

The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOL. XIII

AUTUMN, 1937

NO. 2



THE HEARTH AT WENDOVER



The cover picture of this issue is the work of Marvin Breckinridge, whose photographic studio is in New York at 401 E. Fifty-eighth Street. See page 16 of the Bulletin.

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Published quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIII

AUTUMN, 1937

NUMBER 2

*"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at
Lexington, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879."*

Copyright 1937 Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

FROM A CHRISTMAS CARD

Very long ago
a Child was born
at Bethlehem
on Christmas morn,

He brought pity
and peace to earth
and joy to men
by His birth;

beside the beasts
He, unafraid
in a manger
lay and played;

man as he worshipped
was brother then
to the ox and ass
in their lowly pen.

Very long ago
when His rule began
Christ loved His beasts
when He came to man,

lest man should forget
in lordship grim
the love of the least
that belongs to Him.

M.B.
The Challenge Ltd.
92 Great Russell Street
London, W.C.1, England.

THE NATIVITIE

From the Great English Bible of 1539.

And it chaused in those dayes, that there wente out a commaundement from Augustus the Emperour, that all the worlde shoulde be taxed. And this taxing was the firste, and executed when Syrenius was lieutenant in Siria. And euery man wente unto hys owne citie to bee taxed. And Joseph also ascended fro Galile, out of a citie called Nazareth into Jury, unto the citie of Daud, which is called Bethleem; because he was of the house and linage of Daud, to be taxed wyth Mari his spoused wyfe, which was with childe. And it fortun-ed that while they were there, her tyme was come that she shoulde be deliuered. And she brought furth her first begotten sonne, and wrapped hym in swadlyng clothes and layde hym in a Maungier, because there was no roume for them in the Inne. And there were in the same region shepeherdes watchyng and keyping theyr flocke by nyght. And loe, the Angel of the Lorde stode harde by them, and the bryghtnesse of the Lord shone rounde about them, and they were sore affrayd. And the angel said unto them, Be not affraid, for behold, I bring you tidinges of great joy, that shal come to al people; for unto you is borne this daie in the citie of Daud a sauour, which is Christ the lorde. And take this for a signe: ye shall fynde the childe wrapped in swadlyng clothes, and layde in a maungier. And strayghtwaye there was with the angel a multitude of heauenly souldiers, praisyng God, and saying: Glory to God on hye, and peace on the yearth, and unto men a good wyll.

ADVENTURES OF A CHRISTMAS BABY

By BESSIE WALLER, R. N.

Little Johnny was a Christmas baby last year for the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden (although he was not actually born in the hospital) for he seemed to slip in with the Spirit of Christmas quite unexpectedly, when only a few hours old. This is what happened:

Lizzie was giving Holly (the district nurse) some anxiety on the district. She had caught a severe cold which she was unable to throw off. At the same time she was trying to move her family to a house down the river. They had to leave their old home and for a time were living in a neighbor's smoke-house a little way along the creek, a tiny wooden place not any more than nine feet square. Holly was hoping to get her into our hospital for delivery, but Lizzie would not consider this until she had her family settled. Johnny, however, took the situation in hand by precipitating himself on the floor of the smoke-house, six weeks before he was due, and before Holly could get there to receive him. When Holly arrived she made them as comfortable as it was possible with three other children and their father Jim, in the tiny rough place, then returned and reported the case to our doctor who immediately said: "Bring them in!" The decision was not left to Lizzie any longer. She and Johnny were wrapped up and brought into the hospital on a stretcher right in the midst of our Christmas preparations.

We think Johnny was wise to choose the children's own season for his premature arrival. It certainly seemed as though he were guarded in some special way, for although weighing only four pounds and having to be artificially fed, he thrived from the first hour he came to us. We took him on his pillow down to the Christmas tree when Father Christmas visited the Hospital children, and during all the thrills and excitement he looked so solemn and wise, as though he knew much more about it all than anyone else.

Lizzie was very sick for weeks, but was one of the most appreciative patients we have ever had. Her appreciation was not shown by words but by the look of contentment and gratitude which she wore, and by the reluctance with which she left us—well on into the New Year—when Jim had found a proper place for her to go to.

We Never Said It! Never Could We Do It!

“Carrying the sick six mules on stretchers through blizzards and down mountain trails is all part of the day’s work with Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, director of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains. . . .”

Note: Our clipping bureau sent us in this notice under the title of “MODERN WOMEN” from the TIMES of Orlando, Florida; the NEWS of Jackson, North Carolina; the WEEKLY RECORD of South Orange, New Jersey; the DEMOCRAT of Sapulpa, Oklahoma; the HERALD of Lubbock, Texas; the GAZETTE of Point Pleasant, West Virginia; the GAZETTE of Boston, Massachusetts; the REPORTER of Washington, Illinois, and the REPUBLICAN of Richwood, West Virginia. More copies of this interesting legend are still pouring in as we go to press. The HERALD of East Moline, Illinois, and the NEWS of Jennings, Louisiana state that we carry the “sick mules” on stretchers, but do not specify the number of mules carried.

Herculean, indeed, is an editor’s concept of “MODERN WOMEN.”

We have been following with interest sketches of “Historic Royal Nurses” appearing in the British Journal of Nursing. We particularly like Elizabeth the Peacemaker, Queen of Portugal in 1271-1336. “She rode on a mule through the part of the field where the battle was thickest between the adherents of her husband and son, and then the men on either side laid down their arms lest they should injure the ‘Mother of Peace.’”

CLIPPING FROM THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

Sunday, October 17, 1937

(Author's note: It is not often that anyone has an opportunity for such vain-glorious boasting as had one member of a party of three Detroit travelers, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. Francis C. McMath and Mrs. James T. Shaw, who left here a week ago Tuesday night for a five days' sojourn in the Kentucky mountains. They were on their way to visit Mrs. Breckinridge's work in the Frontier Nursing Service at "Wendover above Hyden." There in the heart of the hills, in the wildest and most beautiful country, life is being made livable for the mountaineer and his wife and children by the work of a remarkable enterprise.

It must be confessed that the Kentuckian in the party insisted from the first on taking personal credit for the scenery and later for such old-fashioned things as the courtesy and the corn bread met with frequently on the trip.)

. . . .

When we reached Lexington at ten o'clock that Wednesday morning, we found expecting us a delightful young "senior courier" from the Frontier Nursing Service, who had brought a car to carry us as far as cars could go. She had, too, saddlebags to pack what we needed to carry "in" with us on our horses when we must discard the car. Mrs. Breckinridge had assured us that we could be provided with riding breeches and boots if we did not bring them.

A nice Scotch F. N. S. nurse, who was starting on her vacation after a year's work and who had welcomed us in Lexington, at once equipped Mrs. Joy with the attractive blue riding uniform of the Service.

Having packed our absolute necessities in a pair of saddle bags and a small suit case, we gaily set out in a car which, being the gift of Edsel Ford, bears his name. The excellent paved highway ran through the most beautiful country—hills and ravines, palisades and canyons, along by mountain streams, the way seeming to grow too wild to be so close to civilization.

Our fine little courier, Miss Helen Stone of Long Island (whom we soon learned to know as Pebble) had to bring out all the extensive information she had acquired in her six periods

of service as courier in order to answer our constant exclamations and inquiries.

Finally our 165-mile motor ride came to its end by the side of the road at the Head of Hurricane. There we found tethered in the underbrush four horses, brought up from Wendover by another nice girl, Bernice Gaines, of New Jersey, Mrs. Breckinridge's secretary, and by one of the men employees. Bernice had riding clothes for the one unprovided member of the party, Mrs. McMath having worn her own.

Turning the bushes into a dressing room, we were soon ready to take to our horses. Pebble drove "Edsel" some miles down the highway to his little tin home at Hyden, for he never ventures over the mountain roads. A truck does crawl over the road to Wendover once a week if there isn't too heavy a rain or snow, or the tires don't burst or the springs break.

As Pebble would be riding her horse home from Hyden, Bernice took us in tow for our coming three and a half miles of mountain travel. Such a ride as that was! The trail was largely along the stony beds of streams, fording them frequently, up and down hill, almost always in the densest of forests, but occasionally coming out into the gorgeous sunlight for a hundred feet or so.

The aforementioned Kentuckian was more puffed up than ever at the loveliness everywhere. She hadn't been on a horse in fifteen years and was very glad to ride a steady old lady, "Flint" by name and nature, with a decided will of her own and an extensive knowledge of mountain travel.

After three and a half miles of this wonderful ride, suddenly our friend, Mrs. Breckinridge, and some of the Wendover household appeared from the trees to welcome us, and Wendover, a number of picturesque, rambling log houses, spread itself over many levels against the side of the mountain before us.

Mrs. Breckinridge herself built the first Wendover building as a memorial to her little son and daughter, and this is the administrative headquarters of all the work. Here live the clerical force who keep all financial and medical records, the supervisors and the couriers, young girls who volunteer for service as is done at the Grenfell Mission.

The atmosphere of Wendover is perfectly delightful—such keen interest and pride in the work, such harmony amongst all the workers, such devotion.

We were going to see all we could of the wonderful working of the Service, so next day in the morning we started on our horses for the five-and-a-half-mile ride over to the F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden. Hyden is the county seat of Leslie County, a town of possibly several hundred people. The highway runs through it on an excellent road but traffic is considerably complicated by pigs and piglets. We saw two fat porkers snoozing comfortably on the top front steps of the Courthouse, while court was in session.

The eighteen-bed hospital is the pride of the surrounding country and of the F. N. S., with nearby the home of the Service's able physician, Dr. Kooser, the only physician in many miles. It was a joy to see that spotless and efficient little hospital. Its Scotch head, Miss MacKinnon, is trusted by the whole countryside in a manner marvelous to anyone who knows of the dread of a hospital felt by many people.

"Mac" was trying to clear out her hospital cases for a "tonsil clinic" on Monday when sixty of the worst pairs of tonsils in the section around were to be removed by a surgeon coming from "outside" to do it. Alas! Hyden had two "accidents" Friday night when one man was killed and several others "shot up." While the Frontier Nursing Service is first for women and children, emergencies must be faced. As the children are kept at the hospital three days for tonsil care, Miss MacKinnon's dilemma may be imagined.

On our third day of glorious weather we went to see one of the nursing centers, the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River, given by Mrs. Henry Ford. At each of the eight nursing centers operated by the F. N. S. one or more nurse-midwives is stationed, with a cook to look after the house. There, night and day, in any kind of weather, a nurse with saddle bags packed is on call, ready to jump on her horse and reach the patient at the shortest notice.

Women don't go to the hospital to have their babies unless there are some unusual complications. The confinement fee of five dollars, which includes every item and often some nice little

baby clothes, too, is most carefully paid in labor or produce, oftener than in money.

Miss Betty Lester, the nurse-midwife of the Red Bird Center, showed us all its comforts and told us of the garden she hopes to have next year. Then we had a good luncheon and went up the road to see the home of the Fordson Coal Company and its manager, Mr. Queen.

Our last day it was fortunate we had planned to stay at home and see all of Wendover. The rain fell all day in a manner which made us think doubtfully of miles of horseback travel on the morrow over wet, slippery stones, through bottomless mud holes and rising "tides" (mountain floods).

We went through all the buildings in Wendover—the Big House, the Garden House, the Upper Shelf, and the Lower Shelf—two eyries far up the mountain side in the tree tops, where some of the girls sleep. The real wonder is that every inch of space is so perfectly utilized and occupied.

Next day it was as bright and beautiful as if it had never known how to rain. We rode away from Mrs. Breckinridge and from our new friends with great regret and with the ego of the Kentucky visitor permanently inflated.

We were guided to the Head of Hurricane by two of the girls, and there were met by our faithful courier, Pebble, and "Edsel," whom she had brought over from his Hyden home. The ride back into Lexington was as beautiful as we had remembered it.

If we never go back to Wendover and see it and those nice people again, we will at any rate have a delightful memory of great work wonderfully done.

Signed by: VIRGINIA W. V. SHAW
(Mrs. James T. Shaw,
Grosse Pointe, Michigan)

.
QUOTED: The world is like a blanc mange in the hands of a nervous waiter.

TOWN AND TRAIN

This Bulletin is a wee bit late in getting to press because its editor is also Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. In this capacity, she has been meeting a string of engagements which began October fifteenth, and got her back to the hills just two days before Thanksgiving.

These engagements were so enthralling and the joy of meeting many old friends again was so great that I shall drop the editorial we forthwith in telling about them and become, not us, but me.

The first thing on my docket was a talk using our new colored slides to the Kentucky State Nurses Association at its annual meeting at Covington. The nurses were dears and the Methodist Church was jammed with them. My cousin, Mrs. George Hunt, at Lexington, had sent me over in her nice roomy car, driven by her valuable Mac, and I was able to fill the car to overflowing with Lexington nurses on the return trip that night.

After an Executive Committee meeting at Louisville, I went down to Little Rock, Arkansas, for the annual meeting of the Arkansas State Nurses Association—a splendid body of women with whom I have many endearing old ties. The progress they have made during the past years has been stupendous. It was thrilling to meet old friends again and to see the eager faces of the young nurses facing towards the future. Before I put up at the Marion Hotel for the convention, I spent twenty-four happy hours with Mrs. J. Merrick Moore and met a number of old friends. One of the high lights of my visit was a dinner given by Miss Erle Chambers whose wonderful work in tuberculosis and various other phases of welfare, captured my friendship long ago. The various men and women who came to this dinner are leaders in the state and it was an inspiration to meet them. After that came a week-end, which I spent with life-long friends in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and from there I went up to Minneapolis.

In this great city of the far north I have always a nesting-

place with our chairman, Mrs. George Chase Christian. She had arranged a full program but allowed for occasional hours in which I could rest my ailing back. Our annual meeting was held in her house in that long room that is almost a lecture hall. We also had a meeting of the Minneapolis Committee for luncheon in the lovely country home of Mrs. Harold O. Hunt. I spoke over WCCO the first day. The second day I spoke three times. Besides the annual meeting in the afternoon, I spoke with slides in the morning to the splendid Northrup School where I always go with such pleasure, and in the evening, again with slides, at the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority's annual meeting in their own chapter house at the University of Minnesota. Besides that, several friends had me in their houses with smaller groups just for fun. On the twenty-ninth of October Mrs. Christian drove me out to Carleton College to speak to that eager young student body, and to lunch afterwards with the delightful president, Dr. Cowling, and his wife.

From Northfield we drove over to Rochester and stayed overnight for a tea given by the nurses of the Kahler, and to speak at St. Mary's, with slides. The Sisters had us to dinner first and were everything that was hospitable and kind. It was a big thrill to go over the Mayo Clinic for the first time in my life and to have a little talk with Doctor Will Mayo. One feels as if one had made a pilgrimage to a shrine.

On Monday, the first of November, I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. White at Saint Paul and in their hospitable home we had an enthusiastic meeting of the St. Paul committee and members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service. I took a train that night for Kalamazoo, via Chicago, and the evening of the second spoke to a crowded hall under the auspices of the Kalamazoo Branches of the Altrusa Club and the American Association of University Women, and the Kalamazoo Business and Professional Women's Club. We made new friends and I received personally more kindnesses than I can relate. My room at the hotel had flowers, magazines, fruit—everything to refresh a tired traveler.

Our big annual meeting in Chicago was on the morning of November fourth in the ballroom of the Drake Hotel, as has been the case for so many years. Mrs. Frederic Upham's intro-

duction linked up the work of the Frontier Nursing Service with the earliest beginnings of William Rathbone's support of district nursing in Liverpool in mid-nineteenth century. Our Chicago chairman, Mrs. Donald McLennan gave a lovely luncheon after the meeting, to the Committee. It was such fun seeing a lot of the old couriers again, and to know that hundreds of people would come out in Chicago to hear the report of our work, in spite of the many counter-attractions always on at the same hour in such a great city. I was in Chicago several days and spoke out at the University to the social service group of my cousin, Sophonisba Breckinridge, and out at Northwestern University to the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, and met with various small groups in other places. Old friends like the Dempsters, Naomi Donnelley, and my cousin Mrs. John A. Carpenter, and the president of the Alpha Omicron Pi, Mrs. Drummond, and Mrs. Franco-Ferreira, the Kenneth Boyds, Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Dr. Fred Adair, and many others were unendingly kind. Sandwiched in between these meetings came a week-end which I spent out at Madison, Wis., with my cousins, the Agards, and met again a number of delightful people.

From Chicago I went to Cleveland and had the joy on the evening of the thirteenth of speaking at an open meeting for nurses at Western Reserve University, where I was introduced by Miss Howell. Here I found our own Charlotte Dugger and it was so nice to go to church with her on Sunday and then to have luncheon quietly together. On the night of the fifteenth came our annual Cleveland meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland. We had a splendid meeting and so many people came that our hostess had to seat them all around the swimming pool, as the big room filled up early. Mrs. Ireland and our Cleveland chairman, Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., certainly know how to draw a crowd. Here again, in Cleveland, it was a joy to see old friends like Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Baldwin and Doctor and Mrs. Weir and our old courier Marion, but it is always a sadness to miss familiar faces. Since I was in Cleveland last, our beloved first chairman, Mrs. Leonard Hanna has died, and also the secretary of our Cleveland committee, Mrs. Perry W. Harvey, in whose home I always stayed and who had been from the earliest beginning a most loyal friend. I also remem-

bered her faithful chauffeur Sam, who for years seemed a real part of Cleveland to me. He was always so smiling and kind.

From Cleveland I went to Detroit, and there at the station to meet me, straight from a church bazaar, was my hostess and friend, Mrs. Henry B. Joy. In the rest and peace of her home I gathered strength (because my back had been getting rather mean and I was seedy) for the last meetings of the autumn, and they were splendid meetings. At the annual meeting of the Detroit Committee, the members and friends of the Service had the hospitality this year of the lovely place of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Schlotman at Grosse Pointe Shores. Before speaking I had a few moments rest alone in their library. If one always could have a room like that just a little while before speaking, how refreshing it would be! The soft and quiet tones, the marvelous autumn chrysanthemums blending with the colors of the room, the lovely pictures and in particular a misty and beautiful Turner—well, no one can know what a room like that means to a person who has been crowded in halls and trains and who has a biting pain in her back. Something of beauty for the spirit *does* rest the mind and *does* help it to overcome the body. Our only regret at the annual meeting was the absence of our chairman, Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, and of our vice-chairman, Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr. Mrs. Francis C. McMath introduced me with one of the most sympathetic and beautiful little speeches I ever heard. A big blizzard was coming on and kept some friends away, but some ninety people, including many old friends, did get through the storm. Here, too, I was saddened by the losses of three who had almost never failed to attend a meeting and had never failed in their loyal interest over many years. These were Mrs. Walter R. Parker, Mr. Henry B. Joy and Mr. Charles H. Hodges, who had all died since I was last in Detroit. But it always helps to see the faces of the young things, whose interest is just awakening. Our courier, Deedie Dickinson, and some of her friends gave a note of gladness to the meeting.

On the afternoon of the nineteenth I spoke at the Woman's Hospital, with a charming introduction by the president of the Board, Mrs. Holt. The superintendent of this friendly institution, bound by so many ties with the Frontier Nursing Service,

is Miss E. C. Waddell, and she is as much of a Scotchman as our own Mac at the Hyden Hospital, and that says a great deal. Mrs. Fred T. Murphy sent gorgeous flowers. The last engagement in Detroit was an open meeting in the big auditorium of the Ford Hospital under the kind auspices of the superintendent, Mr. Peters, the chief surgeon, Doctor McClure, and the Directress of Nurses, Miss Moran. In spite of the storm the place was jammed by hundreds of people, which was inspiring, and Miss Moran introduced me in a most sympathetic way. After that I caught a night train.

It isn't possible to mention all of the personal kindnesses of old friends but I did love spending a night—my last night in Detroit—at the Merrill-Palmer School, whose hospitality is ever open to me. Also I had an evening with that redoubtable pair of friends, Lyda Anderson and Winifred Rand, and a lovely luncheon that Mrs. James T. Shaw gave me where there were just a few of us—she and I, Mrs. Henry Ford, Mrs. Joy and Mrs. McMath.

And now the tour is over and I am back in the mountains with the snow whitening the precipitous slopes and the ice in the still parts of the rivers. When I got out of the car at the Head of Hurricane there was the courier, Elizabeth Duval of New York, with the horses shod with ice nails, and there was Kermit with the sled pulled by old Bluey, the one-eyed mule, to carry the luggage, including some new Rhode Island Red roosters and a box of food from cousins in Lexington, for a Thanksgiving feast. Even before I left the highway for the trail, I got news from passing mountaineers that the Wendover nurse had just been thrown from her horse and that the horse went in the wrong direction, the direction away from home, and had been caught, and that nurse and horse were all right—in fact everything was all right everywhere.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

A WELL-WISHER

We acknowledge with grateful thanks the receipt of fifty dollars anonymously from *A Well-Wisher*.

CHRISTMAS IN ONE OF THE OUTPOST CENTERS

We asked Stevie at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center last year, to tell us everything done at the Center in the way of festivities over the Christmas holidays. Each center arranges its own Christmas program and we give this as a typical one in any year.

The first entertainment was a baby party of eighteen babies sprawled on blankets, with two of our couriers, Babs and Sally, entertaining them while their mothers ate pie and drank cocoa. Every baby got a new knitted jacket, and one baby of six months received the prize of a lovely quilt for health and care including clinic attendance.

The two couriers stayed over to help unpack the wagon that had come up from the Hyden hospital attic, with the supplies for the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center. Babs, as Christmas secretary, had packed everything so well that nothing was broken, although the roads were very muddy and slick. Mr. Carl Farmer, from the neighborhood, gave the services of his wagon and team to bring the supplies in. Next came the regular Wednesday clinic, and the people who attended helped the Center maid and one of the neighbors to make seven hundred and fifty ginger cookies. The waiting room was decorated, the tree put in place, all the gifts were laid out and, Stevie says, "a whole clinic bed full of dolls looked very good to us."

On Thursday at eight o'clock the real Christmas party started. First, Christmas carols were sung and then cocoa and ginger cookies were served to everybody. The children picked out the toys that they most wanted, with knives always a first favorite for the boys and dolls for the girls, and little red wagons, trucks, cars and mechanical toys greatly in demand by the smaller fry. An attendance of two hundred and ninety-three enthusiasts doesn't include the fathers and stray young men who drifted in to be helpful.

"On Christmas Day," said Stevie, "I played Santa Claus. A few of my old ladies live down the river and I took them their

packages along with dolls for Della's twins and Marcus' little girls who were contacts of measles and couldn't come to the party."

There was a second Christmas party at the lower end of the district in the Stinnett School to save the children the long trip up to the nursing center. The children themselves had decorated the school and put wreaths of leaves in every window and popcorn and walnuts covered with colored papers were hung on the tree. The children had a program and a play, and cocoa and cakes were served afterwards. Then they received their gifts. As always with each gift went a little bag of candy. It is such a joy to know that in giving our children candy we aren't over indulging them as thousands of our children get almost no candy at all.

Sayings of the Children

(Contributed)

Elinor is one of four children who are accustomed to say their prayers nightly at their mother's knee before going to bed. Recently, three of the children had completed their prayers. Elinor was accompanying them to bed without having performed her usual rite. Her mother asked, "Aren't you going to say your prayers to mother, Elinor?"

"No, Mother," Elinor replied, "I thought I would say them tonight to God."

.

A little girl who recently had diphtheria, concluded her prayers, according to The Boston Transcript, by blessing Aunt Betty, Aunt Grace, and "Aunt Toxin."

.

Little Archie was told by his people that God lived in his heart. At the table he suddenly came out with the following ejaculation: "Look out, God, here comes some hot soup!"

A Clipping From the New York World-Telegram

November 17, 1937

"The Junior League has been staging interesting exhibitions this fall. Their current show is an exhibition of photographs taken here and there all over the globe by Miss Marvin Breckinridge. Miss Breckinridge's family are Kentuckians, but her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, moved to New York before Marvin was born.

"Marvin started photography in a topsy-turvy fashion—for she first learned to take professional moving pictures. Her cousin, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, founded the Frontier Nursing Service, that remarkable organization which takes care of the Kentucky mountaineers. Marvin acted as 'courier' and for a year rode over the rough trails on errands.

"The next year she studied motion picture photography to take a movie for publicity purposes of the Frontier Nursing Service. After turning out a successful movie, Marvin went to Yucatan to take a movie short for British Gaumont, to Africa with the Anson Phelps Stokes to photograph their Carnegie Foundation expedition, and last summer visited her cousins, Lord and Lady Hesketh, for the coronation, later trekking to Finland and Sweden, with a side trip to Ireland to stay with other cousins, Lord and Lady Revelstoke.

"In between times Marvin worked for the Democratic National Committee in Washington and studied still photography. For the time being she has abandoned taking movies and is concentrating on 'stills.' Marvin is in her twenties, tall, dark and distinguished looking. In a few weeks she will be off to Canada to photograph and write up one of the world's largest mink ranches."

BILLY PITCHER'S PATIENCE

Note: We have found this game of Solitaire so good during those moments when we have to rest our aching back, and like to give our busy mind a break as well, that we pass it on to others. The game requires two decks of cards and, if played in bed, a bed table; and of course the kind of support necessary for the particular form of ache or pain pestering the personality about to play the game.

First shuffle the two packs of cards together. Then deal out, one at a time, three rows of four cards faces up. Say to yourself (you will understand why later) as you deal the first row—Ace, Two, Three, Four; as you deal the second row—Five, Six, Seven, Eight; as you deal the third row—Nine, Ten, Jack, Queen. If you turn up an Ace on the first space, then discard the next card (but face down) on a discard-pile below the three rows. If you turn up a Two on the second space, or a Ten on the tenth space or a Jack on the eleventh space, then invariably discard the next card on your row, always face down. Otherwise deal straight along the three rows, but always remember to discard the next card if a Seven falls on the seventh space, or a Jack on the eleventh space, etc.

Each time after you place a card on the twelfth space always discard two cards, before starting to deal at the top of the first row again. If a Queen should fall on the twelfth space, then discard four cards.

When all the two packs are on the table face up and in the discard face down, then begin to play. First remove any Kings on the tops of the piles and put them over to the left of the board, but only one King of each suit. Also if there are any Aces on the tops of the piles put them over in a line to the right of the board, but only one Ace of each suit.

Now begin to build up on the Aces and down from the Kings. Play any uncovered card, that fits on either side, from the board first. When you can play no more, then draw the top card from your discard pile. If it is a Seven, pick up the seventh pile of cards, play what you can from the pile and rearrange the others to play in what you think will be the most likely

sequence. If it is a Jack then pick up the eleventh pile of cards. If it is an Ace, the first pile, if it is a Queen, the twelfth pile, if it is a Five the fifth pile, etc. Remember that if you have a King of Clubs, say, in your left building column, and find another King of Clubs in the pile you have picked up and are arranging, that second King will be played last in the right column on the Aces, so put it at the bottom of the particular pile you are arranging. In putting each pile down arrange it fan-shape so that you can see what you have and arrange the next pile you pick up to fit. For instance, if the Ten of Hearts is above the Seven in one pile then put it below in another. Experience teaches you the best arrangement, for this is a game requiring skill.—Contributed by Mrs. I. Howland Jones of Marblehead, Mass., who says: "It is a good Patience to bite on".

Spanish Prayers

Note: The two Collects which follow are from the Mozarabic ("Arabic by adoption"), an ancient Spanish ritual. They are older than the Moorish invasion of A. D. 711. The translation is that given in Bright's Ancient Collects, fourth edition of 1869. Here is the way in which each one of us Americans can help Spain, and that is to lift up our hearts in her behalf in "the glowing and pathetic supplications of the ancient Spanish Church."

FOR PEACE

Lord God Almighty, Christ the King of Glory, Who art true Peace, and Love eternal; enlighten our souls with the brightness of Thy peace, and purify our consciences with the sweetness of Thy love, that we may with peaceful hearts wait for the Author of peace, and in the adversities of this world may ever have Thee for our Guardian and Protector; and so being fenced about by Thy care, may heartily give ourselves to the love of Thy peace.

FOR LIGHT

Jesus, our Master, do Thou meet us while we walk in the way, and long to reach the Country; so that following Thy light, we may keep the way of righteousness, and never wander away into the horrible darkness of this world's night, while Thou, Who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life, art shining within us.

IN MEMORIAM

“What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and
things therein
Each to each other like, more
than on earth is thought?”
—Milton.

MRS WALTER R. PARKER
CHARLES H. HODGES

These two old friends of ours, both of whom lived in Detroit, have crossed the great divide between the real world and this shadowy reflection in which the rest of us are still living. In that new state, where time and space as we know them are meaningless, where no subterfuge succeeds, where character is everything and we appear to ourselves and to others just as we are—in that state of Reality, these two people will be triumphant.

The qualities we are fond of calling human, and which really are divine, the open heart, the receptive mind, the courteous bearing—all of these qualities distinguished both of these friends of ours. It is a privilege to have known them for a little while, before they answered the call to wider fields of usefulness.

We believe in the Resurrection of the Dead, immediate and not deferred. We believe that this Resurrection is just another step on the long road towards Immortality.

HOBBIES

Note: There is nothing like a hobby to enliven remotely rural life. Our Bland Morrow, Director of Social Service, has taken up snails, and she has found an enthusiastic collaborator in our Trustee, Mr. George H. Clapp, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. The following letters from him are to her and to Agnes Lewis, about snails sent on by them to Pittsburgh.

September 18, 1937.

"Yes, we can use any shells from that region as it is not represented in my collection now at the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh. Any new locality is of interest as it adds to our knowledge of the distribution of the species, and frequently shows an unlooked for and unexpected extension. Recently a small species which I described some years ago from Alabama turned up in West Virginia where no one expected to find it.

"Most of the shells you sent are the young of the larger shells, those straw colored ones with a very thin lip. The mature shells have a heavy, *white lip*. At this time of the year the mature shells burrow into the ground under logs and stones, seal up the mouth of their shell and freeze up. During this time the heart stops beating and they neither breathe or eat, and lie there until the warm rains of spring bring them back to life. The lower forms of life have a great advantage over we mortals as when conditions for living are not favorable they just *stop living* and wait.

"Will be glad to have any dead, or living shells that you may find and we can then make up a series for you of what to look for in the spring.

"On the sawed end of an old log in the woods, one can frequently make a "good haul" of *minute* shells, but they require keen eyes as they range from this ° to this O, with some even down to this °. I found a new species just the size of the last in the Great Smokies. In the summer the larger species are

frequently found on trees after a rain, but I am afraid it is too late for them now."

. . . .

September 27, 1937.

"I wonder if you noticed that in the little box of shells, received today there was one of the greatest rarities of the North American Continent? It is a sinistral shell, young, so I cannot identify it, but it is alive so I will try to raise it.

"Perhaps you have noticed that the shells you find all coil to the right. This one coils to the left. I know from long experience that it is practically impossible to identify these young shells unless one has a very large series of all ages.

"In over 50 years of collecting I have never been so fortunate as to find a sinistral shell although I saw three found, two in the Great Smokies and one in New York state. In my collection, now in the Carnegie Museum, I have about a half dozen, but I didn't find them.

"The bulk of the shells sent are young but some are adult and the adults may give me a line on the young. At this time of year few shells will be out unless after a warm rain. They can be found, however, under logs, stones or pieces of bark or under leaves alongside a log (poke around with a stick, not your hands, unless gloved, for fear of snakes, etc.) . . . The largest shell you are likely to find, *Mesodon albolabris*, note the specific name, is about an inch in diameter and has a wide, white lip. There is a smaller and very similar shell, of which you sent one in the first lot, *Mesodon thyroidus*, but the lip is not so heavy. It generally has a white tooth on the body whorl."

GOOD PEACE TALK: Those who live by the sword shall perish by the pensions.—Arkansas Gazette.

LESLIE COUNTY HOME ECONOMICS PICTURES

"A house is built of brick and stone
Of sills and posts and piers,
But a Home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.
A house tho' but an humble cot,
Within its walls may hold
A Home of priceless beauty,
Rich in love's eternal gold".

No. I

"There is much scrubbing going on in Mrs. M's house today because Miss Sullenger, the Home Economics teacher at Hyden, is coming to give us another demonstration. Today she is going to show us how to cut children's clothing using 'brought-on' patterns. Miss Sullenger has helped us with many of our problems at home and has done much to make our home life happier. We have long visits with her and help her plan the various lessons which the women in our community think would be most helpful. We have had lessons on dyeing materials, washing dresses and woolen sweaters, remodeling hats, patching and darning, bread making, cake and pie baking, yard beautification and making our homes more attractive on the inside."

No. II

"The kitchen at Mrs. B's house is all clean and neat for Miss Sullenger is coming to show us how to can meats today. All the women on the creek are coming, many of them bringing their babies. The barking of old Tony tells us she has arrived. You wonder how Miss Sullenger brought all those pans and kettles on horseback! The largest pan proves to be a pressure cooker. After we see the good looking cans of meat and see how easy meat is to can, we all look forward to the time when we can put up everything with a pressure cooker."

"Come, mothers, be happy and gay
It's not what you do, but how you do it;
It's not what you see, but how you view it;
That makes life worth living today."

No. III

A whistle blast? Yes, that is Miss Sullenger calling a Troop Meeting of the Hyden Girl Scouts. What a happy group of girls gather around the camp fire, standing at salute and repeating the pledges and laws:

"On my Honor I will try to do my duty to God and my country.
To help other people at all times.
To obey the Girl Scout laws.
A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted.
A Girl Scout is loyal.
A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout.
A Girl Scout is courteous.
A Girl Scout is a Friend to Animals.
A Girl Scout obeys orders.
A Girl Scout is cheerful.
A Girl Scout is thrifty.
A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word and deed."

After this part of the meeting comes a period of study on tests and merit badges. This year merit badges will be received after acquiring a certain amount of knowledge on flowers, trees, birds, stars, outdoor cooking, First Aid, entertaining at home, signalling, child care and sewing and cooking.

Next comes the play period of the meeting. This is a time of fun and entertainment. Programs are given by the different patrols. These programs may consist of stunts, music, story-telling or games. The last part of the meeting is the good-night circle. All the girls hold hands making a circle around the campfire. They sing a song or chorus, taps, repeat the Girl Scout benediction and give the Girl Scout handshake. When a Scout reaches the high standards set by the local officers and has passed the required tests, she is eligible to take a three day trip to some point of interest. Last year those girls went to Mammoth Cave. En route stops were made at "My Old Kentucky Home", Lincoln's birthplace, Daniel Boone's Fort and other points of interest.

It is the purpose of the Girl Scout program to teach the girl how to live in the open, how to shift for herself, and how

to look after her own health. Because of her knowledge and pluck received from this program, she is able to do useful work in the world.

Note: We publish with joy this evidence of the splendid work done by the Home Economics Department in Leslie County, much of it carried forward on horseback, under the Home Economics teacher, Miss Leota Sullenger. The county, with state grants, just manages to carry the department but cannot furnish many desperately needed supplies. If fifty people among you who read this article will send *one dollar* made out to Leota Sullenger and sent with a covering note to me, it would make possible much teaching in home cookery and frightfully needed supplies for the troop of Girl Scouts. If more than fifty people respond it will be all to the good. Miss Sullenger will acknowledge every gift personally. It is hard to imagine any way in which one dollar can do more good in helping people to help themselves.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE.

This is the story of the old lady who would be drawn by four horses:

“I’ll be drawn by four horses:
On Sunday four Bays,
On Monday four Chestnuts,
On Tuesday four Greys;
On Wednesday four Piebalds,
On Thursday four Blacks,
On Friday four Roans
And on Saturday, Hacks.”—Contributed.

A Letter

Mr. Edgar A. Guest
c/o Household Loan Program
WMAL
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Guest:

The writer has been a constant listener on your program and wishes to extend to you his sincere congratulations on the one of Sept. 9th, 1937, in which you portrayed the activities of Mrs. Breckinridge in a short dramatization. This lady is unknown to the writer but, being born of mountain people (the Ozarks) they are known to me as I still visit my relatives when the opportunities afford.

During the World War, the writer had the good fortune to command a Company of 250 men from the Blue Ridge section After arriving oversea, and on our first initiation under fire, it was found that these men were unafraid, reliable and the best of shots.

In view of the above facts, and the situation of my own birth (without medical assistance), I wish to extend to Mrs. Breckinridge my sincere congratulations on the work being done by her organization, with the hope that at some day it may be extended to the Ozarks, that is, the boundary line of Northwest Arkansas and N. E. Oklahoma, if such has not been done, for they are the same type.

Wishing Mrs. Breckinridge and you all the success possible,
I am

G. E. M.
Washington, D. C.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Her many friends in America were enchanted to read that the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred, on July 2nd, upon Lady Leslie Mackenzie, C. B. E., F. E. I. S. by the University of Edinburgh. Few women in Scotland are as beloved as Lady Mackenzie; and no other woman has led a more distinguished life in public service. We quote the laureation address of Professor James Mackintosh, Dean of the Faculty of Law.

“Lady Leslie Mackenzie has been invited here today because her career is a reminder of the great revolution that has taken place with regard to the position and influence of women in public life, and an outstanding example of the valuable service that can be rendered by a woman of vision, courage, and determination. When she sees a defect or danger in our social or educational arrangements, she is quick to devise a practical remedy, and with the persistence of Bruce’s spider, she refuses to be daunted by difficulties and wins through in the end. A pillar of the Women Citizens’ Association, she has been more concerned to stress the duties and new opportunities of her sex than to assert their rights and privileges. She has been so versatile in her schemes of good citizenship that I can only allude to one or two at random. She has turned her nimble wits to the care of the feeble-minded; she has ministered unweariedly to the cause of maternal and child welfare; she has fostered the Domestic Arts at Atholl Crescent, and Social Study and Training within the University; she has shown such administrative capacity on the old School Board and many other public bodies that she has frequently been requisitioned by the Government for service on special Inquiries and Committees. Much of Lady Mackenzie’s admirable work was done in close collaboration with her distinguished husband, whose achievements in the field of public hygiene won for him the same academic recognition from his own University which we gladly offer today to his co-mate and fellow-worker.”

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Marraine on the birth of a son, Peter Alastair, on September 15. Mrs. Marraine, as Isabel Dougall, was for years our nurse at Wendover, and this is her second child.

Our congratulations are also extended to Mr. and Mrs. John J. Schreiner of Chicago on the birth of a son, John J., Junior. Mrs. Schreiner was Mary MacCaughey, a particularly beloved courier who came back to us several times before her marriage. This boy is her second child. Her daughter, Margaret, now eighteen months old, is booked for our courier service in 1956.

Another baby in whose coming we take deep interest is that of Melinda Farr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Booth of Bloomfield Hills, near Detroit, who was born on November twenty-fifth. Melinda has chosen wisely in selecting her niche in this world. Her father and mother are two of the nicest people we know, and she is the second daughter and fourth child of a happy household.

.

With each issue of the Bulletin we have engagements and marriages to announce. The engagements since our last issue among the couriers are of Barbara White of Spuyten Duyvil, New York, to Gibson Dailey; Sarah Taylor, of Hartford, Connecticut, to Dr. Edgar Butler; and Mary Gordon, of Pittsburgh, to John Frederick Kraft, Jr. The marriages that have taken place are those of Mary Ellen Monohan, of Louisville, to Matthew White Houston on November 6; Elizabeth Mather of Cleveland, Ohio, to Sterling McMillan; Louise Wilcox, of New York City, to Richardson Knowlton on December 11; and Mary Cowles of Washington, D. C., to Willard Reed, Jr., on October 16. We wish all of these dear girls a thousandfold return of all the happiness they have given to others.

.

We have received from the Department of Philanthropic Information of the Central Hanover Bank a copy of their booklet called "The Public Health Nurse," just issued. This Department "was established some eight years ago as a central source of information on all phases of philanthropy. Its services

are available not only to clients of the Bank, but to any one interested in wise public giving." The Frontier Nursing Service is briefly but charmingly portrayed on pages 29 and 46.

.

Three of our couriers have been speaking for the Frontier Nursing Service. They are Sylvia Bowditch, of Boston, who spoke at the Alpha Omicron Pi meeting on November 12; Ann Upton, also of Boston, who spoke before the Women's Auxiliary of the Christian Church in Matthews, Virginia, in late September; and Fredericka Holdship, who spoke before a meeting of a Public Health Nursing Association in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, on December 6. It is a great help to the Director when some of her heavy speaking program (described as regards the last few weeks in another section of the Bulletin) is shared by the young people.

.

Mr. John C. Louer, of The Bible Institute Colportage Association of Chicago, attended our big meeting at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. He wrote our Chicago chairman as follows: "A little more than two years ago I was living in the Red Bird District. Several of the visits to the center will stand in my memory long after the details have disappeared. . . . the night ride in which it was necessary to swim Red Bird twice to get medicine for a sick cow (we saved the cow)."

.

Mary Cummings, one of the nurses at Brutus, spent part of her holiday in Montreal, where she spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service to the students of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

.

Agnes Lewis, our chief office secretary, did a splendid piece of work in Cleveland and Detroit this autumn. She went on in advance of the Director to get the invitation lists checked and the invitations printed and addressed. She had help in checking the lists from members of the committees, and in addressing them from some of the young people. She said that it was hard to follow in the footsteps of so fine a contact secretary as Jessie Carson; but praise for the way in which she

did her work has come to us from many sources. A special word of thanks must go in this connection to our bookkeeper, Lucile Hodges, for the splendid way in which she relieved for Agnes during her absence from Wendover.

.

As we go to press, we hear, with great concern, that our Princeton chairman, Mrs. Caspar F. Goodrich, has gone to Philadelphia for a gall stone operation. All of her many friends are hoping that she will make a quick and complete recovery.

Our Lexington trustee, Mrs. W. C. Goodloe, has, we are happy to recall, completely recovered from a similar condition and operation of about a year ago.

.

When we saw our New York chairman, Mrs. Warren Thorpe, at the Executive Committee meeting in Louisville October 18th, she said that the New York committee was lining up a theatre benefit to take place early in the new year. Preparations are also going forward for the *Annual Meeting in New York on Monday, January 10th*; and for the annual meetings in our other Eastern cities either in January or February. Our various chairmen and their committees are so eager and fine about these big meetings—which do mean a lot of work, but which also bring in hundreds of new members to the Frontier Nursing Service. The Director is booking various club and school engagements to fit in between the annual meetings while she is in the East.

FROM A GUEST

“While I had heard so many nice things about the Frontier Nursing Service, I had to see with my own eyes to realize the high standards of excellency that you established. You have done and are doing a great work. . . .

“TOM D. SPIES, M. D.
Cincinnati General Hospital.”

FIELD NOTES

Before the death of the late Mrs. William Monroe Wright, she gave the money to the Frontier Nursing Service for a tract of land lying between Wendover and the Georgia Wright Clearing, and for a wooded mountain immediately across the river from Wendover. The mountain was an inexpensive part of the gift, but represents a slope of sheer beauty that we want never to see cleared. The other land has good pasture possibilities on the acres immediately adjoining the river. Because of the necessity of having the sale go through the courts, on account of minor heirs, there has been some difficulty in acquiring this land; but it now belongs to the Frontier Nursing Service and will be of the greatest use in providing additional vitamins, and kick-up space, for run-down horses that need a bit of a holiday.

.

Nora Kelly, at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River, is enthusiastic over the response she has received to her request for wool for her vast array of knitters. A number of people sent the wool direct to her, as we requested, and she is so grateful. Loads of warm sweaters and stockings are being made for the hard winter season. As the class now numbers over sixty knitters, Kelly reports she needs more wool. Anyone who wants to send anything from one hank on up, will please send the wool by parcel post, insured, direct to *Miss Nora K. Kelly, Van Camp, Clay County, Kentucky.*

We had a wee note from Kelly the other day about her clinic attendance on a particular Wednesday. She said she had nine prenatals, eleven babies, sixteen toddlers, nineteen school children, and twenty adults over and above the nine prenatals.

.

Guests of the Frontier Nursing Service since we printed our last Quarterly Bulletin have included a most interesting nurse from the St. Luke's Hospital, at Manila in the Philippines, Mrs. Vitaliana G. Beltran; a delightful doctor, Dr. Harley Williams of

London, England, who came in with Dr. John B. Floyd of Richmond, Kentucky; Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn and Dr. Tom Spies from the Cincinnati General Hospital; our old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Fortune and young son, of Lexington, Kentucky; and three charming friends from Detroit, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. James T. Shaw, and Mrs. F. C. McMath, whose visit is described by Mrs. Shaw in the Detroit Free Press article on another page of this Bulletin.

.

Our nurse, Lois Harris, from the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus on Bullskin, writes that she has never seen anything give as much happiness as the tiny old age pension now being paid to Grandpa and Grandma X. This dear old couple live on a branch in a wee log cabin, and have had a long, hard life. No matter how short they were of supplies, there was always a welcome for the nurses and a share of whatever they had, in front of their cheerful fire. Grandma X has occasionally helped out in work at the nursing center, and always asked in payment, not money, but coffee. They are both extremely fond of coffee and it was an almost unobtainable luxury for them. Naturally, they couldn't grow it on their acres; but now the old age pension, bringing in a little *real* money every month, enables them to have, for the first time in their lives, coffee for breakfast every day.

.

The couriers at present with the Service are all old standbys, and are doing superlative work. They are Jean Hollins and Elizabeth Duval of Long Island, and Elizabeth Sutherland of Glencoe, Illinois.

.

As we go to press, Dorothea VanDuyn (Babs) of Syracuse, New York, has come in as our volunteer Christmas secretary again this year. We are pleased, as she is not only a dear girl, but most efficient as well. Those of you who are pouring in on us thousands of toys, boxes of candy, cocoa, and sugar, and money to buy these things where they fall short, will be as pleased this year, we hope, as you were last, with Dorothea's

thank-you letters. We are the more enchanted to have Dorothea back with us for one more Christmas, and the more appreciative of her comnig, in that she has set her wedding day for February 5th, 1938—and this will be her last Christmas with us. Mr. Guido F. Verbeck, Jr., of Manlius, New York, is the lucky man.

The big attic of our hospital at Hyden is filling up, as many old Christmas donors are sending their things early. It is the biggest thrill in the world to us, this annual Christmas celebration for five thousand children scattered over seven hundred square miles, and for the old people, too, and the sick of all ages. It means a lot of hard work, but we love this season more than any other during the whole year.

.

Our Wendover nurse, Margaret Watson, who has been on a furlough at her home in Scotland, is back in this country now with her young sister, Isabel, visiting "Uncle Will and Aunt Isabel." She and her sister are coming in for about three weeks over the holidays, to help with Christmas, and this is a joy to all of her many friends in the Service and on the district.

.

Our hospital at Hyden has had loads of things done for it during the past year. In addition to Mr. Clapp's huge addition to the kitchen (which is a blessing to many workers every day), and his new Gatch beds, and in addition to the outside stairs for stretcher cases given by Hyden citizens, and special supplies from the St. Marks Juniors, we have received money for a number of needed improvements from the Mary Parker Gill fund through the U. S. Trust Company in Louisville. Some of these improvements have been made, and others are being made at the present time. They include repainting the vast verandas of the hospital, upstairs and down, and the frames of doors and windows set in the stone walls; and also a morgue which we badly needed; a laundry chute; the cost of connecting up the hospital from its own private electric plant to the public utilities power that has now come to Hyden; and remodeling the old engine house into a store room. We tell Mac and Dr. Kooser that they must be satisfied for a bit, and the

next improvements must go to the outpost centers, all of which have unsatisfied needs.

The Jessie Preston Draper and the Belle Barrett Hughitt centers, thanks to their donors, have endowment funds, the income of which is expended on them. The Jessie Preston Draper building, during the years since it got its endowment, has had a new furnace, a new well, a new pump, and has been repainted. It is the oldest of our outpost centers, and was built, under the direction of nurses Willeford and Peacock, under appalling difficulties. It took the mule teams four days in good weather, and five in bad weather, to go and return from the nearest shipping point.

.

We extend a welcome with open arms to our two nurses, May V. Green, who has returned to us after a two-years furlough, and Louise Mowbray (Charlie), who has come home from taking her midwifery course with the Queen's nurses in Scotland. Like all of our American nurses, Charlie started in with us as one of the hospital nurses, and was given an opportunity to learn to know and love the district work. After that she went off to take the graduate midwifery training which is demanded by us of our district nurses. Now she is home again, and we surely are glad to have both her and Green back. In this connection, we want to say that any of our old nurses who feel the need of a change of work, when the strain of night riding and long, lonely winters begins to "get their goat"—any of these old nurses are free at any time to leave us for a city job, and are whole-heartedly welcomed when the lure of the hills gets them again and they come back.

.

Changes in the nursing staff include the return to her home of G. Winifred Dennis after two years of faithful service with us. Denny writes: "I've enjoyed my work at Confluence so much, and when it came to saying goodbye to the people and the place I felt I hated to leave. I'm sure it must be the best district there is, and has some of the nicest people living there. I wanted you to know that I look back on my work with the F. N. S. with the greatest pleasure; and if I didn't hope that

some day I'd be able to return, I should hardly have summoned the determination to leave at all."

The younger sister of our Ethel Mickle, named Edith Mickle, has come over to us. We call them "Mickle Major" and "Mickle Minor," and they are happy in being stationed together.

.

Dr. Kooser spoke to the Parent-Teachers Association in Hyden in October on fire prevention, with special reference to the prevention of burns of young children. Practically all winter long we have these terribly burned children in the hospital at Hyden, particularly girls whose skirts catch in the open fires of their homes. We nurses are advising the mothers to put their little girls in overalls through the winter, since we notice that we rarely have a burned boy.

.

We grieve to announce the death of an old friend in Hyden, Adam Feltner, the husband of our beloved jailor, Winnie Feltner. The Feltners were married about sixty years ago, and have lived together happily throughout a long life. Mrs. Winnie Feltner is 83 years old; and our deepest sympathy goes out to her in her grief.

.

We also recall with sadness the recent death of Richard Walker, one of the few colored citizens at Hyden, and a life-long resident. He was a useful and a good man, and well known for his work in hauling coal for the people around Hyden. He is survived by his widow, Coon Walker.

.

Dr. F. W. Urton, ear, nose, and throat specialist of Louisville, held his regular annual courtesy clinic for the removal of tonsils at the Hyden Hospital on October 18 and 19. He brought with him Dr. Dougall M. Dollar, of Louisville, anesthetist, who was here last year for our clinic also. Dr. Herbert J. Brinker, surgeon of Cincinnati, came this year for the first time. Dr. Urton removed fifty-three sets of tonsils during the two days of the clinic and all of his children got along well, as they always do. The hospital had, in addition to the tonsil patients,

ten other sick, gun-shot, and injured patients in it. To expand an eighteen-bed hospital into one that will take care of some sixty-three patients shows a great deal of elasticity both on the part of the hospital and the staff.

. . . .

Mrs. Jesse Lewis provided ice cream for all tonsil patients for two days during the clinic. She also offered to furnish extra beds, if necessary. Her own daughter, Mary Elizabeth, had her tonsils removed and became so fond of the hospital that she hardly wanted to leave when she was ready for discharge.

. . . .

The sympathy of all of us in the Frontier Nursing Service is extended in fullest measure to Audrey Collins in the recent death of a dearly loved sister.

. . . .

On Thanksgiving day a huge crowd from all over the Frontier Nursing Service territory assembled for a two o'clock dinner at Wendover, as is our invariable custom. It is the one festival of the year for the Frontier Nursing staff, because we are too busy with the children's trees and parties to have a festival during the Christmas holidays. Besides the Wendover crowd at this last Thanksgiving dinner, there were eight district and five hospital nurses, Dr. and Mrs. Kooser, and their precious baby, Nancy. Nancy rode in on the pommel of her father's saddle. She is an enthusiastic horsewoman for two years old.

All of our Thanksgiving parties have been happy ones; but this last one seems to us to have been one of the nicest we ever had. We always give special thanks before we start our meal for the love of our friends everywhere, whether in the body or out of the body, and hold them in spirit near us.

We had turkey (mountain-raised), cranberries, mince pies, and all the trimmings that go to make up a Thanksgiving dinner. Everyone was full of jokes and fun, and it was a glorious day.

A BEVY OF BOOK REVIEWS

PASTIMES FOR SICK CHILDREN AND RAINY DAY OCCUPATIONS FOR THOSE WHO ARE WELL

(D. Appleton & Company, New York and London)

Compiled by
Mary Street Whitten and Hope Whitten

This charming book given to us by the authors will be a delight for years to come in the children's ward of our hospital at Hyden. It is hard for busy nurses to think up ways in which to amuse young convalescents from bad burns and surgical operations. In this book are a hundred suggestions, many of them easy to learn and carry out and not needing elaborate materials. They have all been tested on Mrs. Whitten's own sick child, and one is conscious that the material has been well tested as one reads the book. We have found it enthralling and commend it in the highest terms to anyone with children, sick or well.—M. B.

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE YOUNG CHILD

(Second edition, revised and reset. 12 mo of 429 pages, illustrated.
W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia)

by

Winifred Rand, A. B., R. N.

(Specialist in Parental Education at the Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit)

Mary E. Sweeney, M. S., M. A.

(Nutritionist at the Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit)

E. Lee Vincent, Ph.D.

(Psychologist at the Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit)

"Growth and Development of the Young Child" is a book that will give high school and college students an admirable introduction to modern child-study and will prove of constant value to those working in the fields of public health, social service and child welfare. It gives clearly and concisely, with numerous well-chosen illustrations, the various stages of development of the young child beginning with birth and extending through the pre-school years.

The book is composed of ten chapters. The first three have

to do with the period of infancy, with particular reference to what the newborn is like and the growth and care of the young baby. Chapters four, five and six give the growth and development of the youngster from infancy through early childhood. The authors have drawn on their rich fund of experience to illustrate what the young child is like and what he does during this period. The biological development is discussed in chapter seven and the last three chapters cover the home and family relationships as they appertain to the young child, both before his arrival and afterwards.

The authors are exceedingly well equipped for handling the subject matter of the "Growth and Development of the Young Child", not only through study but also through their years of practical experience in the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit. Miss Edna N. White, the Director of the school, says in her Foreword to the book, "Those concerned with education for home and family life, in secondary schools and colleges, have come to recognize the great possibilities for an understanding not only of child but also of adult behavior afforded through the study of young children. There has been a need, then, not only for integrating subject matter but also for presenting this subject matter in such a way as to teach fundamental principles of mental and physical health". It is this need that the "Growth and Development of the Young Child" so admirably fills."—
M. B. W.

MATERNAL CARE

The Principles of Antepartum, Intrapartum, and Postpartum Care
for the Practitioner of Obstetrics

(The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois. 93 pages)

Prepared by

Dr. F. L. Adair, Editor

and by

Dr. W. C. Danforth, Dr. G. W. Kosmak, Dr. R. L. DeNormandie

Approved by

The American Committee on Maternal Welfare, Inc.

Dr. Adair, the editor of "Maternal Care," states in the preface that the purpose of the book is "to set forth in simple and concise form some of the basic principles of maternal care."

The book admirably fulfills this purpose, and should be of inestimable value to "the practitioner of obstetrics and the nurses who work with him."

The book is divided into three sections, the first having to do with Antepartum Care, the second with Intrapartum Care, and the third with Postpartum Care. Details of the care that is advisable for each period is given clearly and conservatively. In fact, conservatism might be called the key note of the book, for in every instance the advisability of non-radical methods is stressed.

Dr. Adair is a member of the National Medical Council of the Frontier Nursing Service, and we are ever so grateful to him for giving us an autographed copy of "Maternal Care." We would like to see this book placed in the hands of every practitioner of obstetrics in the United States and its territories.—M. B. W.

MOTHER AND BABY CARE IN PICTURES

by

Louise Zabriskie, R. N., Field Director Maternity Center
Association, New York. (198 pages with 188 illustrations.
Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

As the title indicates, the book, "Mother and Baby Care in Pictures," gives pictorially the care of the parturient woman, the newborn and the toddler. It is written primarily for the lay person,—for the father-to-be and for the expectant mother,—and it admirably fulfills its purpose in that it is clear, concise and not burdened with technical details. The well titled pictures which graphically present the carefully selected and inclusive material, are not only illustrative but charming and attractive as well. The points covered are those which often give anxiety to the mother both before and after the birth of her baby. The book covers such salient points as clothing for mother and baby, preparations for delivery and the nursery, care of the baby in regard to bathing, weighing, dressing and feeding. It also has chapters on the baby's development and habit formation and on preventive care for both mother and child. The need for ade-

quate medical supervision and advice are stressed and the father as well as the mother is included in the responsibility for the new baby. It is an easily readable but very instructive book for both father and mother and in addition has much that will interest the public health nurse.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has presented the Frontier Nursing Service with a copy of Miss Zabriskie's book and we are deeply grateful for it.—M. B. W.

INTO THIS UNIVERSE

Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher
Viking Press

Dr. Guttmacher in his subtitle, "The Story of Human Birth", has given us the key to at least one side of his new book. A story it is and a fascinating one. From the days of Paré to the hopes of Leonard Colebrook, it gives a history of the struggles and triumphs of man seeking to mitigate the dangers of obstetrics. With frequent lively illustrations it sorts out superstition from science and with a kindly laugh for the former, and confidence in the latter, lets them fall into their proper pattern, leaving a most readable account of childbirth throughout the ages.

But for those who are personally interested, "Into This Universe" may well be considered more than an absorbing true story. With a keen understanding of the problems that confront the obstetrical patient, Dr. Guttmacher proceeds to explain the situations in which she may find herself. Using simple professional terms, explained in the language of lay people, he goes carefully into all phases of the subject from the beginning of pregnancy (or even in certain cases as to whether there should be a pregnancy) on up to the end of the first month after delivery. Explanations and advice all tend to smoothe the way before the young mother. With its extensive index this book will help her to understand the reasons for the advice of her own obstetrician. The baby's welfare is considered along with

that of the mother, and a complete chapter is devoted to his care during the first month of life.

Physicians, midwives and obstetrical nurses will also find this book both interesting and useful in the historical background it presents, and in its authoritative picture of present day tendencies. Dr. Guttmacher is indeed to be congratulated, and we are proud that he considers the work of the Frontier Nursing Service a demonstration worthy of mention.—D. B.

.

HIGHLAND HERITAGE

The Southern Mountains and the Nation
(Friendship Press, New York City, 197 pages)

by

Edwin E. White

(Pastor of the Pleasant Hill Community Church, under the Congregational Home Missionary Society, Pleasant Hill, Tennessee.)

In "Highland Heritage," Mr. White has made a sincere and conscientious effort to portray the Southern mountains and mountain people in a sympathetic but non-sentimental manner. He writes of them realistically and understandingly, overemphasizing neither their good traits nor their bad.

He briefly sketches those factors which led up to the arrival of the settlers in the Southern Highlands; he comments on the natural resources of the country and the difficulties involved in making use of them, thus attempting to explain the low economic level; he gives some intimate details of life among the mountaineers, for Mr. White has lived among them for years and has travelled over much of their country; he tries to place this section of the country in relation to the nation as a whole.

Mr. White devotes the latter part of his book to a description of the welfare activities in the mountains, considering in particular schools, health agencies, and churches. He points out the progress being made in all three, in spite of many difficulties. The Frontier Nursing Service feels honored that it has been mentioned in this book, and remembers with pleasure the visit that Mr. White paid us previous to writing his book.—M. B. W.

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Executive Committee

Chairman

Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-Chairmen

Miss Mattie Norton, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Treasurer

Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. Wm. C. Goodloe, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. M. C. Begley, Hyden Ky.

Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Linzee Blagden, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. George Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Josephine Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Scott Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Warren Thorpe, New York, N. Y.

Mr. Bethel B. Veech, Louisville, Ky.

NATIONAL BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Dr. A. J. A. Alexander, Woodford Co., Ky. Mr. William J. Hutchins, D. D., LL. D.,
Mrs. Charles Allen, Louisville, Ky. Berea, Ky.
Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky. Mr. James M. Hutton, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Walter S. Ball, Providence, R. I. Mrs. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Dudley S. Blossom, Cleveland, Ohio Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Wilmington, Del. Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.
Princess Margaret Boncompagni, Wash-
ington, D. C. Mr. Lewis Judy, Hazard, Ky.
Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Paul Justice, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Polk Laffoon, Covington, Ky.
Major-General J. C. Breckinridge, Quantico,
Va. Mr. Eugene W. Lewis, Detroit, Mich.
Miss Marvin Breckinridge, New York, N. Y. Mrs. Stacy B. Lloyd, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. George P. Brett, Jr., New York, N. Y. Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. William Brigham, Providence, R. I. Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
Major-General Preston Brown, Vineyard
Haven, Mass. Mrs. Wm. McMillan, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky. Mr. Frank McVey, Ph.D., LL. D., Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Frank McVey, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. George Chase Christian, Minneapolis,
Minn. Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York, N. Y.
Mr. George H. Clapp, Sewickley, Pa. Miss Anne Morgan, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. George H. Clapp, Sewickley, Pa. Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass. Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Albert H. Cordes, Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. Ex Norton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I. Mrs. George Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.
Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Charles W. Page, Jr., Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. William Dohrmann, Cincinnati, Ohio Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, Detroit, Mich.
Mr. Malcolm Donald, Boston, Mass. Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York, N. Y. Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mr. Louis I. Dublin, Ph.D., New York, N. Y. Mr. Ray Roberts, Hyden, Ky.
Mr. E. W. Edwards, Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Henry Ford, Dearborn, Mich. Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Edgard C. Franco-Ferreira, Chicago,
Ill. Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Ralph C. Gifford, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Frederic M. Sackett, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. A. R. Glancy, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J. Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Cary T. Grayson, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Norman M. Smith, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Lawrence D. Groner, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York, N. Y.
Dr. Charles Hagyard, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Owen J. Toland, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Samuel H. Halley, Lexington, Ky. Miss A. E. Trumbull, Hartford, Conn.
Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. William L. Harkness, New York, N. Y. Mrs. Henry Matson Waite, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mr. W. J. Harris, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Richard Weil, New York, N. Y.
Mr. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky. Mrs. Edwin D. White, St. Paul, Minn.
 Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. C.-E. A. Winslow, Dr.P.H., New Haven,
Conn.
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph.D., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.

DIRECTORS OF FIELD WORK

Wendover, Kentucky

Volunteer Director

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R. N., LL. D.

Medical Director

John H. Kooser, M. D.

Social Service Director

Miss Bland Morrow, B. A.
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Office Secretary

Miss Agnes Lewis, B. A.

Statistician

Miss Marion Ross, M. A.

Assistant Directors

Miss Mary B. Willeford, R.N., Ph.D.

Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., M. A.

Miss Annie MacKinnon, R. N.

Bookkeeper

Miss Lucile Hodges

HONORARY TRUSTEE

Lady Leslie MacKenzie, Edinburgh, Scotland

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| Dr. Irvin Abell, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York, N. Y. |
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Chicago, Ill. | Dr. H. H. M. Lyle, New York |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. J. R. McCord, Atlanta, Ga. |
| Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. A. Graeme Mitchell, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Washington, D. C. | Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. Walter Dandy, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Barnett Owen, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. L. E. Daniels, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. David Riesman, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, Boston, Mass. | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Haven Emerson, New York, N. Y. | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Gavan Fulton, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. C. Breckinridge Gamble, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. William D. Stroud, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio | Dr. Frederick J. Taussig, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Dr. Louis S. Greene, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. F. W. Urton, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, New York, N. Y. | Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Dr. Walter C. Klotz, New York, N. Y. | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York, N. Y. |
| | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio |

Inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Dr. Scott Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Josephine Hunt, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| | Dr. F. Carlton Thomas, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Miss Lyda W. Anderson, Detroit, Mich. | Miss Winifred Rand, Detroit, Mich. |
| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Ruth Riley, Fayetteville, Ark. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York, N. Y. | Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York, N. Y. |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York, N. Y. | Miss Emilie Robson, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Miss Edna Foley, Chicago, Ill. | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Mary Gardner, Providence, R. I. | Miss Louise Schroeder, Dayton, Ohio |
| Miss Annie W. Goodrich, New Haven, Conn. | Major Julia C. Stimson, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Ruth W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, Pa. | Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Lillian Hudson, New York, N. Y. | Miss Marguerite Wales, Battle Creek, Mich. |
| Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York, N. Y. | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, New York, N. Y. |
| Miss Helen J. Leader, Cincinnati, Ohio | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,

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

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1922, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for October, 1937.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., publishers of the Quarterly Bulletin and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1922, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owners are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Mattie Norton and Mr. E. S. Jouett, of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, of Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. William C. Goodloe, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the corporation or person for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.,
By Mary Breckinridge, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1937.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires December 28, 1938.

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.”

