The Quarterly Bulletin of The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

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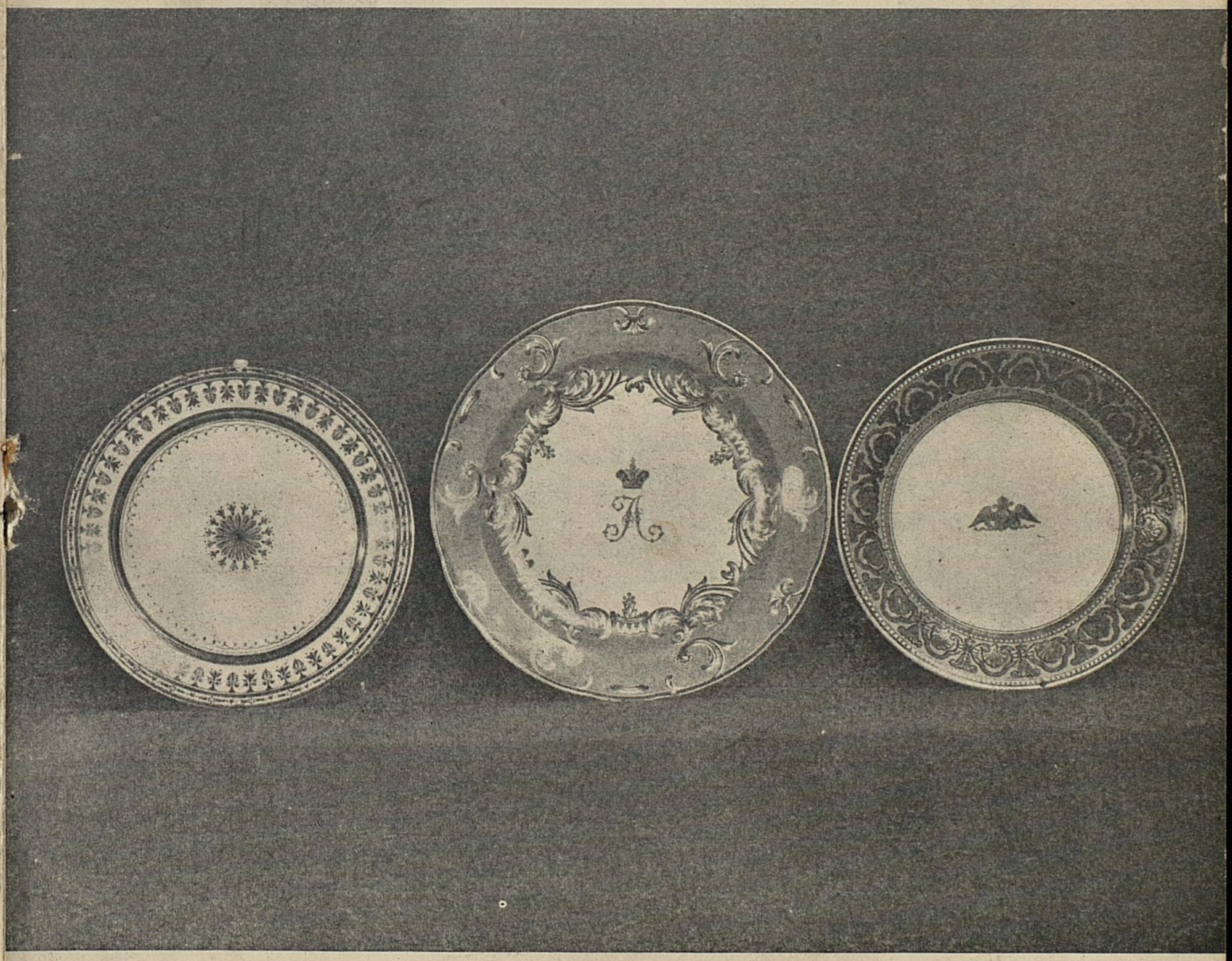
IMPERIAL RUSSIAN CHINA



Alexander II Nicholas I Alexander III

Mary Gordon (Pittsburgh Courier), "Laddie" and Baby Friend

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

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IMPERIAL RUSSIAN CHINA

The Frontier Nursing Service has been given six plates of the Gardner china from the reign of Catherine the Great and six Imperial and monogrammed plates, one each, from the following reigns:

Catherine II ("the Great")	reigned	1762-1796
Paul	"	1796-1801
Alexander I	"	1801-1825
Nicholas I	"	1825-1855
Alexander II	"	1855-1881
Alexander III	"	1881-1894

This china, with other pieces, was collected by Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge from the old markets during the years 1893-97, when her husband was the American Minister at the city then called St. Petersburg. The china was rare even in Russia in those days and was obtained with the help of the Russian-speaking employees of the American Legation. These plates have never left the Breckinridge family and are now offered for sale for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. Anyone interested in buying them, and wishing to see photographs, is asked to communicate with the Director.

This is a wonderful opportunity for a private collector. It is rare to find old china from an authentic source that has not passed frequently through commercial hands. These pieces have been in the possession of the family which collected them over forty years ago in the old markets of the old Empire in the Old World. Unique as is the history of the china, it is even more unusual for a collector of the beautiful to indulge his taste and at the same time feel that comfortable sensation which comes from the charitable use of his money.

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WELLS AND THE WATER WITCH

We have discovered that one of our nurses, Mary Cummings from Wisconsin, is a "water-witch!"

Through the generosity of its donor, the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River has a new well drilled to eighty feet below the river bed by a huge gasoline engine drill that came up from Lexington, one hundred and sixty-five miles away. The driller candidly said that he could not be sure that any site chosen would yield water. We resorted to the use of a dowser in the neighborhood, and in following him about Mary Cummings discovered that she had the same gift of the divining rod. The well is a wonder.

Over at Hyden at the Hospital our old well has not proved equal to the enormous growth of the Hospital and its needs. Through the generosity of the donor of the Mary Ballard Morton Wing of the Hospital we were able to use the drillers for a new well, and the question of a site again came up. Our own water-witch, Mary Cummings, with a peach-tree slip, went over acres of ground and where the divining rod made the strongest pull for water we started drilling. At two hundred and ten feet, namely, one hundred and three feet below the river bed, we got what old Uncle George, the driller, calls one of the biggest flows of water he has ever reached in twenty-five years of drilling—inexhaustible.

WHAT STOPPED RAVEN?

"From ghoulies and ghosties
And long leggety beasties
And things that go bump in the night:
Good Lord, deliver us. Amen."

—Old Cornish Litany.

The word "hello," so familiar to all Frontier nurses, sounded under my window at Hyden and fetched me out to a midwifery case way over the mountain in the middle of a dark night.

The man who came for me had no mule, and, as my patient had sent word for me to hurry, I left him behind with instructions to follow my trail. It is one of our few rules that no nurse rides alone at night, but I knew the man would never be far behind and we nurses are safe. Our uniform allows us to go anywhere in the mountains, and it is only fear of accident which prevents our riding alone at night. So, with no hesitation, Raven and I set off in the darkness. We rode up and up the mountain, and I was thinking how quiet and peaceful was everything and wondering if the woman would be all right.

On the ridge we could ride quickly, but when we came to the descent of the mountain on the far side, I decided to cut down a seldom used trail in a hollow to save time. We turned down the head of the hollow, closely guarded by tree-covered mountains, where a little creek started on its way to the river. Soon we were deep in among the trees and going slowly because of the rocks. Suddenly, with no sight or sound that I could see or hear, Raven halted in her stride, with a snort of fear, ears pointed, her body rigid, and a cold sweat breaking out on her. I sat tense and strained, listening, too scared to move.

In the darkness ahead I saw the ruins of a little abandoned cabin. Raven at first refused to pass. I had to talk to her and sooth her. Gradually, after what seemed an eternity, the tenseness left Raven's body and she shivered, as I did. We passed out of the hollow and struck into a wider trail. The fear had gone, but it had left behind a feeling of unhappiness.

We reached the house, where I was expecting the baby, in plenty of time. As we sat in the lighted room by the fire, talking of ordinary things, my patient, two neighbor women and I, I explained that I was alone because I had outdistanced my patient's husband in coming across the mountain. After a while one of the women turned to me and asked in an awe-struck voice, "Miss Lester, did you come past the hollow by yourself?" Smiling cheerfully I said, "Of course, why not?" But I waited tensely for the answer. "Don't you know hits ha'nted? A man was killed up in thar years ago and you can hear him moaning. I sure wouldn't go by thar, day or night. And you came through thar by yourself alone!" Except for that I would not have mentioned my experience, but now I told them about Raven. "And you didn't see or hear nothing?" questioned my patient. "No, Sue," I replied, "not a thing. Raven just stopped." "Well, hit was thar!" And no more was said.

After daybreak the baby came. When I had done everything needed for him and his mother, Raven and I started back in the sunshine and returned through the haunted hollow. Gloomy it is even in daylight, cold and still. There was no happiness in that place of shadow, rather an awful loneliness. I was new to this country then and knew nothing of the story connected with the hollow. What was it that stopped Raven? She was new to the country too, for she had come up from the Blue Grass not long before. She stood registering fear in every part of her—communicating it to me—and I felt fear as I have never felt it before or since.

—Betty Lester.

FROM TWO ENGLISH BOYS TOURING THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

"I can't tell you how much we enjoyed it, apart from the interest of seeing your wonderful work at first hand. It will have been one of the most interesting parts of the whole trip."

LEAVES FROM A COURIER'S JOURNAL

Wendover, Kentucky.
Sunday, July the fifth, 1936.

There is a sort of celestial calm that settles over Wendover of a Sunday morning. After the bustle of the week, the noises of the men working and repairing, and the sight of flying figures circulating between the Big House and the Garden house, the place seems strangely peaceful and deserted. Solitary bathrobe-clad figures stroll slowly about at nine or ten or even eleven o'clock. A "rest when you may" attitude permeates even to the stables and the chicken yard. . . .

I got up about a quarter to nine and strolled over to breakfast, joining Fannie, Topsy and Mrs. Duvall. * * * We considered taking some of the horses to pasture, but when we were through treating "Babbette's" foot, painting "Flint's" hocks and combing the paddock for the wicked nail that made the former's wound, the sky looked so overcast that we decided against it. I wish you could have viewed us, you who usually see one ear and a lock of hair buried under a sheet until noon as your delightful daughter, I wish you could have viewed us, I say, scrubbing about on our hands and knees in the steep sloped dirt of the paddock, scraping at half buried retaining logs for the sharp object that has rendered "Babbette" temporarily dead wood. But maybe it's just as well, for in case you had I might have to rise with the dawn in Washington, instead of going to bed by it, which would distress me no end.

Fannie had just turned "Rex" out in the paddock for a solitary roll (he's supposed to kick other horses), when the first drops of a rain that looked like business splattered in the dust by the tack room door. So she turned him in again and we fled to the Garden House, only getting slightly damp enroute. There we put in the balance of the morning compiling a chart of horse diseases to be typed and hung in the tack room for

the benefit of those nebulous beings: the couriers yet to come. The sky banged and clattered about our ears. . . .

* * * * About four we decided to get tea. Today it was sort of grim. The fire in the stove had gone out, and we aren't supposed to use coal oil to start it since some courier almost blew herself up. The coal scuttles were empty besides, which meant a trip to the woodpile and coal house to replenish them. I went up, being dirty past repair anyhow, to lay in more coal, and got good and grimy before I succeeded in filling the two scuttles. It took a long time to get the fire to burn, and I guess we never would have, had it not been for Fannie who came out and did mysterious things with a poker and after a while got a blaze. Tea was indifferent, but nobody seemed to mind too much.

Buck turned up with some amazing cube root problem that tied Minnie, Wilma and Marion into knots of mathematics, so we cleared away the tea things and went out to water the horses. After almost each one watered, he or she would face about, neatly fold under his front legs and sink down into the cinders for a good, long dirty, satisfying roll. . . . .

Just as we were finishing Bland rode up on "Gloria." She was worried about her back, which is always tender, so we dosed it with an alum rubdown. * * * * Then we got worried about "Babbette's" eye, which was discharging a yellowish substance, so we bathed it out and then came to the Garden House to look up eye diseases in the horse book. Of course after the periodic ophthalmia epidemic two years ago a runny eye is a red flag around here, but from the symptoms we are sure it isn't that—probably just dust.

Wednesday, July the eighth.

Today started early for me as I was up about five to get Peggy's horse, "Gypsy King," ready for her to start back. She is riding through to the Atwood Center at Flat Creek, and wanted to be well launched before the heat became too severe. This weather is pretty bad for the horses if they have to make long trips. Even if you just barely crawl they sweat terribly.

It was a chill, misty dawn. . . . The colors were all soft greys and greens, edging into orange and rose up river. Even

the old barn looked exotic and mysterious in the pale morning light.

The Big House was still solemnly asleep except for Peggy who had just risen. I had had ideas of staying up and having breakfast with her and mounting her, but they fled before the comforting thoughts of forty more winks, so I put "Gypsy King's" saddle and bridle out, asked Jahugh to saddle him whenever Peggy was ready, and went back to bed. It was cold enough so that lying on the top of my bed I had to throw a blanket over me!

* * * *

It was clinic day at Wendover, so a steady stream of mothers and children filed past the stables all morning long. Some of the little kids are awful cute. They are shy things but sweet and pretty.

Tuesday, July the fourteenth.

Edna is a sow. She has mothered, I guess, most of the pigs around this part of the county. Fannie and I have been noticing her on our trips down to the river with the horses. She's simply colossal, and looks as though she'd have her pigs most any time. This morning she was gone from her usual haunt in pig alley, and Fannie saw her fording the river down by the watering place, with purpose in her stride. When we got down there we tried to cross from stone to stone, but after stepping inadvertently into the water two or three times I gave it up and just waded the rest of the way. The mountain rises steeply from the river's edge on the far side and there is a heavy growth of bushes and young trees along the bank. We peered up and down river in the deep shade and spotted Edna standing in a mud hole, groaning gently.

"What if she should have her pigs right there? They'll all drown." "I don't believe she's ready yet, she's maybe just starting." This from me, for I spied a comfortable seat up on the bank. "Let's sit and watch her for a while. She ought to be under observation." We settled ourselves at a safe distance, where there were plenty of avenues of retreat, for Edna was

no sow to trifle with and when we had approached her, her groans had changed to snarls.

It was hot, sitting there, and the inner courier warned us that lunch time was approaching. We consulted our watches, then searchingly gazed at Edna, decided that maybe an hour of solitude would really be better for her than we were, and that in case of emergency we could get back pretty fast, and headed for Wendover.

At lunch Mrs. Breckinridge suggested that we drive her up to the horse-hospital barn lot where she could have her children in a dry comfortable place. "A cinch," we told each other, "only difficulty in that she may not want to move, and herding her will be slow." But we were dead wrong.

On our return we found her in about the same position that we had left her. "I'll go upstream," said Fannie, "and drive her down. You stay on this side of her and keep her from the island." Agreed, we took our stations and as Fannie worked down on her left flank I strolled up the bank gently calling, "shoo," and throwing pebbles and branches in her wallow. For a few minutes nothing happened. Then with purpose in every inch of her, Edna heaved herself out of her wallow. "Oh boy," I thought, looking for a handy tree, "that pig means business." Giving a mighty snort, she shook herself, and started catercornered across stream down river. Fannie doubled her pace, waving a stick and shouting. I danced along parallel with Edna on her left side but at a safe distance. She headed right for the thick underbrush at the head of the island. "Head her off," shrieked Fannie, hopping from stone to stone. "Head her off. If she gets in there we'll never get her out." Protesting hotly that that was just what I was doing, I made a great show of shooing and pebble-throwing, but I guess I was too far on the safe side to do any good. Bang through the brush went the sow, Fannie and I in hot pursuit. To complicate things one of her sons by a former marriage was beaten out of the bushes, and kept starting a movement off to the right. She crossed at the ford just below the swimming hole, picking up a few more offspring enroute, then scrambled up to the road with extraordinary agility. By this time we were herding

four pigs instead of one, and finding it pretty tough going. I was no good at all, being seized with an attack of hysterical laughter, but Fannie ranged the mountainside after the snorting throng, urging, cajoling and forcibly persuading them back up pig alley. When we got to the incinerator they tried to detour down behind the lower barn lot, but we finally bagged them in the road, divorced Edna from all except her recalcitrant son, and drove the two of them through the gate. He immediately was persuaded to leave by a hole through the fence, but her size was prohibitive.

Wednesday, July the fifteenth.

At about half past five I woke up to the tune of ear-splitting thunderbolts. The thought of Edna roused me to sleepy concern; so donning a bathing suit I trotted down pig alley to the horse-hospital barn to find her peacefully snoozing in a kind of dirt nest, dry and warm, with not a piglet in sight.

It was lovely in the soft rain with the grey light of dawn just descending through the valley, and the long morning silence still undisturbed. Everything smelled clean and fresh, and the dusty flowers along the Garden House wall looked new and vivid against the wet stone.

* * * *

Fannie had to go up Camp Creek right after breakfast, and Topsy had spent the night at the Hyden Hospital, so I was left sole courier in charge, which was fun for me but tough on the horses. After they were watered, Vanda, Lucile and I set out for Edna again. She's Fannie's and my first delivery and we are consumed with anxiety about her. It seems odd that it would take her so everlastingly long, after having had so much experience. No soap, however, nor any signs of any. Back to the stables, Vanda left, Fannie came back, and we did odds and ends.

Saturday, July the seventeenth.

* * * * Some child, a little boy about four, was supposed to ride in with us to go to the hospital to be dewormed. We

got him up in the saddle in front of me, protesting that he really didn't want to go, and then he fussed so much we took him down again. That was a great mistake, for we couldn't persuade him to get back up. Topsy, who is good with children, cajoled and talked to him. If I hadn't put my oar in she might have won him over, but I tried the usual icky goo stuff, and it didn't work at all except to fix his resolve more firmly than ever that he wouldn't leave his mother, so we stood about in a helpless way and sort of gently did nothing. . . .

We had a casualty today which was pretty grim. Margaret, the Wendover nurse, fell with her horse "Rex", and hurt her leg. She is in at the Hyden Hospital now. * * * *

Tuesday, July the twentieth.

A new nurse, Mary Hollins, was due this morning on the early bus, so I hauled my lazy carcass from my warm sheets, and, after an early breakfast, saddled "Gloria" and "Diana" and rode up to the Head of Hurricane to meet her.

A fresh, summer morning, fairly cool in the woods, but even at that hour already hot enough so that a sizzler seemed inevitable. I like riding up there, though this was my first trip since I was here two years ago. There are a good many houses along the road, and there are lovely stretches of shade. The trail winds up and down along Hurricane creek, from the Middle Fork at the bend of the river just above Wendover. Apparently in winter and spring Hurricane deserves its name, but it is very sluggish and startlingly low now, and seems a placid, quiet little stream. It was here that Traveler ran away with Mrs. Breckinridge four years ago and broke her back. * * * *

The bus wasn't due till a quarter to nine, so on arrival, after hitching the horses, I went to call on my old friend, Mrs. Bolling, who extends hospitality to all the F. N. S. people who pass that way.

. . . .

The nurse got out with two bags and a portable victrola. It seemed a good deal of luggage to carry in on horseback, and I thought that Lucian would probably be coming up with the

sled, so I told her to leave everything but her handbag, at the Bollings where they would be called for. The nurse put on riding breeches which I had brought in the saddle bags for her, and we started back home.

Got to Wendover about a quarter to ten, where I left her in the clinic with Margaret and Buck and went back to the stables. Fannie and I finished up the watering, fixed a new saddle for the mule and generally managed to occupy ourselves till lunch. She had to leave right afterward for Flat Creek to get some more of those worms. How she hated to go. It's not much fun really, and she and Topsy have certainly done the lion's share of it so far.

I started to get into my bathing suit but was shot into Hyden instead to take "Big Joe", who has been resting here, back to the Hospital and bring back "Bobbie", who is to go with the new nurse to the Clara Ford Center, on Red Bird, tomorrow. * * * *

I like meals at the Hospital. Everyone is very gay, and they are swell and make a fuss over the couriers. * * * * I'm fond of Mac and Vanda and Charlie, and the others are nice, though I don't know them so well. Mrs. Kooser has left so the doctor had supper with us, and we spent a merry hour.

I started back immediately afterwards so that I could get home before dark. A baby moon was just rising above the mountains, the air was cool and still, and not a sound except the squnch, squnch of "Bobbie's" plodding feet, disturbed the silence. No one was on the road after we passed the saw mill, it seemed almost as though no one was in the world, although when we got to the river bend the familiar little cabins waved a silent greeting. There is a charm in these stark, tired old hills that I cannot find anywhere else. A charm and a deep, deep peace..

Thursday, July twenty-third.

This morning was devoted entirely to the stables. I can hear you all saying in startled tones, "But we gathered that every morning was spent in devotion to the stables," which is

quite true, but I think you must be a little weary of hearing about my sensations on arising, they're so monotonous in their similarity.

There was a hurry call from the Hospital asking that a courier drive a prenatal in to Hazard for an X-ray right after lunch. Neither Fannie nor Topsy has a Kentucky driving license, so I was elected. Vanda, the nurse who usually does that sort of thing, was out on a midwifery call.

Arrived in Hyden I ungaraged the Service car, Edsel, a tan '35 Ford sedan, very comfortable and exceedingly useful. Makes me homesick for Blunder. Up the Hospital Hill where I found the prenatal, and Charlie, the nurse who was going with me, waiting. We loaded the patient as though she were a basket of eggs and were off. And believe me I drove very carefully.

She had never been in a car before and had never seen a with interest out of the window as we drove along. I dropped them for the X-ray, parked the car, went with Minnie and town as large as Hazard! A nice looking woman, she gazed Walter to do some errands and had my boots polished. Then Charlie suggested we go to Fout's for a soda so we took her down there. The prenatal didn't like ice cream, but drank some grape juice, we got the Hospital groceries, and started back for Hyden. Everything went well till Wooten, then the poor thing said she didn't feel very well. I couldn't decide whether she was just sick at her stomach or whether there were other complications or whether the former would bring on trouble. In any event I was scared. It seemed to me that the best place for her was in our Hospital, and the sooner we got there the better.

She and Charlie were sitting in the back seat, where Charlie had gotten the towel and basin, brought in case of emergency, into her hands. Around every curve I expected to hear Charlie saying: "Souse, I think we'd better stop, right now."

It was quite a trip, and the Hospital Hill we skimmed up like a swallow. But she got there without mishap. And, light-

hearted with relief, I went on back down to Hyden, put Edsel in his little tin house, and started for home.

Saturday, July twenty-fifth.

* * * * Rose to find the sky overcast and a gloomy smell to the air. We watered and curried and debated about pasture, but it was so threatening that we decided to wait for a time to see what the weather would do, and lucky that we did. Kermit was shoeing, and some of the men had gathered about to watch him; Fannie had just turned "Rex" out in the paddock, "Diana" was tied over by the pump and "Flint" was hitched to the tree in front of the tack room when the first large drops began to come down. * * * *

Topsy had started out with the new nurse who is relieving for Margaret, and Fannie went up river about twelve to get some worm tins. By that time the rain had ceased, but the sky was still overcast. I started for the Head of Hurricane about twelve fifteen to meet the meat which was coming in on the noon bus. On the way up I met Fannie returning with the worms, and we chatted for a minute. The woods were dripping and vividly green, and filled with that heavenly freshness that always follows a shower. As I passed the Bollings' house I looked in, but there were a group of strangers sitting on the porch, so I didn't go in.

Hitched "Flint" and went up to the rock by the state highway that I suppose a million couriers have sat on while waiting for the bus. It started to sprinkle again, and as I had pooh poohed the idea of a raincoat I tried to get under the saddle bags, but it didn't work very well.

The bus came along in a little while and the driver handed me a sizeable bundle. If someone at Wendover telephones Hazard before the bus leaves there in the morning, then the groceryman stops the bus driver and gives him the meat for the F. N. S. In hot weather the meat spoils so quickly when taken off the ice that unless this system were used we wouldn't have any meat for weeks at a time.

The bundle, as I said, was sizeable; it wouldn't go into the saddle bags, so I decided to carry it. On a dry day that

would have worked very well, but the saddle was damp, I was damp, and there was a lot of moisture in the air and a good many drops from the trees. As a result the cardboard became softer and softer. I kept shifting the box, which rested on the head of the saddle, from side to side, and every time I shifted it, it became pulpier and more shapeless. I visualized myself riding into Wendover carrying beefsteaks in my bare hands, for the box certainly didn't act as though it could hold till we got home. To make matters more complicated, "Flint" decided that she was in absolutely no hurry whatever. Apparently she was enjoying her outing, and didn't want to get back to her stall at all. However, the box held together and the steak arrived safely. By that time it was pretty nearly two o'clock and I was starved, so went over to the Big House where luncheon had been saved.

Right afterward I dressed and started for Hyden to take the worm specimens to Miss Ward at the Hospital. If they don't get in the same day they're collected they aren't any good. * * * * Arrived at the Hospital we had a nice tea, and ran into Bland, who had stopped there on her way back from Confluence. The three of us set out for Wendover together, stopping in Hyden to do some errands and get the bacon and some shoes for Gabriel, the mule. * * * *

Wednesday, July the twenty-ninth.
Written at Possum Bend Center at Confluence.

* * * * This morning we did the usual stable work. It was grey and overcast, and very humid. Fannie shut "Edna" in a stall in the horse-hospital barn, where she discovered her with her ten children, and about ten o'clock we went down there armed with cameras and spent considerable time trying to get some interesting pictures leaning through the hay hole. Every time we would try to get just the little pigs "Edna" would move in front of them. It was very exasperating. "The Old Grey Mare", who was in the other stall, yelled and yelled, so finally we quit and returned to our work. Somehow none of us felt very energetic, however, so knocked off about eleven.

I packed and dressed and then fooled around the Garden House office till lunch.

Right afterward "Lassie" and I started off for the Possum Bend Center at Confluence. It's a pretty ride, along the river all the way. After you leave Hyden the only place is Dry Hill, which is nothing more than a cluster of houses and a general store. There are cabins, however, scattered all along the way. * * * *

As I rode I tried to imagine all the other couriers who had trekked along here, what weathers they had come in, what horses they had ridden, what thoughts and emotions they had indulged, but gave it up as unprofitable and turned to this courier instead. This too palled, so I chatted with "Lassie", who is a good companion, and looked at the fading light along the river, and wondered just where and when I should be riding as long a distance as this again.

A boy on a mule rode a "piece" as they say here with me, and I ran into group after group of school children on their way home. We went quite slowly the last two or three miles, for both of us were tired, and it was with real joy that we saw the white corner of Possum Bend through the trees. Kelly was at the gate talking to a man standing in the road. I rode on in, and Dennie met me at the barn. Dismounting I unsaddled "Lassie" and put her in her stall and fed her. She was as tired and hungry as I, I am sure, for she seemed pleased to death with both her hay and oats.

We had tea and then talked till dinner. Kelly had gotten hold of some black Mexican corn which was perfectly delicious. I ate and ate. * * * *

Now I am lying in a nice comfortable bed up in Inty's room. She has gone on leave and I am taking "Dixie", her horse, back to Wendover tomorrow to rest up while she's out.

Wendover,
Friday, July the thirty-first.

Last days are always funny, hate to face, sort of days, especially if you are leaving a place you like as much as I like

it here. It gives me a curious feeling in the pit of my tummy to think that tomorrow I'll be on the road, and not returning. The work has been very light these past days, for few people have gone in and out, and guests have been non-existent.

Fannie had a swell idea which she told me about the first afternoon, as we rode to Wendover together; to compile a list of the usual horse diseases, and also of the tendencies and habits of the horses here in so far as we know them, to be put in the tack room for the benefit of the new couriers. This I have been working on intermittently, and I thought it ought to be finished up. I typed till lunch time, the two-finger system. Every now and then Marion Ross would come in, just as I was thinking what a speedy typist I was, and sitting down at her desk across the office would rattle off a whole page while I was painfully completing about three lines. It was very discouraging.

This kept on till luncheon. Something hit us at table and the meal was the merriest I remember at Wendover since the fire. Fannie and Lucile were in top hole form and Margaret's dry humor and Wilma's quiet responses kept us all tied in knots of joy.

I then went upstairs to pack, hating to do it more than a little. We started to water about half past three, and immediately afterwards Lucile gave a party. I was having a party at six, so dressed early, and had just gotten everything in shape and was feeling beautifully neat and clean when up rode Stevie on "Captain Pat". I think it always happens when you've gotten the perspiration and dirt off that something makes you get it on again. "Captain Pat" was pretty sweaty and had to be sponged as well as unsaddled. * * * *

People seemed to enjoy the party, and it was fun having them. They've been awful good to me. Fortunately it was fairly cool so that everyone wasn't just dying. After dinner we had high jinks at the Garden House. * * * *

MARION SHOUSE,
Washington, D. C.

CHICAGO

THE CHICAGO COMMITTEE OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE ANNOUNCES A BENEFIT PERFORMANCE ON NOVEMBER 21, AT THE 124TH FIELD ARTILLERY ARMORY. THE PERFORMANCE INCLUDES TWO INDOOR POLO GAMES, AND A FASHION SHOW OF EQUESTRIAN CLOTHES DURING THE INTERMISSION. CHICAGO COURIERS OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE WILL RIDE.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CHICAGO COMMITTEE IS MRS. CHARLES W. DEMPSTER. THE CHAIRMEN OF THE BENEFIT COMMITTEE ARE MISS ADELAIDE ATKIN, 12 INDIAN HILL ROAD, WINNETKA, AND MRS. PAUL MAGNUSON, JR., 6 ELM STREET, CHICAGO. WATCH THE PRESS FOR DETAILED INFORMATION.

The Director of the Frontier Nursing Service goes to a sanitarium in November for Infra-red Ray treatment on the site of the old fracture in her back. She has had to decline all speaking appointments for this autumn and winter, and to give up "Rounds" of the outpost nursing centers, because of the crippling effect of inflammation and pain in her broken back. Her correspondence will be handled in her absence by the administrative staff at Wendover.

"I have never had such a marvelous time unless it was the first time I was down last year. I hated to leave last week and I wish I were still there."

Excerpt of a letter from
Fanny McIlvain, of Philadelphia,
Senior Courier.

IN MEMORIAM

CLARA D. NOYES, of Washington, D. C.

The sudden death of this outstanding leader of American nurses came as a great shock to the whole profession. To us it was incredible that her kindly heart and eager brain had passed beyond human appeal. Only a few weeks before, in Washington, Miss Noyes presided at a meeting of nurses in the auditorium of the American Red Cross Building and introduced us as the speaker with her customary courtesy and charm. Her loss will not only be felt by the American Red Cross but by the American Nurses Association and the International Council of Nurses, whose first vice-president she was. Miss Noyes' position in the nursing world was one of international distinction, and those of us who knew her well can testify to the loyalty and helpfulness of her friendship. The Frontier Nursing Service has lost a member of its National Nursing Council whose kindness and usefulness were evidenced time out of number. The world has lost a citizen whose constructive statesmanship inspired the nursing profession in nearly every land.

KATHARINE PETTIT, of Lexington, Ky.

It is hard to realize that a woman like Kate Pettit can ever die. Only a few weeks ago we were talking to her in the garden of her sister's old home and later had a letter saying she had arranged to send us in the autumn the root of the orangeweed, whose tall, graceful blooms we had been looking at together.

A descendant of old pioneer stock in the Blue Grass, Kate Pettit gave her life for the welfare and education of the children of old pioneer stock in our mountain sections. Few lives have been as useful or as constructive. Believing as we do in the continuity of life after death, we are sure that Kate has

already taken over a particularly difficult bit of pioneering from the other side, and perhaps her leisure moments are spent among the flowers in the gardens of Paradise.

HENRY OLIVER, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

We are grieved to report the passing of this member of our Pittsburgh Committee, whose sister is one of our oldest trustees and warmest friends. We have had more than one meeting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, and he and his wife have for years given their warm support and friendship to our movement. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Oliver and their children and to all the members of his devoted family.

MRS. LOUIS E. MILLER, of Cincinnati, Ohio

This old friend of the Frontier Nursing Service died in California, and the Frontier Nursing Service extends its deepest sympathy to her daughters. Mrs. Miller was a great granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall and right royally she carried her tradition of public service. Our American life is the poorer for her passing.

MRS. ROBERT WOOLLEY, of Washington, D. C.

In the death of the wife of one of our trustees, we have lost a warm friend of the Service, and extend our profound sympathy to Mrs. Woolley's husband and daughters. A woman who filled her position in life with distinction, with loyalty and charm, she will be widely missed by her many friends. Our good wishes go with her on the new adventure of her larger life.

DORRANCE BROWN, of Philadelphia, Pa.

The death by accident this summer of this brilliant boy, only child of our trustees, General and Mrs. William Preston

Brown, leaves us numb with the shock of so great a blow. There are no words in which to express to the stricken parents and to the young widow how profoundly our hearts are aching with theirs. "All shall be well . . . All is well," said Lady Julian in the fourteenth century. In this feel of reality, touched here and there throughout recorded time by the world's greatest souls, we meet and conquer death. "Thou hast set eternity in our hearts."

MRS. WILLIAM MONROE WRIGHT, of Lexington, Ky.

The passing of this dear woman leaves an ache in the hearts of her many friends and a void in the active group of our Blue Grass Committee—not so much because of her work for us, her generosity in giving and maintaining the pasture land and caretaker's house, known as "The Georgia Wright Clearing", the use of her home for one of our largest meetings —all of that was natural enough, seeing that she was a part of us. The poignant missing of her will be as a friend. She had a genius for friendship, and no one who has not stayed in her home can appreciate her utter kindness, her consideration, the loyal devotion of her servants, and the peace and sweetness found at her country place. No one who did not know her well could have any conception of the hundreds of kindly and generous things she was always doing for her neighbors, for those in want. There was much in Mrs. Wright's character that was as limpid and candid as the heart of a little child—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"In hearts too young for enmity—
There lies the way to make men free—
When children's friendships are world-wide,
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and strife will cease.
Disarm the hearts, for that is Peace."

National Child Welfare Association, Inc.
National Council for Prevention of War.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our old courier, Betty Pratt, of New Bedford, Mass., gave a benefit bridge for the Frontier Nursing Service in July, which netted $138.00. Her prizes were hooked rugs, sets of walnut buttons, quilted cushion covers, all made down here in the mountains and sent up to New England. Fifty tables were sold, and the refreshments cost nothing because the Pratt cook made 200 cakes as her bit and Betty's mother and aunt and she together put up 470 sandwiches—"Me for saving as much expense as possible," said Betty. The immense work that goes into a benefit of this kind is all the more appreciated because Betty is engaged this summer, and being engaged is usually a business in itself. She will be married October the third to Dr. Andrew Yeomans, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School.

Other engagements of great interest to us are those of Evelyn Bouscaren to Mr. Paul Guerzel and Susan Badgerow to Mr. Winston Lewis May, Jr. Evelyn and Susan were two of our fine Chicago couriers. We don't know when the weddings will come off, but a lot of us would love to attend.

A wedding of especial interest to the Frontier Nursing Service during the early autumn is that of our old courier Frances Porteous to Mr. Marion Lewis Lovell Short, on September 10th, in Portland, Maine. Our warmest good wishes go out to this dear girl for a long and happy life.

We are enchanted to announce the marriage in August, of Lucy Norton, of Louisville, to Mr. Thaddeus Longstretch.

All of her friends in the Frontier Nursing Service (and they include the whole Service and hundreds of patients), are thrilled to learn of the marriage of our Ada Worcester, for years a senior nurse on our staff, to Mr. D. Tubman, at Crawley, in England on August 3rd. Of course, we have one regret, and that is that Miss Worcester will not return to us after her furlough. Nevertheless we are delighted that she has taken up

this new and wonderful career of marriage and send her our affectionate greetings now and always.

We want also to announce the marriages of the two Indian nurses who were with us last year. Adeline Clark married Zelda Hale, of Knott County, Kentucky, on June 3rd, in Nevada. Adeline is stationed at the Carson Indian School on a reservation of Piaute, Shoshone and Washoe Indians. Virginia Miller married Arthur V. Rogers, Jr., the son of an Indian Service man, and writes that they are very happy and expect to make Fort Washakie, in Wyoming, their home. Both nurses are still working in the Indian Service. Adeline and her husband, during her month's holiday, visited her people, then his people, and then came in to see us. We wish both these fine Indian girls every happiness and hope that their nursing training and experience can continue to be put to good use for the lives of the Indian people.

We are particularly happy that the couriers who are married and have babies have had a run of girls this summer, because it is such a joy to enroll the daughters of old couriers for the couriers of the future. Young women whose coming has been of the deepest interest to the Frontier Nursing Service, are: Elizabeth Bartlett Thompson, born on July 9 in New York, whose mother was our Ethel Bartlett, of Litchfield, Conn.; Harriet Arpee, born in Chicago on June 15, whose mother was our Katherine Trowbridge; and Alicia Reed Magnuson, born in Chicago on June 14, whose mother was our Marianne Stevenson ("Tips").

All of the babies born this summer have not been girls. Our former courier Jane Norton, of Louisville, now Mrs. Walter Haldeman, of Louisville, and our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Owen J. Toland, both have beautiful sons.

In addition to all of these babies a pair of twins, in whom we take great interest arrived in early September, in Lexington, Kentucky, to Mr. and Mrs. John Harris Clay. Their mother was Dorothy Norton, of Louisville, niece of our Vice-chairman, Miss Mattie Norton. Their paternal grandmother is that active

and dear member of our Blue Grass Committee, Mrs. Cassius M. Clay. The twins are a boy and a girl, and we are glad that the little girl is named Mary Blythe, for her grandmother.

We are delighted when anyone who has been with us makes a talk on the Frontier Nursing Service. Our friend, Mrs. Arthur Bray, of "Keldale," Yorkshire, who has twice been with us over the Christmas holidays, gave an address on our work to the Women's Institute, of Adel, in Yorkshire. She wrote: "Afterwards I felt awfully pleased when so many people said to me, 'It seems to be something you love very much'."

Miss Blanche Calhoun, who is stationed at a hospital in Delhi, New York, and who has worked in our hospital at Hyden, writes that she has spoken three times about the Frontier Nursing Service since she left the mountains.

Miss Edith Marsh, for so long with the Frontier Nursing Service and now back at her home in Ravenna, Ohio, has also spoken several times.

Our Lucille Hodges, for many years bookkeeper for the Frontier Nursing Service, gave a talk early in September, at her home in Huntsville, Alabama, to the Ladies Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church.

We acknowledge with grateful appreciation a generous gift again this year from the Delta Gamma Delta Sorority. This organization gave us Laddie, one of our best horses, and not only maintains him but his supplies, including those carried on the maternity cases Laddie attends throughout the year.

We acknowledge with deep appreciation the assistance of the well known firm of architects in Lexington, Frankel & Curtis, in connection with the insulation of the new pump house at Wendover. Our friends will remember that the plans for the first two buildings of the Hyden Hospital, including all blue prints, were executed for us as a courtesy by Frankel & Curtis.

The Lexington Herald, since the death of Desha Breckin-

ridge, has passed into able hands. The paper has been bought by Mr. J. Lindsay Nunn and Gilmour N. Nunn and we are happy to state that Mr. Tom R. Underwood continues to handle the editorial department. For many years Desha sent the Herald as a courtesy to every one of the eight stations of the Frontier Nursing Service. We wish to express our profound appreciation to the present owners for continuing to make this generous gift, through which our most isolated nurses are kept in touch with the world beyond the mountains.

Our grateful thanks are extended to the Church Periodical Club of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for the addition of nine new books to the Florence Williams Memorial Library, at the Bell Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus in Clay County.

We appreciate very much the courteous references to our work in recent editions of The Nursing Times, the British Journal of Nursing, and Nursing Notes—all of London, England.

As this Bulletin goes to press, we are shocked and profoundly grieved to read of the sudden death of Mr. Linzee Blagden, the husband of our beloved trustee and former chairman of the New York Committee, Dorothea Blagden. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her in this overwhelming loss.

We have just learned over the radio of the death from pneumonia of Mr. Jesse Isidor Straus, whose Ambassadorship to France has shown statesmanship of the highest order. This is a sad blow to us. Mr. Straus was the son of Isidor Straus, an intimate friend and a colleague on the "Ways and Means Committee" in Congress, of the Director's father, the late Clifton R. Breckinridge. Both Mr. and Mrs. Straus were warm friends and liberal supporters of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mr. Straus' sister, Mrs. Richard Weil, is one of our Trustees, and a most valued member of the New York Committee. Our tenderest sympathy goes out to the widow and children and family of this distinguished man.

FIELD NOTES

We have been profoundly touched and deeply gratified by a gift of $6.00 from Mr. R. B. Mosely, the Circuit Court Clerk of Leslie County, to cover every driver's license we have used this year on our Ford car, from Hyden out over the new pike. These include licenses for two senior couriers, two nurses, the Medical Director and his wife—six in all. Because of the generosity of Mr. Mosely we have not had to pay for a single one.

We were happy to have among our guests this summer Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, of Philadelphia, and her son, Alan, mother and brother of our senior courier, Fanny McIlvain. Not only were they charming guests, but it is always a special joy to have some of the people of the couriers come in and see the work at first hand.

The father of our new courier, Dorothy Danner, Mr. Paul Danner, of Mobile, Alabama, motored in with his daughter and stayed over night at Wendover, to our great pleasure.

A most interesting guest was Mrs. Marie Michelet, of Oslo, Norway, who took time from her world-wide interests to come to us from the University of Kentucky, where she had been giving lectures, and was a great sport about the riding. Pebble Stone met her at the head of Hurricane and remembered, to her horror, that she hadn't taken up an extra pair of riding pants. Nothing daunted, Pebble removed her own pants, put them on Mrs. Michelet, and, wrapped in a raincoat, rode gallantly down Hurricane at her side.

Mrs. Henry Joy's mule is a great comfort—a fine, strong, gray animal. We have named him Gabriel Oak, after the hero in "Far From the Maddening Crowd," because he has the same sturdy characteristics.

In one of the neighborhoods of the Possum Bend Nursing Center we have lately had a touching instance of cooperation. It was practically impossible for a widow to pay our dollar an-

nual fee, and the men in the neighborhood collected it in nickels and dimes and gave it, in the widow's name, to the nurse in charge, Nora Kelly.

Our Dr. Kooser, whose busy winter included over one hundred and fifty miles on horseback through blizzards in eight days, delighted us by taking a six weeks' vacation this summer. He took none at all last year. He and his wife and baby had a glorious time, which included parking the baby with grandparents in Pennsylvania while he and Hannah swam and fished with friends in Florida and made a little trip to Havana.

We were rarely fortunate in getting Dr. Harlan S. Heim to relieve for four weeks of Dr. Kooser's absence. During the years he was stationed at the Evangelical Settlement at the head of Red Bird River, in Bell County, he constantly visited the Caroline Butler Atwood and the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Centers for clinics and the nurses' emegency calls. We loaned him one of our own nurse-midwives, in those days, to carry his normal deliveries in Bell County so that he could give medical service to the section of our work nearest him. It was a most satisfactory arrangement and had to be put an end to on both sides, for financial reasons, during the depression. After that Dr. Heim returned to his home in Nebraska and engaged in private practice with special emphasis on obstetrics. He, Mrs. Heim and the two little girls stayed at 'Honeymoon Cottage" during the weeks he was with us and old patients came to see him from more than a day's ride away. As to the nurses, who have known and loved him in those other days, there are no words in which to express the joy with which they worked with him again.

After Dr. Heim had to leave, we were fortunate in having Dr. Lawrence E. Hurt, a resident at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, come up for his holiday time to take care of our hospital at Hyden. After Dr. Hurt left we had one week-end with no resident physician. However, we were not left in the lurch by any means, as the Health Officer, Dr. Turner, helped us, and our wonderful surgeon, Dr. Collins, of Hazard, stood by over the week-end for every emergency.

Our warmest greetings, and affectionate good wishes, go out to Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Collins (Mary Husen) on the occasion of their marriage, July 1st, in Hazard.

Our couriers during the summer and early autumn months have been: Seniors—Fanny McIlvain of Downingtown, Pa., for three months; Marion Shouse of Washington, D. C., for one month, and Dorothy Caldwell of Cincinnati, for one month. The juniors were: Esther Wallace ("Topsy") of Washington, D. C.; Penelope Kirkham of New York City, and Dorothy Danner of Mobile, Ala. Penelope and Dorothy have both had a year at Vassar together, but met for the first time here in the Kentucky mountains. We have had splendid courier service during the whole period.

On page 5 we give, with her permission, excerpts from Marion Shouse's Journal.

Everyone who knows the Frontier Nursing Service knows the Secretary to the Director, Wilma Duvall. Miss Duvall has gone for a long furlough to California, where she has relatives. Glad as we are for her to get this change and recreation after so many years of devoted work with us, we shall miss her sadly every day of the year.

We welcome back with the utmost joy our first Assistant Director, Mary B. Willeford, who has been in Texas for the past several months—recalled home by the death of her father. Her return to the mountains was delayed by an attack of appendicitis, en route, and an operation in Lexington. She is on duty now, even to the riding, on her beloved "Lassie."

Miss Eleanor Blaydes, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, is giving several weeks volunteer service as hostess-housekeeper, at Wendover to relieve for Mrs. Duvall's vacation. Regular staff, overnight nurses from outpost centers, and guests, all alike, testify that she spoils us!

During her holiday this summer, Agnes Lewis visited the following old couriers of the F. N. S.: Louise Taylor and Barbara

Glazier at Hartford, Connecticut; Sylvia Bowditch in Boston; Jean Hollins, "Pebble" Stone and Carmen Mumford on Long Island. She had the added joy of seeing many other New England and New York couriers, and all combined to give her a wonderfully good time.

Again the Hookworm!

One of the most interesting things that has happened to us in years has been the coming of Miss Charlotte Ward, through Dr. Paul D. Lamson of Vanderbilt University, for six weeks' laboratory work in hookworm research. Our friends will recall that years ago we had several helminthologists from Johns Hopkins and Vanderbilt Universities, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, U. S. Public Health Service, and the State Board of Health, conducting research and trying out a new drug in our section of the hookworm belt. Their work involved checking one thousand cases and rechecking twice in the course of a year's time. This new drug, chosen after the investigation of several hundred chemical substances, has proved extraordinarily satisfactory, but this substance was covered by patent before its use as an anthelmintic was discovered, and retails at nearly one dollar per adult treatment. When one thinks of the hundreds of thousands of hookworm sufferers in the South, and of the inevitable poverty that goes with hookworm, one realizes that a drug at that price is prohibitive. Years of patient laboratory work have already gone into this discovery, and more patient laboratory work is necessary to get a cheaper substitute. The drug which was being used by Miss Ward is one developed with this in mind and chosen from over two hundred new substances synthetized in Dr. Lamson's laboratory.

We have been profoundly honored to have our field used again in this work. Miss Ward is a brilliant investigator as well as a charming woman, and it was a joy to have her with us. She discovered a few cases of amoebic dysentery. We have so many other kinds of worms that we feel we might have been spared amoeba! But we are carrying on with the new treatment and are getting the cases cleared up.

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DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer,

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

To facilitate the making of gifts of this sort, it is suggested that if they come by will there be added to the form shown above some such language as the following:

"This devise is to be used (here describe the purpose.)"

Suggestions for special bequest:

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

$12,000 will endow a Frontier hospital bed.

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

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

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

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

A number of these centers have been given and equipped. 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.

Statement of Ownership

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

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for October, 1936.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss.

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

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.
Editor: Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky.
Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

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

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1936.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

My commission expires December 28, 1938.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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