of Turkey Branch kindly loaned Eva Gilbert, the nurse at the Margaret Durbin Harper Center at Bowlingtown the use of his mule while the river was in tide. Miss Gilbert regularly crossed the river in a little boat, mounted Mr. Collins' mule on the other side, and visited her patients.

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The maid at the Margaret Durbin Harper Center is a widow with one little boy. Eva Gilbert reports that on his second birthday, she invited the neighborhood children and their parents to a birthday dinner. The dinner included a birthday cake with candles, of course, and ice cream, and Eva reports the young crowd as well satisfied.

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Our sympathy and our congratulations are both extended to the wife of our Bowlingtown chairman, Mrs. Will Gay. She was taken to our hospital at Hyden after a bad attack of appendicitis, with a ruptured appendix. She has, we are happy to say, made a successful recovery.

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Mary Cummings reports a beautiful instance of neighborhood cooperation on Bullsken Creek. This is the location of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus. One of Mary's patients had been sent to the hospital at Hyden, as a difficult maternity case, and she was unable to nurse her

wee baby, Herman, for more than a few weeks. She was not so fortunate as to own a cow. The neighbors all got together and agreed to supply milk continuously. When one neighbor's cow went dry, then another neighbor carried on with his cow, and so for ten months little Herman had plenty of milk, which was modified for him by Mary Cummings. Now, Herman's father has work on the road, and has bought his own cow. Herman at twelve months weighs twenty-two pounds.

We have a supply of "old age glasses," sent us by kind friends. These are just magnifying glasses, and we give them to old men who can no longer see to drive a nail, and to old women who can't see to thread a needle. Inty (Della Int-Hout) reports from the Cleveland Center at Possum Bend, that she gave a pair of these "old age glasses" to a little old cripple lady—such a dear little old lady—who knows all the yarb lore of the section. The other day she got this message: "Tell Miss Inty I can see a germ."

Our latest accident is one to Mickle Minor (Edith), younger sister of our old nurse, Mickle Major (Ethel). In riding over the Brutus trail, Mickle Minor got knocked off her horse by overhanging branches, and received a bad crack on the skull. We sent her down to Louisville, where Dr. Glen Spurling kindly arranged for X-rays, and made a careful examination. We are thankful to say that there is no fracture, and she has made a good recovery.

Our Hazel Dufendach has had to return to her home in Indiana. We miss her every day, but are happy to state that Elisabeth Holmes of Washington has joined our secretarial staff, in her stead.

Our assistant director, Mary B. Willeford, is on a holiday at her home in Texas. Elizabeth B. Stevenson (Stevie) is leaving shortly for her holiday at her home in Scotland. Violet Clark and Annie Ellison have lately returned from a holiday down at St. Augustine, Florida, and are in charge of

the Jessie Preston Draper Center, at Beech Fork. When Eva Gilbert was on a holiday at her home in Newton, Iowa, she showed our old moving-picture, "The Forgotten Frontier," to an interested crowd of family and friends.

We are deeply grateful to our trustee, Dr. Charles E. Hagyard for a recent courtesy visit to Wendover to diagnose and outline the treatment for several lame horses, namely, Sunshine, Tommy, and Big Joe. It was a joy to entertain this most welcome trustee, whose help and advice are invaluable to the Frontier Nursing Service. Since his visit, Traveler, Pinafore, Heather, Gypsy King and the Old Gray Mare have all gone lame!

In the winter and spring, not only the staff, but the horses meet with a number of accidents.

Our grateful thanks are extended to Mr. Chris Queen, the Fordson engineer on Red Bird River, for the gift of twenty-five locust posts for fencing the garden at the Caroline Butler Atwood Center, at the mouth of Flat Creek.

Nora Kelly reports from Flat Creek two most interesting medical clinics, one in January, attended by Dr. Kooser and Dr. Vaughan, and one in March, attended by Dr. Kooser and Dr. R. E. Nelson, from the Evangelical Settlement at the head of Red Bird River. There was a huge attendance at both clinics, and Kelly got a lot of diagnoses she badly needed—and an outline of treatment for many patients.

Our ever welcome Dr. Scott Breckinridge will be at the hospital at Hyden, as this Bulletin goes into the mails, for his annual gynecological clinic. Dr. Kooser has rounded up the women most badly needing operative work, and we have rounded up every available nurse and every available bed and cot, to handle the strain on the hospital. Dr. Gladys Smithwick has kindly promised to come with Dr. Breckinridge to give the anaesthetics.

Our grateful thanks are extended to our courier, Barbara

Glazier in Hartford, Connecticut, for the gift of a whole box of detective stories, for the relaxation of our staff! Also, grateful thanks are extended to Sylvia Bowditch, Boston courier, for the gift of the biography of Madame Curie. We are reading, one by one, the Curie biography with utter joy.

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Our deeply grateful thanks go out to Mrs. Duncan Van Norden (Becky Crane), for the greatly needed gift of a new horse.

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We are most thankful for a huge shipment of flower seeds, to all of our nursing centers, from friends in Kenwood, Ohio. Some of them are for the gardens at the centers, and all the rest were distributed to the clinic patients who do so enjoy having them.

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The patients at the hospital have been getting a lot of pleasure out of the jig-saw puzzles, made for them and sent to them by Mr. Frank Allen Whitten, of Detroit.

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We at Wendover are delighted by the gift of a martin-house sent us by Forest Duvall. It is an adorable little white house, with a green roof and green trimmings, and will accommodate fourteen families of martins. We have set it up on a huge chestnut pole in the garden, and are eagerly awaiting the first occupants.

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We have had unusually delightful guests in early April. First came a charming Englishman, Mr. J. Oswald Davies, a cousin of Violet Milne ("Scottie"). Next came two friends of another one of our nurses, Sybil Holmes. One of these was an Englishman, Mr. Arthur Villiers, and the other, an American, Miss Faith Rockefeller.

Immediately after them we had a visit from three of our Alpha Omicron Pi friends, Mrs. Warren C. Drummond, Miss Helen M. Haller, and Mrs. George Dean.

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DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,
 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 cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.”