

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

VOL. XV

WINTER, 1940

NO. 3

**THE BABY IN THE MIDDLE IS UNCLE OF THE TWINS**





AN INDEX IS ON PAGE 2



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## LITTLE MOTHERS OF MEN TO BE

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Attributed to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.\*

Whether you frolic with comrade boys,  
Or sit at your studies or play with toys;  
Whatever your station or place or sphere,  
For just one purpose God sent you here;  
And always and ever you are to me  
Dear Little Mothers of Men to be.

So would I guard you from all mean things;  
From the dwarfing of wealth and from poverty's stings;  
And from silly mothers of fuss and show  
And from dissolute fathers whose aims are low.  
I would take you and shield you and set you free,  
Dear Little Mothers of Men to be.

And then were the wish of my heart fulfilled,  
Around about you the world should build  
A wall of Wisdom, with Truth for its Tower,  
Where mind and body would wax in power  
Till the tender twig was a splendid tree,  
Dear Little Mothers of Men to be.

It is only a dream; but the world grows wise,  
And a mighty truth in the dream seed lies  
That shall gladden the earth in its time and place:  
*We must better the Mothers to better the race!*

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\*The publishers of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems, M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago, Illinois, and the W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Indiana, have been so kind as to give permission for the publication of this poem in the Bulletin, if it is included in Mrs. Wilcox's printed works.



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## "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

By LOUISE MOWBRAY, R. N., S. C. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Twenty years ago in the Hebridean Islands, off the coast of Scotland, I found the same desolate poverty, and the same winning courtesy and consideration, so characteristic of our poorer Kentucky mountaineers. Many of the Hebrideans still lived in "black houses" with earthen floors and no windows, and with the live stock often in the same enclosure.

It was one of those nights of breath-taking beauty, which one finds on occasion in every season among the Kentucky hills: a full moon over a silent, snow-clad valley; each branch and twig glittering in its icy coatings, clearly outlined against the sky; the icebound creek, snapping and cracking as it wound its way towards the river. I took one last look before bedtime at all the loveliness and at the rapidly dropping thermometer.

Christmas Eve! I looked out on a world of extraordinary brilliance and clarity. Even the dark, rough cabins with hearth-fire smoke curling from their chimneys blended into the picture. How it was freezing! The ice in the creeks would be pretty bad and it would be "slick" as anything if one had to go out. There came a loud "Halloa" from the gate. The call had come!

An inadequately clad and poorly shod Paul from Turkey Trot scrunched up the path. Yes, Cordelia had been "sick" for about an hour before he left home. Yes, she was "punishing pretty bad." He had made very sure because he would not like to get the nurse out on a night so cold and so bad underfoot unless he had to. Paul, a jobless renter, had laboriously broken rock with a borrowed sledge hammer to build up a particularly nasty fall in the branch, so that the nurse might have a "road" up to his house. He would be sure.

So we gathered together the bundle of baby clothes for Cordelia and the bags; saddled Puck, snorting at the indignity of being ousted from his warm, cozy barn to travel over ice and snow at midnight, and set forth.

As we made our way out of the creek and up the road, my mind was engrossed with our progress. Would Puck be ridiculous and balk at the ice? Would he choose his places to step



and keep right side up? But for all Service horses, once the heavy midwifery bags are slung across the saddle, the trip to follow seems to hold a special significance. We made our way uneventfully, if cautiously,—Paul trudging in front with the bundle, Puck, the bags and I trailing behind.

No one could have been more solicitous than Paul, who at every particularly icy spot waited till Puck and I were safely across. For three miles we traveled in this fashion. Then we reached the mouth of the branch, and decided to hitch Puck to a fence. So we loosened Puck's saddle girths and, with Paul shouldering the forty-pound saddlebags, we set out to walk the last uphill mile.

Now as we climbed and slithered our way along, there was time to look about, to wonder at the natural beauty, and to reflect on the poverty and constant battling of the elements for mere existence, which are a matter of course to the Kentucky mountaineer.

At last, after a steep scramble, we reached the house in the upland hollow. Outside it looked like a fairy tale house, windowless, with long icicles hanging from the uneven, snow-covered roof. Within blazed a huge log fire. On the hearth steamed a kettle of hot water. Before the fire a neighbor and her husband stood. There were no chairs. A box made the only table. There were two iron beds with corn husk mattresses, in one of which the four children were curled up asleep—like so many kittens. In the other lay Cordelia, under a heap of dilapidated quilts, with hot rocks wrapped in feed sacks to serve as hot-water bottles.

With only the illumination of the log fire and a flashlight held by Paul, I got busy. Soon we ushered into this world an eight-pound boy.

One might think him unwelcome under the circumstances, but from one and all came exclamations: "That's the peartest, finest boy that ever came to this house. You name him, Nurse,—something right different and pretty." So he was named Noel, in honor of the night.

It was still bright moonlight as Paul and I set out on the return journey down the branch. A patient Puck was standing



quietly by his fence. We tightened the saddle girths, I mounted, and again we traveled along the icy road.

It is a Service rule that a nurse going out at night must be accompanied home, but when we reached the neighbors to the nursing center, Paul and I held a consultation.

It would be dark by the time he got back up Turkey Trot, for the moon was waning. Was Paul cold? Would he like to come on and warm and have some hot coffee?

No, he wasn't cold. Was I "certain" I could make it in all right? He'd "sure go all the way" unless I was "certain."

But I was "certain." Puck and I returned to the haven of barn and home, leaving Paul to trudge and slither once again up road and branch. He had traveled 8 miles afoot that Christmas Eve, just to get Noel "borned."

. . . .

Every second day for ten days Puck and I again made the journey to the head of Turkey Trot, but the countryside was no longer beautiful as it had been in the glittering moonlight. It became bleak and brown and muddy and icy, with here and there patches of dirty snow.

The house in the hollow no longer looked like a fairy tale, but looked like what it really is—the poorest of poor mountain cabins. Built of logs with broken clay chinks letting the daylight in (also the raw January winds) it has a door without hinges, which must therefore remain wide open or tightly closed.

In addition to Cordelia, Paul, and the five children,—a cat, one very small pig, two bedraggled chickens and two white pigeons reside in the cabin's single room. These were not in evidence on Noel's birthnight. Doubtless they were in the lean-to "kitchen" which is floorless and surrounded by a few rough hewn slabs meant to be walls.

This "kitchen" houses a rickety cook stove with a stove pipe, rather ingeniously fashioned of ten telescoped lard pails. There are also a tin wash basin, an iron frying pan, and innumerable lard buckets. One, filled with water, has floating on top a hollow gourd, which serves as dipper and common drinking cup.



On top of the stove are six lard pail lids for use as plates, and four tin spoons.

Noel, the only member of the family dressed in warm, fresh, new clothes, and filled with a sufficient quantity of suitable food, is thriving.

What, I wonder, does the future hold for him?

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## BRUTUS NURSES' CHRISTMAS DAY

---

Dedicated to their kind neighbors.

The childrens' parties had come and gone.  
We greeted a quiet Christmas morn,  
And sat by the fire, far from Home,  
With thoughts and longing for kin of our own.

A hog had been killed very near our house,  
And a small boy crept, just like a mouse  
Over the snow and the icy creek  
With a gift of meat to last a week.

The next to arrive were pickles rare,  
A can of beet and preserved pear;  
A timely gift of a very large platter,  
On which to place our turkey and batter.

Then later, as the morning passed,  
Came boiled ham (sliced) and salad. Last  
But not least, in our list of gifts  
A can of sausage to add to the lists.

Our thoughts during this Christmas Day,  
Were on new friends near and old away.  
Apples we took to Robin and Heather  
Then out of their stalls to look at the weather.

The cow and the calf were visited too,  
You know that the calf was then quite new,  
The cats and the kitten and doggie came out,  
And wondered why all that snow was about.

Our luncheon partaken, supplied by friends,  
Then Minnie ran out to feed the hens,  
While Foxie, inside, made stuffing and sauce  
For turkey and Christmas pudding of course.

When the pudding came, we gave a wild cheer  
And wished the "Giver" a Happy New Year.  
No sick call came—What happened? Alas!!!  
We awoke and found that Christmas was past.



## FINLAND

*"His Majesty greatly loveth courageous souls"*

St. Theresa.

From the K-H News-Letter, England, of February 2nd, 1940.

"Turning to the question of Finland, we include in the Supplement to this News-Letter an account of the Finnish position by one who has just paid a visit to that country.\* The Finns deserve the fullest praise for the gallant fight they have put up against overwhelming numbers, but how long can Finland hold out, and what are the likely consequences if she is beaten?"

"Against Russia's 180 millions, Finland has a population of 3,800,000, out of which she can mobilize a fighting force of 300,000 to 400,000 men. Up to some weeks ago, Finland had lost 10,000 killed and wounded, which means a more serious loss for her than the many more casualties suffered by the Russians.

"The Finns themselves are moderately confident that, unless the Russians' winter offensive develops on a greater scale than has been the case up to now, they can hold out for three or four months. By the end of April or early in May, spring is normally far enough advanced to make conditions favourable for the full force of Russia's weight being hurled against the Finnish defenders.

"We estimate that the minimum requirements of the Finns are 70,000 men and 400-500 fighting planes, in addition to ammunition and other vital supplies. This help must reach Finland before the big Russian push begins. . . .

"If adequate help is not sent, the Finnish plan is to retire as slowly as possible towards the south-west coast of Finland. The Finns hope that by making use both of the natural defences of the country and their fortified positions they will be able to hold up the Russian advance until sufficient time has been gained in which to transport the non-fighting population into Sweden and Norway.

"The Finns have no doubt that if their country is over-run, it will be colonised by the Bolsheviks and it will never again



be possible to re-create an independent Finnish nation or culture. Their young man-power would be gone, since it will fight to the last, and the old men, the women and children evacuated to Scandinavia, will be assimilated by the people of those countries."

\*"Sir,

"I have just returned from a short visit to Finland, a country I know well and where I have many friends and possibly you may be interested to know the general trend of public opinion there. . . .

"Finland is a small and poor country and is making the most superb stand against heavy odds, but although 'Mr. Brown, of Upper Tooting,' can at present open his newspaper each morning and say with satisfaction: 'Splendid, the Finns have defeated the Russians again,' the unpalatable fact remains that unless large supplies of planes and other munitions of war are available in the immediate future, there is little hope that the Finns will be able to last the summer.

"Yours faithfully,  
"R. C. ELLIOTT.

"Nykoping, Sweden.  
22nd January, 1940."

The following letter appeared in the Evening Star of Washington, D. C., January 22nd, 1940:

"To the Editor of The Star:

"In a recent issue of The Evening Star there appeared a letter of Senator Alben W. Barkley and an editorial comment thereon concerning a proposed United States loan to Finland. Both the letter and the editorial were calm, dignified statements such as would be expected from men in high places. They were read with interest.

"But this writer, only being one of a great multitude, referred to by H. L. Mencken as 'so many June bugs'—that is, the ordinary garden variety of man without influence, power or wealth—does not carry on his shoulders the public responsibilities of a legislator or a journalist and can therefore permit himself, upon occasion, to dispense with mere argument and give rein to the dictate of conscience alone. He simply wishes to voice the earnest hope with respect to the proposed loan that for just once, regardless of neutralities, precedents, consequences, or what have you, Uncle Sam will reach down in his striped pants pocket,



pull out his roll, peel off a \$50,000,000 bill and say, 'Here you are, Pal, make it go as far as you can, and I don't care whether you use it for gun-cotton or gum drops.'

"Sentimental, impulsive, 'fraught with danger'—perhaps so, but what a thrill it packs in solid satisfaction! Goodness knows we have forked out plenty of money heretofore that will never come back to us, but this time we would be sure to be paid. If not in currency, because Finland is finally enslaved, then in that intangible but worthwhile recompense which comes from an exquisite contentment of the spirit when we know we have done all we could to prevent a vile crime.

"We June bugs want mightily to help the honest and respected little country of the Northland in its life-and-death struggle. . . . We want to provide this help now, before it is too late.

"The buzz of one little June bug is faint indeed, but there are millions and millions of us and I predict that our united hum will yet be heard—even within the sheltered legislative halls on Capitol Hill. ROGER GISH McDARE. January 8."

---

#### "GOD KNOWS"

The origin of the quotation with which the King ended his Christmas Day broadcast to the Empire was unknown to His Majesty, and literary experts throughout the world sought in vain to discover it.

The lines were written by Miss M. L. Haskins, novelist and poet, and occur in a collection of short poems called "The Desert," which she wrote before the war of 1914-18, and printed privately in aid of an Indian charity. The poem containing the quotation is called "God Knows."

The lines quoted by the King and those following were:

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:  
"Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown!"

And he replied:

"Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the Hand of God.  
That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way."

So I went forth and finding the Hand of God trod gladly into the night.  
And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

So heart be still:

What need our little life  
Our human life to know,  
If God hath comprehension?

—The British Journal of Nursing, January, 1940.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

---

The Frontier Nursing Service is proud and glad to have a representative on the Finnish front. The following letter from our courier, Peggy Harrison of Philadelphia, was written from Edinburgh, on January 29th, 1940.

“Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

“I am just leaving for Finland and could not go without wishing you the best of luck in these hard times. It will be such a struggle to keep the F. N. S. going, and what with depression and war during the life of the Service you have had no easy time. The fact that I had been a courier with the F. N. S. on two occasions was a very great help in being accepted as a member of the F. A. N. Y. ambulance unit. Edinburgh Red Cross gave one of the ten ambulances, and gave me the great honor of asking me to drive it; but there were such difficulties as being an alien, having had no training except first aid, and being under the strict age limit of twenty-five for the Finland expedition. We have had some delays—we ought to have been off by the 14th but things at the Ford works froze, convoys were changed, and so on. However, the extra time has given us the chance for more training in mechanics, stretcher drill, gas, etc. Also the collecting of equipment was rather hard. We are limited to a duffle bag, sleeping valise, and suitcase; but have to include things ranging from special Arctic clothing to musical instruments, chewing gum for mending a leaky radiator, iron rations, and a knapsack in case we have to abandon ambulances! We have to be prepared to stay a year but doubt if the war there will last beyond the summer. There are eighteen of us, including a Canadian and an Australian. I will try to write from Finland but it will be hard. We must leave all our books here. Playing cards, even writing paper, have to be sealed by the censor, and we don't get them until we land—a nuisance, as we may be days on the sea. Well, good-bye for now.”

“PEGGY HARRISON.”

. . . . .  
Our former courier and volunteer photographer, Marvin



Breckinridge, writes from Luxembourg on December 31st as follows:

"It seems a far cry to Wendover from the ancient town, deep in snow, only twelve miles from where the French and Germans are fighting from time to time. . . . My new job of roving reporter for the Columbia Broadcasting System will take me to Holland and then Denmark, I think. I am supposed to do color-stories, as they are called in the business, giving the human-interest side of this war, as it affects the daily lives of people, and I find it very interesting. I broadcast weekly, usually on Saturdays between 6:45 and 7:00 P. M., E. S. T., and you can get me on any Columbia station. Can you get Columbia in the mountains? It is easy for me to give my latest news quickly to my friends, without having to write forty million letters!"

Innumerable members of the Frontier Nursing Service, in and outside of the mountains, have listened to Marvin's broadcasts with pride and profound interest. A former F. N. S. nurse, Frances Fell, in New Mexico is one of many who have written us about them.

. . . . .

We love it when one of our old couriers undertakes the hard work necessary to fit herself for a great and creative career. We are proud to announce that Mary Elizabeth Rogan, of Cincinnati, has nearly completed an arduous course of training in dramatic art, and did it so well that she was given the lead in her class play "Hay Fever" by Noel Coward, at the Empire Theater in New York, on January twenty-sixth.

. . . . .

On January 27th Marion Weir, of Cleveland, was married to Mr. Edward Knight. The young couple are living in Perrysburg, Ohio, where we are sure that Marion will be one of the most useful as well as one of the most delightful young matrons in community life. We send our affectionate good wishes to her and to her husband, for every happiness.

. . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hays Hawkins, Jr., announce the birth of a daughter, Ada McCrea, on December 1st, 1939, at Vancouver, B. C. Mrs. Hawkins was our courier Christine Eken-



gren, of Washington, D. C., and we are enchanted to enroll Ada McCrea in the year 1958 for the courier Service.

Miss Deedie Dickinson, our dear Detroit Courier, presented the work of the Frontier Nursing Service before the girls of the Kingswood School, Cranbrook, in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, on February ninth. The headmistress of the school, Miss Margaret Augur, gave Deedie a check for ten dollars for the Frontier Nursing Service.

Just as we go to press, there has come a most welcome letter from our old courier, Mrs. John Pugh (Louise Myers), giving us a few details about her son, David Myers, who was born on February 7th. "Weezy" gladdens our hearts when she tells us that the baby's father was able to get up to Washington from his army post in Texas to welcome his son. She adds that David is the image of his father, and although small, he is very strong and healthy. The best news of all to us is that "Weezy" had an easy time, and is in fine shape herself.

Christmas, 1939

"From far across the world I want to send you and all the F. N. S. a little greeting for Christmas and every good wish for the coming year. I think of you often and hope next spring when we return to the States I can come back to Wendover long enough to say hello.

"I have two cunning fat babies: Anastasia (3½) named for her Kentucky grandmother and Josephine Swift (1½) named for her grandmother, and great-great-grandfather, General Joseph Swift. We also have three dogs, so you see I'm carrying on the best traditions of the Service!"

CYNTHIA BEATTY LUDLOW  
U. S. Navy Yard, Cavite, P. I.

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#### CLEAN PRAYER

God of compassion for men, show me that *ere* I pray for peace none may remain unforgiven by me. Make clean my heart of all jealousy, all arrogance, judgment or enmity, so that thus cleansed my prayer may be acceptable. Amen.

From Light of December 14, 1939, London.



## TOWN AND TRAIN

On Monday, January 13th, I left Lexington for two streamlined weeks in and around Washington and Baltimore. Marion Shouse and "Too-Much" met my train Tuesday morning in Washington, and after I had dropped my bags at the hotel, I went straight to a beauty parlor to get the grime of coal soot and horse leather off of my nails and head. With the best will in the world, one just cannot home-groom like the specialists.

After that the engagements came fast and furious. At noon there was a luncheon at the National Women's Press Club, where I heard a fascinating report by an AP representative lately from Poland, Mr. Saleras, and made a few remarks myself.

At four o'clock we had the annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service in Washington, in the lovely Textile Museum of Mr. and Mrs. George Hewitt Myers. It is always refreshing to speak in a beautiful place among old friends. Our Washington Committee Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, introduced me, and I was well flanked by old couriers, including Louise Myers, now Mrs. John Pugh, who was home on a visit. That night the charming Woolley family had me to dinner.

Wednesday my engagements began at 9 in the morning, and included luncheon with Mrs. Groner at the Sulgrave Club, and tea with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Brandeis. One of the things I look forward to anew each year in Washington is a quiet hour with these two dear friends. When Mr. Brandeis talks about the moral law of the universe and its violation by any people at their peril, one realizes again that the moral law is as real as anything in mathematics, and it works with or against us, as we obey or defy it. Margaret Fuller said once, "I accept the Universe." When Carlyle heard of it, he responded, "Gad, she'd better."

Tuesday night I had the honor of dining at the White House. We were a group of twelve. One of the great charms of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt is that they can keep a group of that size welded into one unit throughout a whole dinner, and that everyone is given the opportunity to take part in a general discussion. I have seen the same thing done in France, but it is rare in America, and takes leadership of a high order. Before



the dinner was over, the President was called on long-distance to Europe, and was not able to join his guests again.

At ten on Thursday, the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy opened at the Labor Department Auditorium. One had to be there beforehand to register, and it lasted all day. Madam Secretary Perkins opened the meeting. Anyone interested in reading a full report of this, the Fourth White House Conference on Children in a Democracy (they come every decade) is advised to get the February Survey Midmonthly, where the reports are very full and well illustrated. My own section met in the afternoon at a hotel, where I had the joy of lunching first with Dr. Fred L. Adair, of Chicago. Late in the afternoon I hurried across Washington to tea with Admiral and Mrs. Adolphus C. Staton, and their charming young daughter, who will be a courier of ours when she is nineteen. That night Mr. Justice McReynolds invited me to dinner with Judge and Mrs. Groner, and I had one of the most delightful evenings I ever spent. He is a charming host, and fascinating raconteur.

Friday the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy took the whole day and most of the night. The evening session was at the White House where the President addressed us. The Conference adjourned Saturday at noon, with an address by Mrs. Roosevelt.

I caught a train at 1:25 p. m. for Chatham, Virginia, where I was the guest of the lovely Edmund Lees, at Chatham Hall School. Sunday was a full day, because I went to the early service at the chapel at eight, and then to the later service, and we had members of the faculty and student body for breakfast, and lunched and dined at different tables at the school. Other members of the faculty and students came to coffee after lunch at the rectory, and again for tea. That evening I spoke to a delightful group of girls, in whom I was particularly interested because of our Chatham couriers Molly Hays and Sheila Clark. The school car sent me to Danville, where I caught a midnight train for Washington.

The second week, beginning Monday, January 22nd, was quite as full as the first one. I attended a luncheon of the American Friends of France at the Raleigh after I got in from Chatham on Monday, and for the first time since this war began saw my old



chief, Anne Morgan. She looked frightfully well, if a bit tired, and spoke with all her old dramatic charm. She was followed by the French Ambassador, and it was easy to see that tons of people were profoundly interested in this work among Alsatian refugees. A vital point not always made clear in connection with the needs of France is the fact that all her available supplies, of blankets and such, were used up on other refugees, before she had refugees of her own. France is chock-full of refugees. Aside from some hundred thousand or more Spanish ones, there are Czecks, and Poles, and others.

That evening I went with my cousins Princess Margaret Boncompagni and Mrs. Henry Waite, and Margaret's other guests, to the world premiere of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," which was a benefit for the charities of the Newspaper Women's Club of Washington. Our loges were immediately between Mrs. Roosevelt's party and the one which included Raymond Massey, and we saw the stirring picture under the most perfect conditions, and heard Mr. Massey speak.

At ten on Tuesday morning I left for Baltimore, and was met at the train by my hostess, Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, and our dear courier, Betsy. With Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, my cousin, of Philadelphia and several other delightful women, I had the pleasure of lunching with Mrs. Miles White in one of the most beautiful homes I have ever seen. That afternoon Mrs. Richard White and Mrs. J. W. MacMillan of our Baltimore Committee gave me a tea at the Mount Vernon Club, so that I could meet other members of the committee socially, which is always a very special pleasure. Because they knew I was tired, the Pagon had only a member of their family in for dinner that night, and we had an informal game of bridge, with early bed.

The next day, Wednesday, the 24th, Mrs. John Bergland had a lovely luncheon for me, with one of the nicest crowds of people I ever met. That night we had our annual meeting, in the hall of the Union Memorial Hospital. It is a big hall, and was nearly full. Unfortunately, our chairman, Dr. John Bergland, was called to a patient, and for the first time in years could not make one of his charming introductions. His place was beautifully filled by my cousin, Dr. Cary Breckinridge Gamble. After the meeting we all went out to Cary's place for a lovely supper.



On Thursday, the 25th, Betsy drove me out to St. Timothy's School, where I spoke in the morning. Because of the long interest of this school in the Frontier Nursing Service, and of Zay-dee deJonge and Mary Jameson, it was a very special pleasure to go there. That same night Mrs. Pagon and Betsy drove me way out into the country again, but in another direction, and I spoke at Oldfields School, at Glencoe. Mrs. Duncan McCullough was one of Anne Morgan's Motor Corps in the old days in France, and I knew her then as Sally Humphreys. It was such fun to dine with her and her charming husband, to see her children, and to talk to the lovely group of girls at Oldfields'. From this school we have had couriers, too—Betsy Pagon, Barbara Glazier, and Laurette Robeson (Mrs. Lawrence Tidrick).

On Friday before I left for Washington I spoke to one more school, again in the country, at Garrison Forest, to a lovely group of girls, a delightful faculty, and several grand dogs.

From Friday evening until Sunday, I stayed in Washington with the Charles Wilsons, and our dear courier Mary. It was the first time that I had been able to attend the Washington Benefit, although this is the third year in succession that the Washington Committee has had John Mason Brown on "Broadway in Review."

The Washington Committee handles this benefit superbly. In the first place, Mrs. Groner has an amazing capacity for delegating responsibility. The two vice-chairmen, Princess Margaret Boncompagni and Mrs. Cary Grayson; Mrs. Lewis Clark, head of the box committee; Mrs. Reeve Lewis, chairman of the committee on arrangements; Mrs. Malcolm McConihe, chairman of the finance committee; Mrs. John W. Davidge, chairman of the publicity committee; Mrs. Charles Wilson and Mrs. Keith Merrill, heads of the poster committee; Princess Margaret Boncompagni, as chairman of the committee on patronesses; and Miss Marion Shouse, as head of the hard working committee on tickets—all of these chairmen, each with a group of able assistants, divided among them what would otherwise be an intolerable labor.

Mrs. Roosevelt always heads the list of patronesses and contributors to the Washington Benefit. Other patrons include Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes and other members of the Supreme



Court and their wives; Mrs. Cordell Hull and other Cabinet officers' wives; Lord Lothian and other diplomats; and distinguished members of the Senate, and distinguished members of the Army and Navy.

The advance preparations for this benefit are most carefully worked up. In looking through the publicity sent to Wendover by our clipping bureau, one is amazed at the wholehearted cooperation of the press, and the good taste with which everything is handled, and the number of friends who have allowed their pictures to be used. There seem to be dozens of clippings. Even the radio was brought into the publicity, when Marion Shouse spoke for the benefit in an interview with "Cousin Mary Mason" on the W. R. C. Home Forum, Thursday morning, January 11th, at the N. B. C. Broadcasting Studio. We have seen the script of the interview, and are frightfully proud of the way Marion handled her subject. The willingness of all to do their bit couldn't have shown up better than when Senator A. B. Chandler of Kentucky had his picture taken at the Capitol with a bevy of Washington debutantes.

The benefit tickets, at three dollars (boxes of course cost more) included a reception with refreshments after the lecture. The huge hall was jammed, and the result was \$1,881.44 net. Even aside from refreshments and one of the most distinguished social gatherings in Washington, the price asked by the Washington Committee for this benefit is well worth the money. Anything more entrancing than John Mason Brown's lecture on the Broadway Theaters can not be heard from the lecture platform. As Martha Blair says: "He is a howling (and I use the word 'howling' advisedly) success." It sure was one of the high spots of my life that I could attend his lecture myself this year.

That same night, Saturday, the 27th, I went again with Margaret Boncompagni and her party to a great moving picture. This time it was "Gone with the Wind." As so many of you have seen it I don't need to write about it, but the most moving thing to me of all was the fact that the picture was given for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund, and that His Excellency Hjalmar Procopé attended and spoke, as did Father Walsh, who is the Washington Chairman of the Fund. Before "Gone With the Wind" was shown we had Finnish scenes on the stage, and



the Finns' beautiful national anthem was played. The entire costs of the theater were met by a generous anonymous donor, so that every dollar of every ticket went straight to the Fund.

Every heart was moved when Mr. Procopé said: "The Finnish people feel, and feel unanimously, that fighting alone they fight for the highest values God gave men: for home and religion, for the very existence of the nation, and at the same time, for the ideals all democratic people have in common, political liberty and individual freedom."

Sunday I left Washington, and on Monday, exactly two weeks after I had left the mountains, I reached Lexington. I had intended to go back to the mountains almost from the train, but had a chill on the train and a temperature, because I had come down with the flu, so my dear doctor cousin, Josie Hunt, kept me in bed in Lexington for several days.

The two weeks were marvelous. Of course I had lots more to do than I have written up, but I have outlined the high spots rather fully, because so many of you tell me, and write me, that you want to keep up with the F. N. S. happenings in the cities as well as in the mountains.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

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#### LETTER FROM A CHRISTMAS SECRETARY

"Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

"Saying good-bye to Wendover always leaves me with an empty feeling inside,—and a longing to be back there with you all soon again.

"Though my stays at Wendover were very short over this time, I shall always remember them with great joy and pleasure.

"When I think that I might never have had the happy experiences of spending Christmas and New Year with you, I realize more than ever, what a lucky girl I am,—to have been included in such a wonderful family life, and to have celebrated Christmas in its true spirit. I shall never forget it!

"It makes me very happy to think that I could be of some help to you—and as for the job, as Christmas Secretary, I enjoyed it immensely. Amidst the boxes and barrels in the attic, and the tremendous quantity of toys and clothing, Mac and I had many a good laugh.

"I loved my stay at the hospital—and getting acquainted with the nurses and midwives there. They all made me feel so much at home. Their enthusiasm and interest in other people's work, as well as their own, is something that I shall always remember and appreciate.

"Mother and Dad join me, in best wishes to you, for a successful and happy year.

"Affectionately yours,  
"ELIZABETH CAMPBELL."



## A MOUNTAINEER'S RELIGION

By HELEN EDITH BROWNE, R. N., S. C. M.

"Oh, my children, where air we going on this mighty river of earth, a-borning, begetting, and a-dying—the living and the dead riding the waters. . . . ?"

Rivers of Earth, by James Still, Viking Press.

"It's the religion I have," was the answer given me by one of a group of men, when I thanked them for helping me bring my patient into Hospital. This is how it happened:

It was a cold, misty November morning when I set out at 5 a. m. The river was up, and the man had been afraid to bring his pony over. He had walked the swinging bridge, so I forded the river alone, on my rather tall horse. It was deep but all went well, and I rode off up Owl's Nest and over the mountain to Marg Branch of Cutshin Creek. There was a good fire burning in the grate, when we arrived at the house, and everything possible had been prepared for my coming.

Hilda Green, my patient, is a bright, cheerful woman. She has one child, aged three, a most attractive boy, and was expecting to get a second today. Her mother was staying in the house, and we three chatted pleasantly for awhile.

The morning wore on, and by midday I was not satisfied with the progress Hilda was making, so I sent a note to Dr. Kooser. Hilda's husband took it, riding my horse, as I thought he would make better time. The doctor arrived at 3 p. m., and after examining Hilda decided it would be better if we could get her into our Hospital. Although we were only three miles across the mountain from Hyden, it was an impossible trail on which to stretch a patient, so we had to plan another way. This meant Marg Branch down (in the opposite direction from Hyden) to the waters of Cutshin Creek, and traveling around the mountain in order to reach a passable road where Dr. Kooser would have a truck meet us. He went on ahead to the Hospital, across the short but steep mountain trail, to make arrangements. The husband set out to find volunteer stretcher-bearers. Two hours later he came back with fourteen men.



By the time we were ready to start, it was 6 p. m. Dr. Kooser had ordered morphia for Hilda so that she would not be too uncomfortable on the long trek. The men lit their lanterns and we started. At two houses by the way we stopped to get Hilda a drink of water, and to pick up more stretcher-bearers to relieve occasionally in carrying the patient. It was hard work for the men, as the narrow path around the mountain was very slippery.

When we reached Cutshin Creek the men had to wade right through the cold water. They rolled up their trousers, and no one complained. It took three hours to go three miles down the creek. The last hundred and fifty yards the men had to walk right through deep water, as there was no other way to reach the road in safety.

At last the highway with the truck waiting! The men put the stretcher-bed in the back of the truck, and the husband and I crouched beside it and tried to keep Hilda warm, for a biting wind was blowing. Six of the men followed in a car to help with the stretcher at the Hospital.

We arrived at 10 p. m., and soon had the patient upstairs in the labor ward. She had her baby at 11:30 p. m., but the rough trip had been too much for the little baby—and it was dead. Two weeks later Hilda left the Hospital, grieving for the loss of her baby, but her brave, cheery self once more.

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## BARGAIN BOX

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The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, January 18th, at Mrs. Langdon Marvin's house, and at this meeting voted to join the "Bargain Box." The Frontier Nursing Service is now one of six organizations running the Bargain Box, 1175 Third Avenue (at 68th Street). This rummage store was started twelve years ago. The other charitable groups which have admitted the Frontier Nursing Service to their ranks are: The Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service, The Lincoln Hospital Social Service, The Association for the Aid of Crippled Children, The New York In-



firmary Social Service, and the Metropolitan Hospital Social Service.

Each organization gets the credit for the rummage it brings in, and all organizations share in the sale of general undesignated rummage. Each organization shares the expense of keeping up the Bargain Box, and each takes one day a week, with three volunteers to sell in the morning and two in the afternoon. Saturday was the day assigned to the Frontier Nursing Service as our selling day.

At this meeting Mrs. Milward W. Martin, of Locust Valley, Long Island, was made Bargain Box Chairman, and Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth was made Bargain Box Treasurer. Other members of the Bargain Box Committee are Mrs. Ernest Angell, Mrs. James E. Thompson, Mrs. Carnes Weeks, and Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., ex-officio.

At the February meeting of the New York Committee, on Thursday, February 15th, at the home of Mrs. Richard Weil, the Bargain Box Committee made a most satisfactory report of their first twelve days of work. At this meeting Mrs. Carnes Weeks volunteered to give a party at her house, 244 East 68th Street, on Tuesday, March 12th, from 4 to 6. Every member of the New York Committee is requested to bring at least five guests. Admission will be one package of rummage.

Will all members and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service in New York (and there are hundreds) please send their rummage to the Bargain Box, 1175 Third Avenue (68th Street) or call Regent 4-5451 and the rummage will be called for. Communications may be addressed to Mrs. Milward W. Martin, Bargain Box Chairman, at Locust Valley, Long Island. Her telephone number is Glen Cove 1481.

The Frontier Nursing Service expects to realize a steady income from this new venture of the New York Committee, but we know it is going to mean a lot of work for the members through the spring, autumn, and winter. We will deeply appreciate gifts of rummage from all who live in and around New York.

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**FROM A SCOTCH CALENDAR**

"Why sae sad, Alec?"

"Ah'm juist on ma way tae pay ma income-tax."

"Och, come, mon, pay it wi' a smile!"

"Indeed, an' I would gladly—but the Government insist on cash."



## OLD STAFF NEWS

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EDITOR'S NOTE: This column has proven immensely popular with the old staff, and we will continue it in each issue of the Bulletin as long as the old staff continue to send us letters. Anyone is welcome to read it, but the names we use are the names by which the staff were known to one another, and not their full names.

### From Bridget in Oceania

NOTE: This letter was written in midsummer, which is midwinter in West Australia. It is part of a round-robin letter, and came to us by way of Swaziland, in Africa. It gives Bridget's experiences in leaving West Australia, en route to Nauru, in the Central Pacific, where her husband, who is a medical man, has taken up his duties with the British Phosphate Commission, and her first impressions of Nauru.

The "Triadic" that we were supposed to catch at Adelaide went to New Zealand instead, so we had to leave earlier to pick up the "Triona" at Melbourne. We left Perth July 18 by the 4:40 train, no heating, only lukewarm foot warmers, but thank goodness one could get a hot water bottle at night. We reached Kalgoorlie at 7:30 the next morning, and here we changed trains. All these changes are due to interstate jealousy, which will not allow of uniform gauges. Part of West Australia and Queensland is 3 feet 6 inches, the "Trans." and N. S. W. is 4 feet 8½ inches, and Victoria and part of South Australia is 5 feet 3 inches. It was quite pretty running into Kalgoorlie—an opal coloured sky with red earth and low olive and silver green bushes. Alongside us ran the 2 foot water pipe which brings Kalgoorlie its water from Perth 375 miles! A tragic story is attached to this. The man who thought it all out was much reviled by the papers who prophesied failure and a waste of public money. So when the water failed to reach Kalgoorlie at the appointed time he committed suicide, and just as he had done so, word came through that all was well. . . .

The "Trans." train is owned by the Commonwealth. It is more comfortable than the W. A. effort, and has a centrally heated parlour car. Our next change was Port Pirie, 1,108 miles. For the first few hundred miles we passed some quite fine timber country, then nothing but salt bush and red soil, not even an undulation. . . .

Nearing Port Pirie sand dunes broke the flatness, and at



2:55 the next day we reached there to change trains yet again, and resume our journey, reaching Melbourne at 9:35 the next morning. Here we were met by the B. P. C. representative. (B. P. C. means British Phosphate Commission for whom Vincent (*her husband*) is working, and henceforth I shall use the initials.) Various important personages of the B. P. C. entertained V. to lunch at the Wattle Tea Rooms. They are just as nice as they were 15 years ago, the colour scheme is gay and the flowers magnificent.

On Monday I went to get our sailing orders, and was told that we should call in at Newcastle. As V. had friends he especially wanted to see in Sydney we decided to continue our journey overland, and pick up our boat at Newcastle. So we left on "The Spirit Of Progress" 6:30 p. m. This is far and away the best train in Australia. Even at 70 miles an hour one feels no movement. The wood work and green colour scheme are pleasing, and there is proper heating. The linen in the dining car is also green and an excellent meal is provided, 5/- for the first class, and 3/6 for the second class passengers. At Cauldron we had a hurried cup of tea in the grey dawn, and we were more than thankful to reach Sydney at 8:35 a. m. after having passed through some very dry country. It looked far more like a midsummer landscape than a midwinter one, but cold.

We stayed at the Hotel Sydney, very convenient to the station, 10/6 bed and breakfast—quite good, but not as good as the Savoy in Perth which is 2/- cheaper and includes morning tea. We spent a pleasant evening with the Nositers. Mr. Nositer and his two sons sailed around the world in the Sirius three years ago, and in Trinidad V. entertained them. In Mr. Nositer's book, "Southward Ho," he describes this visit. They are charming folk.

Next evening V. and I went to hear the Sydney Symphony Orchestra at the Town Hall, conductor Szell, Pianist Schnabel. It was a Brahms evening splendidly rendered to a full house and terribly appreciative audience. We got excellent seats for 2/-. The Sydney Town Hall is much brighter than its counterpart in Melbourne, and it possesses one of the three 65 foot organs in the world; Exeter has another and the third is in U. S. A. We had supper at the Monterey, a new cafe, pleasantly designed with good food and service.



We left Sydney the next day by the 3:30 train to Newcastle. It is a comfortable train and we passed through some very fine scenery by the Hawkesbury River. Replace the gums with pines and it was similar to parts of Canada.

We were met on arrival at Newcastle by a British Phosphate Commission representative. Before going aboard our ship we dined at the Great Northern Hotel, far and away the best hotel we have come across in Australia, and one possessing a definite character. The dining room is uniquely decorated with red and yellow panels of waxed cedar and Putto Pine and all the designs are of aboriginal origin. At 8:30 the B. P. C. representative took us down to the S. TRIONA, 2,500 tons, built 1931, coal burning but very clean, comfortable and friendly. She carries 12 passengers, and is the steadiest boat I have ever been on, no vibration or noise at all. It was a pleasant trip. Eight and a half days after sailing we reached our destination, and of that there is lots to tell.

**FIRST IMPRESSION.** An almost indecent air of prosperity! Even the pigs look like film magnates. But to start at the beginning. From 1888 Nauru was German, although an English company had permission to work the Phosphates. The phosphatic value of the island, on which the whole life and wealth of Nauru is based, was discovered quite by accident. A piece of the rock had been taken to Sydney and was being used as a door stop. One day Mr. A. Ellis stubbed his toe on it, took a further look, had a specimen analysed, and untold wealth was there for the seeking. It appears that for thousands of years birds had nested on the coral island, which later became submerged, and when it arose again the phosphate had become fossilized. So although we are literally surrounded by manure there is no smell at all.

During the war the English Phosphate workers were moved over to Ocean Island. Two months later an Australian warship picked them up and brought them back, and the Germans were taken to Australia and interned. After the war Australia wished to claim Nauru by right of conquest but whoever it was who divided the world up gave it as a triple mandate to Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain, and the B. P. C. was formed. Australia and Great Britain have 42% each of the shares, and



New Zealand has 16%. The head office is in Melbourne. The island is only 8 square miles, situated about 20 miles south of the equator. It is 2,271 miles from Melbourne and 150 miles from Ocean Island which is even smaller than Nauru. Rainfall 40 inches. Humidity 75. Temperature 72-92. Very healthy, no malaria. Hats seldom worn. A three year's drought has just broken. While it was on water had to be brought from Australia, just imagine 2,000 miles! Quite a number of trees were killed during this period, and now we have an influx of moths, caterpillars (which are eating everything) and mosquitoes.

The scenery is prettier than I had expected. Where the phosphate has been worked the original coral rocks stand out, and the effect is exactly like Pompeii, and with creepers growing over some of them, is far from displeasing. Unluckily for V. there is no hope of any sailing, the sea goes down  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile at a 45 degree angle, and on the narrow shore line there is nothing but coral rocks jutting out. A road goes right around the island 'twixt coconut palms, and in the centre is a small lagoon. Hibiscus seem to do very well here, but the coconuts are too thick to be of any value. The question of fertilization is an interesting one as there are no bees, and if you want any manure you have to get it back from Australia, as the phosphate here is of no value till it has passed through certain processes. Animal life is practically nil, a few lizards and an odd iguana. Dogs are not allowed to be imported, so one is spared the misery of seeing numerous starved mongrels. There are some long-legged local cats. We have collected a white kitten. Birds, a few, including an island canary which has a sweet voice and when mating seems to sing without ceasing.

The original owners of the island are fat cheery Polynesians, who receive such good royalties for their land that they have no need to work, so very sensibly they do nothing. Our first day here a portly brown gentleman attired in a scarlet lavalava, a hat and a handkerchief round his neck wanted to buy our truck, and if we had been willing to sell he could have given us a check for the full amount there and then. All the Nauruan men run cars, motor bikes or bicycles, and either live in open pandanu hut or new model houses like ours. The men with flowers in their hair and gay lavalavas are a pleasure to behold, but one cannot say



the same for the women in their shapeless gowns. The Nauruans are cared for by the Government, and we see nothing of them officially. It was no good hoping they would ever prove satisfactory labour, so all the phosphate is worked by indented Chinese. There are 1,500 of them on the island now. They have excellent living quarters and good conditions of service, and as a rule very good health. But V. has landed in for a weird epidemic of sores, and has a daily sick parade of 60, with 90 cases in hospital. The average is about 10 and 14 in hospital. The hospital is very well built and there is no overcrowding. V. is also in charge of the small European Hospital, with a white sister in command.

The white staff of the B. P. C. consists of 65 married couples and about the same number of single men. The conditions of service are excellent, in fact the best I have ever come across. There are five senior members, of which V. is one, on 18 month contracts with 9 weeks' leave (exclusive of travel) at the end. The others do 21 months and then leave. We are provided with furnished houses even to linen, ice, food allowance, wood, electricity, laundry, telephone, and of course free medical care. Wives and children can have a yearly free trip to New Zealand or Australia. Food is at cost price and there is a splendid variety. Petrol 1/4 (we get it at 11d, as our car is used chiefly for business). English cigarettes 2/- for 50. Loaf sugar 4d, ordinary sugar 3d, American coffee 2/6 and so on. The B. P. C. owns everything and does not reckon to make any profit, hence the low prices. There is a small duty on tobacco and drinks.

We have Chinese servants. These are not trained and they know no English, and as their mistresses know no Chinese it is difficult to teach them. We are lucky in that we have a lad who is a fair cook and understands quite a lot. The other servant is only a raw coolie but willing, so we progress.

A daily bulletin such as one gets on board ship is issued. There are moving pictures, golf, tennis, cricket and swimming to be had, also a reading room with all the latest periodicals, and a library to which the B. P. C. sends six new books a month. Mails are irregular, but average about one a week.

V. is delighted with the Hospital, which has every possible equipment, a first class library, and a laboratory such as he has



dreamed of for years. He has an excellent assistant in his European dispenser, and the work is well arranged and organised.

Needless to state we are still in an awful muddle, but our house has great possibilities, and when we have all our books, hangings, pictures and brass about it should look most attractive. The garden likewise is full of promise, and we have several delightful trees under which we can sit. . . .

. . . . .

**From "John" in Africa**—Written late in 1939.

Swaziland which is a British protectorate has a small white population of one European to 7,000 natives. Mbabane, the capital and seat of government, is a large village, very English and almost modern. It's a lovely spot—high mountains, streams, lakes (full of black bass we imported from the U. S. A.)—and two miles east we drop from 3,500 feet to 1,000 feet in three miles and get into wild bush-veldt country, still unspoiled, with plenty of game and coarse fishing. And here and there are lion and leopard and always crocs and hippos in the bigger rivers.

The war has not touched us except for the fact that we have been asked (as a result of a public meeting) to contribute monthly to a war fund.

The women sew on Fridays, and I am responsible for the selling of plants and flowers, for evening reading, and for lectures on news on Mondays.

Swaziland is so calm and peaceful. Europe seems so far away.

Fabian (*her husband*) and I sometimes say it seems indecent to be so safe when our families are in the thick of it.

. . . . .

**From Mickle Minor in Edinburgh**—7th December, 1939.

This is to wish you a very, very happy Christmas, and if we may not be with you in body we certainly share it in spirit. Indeed, at night, I so often go back to Kentucky, which seems now one of the sweetest places on earth. . . .

We saw little Peggy Harrison the other day, and shall be looking her up again soon. How dear of her to stay over on this dreary side to help. Also we saw Stevie, and Robbie, of course,



is always saying farewell and turning up again. Margaret and Isobel are near Glasgow, so we have had some merry reunions. Margaret appears to have grown at least another foot.

We had our first air raid warning in five weeks yesterday, which has shattered our false feeling of security.

The scene in the basement would intrigue you. Even after frequent repetition of it I still gaze on it with amazement and wonder if it's a ridiculous dream. It's rather like an unruly toy-shop, with its baby dolls in rebellion. In place of the neat, neat rows of cribs, they have gotten themselves under the beds, on the floor, on tables and chairs. Not one answering to its name, and screaming to each other about the mad time they're having. The littlest ones—the premmies, have wisely removed themselves from the roughnecks and are peacefully reposing in my storm cupboard, where, if the air is a trifle stuffy, they at least feel safe and cosy.

No "All Clear" signal has yet come through, so we begin a feeding campaign, and the fun begins. The premmies and weaklings first, and then the hooligans, who, although by now bellowing like bulls, are still too rebellious to answer to their names. So down we go on our knees and haul them out from under the bed, until we find our victim—then peace.

"All Clear" has come, and the cargo moves upstairs—the women to welcome beds, and sleep of uneasiness, and the wee babes back to their neat, neat rows, to think up another frolic—God bless 'em. And the nurses to rest their aching legs—God help 'em.

. . . . .

**From Wallie in Essex—December 14, 1939.**

The last Bulletin was very interesting and gave me nearly all the news I'd been wanting.

I have thought such a lot about the Service since the war started and have hoped it would not make a lot of difference to you. If everybody could see things as we do over here they would know there is not a tremendous hurry to get back. It is hard to realize sometimes that we really are at war again. We are quite used now to the blackness at night and to going about with our gas masks slung over our shoulders. Thank goodness lives are not being thrown away as they were during the last war.



This letter is really to convey my Christmas greetings. It is a time I should love to be with you again. I do hope it will be a very happy time in the mountains again.

I am sending a dollar to Mr. Manning for the Service Christmas bouquet; I do hope it will be a very large one. I send my "flowers" with my love and memories of the most interesting part of my life.

. . . . .

**From Madge on the Coast of England—January 5, 1940.**

Our journey was really a grand experience. We just caught the boat by the skin of our teeth, and then found for travelling companions, we had picked officers and men of various Canadian Regiments who were coming over for advanced training so as to be ready for their regiments when they arrive in England. The troops were on top of the world, and kept us lively and amused, never letting us forget that we were carrying 30,000 pounds of gun-cotton—a fact I couldn't forget when we were reported to be in submarine waters! . . . We travelled full-speed ahead all the way, "ziz-zagging" every 5 minutes! Changing from the "zig" to the "zag" was a bit of a trial! Jacko and I emptied ourselves every morning on first rising!

I volunteered both with Red Cross and the Military Nursing Services. The former refused me because I was already a Territorial Nurse. But this morning I received orders to report for duty next Wednesday, January 10th, at noon. . . . So it looks as though the military are having me. Please write me there, any of you, I'd love to hear from you. It is a Base Hospital, and seems to be expecting big things this spring. My old sister-tutor is matron there.

England seems determined to accept this war calmly. I find myself admiring the spirit of the people more every day. Balloons float high above us; 8 or 9 cruisers lie just off the mouth of the river; guns are mounted on the cliffs; and planes are always roaring to and fro. Several vessels have limped ashore after being torpedoed, and I'm getting quite used to hearing gunfire, as foreign ships are halted before entering the harbour. Rationing doesn't amount to very much as yet, but they promise it will before long. The black-out is the biggest curse—I've apologised to every tree and lamp post within a 3 mile limit.



My love to you all. I often think of you. Who has got "Cameron" now? (*her horse*) Bless his heart.

. . . . .  
**From Lois in Alaska—January 31, 1940.**

The Autumn Bulletin arrived on the last boat. I certainly did enjoy reading it, especially the bits from the ex-nurses of the F. N. S. I had wondered how the war was affecting them and what they were doing. On the same boat I received a letter from Bennie (Benest). She is with the Women's Auxiliary Air Force and is posted at some air raid shelter—four hours on duty and four hours off. She says this is the most unexciting war she has ever seen!

I came to Alaska September 1st, and was met at the dock at Juneau by Marcia Hays. I had never met Marcia before but like her immensely. Having heard a lot about Marcia from all of you I knew ahead of time that I should like her and was not disappointed.

Seldovia is a small village with about 250 population. In summer the industry is canning—there are three canneries in town. We also have three general stores, three beer parlors and two liquor stores. This time of year the town is pretty dead, as most of the money earned during the summer is gone. The town is built on the water front. A great many houses, and the board walk (our main street) are built on piling because of the tides. We really have tides here—the second largest in the world. The garbage disposal is unique and simple—just tossed out and what the gulls and crows do not eat is washed away with the tide. There is one doctor. The preacher is also U. S. Commissioner and representative for the Department of Public Welfare. We also have a U. S. Marshall and a jail which is constantly in use. There are a few white people in town and the rest are "natives." A "native" has either Indian or Eskimo blood or may be a combination with some Russian blood thrown in for good measure.

There are three or four other towns near here, reached by gas boat, for which I am responsible. I am trying to carry on a generalized program based on the principles of the F. N. S. The midwifery part may take some time to develop but I have one



case registered for delivery, due sometime in February. The home of this pre-natal is in Homer which the government is trying to develop into an agricultural community. I was over there last week to see my patient. She snow-shoed out from her homestead and I brought her back on a boat.

Everyone thinks of Alaska as a cold place. So far this has been a mild winter and I have enjoyed it. The scenery is gorgeous. I have a very comfortable apartment with all the conveniences, even to a piano which belongs to the community and is being stored with me. I am doing my own cooking which I cannot brag about, but it is fun trying the various foods such as moose meat, crabs, and clams. Food is expensive here because most of it is brought by boat. We receive mail once in two weeks. The boat is expected tomorrow morning. Boat day is about the most important day there is. Practically all work ceases. One rushes to the post office for the mail, then to the store to buy meat and fresh vegetables before they are all gone. In other words our little world spins around the boats.

. . . . .

**From Frances in New Mexico—January, 1940.**

The news about the training center for nurse-midwives is very encouraging. There is such a need for the nurse-midwife in frontier work. . . . We find that our lay friends are very much interested in the school child, but the problems of the rural mother and her baby seem remote to them.

There are in New Mexico 450 doctors practicing medicine in all its branches. Naturally they must live in the larger towns. Only the larger towns have hospitals worthy of the name. Three-fourths of our population is rural. A few counties, as large as some states, have only one or two or no hospitals, by reason of the fact that there is no urban population. There are 700 midwives, most of whom live in small communities much more isolated than the mere measurement of miles would indicate. . . .

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**From Mary C. in Montreal—February 3, 1940.**

The last issue of the Bulletin was very interesting and I was so pleased to read about the whereabouts of the old Staff members. I am ever and ever so sorry this war is depleting your



staff—it seems incredible—an upset on the “other side” affecting an organization in the hills. If I weren’t so very happily married, it would be a temptation to return.

From outward appearances one would hardly know Canada is at war—except for the many uniformed men on the streets, the guarded buildings, etc. Food and clothing prices are of course affected but thus far not drastically. At the moment we seem to be in a political upheaval, but I am sure the General Election which occurs in March will clear that.

I am not in any active war work—the volunteers have exceeded the demands. The Red Cross has more volunteers than can be used and I know several ladies who are waiting to be called for their service. So, just to feel I was doing something, we have had a few soldier boys and air force chaps here for good Sunday dinners. It is really very little, I must say. I’m sure we enjoyed having them as much as they enjoyed the food!

As far as I know, no nurses from Canada have gone overseas. In the Province of Quebec alone they have nearly 1,000 Registered Nurse volunteers who are all classified, organized, etc., ready for call. There are a few going over shortly. They are not taking nurses from the Victorian Order or the public health set-ups if possible, and considerable emphasis is being placed on keeping these organizations intact. No doubt the work of the Victorian Order will be increased instead of decreased.

Occasionally I work—a day here and there. If many nurses went overseas and a shortage occurred here, I would no doubt do some sort of work—but that state of affairs is nowhere near.

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#### BRAVO! MAJOR

BRUNSWICK, Me., Dec. 12.—Raymond Proute, aged 3 years, for whom several hundred persons searched all Thursday and through the night, was found yesterday fast asleep on a railroad embankment. His faithful collie, Major, was beside him, almost covering his little body and serving as protective warmth in the near-zero weather.

The dog’s barking led to the boy’s discovery when the noise of a railroad motor handcar frightened the animal. Two men on the handcar ran to where the dog was crouching and found the boy asleep. The place where the child was found is only 600 yards from his home.

Officials declared that the warmth of the dog’s body saved the boy from being frozen to death, as the temperature was only 5 degrees above zero during the night.—Special to the New York Times.



## FROM TAHLEQUAH

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Tahlequah, Oklahoma, February 20, 1940.

"My dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

"I look back now, to Kentucky, with more than my original curiousness, with an intimate fondness for all of those who have taken part in the Service's development and continuance. Further, it would be impossible to spend the time we spent with you and not maintain some feeling that I had, in some part, helped and thereby became a member of the family; the Service has that way of fraternalizing all participants!

"Having been interested in Rural Maternity Care for the past three years my six weeks with you have added to the many methods I have learned in this time, aimed to cope with the situation. As you well realized in the very beginning, many services render excellent but incomplete care. For example, many give excellent pre-natal service, and post partum service, but at that crucial moment when care at delivery is so very important, the patient is left to her own inadequate resources! Again, often there will exist many delivery services offered by hospitalization. These do give delivery care, but make no effort to teach the importance of before or after delivery care. The patient who is totally indigent or partially so, will, if she is fortunate, receive a portion of each, and be favored if her condition should, by chance, fall under the limitations of the care offered. I have always felt that therein lies the answer to the many questions regarding maternal mortality. Often, again, even if good, complete maternity care is offered, no provisions are made to care for the baby other than advice given and literature. So often have we brought babies into the world, with maximum effort and expense, only to have them die later for lack of small amounts of medical care, hospitalization or medicine, even when our consultant pediatrician was able to prescribe.

"In short, I feel that for rural areas, there are two problems facing us. First, rural areas rarely are capable of supporting good medical care. Secondly, where there are adequate Public



Health facilities, men in Public Health are limited in that they are forbidden to practice curative medicine. . . .

"To contrast The Frontier Nursing Service, with what could be called the Frontiers of Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, leaves a vivid picture in my mind of as near perfect a situation as I could have ever realized.

"It is difficult to depict to an outsider, the true value of your service. First of all, it represents a routine of **complete** care. Impressive enough is the fact that almost everyone pays something for this service. It represents an effort with success, to teach the value of this care, to such an extent that patients request and depend upon it. It offers an unbroken continuity from the day of birth to the grave, and gives that patient the knowledge of health security, he could not obtain any other way in his circumstances.

"It would be impossible for the spirit, one soon imbibes and retains upon short stay with the Service, not to invade the very hearts of all mountainfolk within its districts. This could never be accomplished by a number of unrelated individuals. It must and has been accomplished by the unified and indomitable spirit long since instilled into those who are included in its ranks. This spirit is present in the pride manifested in the Service, as well as in each individual's aim to complete a job well done. . . .

"Behind it all I remember the first day and Mac's genuine greeting; Kelly's perpetual smile; Brownie's pride in Bull Creek; Ben's itch to get out in the field; Betty's wish for a nice clean case; Gonnie's pets in the hospital; the hopes already written on the faces of Burt and Mitch; Peggy Brown's anticipation of a center; Fergie's babies at night; Penny's amazement at her first glimpse of how the English enjoy the little things in life; Sybil's temptation to ride; Vanda's pride in Red Bird; Boxie's philosophy of life; Dennie's reluctance to leave—(*nurses*); even Skye's and Barry's and Corkie's—(*dogs*) satisfaction in the part they played to lessen a lengthy day.

"All mirrored the spirit of the Service which did in no way infringe on individualism but gladly welcomed it to lend variety to life, and wholesome life at that!

"I still have visions of 'grab' and barrels and Christmas and laughter punctuated by the necessities of the Service; visions of



Wendover and fireplaces and laughing clerks, and couriers and tea; Christmas plays and carols, square dances and happy mountain people; clinics and my first horseback ride, to say nothing of my first delivery in Sim's position. How could I ever forget you? . . ."

"ISADORE DYER, M. D."

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#### TO CANADA

"Like little body with a mighty heart."  
King Henry V, Act 2.

In common with the whole English-speaking world, the Frontier Nursing Service shares the grief of our sister nation and the British Empire, in the loss of a truly good and great man. Minister's son and public servant, novelist and historian, thinker and adventurer, equally at home in universities and courts and primeval forests, rare and beautiful soul—such was the late Lord Tweedsmuir.

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#### ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHAPEL PLEDGES

We have been profoundly touched by the pledges for St. Christopher's Chapel. Up to February 27th, eighteen persons have pledged a total of \$2,469.00, and one English friend has sent a pound.

We have not received enough small pledges. No appeal will ever go out in connection with this chapel, for it can only be built out of the love, spontaneously expressed, of those who want to do it. We would particularly welcome a number of small pledges. We think there must be a good many people who can give only a very little and who have hesitated to pledge small sums. We will make a further report in the spring issue of the Bulletin.

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Found guilty of involuntary manslaughter in the death of James Centers, 57, following an election day fight last August, Clay Chambers, 18, today was fined \$50 by a Montgomery Circuit Court jury that deliberated an hour and 45 minutes.

Chambers died two days after the fight, supposedly of injuries suffered during the altercation. A physician testified at the trial, however, that he did not believe that Chambers' blow was hard enough to prove fatal to Centers.

From a Kentucky newspaper.



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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Both pictures used in this Bulletin were taken by Marvin Breckinridge. When you look at the three babies many of you will exclaim: "My blankets!" After reading "Little Man, What Now?" in this issue, there will be no doubt in the minds of any one of you of our need for baby clothes. Sometimes our supply has gotten so low that a layette has been used within a few days of reaching us. Some of the particularly lovely hand-knit articles are kept for Christmas presents, but all of the others go into the bundle that each new baby needs. We average more than a baby a day.

Of course we write our grateful thanks to each of the many dear friends who send us baby clothes from time to time, but we want to make special mention now of the groups of people who meet to knit and sew for our babies, or to buy and mail the indispensables of an infant's kit. Such groups during the current fiscal year are the following: The Riverdale Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, during its Lenten meetings; The Junior Emergency Relief Society of New York; the National Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority; the Babies Friendly Society, of Chicago, Illinois; the staff of the American Journal of Nursing; the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago; the Public Health Nurses Association of Rochester, N. Y.; the Altrusa Club of Kalamazoo, Michigan; and possibly other groups for which we have the names of the chairman or secretary only.

Baby clothes were included in many group Christmas shipments by our committees and others. Branches of the Needlework Guild of America which have sent us new baby clothes are those of Great Neck, Long Island; Princeton, New Jersey; Richmond, Kentucky; East Orange, New Jersey; Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; Covington, Kentucky, and Montclair, New Jersey.

Schools which have sent baby clothes, and in some cases have made them personally, during the past fiscal year, include the following: J. M. Atherton High School, Louisville, Kentucky; The Bennett Junior College, Millbrook, New York; Laurel School, Cleveland, Ohio; Northrop Collegiate School, Minneapolis, Min-



nesota; Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Connecticut; and the Hathaway-Brown School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Churches where Kings Daughters, the Ladies Aid Societies, the Friendly Classes, the Ladies Union Circles, and the Women's Sewing Guilds have made layettes include the following: Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, Illinois; St. Paul's Community Church, Homewood, Illinois; Second Baptist Church, Auburn, New York; First Church of Christ, West Hartford, Connecticut; Christ Church, Cincinnati, Ohio; Congregational Church, South Vernon, Massachusetts; First Congregational Church, Nantucket, Massachusetts; Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Grove City, Pennsylvania; Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; Presbyterian Church, Madison, New Jersey; First Presbyterian Church, Englewood, New Jersey; Trinity Church, Hartford, Connecticut; St. Mark's Emergency Society and the Cathedral Unit, both of New York City.

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We were interested to read extracts from a speech given at the American Public Health Association's meeting by Dr. George C. Ruhland, Health Officer of Washington, D. C. He said that in his judgment the most significant change that would characterize the future program of public health nursing services, so far as official agencies were concerned, would be the extension of bedside care.

We of the Frontier Nursing Service can not even imagine what our public health preventive work would amount to unless we gave bedside nursing care. In our preventive work we have given over a hundred thousand inoculations (mostly to eliminate typhoid and diphtheria), and we are convinced that without bedside nursing care we could not have given a third as many. The patient you nurse through pneumonia, the woman whose call you answer in her birth agony, the baby that you carry through an attack of dysentery—such cases are open sesame to the family, to the neighborhood, for your teaching. You have rendered a service that the family needs and wants, and after that you and the family are friends.

In one of the stories by the Sadhu Sundar Singh, he speaks of watching a man who tried to get his cow across a rising river. She could not be coaxed, she would not be driven. Finally the



Sadhu said: "Pick the calf up and carry it across and the mother will follow." When you have restored a dying baby to its mother's arms, you hold her and her people ever afterwards in the hollow of your hand.

Since October, 1937, Mrs. Thompson of Thompson's Saddlery, in Lexington, has repaired the F. N. S. saddles and saddlebags. She gives her time, and charges only for the materials used at cost price. She says the Service is "her major charity." We are truly grateful.

We welcome on our National Medical Council two distinguished men of Providence, Rhode Island, Dr. Herman C. Pitts and Dr. George W. Waterman.

From our clipping bureau we gather that our cooperative friends, the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority Alumnae, have lately been holding a lot of meetings and giving a lot of benefits for the Social Service section of the Frontier Nursing Service, and we are deeply grateful, and hope that every venture has met with the success it deserves. We note that our friend, Mrs. Warren Drummond, of Evansville, Illinois, was guest of honor and one of the speakers at the Cleveland Pan-Hellenic luncheon. Mrs. Drummond is a delightful speaker and one of the most charming women in America.

The Baltimore Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which Dr. John Bergland is Chairman, is giving a benefit for the F. N. S. on Wednesday, April 24th, at 8:45 in the evening, at the Maryland Casualty Auditorium in Baltimore. Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon is Benefit Chairman, and all communications should be addressed to her, at 209 Ridgewood Road, Roland Park, Baltimore.

The Baltimore Committee has shown excellent judgment and good taste in choosing for the first benefit it has ever given the famous Dillard University Choir of Plantation Singers, of New Orleans, of which Frederick Hall is the Director. The pageant is called "The Birth of a Song" and it shows the development of the Negro Spiritual, in traditional costume and with dramatic setting.



The price of the tickets for this really beautiful performance is reasonable, and we hope all of our friends in and around Baltimore will be sure to attend. This is the first appearance in Baltimore of the famous Dillard University Choir.

The sympathy of the whole Frontier Nursing Service is extended to Dr. Isadore Dyer on the recent and sudden death of his mother in New Orleans.

We quote from a letter from Mrs. Dyer about the cold weather in the Deep South: "We stayed on in New Orleans until the first of the month. While we were there the freezing weather came, as it did all over the country, and we saw snow for the first time in our lives on Louisiana soil. It was quite a treat, but as you know the houses aren't built for such extreme weather and so we suffered accordingly. The poor negroes were dying by the dozens, as there wasn't enough coal and wood to go around. Even though the snow was beautiful, it was certainly tragic."

Our chief statistician, Genevieve C. Weeks, during a December holiday in Providence, spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service, with Marvin Breckinridge's pictures, to the Vassar Club of Rhode Island. She also spoke informally at a tea given her by friends.

Just recently Miss Weeks attended a banquet of the Vassar Club of Kentucky, held in Louisville at the Pendennis Club, to open an endowment drive. One of the guest speakers at the dinner was our trustee, Mrs. Frank L. McVey, wife of the President of the University of Kentucky. The President of the Vassar Club of Kentucky is Miss Sarah Atherton, a member of our Louisville Committee. The Athertons entertained Genevieve out at their country place. This is only one of the many courtesies that they extend to the Frontier Nursing Service. Recently our courier, Molly Hays, had to go down to Louisville to take some crippled children to the hospitals, and bring back several more. The Atherton girls, Sarah and Cornelia, met her at the station, took her and the children to the various hospitals, took her home overnight, collected the next lot of children the next day, and took them all to the train. Such services are of more help to us, and give us more happiness, than we can begin to express.



A recent wedding in Louisville of great interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of our Louisville Committee member, Miss Anne Babcock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Babcock of Glenview, to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, III, son of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and grandson of President Theodore Roosevelt. The young people will make their home in Louisville, and we wish them every happiness.

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Our Chicago courier, Barbara Ingersoll, of Winnetka, Illinois, found herself several weeks ago at Saint Sauveur, in Canada, for a bit of skiing. She was standing by one of the ski tows, talking to a friend about the F. N. S., when a man immediately in front of her asked her pardon, but wondered if she would let him tell her that he was Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., the husband of the chairman of the New York Committee of the F. N. S. This incident led to delightful introductions all around.

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Brooke Alexander, of New York, will always be remembered in the Kentucky mountains, where he spent three summers as a boy—a most useful boy to have around on a frontier. His grandmother, the late Mrs. Anson Maltby, gave the new addition to the Wendover barn called to this day "Aunt Jane's Barn." Brooke was married on January 20th at the Church of the Incarnation, to Miss Elizabeth Burnett of Pennsylvania. We wish this dear young couple every happiness this world can hold.

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On Tuesday, February 13th, the Director went down to Lexington, Kentucky, where she had the honor of speaking to the Vocational Conference of the Student Government Association of the University of Kentucky, at the dinner which concluded the two days of meetings. It was a great pleasure for her to speak to the Lions' Club of Lexington the next day, and to the Iota Chapter of the Phi Upsilon Omicron Sorority at the University Wednesday evening. This small and delightful chapter of a most useful sorority years ago gave the Frontier Nursing Service one of the best horses we ever had—"Hazard Jim"—peace to his memory. From Thursday to Saturday the Director was in Louisville, as the guest of our dear trustee, Miss Mattie Norton, for



an Executive Committee meeting at the Pendennis Club, for a meeting of the Louisville Committee at a tea given by its chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, at the Arts Club, for a speech to the Louisville Visiting Nurse Association, and other engagements. Our courier, Fanny McIlvain, with Toto, her big police dog, motored down out of the mountains on Sunday, and after church the Director went back with them. We ran into a bad roadway accident, and were able to help move an injured and unconscious man to an ambulance that finally came for him. Fortunately the accident was in the Blue Grass, where ambulances can be swiftly procured.

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Mrs. Arthur Bray, of Yorkshire, England, needs no introduction to the readers of this Bulletin. Three times she has made long visits to us in the Kentucky mountains, and she calls her place in England, "British Headquarters of the Frontier Nursing Service." Many of our old staff, nurses and couriers alike, have been entertained in her hospitable home. This home has been filled to overflowing with evacuated children and school teachers. Recently, in sending us a pledge for St. Christopher's Chapel, she wrote that all of her guests were allowed to go home for the holidays, and admits that it was restful to have her place to herself for a wee bit.

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Another person who will always be remembered gratefully in the Kentucky mountains is Bertram Ireland, of Scotland, now in Brooklyn. She it was who headed the study we made of births and deaths the summer before the actual nursing work of the F. N. S. began. She it was who did similar studies for the late Sir Leslie Mackenzie in the Scotch Highlands and Islands. In a recent letter she writes as follows:

"All my inclination is to return home and help my country, but I have been told over and over again that I can help best by remaining here as women are not wanted yet. So I am sending my family money, and sending some to friends with young families, as I know that taxation is of necessity very heavy. And I have found war work here in the way of organizing (private) entertainment for stranded sailors; especially did I do some-



thing for the four torpedoed crews that were brought to New York City. They were very appreciative. Now I am doing something for the crews of the Queen Mary and Mauretania that are here for the duration, much as they want to be on more active service."

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We send our warmest congratulations to the Honorable and Mrs. Robert J. Bulkley, of Cleveland, on the birth of a daughter, Rebecca ("Becky"), in December, 1939. We hope she will some day make as excellent a courier as her older sister, Kay.

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We are glad to comply with the request of the Children's Bureau, and call the attention of our readers to May Day, Monday, May 1st, which is Child Health Day. The Children's Bureau will send suggestions for the celebration of this day to any interested group.

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A brief but excellent story about the Frontier Nursing Service by our Washington courier, Marion Shouse, appeared in the January, 1940, Junior League News Letter of Washington, D. C.

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We extend our profound sympathy to the British Journal of Nursing and to the Royal British Nurses Association in the loss on December 19th of Miss Margaret Breay. One of the wreaths sent after her death has this inscription: "With gratitude for half a century's incomparable devotion to duty." No truer words were ever spoken.

From 1885 when she entered the school of nursing attached to historic St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London until her earthly end, her services were given freely. Her trained mind and hands, her exquisite and profoundly religious soul, were all devoted to the cause of nursing and midwifery. From the mission field in Central Africa Miss Breay passed to the editorial staff of the great nursing journal to which she gave forty years of her life. In editorial work on the British Journal of Nursing and as a member of the Royal British Nurses Association, Miss Breay



fought for years for national registration of trained nurses. She was Honorary Treasurer of the International Council of Nurses for twenty-one years and attended and reported all of its meetings, from the initial one in London where it was founded on July 1st, 1899.

None who knew Margaret Breay at all well could have failed to love her. She was one of God's shining ones.

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We are sure that almost everyone who reads this Bulletin has given money to Finland, whether through the Honorable Herbert Hoover's Finnish Relief Fund, direct to the Finnish Legation in Washington, or through the American Red Cross. It may be possible for some of you to squeeze out yet more money for this stricken country. From the Secretary of our New York Committee, Mrs. Carnes Weeks, we have received an appeal for the American Scandinavian Field Hospital, now being outfitted and soon to be sent over. Among the patrons are Mr. Herbert Hoover and His Excellency Hjalmar Procopé, the Minister of Finland. Complete information may be obtained from: American Scandinavian Field Hospital Unit, Inc., 340 Park Avenue, New York City.

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#### MRS. JOG SEES IT THROUGH

Mrs. Jog, a twenty-year-old chestnut shooting cob in England, was a favorite mount of the late distinguished Sir Robert Jones. His daughter, our dear friend Mrs. Frederick Watson, has met the problem of the shortage of petrol by riding Mrs. Jog into her nearest market town of Blandford several times a week. She carries a pair of Frontier Nursing Service saddlebags, in which to bring back her household supplies.

Mrs. Watson's daughter, Flora, now in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, is stationed at a camp about fourteen miles from their country home. She solves her petrol problem when she has a weekend off duty, by riding her hunter the fourteen miles between the camp and her home.

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#### CLOVE TEA

I remember years ago in my country village, our very efficient and beloved midwife who practically took all the cases, as we were miles from a town and doctor. She was very old, had a huge goitre and was not very nimble on her feet, so that when the case was urgent, she has been rushed to it in a wheelbarrow! Other transport impossible. Her stock medicine she told me was a cupful of clove tea as it hastened the birth.

—Midwives' Chronicle & Nursing Notes, London.



## FIELD NOTES

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*"The yielding branch his load scarce bears,  
Oppress'd with snow and frozen tears;  
While the dumb rivers slowly float,  
All bound up in an icy coat."*

Henry Vaughan, Seventeenth Century.

We of the Frontier Nursing Service have no cause to complain of the weather this winter, because it has been universally awful almost everywhere, on this continent and in Europe.

Vanda Summers said that the thermometer had fallen to ten below zero on the front porch of the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River. She adds: "It has been quite a problem keeping the ice in the horse trough broken up for the horses and cow to get a drink. It seems to freeze over in an hour!"

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The hardest part of the winter for us has been an enormous number of flu and pneumonia cases. As we go to press, we have pneumonias who should be hospitalized, having to be nursed in their homes, because we have no more beds empty at our hospital. Of course our maternity work is always carried with increased difficulty during the winter months. Babies are no respecters of blizzards, and they seem to take an unholy delight in arriving on the worst conceivable nights, when the poor horses can barely make their way over the icy trails.

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In our spring issue of the Quarterly Bulletin, we will give a full report on our course in midwifery and frontier technique. We are deeply grateful to the friends whose funds have enabled us to carry this emergency. The working out of the course has been enthralling, to us as well as to the pupil nurse-midwives.

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The hardships of severe weather and much sickness have been intensified for the Frontier Nursing Service by a shortage of district nurse-midwives. The fourth nurse to sail for Eng-



land, Grace Winifred Dennis (Dennie), left in January. She did not feel that she was greatly needed at the moment in the Old Country, but she felt that it was essential for her to be close to her mother. During the last war, the steamer on which Dennie's father and mother were returning from Africa to England was torpedoed, and her father was drowned. Dennie's brother is now at sea, and her mother is feeling the strain terribly. Dennie is one of the ablest of our crowd, and we miss her sorely.

It is quite impossible for us to plan our field work intelligently for the next six months, as there is no way of knowing what is coming in the spring. If the war spreads in Europe, we shall be crippled indeed.

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Very few people come in to see us during the late autumn, winter, and early spring months, and among the few who come are always some of our old couriers, and occasionally their friends. Marion Shouse made one of her pre-Christmas visits, and brought Barbara Bradley of Washington, D. C., with her. Barbara Bullitt came up from Louisville for a few days in January, to take snow pictures. We had a most interesting visit from Dr. T. Paul Haney, Jr., the Public Health Officer for Pike County, Mississippi. He wanted to know how soon we could train two of his graduate nurses in midwifery. Well, until we have our Nurses' Home, we can train only two at a time, and Heaven knows how big an emergency we will have to meet in our own field before the close of the year. Whenever the emergency is over, or in advance of that if a Nurses' Home is given us, we will be enchanted to take two of Dr. Haney's nurses.

Another welcome guest was our own Edith Marsh, now doing a most interesting piece of work in Cleveland, about which we will have something in another issue of the Bulletin.

Our latest guests have been Mrs. Whitlock Disher and Mr. Charles Tucker, of the N. Y. A., from Louisville, and Mr. Ballard Morris, the area engineer of the N. Y. A. at Hazard. They rode up to the Jessie Preston Draper nursing center at Beech Fork, to stay overnight with our nurses Green and Inty, who had twenty leading citizens of our neighborhood committee for a noon dinner. The purpose of the visit was to plan a recrea-



tion center of the N. Y. A. for that section, where the young people have literally nothing to do in their leisure time. The nurses and the mountaineers welcome the prospect with enthusiasm.

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We extend our most grateful thanks to our trustee, Mr. Walter Hoskins, of Leslie County, for having lent us the ground in Hyden on which we have for years kept the garage for the Frontier Nursing Service car. It will be remembered that a Ford car was given us by a friend in Detroit when the State highway got in as far as Hyden, and before there was any other road building. This Hyden lot of Mr. Hoskins is as valuable as any in the county, and he has let us have the use of it free over a long period of years. It is just the kind of thing that our trustees do for us, in, as well as out of, the mountains, and our hearts are humbled as well as warmed by the immense generosity of our friends.

Since the state road has been extended up to Muncy Creek, we have decided to move our garage to the Mouth of Muncy. Here again we are indebted to an old friend and committee member in the mountains for generous courtesy. Mr. Elihu Mosely has let us have the use of a strip of his land at the Mouth of Muncy.

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Weddings of special interest to us in the Wendover neighborhood this winter, because the brides came from our household domestic staff, were those of May Fields to Walton Maggard, on December 24th, and of Eunice Morgan to Burton Shell, on January 6th. May has been with us for years, and Eunice since she left the Byars' Dormitory at Hyden. We wish these dear girls every happiness.

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In a recent Bulletin we mentioned our appreciation of the kindness of Mr. Ance Roberts, of our Beech Fork Committee, in building a log room on to his own house so that the F. N. S. could use it as a clinic. We now want to extend our thanks to Mr. Lawrence Morgan, on Grassy, in the same seventy-eight



square mile area, who has lent a room to the nurses for the use of their mothers and babies.

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Recent additions to the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service are Miss Ruth Peninger, of Shawnee, Oklahoma, who is attached to the Hospital, and Miss Jean Kay, of Pittstown, Pennsylvania, who has just joined our group of nurse-midwives. At her own expense, Miss Kay took her graduate training as a midwife in Scotland some time ago, in order to work with the Frontier Nursing Service. She followed this up with district and public health experience at Henry Street before sending in her application. It came to us at a welcome time, when our staff was so depleted by the loss of overseas nurses.

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Our resident senior courier, Jean Hollins, is now visiting her family. While she is absent, our old courier, Fanny McIlvain, of Philadelphia, has come down as resident senior. Molly Hays, of Pittsburgh, is back with us as senior courier, and the juniors are Katharine Randolph, of St. Louis, and Sheila Clark, of Philadelphia. This is a splendid line-up of couriers, and we need it during the bitter weather.

We welcome Emma Coulter, of Pittsburgh, who has come down to do volunteer work for two months in addressing the annual spring appeals. Emma had applied for a courier post, but as there was no vacancy she came to do the appeals instead.

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Three of the nurses at Hyden (Ben, the nurse-midwife, and Penny and Davie from the Hospital staff) and two of the domestic staff at the Hospital, Mattie and Tyler, have developed an immense interest in basketball. They go down to the gymnasium in the new W. P. A. Hyden High School one evening a week, to play with the Hyden school girls. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Estridge, the school principal, and Miss Grace Stidham, the school coach, the F. N. S. almost has a full-grown team. We have had three matches with the High School girls. The first two games were walkaways for the High School, but the last game the F. N. S. lost by only three points.



From Dr. Frank P. Murphy, of Omaha, Nebraska, we received a wonderful gift of seven Head-On battery lights for the use of Dr. Kooser and the nurse-midwives in cabin deliveries. The couriers presented the problem of nursing sick horses in a barn in such moving terms that one of the Head-On lights was allotted to them.

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Wendover deeply appreciates the gift of a generous supply of knives, forks, and spoons from our New York courier, Mary Jameson. It is nice to have enough to go around.

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The Caroline Butler Atwood nursing center at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River has received a marvelous shipment of books from the Bond Stores of Cincinnati. These include adventure stories, children's books, wholesome novels, religious books, etc. Louise Mowbray ("Charlie") has placed some of the books in our own lending library at the center, given others to the missionary in the district, and handed the rest over to the W. P. A. Pack Horse Library.

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Collis Shoe Store in Lexington, Kentucky, has sent us, within the last few months, two shipments of children's shoes in good condition. This store asks the clients who come to buy shoes to give their old ones to the Frontier Nursing Service. Although worn, these shoes are always in usable condition, and are of such good quality that we find them most serviceable. Collis Shoe Store has been doing this for us a long time, and has saved many a pair of little feet from exposure to the mud and snow and ice.

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Every year the Courier-Journal and The Louisville Times Newspaper conducts a Home and Farm Improvement Campaign in Kentucky. The purpose of this campaign is "to promote the prosperity of agriculture in Kentucky, increase the income and raise the living standards of the agricultural families of this area."



In order to win an award in this campaign, the entrant had to keep a record book for the year 1939, showing what he had done during the year in soil conservation, diversification of crops, home improvement, and including a report of the community activities of his family, plus complete inventories of his land, buildings, livestock, feed, machinery and equipment, etc.

Mr. Granville Cornett, of Camp Creek, in Leslie County, won honorable mention in the campaign this year. His award was an invitation to the Farm Campaign Dinner at the Brown Hotel in Louisville, with a day and evening of free entertainment.

We extend our proud congratulations to Mr. Cornett.

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#### Not There

(Wall Street Journal)

Counsel—What did the accused say to you?

Witness—He said that he had taken the car.

Counsel—Yes, but did he speak in the third person?

Witness—No, there was no third person present.

Counsel—Now, understand me. I mean, did he say, "I have stolen the car"?

Witness—No, sir. You never came into the argument.

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When an old-time Chinaman was asked what he thought of the railroad, he replied: "I do not like it! It takes people rapidly from the places they don't want to leave, and carries them to places where they don't want to go; it makes the devil of a noise, and it disturbs the bones of our ancestors."—Contributed.

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There was an old man of Hawaii  
Who ate too much whale and shark pail;  
So, quaffing the sperm-oil,  
He quitted the turmoil  
Without even saying "Good-baii!"

—Contributed.



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## DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

MR. C. N. MANNING,

Security Trust Company,  
Lexington, Kentucky.



## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

To facilitate the making of gifts of this sort, it is suggested that if they come by will there be added to the form shown above some such language as the following: "This devise is to be used (here describe the purpose.)"

### Suggestions for special bequest:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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



PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

of the County of Santa Clara, California, held at the County Administration Center, San Jose, California, on the 14th day of May, 1968.

Present: [Illegible names]  
Absent: [Illegible names]  
The Board of Supervisors met in regular session at 9:00 a.m. and the following business was transacted:  
1. [Illegible item]  
2. [Illegible item]  
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