

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

VOL XI

AUTUMN, 1935

NO. 2

## THE "OLD WELL"





THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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VOLUME XI

AUTUMN, 1935

NUMBER 2

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## BEHOULDE A SELY TENDER BABE

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Behoulde a sely tender Babe  
In freesing winter nighte,  
In homely manger trembling lies:  
Alas, a piteous sighte:  
The inns are full, no man will yelde  
This little Pilgrime bedd:  
But forced He is with sely beastes  
In cribbe to shroude His headd.

Despise not Him for lying there,  
First what He is enquire:  
An orient perle is often found  
In depth of dirty mire.  
Waye not His cribbe, His wodden dishe,  
Nor beastes that by Him feede:  
Waye not His Mother's poore attire,  
Nor Josephe's simple weede.

This stable is a Prince's courte,  
The cribbe His chaire of state:  
The beastes are parcell of His pompe,  
The wodden dishe His plate.  
The persons in that poor attire  
His royall liveries weare:  
The Prince Himself is come from heaven,  
This pompe is prisèd there.

With joye approach, O Christen wighte,  
Do homage to thy Kinge:  
And highly prise this humble pompe,  
Which He from heaven doth bringe:  
With joye approach, O Christen wighte,  
Do homage to thy Kinge:  
And highly prise this humble pompe  
Which He from heaven doth bringe.

Traditional. R. Southwell.

*(Sung in Westminster Abbey—Christmas 1924)*



## ENDOWMENTS

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During the past few weeks the Frontier Nursing Service has had \$70,000.00 added to its endowment funds. Fifty thousand of this is the gift of the Trust Fund left by the late Mrs. Draper Ayer of Boston, in memory of her mother, Jessie Preston Draper. The income will be used for the nursing work kept up at this memorial center over forty miles from the railroad. We have already received \$15,000.00 from this fund, the income to be used for the upkeep, insurance, repairs, depreciation, etc., on the center itself. This total of \$65,000.00 insures both the maintenance of the center and the work radiating out from it. Under the terms of the trust, set up by the endowment, even the remote future is provided for. Many years from now a nursing center may not be needed at that point. The Trustees who serve the Frontier Nursing Service then will be at liberty to dispose of the center and build another elsewhere, or else use the total income from the fund in behalf of mothers and children in some other way. The memorial will always be used for mothers and children and will always perpetuate the name of Jessie Preston Draper, the beloved mother of the late Helen Draper Ayer.

The late Mrs. Marion E. Taylor, of Louisville, has honored us by leaving an endowment of \$10,000.00 in memory of her husband, the income to be used in his name for the general purposes of the Frontier Nursing Service. From Chicago we have gifts of \$5,000.00 each from two friends who prefer to remain anonymous, with specific indications as to the use of the income. Our National Chairman, Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, of Louisville, is adding \$5,000.00 to her endowment fund for the Mary Ballard Memorial Wing of the Hyden Hospital in January. This will bring that endowment to \$53,000.00. The Frontier Nursing Service has other endowment in hand, and considerable funds promised during the lifetime of testators, or devised in order to continue their benefactions after their death. The Service also has buildings and equipment, without lien, conservatively estimated by its auditors as worth over \$180,000.00. As a young organization we have found it fearfully hard to raise our budget in times like these, but we face an assured future.



## CHRISTMAS—OLD AND NEW

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One wild and stormy winter's night in January we were sitting before the open fire in our hospital living room at Hyden, in conversation with Hence Stidham, a member of our Hyden Committee and a splendid stone mason, who had done a great deal of the work in the construction of the hospital. The Stidhams always have been stone masons since they came over from the old country nearly 200 years ago, and are fine craftsmen. Hence leaned over to poke the fire and said, "Well, this is 'Old Christmas'." It was Twelfth Night, Epiphany. "You keep the new Christmas, don't you Hence?" we asked him. "Yes," said Hence, "I keep the new brought-on Christmas, but my daddy always kept the 'Old Christmas'." If our readers will look it up in the Encyclopedia Britannica they will see that the Gregorian Calendar was superseded by the Justinian, in England, in 1750, although the new calendar was not popularly adopted by the majority of country folk for years afterward. Before 1750 most of our ancestors had come to the New World, bringing the tradition and loving memory of the Epiphany celebration of Christmas Day. When I lived as a child in Russia, in the early '90's, I achieved that desire of all childish hearts, the celebration of two Christmas Days. We kept the new Calendar, the Justinian, in our family, and celebrated with our Russian friends the old Greek Christmas nearly two weeks later. Perhaps nothing can indicate better that fragrance of the past which lingers still in the Kentucky mountains than the recent change of calendars.

Well, as Hence Stidham said, "we keep the new brought-on Christmas," and we wish with all our hearts that the hundreds and hundreds of friends who are sending toys to us at the present time, may feel our gratitude for all of the brought-on Christmas cheer which is rolling in to us every day—by express, by freight, by parcel post. From small parcels and large parcels, we are receiving and sorting the thousands of toys, the pounds and pounds of candy and other refreshments, the clothing, all



the many, many gifts that will make Christmas possible for 5,000 children, fully 80 per cent of whom would otherwise have no Christmas at all.

Of course, there is more than just the toy-giving, the washtubs of hot cocoa, the edibles, and the general jollification. From Christmas Eve until New Year's there will be, it's true, lots of jollification. We will give dances, with our friends who fiddle furnishing the music, we furnishing the refreshments, where the young people will dance again their old square folk dances. There will be trees and all the gay trappings that go with them. And a number of the one-room schools are having recitals and acting plays. With all of this, we are not forgetting why we make merry. Already, hundreds of our children are practicing the old carols, so that brief, but sweet and reverent, services can go with the jollification, when the beauty of new and old, and the charm of the earth and sky, meet for at least once a year.

“How sweet round His cradle  
The medley of things  
Stars, cattle and angels,  
Straw, shepherds, and kings!”

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### Will You Write Us?

We would greatly appreciate suggestions from our many subscribers about their Quarterly Bulletin. Will you tell us which are the things from year to year that we give you that you like the best? What articles do you think least interesting? Is there something we leave out that you would like us to tell you about? You who subscribe for the Quarterly Bulletin and read it are the people for whom it is written, not the general public. We would like to improve it, and we assure you that your suggestions will help more than anything else.



## SEWING AND KNITTING

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“Dear Miss Morrow:

“It was nice of you to send that wool for us kids so we could learn to knit. I am writing to thank you, to thank you very much, as I have learned to knit. The color of the sweater I knit was lavender. I am eight years old and in the 4th grade. I am the baby and I have five brothers and three sisters.

From your friend, Dorothy Davidson.”

The girls in the Brutus sewing class have just finished their twenty-third sweater. A few days ago we got twenty-three letters, of which the above is one, together with twenty-three nickels—the letters to say “thank you” and the nickels by way of helping to get materials so that the class can “run on”, as the girls say.

The sewing and knitting classes flourish beyond all expectations. At Bowlingtown, where there is the newest of these classes, three little boys presented themselves for instruction and are as apt and enthusiastic knitters as any of the girls. (One young lad, eager to improve his skill more rapidly, made needles from baling wire and, with twine for thread, he practices at home.) Two or three mothers have also asked to be taught knitting. The class cheerfully takes all comers, girls, boys and mothers alike, though the grown-ups are required to furnish their own supplies.

We are forever pondering ways and means to enable the sewing classes to finance their own activities. Walnuts, apples, eggs—anything that we can use and families can spare have gone to buy material from which a girl can make a school dress, underwear or sweater. Last spring the Wendover class made a beautiful quilt for sale. The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority raffled it at their convention last summer, and made a very neat sum of money for us, so that the Wendover class is proudly “on its own feet” for the time being. Other classes



have found ways to make smaller sums of money. Activity continues to run ahead of "ways and means", however, and except for the fact that friends have been so generous in sending wool, knitting needles, supplies for sewing and materials for clothing and quilts, we would long since have been forced to put a curb on the zeal with which the girls undertake this task of learning to make, and making, the things they need.

Instead of waning, enthusiasm is growing. We now have altogether about one hundred and twenty girls (not forgetting a few boys!) who come to the classes regularly and work hard. And we all want "to thank you, to thank you very much" for the supplies that have enabled us to keep going.

—BLAND MORROW.

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### The Big Little Giver

"I only wish I could increase my dollar a hundred-fold, for your foundation work is of such vital importance. However, I am Scotch enough to know that my little helps, and I send it along with all the good will in the world."

—from one of a thousand small givers, of from one to ten dollars annually, without whose contributions the Frontier Nursing Service could not meet its budget.

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During this year of 1935 the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service had the honor of receiving from the University of Kentucky the Sullivan Medallion for distinguished service.



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## IN MEMORIAM

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KATHERINE DABNEY

(Mrs. Edward Dabney, of Lexington, Kentucky.)

1902—1935

“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.”

The passing of this loved young woman marks the first death from the ranks of our Courier Service. Always it is as the girl, Kitty Prewitt, that we will remember her. Many who read this will recall the days when Kitty and her cousin, Elizabeth (“Lib”) Van Meter, were couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service and gave their joyous lives in the service of less fortunate women. Whether on horseback in the hills or fund-raising in the towns, wherever they went, this pair of young things carried their triumphant message of radiant life surrendered, that more of life might come to others. When all of us, hundreds and hundreds of us, remember Kitty, it will be with a memory in which suffering and death have passed away, and the glory of youth and beauty have returned forever.

In this Advent season, when the Christ comes again, in hearts that will receive Him, to visit His earth, we know that the spirit of love for others, triumphant once in time through that humble birth and death, is the spirit that always rises from the dead.

When we think of Kitty’s people—the family, of which she was the youngest; her husband; her little child—we can only offer our hearts with them on the altar where theirs are laid. When we think of Kitty herself, the shadow of death is turned into the morning.



## IN MEMORIAM

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FREDERICK WATSON  
Delcombe Manor, Milton Abbas, England  
1885—1935

The death of this distinguished Englishman has profoundly moved the hearts of many Kentuckians who have a warm affection for him and his wife. When he was in Montreal about sixteen months ago he came all the way down to Kentucky especially to visit the Frontier Nursing Service and Berea. Never were guests more welcome with us than these two. Their gallantry and marvelous horsemanship, their good humor, the charm and sparkle and play of their conversation, their profound sympathy, and their deep understanding of human needs, all these characteristics, and many more, gave them an unalterable place in our friendship. We hoped for them back again in the Spring of 1936 and now Frederick Watson has passed on to a larger and more understanding world than this, and our hearts go out with tender sympathy to the woman who has been his only love since they were children, and to their daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson are both of distinguished parentage, —he the son of "Ian MacLaren" and she the daughter of the great orthopaedic surgeon, the late Sir Robert Jones, Bart., of Liverpool. They were joint Masters of the Tanetside Hunt for years. She worked with him in the immense and varied literary field he covered, and they moved as one person in their work for crippled children. Mr. Watson will be remembered for his many hunting books, his books for boys, his biographies of Sir Robert Jones and Hugh Owen Thomas, his "Civilization and the Cripple." He will be remembered as a fascinating host at his place in Wales, Bodynfoel Hall, Llanfechain, and as an altogether charming guest in a rough country like ours. These human achievements are big, but bigger yet was the warm, tender, overflowing heart which carried over into this life echoes of the life where he is now—"that true world, of which this world is but the bounding shore."



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## NOTES FROM A COURIER'S DIARY

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### FRIDAY

"Woody" and "Flint" were both sent to Wendover from Hyden this morning to be tended by the couriers. We diagnosed distemper and isolated them in the horse hospital barn. Agnes has given us a pink and blue flowered smock to wear when we go to their stalls. With blue jeans protruding below, the effect is wonderful! The water hydrant is 100 yards from the hospital barn and it's simply amazing how much sick horses can drink! "Woody" and "Flint" have had five bucketsfull each today. The cook said she could tell I wasn't used to "toting" water. I don't believe she'll be able to say that by the time "Woody" and "Flint" have recovered!

The sore on "Rex's" back is a huge hole now. We put vaseline on it this morning and stood him in the sun for two hours. Then we applied hot Epsom salt compresses till the scab finally lifted enough to be cut off.

Kelly rode in from Confluence yesterday with "Llanfechain" to have him treated. We're working hard on him with hot compresses trying to get him well enough to use in a few days.

Poor Bucket has practically to give up her job as midwifery supervisor to be chief consultant for the couriers about sick horses! We're washing every horse's back in the stable with alum once a day now to harden them and prevent backs starting this hot weather.

The new mare, "Lady Ellen", the four year old which is the couriers' pride and joy, was awfully lame in the right foreleg this morning. Kermit says it's just the shoe and I surely hope he's right. We led her to the river to see if the water would relieve her leg but it didn't seem to help much. It's too bad this has happened just when she was beginning to get less nervous. She's the loveliest horse to ride, with a perfect running walk; but she does love to walk backwards! Tuesday it took



me 45 minutes to make her go past the hospital barn. I've been taking her back and forth in front of the hospital barn every day since and now she's quite used to it. I'm afraid if she's not ridden that will have to be done all over again.

#### SUNDAY

Green called from Red Bird yesterday to say that "Laddie" was very thin and needed a rest. Babs is going to Red Bird today on "Tramp" and bring "Laddie" back to Wendover.

"Llan's" and "Rex's" backs aren't much better and we're putting hot compresses on twice a day. They are both quite good patients and stand very quietly. I wish that were true of all the horses! "Gloria" and "Tommy" are most restless!

"Tommy" had a growth removed from his back ten days ago in Lexington. Walter took him down in the truck; he returned with two stitches in his back, feeling very sorry for himself. Yesterday the wound got infected and Bucket is helping us paint it with silver nitrate. "Tommy" objects strenuously and has become very adept at pawing, which makes treatment quite a problem.

"Gloria" needs special treatments. She loves nothing better than to lay back her ears and kick so we are becoming very adept at dodging heels. "Gloria" has also rubbed a large area of hair off both back legs. We're putting iodine and oil on; luckily she doesn't object to that.

We've got six horses more than we have stalls for tonight! It took a lot of figuring but I think they're finally all settled. One horse is in the calf barn, one in the back lot, and four at the "Georgia Wright Clearing".

"Sunny" was such a nuisance tonight! I could have slapped her if that wasn't such a futile gesture. Besides, she is so cute that you can't help but just blame it on her youth and forgive all! We needed "Sunny's" stall so were taking her to the Clearing for the night. It was just feed time. "Sunny" is eighteen months old and, as a growing child, is very interested in food. She refused to follow the other horses, and refused even more emphatically to be led away from them. "Sunny's" youth doesn't help one bit in handling her because she's almost



the size of a full grown mare; you just can't carry her! Finally I made a special trip after Betty had gone with the three horses, and walked to the Clearing on foot, leading "Sunny". The first part of the way she almost pulled me backwards in protest and the last half she practically ran over me in her eagerness to arrive. Such is youth!

#### TUESDAY MORNING

"Laddie" arrived from Red Bird yesterday. He's very thin and needs pasture badly. Unfortunately, he has the reputation of a kicker and can't be turned in the big pasture with the other horses. There is a small piece of pasture fenced off and he'll have to stay there.

#### TUESDAY AFTERNOON

By some mistake "Laddie" was turned in the big pasture this morning so Betty and Babs and I tried to round him up in true Western style! I'm afraid we'd make very poor cow-boys! We dashed back and forth the length of the pasture for almost an hour while "Laddie" ran quite deliberately in the opposite direction. When we finally caught him it was, very unromantically, by just walking up to him on foot and putting the reins over his head.

We spent an hour this morning oiling bridles. It has rained so much that the tack all needs attention badly. But it's hard to find time between carrying water and applying hot compresses!

"Flint" seems almost well today so we're taking her back to Hyden. I've scrubbed her with Creosol till she's almost snowy white and even her hoofs are clean. Our isolation technique is really wonderful!

It's a good thing "Flint" is cured because we've got another patient for the hospital barn already. Poor "Ned" has a huge abscess on his upper lip which gives him a most doleful



appearance! At first he objected strenuously to hot compresses, but we found that by holding his nostrils closed he was so worried about not being able to breathe he forgot all about his lip.

“Woody” is still on the sick list. The distemper seems well but he has developed complications in the form of a stiff, swollen hind leg. The swelling is continuing in a line under his belly. We’ve been studying the horse book to discover a remedy for his condition but so far have had no luck. Poor “Woody” has enough ailments to fit almost any disease!

—KATHLEEN WILSON.

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### Tommy and the Curtains

The day was one of those warm, lovely ones in Indian Summer. The occasion was the advent of a small son to a Kentucky cabin, where the expectant mother was a housewife with a love of beauty. On each side of the open window hung the curtains that patient fingers had stitched, to frame with inner beauty the sunshine from the great out-of-doors. The nurse was Vanda Summers, and her horse was Tommy, a gift from “Peggy’s Fund” in Cincinnati.

The baby had taken longer in coming than Tommy felt was reasonable. He wanted to get home to his oats. When he heard the baby cry he decided that the time had come for Vanda to remember her horse, and so he strolled over to the open window of the cabin, stuck his long brown nose in over the bed, between the curtains, and joined his whinny to the baby’s cry.



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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Mrs. John Morse, Jr., our former courier, Margaret McLennan, of Lake Forest, Illinois, has a son, Peter, born on October 30th. We have seen this baby and pronounced him one of the bonniest boys who ever came to gladden the world.

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Our courier, Marion Shouse, of Washington, D. C., with her sister, is girdling the globe. As we go to press we have just had an enthusiastic letter from China.

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Our two Indian nurses, Adaline Clark and Virginia Miller, had the honor of attending the annual meeting of the Colonial Dames of Kentucky, in Louisville, on November 8th, and were entertained at the luncheon afterwards by the President, Mrs. Mason Barret, as her guests. It will be remembered that the Colonial Dames of Kentucky paid for the maintenance of Miss Clark's year with us and the upkeep of her horse. Miss Miller's year was paid for by the Colonial Dames of Massachusetts, Maine and Michigan.

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From October 17th, through November 13th, the Director was on the road. She spoke 26 times in 14 cities. In addition to the annual meetings in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Louisville, and Cincinnati, the Director met many Club engagements (fees payable to the Frontier Nursing Service) and spoke to schools and colleges; church groups; over the air at Minneapolis and over the air in Chicago (through the courtesy of the National Farm and Home Hour of the National Broadcasting Company); to the Regional Conference of the Altrusa Clubs; the South Dakota State Nurses' Convention; Miss Foley's splendid group of district nurses in Chicago; several drawing room groups; two of the Alpha Omicron Pi University chapters, Wisconsin and Northwestern; and others. A particularly moving occasion was when she spoke to the girls, mainly of foreign extraction, of many nationalities, at the Lindblom High School in Chicago. We are sorry that we haven't the space to acknowledge the kindness of the thousands of people who heard us



tell our story. Our experience, with hundreds of varied groups of audiences, is that everybody is always kind. Our grateful thanks to the committee chairmen: Mrs. George Chase Christian of Minneapolis; Mrs. Edwin D. White of St. Paul; Mrs. Charles W. Dempster of Chicago; Mr. Edward S. Jouett, Acting Chairman in Louisville; Mr. James M. Hutton and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Co-Chairmen of the Cincinnati Committee; for the splendid way in which they carried their meetings. Our next engagements are in Cleveland and Detroit.

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The Director greatly appreciated the privilege of being a guest at the luncheon of the Colonial Dames of Ohio, in honor of the National President, Mrs. Joseph P. Hutchinson.

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It was a great pleasure to us to attend the opening assembly of the Minneapolis Community Fund Campaign, with Mr. John S. Pillsbury presiding, and to see the extraordinarily well done pageant staged by the various Minneapolis charities.

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We had the unexpected pleasure of watching a Children's Parade in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Hundreds of the children marched past, to the music of the Boy Scouts Band, each group of children accompanied by their pets. The pets taking part included ponies, goats, lambs, rabbits, birds, cats, and very jubilant dogs, even a possum. Everyone in the town turned out to see them pass, and all business and traffic suspended for them. We have been told that this is done annually in Palo Alto, California, but we have not heard of any other town which has put such a stirring program into operation.

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We have the honor of announcing that Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., has taken the Active Chairmanship of our Cleveland Committee, of which Mrs. Leonard C. Hanna is Honorary Chairman, —succeeding Mr. Dudley Blossom, who held the Active Chairmanship during the past year.

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As we go to press, we learn with sorrow of the death of our honored Trustee, Mr. Atilla Cox, of Louisville. Our deepest sympathy goes to his wife and daughters.



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## FIELD NOTES

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As we go to press we are saying good-bye to our two Indian nurses, Adaline Clark and Virginia Miller, and we shall miss them always. More about their work, with their pictures, will be given in a subsequent issue of the Bulletin.

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Dr. F. W. Urton, accompanied this time by Dr. Carl Gudex, came up from Louisville and gave us another one of his splendid tonsil clinics this autumn. Because scarlet fever had sprung up in three of our districts we were obliged to cut out the children from those areas, and many of them needed the operation badly,—but Dr. Urton is coming again next year.

Dr. Scott Breckinridge, of Lexington, gave his usual autumn gynecological clinics and got through with a number of cases badly needing his assistance.

These two clinics are outstanding events of our calendar year, and Dr. Kooser lines up cases for them for weeks in advance. There is no way in which we can begin to express our appreciation and gratitude.

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Couriers during the autumn have been: Miss Jean Hollins, of New York, as senior; Miss Louise Chase Myers, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Susan Badgerow, of Winnetka, Illinois, as juniors. One of our former couriers, Miss Mary Ellen Monohan, of Louisville, came back to us to address all of our Christmas appeal cards,—an immense help to our secretarial staff,—and when Susan Badgerow had to return home on account of illness Mary Ellen pitched in and carried a part of the courier work as well.

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We have received from the Delta Gamma Delta Sorority the gift of "Laddie," a fine black horse, the saddlebags and equipment he carries, and, for years to come, the promise of



their upkeep, Laddie's feed and shoes, and the nurse's supplies. Our grateful thanks to all of the Delta members and their President, Miss Marion Warner of Utica, New York.

We might mention, in passing, that there now remain only two of the horses we got, to replace those lost last year, which have not been donated to us. Their names are Pinafore and Dan. The price of Pinafore is \$125.00, and she is a lovely mare. Dan we got at a bargain. He cost only \$90.00 and he is a dear and useful little horse. Who wants to make us a Christmas gift of Pinafore? Who will give Dan?

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We wish to thank Dr. W. W. Dimmock of the University of Kentucky, for hospitality extended to Lassie, Virginia, Rex and Pinafore, when they were sent down to Lexington for treatment; and to thank Dr. Charles Hagyard for treating them for us without charge; and to thank Mr. David Prewitt for keeping Virginia during a period of months, for observation, on his country place of "Duntreath." And to thank Mr. W. C. Goodloe for letting one of his horse trucks transport Virginia.

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Recent guests have included a group of Alpha Omicron Pi officers: Mrs. Dean of Evanston, Illinois; Miss Katherine Davis, of New Albany, Indiana, for a second welcome visit; and our warm friend, whose visits are a special joy to us, Mrs. W. C. Drummond of Evanston, Illinois. We also had the pleasure of welcoming a group of Lexington doctors for an all-too-brief visit: Dr. Rufus C. Alley, Dr. Carl Fortune, and Dr. Robert Warfield, all piloted by our own Dr. Hunt.

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Members of the staff on prolonged furloughs at present are: Miss Lois Harris, Miss Edith Marsh, Miss Ada Worcester, Miss May Green. All have given years of devoted service and badly need rest and change of occupation. Our bookkeeper, Miss Lucile Hodges, has gone to her home in Alabama on furlough for a long rest, and her work is carried in her absence by Miss Audrey Collins.



We welcome back, after a furlough of sixteen months, including holidays, graduate study and work as supervisor in a British midwifery school, Miss Betty Lester, who has been with us, except for this absence, almost since the beginning of our work.

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We were glad to extend our hospitality for a period of observation of our work to Miss Isabel Rodriguez, of Madrid, Spain,—a Rockefeller Fellowship nurse, who came to us from our friends of the Lobenstine Clinic in New York, where she had taken a course in graduate midwifery.

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Our grateful thanks to Mr. Joseph Widener's Elmendorf farm, in the Blue Grass, and its Manager, Miss Daysie Procter, for a beautiful and, so far, gentle and lovable Jersey bull calf. The young man is registered under the name of Elmendorf Frontiersman and when he grows up will be the first pure-bred Jersey bull in our neighborhood. We would be glad to receive suggestions from anyone experienced with blooded bulls as to handling him when he grows older.

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"I want to express my sincere appreciation for the many kindnesses shown me during my recent visit to Wendover and Hyden. You are doing a magnificent work there and it was a great pleasure to be able to observe it. If I can do anything to serve you either personally or professionally I assure you it will be both a pleasure and a privilege."

—Rufus C. Alley, M.D., Lexington, Kentucky.

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"I want to congratulate you, as I have on other occasions, upon the continued good work which you are doing as shown in the annual report which has just appeared in your Quarterly Bulletin. Please be assured that I am always glad to be of service."

—George W. Kosmak, M.D., New York City.



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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,*

**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, and provision has been made for the endowment of three.

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



THE END OF THE WORLD

The end of the world is a subject that has fascinated humanity for centuries. It is a topic that has inspired countless works of art, literature, and philosophy. The idea of the end of the world is not just a religious or philosophical concept, but a scientific one as well. Scientists have long been interested in the possibility of a catastrophic event that could wipe out all life on Earth. This event could be caused by a variety of factors, including a massive asteroid impact, a supervolcano eruption, or a global climate change event. The possibility of the end of the world is a sobering thought, but it is also a reminder of the fragility of our planet and the importance of taking care of it. We must do everything in our power to prevent a catastrophic event from occurring, and to ensure that our planet is a safe and habitable place for future generations.