

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 23

SPRING, 1948

NUMBER 4



THE OLD LOOK



MARY BRECKINRIDGE
Editor of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service
Printed in response to requests

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

VOLUME 23

SPRING, 1948

NUMBER 4

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

Copyright, 1948, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Few Notes on Nursing	<i>Mary Breckinridge</i>	3
Beyond the Mountains		47
Confluence by Jeep?	<i>Nancy Newcomb</i>	52
Field Notes		54
Initiation of a Tenderfoot	<i>Adelheid Mueller</i>	29
Kentucky's Frontier Nursing Service	<i>Yeh Shih Chin, M.D.</i>	42
Letters from Wendover	<i>Margaret McDowell</i>	7
Old Courier News		23
Old Staff News		35
Spring (Picture)	Inside Back Cover	
Spring (Verse)	<i>George MacDonald</i>	2
Urgent Needs		19

BRIEF BITS

A Prayer	<i>Thomas Ellwood</i>	46
Broken Dream	<i>Tramp</i>	53
Come to Your Senses		52
Danish Kringle (A Recipe)		22
Good Advice		41
Joe Saw the Train		33
Just Jokes, Reasons Given		33
Little Greenflies	<i>The Countryman</i>	33
Mary Russell (Photograph)		18
Rain Hats (Cartoons)	<i>Bertha Bloomer</i>	34
Three Friends (Photograph)		63
True Tales		28
White Elephant (Illus.)		51

SPRING

Through all the fog, through all earth's wintery sighs,
I scent Thy spring, I feel the eternal air,
Warm, soft, and dewy, filled with flowery eyes,
And gentle, murmuring motions everywhere—
Of life in heart, and tree, and brook, and moss;
Thy breath wakes beauty, love, and bliss, and prayer,
And strength to hang with nails upon Thy cross.

—*The Diary of an Old Soul*
by George MacDonald, 1824–1905
London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd.
Centenary Edition, 1924.

A FEW NOTES ON NURSING

by an old nurse

I

There is a tendency in nursing at the moment towards standardization in certain fixed patterns. Modern nursing owes its remarkable growth to experimentation. For this growth to continue it is necessary to avoid rigidity. Inflexibility is something we all of us have to avoid as persons and in our professions.

Arnold Toynbee says in his *A Study of History* that differentiation is the mark of growth and standardization is the mark of disintegration. One need not lack standards in avoiding standardization, just as one need not lack unity in avoiding uniformity.

Just as there is a minimum in shelter, food, and clothing, and in education, which should form the standards below which no part of a civilized community should be allowed to fall, and above which the sky is the limit, so there should always be in nursing basic standards below which no schools of nursing should be allowed to fall but above which experimentation should continue to be encouraged. In graduate work experimentation should be fostered wherever there is an outlet for it.

The same principle holds good in professional organizations of nurses. There is no objection to any group of nurses interested in some particular phase of nursing, such as industrial nursing, having their own organization where they can discuss their own problems. To set such an organization into a rigid mold to conform in its structure to other organizations, formed for other purposes, tends towards uniformity. Unity is hindered rather than served by uniformity.

Nowhere is there greater need for flexibility, variation, than in the laudable effort to get co-operation in nurses' professional organizations. Rigidity in structure, especially if the form adopted is final, will block progress at the top.

II

It is good to encourage several types of nursing training, such as:

- (1) The training school attached to the large hospitals or

medical centres to which satisfactory graduates from high school are eligible.

- (2) The collegiate school, if one bears in mind that a college graduate needs as much general nursing training as a high school graduate. If her ultimate aim is teaching or supervision, she needs more general training rather than less, because she should not teach or supervise any subject that she does not know better than the nurses under her know it. The practice field for nurses is the patient. The person who supervises or teaches other nurses must know this practice field better than they do. No amount of biology or chemistry can take the place of this first hand knowledge of the patient.
- (3) A third method of training nurses should offer a great deal for the future. This is the course in a university with which one or more hospitals are affiliated, and which leads to a Bachelor's degree and a diploma in nursing in five years. The student taking this course should spend her first two, immature years in the university and her three years of added maturity in the training school with such further lectures given as she needs to qualify both for the Bachelor's degree and the nursing diploma.
- (4) It is good that the experimentation we have encouraged in the training of nurses includes other methods besides the three just outlined. Many nurses are well trained at small schools with affiliations in larger hospitals for such branches of nursing as the small schools cannot provide adequately. Other nurses are trained at children's hospitals with affiliations for adult nursing.
- (5) There is another way in which nurses could be trained and it would have the advantage of helping to meet the present shortage. Nearly a year of a three years' course in training is now spent in affiliations and specializations. Nurses could be given thorough training in the general medical and surgical nursing of adults, in two full years spent in a large general hospital. They would be qualified at the end of that time for part I of

their examinations for registration. They could be employed, after they had passed these examinations, as staff nurses in large general hospitals and in private duty for the nursing of sick adults. A third year would be required for nurses who wished to take part II of their examinations. This third year need not follow immediately after the first two years. If a nurse needed to earn money for a year or two before taking her third year, she could do it. The third year would include obstetrical nursing, the nursing of sick children, and such affiliations as visiting nursing. The nurse who went through this third year and passed part II of her examinations would be registered for all branches of nursing.

This method of training nurses might, or might not, do away with the need for the licensed attendant or so-called practical nurse. Theoretically such a nurse is supposed to be able to care for chronics, leaving the fully trained nurse free for acutely ill people. In practice the tendency is for the wealthy chronic to have three fully trained nurses, and the poor patient to struggle with part time "practical nursing." The sick person of limited means, when he is not hospitalized, is better cared for by a visiting nurse association where nurses of the highest caliber are able to teach his family and friends to give him satisfactory care between their visits.

III

When it comes to graduate training and graduate employment every encouragement should be given to experimentation. A wide variety of choices should be open to the graduate nurse who wanted to go on with her education and she should never be allowed to feel a sense of rigidity and inflexibility that would make her toe the line. This is too large a subject to cover in a memorandum, but nurses who have struggled to put over an experimental field of work have had to face handicaps in their own profession that should not have been there.

A few ideas for the future may be briefly suggested. First, in planning a national registration law there should be such flexibility that a good deal of latitude would be left to the State

Boards of Nurse Examiners to meet the peculiarities of their local situations. Young nurses could take the national examinations—as physicians do—or could take their state boards—as physicians do. Every encouragement should be given for Canadian, British, European and Asiatic nurses of equivalent standards to find work in this country whether on a reciprocal basis or as individuals under the quota system of the immigration laws. Since nurses are international-minded they should foster in their own laws everything that tends to pull down international barriers. Efforts should be made to encourage periods of work by American nurses in overseas countries. A rigid reciprocity should not be required. Certainly not at the present time.

IV

The one thing that should be kept before all nurses always is that their highest office is the care of the sick whether in a hospital or in the home, whether on a crowded city street or on a remote creek in a rural area. Preventive work and teaching work should grow out of the nursing of the sick. Skilled nursing care, demonstrated over a period of time, should precede teaching and supervision. Even one terribly sick patient carefully nursed on even one remote creek is a gold mine. Home nursing and care of the sick are taught a whole neighborhood through the care of that one patient. Furthermore a nurse who has done this, has demonstrated her skill to that neighborhood in such a manner that she then holds them in the hollow of her hand. She, having served them in what they recognize as an essential need, finds them willing to listen to advice about diet and sanitary privies; willing to take shots; and easily led to the prevention of all preventable illness. In nursing, the prevention of disease can rarely be divorced satisfactorily from the bedside care of the patient. The patient will be with us always because we cannot abolish birth and death. All we can ever do is widen the span that lies between.

Mary Breckinridge

LETTERS FROM WENDOVER

by
MARGARET McDOWELL ("BOBBIE")



BOBBIE McDOWELL AND CALICO
Wendover, March 28, 1947

INTRODUCTION FOR JUNIOR LEAGUERS ANYWHERE

by Frances Shaver, Mrs. Robert E. Shaver, editor of Lexington Junior League publications in 1947, and a member of the Publicity Committee for the Lexington Junior League:

"I just wish each and every one of you could have heard the talk which Mary Breckinridge, director of the Frontier

Nursing Service, gave to the Lexington Junior League members at their general luncheon meeting on March 1, 1947. Then you would have easily understood the eagerness with which one of our provisionals, "Bobbie" McDowell, set out with her that afternoon—heading for Wendover, in the heart of the Kentucky mountains, and a six weeks' service period as courier and nurse's aide with the Frontier Nursing Service. I can no better give you a personal eye-view into life up there than to present, in full, the exciting, action-packed letters which Bobbie wrote to me during her stay in the Kentucky mountains last spring.

"Leaguers, meet Bobbie McDowell—Courier-Nurse's Aide to the Frontier Nursing Service:"

Wendover, Kentucky
March 3, 1947

Dear Frances:

This is the only letter that I can remember that I haven't had to splint my hand to a pen to make myself write. There is so much to tell you of life at Wendover and of the Frontier Nursing Service itself that I shall probably end this epistle chapters hence.

You must have a thumbnail sketch of the events immediately following the League luncheon on March first. After Mrs. Breckinridge had finished her speech to the League members, she was anxious to start immediately for the mountains. Later I understood graphically her decision to make an early departure from Lexington.

Our posse, consisting of Mrs. Breckinridge, Jean Hollins, who is the resident courier, Dorothy Buck, the assistant director of nursing, and little old me began our journey. We drove to Hyden, Kentucky, in a car belonging to one of the couriers. It started raining before we left Lexington and continued throughout the trip. All the way up there had been considerable conversation between the other three, who knew where we were going, as to whether or not the river would be up. I noticed a marked note of respect in their voices when they referred to "the River," but there was no way I could establish any remote relationship between this phantom body of water and the four

of us on a concrete highway in a Ford roadster. I had no thought of fear or even trepidation. No one can be afraid of anything when they are with Mrs. Breckinridge. Her dynamic character projects to you the knowledge that the potential accomplishments of the future are too important to be detained by any obstacle which might present itself at the present time.

Jean Hollins took us out of Hyden on an unsurfaced mud road and everyone, excepting myself, voiced in chorus the query, "Will 'Bounce' be at the tin garage?" I had little time to wonder at this. We arrived at a tin garage by the roadside, no more—no less, and I was perfectly convinced that a Pekinese dog, "Bounce" by name, would emerge from its shelter to be added to the passenger list of the car. But no! Jean stopped, climbed out of the roadster, and said, "Let's shift." That left me a bit dazed, but I followed her out just to look like I knew what she meant. By this time she had opened the garage doors and revealed "Bounce," the only mechanism in the world which, to my mind, has a soul—the jeep.

We transferred luggage, passengers, and parcels to "Bounce" by flashlight and started on down the mud road. At the bottom of the next hill the road came to an abrupt end, and the only thing ahead was a healthy, gurgling stream. We took to the water and lurched down the creek. Eventually we came to the mouth of the creek and, to my utter amazement, we turned and went straight across the river. By this time I knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that Jean had only to tap "Bounce" lightly on his right back fender with her riding crop, and he would have jumped any fence in the county for her. She propelled us across the ford in the river to the comparative safety of a mountain road on the other side—a road which went straight up!

About a mile farther on we saw the warmth of the lighted windows of the "Big House" at Wendover. I know now that it was then I first fell in love with the Frontier Nursing Service. I felt its warmth long before I saw its fires.

After the most welcome supper I have ever eaten, I heaved the body into bed and "died" until the next morning when I was awakened at seven. I dressed and arrived for breakfast at the "Big House" by seven-thirty. By the time I had reached "mess"

I knew, beyond a doubt, the two most important articles of clothing for any courier to take to Frontier Nursing Service—blue jeans and a pair of long rubber boots that DON'T leak. I had started from the house where I "bunk" in a pair of jodhpurs and jodhpur shoes and arrived at breakfast in a mud pack!

Breakfast over, Pat Mickle, another courier, and Jean Hollins showed me through the duties of my job. First, we watered all the horses and then groomed them for the day. If we found any horse hurt, sick, or otherwise incapacitated we treated him, according to Jean's instructions. Then, we went on any missions of any sort that might be at hand, i.e., delivering messages, taking a horse to someone who needed him, or fetching the mail. Our errands done, we exercised the horses until time to brew tea. It is the courier's job to fix tea for the whole staff and serve it at 4:00 p.m. After that we watered the horses for the night and our day was finished.

While we were grooming the horses, Pat and Jean gave me an outline of what makes the organization tick. Wendover and its little village of buildings, which range from living quarters to a blacksmith shop, houses the whole administrative staff of the Frontier Nursing Service. All the correspondence is done here, all statistics compiled—the whole Service is run from here. The Service consists of the Wendover administrative headquarters, the Hyden Hospital and Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and six outpost centers, each staffed by its own nurses, who cover twelve nursing districts.

Forgive me if I leave you and turn to the arduous task of lowering myself, section by section, into bed. I hadn't been on a horse in six months and believe me hundreds of muscles that have been sleeping peacefully for years are standing at attention for life, I think.

Lots of love,

BOBBIE.

March 17, 1947

Dear Frances:

The most kaleidoscopic period of time imaginable has elapsed since last I wrote you. Furthermore, from my present vantage point, I don't anticipate any moment, day or night, that

bears any similarity to any other moment I've ever experienced.

After a week of courier work at Wendover, Mrs. Breckinridge offered me the opportunity of going out to the Beech Fork Center, as a Nurse's Aide, to work with the two nurse-midwives who cover the two Beech Fork districts. Mentally my saddle bags were packed, even before I said I would love to go.

As soon as the river was down low enough to cross, Pat Mickle piloted me through the intricacies of the ford. With the river behind us, "Boots," my horse, and I continued our journey. By the time we had covered the twelve miles between Wendover and the Center and forded the river again, I was as glad as "Boots" to see the little white pull-gate of the Center come into view. As we approached the barn, I strongly suspected that "Boots" and I were joined at the hip in a Siamese sort of way. I was infinitely relieved to find that I could dismount, and my mental processes registered no dismay at the fact that I was walking on my knees when I led "Boots" into the barn.

I unsaddled, watered, groomed, and fed my horse. Then I realized I was ravenously hungry myself. The nurses hadn't returned from their daily rounds, so I went to the house, deposited my saddle bags in the nearest corner, and prepared the most heavenly fried egg sandwich I have ever consumed. But, in my state of starvation, I could have fried a nest egg, covered it with two slices of bread, and unquestionably it would have tasted magnificent!

It wasn't long until I heard horses coming up the hill, which told me that the nurses were returning from their day's work. I met them both, Louisa Chapman and Jane Sanders, by name, and from their first greeting they made me feel as if I were both wanted and welcome. It was nearly five in the afternoon when they arrived. After I found they had been in their saddles since eight that morning, I knew they shared my desire for an early dinner and lots of sleep. That night we had both.

The next morning at breakfast, Louisa, better known as "Chappy," told me that she and Jane each had three women due to deliver momentarily. As a consequence, we would probably be busy.

It was decided that I should go with Jane and begin my training in prenatal care of patients and postpartum care of

mothers and babies, which is done in the homes by the nurses on their rounds each day. By the time I had collected "Boots," Jane was mounted. We started out on the day's work. I wondered as we rode up the creek bed and along the trail how a stranger such as I would be greeted in the homes. Just as the various hesitations which had been wandering around in my head began to take concrete form, we arrived at the first home we were to visit. We hitched our horses and heaved ourselves and our saddle bags up the mountain to the cabin. Jane was my salvation. She eliminated what might have been the awkward moments of arrival by immediately introducing me to the patient and her husband. As Jane began her routine of examination, she explained to the patient that I had come to help the nurses because they were so very busy. The girl smiled up at me and said, "I'm glad you're here to help our nurses. We think a mighty lot of our nurses, and we know how hard they work for us."

It was at that moment I first knew the definition of the Frontier Nursing Service—a bulwark of mercy to a people who had lived unaided in a wilderness of pain. There were no more doubts in my mind concerning the reception which awaited me in the homes. The fact that I was a stranger as an individual was totally obliterated by the fact that I represented the F.N.S., and I was helping their nurse.

Our visit completed, we mounted again, and proceeded on our way. I'll never know whether the paths really became more perilous as the day went on or whether my perspective just became progressively more cockeyed. One thing of which I was convinced by the time we had completed five visits, and returned home. Jane's District *was* Leslie County. Chappy's was bound to be in the next county because there wasn't room for it in the county we had covered that day!

When we returned to the Center, Chappy was there and had hot, home-made doughnuts and milk waiting for us. There is no combination of words that will approach the accurate description of how good they tasted after nine hours on District. Later I drove Jane into Hyden in the jeep. She was headed for Lexington and a few days' well-earned rest. When I returned Chappy and I had dinner and, realizing that neither of us would

be very scintillating conversationalists in our drowsy condition, we succumbed to the temptation of bed.

I was abruptly brought to a semi-conscious state of wakefulness at five a.m. with the sensation that I had been sleeping in the infield of Churchill Downs and had been awakened by the field of horses in the second race passing the quarter pole inches from my bed. I couldn't reconcile any of the sounds I heard with an expectant father's arrival to get a nurse for his wife, but I lurched out of bed, into a jacket, and out to the kitchen door in one continuous movement. As I poked my head out the door, Chappy rounded the corner of the house, running a bad third in the race. Her long blonde hair was flying straight out behind her and her eyes were out on stems. My first question was, "Where's the father?" In a tone bordering on hysteria Chappy said, "Father, nuts!" and told me that Jane's horse and mine had somehow let themselves out of their stalls and were on a spree. Just as she finished, I heard a noise on top of the mountain behind our house. I looked up just as "Boots" gave one long resounding whinny and both horses came cavorting down the mountainside at top speed, hurling an avalanche of rocks from boulder to pebble size down on us. By the time they reached the bottom of the hill, "Boots" felt so gay that apparently he thought he was potentially a jumper and tried to clear the wire fence. His take-off was perfect but he couldn't manage his hind quarters quite so well. He caught one of his back legs in the wire fence. I ran down and held him while Chappy started a search for the wire cutters and a halter. The wire cutters were not to be found, but she brought me a halter, and I managed to extricate "Boots" from the fence. He was totally crestfallen and went meekly back to his stall, as did Jane's horse.

As I crawled back into bed, I knew anything could happen. I only hoped whatever was coming next would wait a little while. It did. We woke up again fairly late in the morning as it was Sunday, which is theoretically our day off. Unless, of course, we get an emergency call or a delivery, in which even our day off automatically ceases and we are on duty again. A leisurely day is a rare delicacy, and we relished it undisturbed.

Having retired about ten o'clock that evening, I was awak-

ened at one a.m. by voices in the kitchen. Just as my feet hit the floor, Chappy stuck her head in my room and told me to throw on some clothes. A father had come for us. Two or three inches of snow had fallen during the night, and the whole out-of-doors was a quick-freeze unit. I threw all the clothes I could on myself; we grabbed the delivery bags, and started down the hill. The father had driven for us in a borrowed logging truck, so we piled ourselves and our luggage in its cab and drove off down the creek bed.

I shall undoubtedly forget that man's name. But, one thing I shall always remember about him. He is the only man I have ever known who can drive a truck by Braille. There was no other way he could possibly have successfully driven us to his cabin, inasmuch as the aggregate power of his two headlights couldn't have exceeded one candle-power.

Upon our arrival, Chappy immediately examined the patient and found that she had some potential complications and shouldn't be delivered at home. Chappy apprised her of the conditions and told her she should go to our Hospital in Hyden. The girl consented on the condition that Chappy wouldn't leave her. Next came the operation of getting her to the Hospital. First, we retraced our tracks in the truck back to the Center. Chappy rode in the cab with her patient, and I slithered onto the snow-covered bed of the truck with the delivery bags. I wasn't conscious of our progress on the return trip as I was expending all my energy on chasing the delivery bags over the entire snowy surface of the truck bed in a concentrated attempt to prevent them from sliding off the back end. At the Center we transferred our patient, the bags, and ourselves into the jeep, and the second lap of our journey was under way. We reached the Hospital none too soon for my peace of mind, as our patient's pains were coming very close together by the time we arrived.

We stayed until we had seen a beautiful daughter born and both the mother and baby sleeping safely and peacefully.

Daylight was just breaking when we arrived back at the Center. After some artificial respiration in the form of breakfast, we decided to make rounds on the patients Chappy had

to see before going to bed. Fortunately, all our calls could be made in the jeep.

By the middle of the morning, we were on our way to see the last patient. When we arrived at the door, a deathly pale man greeted us and started mumbling incoherent phrases about his wife. It didn't take long for the situation to focus. She was in labor. We had no delivery bags with us, so Chappy hustled me off to the Center to get them. As I was driving down the road, I noticed the gas was quite low. I decided that the beginning of a delivery was a most inopportune time to be low on fuel. I stopped at the general store near the Center for I knew I would find help from its proprietor, Lee Hoskins. Lee is one of the priceless characters of this section of the country, in that he is the stabilizer for all the inhabitants of the vicinity. From somewhere he always manages to find an answer for the problem at hand, as he did for me that morning. He lent me the money for gas and directed me to the man at a nearby sawmill who could supply it.

With my fuel replenished, I started for the Center. Upon arrival, the first thing that greeted me was a note, pinned to the door, announcing that our maid and barn man had marital difficulties. Both had returned to their respective homes—leaving us without. Although I hadn't the vaguest idea who would milk the cow or feed the horses that afternoon if Chappy and I weren't back, I did know that Jane was returning early in the afternoon, and I had implicit faith that she would handle the situation. Simultaneously, I decided that Chappy's mental energy was being taxed to capacity in the childbirth department, so I pigeon-holed the entire situation in a remote crevice of my mind, grabbed a set of delivery bags, and ran.

When I arrived back at the cabin, I was greeted by a totally different atmosphere than I had felt before. Chappy's presence in the house accounted for the miraculous transformation. I never expect to see again anyone absorb all the fears and faith of two people so completely and placidly as Chappy did then in that short period of time. This was to be their first child, but neither the father nor the mother feared the unknown blackness of childbirth as long as Chappy was there.

The afternoon and early evening seemed endless, as prog-

ress was tortuously slow. By nine that evening Chappy sus-
picioned that she might have some trouble which would endanger
the baby's life. She told me to take the note she had written,
and drive to Hyden for the medical director of the F.N.S.

By that time my mind was working in juke-box fashion, so
that I had nothing but automatic reaction left. If I didn't set
a speed record to Hyden and back, I was only seconds off. When
I returned with the doctor I was almost afraid to open the door.
The only sounds in the room as we walked in were those of an
exhausted mother still fighting to give birth to a child. But,
just as I got to Chappy to hold her flashlight, a baby girl was
born and cried lustily.

Daylight was breaking once again as we left the cabin, but
another mother and baby were sleeping peacefully. Chappy
had again fulfilled her mission.

What comes next remains to be seen. Of one thing I am
certain, and that is it will present itself in a matter of minutes,
whatever it is. I shall be back to chat with you shortly.

Lots of love,

BOBBIE.

April 8, 1947.

Dear Frances:

There is no possible way to tell you how I hate the realiza-
tion that my six weeks here are nearly at an end. Don't think
for a moment, however, just because I am leaving soon, that
I have gotten off the F.N.S. merry-go-round for a second. Not
so—

I returned several days ago from District. I'd had my feet
on terra firma at Wendover for exactly five minutes when I was
told that Mrs. Breckinridge wanted me to go to the Hyden
Hospital that afternoon and nurse for several days. My diges-
tive system did three rapid steps of the Samba, and then my
feet found an impulse to move. Packing consisted of squeezing
a mass of soiled clothes from my saddle bags and replacing
them with an equal amount of clean ones. Jean Hollins was
waiting in "Bounce," so I heaved the saddle bags in the general
direction of the jeep, ran to collect my mail, and climbed aboard.

I was welcomed to the Hospital by two of the most thor-

oughly delightful people I have ever known; Betty Lester, the Hospital Superintendent, and Helen Browne, the Superintendent of Midwifery. I was asked to go on duty at 4 a.m. the next morning to do special duty with a critically ill patient. "Brownie" oriented me in the labyrinth of utensils and equipment which a hospital inevitably contains, outfitted me with a uniform and stockings, and packed me off to bed.

I was awakened at 3:30 by the night nurse on general duty. I felt my way out of bed and gradually got into some clothes, feeling all the time that someone else must be going through the motions—because it simply wasn't me.

As soon as I took the orders on the patient from the nurse I was relieving, I began browsing back through the chart. It revealed a great deal to me about the Hospital and its place in the F.N.S. The patient had been brought in from a remote hollow in one of the nursing districts. She had been brought in as quickly and expediently as possible by the district nurse because she was too ill to be cared for at home and needed our doctor's attention. Once again, as on the night I had come in from District to get the doctor, I saw what a crucial link its emergency Hospital and its medical director were in the Frontier Nursing Service.

Another pertinent fact, which I later learned, is that the octopus-like arms of the administration, emanating from Wendover, reach out and encompass the Hospital, too. This means that the hospital staff does not have to bear such burdens as the repair and upkeep on buildings and equipment.

I was off duty at noon and the day was far too lovely to waste by sleeping it through, so I started for a walk. The Hospital is built into the side of a mountain overlooking Hyden. Clustered around it are a group of smaller buildings. The most prominent of these are Joy House, home of the Medical Director, Aunt Hattie's Barn in which the nurses' cows and horses are housed, and the living quarters of the student midwives—called Mardi Cottage. I walked down to the latter building and found several of the girls at home. We chatted awhile and they enlightened me on the Hospital from their standpoint.

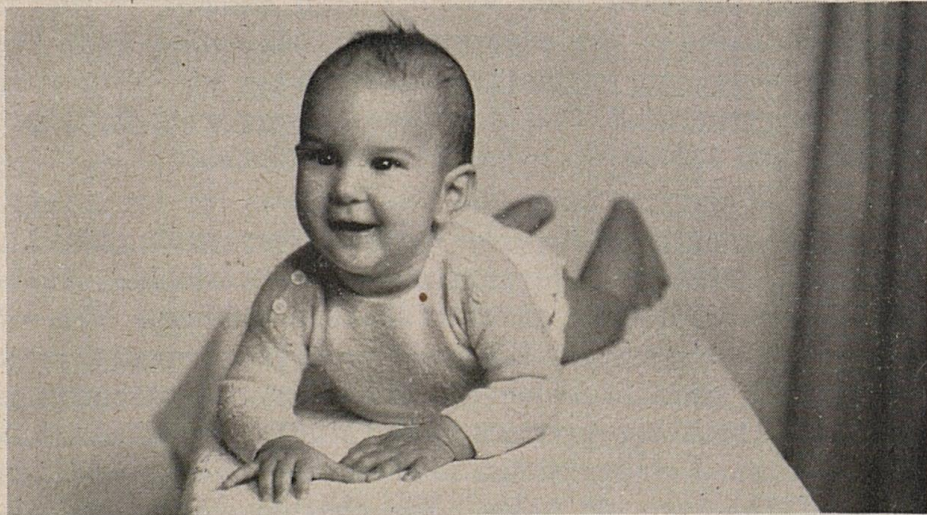
Two classes of six graduate nurses are trained every year in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Their course

lasts six months. Their lectures are held at their quarters, and each student is required to do a minimum of twenty deliveries under supervision. Their patients, for the most part, fall into two groups—those in Hyden and its surrounding District who are delivered at home, and those who are brought in from the other Districts for hospital delivery because of unfavorable prenatal or home conditions. The instructors of the School are with the students to supervise their technique and procedure in both types of delivery work. In my humble estimation, these nurse-midwives, upon graduation, are fully equipped and expertly trained for the most selfless and courageous career a woman can elect. They carry the responsibility of life and death in a pair of saddle bags.

I shall say adieu momentarily and see you very soon, though now Lexington seems extremely far away. I shall return with some reluctance, as it will mean leaving so much behind. But in one respect my mind and heart are in complete accord. I shall never forget Mrs. Mary Breckinridge and the Frontier Nursing Service.

Always,

BOBBIE.



MARY RUSSELL
Courier—Registered for 1966
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reed Russell
(Ann Ellis)

URGENT NEEDS

We print again our urgent needs in the Spring Bulletin as has been our custom for many years. We apologize for the length of the list but we can't help it. Only the most urgent things, the ones that must be done, are given. As all of you know, we do not and cannot include these urgent needs in our regular budget. The effort to meet the budget in this time of rising prices is like trying to put salt on a bird's tail. We rarely have the money in the bank a month ahead for our common needs. We have to depend upon our friends to give us the extra money with which to meet these special needs. Thus our friends have a job as difficult as ours—the job of eking a bit more money out of their budgets, already strained by the high cost of living, by taxation, and by many charities. This makes it terribly hard on everybody. We know that.

If you can't give a Jeep Shed, perhaps you can give a Plumbing Auger; if you can't repair the Hospital Autoclave, perhaps you can give the Enamel for painting old chairs and beds; if you can't give an Asphalt Shingle Roof, or even something towards it, you may find you can give a Scythe for cutting weeds. Bless you.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Repair of Instrument Sterilizer in Clinic \$25.00; in Wards, \$34.89....\$	59.89
Repair of Autoclave (replacement of parts, and labor).....	106.31
Developing Tank for X-rays (replacement).....	61.24
Meter Panel and Meter for X-ray machine (replacement).....	50.00
AnSCO 3-tube Flurotube Illuminator for reading X-rays.....	42.50
3 Waste Buckets, step-on type, \$9.59 each.....	28.77
Supply Cupboard in Midwifery Bathroom (material and labor)....	50.95
Door between Sewing Room and Ward—soundproofed.....	44.60
1 Four-drawer Section steel file for Hospital charts (war surplus)..	34.50
6 Two-drawer Sections steel card files for records—district nurses, to replace cardboard and wooden ones, \$11.50 each.....	69.00
Plumbing Repairs: thawing pipes at tank, repairing leaks in con- cealed pipes in kitchen and X-ray room, and putting back plaster	153.17
Servicing Boiler, replacing 6 radiator valves.....	75.00
2 Bassinets, complete with mattress and rubber cover, each \$20.25..	40.50
Living Room Rug (old rugs made into new Olsen—size 10 x 14— old rug worn out).....	80.00
Putting in second Fire Hydrant to protect far wing of Hospital and Barn (including hydrant, pipe and connections with main water line, hose and hydrant-house) Estimate.....	300.00

Remodeling old three-room Cabin on Hospital grounds to take care of overlapping of nursing staff (without plumbing) Minimum estimate	800.00
Single Beds for Nurses to replace old cots beyond repair—sagging springs. One, complete with mattress, costs \$59.95,—each.....	59.95
Penicillin (incl. Penicillin in Oil and Wax to be used on 12 nursing districts and in Hospital)—One Year's supply.....	1,560.00
One Month's supply.....	130.00

MIDWIVES' QUARTERS AT HOSPITAL

Electric Water Heater to replace inadequate laundry-stove heater, completely installed—Estimate.....	\$ 190.00
Electric Washing Machine with spin-dryer—Estimate.....	215.00
Replacement of Faucets on kitchen sink and new trap on wash basin	18.75
Slip Covers (needed to protect furniture—old ones worn out)—two chairs and studio couch—Estimate.....	27.00

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence are met by the donor.

WENDOVER

Jeep Shed (for three jeeps and ½-ton red truck)—rough lumber; labor used in riving boards for roof (from our own oak trees) and building shed.....	\$ 428.43
Shelter and Pen with proper drainage for "Edna," our brood sow, and her piglets.....	180.63
Converting Room in Cabin into an extra double guest room (removing mildew on walls, painting, furnishing).....	77.58
Desperately needed in the guest season.	
Bath Mats , \$2.49 each.....	4.98
Chimney Caps for 12 flues (old ones rusted out).....	168.00
Plumbing Repairs (toilets, sinks, water-heater connections, and main water line).....	79.72
Furnace and Boiler Repairs for Garden House; servicing and replacing smoke pipe and grates.....	66.07
Frostproof Pipe Covering	25.25
Replacing worn Linoleum on kitchen sink splash boards and shelf, and in front of double sinks.....	24.00
6 Metal chairs —\$4.10 each.....	24.50
1 Section 4-drawer correspondence Steel Filing Cabinet (war surplus)	34.50
6 Sections 2-drawer Steel Card Files —for contribution cards.....	69.00
4 Posture Chairs (war surplus)—\$7.50 each.....	30.00
4 Window Shades —Cabin.....	17.50
1 Dozen Crinkled Bedspreads —\$2.75 each.....	33.00
4 Fire Extinguishers —1-qt. size (replacements)—\$10.00 each.....	40.00
1 Tarpaulin for ½-ton red truck.....	22.10
1 Plumbing Auger	2.75
New Parts for Kitchen Range (top, grates, firebox linings).....	31.12
1 Dozen Saddle Blankets (for horses, wherever stationed).....	54.30
Reroofing Old House —Estimate.....	1,000.00

(The roof of asphalt shingles on the Big Log House was laid when it was built in 1923. It has been patched and patched for years. With every heavy rain, buckets have to be set at many places under the leaks. This condition is ruinous.)

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Frostproof Hydrant and installation.....	\$ 22.50
Plumbing Repairs (toilet tanks, kitchen sink).....	29.55
Servicing Heating System: cleaning furnace, registers, and chimney; and flushing hot-water tank.....	30.30
Replacing old Gasoline Engine by new one, including installation....	89.55
Building up floors to four Stalls and runway of barn (with crushed rock and clay, including hauling rock).....	51.10

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER

Frostproof Hydrant and Installation at the Barn.....	\$ 21.75
Diverting Water from overflow pipe on Tank and from wet-weather Spring to protect foundation from being undermined; and Repairs to Spring and Spring-house.....	41.18
Cement Pipe for Drainage back of Barn, and putting it in.....	20.75
Servicing and Repairing Furnace (renewing smoke pipe, painting iron parts, cleaning chimney, wrapping pipes with asbestos)....	49.00
Furnishing and Installing new hot-water Tank; and other plumbing repairs.....	63.42
New fire Hydrant (replacement) and Installation.....	71.22
Renewing Porch Steps (lumber, labor, and painting).....	26.93
Enamel for painting old chairs and beds; and Paint Brushes.....	7.89
Slip Covers for two chairs and a window seat.....	29.18
Sewing Machine cleaned and overhauled.....	11.95
Scythe for cutting weeds.....	4.29

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER

Septic Tank Repairs: cleaning, new top, unstoping tile in drain field (material and labor).....	\$ 78.35
Frostproof Hydrant at Barn, including fittings and installation.....	22.29
Servicing and Repair of Furnace (cleaning, renewing smoke pipe, cleaning registers and chimney, wrapping pipes with asbestos, painting iron parts).....	38.46
Replacing Porch Steps (lumber, paint, labor).....	24.52
Cleaning out abandoned mine, putting in temporary pipe and base connection with Spring to supplement water supply in dry summer months; new Lids to both Springs (lumber and labor).....	31.75
Creosote for Barn, Manure Bent, Cow Shed, Chicken House.....	23.40
Scythe for cutting weeds.....	4.29
Window Shades —fourteen windows.....	52.78
Slip Covers for two winged chairs and day-bed (material and making) Estimate.....	32.50

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

New Roofing on Barn (roofing and labor)—Estimate.....	\$ 60.00
Servicing and Repairing Furnace: cleaning furnace, registers, chimney, renewing smoke pipe; wrapping hot-air pipes, etc.)..	27.23
Screen for Living Room Fire Place.....	9.00
Unstopping Drain Pipes, replacing fittings and faucets; toilet tank and repairs; flushing hot-water tank.....	42.90
Opening up blocked Sewage Line and replacing broken Tile.....	35.00
New Water Tank (5,000 gallon capacity).....	627.90
Stone and Concrete Foundation —estimated at.....	100.00

POSSUM BEND NURSING CENTER AT CONFLUENCE

Plumbing Repairs: unstoping blocked drain pipe from kitchen sink; putting in pipe to drain Hand Pump in freezing weather..	\$ 33.74
---	----------

Servicing Furnace: cleaning furnace, registers and chimney; re- newing Smoke Pipe; painting iron parts to prevent rust.....	27.25
Reroofing Barn (roofing and labor) Estimate.....	60.00
Creosote for Barn, Cow Shed, Manure Bent and Sawdust House....	23.40
Repair of Fencing to keep cattle and hogs out (replacement of Locust Posts, and restretching Wire where necessary).....	46.06
Pruning Shears (long handled).....	4.00
Scythe for cutting weeds.....	4.29
Six sheets at \$2.85 each.....	17.10
One dozen face towels	3.75
One dozen wash cloths	1.68

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

The repairs and replacements at this center are met by the donor.

GENERAL NEEDS

1 Horse	\$ 225.00
1 Civilian Jeep.....	1,320.98

DANISH KRINGLE

(Translated from his mother's old Danish Cookbook by
Mr. Hertel Saugman of Racine, Wisconsin)

½ Cake Yeast	3 Tablespoons Sugar
½ Cup lukewarm water	1 Teaspoon Salt
4 Cups Flour	3 Eggs (beat separately)
1 Cup Lard or other shortening	1 Cup lukewarm Milk

Dissolve yeast in ½ cup of lukewarm water. Meanwhile in a large bowl put flour, lard, sugar, and salt. Mix as you do pie crust, very fine. Then beat the 3 egg yolks. Add yeast mixture, yolks and milk to the flour mixture and beat well. Cover and place in cellar or cool place overnight.

In the A.M. divide dough into 2, 3 or 4 parts depending on size of pans. Use cookie sheets or large pans. Roll each piece of dough into a **very thin** strip about 9 inches wide and as long as it will roll. Spread this with the egg whites beaten stiff, then a layer of brown sugar, then a thin, ¼-inch, layer of any fruit or combination of fruits desired or available such as: raisins—cooked, pitted prunes—chopped apples—nuts—drained crushed pineapple—figs, etc.

Then fold dough—taking one edge and folding over one-third and then fold over other third toward center—fold over entire length of dough. Then shape like pretzel, or just a circle, or anything—let rise on greased pan for two hours or a little less. Bake 20 minutes to 35 minutes in medium oven. Try and see if done with toothpick.

(Optional: Ice with powdered sugar icing while hot or just brush dough with cream or melted butter and sprinkle with granulated sugar and cinnamon before baking.)

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Celia Coit, Winnetka, Illinois—February 24, 1948

It seems a long time since I have had news via a Bulletin, but I hardly need that to remind me of all of you. It has simply become a part of me that floods back at so many instances. I go out in the morning and I can glimpse a blue sky and feel the sun even though it is snappy and I tell myself this would be a good morning to start on rounds, or perhaps I see an evening sky or—well, there are so many things that start me thinking.

The first of this month I had an anniversary. Yes, I finally got through my year here (St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago) and so I am now on the hospital payroll as an X-ray technician, until the end of April; then mother and I are going East for a bit. In July sometime, I want to go and prowl around the Gaspé Peninsula in Canada.

.

**From Mrs. John W. Putnam (Susan Morse), Concord,
Mass.—March 29, 1948**

We are much excited about our new house which we are starting to build in about a month. We've moved twelve times in eleven years, and hope this will be our last, though you never can tell. It seems foolish to build with prices so high, but the children are growing up so fast and will have flown the coop, if we wait 'til things become more reasonable, if they ever do. When I'll ever get to see you people, I don't know. Some day, perhaps, when one of my daughters becomes of courier age.

.

From Barbara McClurg, Chicago, Illinois—March 31, 1948

I spent two weeks in Aspen, Colorado, skiing, and managed to get home with only a chipped ankle bone; and considered myself lucky since the number of broken legs among my friends was rather staggeringly high.

From Diana Morgan, Princeton, New Jersey—Easter, 1948

I'm doing some "sculpting," taking singing lessons, and driving for the Red Cross Motor Corps.

.

From Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd (Barbara Boyd Downs' father)

Chicago, Illinois—April 14, 1948

I was able to see Barbara's boy for the first time for a week or so last month. He certainly is a strong, healthy and intelligent kid. This also was the first time I have ever been on Barbara's ranch. They certainly live in a beautiful part of the country, with mountains all around them, much wooded area and, above all, a nice river flowing right through their place. These youngsters are doing remarkably well on their ranch and are as busy as beavers from sunrise to sunset, as they have to be, inasmuch as they do practically all of the work themselves, which includes taking care of four hundred head of cattle on government permit grazing lands which cover some 30,000 acres at 5,000- to 10,000-foot altitude. It is rough riding and hard riding, but they enjoy it to the limit. Incidentally, the youngster, who was only ten months old when I was there, is already accompanying his father on horseback on odd short rides.

.

From Mrs. Arthur Perry (Mardi Bemis), Concord,

Massachusetts—April 14, 1948

I've been up to my ears in obedience work with my Golden Retriever and we've had a pony all winter. We were able to get our children a pony sleigh down from New Hampshire at the very end of February and had enough snow even after that to get in at least ten full days of use of it. That "took me back" more than anything else I've ever done. Susan and Artie have derived a huge lot of fun out of our drives, and we've been out almost every day all winter.

.

From Mrs. Howard Payne Ingels (Pat Mickle), Tulsa,

Oklahoma—April 27, 1948

About two weeks ago we made a mad trip to Maryland for Howdy's sister's wedding on the 17th. We went nonstop both ways. It was long and arduous but well worth it. We had a

marvelous time, and it was such fun seeing everyone again, even if we have only been gone a couple of months. We had to make it in the quickest possible time, as Howdy couldn't afford to miss too much school. We left here on Wednesday afternoon and were at our front door at 10:00 P.M. Thursday night. We took turns driving and sleeping. We had pillows and a blanket on the back seat, so we had most of the comforts of home. Our only stops were for gas and oil. We took food with us. We had two full days at home, which were mostly parties for the bride and groom. I must say that I didn't see too much of my family. We left right after the bride and groom, and started back. Left home at 8:30 and got back here about 1:00 A.M. Monday. Howdy had a full day at school, and I went about my housework like a robot. Our only mishap on the trip was that we couldn't cross the Ohio at Wheeling as it was very flooded, so we had to detour about seventy-five miles. Coming back, though, it had receded. I guess that the old Middle Fork came up a bit too, and I hope it didn't do any damage.

.

From Bobbie Miller, Poughkeepsie, New York—May 7, 1948

Graduation is finally knocking at my door, and in a few days it will be all over. As far as I know, I will be in Cape Cod until the end of September, and then I'm to fly out to Arizona with my grandmother and probably stay about a week with her to help her get settled for the winter. After that I would like to come to the F.N.S. for awhile. This summer, I am going to cover quite a bit of territory. I am going to be in a wedding on Long Island, one in Troy, New York, and one in Hingham, Massachusetts.

WEDDINGS

Miss Patricia Perrin of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and Mr. Robert Ashton Lawrence of Brookline, on March 20, 1948.

Miss Joan Dulles of New York City and Mr. Fritz Peter Molden of Vienna, Austria, on April 2, 1948. During the war Joan worked with the State Department in Washington and with the War Department in Vienna. Mr. Molden was with the

Austrian underground, and served as a liaison officer between the United States Army and the Austrian Resistance. He was awarded the American Medal of Freedom with bronze palm. After the war he was secretary to the Austrian Foreign Minister, Dr. Karl Gruber. At present he is editor of the Viennese newspaper, *Die Presse*.

Miss Jean Johnston Sawyer of Glendale, Ohio, daughter of Mr. Charles Sawyer, recently named Secretary of Commerce, and the Very Reverend John J. Weaver, Dean of St. Paul Cathedral, Detroit, Michigan, on April 28, 1948. The bride and one of her bridesmaids, Mary Burton Garrison, are both old couriers and served together as junior couriers in the spring of 1942. We quote from the Cincinnati papers:

During the war Dean Weaver served with the Chaplain Corps of the United States Army and was awarded the Legion of Merit for services in England and on the Continent. The British Army made him a member of the Order of the British Empire for his work as liaison officer between the American and British forces.

Following their wedding trip to the mountains of North Carolina, Dean Weaver and his bride will make their home in Detroit. In late June they will leave for England where Dean Weaver has been appointed a member of the Archbishop of Canterbury's staff for the Lambeth Conference in London. His assignment will be that of liaison officer between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the American bishops attending the conference.

Miss Rowena Kirby-Smith Coleman of Winnetka, Illinois, and the Reverend Charles Lynnwood Brown on April 29, 1948. They will make their home in Raleigh, North Carolina, where Mr. Brown is pastor of a Presbyterian church. Kirby has promised to bring her husband to see us before they become too engrossed in church work.

Miss Frances Hamlen of Dover, Massachusetts, and Mr. Costello C. Converse of Boston, on May 8, 1948. This couple plan to live in Natick, Massachusetts, where they are remodeling a farm. Mr. Converse is with the State Street Trust Company. Ham writes,

"As I have not yet discovered his potentialities as a farmer, I believe that I shall be the one to take care of our livestock, as fundamentally I am the farmer at heart."

Miss Lill Middleton of Rochester, New York, and Mr. Wade Hampten of Yonkers, on May 24, 1948. Lill wrote us:

"We had to juggle Princeton and Harvard exam schedules. We will have until June 7th when Wade must start classes again at Harvard Law. We have a G. I. unit for the summer but will have to move come fall. He graduates in February and has a job with a law firm in New York so we'll be living there for awhile."

To these young people we send our warmest good wishes for long, happy and useful lives together, enriched by all of the good things that life has to hold; and to the brides our abiding affection.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alberton Cushman (Janet Chafee) a son, Robert A., Jr., on November 1, 1947.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. Bradley Wood (Louise Lewis) of Worcester, Massachusetts, a son, John Bradley, on January 11, 1948.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Winslow Putnam (Susan Morse) a daughter, Joan Haydock, on January 25, 1948, in Concord, Massachusetts. She started her training for the Courier Service by arriving according to schedule in spite of a howling blizzard. The temperature was only 27° below zero that day!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Emmet J. Manion, Jr. (Pat Ferne-ding), of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a son, Kevin John, on March 4, 1948.

"The firm of Turner and Turner of Lexington, Kentucky" (Anne Preston) "take pleasure in announcing the admission of a junior partner, Job Darbin Turner, III. He was admitted to the Bar (milk) on March 5, 1948, and at the time of admission weighed 7 lbs. and 6 oz. He will specialize in the practice of Juvenile Capers. With numerous changes, the firm will continue under the name of Turner, Turner and Turner."

Born to Dr. and Mrs. William Russell MacAusland, Jr. (Franny Baker), of Rochester, New York, a son, William Russell, III, on March 18, 1948. Weight, 7 lbs. Franny writes us,

"Sign him up to be of some help—am sure he will want to. Next time maybe we'll have a future courier for you."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Fuller Daily (Barbara White) of Upper Saddle River, New Jersey, a daughter, Nancy Clark, on March 20, 1948.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Nester Rawleigh, Jr. (Florence Booker), of Woodstock, Illinois, a son, James Thomas, on March 23, 1948.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frank Knowles (Miggy Noyes), of Wellesley, Massachusetts, a daughter, Faith, on March 25, 1948. Miggy writes,

"She's a fat, hungry, and raving beauty of a courier."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard I. Wendell (Harriet Morley), of Spring Valley, New York, a daughter, Nadine Esther, on April 27, 1948, their first daughter and fourth child.

To these little ones—four future F.N.S. couriers, and six potential statesmen—we extend our heartiest welcome into this world. May they have the vision, the faith and the courage to make it a better world for their children than we have made it for them.

TRUE TALES

A woman came up to the clinic one day to see if she could find any old clothes that the children could use.

"This will do for Naked Betty," she said.

"For whom?" I asked.

"For Naked Betty. She's named for Betty Lester. We told Miss Lester that we were going to name our baby, if it was a girl, Betty Lester. Miss Lester said not to name her Betty Lester, just naked Betty. So we named her like Miss Lester said, Naked Betty." R. R.

INITIATION OF A TENDERFOOT

by
ADELHEID MUELLER, R.N.

"Hallo-o-o-o-o-o-"

Midnight.

Faithful, rheumatic old Peter and excitable, pregnant Yumpy responded with a din of barking which had Anna May, Thelma, and myself out of our beds and reaching for our uniforms before the significance of events had properly impressed itself upon our consciousness. But the call at the gate could mean just one thing: The stork was flying in the direction of the last house in district up Hell-for-Certain Creek! There was no time to lose. It was a one and one-half hour ride under the best of conditions, and the patient was a high multigravida! This was the race with the stork for which we had braced ourselves for a week, and here it was my last night on district, and my last chance to see a home delivery.

We had previously discussed the case in relation to my stay at Confluence, and it had been mentioned in passing that if the call should happen to come in just about the time I was ready to go back to Hyden, I might take my things along and proceed on via a shortcut following the delivery. It so happened that I was to leave the following morning, and so my belongings had all been packed in saddlebags and an extra dufflebag, ready for an early departure. It required no thought at all to throw the last few loose items into the bags, strap them shut, sling them across my shoulder and take off for the barn.

Everything had thus far proceeded smoothly and swiftly, and it was not until I was crossing the yard that complications began to set in. Rain! I hadn't counted on that eventuality! By the time my horse, "Boots," was saddled, loaded with saddlebags, and the dufflebag securely tied to the pommel, what I had hoped would remain a gentle shower had increased in proportions so that when Thelma and I did set out from the barn, I found myself drenched to the bone before we had even reached the gate. What, no rain coat? Oh, indeed! But it was securely

tied up in the very bottom of my dufflebag! I hadn't dared to take the time to undo it!

Anna May (the graduate nurse-midwife), well aware of the urgency of the call, had sped on ahead leaving Thelma and myself (prospective students in the Midwifery School) to follow. The night was totally black. Nothing was visible to the human eye save that which fell under the beam of our flashlights, and this became grotesquely distorted by the reflections cast by the rain.

It soon became apparent that my glasses, rather than being an aid to vision, became a hazard in the pelting rain by completely blurring my vision. There was only one thing to do and that was to take them off and tuck the frail, rimless things unprotected into my pocket. My thoughts drifted to my old unbreakable G.I. jobs, which I had taken along for just such an emergency, but which ironically enough were also securely tucked away in a case in the saddlebags.

In spite of these minor inconveniences, all went well for a while. I even began to think noble thoughts about the heroic adventure in which I was privileged to participate! Besides, I had one thing to rejoice over: My feet were still dry. But hardly had this happy thought struck me, when the first chilly tongue of water licked its way down the inside of my boot, and found my toes. It was as though this trail-blazer then shouted back to its fellow-rivulets: "Hey, come on, guys, it's warm down here!" Before long I found myself literally standing knee-high in water. Chills began to run up and down my spine, and suddenly a wave of dizziness and nausea swept over me. Visions of a watery bed in the middle of Hell-for-Certain Creek floated through my consciousness, and my knees instinctively gripped the saddle tighter. I was grateful for the bundle on the pommel which served as an added support to keep me in the saddle.

We groped along the slippery, rocky and now swollen creek for what seemed like an eternity, until suddenly Barney, Thelma's mount, decided it was all just a bit too much to ask of a horse and he determinately planted his feet in the deepest part of the creek, and there he stood. We tried everything in the routine to get him to move on, but to no avail. Even having Boots go on ahead paid no dividends whatsoever, and after

losing many precious minutes, there was nothing left to do except for Thelma to dismount and lead him on a ways. Through all this my head and stomach were playing an interesting game with each other trying to see which one could throw me into the creek. They didn't quite succeed in accomplishing their purpose, however, so they compromised on the contents of my stomach and consigned them to the creek instead. Thus relieved, I felt much more secure!

On and on we went, past our clinic at Devil's Jump, past Sour Pilatos' store, and over a hill at the foot of which Thelma came to a halt and with what appeared like angelic unconcern intoned: "Now this is as far as I have ever been before."

"Bless her heart," I thought, "*Now* she tells me!" Fortunately for both of us we weren't very far from our destination. I had been to the place once before on a prenatal visit, so Boots and I took the lead the rest of the way. At long last a mere glimmer of light up ahead told us that we were nearing the end of the trail! Just as we were falling off our horses, the man of the house came to the door, and we could tell by the characteristic ring in his voice that he had just become a father! We had missed the stork by three minutes, but fortunately Anna May had made it in plenty of time.

* * *

Three hours later, considerably less wet, and somewhat revived by the heat of the fireplace and a cup of strong, black coffee, we remounted our steeds for the return trip. I had given up the idea of going on to Hyden. The rain had stopped, but a mist still hung heavy over the hills and valleys. The sun was not visible, but dawn had broken and we could at least see where we were going. I had managed to dig my raincoat out of the dufflebag, and even though it wasn't necessary now to ward off the rain, it did help to keep me warm. With traveling conditions thus markedly improved I settled back for an uneventful and comparatively enjoyable trip back to the Center.

However, my complacency was soon to be shattered by a sudden and unexpected display of energy on the part of my otherwise none too ambitious Boots. Barney and Faith, carrying Thelma and Anna May, had scampered on ahead, no doubt

tied up in the very bottom of my dufflebag! I hadn't dared to take the time to undo it!

Anna May (the graduate nurse-midwife), well aware of the urgency of the call, had sped on ahead leaving Thelma and myself (prospective students in the Midwifery School) to follow. The night was totally black. Nothing was visible to the human eye save that which fell under the beam of our flashlights, and this became grotesquely distorted by the reflections cast by the rain.

It soon became apparent that my glasses, rather than being an aid to vision, became a hazard in the pelting rain by completely blurring my vision. There was only one thing to do and that was to take them off and tuck the frail, rimless things unprotected into my pocket. My thoughts drifted to my old unbreakable G.I. jobs, which I had taken along for just such an emergency, but which ironically enough were also securely tucked away in a case in the saddlebags.

In spite of these minor inconveniences, all went well for a while. I even began to think noble thoughts about the heroic adventure in which I was privileged to participate! Besides, I had one thing to rejoice over: My feet were still dry. But hardly had this happy thought struck me, when the first chilly tongue of water licked its way down the inside of my boot, and found my toes. It was as though this trail-blazer then shouted back to its fellow-rivulets: "Hey, come on, guys, it's warm down here!" Before long I found myself literally standing knee-high in water. Chills began to run up and down my spine, and suddenly a wave of dizziness and nausea swept over me. Visions of a watery bed in the middle of Hell-for-Certain Creek floated through my consciousness, and my knees instinctively gripped the saddle tighter. I was grateful for the bundle on the pommel which served as an added support to keep me in the saddle.

We groped along the slippery, rocky and now swollen creek for what seemed like an eternity, until suddenly Barney, Thelma's mount, decided it was all just a bit too much to ask of a horse and he determinately planted his feet in the deepest part of the creek, and there he stood. We tried everything in the routine to get him to move on, but to no avail. Even having Boots go on ahead paid no dividends whatsoever, and after

losing many precious minutes, there was nothing left to do except for Thelma to dismount and lead him on a ways. Through all this my head and stomach were playing an interesting game with each other trying to see which one could throw me into the creek. They didn't quite succeed in accomplishing their purpose, however, so they compromised on the contents of my stomach and consigned them to the creek instead. Thus relieved, I felt much more secure!

On and on we went, past our clinic at Devil's Jump, past Sour Pilatos' store, and over a hill at the foot of which Thelma came to a halt and with what appeared like angelic unconcern intoned: "Now this is as far as I have ever been before."

"Bless her heart," I thought, "*Now she tells me!*" Fortunately for both of us we weren't very far from our destination. I had been to the place once before on a prenatal visit, so Boots and I took the lead the rest of the way. At long last a mere glimmer of light up ahead told us that we were nearing the end of the trail! Just as we were falling off our horses, the man of the house came to the door, and we could tell by the characteristic ring in his voice that he had just become a father! We had missed the stork by three minutes, but fortunately Anna May had made it in plenty of time.

* * *

Three hours later, considerably less wet, and somewhat revived by the heat of the fireplace and a cup of strong, black coffee, we remounted our steeds for the return trip. I had given up the idea of going on to Hyden. The rain had stopped, but a mist still hung heavy over the hills and valleys. The sun was not visible, but dawn had broken and we could at least see where we were going. I had managed to dig my raincoat out of the dufflebag, and even though it wasn't necessary now to ward off the rain, it did help to keep me warm. With traveling conditions thus markedly improved I settled back for an uneventful and comparatively enjoyable trip back to the Center.

However, my complacency was soon to be shattered by a sudden and unexpected display of energy on the part of my otherwise none too ambitious Boots. Barney and Faith, carrying Thelma and Anna May, had scampered on ahead, no doubt

anxiously looking forward to the oats which they knew would be waiting for them when they got home. Boots had at first characteristically displayed no particular haste, but suddenly the shame of being left behind by his fellow-steeds must have awakened his energy, and with a sudden, forward lunge which snapped his chin strap clean in two, he was off in hot pursuit. One must experience the feeling of being mounted on a runaway horse, with a set of useless reins in one's hands, to appreciate it! Fortunately Thelma and Anna May became aware of my predicament, and halted their horses in the middle of the trail. Boots stopped voluntarily when he had caught up with them. I dismounted somewhat shakily to see what could be done about repairing the damaged chin strap. I discovered that there was no hope of salvaging it, even for the rest of the trip, so our only recourse was to use a thong and improvise one! Boots had no intention of relinquishing his new-found freedom readily, but with perseverance I finally managed to get the thong tied in place.

I remounted, not at all confident that the rest of the trip would proceed uneventfully! There evidently was no holding Barney and Faith back, for soon they were out of sight over the hills and curves up ahead. For a while I managed to keep Boots under control, but finally, with a few vigorous shakes of his head, he dislodged his bit, and off we were again. Somehow I conceived the desperate thought that if I could reach down and get hold of the sides of the bit I might still manage to get him under control, so I threw myself forward and reached toward his mouth with one arm on either side of his neck (my long arms proving an advantage at this point) but fate was against me. My left hand had barely reached the vicinity of the rein snap when that little gadget detached itself completely from the bit, so that now even the slightest tug on the right rein would pull the bit entirely out of his mouth. On we sped. I had no idea how far Thelma and Anna May had outdistanced me and, since they could not see my predicament, I resorted to the only alternative still at my command. Mustering the full volume of vocal power, I emitted a yodel which any mountaineer would have recognized as typical, unrehearsed, and generously impregnated with a quality designed to curdle the hearer's blood!

It had the desired effect. An answering shout told me that the girls up ahead had heard my distress signal.

I am convinced that the only thing which kept me in the saddle this time was the fact that the emotion of anger superseded the fear which threatened at any moment to melt my strength away, since I was much too provoked at the turn of events to give way to fear. I can well imagine that Boots and I presented a tragically ludicrous spectacle as we hove pell mell into sight! We repeated the process of halting, dismounting, tussling with bits, reins, thongs and an unwilling Boots, until I had finally rigged up a chin strap such as had never before graced a self-respecting horse! But it turned the trick this time. There was no wriggling out of it again, and the final hour of our ride back home proceeded without further commotion. To be sure, I didn't breathe easy until I had my horse—turned dynamite—safely put away in his stall.

LITTLE GREENFLIES

Weep not for little greenflies who
Are orphaned in the morning;
They need no mother's tender care—
By evening they'll be spawning.

Nor doth the greenfly malice bear
For swatting her relations!
She just lays eggs upon the dregs
Of slaughtered generations.

—C. H. P., *The Countryman*, England

JUST JOKES — REASONS GIVEN

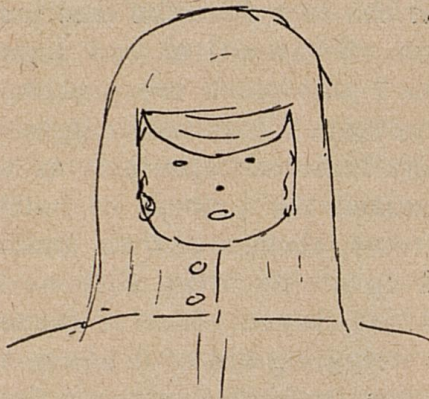
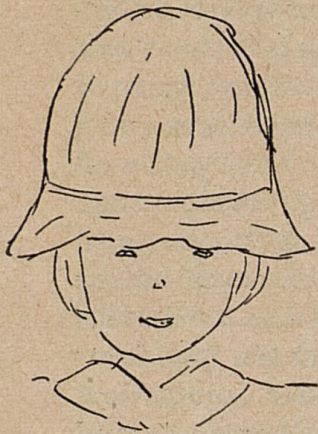
"Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are," said the lunch counter philosopher. Whereupon a meek little man, sitting a few stools away, called to the waitress: "Cancel my order for shrimp salad, please."

Two little girls were discussing their families. "Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl, "that she is cramming for her finals."

Joe saw the train but didn't stop.
They dragged his flivver to the shop.
It only took a week or two
To make the car as good as new.
But though they hunted high and low
They found no extra parts for Joe!

Wendover Scenes - - - - - RAIN HATS



—Bertha Bloomer

OLD STAFF NEWS

(Including that from graduates of the F. G. S. M., etcetera)

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Mae Rohlf in Tsingtao, China—February 21, 1948

The stork, too, was busy delivering little "Christmas bundles" during the holiday season! In fact he was much too generous with his "Christmas cheer" as far as we were concerned! On the morning of the 23rd, the evening of which was scheduled our Christmas program, found us with seven mothers in labor and an emergency appendectomy to say nothing of twelve angel costumes still to be made for the evening performance! I just didn't see how we would get through the day. By 6:30 p.m. all babies had arrived and were crying lustily in the nursery. However, we did have a difficult time with one baby and mother. We were thankful that God in His mercy spared the mother for her family of seven children and gave them the joy of another baby brother. We were all very tired but so thankful that our mothers and babies were well—our operative resting comfortably.

Just now we have an architect up from Shanghai to draw plans for our new hospital. Thus this week we will be busy scouting around with him. Time flies all too fast.

From Catherine Uhl Mervyn in Wrangell, Alaska—

February 22, 1948

I was married on October 17th to Robert W. Mervyn, Jr., formerly of Seattle, but a resident here for about twenty-five years. We live about a mile from Wrangell Institute where I was formerly. Like the F.N.S., our home unit is complete in itself, having its own conveniences. We have the finest reservoir water system, as a natural formation, one could possibly imagine. We live right by the sea and wild life is abundant.

We had a beautiful wedding by candle light at the home of one of our neighbors. The minister here was a fairly new comer from Chicago, and he commented on the beauty of the decorations and of the occasion to an acquaintance in town.

Although for many years I've had some kind of a flower and vegetable garden, I've always been away for a time during the summer and haven't been able to follow it through. Now, though we are planning a short sight-seeing trip, I expect really to see the garden grow. We are planning to have a few chickens and a rabbit.

.

From Mary L. Hollins (Holly) in London—March 22, 1948

My sister is back from the hospital but no better, so still no nursing for me, at any rate until the children's Easter vacations are over. Then I'll hope to take a temporary job till my sister goes (I hope) for more treatment or an operation. Meantime I devote my spare time to raising all I can in our little back yard, concentrating on onions (just sown), potatoes, beans, cabbages, and last, but not least, tomatoes which have done very well these last two years. I plant them in the chickens' winter run when the chickens have been moved to their summer quarters. Please say hello to everyone I know.

.

From Harriet Luce (Darby) in Syracuse—March 28, 1948.

I was distressed immeasurably by the announcement in the Bulletin of Sammy's death. This was the first I knew of it. Dear Sammy, I'll never forget her, although I didn't know her nearly as well as most of you. I remember her putting together jigsaw puzzles in the living room. When she was ill at the Hospital, she helped me with a brunch coat I was making in my amateurish way. The day she took me on a district visit to an old lady, I shall never forget.

News here is quite prosaic. We still live in a trailer and love it. Paul finishes in another year and a half, we hope. I am still working in an obstetrician's office. The work is grand and gives an opportunity for teaching prenatales, which I love.

I heard the Nurse Recruitments broadcast re the F.N.S. It sounded fair, but definitely overdone from the actor's standpoint. The F.N.S., to me, is something so vast in scope that a 15-minute program could only have scratched the surface. I still am unspeakably proud of my insignificant connection with it.

Marilyn Herb Hackim is in California again. She seems terribly happy.

Please remember me to everyone. I am so glad Bertha Bloomer is back.

From Lillia Ramos in Venezuela—April 12, 1948

I am happy working for Socony and the people here are kind to me. They like my work and the doctors send to me the prenatals when they are abnormal. I have to check on all post-partums and, though I am in charge of the floor, I have to take care of the newborns and prematures—the doctors feel better when I do it.

Life in the jungles is as interesting as life in the hills of Kentucky and I really love it! I've been going around different states in the union. I hope to have a chance to go to the Orinoco River next month. There are the gold mines of Venezuela and we are anxious to see a portion of that land.

Mildred Healey wrote to me in Spanish—a wonderful letter—so I answered her back in my own language. Isn't it something? News from Colombia is bad: They are at war, civil war. I hope Mildred is in the interior of the country by now, so she wouldn't worry or something happens to her.

How are the girls? And are the hills in bloom? How I would love to take a good look at them now! Tell all I love them just the same as when I was there.

From Edith L. Marsh (Marshie) in Bay Village, Ohio—

April 14, 1948

I am planning on going to Washington to the National Health Asssembly meeting being called by Mrs. Oscar Ewing for May 1st. I was asked to attend the section on Chronic Illness and the Aging Process—I felt very gratified to think I might be of assistance. I am keeping my fingers crossed, hoping I will be in shape to attend.

I am at home now getting over a possible infarct of some sort. It was associated with muscular pain and pleurisy. I was home in the fall with pneumonia and heart complications—that kept me off duty about two months.

I had a nice letter from Eva Gilbert with news about the gang. Please remember me to those I know. Much love to you all.

From Mary Cummings Lloyd in Quebec, Canada—April 25, 1948

Ken is such a lovely big boy with as much energy and pep as a four-year-old should have! He had his tonsils out last autumn and he's been very free of sickness since. There is a terrific measles epidemic in our village at the moment; Ken has been exposed so we are waiting.

We are all planning on going to England June 24th from Halifax on the S. S. Aquitania. Ken and I are returning in September, Dudley in August. We are staying with Dudley's people in London, but are booked for a holiday in Devon, and Dudley is going to Edinburgh for three or four days on business.

From Elisabeth Holmes Rodman (Betty) in Iowa—

April 25, 1948

Last week John and I were in Sioux City for the annual meeting of the Presbytery and were most pleasantly surprised to be looked up and entertained by Anne Nims Nixon, who'd seen our address in the Winter Bulletin! It is nice to find that there is someone I've known before living nearby—and Sioux City is our nearest city and shopping center.

We are in the throes of gardening at the moment. In February I became so enthusiastic over the seed catalogues and the thought that at last we have room to grow a few things, that I ordered enough for a young farm. Every inch is planted and I can hardly wait to see what comes up. It's been a job, as last year no one lived here and so the ground was a flourishing weed-bed. We're hoping to do a lot of freezing, so we can eat from our locker next winter.

Anne and I were so shocked to read of Sammie's death. What a sudden, sad blow! It still hardly seems possible that she has gone.

Debbie is growing like mad, and I hope to have a picture of her to send you soon. She goes to the various church meetings with me and is very good till refreshments appear, and then nearly bursts with desire for cake—and gets it!

From Dorothy Frazer Martt (Dotty) in Bamberg,**Germany—April 25, 1948**

Mother and I left St. Louis on the seventh of March and spent a week en route to New York City. We visited Jack's mother in Louisville; his grandmother in Portsmouth, Ohio; and my sister, brother-in-law and nephew in Mayfield, New York.

Noon of the 15th Mother waved good-bye as I took off for Paris via Gander, Newfoundland and Shannon, Ireland, on a T.W.A. DC-4. It was a wonderful trip—I'm convinced that the only way to travel is by air. Of course, best of all was having Jack meet me at Orli Field.

The day of my arrival, the 16th, Jack gave me my beautiful engagement ring. I am really proud of it. The central diamond and the two side diamonds are set in white gold. The ring itself is yellow gold. My wedding ring is just what I always dreamed of—a plain yellow gold band.

But about Paris: We stayed at the Claridge Hotel—one of the city's finest. Our plans were to leave Paris the 18th and be married in Stuttgart, Germany. (By that time we had found it necessary to eliminate Paris for our wedding because of a 30-day residence requirement.) However, the day after my arrival in Paris my passport was lost, making it impossible for me to go anywhere till it had been replaced. Although we used every scheme we could think of to accomplish this quickly, the new document was not issued till March 30th.

Jack stayed in Paris with me till the 26th and we really saw the sights. We made two conducted tours. At the famed Opera House we saw "Carmen" and "Aida." Just glancing at the Louvre consumed an entire morning. We found the Latin Quarter interesting. And we really got a good look at all Paris the day we took an elevator to the top of the Eiffel Tower. We drove to Versailles to see the Castle and Gardens there. Neither did we miss the Follies or the races. We saw the Ballet de Monte Carlo and an American movie, "Spellbound," with French translations written across the lower part of the screen. We also saw an operetta in French. And I had the pleasure of visiting Odette Prunet's friend, Helene Bugeron.

By the 26th, Jack's leave was up and he had to return to Bamberg, Germany, without me. It was with great sighs of

relief that we were reunited in Stuttgart the evening of the 31st. A very good friend of ours with whom we went to school at Washington University is stationed there with the Army at the 387th Station Hospital. He and his wife made all the arrangements for our wedding which took place the next day. Actually, we were required to have two ceremonies—first, one by the German authorities and then one by the Army chaplain.

Unraveling some Army red tape and having the civil ceremony took from 9 a.m. till 3:30 p.m. (½ hour off for lunch!). Then at 6 in the evening, in the chapel of the 387th Station Hospital, Captain Brown married us. It was a beautiful and simple service—just as we wanted. The only people present were the chaplain and the organist, our friend and his wife, and two other doctors who are stationed here with Jack, one of whom also went to the University with us. My dress was a street length, white wool jersey with gold accessories; my corsage, two beautiful orchids. Of course all the men were in uniform. Following the ceremony there was a reception for us at the Stuttgart Officer's Club. The personnel of the 387th were the guests. Their kitchen staff had baked and decorated a beautiful cake for us.

That night we drove home to Bamberg. We've been assigned a beautiful home—an eight-room, brick house located on a hill with a view of almost the entire city. It has every modern convenience—central heating, electric range and refrigerator, etc. Many of its furnishings are antique inlaid wood.

'Course Jack had to be back on duty the second, and on the 12th he left for Grafenwoehr, which is a military area about 70 miles north of here. He is on manoeuvres there and probably will be till some time in September. He is off some week ends so he can be at home from Saturday afternoon till Sunday evening.

Henry and I hold down the fort at home. Henry is my twelve-week-old, long-haired dachshund. He's really a darling—looks something like a cocker but, of course, a bit longer!

I'm learning to play bridge and attempting to learn German. I have a radio to hear AFN (American Forces Network); get the Stars and Stripes, our newspaper. We have an American movie, the Roxy, which changes three times weekly.

Maria, my German maid, is living in while Jack is away. She speaks no English except the few words I've managed to pound into her head. She is not above the average in intelligence and pitifully slow about her work, but she is diligent, honest, and good to Henry. We have a second employee, Gustave, the fireman, who takes care of the furnace and yard. Really there is not enough to keep him busy.

I have planted marigolds, zinnias and asters in hopes of having flowers if Henry doesn't dig them up! Maria is so slow I find lots to do in the house—all of the cooking of course. Perhaps it's a good thing Jack is not here while I get my start at that! Give my love to everyone and remind people that the F.N.S. is often in my thoughts.

From Adelheid Mueller in Maplewood, Missouri—May 18, 1948

We're scheduled to leave for China from San Francisco on August 28. There will be eight in our company—two young missionary couples, Mr. Li Yen-San, Norma Lenschow, another single girl (a teacher), and myself. Mr. Li has been studying at the Seminary this past year in preparation for working with our Mission. He has a very colorful history, is well educated, has held high government positions in China, and has an irresistible personality. His wife and three children are at present in Enshih, where Norma and I are scheduled to make our headquarters, at least for the first year, so we feel very fortunate in having a reliable escort to depend on to get us through customs and to our stations.

GOOD ADVICE

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do, whether you like it or not.

—Charles Kingsley

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

—Charles Dickens

KENTUCKY'S FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

by

DR. YEH SHIH CHIN

(Translated by Bliss Kao Wang)

Kentucky is indeed a unique world of its own. The lively and heroic nurses, climbing the towering mountains and crossing the roaring water-falls, have been performing incessantly the most fascinating, admirable and chivalrous drama of life.

On May 7th, 1947, I boarded the train from Chicago, and headed toward Hyden. The Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service came to meet me at Hazard, and drove me 30 miles to the hospital at Hyden. They gave me a welcoming dinner party. During the dinner, I learned a great deal of their work.

The following day (May 9th) I met many of the nurses at breakfast. They were a treat to my eyes, as they all appeared in their neat, white uniforms. I was enchanted with their gentle smiles, low voices, airy footsteps and calm mannerisms. Their very presence lent an indescribable charm and peace to the clinic and the sick rooms.

As the nurses have to care for their patients in the hospital wards and visit their patients at their homes, there is only one nurse left to take care of the patients in the clinic. The way she handled the patients, who crowd the clinic, proved that she was in love with her profession and had a deep well of sympathy and understanding for her charges.

In the afternoon, one of the nurses came to take me along with her to attend a postpartum case. I was surprised to see the complete change in her attire. She appeared in something like a Western cowboy outfit. She handled the little jeep with agility and skill. We drove through tortuous terrain, then left the jeep and started climbing a mountain. The nurse picked up her saddlebags—weighing forty pounds—and started climbing a mountain. Pretty soon I began to feel the strain of the steep climb and I noticed the nurse, with the saddlebags hanging from her shoulders, was panting a little too. She turned and smiled at me and suggested we stop for a second.

As soon as we entered the log cabin, located half-way up the mountain, the nurse immediately put on her apron and went to work with efficiency and tenderness.

The home of the second family which we visited was perched high up on stilts. The patient was a very lovely young woman. She sat at the edge of her bed and answered every question in a low voice and shy manner. She reminded me of the shy Chinese women who lead a very sheltered life and hardly ever cross the threshold of their own gates. She was devoted to her new baby. Whenever the baby cried, she would pick it up and feed it, exactly as a young mother would do in China.

The third family which we visited had a three-day-old baby. The nurse attended to both the mother and the baby and at the same time she tried to give the mother some elementary knowledge of child care and simple hygiene. The young mother pointed at one of her older children and said: "This child has had diarrhea for about ten days now." The nurse told the eldest girl to get the boy ready for an examination at the hospital. I helped the child to change his clothing, but I could not find the face towel to clean his face. The eldest sister rushed over with a big terry-cloth towel, dipped it in the water and started wiping the boy's face. I learned that the towel was used by the whole family.

After supper, we went for a walk on the playground. One of the nurses played tug of war with a huge dog which weighed over seventy pounds. They fought with all their might and many times she tumbled and rolled on the ground, panting and laughing heartily. It was wonderful to see how carefree she could be after a day's hard work.

I visited the midwifery school, also located on a steep hill, not far from the hospital. The equipment of the school is fairly complete, comparable to the standard of other American medical institutions which I have inspected. My guide gave me a brief account of the history of the school.

The program of the Frontier Nursing Service had three-fold activities—preventive, medical and delivery service. Two groups of nurses were attached to the Service: the English nurses who came directly from Great Britain, and the American nurses who received midwifery training in England or Scotland.

Early in the second World War, 12 British nurses went back. Therefore, a midwifery school was established in November, 1939, to meet the ever-increasing need for trained nurse-midwives.

After six months of intensive training and a final examination, the students receive a certificate. They become midwifery nurses. In order to recruit the right type of students, the initial screening is very strict. The teachers themselves set the example of hard work and qualities of perseverance. Every nurse is expected to lead a very busy and Spartan life while in the Service. Many a time, a nurse has to go on horseback through tortuous mountain roads and roaring streams with that forty-pound pack of saddlebags. Sometimes, the nurse must make more than one trip in the same day.

May 13th—I finally reached Wendover, the administrative headquarters of the Frontier Nursing Service, where Mrs. Breckinridge directs the work. There are several log cabins in the compound. The research, statistical, planning and social service are all conducted from this center. At tea time, I was approached by a slightly hunch-back, white-haired lady whose apparel was well-worn. She spoke about her work with such precision, clarity and enthusiasm. It dawned on me that this must be Mrs. Breckinridge. I considered it a privilege to be actually learning about this Service from the very source. After supper, she lighted an oil lamp in one corner of the sitting room and invited me to sit down beside her for a period of reading the newspapers and magazines. Outside, Nature's orchestra was playing the harmony of the running river, croaking frogs, hooting owls, the chirping crickets. Inside, under the oil lamp, I was sitting beside the white-haired humanitarian. An indescribable calm and peace enveloped me, the slightly home-sick traveler.

May 14th—I visited health stations. Besides the centers at Wendover and Hyden, there are six health stations, scattered on the high mountains and in deep valleys. We rode in a jeep to get to Brutus. I noticed that the nurse who was in charge of the clinic had to administer preventive injections, give vaccinations, examine the pregnant women, change bandages, take blood pressure and examine urine. She always instructed the patients to go to the Hyden Hospital center for problems which

are beyond her field of work. She was not only careful in carrying out her duties, she also conducted herself in such a way that only persons with the deep conviction of serving humanity could manifest such interest and concern.

I was eager to accept the opportunity to learn something about horse-back riding. So I accompanied the Wendover nurse on one of her delivery calls. Old newspapers came in handy for cleaning up after delivery. The nurse seemed to be glad to have my assistance. I asked her what are her particular problems in delivery. She replied with a smile: "Well, the cracks in these log cabins constitute handicaps. Summer time, there is no way to keep the flies out, while in winter time, the indoor temperature is about the same as the outdoor, with the exception of the little circle around the fire. During one delivery, I turned around to pick up a pair of forceps, and found it was already frozen in the water!"

May 18th—I returned to the Graduate School at Hyden to observe another delivery, where the teacher gave detailed demonstration as to how it should be done. I was deeply impressed by the methodical way the teacher demonstrated the whole procedure. After bathing the expectant mother, she even drained and cleaned the bed-pan.

In closing, I wish to reiterate that this group of women are exceptionally courageous and hard-working in their task of serving people. They are shining examples among the medical field.

POSTSCRIPT ABOUT DR. YEH SHIH CHIN

Dr. Yeh Shih Chin, Chinese woman doctor who has devoted her life to maternal and child health in China, visited the Frontier Nursing Service last Spring, during her stay in the U.S.A. as a Fellow of the AMERICAN BUREAU FOR MEDICAL AID TO CHINA, 1790 Broadway, New York 19.

Born in Amoy in 1906, Dr. Yeh was educated at the Methodist Girls' High School at Nanking, received her medical degree from Shanghai Women's Medical College in 1935, and took post-graduate training in maternity and child health at Peiping Union Medical College.

She has been physician in charge of maternal and child health at the Nanking Health Station; head of the Maternal and Child Health Division of the Kiangning Health Station (near Nanking); lecturer in gynecology and obstetrics at Kweichow Provincial Hospital, and Director of two child health stations at Chengtu, in west China.

Dr. Yeh, now head of the First National Midwifery School at Peiping, spent her year in the United States, studying midwifery education, maternal and child health. Her aim is to promote midwifery education in China, the nation with the second highest maternal and infant mortality rate in the world.

Dr. Yeh went from the United States to England to make an intensive study of the British method of training nurses as midwives. Before she sailed for China she wrote as follows:

"As to the midwifery career, I believe the English way is economical and sensible. Since the normal deliveries are physiological and not pathological, they need midwives and not physicians. The midwives are very gentle and patient. They allow time for nature to work. They never interfere throughout all stages of labour. I think this is the best way in practicing obstetrics.

"The English people are as warm and helpful as the Americans. There are a great deal of love and good will in this world."

A PRAYER

O that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each deed and word and thought
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,
For this is more than I can do.

—Thomas Elwood, A.D. 1639

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

I do not pin my dreams for the future to my country or even to my race. I have faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it. I think it probable that civilization will last as long as I care to look ahead—perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps also bred to greatness and splendor by science. I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it never has seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

—The late Justice Holmes in 1913

When Dr. Francis Massie comes up to the Kentucky mountains for the surgical clinics he gives us twice a year, we have long conversations that range through time and space. After one of these visits he sent me the passage we have quoted from the late Justice Holmes. He wrote that the date in 1913 was eighteen months before the first world war, when Justice Holmes was seventy-two years old, and he added, "It seems to me to bear no date."

.

The Frontier Nursing Service is deeply moved to have its subscribers recognize how interested we are in remotely rural medical and nursing work all over the globe. Two recent examples come to mind at the moment. From Gordon K. Lansdowne, Malshang Native Hospital, Lae, New Guinea, who is personally unknown to us, we have received, with his check, a set of such interesting pictures that we wish we could reproduce them in the Bulletin for all of you to see.

From Miss Blanche Randolph in Mount Vernon, New York, we received in February descriptions of the Flying Doctor Service in the Outbacks of Australia. These were sent Miss Randolph by an Australian friend, Miss Elsie Heuston, and Miss Randolph was so sure of our interest in them that she forwarded them to us. This Flying Doctor Service covers an Outback area in Australia bigger than all Europe. From seven bases, each of which services an area of approximately four hundred miles in radius, radio, in addition to aviation, makes the Service com-

plete. Pedal radio sets are installed at many isolated stations, and communication with the Flying Doctors is effected through wireless bases at the places where they make their headquarters. Advice over the air is free. The Flying Doctors not only reach their patients hundreds of miles away in two or three hours but their aeroplanes are aerial ambulances in which they can carry back with them patients who need Hospital care. "No true settlement is possible unless the wives and families of settlers can accompany their menfolk in reasonable security. The Flying Doctor Service makes this possible."

Since we received from Miss Randolph the publications telling about all of this, we have learned from her friend, Miss Edith D. Wright, that Miss Randolph "slipped away early in the morning of April 13th." We treasure Miss Randolph's last letter to us in which she wrote, "Our Frontier Nurses are just as fine and courageous in their service." We treasure too the thought that Miss Randolph linked us with the Flying Doctors of Australia in her heart, and in doing so put us into a spiritual relationship with them.

.

We have read with appreciation a booklet sent us by the Visiting Nurse Association of Detroit in commemoration of their fiftieth anniversary. We note with pride that it is dedicated to our friend, Mrs. Lystra E. Gretter, who has been a part of the Detroit Visiting Nurse Association since its founding, first as a Board member, then as its Superintendent, and now as a Board member again. The story of the development of the Detroit Visiting Nurse Association from one nurse, who alone and without the sanction of the general public, worked to relieve the poor, to an organization of 150 members working in conjunction with other agencies, to care for the sick of any class, and to prevent illness in all classes, is not only told in this booklet but illustrated as well. One turns from the pictures of the modern visiting nurses in their trim uniforms back to the pictures of those dear pioneers in their trailing skirts and their large hats, who were as dedicated as any who serve today.

.

We have received, and read with pleasure, articles about the Frontier Nursing Service which were written by two of the

nurses associated with us. A magazine called *Messenger* published by the Walther League has a long, illustrated and carefully worked out article by Adelheid Mueller, former Army nurse, missionary nurse to be, who has just completed her training at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Women's City Club of Detroit published, in February, an article by Nancy Newcomb, Clinic Nurse at the Hyden Hospital, and a granddaughter of Mrs. Cyrenius A. Newcomb, Jr., of Detroit. We also read with pleasure the Spring, 1948, edition of *To Dragma*, the magazine of Alpha Omicron Pi, the article about the Frontier Nursing Service under the heading "Items from Leo Wolf's Notebook."

Louisa Chapman (Chappy) who has been spending the winter months with her people in Ovid, New York, has started upon a veritable career of speaking for the Frontier Nursing Service. She made her debut at Hornell, New York, when she spoke with colored slides of the Service at the Seventh District Convention of the Federated Women's Clubs of New York State. This was on April 27th. Chappy's audience of about 130 women gave her talk and her slides rapt attention. Two of the women asked her if she would be available for talks during the summer and she has received an invitation as a speaker to one of the Women's Clubs. Her next fixed engagement is for a Parent Teachers Association banquet on May 25th at Red Creek, New York.

Our Hospital Superintendent, Helen Edith Browne, attended the Kentucky Hospital Association's Annual Meetings in Lexington from March 31st through April 2nd and found them stimulating.

Our research director, Dr. Ella Woodyard, went to the meetings of the Kentucky Dietetic Association in Louisville. It was pleasant for her to find herself warmly welcomed by many of the people she had met the year before.

The Benefit of the Philadelphia Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, announced in our last Bulletin, was both delightful and successful. It consisted of two showings of Noel

Coward's "Brief Encounter" at the Suburban Theater in Ardmore, April 19th, and between the shows an auction sale of antiques donated by members of the Philadelphia Committee. The net returns from the Benefit were \$1,044.85, and more than \$600.00 additional was given in checks by friends in lieu of buying tickets or in addition to the tickets they bought. We were particularly pleased that the costs of this Benefit were small. We extend our grateful thanks to the chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, and the vice-chairman, Mrs. Clarence H. Clark, both of them mothers of former couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service.

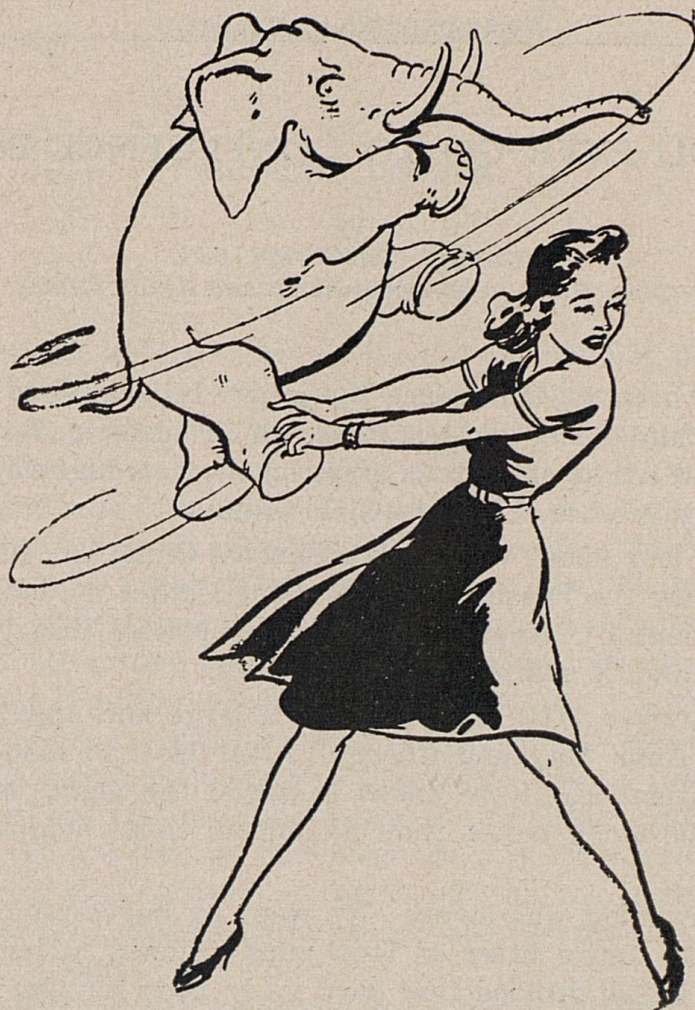
. . . .

The Benefit of the Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service was, as it has been for years, the John Mason Brown lecture in the Ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel. The date was Wednesday, May the fifth, and the lecture was called "Seeing Things." We have heard from several sources that John Mason Brown was even more delightful than usual and that a large and distinguished group of people attended with the First Lady again at the head of the group of patronesses. At these Washington Benefits, late afternoon refreshments at the Mayflower are always included in the ticket price, so that a social gathering follows the lecture.

We have not received the financial report as we go to press, but we learn that the Benefit will have cleared nearly two thousand dollars, aside from the personal subscriptions given by friends through the Benefit Chairman.

The Frontier Nursing Service is deeply grateful to its Washington Chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner; to the Benefit Chairman, Mrs. John W. Davidge; to the Chairman of Boxes, Mrs. Adolphus Staton; to the Treasurer, Mrs. Charles F. Wilson; and to the Vice-Chairman, Mrs. William Morgan, for the work they graciously assumed and carried through in connection with this Benefit. The whole Washington Committee stood by, as well as many other Washington friends and subscribers. We are indeed grateful to everyone.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
1175 Third Avenue, New York 21, New York

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received hundreds of dollars from the sale of knickknacks and party dresses sent by friends in areas as far from New York as Wisconsin and Kentucky. The vase you have never liked; the *object d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook;—There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1175 Third Avenue
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

DID YOU EVER GO TO CONFLUENCE BY JEEP?

by

NANCY NEWCOMB, R.N.

Clinic Nurse at Hyden Hospital and Health Center

Ever been to Confluence by jeep? It is advised that one take with him or her and put to use an air cushion. From Hyden to Dry Hill it's as smooth as glass on the new highway, but the other six miles are still horseback trails.

After our usual Wednesday General Clinic Dr. Barney and I started for the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence to see a patient for Anna May January. Notice that it took us one hour and 20 minutes to go 12 miles.

We arrived after dark and ate a large and appetizing dinner with Anna May and Cherry. After we had made the call on the patient and were asked to spend the night, we decided it would be much better than hitting all those bumps again in the dark.

The evening was lovely. We went by harvest moon to the barn to see Lug's litter of four pups. Finally, after hours of chatting, we all decided that we'd go to bed; for you never can tell at what hour you'll get up in F.N.S.

It was early morning and I'd just come downstairs when Ida, the Possum Bend maid, said there was another jeep stopped outside and a nurse approaching. Coming toward us was Red. Her news was, "Hurry Doctor, you have an emergency on the way into Hyden Hospital from Beech Fork District." We dressed quickly, gobbled breakfast, and jumped into jeeps. Away we flew amid hurried goodbyes.

Didn't you know jeeps could fly? We made it back to Hyden in fifty minutes. Oh, for an air cushion! (We were in time.)

Come to your senses and return to your true self. Casting off slumber, recognize that they were but dreams that troubled you. Wide awake again to the things of life, look at them also as dreams.

—Marcus Aurelius

BROKEN DREAM

by

TRAMP

(Dictated to Brownie)

I had come in from a pretty big day of climbing mountains, and picking my way over rough creeks. My good friend, the barn-man, had given me my supper, and my mistress came to take me for a drink before bidding me good-night. Soon I was in dreamland, and found myself in a luscious pasture with shady trees. I looked around and thought I spied some friends of mine in the distance. I was just trotting off to say "Hello" when I awoke with a start and saw a light coming and heard voices, one of which I recognized as that of my mistress. Oh dear, I have to leave my beautiful pasture, and go out into the night! My mistress put on my saddle and a heavy pair of saddlebags, so I knew this meant business and that there was no time to lose. I recognized the trail we took as one we had taken just the day before, so did not have to be shown the way. We arrived at the house, and I was relieved of the weight on my back. With a friendly pat from my mistress, as she loosened my saddle girths, I was left to wait.

It seemed a long time to me and I began to fidget. I played with the thought of slipping my bridle and heading for home; but my conscience pricked me when I thought of my mistress at work in the house and I settled down again to wait. At last I heard a funny little squeaking noise in the house and then I knew it would not be long before I could go home. My mistress soon came along looking happy. She whispered to me, "Now home, boy, and to bed for a spell!"

The trip home was easy. We were both happy in our hearts: she, because she had delivered another baby and I, because I felt I had done a little something to help in this great work of which we are all a part.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Chained is the Spring. The night-wind bold
Blows over the hard earth;
Time is not more confused and cold,
Nor keeps more wintry mirth.

Yet blow, and roll the world about;
Blow, Time—blow, winter's Wind!
Through chinks of Time, heaven peepeth out,
And Spring the frost behind.

—*Phantastes*, George MacDonald

Our old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Becky Jane Morgan, says that when she was a little girl, about sixty years ago, there was a big snow on the nineteenth of May. Our readers will note that the date under the blizzard-like picture of Bobbie McDowell and Calico, on page 7 of this Bulletin, is March 28, 1947. At about the same date this year the thermometer hit 80°, then it dropped to the 30's and see-sawed up and down.

These vagaries puzzle our spring guests when they come in for only two or three days. "I never dreamed it would be so cold at Wendover in April," a guest will say on a Tuesday of almost any week. On a Friday of the same week another guest will come in and exclaim, "How can it be so hot in the Kentucky mountains in the spring!" Both guests leave with their minds made up—and both are so right.

As our readers know, I keep a note each year in my Day Book of the first rose of the spring. In 1945 the first rose bloomed on April 22nd; in 1946 on April 21st; in 1947 on May 12th; and this year, 1948, on April 27th.

I do not keep a record in my Day Book of the coming of the first poisonous snake. Even so, a memorandum was put among my papers that the first copperhead had been killed on the walk between the cabin and the Big House on the 8th of April. Since then the first rattlesnake has been killed at the cow barn.

The child with "the old look" on this Bulletin cover was photographed in Chicago by *Smith's*, "A Studio of Photography," awarded a medal at the Paris International Exposition in 1878. The child must be of my own kindred because I found the picture among a collection of family photographs that had belonged to my mother. Since the Wallers in Chicago are related to me, through my mother, I hope one of them will recognize the picture and let me know the name of the child.

The Annual Meeting of the trustees, members, and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place after this Bulletin has gone to press but before it is in the mails, on Friday, May 28th, at the Pendennis Club in Louisville. A number of our out-of-state trustees and members have written that they will attend this meeting.

A wedding of special interest to the Frontier Nursing Service took place on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of April, in the Mary Rose McCord Memorial Chapel, Wooton, Kentucky, when the Reverend and Mrs. Benton Paul Deaton gave their daughter, Miss Ely Louise Deaton, in marriage to Mr. Henry Kent. We in the Frontier Nursing Service are devoted to the Deatons and we wish the young couple a long and happy life together.

We have received many letters of sympathy and affection in connection with the death of Florence Samson, our "Sammie." One of the loveliest was from Mrs. H. A. Biggerstaff in Berea, daughter of the late Judge L. D. Lewis of Hyden. Another letter came from Mrs. May G. Greenaway in Chicago, a nurse who gave volunteer work to us last summer in our Hospital at Hyden and who knew Sammie for only a few weeks. She wrote:

"Many incidents have returned to my mind so vividly. Speaking of the work at the F.N.S., Sammie said, 'This is not a job, it is a way of life.' On another occasion when I wished aloud for a home there in the mountains, she told me that she had a place picked out where she was going to build a home when she retired. I think she built that home in the hearts of many in the community."

A number of nurses and couriers, who had known Sammie when they were with us, sent checks to be used for her memorial. These will be added to the money the F.N.S. staff is giving for a staff memorial. We want to get something that will be used on the district because the money raised by the Hyden citizens has taken care of the Hospital side of Sammie's life—in the form of a new Gatch bed.

We were deeply grieved at the death in Arizona of the brother of Della Int-Hout (Inty). The telegrams came to Wendenover and Dorothy Buck and Freddy Holdship went by jeep to Bowlingtown to take them to Inty.

The great events in the Frontier Nursing Service in the spring are the surgical clinics of Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, and Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville. Dr. Massie's clinic is for general surgery for people who need it desperately and cannot afford the city hospital charges. He arrived on April 21st with his crew, those dear assistants, Dr. Todd; Miss Griggs, his surgical nurse; and Miss Oliver, his anesthetist. Dr. Barney met them at the Hospital door with a sad shake of his head and the statement that because of the potato planting, there would not be any patients for them this year! Dr. Barney had 64 lined up in the clinic for examination! On Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday morning, the surgeons operated on 16 of these. The majority of the operations were major ones. The patients had come from all over our territory.

Dr. Urton, with that great anesthetist, Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, is starting his operations on May 24th, after the Bulletin has gone to press. Dr. Barney has 50 children lined up for tonsillectomies. The wonder is that he and Helen Browne (Brownie), the Hospital Superintendent, can find the space in our nineteen-bed Hospital to take care of so many. Even though we divide the children in two relays, it means extra cots everywhere. We can never get the Hospital entirely emptied for the children. There are always other patients in residence.

These Lexington and Louisville doctors accomplish more good in these clinics that they give the Frontier Nursing Service patients than we can find the words to express.

Some of the best loved members of our staff have left us this spring, not we hope forever, but certainly for what we call in the Kentucky mountains "quite a spell." Doris Reid, supervisor at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; Ruth Alexander, senior nurse-midwife at the Beech Fork center; Margaret McCracken, the Wendover nurse-midwife and supervisor for the breaking in of new nurses—all three have returned to their homes. Their people are frightfully glad to have them back, but their gain is a hard loss to the Frontier Nursing Service.

To all of this we must add that Odette Prunet, our French fellowship nurse, is returning to France in June. She has been so long with us that she too is a part of the Frontier Nursing Service. We shall follow her on her return home to new and high adventures, with unbreakable affection. She is now an expert in rural nurse-midwifery and we can't imagine anyone better qualified, as well as equipped, to serve France.

On her holiday last year, Odette visited couriers in the great cities of the Northeast and savoured to the full one phase of American life. On her holiday this year, she joined my sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, for a visit with General and Mrs. Richard Peters Williams at Savannah, Georgia. After that, by slow degrees, Odette motored with Mrs. Breckinridge to the Marine base in Parris Island, to Charleston, and its gardens, to the Marine base at Camp Lejeune, to Williamsburg, Virginia, and lastly, to the Shenandoah Valley where she was made much of by Dorothy Breckinridge and her people. Odette now knows something of the South and that phase of American life. We wish she had a third holiday with us and we could send her West. She has been a joy to know and to have around ever since she came to us.

.

It helps us in the giving up of so many of our old crowd to have Bertha Bloomer come back to us for the spring and summer, because she is a host in herself. She is carrying the Wendover district, with the checking of new nurses and guest nurses, until July when she will take over the instructorship at the Graduate School of Midwifery to relieve for Eva Gilbert's six weeks' vacation.

New nurses at the Hospital, all from California, are Barbara Jean Carpenter, Phyllis P. Benson and Hilda Candida Sobral.

Nancy Newcomb will be giving up the post of Clinic Nurse to go home "for a spell" and that post will be filled by Caroline F. Stillman. We are fully staffed as regards nurses, but we are going to take in one or two more for the summer months to get the three California nurses broken in to district work in rotation. We are not fully staffed in our office force and this is going to make it difficult to handle summer vacations. Do you, our readers, know of a good stenographer-typist who could come to us for the summer months?

.

On April 14th the fifteenth class finished their course at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Edna Mae Owens has returned to Mississippi. Adelheid Mueller and Norma Lenschow are getting ready for their work in China as missionary nurses; Thelma Blackburn, Evelyn Mottram and Eleanor Wechtel remain with the Frontier Nursing Service. All of these nurses passed satisfactorily the examinations conducted by the Kentucky State Board of Health and received their diplomas from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. The sixteenth class opened on April 15th—but more of them later.

.

We are lucky in having several of our old couriers back with us for the spring. Pebble Stone came just after the Derby; Freddy Holdship came earlier than that and, at the moment, she is down at Possum Bend, as nurse's aide to Cherry and Anna May. Jean Hollins has not yet left us for the summer. Our English courier of ten years ago, Alison Bray, whose war career our readers have followed with us, has come back again to a Service that is as dear to her as she is to us.

The early part of the spring our junior courier was Mary Buckner of Lexington, Kentucky. Since May 1st we have with us Penelope Thompson of Barrington, Illinois.

.

Mrs. Edith Hancock of Newington, Connecticut, was born in 1865, in the same year as the late Sir Wilfred Grenfell, M.D.

She is a nurse, and she was superintendent of Dr. Grenfell's Hospital at Battle Harbor in Labrador. She returned to the United States from Labrador in 1918.

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden has been honored by a visit from Mrs. Hancock in her eighty-fourth year. With her friend, Mrs. R. D. Burress, she is staying at the Hospital as this Bulletin goes to press. Eva Gilbert and Margaret Field brought them over by jeep to Wendover for tea. Mrs. Hancock climbed all around the Wendover enclosure with an activity that anyone half her age might have envied. Although she has had to relinquish nursing work, she has not settled down to an idle life. She is a librarian at a religious institute in Florida.

Our guest season opened early this year with a series of international people all of whom were charming. The first to come was the Florence Nightingale Fellowship nurse, Miss Jean Wylie of King's College Hospital, London, and the Dutch nurse, Miss Johanna Akkerhuys of Apeldoorn, Holland. They got bashed up, unfortunately, but are all right now. We did enjoy them. Then we had with us Miss Margaret C. Godley, a quite entrancing person, on her way back from the Far East. She is a friend of Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson) and had visited her within the last few months in Egypt. She had just been visiting Marvin's mother, Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, in California. Miss Lillian Baird came to us from the Canadian Red Cross Outpost station at Barachois, County Gaspe, in a remote part of Quebec, for a two weeks' period of observation. She is a Scotch trained nurse-midwife who has been doing her work with dog teams in the winter. The Canadian Red Cross sent her down to study our methods of remotely rural work. We planned her time in such a way that she stayed at the Graduate School, at outpost centers, and at Wendover. We were quite thrilled with her. Miss Jean Sawers is the latest of the internationals, another interesting person, and another Florence Nightingale fellowship nurse.

We have had American guests as well as British, Dutch and Canadian ones. The Reverend John S. Piper was so kind as to come to us from St. Mary's Episcopal Church of Middlesboro, Kentucky, to stay the night at Wendover and to hold an early Communion Service in advance of Easter. Our treasurer, Edward S. Dabney, spent an all too short day with us in April and we loved every minute of it. We had a brief visit also from Miss Ruby Lanier from the Pine Mountain Settlement School. Mrs. Ten Eyck Lansing was with us for two weeks at work on material for a book about a courier-nurse's aide in the Frontier Nursing Service, to be published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Publishing Company. Two of our trustees, favorite cousins of mine, came up for a brief visit near the end of April. They are Mrs. George R. Hunt and Mrs. Waring Wilson of Lexington. Mrs. Hunt's colored chauffeur, Mack, who has been with the family for years and years, drove them in. We put him up at the wee stone house in the Hyden Hospital grounds, but we had him over to Wendover too so that he would know both places. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Anderson of the Veterans' Administration were charming overnight guests.

It is always a red letter day in the Frontier Nursing Service when members of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority pay a visit to us. As all of you know, this sorority has for years supported the social service work of the Frontier Nursing Service. Betty Lester is carrying this work at the moment in addition to field supervision, but with excellent assistance from Carolyn Booth. The four A.O.Pi guests were Leo Wolf of Wilmette, Illinois, Elizabeth Anderson of Wilmette, Ruth Brown of Indianapolis and Helen Beazell of Boswell, Indiana. With Betty Lester they covered an immense amount of ground in four days. They even got down to the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence for the night and were thrilled to see the nurses go off on three baby calls between the time of their arrival and departure. Fortunately three nurses were in residence: Cherry; Anna May, who had just returned from her vacation; and Vera, who had been relieving for Anna May's vacation and had not ridden off to her next post. The A.O.Pi's got to other nursing centers also, to Hyden, and all around Wendover.

At the Hospital we have had visits from Miss Lovie Beard, North Carolina nurse who is working for her B.S. degree at Chapel Hill, and has been doing field work with the Visiting Nurse Association at Louisville; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rutherford of Delaware, Ohio; and Dr. Rowland W. Leiby, Jr., with his mother. It was good to see that she had fully recovered from her severe attack of pneumonia.

At Wendover, chiefly, but at other points in the Frontier Nursing Service territory as well, we had a vacation visit from Thumper, Lucille Knechtly. She is so much a part of the F.N.S. that whenever she comes back it seems as though she had never left us. She reported her uncle in the same broken state of health and says that it is her joy as well as her duty to stay with her aunt to help care for him. Other ex-staff members who came, but only for one night, were Jerry (Mrs. Arthur Byrne) and Sally MacMillan.

Our Providence trustee, Mrs. Gammell Cross, with two friends, Mrs. Hewitt and Mrs. Long of Huntington, West Virginia, stopped overnight at Wendover while on a motoring tour. For years we have been begging Mrs. Gammell Cross to make a visit to the Frontier Nursing Service and, to our joy, we got her at last.

Three other friends from Providence stopped overnight with us on their way down to the Garden Club meetings in Lexington. Mrs. Edward P. Jastram held the chairmanship of our Providence Committee for a long time and always promised us that she would come to see us one day. With her came Mrs. Ingraham and Mrs. Byron Smith. We realize the effort it is for people to include us on these motoring trips and are deeply appreciative.

It has been like the breath of heaven to me to have brief visits from all of the family of my late brother, General James C. Breckinridge, the Marine. Both of his sons are Marines. Jim Breckinridge had just returned from a tour of duty on the carrier Midway in the Mediterranean. He picked up his young wife, Judy, in Little Rock, and came to Wendover with her for two nights and one day—en route to Camp LeJeune on the East coast. This was in early April.

In mid-May, as the Bulletin goes to press, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge has motored from her home in the Shenandoah

Valley to spend a few days with me. With her is my brother's second son, John. He is on leave and was eager to give a part of this precious leave to his old aunt. John has not been to Kentucky for six years—and what six years! All who knew him as a school boy have vied in their welcome upon his return.

Our readers will remember our writing about that dear old man, Uncle Garrard Hollen, who was brought to Hyden Hospital with erysipelas and had to be taken care of in the wee stone house by special nurses. His family, who are fine, self-respecting people, wanted to help him meet our hospital charge for adults of \$3.00 a day. When he sent us the last bit due on his bill (a bill we had not expected to have paid) Uncle Garrard Hollen wrote us a letter of which we are so proud that we print it in full:

Creekville, Ky.
Feb. 21, 1948

Hyden Hospital
Hyden, Ky.

Dear Sirs,

I have been thinking about writing you all a letter thanking the nurses and Doctors for what they did for me while I was in the hospital.

You all were so nice to me I never will forget it. I appreciate it very much and thanks for the good work you did on my arm. My arm is almost well, it has dried up.

I really like those nurses they were really sweet to me. I hope I was as nice to you all as you were to me.

I appreciate meeting the nurses and Doctor.

I hope you all a great Success in life and good bye.

P.S. I am enclosing the rest of the money I owe you.

One of your best friends,

GARRARD HOLLEN.

Postscript. Dorothy F. Buck, first assistant director of the Frontier Nursing Service, has had a second serious operation, this time at our Hyden Hospital, on Sunday, May sixteenth.

Dr. Massie and Dr. Todd (with Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Todd) motored up from Lexington for the day and operated in the early afternoon. With them came their surgical nurse, Miss Griggs, and their anesthetist, Miss Oliver. The Bucket did not go over to the Hospital until Sunday morning. She gathered an armful of roses from the Wendover garden to take to Mrs. Massie. She is in a quiet room in the nurses' quarters. "Sister Hope" volunteered for the privilege of being her night special; Jean Hollins, nurses' aide, for that of being her day special; Dr. Barney, Brownie, and the rest of the hospital staff vie with one another in her postoperative care. The Bucket will be able to return to Wendover the end of May. The sweet peas she planted, and the pansies she set out, are blooming in anticipation. Her friends, for whom this postscript is written, may write her at Wendover.



THREE FRIENDS

The dog is Stinky—The horse is Jefferson—The nurse-midwife is Red.

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-ChairmenMrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.
Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa.**Treasurer**

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

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

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Thruston B. Morton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio
Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York**AUDITORS**

Hifner and Fortune, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEESMrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.
Madame Draper Boncompagni, Washington,
D. C.
Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England
Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York
Major-General Preston Brown, Vineyard
Haven, Mass.
Judge Francis G. Caffey, New York
Mrs. H. Bissell Carey, Farmington, Conn.
Mrs. George Chase Christian, Minneapolis
Mr. George H. Clapp, Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Ky.
Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass.
Miss Judith Colston, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, Chicago
Miss Naomi Donnelley, Chicago
Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York
Mr. Rex Farmer, Hyden, Ky.
Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.
Mrs. Henry Ford, Dearborn, Mich.
Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Lake Forest, Ill.
Mr. A. R. Glancy, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.
Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago
Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.
Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb, South Africa
Mr. C. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.
Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Bruce Isaacs, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Henry James, New YorkMrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
Kentucky Health Commissioner
Mr. Clarence L. Kerr, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
Mrs. Clarence LeBus Jr., Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
Mrs. Francis C. McMath, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. J. Wm. McMillan, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Milward W. Martin, New York
Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
Miss Anne Morgan, New York
Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. George W. Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Cairo, Egypt
Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., New York
Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
President Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority
Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Chris Queen, Peabody, Ky.
Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere, New York
Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite, New York
Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Chicago
Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago
The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England
Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New Canaan, Conn.
Mrs. Frederic Watson, Dorsetshire, England
Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Milton, Mass.
Mrs. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, New Haven, Conn.
Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- Dr. Irvin Abell, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Fred L. Adair, Chicago
 Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, Rochester, Minn.
 Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky.
 Dr. Charles B. Crawford, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. L. E. Daniels, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Haven Emerson, New York
 Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago
 Dr. A. W. Freeman, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Gavin Fulton, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco
 Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb.
 Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C.
 Dr. Frederick C. Irving, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.
 Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York
 Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn.
 Dr. Clifford B. Lull, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. J. R. McCord, Atlanta, Ga.
 Dr. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago
 Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Thomas Parran, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City
 Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio
 Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Sterling Ruffin, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va.
 Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. James E. Thompson, New York
 Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Dr. F. W. Urton, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo.
 Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. Henry S. Waters, Iloilo, Philippines
 Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York
 Dr. Carnes Weeks, New York
 Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.
 Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.

Inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Charles Kavanaugh, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- Miss Lyda W. Anderson, De Kalb, Ill.
 Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Ida F. Butler, Hartford, Conn.
 Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago
 Miss Hazel Corbin, New York
 Miss Naomi Deutsch, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York
 Miss Margaret L. East, Louisville, Ky.
 Col. Julia O. Flikke, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I.
 Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass.
 Miss Annie W. Goodrich, New Haven, Conn.
 Miss Lillian Hudson, New York
 Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York
 Miss Sally Johnson, Boston, Mass.
 Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York
 Miss Honor Murphy, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Winifred Rand, Frankestown, N. H.
 Miss Katharine Read, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Ruth Riley, Fayetteville, Ark.
 Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York
 Miss Emilie Y. Robson, St. Louis, Mo.
 Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich.
 Major Julia C. Stimson, New York
 Miss Effie J. Taylor, New Haven, Conn.
 Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C.
 Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich.
 Miss Marguerite A. Wales, Battle Creek, Mich.
 Miss Mary E. Westphal, Chicago
 Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va.
 Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md.

FIELD WORKERS

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

Director
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,
S.C.M., LL.D.

Secretary to Director
Mrs. Hortense Luckey Greenwald

First Assistant Director and Dean
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S.C.M., M.A.

Assistant Director and Field Supervisor
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Research Director
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.

Bookkeeper
Mrs. Lenore M. Rhine, LL.B.

Statistician
Miss Mary K. MacMillan, B.A.

Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and
Postal Clerk
Miss Cecelia Lucas

Resident Wendover Nurse
Miss Bertha Bloomer, R.N., C.M., B.S.

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director
Maurice O. Barney, M.D.

Hospital Superintendent
Assistant Director
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

Hospital Head Midwife
Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.

Instructor
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

Supervisor
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Doris Reid, R.N., C.M.

Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Position open
Filled temporarily by Miss Betty Lester

Alternate Resident Couriers
Miss Fredericka Holdship
Miss Jean Hollins
Miss Helen Stone

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss Helen Marie Fedde, R.N., C.M.; Miss Lydia Thompson, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Miss Beatrice Miller, B.S., R.N., C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Virginia Frederick, R.N., C.M.; Miss Theda Fetterman, R.N., C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Della Int-Hout, R.N., C.M.

S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' examinations of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Board of Health examination and is authorized by this Board to put these initials after her name.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember the Frontier Nursing Service 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."

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

The following are some of the ways of making gifts to the Endowment Funds of the Frontier Nursing Service:

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

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.

Articles of Incorporation
of the Frontier Nursing Service,
Article III.

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.
and sent to the treasurer,
MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington 15, Kentucky



SPRING IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

Photograph by Earl Palmer

