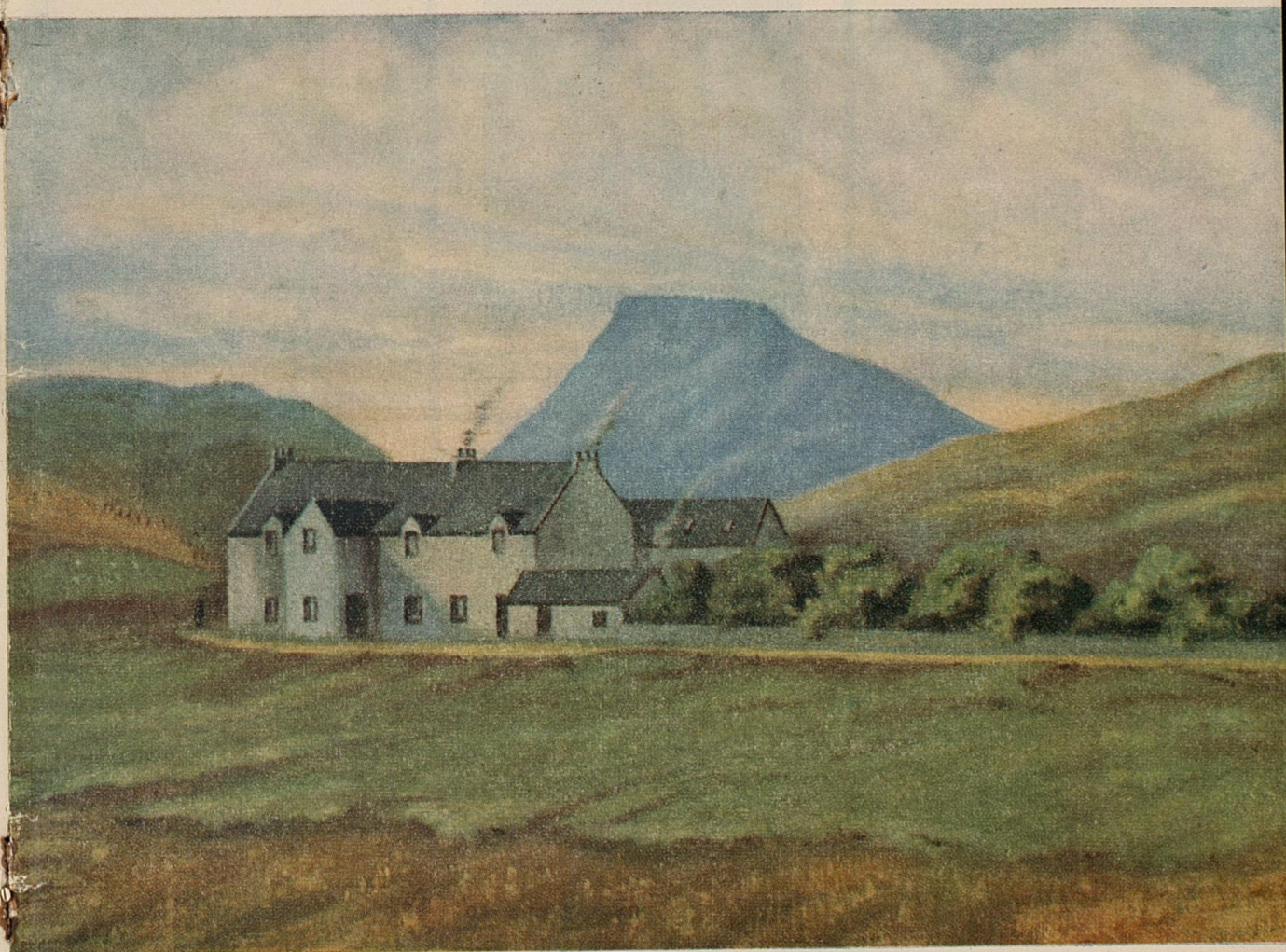


The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 28

Winter, 1953

Number 3



ROAG HOUSE

Ancestral home and birthplace of
Ann P. MacKinnon
On the Isle of Skye
Inner Hebrides — Scotland



ANN P. MacKINNON
"Mac"

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GOOD-NIGHT TO SKYE

The sun has lit the mountain peaks,
And gleams afar his spears of light;
From Coolin's Sound the sea-mew's cry
Breaks on the stillness of the night.
The fisher from the sunlit creek
Sails towards the west, and soon must I,
Then, lingering on the rocks, I bid
A long good-night to Skye!

The restless sea that ebbs below
Bears me to-morrow on its breast,
Far from this isle of glooms and gleams
For distant prairies in the West.
Yet when no more these cliffs can scan,
I'll envy gulls that homewards fly,
In fancy, picture where they'll nest
In some lone cave in Skye.

'Tis wandering here 'mong youthful haunts
That makes me loath to say farewell;
For every mound or cairn I pass
Has some old tale to tell.
Oh! ne'er forgot my island home,
When dwelling 'neath sierras high;
For who has viewed can e'er forget
The misty isle of Skye?

The sun has set, the darkness spreads,
'Tis time to leave this lonely shore;
A last and sad farewell must take
To scenes I may behold no more.
The croft I pass, where born and bred,
The resting-place where clansfolk lie,
And pray an exile may come back
To lay his dust in Skye!

C. L. M.

In Memoriam

ANN P. MacKINNON
"Mac"

Born on the Isle of Skye, Scotland, March 4, 1885

Died at Hyden, Kentucky, February 6, 1953

I

If Mac had died in Skye, Highland pipers of her clan might, at her last rites, have played the *Flowers of the Forest*—Scotland's dirge. During the wars in which Mac served, often under fire, *Flowers of the Forest* was played by Scottish pipers for such as she, and the marching feet of the kilted soldiers could be heard as though muffled against the music of the bagpipes.

But if Mac's dust does not rest in Skye, it will lie in the mountains of Kentucky—the country that she loved next best after her own.

Mac's descent was of a pure Highland strain. The name MacKinnon means "son of Fingon." It is first found in 1409 when a Lachlan MacFingon witnessed a charter for the Lord of the Isles. A M' Kinnon named John was the last Abbot of Iona. The Fingon in whom the clan had their origin was a real historical person and of Scots royal race. He was a grandson of Gregor, the founder of the Clan Gregor, who was a son of Kenneth MacAlpine—the first king of united Scotland. The MacKinnons are thus members of the great Clan Alpine.

The MacKinnon lands in Skye were called in Gaelic, "Srath mhie Fhionghain" (MacKinnon's Strath). The clan served with Montrose at Inverlochy and Auldearn, and we find the clan at the battle of Worcester standing bravely against the Roundheads. They figured largely in "the '45" and their chief was long imprisoned. The chieftainship was held for 450 years in unbroken succession. Their crest is a boar's head with other insignia. Their motto, translated, is "Fortune assists the daring."

Mac's mother was Georgena Urguhart whose ancestors can be traced at Cromarty to 1329, when the estate was granted to Adam of Urquhart ("de Urquhartt"). A Sir Thomas Urquhart was a translator of the French writer, Rabelais.

It was not until after Mac's death that we knew anything about her ancestors except that they were Highlanders. In going through her papers, including citations that none of us had ever seen, her niece "Ena" (Georgena—Mrs. Carl Lee) whom Mac loved like a daughter, found a wee tartan-covered book in which Mac had pasted the poem called *Good-night to Skye*, clippings from the papers about her clan, and other mementos dear to her.

II

Mac, the daughter of John MacKinnon, and the youngest of his twelve children, was reared, as well as born at Roag House on the Isle of Skye. The MacKinnons had such a happy family life that the sons and daughters of the house remained devoted to one another after they had grown up and scattered to the winds of heaven. The three nearest Mac's age—a brother John, and two sisters, Sophia and Catherine, were her special chums. All have gone before her to the Land o' the Leal. But for years Mac had the joy of sharing the North American continent with John and his family, who lived in Canada and whom she visited, and with Catherine, Mrs. Donald MacLean—Ena's mother. Mr. and Mrs. MacLean became American citizens. They lived on Long Island and Mac saw them on her holidays.

Although English was often spoken at Roag House, Gaelic was the language of the younger children. Mac told us that she tended to think in Gaelic, since it was her native tongue. The religious affiliation of the MacKinnons was with the Free Church of Scotland, which later reunited with the Established Church of Scotland. Mac's Christian upbringing, even more than her Highland heritage, inspired the bounteousness of her dedication to the service of God, through service to her fellow men. The bent Mac followed, in preparation, is given in the following table:

General Education—Dunvegan High School, Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, Scotland
Leaving certificate with credits in English, History, French, Latin
(Certificate of the Scottish Board of Education)

Nursing Education—4 years at the School of Nursing of Ayr General Hospital, Ayr, Scotland

(Certificate for General Nursing and Fevers)

Queen's District Nursing and Midwifery, Edinburgh,
Scotland

(Certificates of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing,
and of the Central Midwives Board of Scotland)

III

At the outbreak of war in 1914 Mac volunteered, at the request of the French Army, to be one of eight British sisters (the name for head nurses in Great Britain) in the "French Flag Nursing Corps." They were moved up to the front with the Army and were under fire a great part of the time. They stayed in clearing stations—dugouts, huts, sometimes a house. When the lines were overrun by the Germans, they tended the wounded in the evacuation by ambulance under a *fusillade ennemie*—an enemy fire so devastating that in one of Mac's citations, her "remarkable coolness and courage" under fire are cited. Among her decorations Mac held the *Croix de Guerre*, which France never gives but for exceptional gallantry under fire.

As to what the French soldier, the *poilu*, thought of Mac, we will let him tell it in his own words. Most of the pages in Mac's wee tartan-covered book are filled with goodbye messages from the French, with whom and for whom she had worked from 1914 to 1919. Here are translations of a few of these:

"a Scotswoman so gallant, so charming"

"Gracious comrade of these long months in war"

"Your inexhaustible devotion to the wounded and to the sick, your gaiety"

"This valiant Scotswoman of so high a dignity"

And a Frenchman, writing in English, said:

"From a patient who enjoyed so much with the charm of your talking!"

And again, a translation from the French:

"Vive, Miss! Ever bold, brave and smiling.

Au revoir, Miss! We go our ways, *Au Revoir*."

Although Mac spoke several times of the courage of the *poilu*, and of his sense of fun, which touched her own at many

points, the only way we had of knowing what those awful years of war had meant to her was through the dread she showed in every thunder storm. If she was indoors and her duties permitted, she would hide herself until the reverberations of the thunder—so like the roar of great guns—had ceased to torture her memory. She remained in France after 1919 for work with the Rockefeller Foundation at Marseilles and in Paris. Her time was spent in a program of training French girls of good education, of whom she had twelve, for work in France: in tuberculosis, infant welfare, and general nursing. The best of these girls were sent afterwards to England for further training. When they returned to France, they replaced the British sisters and supervisors of whom Mac was one.

IV

In 1928 we asked Mac to come to the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky. She arrived shortly before the dedication by Sir Leslie MacKenzie of Hyden Hospital and Health Center, with which she was to become more identified than any of us, and where she died.

Mac's first regular assignment in the Frontier Nursing Service was as one of the two district nurse-midwives stationed at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center (Beech Fork). At that time it was forty horseback miles from the railroad. No visits that I made to outpost centers in our early years gave me such sheer delight as the ones to Beech Fork while Mac was there. She would come riding to meet me, followed by her collie dog, Scottie, or she would be waiting for me on the bank, below the center, when Teddy Bear carried me through the rushing ford. The trail to Beech Fork went right up the Middlefork of the Kentucky River for something like a quarter of a mile. When the river was up, the Beech Fork nurses were hard put to it to reach their patients, some of whom lived on rough branches with names like Soap and Tallow, and Ten Step Branch. Mac's arm was broken in some such section. She rode the twelve miles down to Wendover with it in a sling. She said, "Ah! It's nothing. But it should be set."

When Mac's ability began to show up in her work at Beech

Fork, we transferred her to Hyden Hospital as its superintendent, in September 1929. From then on until 1940, she wrestled with the problems of running a remotely rural hospital, under conditions I described in *Wide Neighborhoods*, and need not go into here. In Dr. Hiram C. Capps, our first medical director; and then in Dr. John H. Kooser, who stayed until the second World War; in Dr. R. L. Collins, who rode over from Hazard to meet every surgical emergency, Mac had powerful and friendly physicians. From the nurses who worked under her direction, on the districts around Hyden as well as in the Hospital, she received loyal support of a high quality. But hers was the responsibility for sick people, and complicated maternity cases—under conditions where the pumping system or the well itself might break down; the sewage system might boil up like a geyser through the ground; the electricity needed for ice and sterilization, as well as for lights, depended on hospital engines that often passed out; where the cows had to be bred to keep up the milk supply; where women in labor rode up on horseback; gunshot cases were carried in on stretchers; burned children in the arms of girl couriers—hers a responsibility that taxed to its utmost even her administrative genius.

And through it all, her sense of fun persisted. If I dropped in unexpectedly, dismounted from my horse to look her up in the drug room or the wards, she would come out to tell me, with a humor more infectious than any I ever knew, how she had spent the night on a cot in the hallway, because a patient had needed her bed and I had told her, "Give up your bed, even when you haven't got one."

War again! Mac did not leave us for the Old Country until May 30, 1940. She wanted to do all she could for us during a time when the Frontier Nursing Service was more terribly disrupted than ever before or since, by the return to Europe of twelve of the British members of our staff. Many hearts grieved to see her go over—neighbors, patients, associates, trustees of the FNS—because all knew she would choose again a post of danger. As for me, my friendship with Mac had become one of the deepest life ever gave me, and what I felt can best be expressed in Eighteenth Century lines from her own Scotch poetry:

The best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear awa',
And I maun bid fareweel to you.

V

Soon after her arrival in England, Mac was made superintendent of a casualty evacuation train. We learned years later that it was No. 22. Its mission, like that of other hospital trains, was to go on orders to a city that had been blitzed and as far into the city as tracks remained to carry it. The injured men, women and children, some of them horribly mangled, would be carried to the train. Then it moved forward in the direction of whatever unblitzed city had been assigned for the reception of the patients. The train carried surgeons who were able to save many lives by operating in transit. One or more of the cars were operating rooms. Other cars had tiers of berths. Mac's thirty-odd nurses, aides, and orderlies were able not only to tend the patients but to give first aid to their minor injuries. As her train moved on through the night with its load of mangled humanity, we may be sure that Mac's emotion never clouded her judgment. Her limitless compassion, divinely given, would expend itself, as always, in service.

At Newmarket in East Anglia where the train was based, Mac and her assistants created a garden on what had been a rubbish dump—a garden not only of vegetables, but with a lawn, flower beds, rockery, and two ornamental pools! She used the collection of money we took up and sent over with her, to give the poorer children in Newmarket the most wonderful Christmas party any of them had ever had.

One bit more about that casualty evacuation train. When Lady Mountbatten made a visit of inspection, she said to Mac, "Miss MacKinnon, your train is as clean as my husband's ship."

When train No. 22 was blitzed, Mac sustained, among other injuries, a broken back. She had nursed me when my own back was broken. She had gone to Boston years later, when I had a spinal fusion, to stand by. But now there was nothing I could do for her. We could not even mention the blitzing of the train in our *Quarterly Bulletin*, because such things were hushed up during war.

After the close of hostilities in Europe, Mac was assigned by the military services, to which she still belonged, to administrative work at one of their hospitals, Black Notley in Essex. When she was released from further service, she went to Edinburgh to nurse her sister, Sophia, through a lengthy illness that closed in death.

VI

On New Year's eve, 1948, Mac came back to the Frontier Nursing Service. Several of us met her in Hyden to bring her to Wendover for her first few days in Kentucky. The river was in tide. When we handed her a leg of mutton as her share of the supplies to be carried across the swinging bridge, she said, hugging it, "I haven't seen so much meat in one piece since I left Kentucky."

She took over again her duties as superintendent of Hyden Hospital. During the something less than five years she was left to us, she carried a load as heavy as that of our early years, although in many ways unlike it. There were still the herd of cows, the deep well and the pumping system with their breakdowns, the sewage system with its unexpected geysers where all seemed calm. But electricity was rarely a problem now because we had the benefit of public power. On the other hand, it was after Mac's return that money was given us to build the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses, and to recondition a wing of the Hospital for additional patient beds. The hammering of carpenters, the chipping of stones by stonemasons, the rushing in and out of plumbers—such things created a confusion, and a dust, that Mac took in her stride. She told me once that the dust was so awful she had often to go to a bathroom to wash out the inside of her mouth! But the Hospital continued to run with the exquisite order so characteristic of Mac's administrative genius. The patients received as nearly perfect care as can be given, the medical director had a coöperation that never failed, the staff a leadership truly inspiring, and the hospital employees from Alonzo, the head man, on through all the ranks of men and women, had a chief whom they adored.

Among Mac's last adventures was Dr. Massie's big surgical

clinic. While the Hospital filled up with newly operated-on patients, the skies were lit at night by flames from the forest fires on the ridge some 800 feet above the buildings. The clinic was over, and rain was falling on the forest fires, when Mac suffered a coronary occlusion on November 9, with devastating heart complications. Dr. den Dulk pulled her through the violence of the attack. When Brownie phoned me in Chicago, where I had landed, she said arrangements had been made to move Mac to Lexington in our own Station Wagon ambulance, in order to get her under the care of that great heart specialist, Dr. Charles N. Kavanaugh. Betty Lester went down with her, and then returned to take over the running of Hyden Hospital, while Nancy Boyle stayed on in Lexington as Mac's special nurse.

For eight weeks Mac stayed at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Lexington. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of the Blue Grass people who had known and loved her for over twenty years. Messages and presents poured in upon her. The Lexington physicians tiptoed in and out of her room, even peeping into her oxygen tent, as though to convey to her that they were behind her to a man, and to a woman—Dr. Josephine D. Hunt. Her own Kentucky mountain crowd never let more than a few days go by without a visit down to her. The niece she loved, Ena, spent a week at the Lafayette Hotel, in order to see her for a few moments two or three times a day.

VII

On Wednesday, January 7, Mac was brought back to Hyden in a Lexington ambulance, put at her disposal as a courtesy by old friends. She was carried to her own room at the Nurses' Quarters and placed in her own bed from which she could see, facing her, the picture of Roag House and, from the windows, the comings and goings of people with whom and for whom she had lived. The change back to her old surroundings lifted her spirits. In Betty Lester, who took over the greater part of her nursing care even while she continued to run Hyden Hospital, she had a cherished colleague of her early days in the Kentucky mountains. In all who served her, in the occasional neighbor who was allowed to see her, she recognized, with her whimsical

smile, the ties of Auld Lang Syne. With all of this to hearten her, she responded by a last effort to pull through. Such was her improvement, sitting up every day, taking a few steps, that I felt free to keep my January engagements beyond the mountains. Until just before my return home the messages I got about Mac were still encouraging. The change came just before I got back. No one needed to tell me. As soon as I approached her I knew that she was dying, even though she had yet a few days to live. But the look she gave me had the old friendship in it, the old trust that she and I would see the thing through together.

Mac was far too good a nurse, far too experienced, not to know from the time of her heart attack that the chances of her pulling through were slim indeed. But she was also far too loyal a colleague not to respond, to the extent of her failing powers, to the efforts her friends made in her behalf. When Doctor Kavanaugh motored up from Lexington to see her she greeted him with a smile and a clasp of the hand. When Ena came the old affection went out to her from Mac's eyes. They turned from her to the picture of Roag House, as though she would have Ena know that her presence tied the end in with the beginning.

During the days when Mac lay dying, she seemed to be in touch with the world that lies beyond death and impinges upon this mortal world where we are living now. Often when Betty Lester bent over her she would say, "Sophy," as though it were her sister Sophia with whom she had been speaking. Mac had the gift that Highlanders call "second sight." She was "fey," and therefore not wholly alien to the world beyond death.

It was not until nine on the evening of Friday, February 6, that Mac died. But during the long hours of the day while she lay unconscious, I knew that my voice and my touch penetrated through the earthy layers to her consciousness. She made me aware of it. Whenever my glance fell on her desk, I was humbled anew that I had been vouchsafed so loyal a friend. Over the desk she had hung but two pictures—Winston Churchill's and mine.

When Mac's spirit crossed the last barriers that held her back, it was as though the dimly lighted room shone with a

radiance of pure love. She was enveloped in it. And then "all the trumpets sounded on the other side."

VIII

Those to whom Mac was dear, and they are many, scattered all over this planet, will want to know something of the last rites that were held for her on Monday, February 9. The services were conducted in the Presbyterian Church at Hyden by the Reverend Benton P. Deaton, an old friend of Mac's and ours, who read parts of the Burial of the Dead in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. den Dulk played the organ. The choir, a group of our nurses and graduate students in the uniform of the Frontier Nursing Service, sang the two hymns that Ena and I had chosen. The first, with its proper tune of Serenity, was that by Whittier which begins:

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

The second hymn, sung just before the closing prayer and benediction, was the one we in the Frontier Nursing Service think of as our own, "Now Thank We All Our God." Friends, so many friends, from the vast FNS territory, from Hazard and from beyond the mountains, attended the services for Mac. From among the older men she greatly honored were chosen the honorary pall bearers. The pall bearers were chosen from among younger men, including employees of the FNS, and some of those dear neighbors at Wendover who had spent two days in digging a rocky grave.

Mac's body, with snowdrops from Wendover laid in her hands, was carried to our own cemetery plot in the Wendover boundaries overlooking the river which flows through them. It was laid to rest beside that of Bucket which we had buried four years earlier. Before it was lowered, Mr. Deaton read the Committal Service from the Book of Common Prayer.

The austere beauty of a service which honors God only, and not His creatures of a day—read in the wintry forest—completed the dedication of Mac's mortal life. In the loftiest symbolism that words can express, it accepted her into the life of the world to come.

IX

Now we have done. Those who knew Mac, loved her. But the heart of Mac is incommunicable—that compassionate, brave, gay heart that beat until it broke in response to the needs of this piteous world. Even after death the earthly organ, now given to science and research, will be of use to that humanity for which it beat. But Mac? The divine Heart that created her, has called back His own.

It is not only of myself that I am thinking when I say good-bye to Mac in the words of Scotland's greatest poet:

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hae been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

A MESSAGE TO MAC'S FRIENDS

We have appreciated more deeply than we can ever express the telegrams, cables, and letters that have come to us since Mac's death—and are still coming. Although we knew what she had meant to you, it comforts us to have you let us know that you share our grief and our great loss.

It is the high privilege of different ones among us to write each one of you. This message is to tell you that this will be done, even though so many of you have told us that you did not expect to hear.

M. B.

SMOKE HOUSE DELIVERY

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.

On a cold frosty night in November I was awakened by an urgent "Hello, Hello." I thought to myself, Susie at last. It wasn't Susie at all, but Lena. "Why, Sam I thought Lena was still in hospital." Sam replied, "But I've fotch her thar' and back three times, and I says to Lena, I ain't goin' to fotch you thar' no more—so that's why I come for you'uns." While getting my things together, I pondered on how I would get Lena off the hill where she lived, on such a night. I knew that she had been hospitalized on several occasions because of slight bleeding, and that it was not really her time for delivery.

Lil (courier) and I got started in faithful old Bounce who groaned and creaked and the windshield quickly frosted over and the brakes froze. He took us as far as we could go on the road, then with Sam leading the way, Lil and I following in Indian fashion, we started up the hillside. As we filed along, Sam informed me that Lena "ain't living at our house no more, but up at the house back of us." I was puzzled, "Sam, I did not know there was a house back of you." Sam replied, "Well, h'its what used to be a smoke house." We trudged on, slipping and sliding and clutching at branches of trees as we crossed the only footlog over a rushing stream, on up the hill to the smoke house.

Never in my life before have I ever seen a smoke house so full (but not of meat). There was a bed, a small pot-bellied stove in the west corner, a cook stove in the east and a bureau of drawers to the north. I borrowed a straight back chair from Sam and tried to wedge it in, but alas the two left legs hung out of the door, so I gave up and put my bags on the bureau where there was already a coal oil lamp (without chimney), a radio and various pots and pans. As I took my bearings, I realized the temperature of the room must have been near zero, so I asked Lil to start a fire in the pot-bellied stove while I assembled my supplies. I gathered together quilts to be warmed and ascertained the condition of my patient. In no time there was a good fire going so I took my vigil in the east corner while



Lil warmed quilts in the west and threw them to me when they were good and warm. There was no danger of getting knocked down as I was well propped on all sides!

As the wind whistled through the cracks and the lamp flame leaped backward and forward, I smelled something scorching. The newspapers on the wall were beginning to turn a rich brown. Through the only window I saw large sparks falling, so Lil started fire watching, darting in and out to see if the roof had caught. For a little while we were less vigorous about having a big fire in the stove. By this time my patient was warm, so we took up our vigil wedged between the bureau, the stoves and the bed. No sentry ever stood straighter or more at attention than we. But our knees soon began to shake and our teeth to chatter as the fire went out. I said to Lil, "If we only had a khaki uniform and a rifle, we would look just like soldiers, but soldiers do an about face and march forward, whereas we have to slide along when we move." As we stood and shook, I said to Lil, "Technique or no technique, I'm going into my sheepskin coat." She also donned hers and went out to see if she could find more coal. We soon

had another fire going, and had to start fire watching all over again in case something should catch fire.

Amidst this anxiety there were two or three loud knocks on the door. There was no answer to my repeated "Come in." Lena roused and said it might be her little boy who sometimes knocked and ran away. But on looking up I spied a large gray cat with white feet coming between the roof and the door. Half in and half out he hung there for a while and then crawled over on to a shelf and lay down looking at me as much as to say, "This is really a smoke house and my abode, not yours." Between intervals of scorching and freezing, Lil consented to try and drive back to Wendover for some hot coffee. When she arrived it was her good luck to find Mrs. Breckinridge having her early morning coffee, and she quickly got her own thermos and soon had Lil starting back with coffee and sandwiches. It was the best coffee I have ever had at any time, anywhere.

At 6:00 a.m. tiny premature twins (too small to live) arrived. I made the mother comfortable, and after taking care of the babies, Lil and I came back—Bounce groaning louder than ever—to a hot breakfast and bed.

POST OFFICE TRUCK RUINED BY BLAST

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* of Saturday, January 10, 1953, reports: "A terrific explosion at 4:10 p.m. yesterday destroyed a Highway Post Office truck four miles east of Barbourville." The paper goes on to say that all mail except a few registered pieces was destroyed along with the truck, and that the crew were lucky to have escaped with their lives.

This Highway Post Office truck carried some of the Hyden and Wendover mail. If any of you, our readers, sent us letters needing prompt replies—at about that time—this explosion may explain why you have not heard from us.

A REPORT ON WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS

If I hadn't promised you, our readers, this report in this issue of the Bulletin I would have left it out. It has been hard for me to handle the editorial work connected with the Bulletin since Mac's death. But one must keep one's word.

On October 1, 1952, Harper & Brothers sent the Frontier Nursing Service a royalty check for \$2,115.82—which covered the sales of *Wide Neighborhoods* through June 30, 1952. It is the custom of publishers to send a "royalty statement" and a check every six months—but the check has to be made payable three months after the period covered in the statement. The reason for this will be obvious to anyone who reflects on how many thousands of books a great publishing house is paying royalties twice a year, and what a job of bookkeeping and auditing goes into each statement. The next royalty statement and check will be mailed to the Frontier Nursing Service on April 1, 1953—but it will only cover the six months between July 1 and December 31, 1952.

Now for a brief analysis of the royalty statement. It shows that 5,238 copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* were sold through the regular trade channels, within its first weeks of publication. The FNS received royalties at the rate of 10% of the retail sales price for the first 5,000 copies, and 12½% of the retail sales price for the other 238. (When 10,000 copies of the book have been sold, the FNS will receive 15% of the retail sales price of each copy sold.) In addition to its American sales, *Wide Neighborhoods* was sold in England, and 41 copies were sold in "open market sales." When we asked Harper's sales manager to tell us what an open market sale was, he replied that it represented sales of a book outside the United States and British Dominions and Colonies. From this we infer that he means sales open to the world. Since they vary in price, we assume that they are adapted to the world's monetary exchanges. But we may be wrong in these assumptions and inferences—we do not understand the publishing business.

We had intended to give a later report on reviews of the book in England and the United States because we have given you none since our Summer Bulletin. But I haven't the heart

or the time to assemble them. One, however, will amuse you as it did us. The Marshfield, Wisconsin, *News Herald* wrote as follows: "*Wide Neighborhoods* is a story of the Frontier Nursing Service written by Mary Breckinridge *who more than a century ago . . .*" et cetera. (The italics are ours.)

The book has been reviewed hundreds of times by its friends, before groups of men and women in library associations, parent teacher associations, conferences, clubs, and church guilds. Although its sales are not spectacular, they continue month by month. This we know, first, because we receive a lot of letters from strangers who have recently read it; and second, because our editor tells us "it is moving."

We will close this report by quotations from two of the many letters written to friends of ours by people unknown to us.

From a university woman in England:

"It is one of the most holding books I have ever read; I just couldn't bear to put it down. . . . I keep remembering those goats,—the goats she got for the French families who needed milk so desperately; and not only the goats, but beets for their winter feed, and when the services of a buck were needed, she provided him too; all so typical of the practical common sense (which is so uncommon) that she continually showed in tackling each difficulty."

From a distinguished clergyman in the United States:

"It is impossible to say what a tremendous favor you did me when you let me have your copy of Mrs. Breckinridge's book. I can now boast that a book has been dedicated to me, for she says it is dedicated to those who read it and like all of it. Every page of it thrilled me, as nothing has done since I read 'Robinson Crusoe' as a young boy. . . . I have referred to the book so many times from the pulpit that it is now necessary to disguise the references, lest people think it is the only book I have read this year."

We have on hand—at Wendover—scads of small folders about *Wide Neighborhoods*. They give a sketch written by Harper, several critical comments on the book, and the publisher's statement that it went into its fourth printing in December. Harper calls these things "flyers." Write us if you want them, and how many. They will be sent, postpaid, without charge.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

MY FIRST DAY AT WENDOVER

by

LINDA BRANCH

Providence, R. I. Courier

My first day at Wendover was quite an experience for me for several reasons, the first one being that I had been without sleep for twenty-four hours and was late arriving in Hyden due to a very careless mistake made by me. The second reason was that I ate breakfast with a family near Wendover, the Will Mattinglys, who were wonderful hosts to me although I had appeared at their doorstep at seven-thirty a.m. on a Sunday morning. The final reason was my arrival at Wendover, itself, meeting the various people who worked there, some whose names I'd remembered from reading an old Bulletin and from hearing Mrs. Breckinridge talk about them when she had been in Providence last spring. Besides meeting the people at Wendover, I also got a glimpse of the mountain people who live up Hurricane Creek when Ellen, a fellow courier, took me for my first ride in the Service.

I was due to arrive in Hyden at seven o'clock on Saturday night. However, thinking myself so lucky to have caught the bus to take me to Hyden from Lexington, I relaxed completely once on the bus, and thought of nothing except what the next two months would bring me in the way of a change. I had glanced at my bus ticket and had noticed that it read "Lexington to Richmond" and that on the next slip "Richmond to Hyden" but still nothing clicked, even though I had traveled some hundreds of miles only the month before on a bus. At one point it did dawn on me to speak to the bus driver, but then I thought he would mention something about transferring for Hyden. Anyway, to make my story much shorter, I finally found myself in Corbin, on the way to Knoxville, Tennessee and a good distance in the wrong direction from Hyden. I finally got back to Richmond on another bus, only to have to wait until three forty-five a.m. for the next bus to Hyden! Arriving in Hyden at seven a.m., and being sure no one would be in Hyden to meet me as they had no idea when I'd arrive, I decided I would call from the bus depot when I got there. However, at that early time the

town was closed up tight, and so I told my tale to the bus driver. He said he would let me off at a store where they sometimes left passengers for Wendover. Upon arriving we found that also was closed, and the bus driver didn't want to leave me on the highway for several hours until someone happened along. We decided it would be best if I could telephone. The nearest phone was at Will Mattingly's, and the bus driver allowed as how Mr. Mattingly was a very kind man, and wouldn't mind me using his phone. Mr. Mattingly was very kind, but said the telephone exchange didn't open on Sundays until nine o'clock—it then being only seven-thirty. They invited me to stay, and I chatted with Mr. Mattingly while Mrs. Mattingly made a wonderful breakfast which I eagerly ate as I hadn't wanted much during my bus travels. At nine sharp I called Wendover and was told that someone would be right down to pick me up. In very short order Jean Hollins appeared with her dog Sabina, in Larry, the jeep. I told her my tale of woe which had finally ended.

The rest of the morning I spent unpacking and getting settled. On the way in to Wendover Jean had told me that Ellen would take me for a ride after lunch if I wanted.

After lunch Ellen and I went up Hurricane Creek which is a nice ride as it is not too long for the first day in the saddle in a month or so. We had only progressed a short way—Ellen an Peru and I on Boots—when we were joined by Mr. Funny, Betty Lester's little dog. We had an enjoyable ride, with Funny trotting along barking every now and then at other dogs—until we turned to go home. We had started back a way when we noticed that Funny was not around. Ellen decided she would go back to see if she could find him. After a while she returned without him, and we decided that he had gone back anyway. We had only ridden a short way when who should appear but Thumper, bareback on Tenacity. I never wanted a camera with me as much as I wanted one then. She told us that she had taken Mr. Funny for a walk when she took Paddy, and that he had dashed away after us, and she wanted to make sure that we had him. After we told her our part, we decided that we'd better look for him or we could never face Betty.

At each house we passed, we asked if anyone had seen Miss Lester's dog, and then we would describe him. Everybody replied

they hadn't seen him since he was with us. When we asked at the last house before the highway, the children said he had followed a car up to the highway. We didn't quite believe this, but decided to go back and look anyway. Thumper dismounted from Tenacity, walked up to the road, and there beside the highway underneath a parked car was none other than Mr. Funny, acting rather blank. He was most happy to see Thumper. We decided that he had become frightened by the gun shots which were being fired by a group of men at the store on Hurricane where they were holding a shooting match. Thumper decided she would carry Mr. Funny until we were safely past the place where they were shooting. We switched our steeds, because we thought Boots would probably mind Thumper carrying Mr. Funny less than the other two. Ellen got on Tenacity, Thumper and Mr. Funny mounted Boots, and I mounted Peru. It was really a comical sight to see Funny astraddle of Boot's neck, and steadied by Thumper. Funny enjoyed every minute of it and Boots didn't mind.

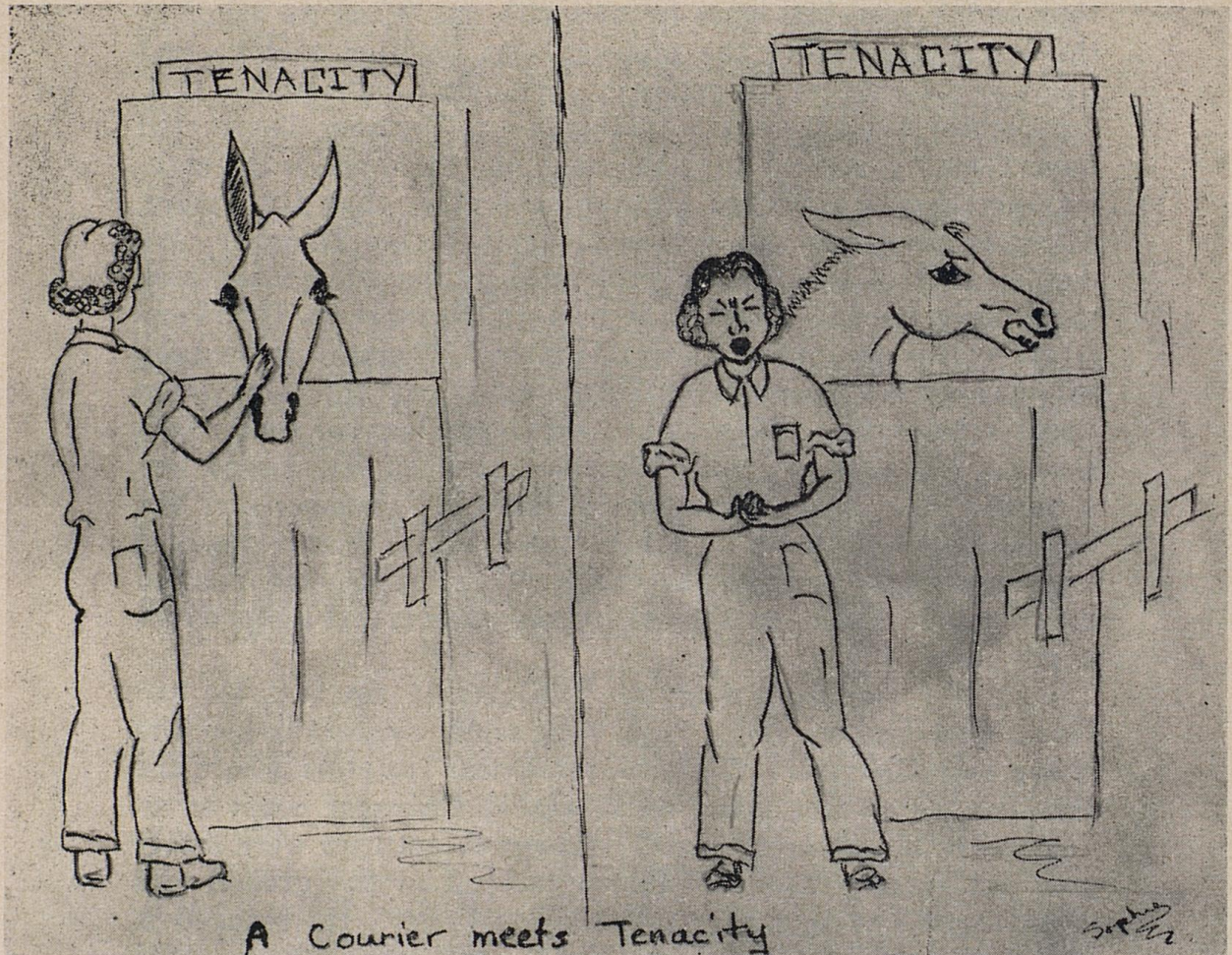
On the way back everyone was glad to see that we had found Miss Lester's dog. They were really amused to see him riding with Thumper. When we came near the store where the shooting match was going on it was all Thumper could do to hold on to Mr. Funny. She did, however, until we were safely past the store. Then Mr. Funny jumped to the ground and disappeared like lightning towards Wendover. He reached it long before we did, and greeted us at the gate when we appeared!

We decided it would be better to tell Betty all about it, and that we did. It was a memorable experience for me, to say the least.

HAZARDS OF BIRTH

"One hundred fifty thousand potential American lives are lost each year in association with, and for the most part as the result of, the birth process."

—Nicholson J. Eastman, M.D.
March, 1952



MORE ABOUT U. S. CONSUL GENERAL IN MADRAS

From one of our friends, Mrs. Jesse Redman Clark, of Cincinnati we have received permission to quote from a letter she wrote us in early January. She spoke first of having read with interest Nancy Dammann's letter from Madras, India, printed in the Autumn Bulletin. Then she went on to say:

"The Consul General alluded to, who made the address, is Robert Taylor, whose wife is a niece of mine. A year or so ago they were stationed in Washington, and either Mr. Taylor or his wife may have heard you give an address there and purchased your book, or heard of it. He is a very fine speaker, and I am sure he gave that wonderful book of yours justice."

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Ames, Iowa—December 12, 1952**

What a thrill Mrs. Breckinridge's book was this year! I read it first through fast—and then a second time savoring all the wonderful details.

I am nursing at least once a week now—occasionally a few hours more. They need help badly, and I love it. I was pleased to see mention of Alice Lawson, anesthetist, who visited the FNS several years ago, in one of the Bulletins. She is now anesthetist at the city-owned hospital in Ames where I work, and we had a jolly lunch last week chatting about the FNS.

. . . .

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—December 15, 1952

I finished my congress job in August. I enjoyed it all very much, and it was great fun meeting the delegates from all over the world. I did manage to get my holiday in Switzerland. It was simply wonderful. We had lovely weather and it was such a change, and a real rest, although we did quite a lot of excursions. Since then I've been at home (coping with the house), but I shall try to get another job in the New Year. I'm still singing when I can, but not as much as I would like. This is the "Messiah" season! I sang in a performance of it in Beverly Minster last week, and this week we sing it again in Leeds.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Allen Rose (Barbara Bentley), Compton,
California—December 18, 1952**

Al got out of the Service November 1st and we are all together again, which, needless to say, is very wonderful. Our son is almost ten months old already and it hardly seems possible he could grow up as fast as he has. We still plan to move to Alaska but don't know exactly when. I still think of all of you at the FNS often and will never forget the wonderful experience of having been a courier.

**From Mrs. W. H. Noyes (Adelaide Atkin), Woodstock,
Illinois—December 23, 1952**

Being with you in Chicago was such a treat for us. It gives us a spiritual lift to hear your wonderful philosophy. Sometimes I think of the babies, children, mothers and fathers in your mountain area and can't help but say "Your Faith has made them whole." Your faith in the generosity of people certainly is proved by the fact that they consider it a privilege to help you.

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**From Barabara Williams, New York, New York—
December 23, 1952**

I am now in my first year of medical school at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia, and my thoughts are ever turned to the wonderful day when I shall be ready to come back to you and the Service.

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**From Jolly Cunningham, West Hartford, Connecticut—
Christmas 1952**

Did I tell you I was a potential professor? Oh, Yes! Just now I'm a lowly instructor at a new school of physical therapy at the University of Connecticut. It's been stimulating, to say the least, trying to keep up with the students, never mind keeping a chapter ahead! The growing pains have been gruesome at times, but a grand group of students and new friends on campus have made it quite worthwhile.

.
**From Mrs. Robert Albertson Cushman (Janet Chafee),
Montreal, Quebec, Canada—Christmas 1952**

We have just moved to Montreal. We live in Pointe Claire, a suburb about 18 miles out, on the St. Lawrence. It is very interesting and we like it a lot. Canada is quite different from the U. S. in some ways and so one feels farther away than one is actually. It is a wonderful climate and we have plenty of snow and ice.

.
**From Mrs. Charles Allen Thomas III (Margaret Gay),
Cambridge, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1952**

I was so delighted that Charlie's cousin, Marianna Mead

[Muffin], could come to Wendover as a courier this fall. She spoke so enthusiastically of her stay and brought me up to date on all the latest news. This is our last winter in Cambridge for Charlie hopes to have his doctorate in chemical research by June or July. I'm working part time tutoring foreign students in a report writing course at Harvard Business School, and the time goes by very quickly.

.

From Mrs. Howard Payne Ingles, Jr. (Pat Mickle)

El Campo, Texas—Christmas 1952

I meant to write you months ago to tell you how much I enjoyed "Wide Neighborhoods"—simply wonderful! Mother and Dad visited us in Houston in October and Mother took it home with her. She loves it! We are now living in El Campo. Howdy was made District Reservoir Engineer here last month. We are very pleased.

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From Mrs. Vladimer Littauer (Mary Graver),

Long Island, N. Y.—Christmas 1952

We were home all year except for brief trips. One of these was to Pittsburgh where "Valadia" was invited to give a course to the members of three local hunts and we stayed with Susie Hays, who I found out was a former courier. I see Dickie Chase and Frenny Rousmaniere frequently, though briefly. Frenny's children cover themselves with glory in studies, athletics and everything else that's important in school. Betty Parsons Warner and her daughter, Lucy, were down for the Madison Square Garden show, Lucy now being of the age which is smitten by horses. She's a very bright and attractive little girl. I enjoyed Mrs. Breckinridge's book so much—it's full of her personality, and it brought so many things back to me and explained other things I'd never understood. I've given it to a good many people, too, who were enthusiastic about it.

.

From Mrs. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser (Ann Danson),

Cincinnati, Ohio—Christmas 1952

We four had a grand trip last month. Mother is spending

the winter in Tucson, Arizona, and wanted her car. So we all climbed in on November 15th and headed west. We tried to make it educational for the children by stopping at the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, Grand Canyon and some other interesting places. We spent four days on my uncle's ranch near Tucson and then came home on the train via New Orleans. It was a wonderful vacation and the children seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

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From Barbara Slocum (Bobby), Baltimore, Maryland

—Christmas 1952

To get you caught up on the Rochester contingent, Weezie Devine is married and now living in Tokyo. Her husband is with the Government. Lill Middleton Hampton has two children, both boys, and still lives at Peter Stuyvesant Apartments in New York. I'm still teaching nursery school at Baltimore Friends. Sally Brown is teaching in Rochester in a public school. Children are fun and so refreshing.

.

From Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons Warner, Boston,

Massachusetts—Christmas 1952

I haven't forgotten the mad Christmases at Wendover—or maybe it was only one, to be more accurate,—when your first winter couriers commuted to and from Hyden in the mud and snow on such old faithfuls as Gloria and Traveler who—at least in those days—wove back and forth going through the river. I often feel like coming back for a visit, but it's probably better to let sleeping dogs lie, as they say. My children are very old now—16, my son is; and my daughter, Lucy, 12. Lucy is a fool for horses, and before long I guess we'll have to satisfy this mania and see that she gets a proper chance to ride all the time. Mart is an engineer, or will be when he settles down to it.

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From Mrs. Herbert W. Wells, Jr. (Eleanor Field),

Wethersfield, Connecticut—Christmas 1952

How my thoughts turn to Wendover and the Christmas I once had there. We have 30 horses, including 3 fillies born about

last Easter time, and one stud colt foaled September 5, 1952. Our Nancy is 10 years old now and quite a rider—outdoes her old mother! Dick is 7 and rides quite a lot.

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**From Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hall (Elizabeth Campbell),
Sewickley, Pennsylvania—January 4, 1953**

I am now living in Sewickley with my two little ones—aged 3 and 2. I have rented a darling house next door to the Holdships. I am so fortunate. Freddy is a picture of health. Wish I could come down and work in the mountain air too.

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**From Mrs. Walter G. Ellis (Pamela Dunn), Red Bank,
New Jersey—January 6, 1953**

Christmas was a wonderful and full day. Graham and I beat the children in getting up and tried to look serene and matter-of-fact when their heads came peeking out of their door. Breck gave a queer little awed laugh when he saw the tree and the presents; and all Louise could do was suck in her breath with “Oh” several times, then the wrappings began to fly.

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From Anne Harris (Toni), Paris, France—January 10, 1953

Thank you so much indeed for autographing my copy of “Wide Neighborhoods.” From so many people, even some I have met in France, I have heard the most enthusiastic reports of it, which does not surprise me, needless to say. It has been so interesting and enlightening for me, talking with various Europeans in Holland, Belgium, France and Germany, to tell them about the FNS and to share my Quarterly Bulletins with them. Their complete astonishment that such a service exists in America is amazing to note and their admiration for you and the Service, though they know neither personally, is limitless. I think it is also quite enlightening for them to realize that America is not all Hollywood, Buick convertibles, nouveau riche and Wall Street, an impression which I find to be surprisingly widespread, mainly by the typical tourist and movies! A recent acquaintance of mine in Paris has promised to introduce me to a “*sage femme*” who in turn may take me to a *clinique* and

accouchement. It would be rather interesting as all I know of midwifery is what I learned in the Kentucky Hills. I should like to see their setup here in contrast.

My visit in England was delightfully exciting! I had much fun walking through the small village of Merrow for the benefit of the polio fund and, incidentally, raised 20 pounds. I was most favorably impressed by the hospitality of the families who invited us in for Christmas cake, and the generosity of the countrymen in the local pubs. All in all it was a revealing experience. In between I went to Scottish reel dances and though clumsy at first, soon found myself doing the "Gay Gordon" and "Dashing White Sergeant" with alacrity and so strenuously that I lost my crinoline in the *middle* of the lightsome! All that I saw in London, plus Oxford, Banbury Cross and Warwick and Kenilworth castles made history come so very much alive, and traditions have greater significance than ever before. While I hated to leave, one can never object to returning to Paris! I adore every inch of the "*esprit de vive*" and am so thoroughly pleased with my funny little room that even the lack of heat and hot water does not make the slightest difference. My courses continue to interest me immensely, as well as the artistry and sophistication of the theatre of which there is none equal.

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From Nancy Dammann, Kathmandu, Nepal, India

—January 25, 1953

I find myself thinking continually of Kentucky these days. You see I have been transferred to Kathmandu, Nepal. I drive to and from work in a jeep and spend my free hours trying to keep my small wood stove burning. I seem to remember having had trouble with both of those two items while in Kentucky.

Actually I consider myself very lucky to be here. We have a small library staffed by one American which at the moment is I. I also do some press and public relations work so am kept pretty busy.

Most people have never heard of Nepal. I'm not sure that I had before I came to India. It lies on India's northern border and is reputed to be the third most isolated country in the world—Tibet and Bhutan being the first two. There are no road or

train connections with its neighbor countries. Everything must either be brought in by coolie over foot passes through the mountains, or by plane. There are only about 50 Europeans, as Westerners are termed in these parts, in the country. They include 8 TCA (Point IV) men and their families, a small FAO team of Swedes and Belgians, four or five Jesuit priests who run a school near Kathmandu, and a four-man British Embassy.

I share a palace with the TCA people and I might add palaces aren't what they are cracked up to be. This one boasts of primitive plumbing and no heating. I have had a little wood stove made by the local blacksmith.

There are naturally no stores, streetcars, etc., in Kathmandu. We can't buy bread, and for reasons of the local religion, meat is practically unobtainable. We eat out of tins ordered from Calcutta, and are all getting rather tired of tuna fish and Spam. Most of the TCA wives bake their own bread but I do without.

It's a beautiful country surrounded by mountains. Mt. Everest can be seen on a clear day. All of the Mt. Everest expeditions come through Kathmandu. We are expecting an English group next month. There are no roads to speak of except in the Kathmandu area. Kathmandu is the capital and one of the most fascinating cities I've ever been in. It is filled with medieval houses which look faintly Swiss, Buddhist and Hindu temples and modern palaces built by the late maharajas.

The TCA group takes frequent field trips; and since there are few roads, travel is by horse through the mountains, and by elephant in the southern jungle areas. I hope to accompany them on their next trip. It seems too good an opportunity to miss. They returned from their last trip with a tiger skin and wild boar hide. They also shot several deer and an alligator.

Medically the country is rather backward. Our TCA public health man estimated that 50% of the people have malaria. There are no nursing or medical schools here and only a few rather mediocre hospitals. Never in my life have I been given so many immunization shots as I had to take before coming here. They included typhoid, typhus, small pox, plague, cholera, tetanus, and yellow fever.

The people are wonderful—cheerful and hard working. Until

the recent overthrow (18 months ago) of the Rani maharaja government they were completely cut off from the outside world. But in the last year TCA, Indian army and UN teams have been working here and we are already beginning to see marked signs of improvement. Until the revolution, foreigners found it almost impossible to get in. When I came up here a year ago I was about the 30th American ever to be given a visa into Nepal.

My transfer is, I believe, temporary. It may only last two or three months until they find a permanent replacement for the former librarian. Otherwise, I will finish out my tour here. In any case I expect to be home some time this year, preferably in the summer. I hope to have time to pay the FNS a visit. I certainly miss Wendover.

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**From "Tallulah"—Ellen Wadsworth's Cat—New York,
New York—February 6, 1953**

Ellen is so dazed at being back among the complexities of city life and the idiosyncracies of her boisterous family, that she is staring vacantly ahead of her, and will never, I fear, establish communications with Wendover unless I help her to the extent of writing this first letter. Ellen went out to see if she really has a job and surprisingly enough she does and is starting immediately.

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From Kate Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio—February 10, 1953

I am now at Lula's [*her sister*] and Bud's—"baby sitting." The kids ride by themselves and Watts has his own pack of beagles which we hunt every Friday. He wears a pink coat and uses his horn, just like the real huntsman. George is whipper-in, also in a pink coat, and Margo is Field Master. She has three friends who organize picnic lunches every noon after hunting and they are also running horse shows by themselves for the benefit of the hunt! They take a lot of the care of these ponies and hounds, and each has a pony that he is breaking.

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**From Justine Pruyn (Dusty), Northampton,
Massachusetts—February 13, 1953**

Exams are over, and a new semester has begun. Besides

regular work I'm trying to collect props for the Junior Rally Day show next week. This year it's based on Dante's Divine Comedy—Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory are somehow combined with life at Smith. It's really quite rare and very funny. Thinking about the FNS is still one of my favorite pastimes, and all my friends, I'm sure, are sick and tired of hearing about it.

WEDDINGS

Miss Elinor Castle Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, and Mr. John Edmonds Stalford of New York City, on December 22, 1952, in Lexington. Elly has resumed her studies at Smith College and Mr. Stalford has returned to Camp Upshur, Quantico, Virginia, where he is second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. We quote from Elly's first letter to us:

"College has definitely less appeal than ever before, and John seems to find Quantico equally unbearable; but we manage to see each other every other week-end, so the situation is not totally dark. I do wish you could've been at our wedding and reception. I hear they were lovely, though I was in no position to notice anything but a certain permanent addition to my family! Seriously, it was more fun than any wedding I'd ever attended, and I think everyone enjoyed it almost as much as I!"

This wedding is very close to us in the Frontier Nursing Service, not only because Elly endeared herself to all of us as a courier, but because of the very close tie we have with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Milton Massie.

Miss Isabelle Jackson Paine and Mr. John William Middendorf, both of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, on March 7, 1953, after this Bulletin goes to press. We had hoped that "Diz" would join our nursing staff on completion of her nurse's training this winter. Mr. Middendorf is in the investment business in New York and he and Diz will make their home there for a time.

Our warmest good wishes go to these young people for life's deepest joys.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Harleston Parker (Suzannah Ayer) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a daughter, Susan. This is their third child, and second daughter—a little courier for us. [*Sorry, we don't know the date.*]

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Gianella Osborne of Racine, Wisconsin, a daughter, Virginia, in November 1952—a second little courier for the FNS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Arthur McClintock of Racine, Wisconsin, a son, William Roy, on November 16, 1952.

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Our hearts go out in love and sympathy to **Betsy Brown**, Cleveland, in the loss of her father in January.



ELIZABETH (BETSY) BARNES
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Barnes
(Old Courier Harriette Sherman)
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

PEOPLE WE NEED

COURIERS

A word of explanation seems in order about courier assignments. Sometimes one of the young things we meet beyond the mountains will say to us, "Why do I have to wait a year or two to be accepted as a courier when a girl I know was accepted in two months?" The answer is that the second girl applied for a courier period in the autumn, winter or spring.

The girls who go to college, and there are many more now than there used to be, can only come in the summer months. It is not unusual for us to get some twenty to thirty applications for the summer months whereas we can only accept six juniors. We are short of juniors during the better part of the remainder of the year, and can take one almost at the drop of a hat.

SECRETARIES

There has never been a time in our whole history when we were as short of secretaries—both stenographers and typists—as we are now. Because of the increasing volume of our work both at Hyden and Wendover, we now need one or two more secretaries to carry the additional load. Since we give a six weeks' vacation to each member of our staff annually, it takes almost the full time of one secretary just to relieve for vacations throughout the year.

I might add that we can always do with volunteers in the secretarial field who come for even a few weeks to help us out. But we especially want more regular staff applicants. Please pass this information around among your friends.

NURSES

Twice a year, on April 15 and October 15, some of our best younger nurses pass into the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery to become nurse-midwives. This means that we must have a constant influx of non-midwife nurses to carry the hospital and its clinics and the general nursing district around Hyden. We always want to take more than the number required for

these posts in order to keep up what we call our rotation system. We feel that our nurses should get an insight into hospital, clinics and district—all three. When we have enough nurses, we like to put them in rotation at one of the Outpost Nursing Centers to give them an insight into the work of the nurse-midwife.

We shall be grateful to you, our readers, for help in getting more of the people we need.

WORDS WHICH HUMBLE US

"I cannot leave the nurses without mentioning one scientific exhibit. I do trust that the other scientific exhibitors will excuse me if I mention this one exhibit to the exclusion of all others, fine though they all are.

"I refer to the exhibit on home delivery technique by the Frontier Nursing Service, of Wendover, Kentucky. Thanks to the inspired efforts of the great Mary Breckinridge and her able assistants, this service is one of the superb obstetric accomplishments of our country and we have here today an almost complete replica of it. By saying 'almost' I refer to the fact that they do not have a live horse as part of the exhibit. For my own part, I insisted that the exhibit should include a live horse, but the hotel management has something to say about that, and I am sorry to report that I lost out in the argument. Nevertheless, in every other respect this exhibit is a duplication of the home delivery technique they use and will repay any time you spend there. Mind you, the Frontier Nursing Service, working under unbelievably primitive conditions, has delivered to date nine thousand women with eleven maternal deaths. Those of you who know the statistics of maternal mortality in the United States will realize what superb figures these are."

Nicholson J. Eastman, M.D., at the Fifth American
Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 1952

A HAZARD PARTY FOR THE FNS

What a pleasant surprise for the staff at Hyden and Wendover to be invited in early November to a Christmas party in Hazard! It gave all of us a whole month of looking forward to meeting the members of the Committee in the home of our Hazard Chairman for 1953, Mrs. L. H. Stiles.

The hospital was so full of patients on the night of December 4th that only four went from there. Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk could have taken more in their car. The eight from Wendover arrived as nearly at six o'clock as travel by jeep can be gauged.

One usually thinks of Christmas bells as decorations but the ones given out at the door were for a game. Anyone who answered a question with a plain "Yes" or "No" forfeited a bell to the questioner—the object being to see who could collect the most bells during the evening. This stimulated conversation to the extent that everybody soon became acquainted with everybody else. There were two winners—Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Cisco. Both found out early in the evening how hard it was for people to say just "Please" instead of "Yes, please" when it came to the delicious turkey dinner. Nobody seemed to be saying "No!"

The singing of Christmas carols, the harmonica contest (in which Mr. Dewey Daniel and Mayor Ebling showed equal talent), the guessing games—everything was perfectly planned to keep the party moving. Finally, everybody was asked to go into the basement where the Christmas Secretary would receive a present. Dozens of beautiful, gift-wrapped packages proved that Santa Claus was already on his way to see our children.

We had a good time from beginning to end and it was hard to have to say "Goodnight" to the Hazard crowd—among them, Mrs. Stiles' mother who seemed to have enjoyed the evening almost as much as we.

—LUCILE HODGES

OUR MAIL BOX

"Mr. Blank's temporary address is: Blank Street, Blankville. He has not moved, but when he does, it will probably be to another address."



JUDITH TAYLOR BUTLER
and her brothers
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Buell Butler
(Old Courier Sally Taylor)
Newport, Vermont

SOLLE'S SALES

Mr. Gordon Solle of Solle's Bookshop, Omena, Michigan, wrote Mrs. James O. Roberts, Frankfort, Kentucky, that the reference to him in the Spring 1952 Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service resulted in a new customer from Las Cruces, New Mexico.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Grace Nelson en route to the Belgian Congo—August 1952

Before leaving Brussels I had several glorious days in Sweden. Stockholm is a most modern city and a model of cleanliness; but I enjoyed much more being up in the mountains where a friend and I stayed in a log cabin and went on sightseeing trips every day. I left Belgium on August 5th, and here we are just four days away from Matadi where I get off and take the railroad to Leopoldville, where I will work in the hospital for a month getting oriented. I passed my exams successfully so that I am now recognized by the Belgian Government and they will give me medicines for the natives. I will then go to our newest station up north near the border of French Equatorial Africa. There is another nurse there and she has had lots of experience. It will be fun to get settled and to unpack my barrels, etc. First I have to get them out of the customs at Matadi and start them on their way up the Congo River.

. . . .

From Janet Coleman in Malta, G. C.—Christmas 1952

As I write you for Christmas it is the end of October, sunny and warm, and we are still wearing summer uniform as are all three of H. M. Services. Malta, the little island of sunshine, few trees, no hedges, beautiful wild flowers in the valleys, no rivers but sea everywhere! Too much rain all at once or too little rain. I am finding it very interesting. The people are very appreciative of our work, and the service has grown since its small beginning, when the early nurses could not find enough to do and there was only one car. Now we have four cars and, some of the time, are very busy and there is still much to be done. The midwives are specially appreciated and once the Maltese have had an English midwife they won't have a Maltese one. Some of them are untrained, many are old and dirty; but there are some good trained Maltese. The island is bristling with service people, and there are other crowds with which to contend. There

are thousands of dock workers who swarm out between 4:30 and 5:00 pm, just as the workers did at the Woolwich Arsenal. Then there are the Festa crowds for which traffic is diverted. Every saint's day appears to be celebrated in much the same way in every village. There will be fireworks like a terrific bombardment, processions of monks, priests, servers and lay people with bands and many banners. My brother was here in Malta for my first seven months. He is now a wing-commander in the RAF. It was grand having him here and I could pop into his home when I felt like it.

The Frontier Nursing Service will always remain for me the grandest of grand experiences in my life. I do not know what I should do without the Bulletin. It is so much part of me that I would miss it as I would miss part of my blood stream, so vital is it in my life.

. . . .

From Betty Scott in Barnesville, Georgia—December 1952

December 16th completes our first year of operation here. The nurse-midwives have had 117 deliveries including three sets of twins. The doctors have had 98 cases including one set of twins, and the three local midwives have had less than twenty-five cases, so you see we have nearly replaced them which proves the midwifery service is rather a success. The doctors are referring many patients to us and they are accepting the service nicely.

. . . .

From Catherine Mirabito in Rochester, New York

—December 1952

At present I am enjoying a very nice position here at Strong as a supervisor. Occasionally I talk to the students in Professional Problems class about the Frontier Nursing Service, and relive my pleasant memories of the period I spent with you, and wish I could visit all my Kentucky friends.

. . . .

From Captain Josephine Green in Battle Creek,

Michigan—December 1952

I had the great pleasure this summer to read your book and enjoyed every word of it. It took my thoughts back to some

of the fine people I got to know when I was at FNS. I am back in the States now after three years in Alaska. I will spend this Christmas with my family, the first time in four years. My work is still in obstetrics and we do have many interesting cases.

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From Dr. Paul E. Adolph in Wheaton, Illinois—December 1952

I have been reading "Wide Neighborhoods" with great interest. Though my stay at Hyden was so short, I still feel a deep interest in FNS as though I really belonged! I am thankful for improved health although I still follow a restricted regime. I commute into the Chicago Missionary Medical Office five days a week where I give medical care to missionaries.

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From Louisa Chapman Whitlock in Bernardsville,

New Jersey—December 1952

Our third son, Stephen Ellsworth, was born September 22nd, 8 lbs. 11 oz. Mother has been with us ever since. I don't know how I would have managed without her. Stephen is such a contented, fat fellow and started smiling when he was two weeks old. Walter chatters continuously and Pete is beginning. My ears ring when they are quiet!

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From Barbara Carpenter Richardson in Stuttgart,

Germany—December 1952

The Army is the cause of our being here and we are happy for the opportunity to see Europe. Ed is doing clinical psychology in the 5th General Hospital here. Last month we went to London for the FNS [Thanksgiving Day] reunion and enjoyed it very much. Ed was the one who got hold of the Bulletin first and suggested we go since we'd been wanting an excuse to go to England anyway. We read the announcement very carefully to see if families were to be included at the reunion and found it said "and friends" so we thought a husband should qualify. However I guess we did start something new by bringing a babe in arms, a husband and a cousin. Miss Peggy [Mrs. McQueen] had worked in Lapland and told many interesting things about that country. But golly, everyone there had been around so much that it was wonderfully good listening. Holly has probably been the most places, but each and every one of them was so

nice. We had no trouble getting acquainted since we all arrived with Kentucky on our minds. It was fun hearing them take turns telling tales, and to discuss the names of people, places and horses we had in common.

We're looking forward to a very happy Christmas here with our two sweet little boys. Hope that all of you too, will have a joyous season.

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From Gladys Bowers in the Belgian Congo—December 1952

Greetings from Congo. We arrived in August and our first problem has been the learning of the native language. Christmas will find us at our station, Lotumbe, where we will be thinking of you and our other friends in America.

Our year in Belgium was a busy one. Bob [her husband] did well in his course in tropical medicine. We found a little time to visit parts of Europe; we were sorry to miss England but could not make it this time. We received copies of your book while we were in Belgium and how we did enjoy it. We also got acquainted with Grace Nelson and spent much time comparing our experiences with FNS.

As we came inland making part of the trip by truck over narrow dirt roads, I was reminded of similar trips through the Kentucky mountains by jeep or horse. I have so many happy memories of my time with you in the FNS.

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From Dr. and Mrs. Howard Freas in East Orange,

New Jersey—December 1952

Here we are sending you the old familiar greeting from East Orange where we have been living since October. The doctors think we may return to Congo in May and the Congo Conference has designated us to Sona Bata where we were from 1936-40 and '41-42. Meanwhile, for three months Howard is assisting three days a week at the Associated Missions Medical Office in New York. In January he plans to take some short courses in medicine and surgery. He continues to make slow, but steady progress, going to the local YMCA for exercises and swimming. He still notes some weakness, especially when climbing stairs, but he gets into work by train, tube and taxi and he is able to make trips to speak on Sundays.

From Ruth Herron in Ganado, Arizona—December 1952

After three enjoyable years in Alaska I was transferred to Ganado last summer, and arrived here the last of August. The work is entirely different from that at Lindrith or in Alaska; it is among a different group of people and is all hospital work. I am one of the staff nurses at Sage Memorial Hospital, and like most other places we have not had sufficient nurses. There is such a field here for preventive medicine and education in simple laws of health and nutrition. So many children have been sick at home for days before they are brought to the hospital, and often it is then too late. A Navajo nurse on our staff remarked, after returning from her home, that she was beginning to think there was not much chance for her people until they had more water and better homes.

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From Jessica Minns in Binghamton, New York—December 1952

Even though you have not heard from me, hardly a day has slipped over the western horizon that I have not thought of you, and been ever thankful for the training I received at FNS. We established a maternity work at Koumra-Tchad in French Equatorial Africa, and in three years we delivered some three hundred "pickaninnies." This is not a large work but most of them were complicated and difficult cases, the normal ones taking place at home. We never lost a mother among those who had prenatal care.

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From Virginia Moberly Sims in Louisville, Kentucky

—January 1953

We have lived in Louisville for about a month and a half. We had been in Wichita, Kansas, but the climate did not agree with our boys, so we requested a transfer to Kentucky and were fortunate to get it. Believe me it is wonderful to be back in Kentucky and being within one hundred and twenty miles of my family. Tommy is now 2½ years old and Johnny was one year old this past Sunday. I enjoy reading all your news through the Bulletin. I saw Nancy (*Roberts Benton*) a day or so after Christmas. She and Frank live in Covington where he is practising law with his father. They have a boy about a year and a half and a two-month-old baby girl.

From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—January 1953

First I must tell you how very much people over here are enjoying "Wide Neighborhoods." I was so pleased to hear that Kentucky has honoured you; please accept my congratulations. Everyone is busy getting ready for the coronation committees for the gardens and other decorations that are being planned.

My sister and her family are settling in British Columbia. They like the country and climate very much. They have now moved into their farm, so I hope in a few years to be able to visit them and the FNS. I shall have to see what happens here. I do keep very busy but enjoy it all very much.

Newsy Bits**Births**

Born to Dr. and Mrs. George T. Hamm of Wildwood, Georgia, on December 24th, 1953, a daughter, Rebecca Ellen.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Nixon (Anne Nims) of Sioux City, Iowa, on January 17, 1953, a daughter, Suzanne Kay.

Weddings

Miss Mary Louise Fink to Mr. Fredrik Marcus Bockman in Nome, Alaska, on November 27, 1952. Mr. and Mrs. Bockman are at home at Belmont Point, Nome, Alaska.

Miss Jane Cochran Rainey to The Reverend Stephens Tucker Gulbrandsen in St. George, Virginia, on January 7, 1953.

Miss Hilda Candida Sobral to Mr. Edward Victor Bondolfi in Reno, Nevada, on January 3, 1953.

Our very best wishes go to these young people for much happiness and usefulness in the years ahead.

. . . .

Our deepest sympathy goes to the family of Esther Thompson Corum who died in Milan, Indiana, on December 12, 1952. "Tommy" was one of the mainstays of our hospital staff during the war years. She and her great love for children will long be remembered by all her friends in the Kentucky hills.

MY FIRST NIGHT CALL

by

VIVIENNE BLAKE, R.N., S.C.M.

My very first night midwifery call in the Frontier Nursing Service came after I had snuggled down in bed just about eleven o'clock on the 17th of December. I have never minded being called out before getting into bed, but once one is in bed nice and comfortable, it is not so good.

Cherry and I went together. Actually it was her patient. The young man and the little boy who had come for us had walked all the way from the head of Grassy, as it was so icy and the river had risen too high to be able to ford.

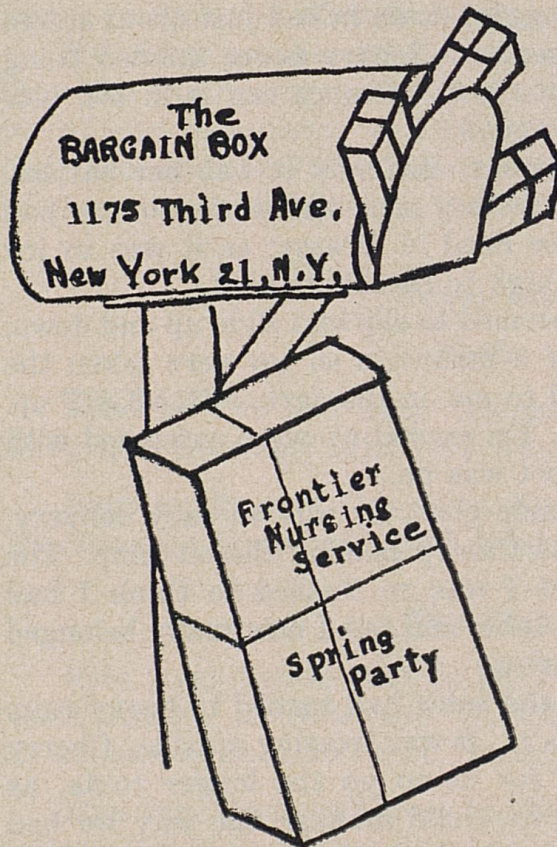
So off we started. We seemed to slip and slide up and down. This patient lived on top of a mountain so we were taken the short way up, which seemed to me, in the dark, STRAIGHT up. Also it had started to snow. On arrival we were welcomed with a warm fire and the coffee pot was on.

The patient was extremely good. It was an easy delivery, so I managed quite well with Cherry holding the oil lamp. The baby was a lovely boy, and I was so thrilled to think I had "caught" my first mountain babe, and felt I now really belonged to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Now, during this time, the snow had turned to heavy rain. When we left just around 4 a.m., it was freezing outside. Cherry decided it would be better for us to go the longer route, as honestly, neither of us felt we could manage the way we had come. After falling flat on my back three times, my torch now had a wonderful dent in it, and could tell a good tale if it could only talk. We walked on ice all the way back to Confluence, and arrived at 6 a.m. very wet and cold.

We soon changed, lit a fire, and made a hot drink. Then suddenly the clinic gate bell rang. Yes, it was another call. So by 11:25 a.m., I had "caught" my second mountain babe, another boy. I returned to Possum Bend Nursing Center for the second time, with a feeling of great satisfaction.

PARCEL POST TABLE



The New York Committee has a project in which all Bulletin readers are invited to participate; a PARCEL POST TABLE at their Annual Spring Rummage party, to be held on April 22nd in New York.

Your package will be sold in its parcel post wrapping for \$1.00, and will be opened at the party. Use originality in the gifts you send, but the following suggestions may be helpful: jewelry, scarfs, neckties, handkerchiefs, leather items, linen, silver, all of course worth much more!

Address your parcel to
Frontier Nursing Spring Party
The Bargain Box
1175 Third Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

and send to arrive by April fifteenth, or as soon as you can after reading this.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth is the chairman, and of which Mrs. Lawrence Groner, Mrs. Adolphus Staton and Mrs. Draper Boncompagni are the honorary chairmen, and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson is the benefit chairman, announces that its annual benefit (John Mason Brown's lecture) will take place in the ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel on Friday, April 10. Mrs. Eisenhower has consented to head the list of patronesses and to honor the occasion with her presence.

. . . .

We have read and kept the folder from the trustees of the Citizens Aid Society of Minneapolis, depicting the work carried on for twenty-five years, 1927-1952, in the Citizens Aid Building—an enduring record of the sincere interest in his fellow citizens cherished throughout his life by George Henry Christian. Mrs. George Chase Christian, who has been an honored trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service and its Minneapolis chairman for years, has seen to it that her own splendid part in guiding the Citizens Aid Society, and the charities which make use of the building, is minimized in the folder. But we are sure she will not object to our quoting the lines that close the description of the birthday of a building:

Alert to the future, with a keen appreciation of the past, we salute this building dedicated to "educational, charitable and scientific purposes to alleviate the conditions of the sick and to maintain a high standard of citizenship and patriotism."

. . . .

We report with immense pride that Miss Bertram Ireland, whose early survey of the births and deaths in the Kentucky mountains is familiar to many of our readers, has been in the New Year's honours list of Queen Elizabeth II. Miss Ireland will receive an award for "her work as secretary of the British War Veterans of America, and member and leading office holder of the St. Andrews Society, the Daughters of the British Empire and the British Merchant Navy Club," which makes her "a member of the Order of the British Empire" and entitles her to put the initials M.B.E. after her name.

The Frontier Nursing Service has lost several of its friends during the past fall and winter. In our next Bulletin, we will count it as a privilege, although a sad one, to write something of what each friend meant to us.

TOWN AND TRAIN

Although I was absent from home for three weeks and two days, I shall not go into detail about this latest trip beyond the mountains. I wrote up all of my travels in the East last spring, and the Midwest this past November. I need not go into them so soon again.

I shall touch only on the highlights—the meetings arranged in our behalf. The Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service held under the auspices of the New York Committee took place Thursday afternoon, January 15, at four o'clock in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. Our chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, presided with that blend of dignity and humor of which she is happily possessed. To name even a few of our old friends who attended this meeting would mean pages of print. But I can't resist telling you all that Dr. George W. Kosmak was there, with Mrs. Kosmak. And I do want to speak of the special happiness it was to me to have a group of student nurses from my own Hospital School of St. Luke's attend in uniform. It was a most heartening thing to let my glance fall on them from time to time, to see again the uniform I had worn nearly a lifetime ago—worn now by some of the best of a young generation. The highest praise I think I ever received as a speaker was given by one of these student nurses. When asked by a member of the New York Committee how she had liked me, she replied, "O God, but she is super-terrific!"

Our Boston Committee exerted itself last spring in a variety of autograph parties and miscellaneous speakings for me. This winter they decided to put over a big annual meeting. This took the form of a luncheon at the Hotel Vendome on Tuesday, January 20. Its success was a splendid tribute to our Boston chairman, Mrs. Frederick R. Weed; honorary chairman, Mrs. Ernest Amory Codman; vice-chairmen, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., and Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr.; and the Boston courier chairman, Mrs. Robert Lawrence—in fact to the whole Boston Com-

mittee. Some 150 people paid for luncheon tickets to attend the meeting they had sponsored. And, mind you, this was on Inauguration Day. People arrived at the luncheon panting from having so hurriedly left their television sets. After the meeting had opened we toasted the new President with our glasses of ice water.

The Hotel Vendome's ballroom was abloom with flowers sent from the greenhouses of our old courier, Mrs. Edward Dane. Some of Boston's distinguished surgeons, physicians, obstetricians honored us by their attendance at this meeting, although others who had expected to come were called away professionally at the eleventh hour. It has rarely been my lot to speak under more brilliant auspices.

The third of our big committee meetings, the one in Philadelphia, was like the others, a huge success. This, like the others, was due to a chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, and a Committee whose abilities are matched only by their devotion. This third meeting on the afternoon of January 28, was held in the great hall of the Colonial Dames House on Latimer Street through their courtesy. Before she introduced me, Mrs. McIlvain gave a moving talk on the visit she and our courier, Fanny, had made to the Frontier Nursing Service in the autumn. After I had spoken, friends from far and wide in the Philadelphia area streamed by to talk to me, to let me know how truly their hearts were at one with ours.

My last two days and nights in the East were spent with the McIlvains at their country place at Downingtown. They drove me to Wilmington to catch my train. My sister and her husband, Colonel and Mrs. George Warren Dunn, had asked us to have tea with them first at the Wilmington Country Club. There we were joined by Captain Dunn, my nephew in the U. S. Air Corps, and his wife, Cynthia. Thus the last faces I saw before I took my evening train to Kentucky were those of old friends and of my own people.

I reached Louisville Friday morning, January 30, and was taken by Mrs. Belknap out to her home, the Midlands—a place of mental, physical and spiritual rest to me always. In New York I had received the following telegram:

Pleased to inform you have been named KENTUCKIAN OF THE YEAR—annual selection by KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION. This honor will be conferred at annual dinner Friday evening, January 30, Brown Hotel, Louisville. Trust you can attend. Letter follows.

Bennett Roach, President, Kentucky Press Association

Long distance telephone calls from members of the Kentucky Press Association confirmed the wonder of this telegram. They told me, too, that our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, would be invited to attend the dinner as a guest of honor, and that our Treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, would be asked to present me to receive the award from Mr. Roach. It is a silver pitcher of rare beauty—suitably inscribed.

I had been asked by long distance, if I would take part on Miss Mary Snow Ethridge's television program at the *Courier-Journal, Louisville Times* building an hour or so before the banquet. My dread of television was quite wiped out of mind by Miss Ethridge's competence and courtesy. Later in the evening, when I met her husband, I thought, "Lucky man!"

It was not until we were going up to the speaker's table that Mr. Dabney told me I was to make the address of the evening! I did! Everybody who reads this Bulletin, as well as those of you who have read *Wide Neighborhoods*, know the high esteem, the affection, in which we hold the American Press. The Kentucky Press warms that place in one's heart called the cockles. More than I dare express, I appreciate the honor the Kentucky Press Association has conferred upon the Frontier Nursing Service and me, in making me Kentuckian of the Year 1952.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

JUST JOKES

Lady motorist: "Can you fix this fender so my husband will never know that I bent it?"

Garage mechanic: "I doubt it, but I can fix it so you can ask him in a few days how he bent it."

A TRIBUTE

to

MISS HELECE RANDALL

from the

Zonta Club of Rochester, N. Y.

Delivered by Miss Leah Woodruff

at the

FNS Rochester Meeting, November 21, 1952



Helece Randall

Mary Breckinridge—the Rochester Zonta Club has a gift of love for you! A gift that is a memorial to one of its best loved members—Helece Randall. The gift is a movie sound projector—which is the one item, we have learned, needed most in your educational program at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. May we tell you and this audience why the Rochester Zonta Club is so happy to give the movie sound projector in memory of Helece Randall?

Rochester Zonta Club, one unit of Zonta International, is a women's service organization. Its varied service program includes local community, national, and international service projects—work with young and old, white and colored, ill and unfortunate, the blind and hard of hearing, nursing scholarships, teaching and aeronautical scholarships, adoption as foster parents of French Nicole Mielhac, through The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., and an overseas program of package mailing to England, Holland, France, Germany and Greece.

No one in Zonta ever gave more unstintingly of her time and self for service than did Helece Randall. Helece joined the Rochester Zonta Club in 1926. She was its president in 1929-1930. Throughout the 25 years of Helece Randall's membership

she was a member of Zonta's service committee. At the time of her death in January of this year she was the vice-chairman of the service committee.

Helece Randall had a varied career—successful in each field in which she served. At 19 Helece took the place of a man going into service in the Spanish-American War, who was secretary to the publisher of the Jamestown, New York, Journal. She stayed in the newspaper field for many years. Helece worked as a publicity writer for a Buffalo firm for several years. She then entered the investment field and was co-manager of a local stockbroker's office. In 1932 Helece entered the employ of the New York State government—the fourth phase of her career. She became the only woman executive officer in the state—in its Liquor Control Authority. In early 1951 Helece retired from her state position—not because she wanted to, but because she was compelled to do so by Civil Service requirement. A few months before her death, at the age of 73, Helece embarked on a new career. She opened a downtown office and was giving counsel to the many customers she had served throughout the years.

Helece Randall's capacity for friendship was limitless. Her warmth of heart, her understanding, her loyalty, her kindness, her sense of humor, her fun, her hospitality, her love were given so freely and generously to everyone. Her home was open to everyone. How many, many folks went to 170 Spring Street to talk, to be comforted, to be helped with a problem, to be fed—and how Helece loved her friends to enjoy her cooking talents. Her telephone rang constantly—the interruptions were a pleasure. Helece did not own an automobile, but she traveled the city over to visit the sick and unfortunate. A visit from Helece brought new hope to many at desperate times of need. She gave of herself and money far beyond the call of duty. Her notes and letters were such a lift. She counted you among her many blessings and took time to tell you so. How many Zontians can forget her fun and humor—how she loved a story and a joke!

Last week one of our Zontians wrote this about Helece—“all I know or have heard about Mary Breckinridge makes me believe that she and Helece were cut out of the same piece of cloth. Their spirit was identical. Had Mary searched for a partner in those early days, Helece would have been the perfect

answer to her prayers. Hardships would never have phased her—in fact she would have welcomed them, gone to meet them, and would have overcome them.” The movie sound projector which will soon be a part of the Frontier Nursing Service equipment, will bear this inscription—

GIVEN IN LOVING MEMORY OF HELECE RANDALL,
BELOVED MEMBER OF THE ROCHESTER,
NEW YORK, ZONTA CLUB

THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS

In the old smuggling days two men came from Bristol with a cask of smuggled brandy. Hearing “Vizes” their donkey ran away, throwing the cask into the river. An Excise man came upon them trying to fish it out with a rake. The men, seeing the moon reflected in the water, and wishing to mislead him, told him they were raking for the cheese. The Zizeman was convulsed with laughter that two men could so foolishly rake for “The shadder of tha moon,” thinking it a cheese; they on their part rejoiced that they had fooled the Zizeman.

“The Zizeman zoon the tale let out to a’ll the country round about, and even now people da teaze a’ll Willsheer voke about the cheese. But ’tis thay, as can avoord to grin ta zee how nice he wur took in!”

—From an English post card

JUST JOKES

“Well, I did my good deed today—made at least a hundred people more cheerful.”

“How was that?”

“I chased my hat when the wind blew it down the street.”

FIELD NOTES

Although Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) has helped in getting together the stuff used in this column, she won't be doing this again for a long while. Thumper leaves us the last day of February for a long leave of absence, the first she has taken in five years. Her plans were made months ago and we would not let her change them after Mac's death.

Now a word about the Frontier Nursing Service mail. A number of you have addressed FNS communications to Lucille Knechtly. Please cease and desist. Personal communications for Thumper should be sent to her in care of The Blue Ridge School, St. George, Greene County, Virginia.

All Frontier Nursing Service mail for the Director's office, should either be addressed to her or to Miss Peggy Elmore who was, as most of you know, for two years the Quarterly Bulletin Secretary in charge of our mailing lists. She came back to us in November to fill the post of volunteer Christmas Secretary. She returns now as Secretary to the Director.

. . . .

Elsewhere in this Bulletin, under People We Need, you will see that we do need more secretaries. The assistant to Agnes Lewis (our Executive Secretary), who is Juanetta Moore, has had to take a leave of absence for family reasons. Wedding bells will be ringing for the Hospital Secretary, Betty Dinkle. But more about that in our Spring Bulletin. Possibly only those who carry heavy administrative loads realize how much of the burden is lifted from them by the competent assistants who share it. In this connection we welcome into the FNS, Mrs. Bella Vaughn of Lexington, Kentucky.

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Our guests are never many in the winter months. Among the most welcome of those who came to us was our trustee, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Cincinnati who, with her lovely neighbor, Mrs. Carey P. McCord, spent a few days at Wendover in early December. Mrs. Charles Moorman came a little later in December to help us do two things. First, she sorted out and pasted in a scrapbook the many reviews of *Wide Neighborhoods*

and other FNS publicity. Next, she helped out with the Christmas thank-you letters, as she has done for years, bless her. In February we were privileged to entertain for a week—at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, at two of our outpost nursing centers, and at Wendover—four eager graduate nurse students from the College of Nursing of Wayne University, sent to us by Miss Anne Keener, Assistant Professor of Nursing. They were delightful girls, all four of them.

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You will have read elsewhere of our shortage of couriers during parts of the year. January and February are always lean months! This year the one junior who was slated to come for the January-February period found, at the last moment, that she couldn't come. Ellen Wadsworth stayed on for the month of January. After she left, Jean Hollins had to carry alone the responsibility and the work of the courier department. Fredericka Holdship came the second week of February. Together they are wrestling with the never-ending problems of transport, by jeep and by horse.

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We have had our share of the nation-wide flu epidemic. During January and all through February our district nurses were out in the field from sun-up till the edge of dark, giving bedside care to the sick. As we go to press the number of sick people is on the wane, mainly because most everyone has had the flu!

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Mr. W. P. Ward, who painted the trim of Hyden Hospital this year and the Brutus Nursing Center, insisted on painting the Brutus kitchen as a courtesy to please Miss Bridget Gallagher (Bridie).

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Sixteen men gave 18½ days volunteer work at the Flat Creek Nursing Center in the late summer and early autumn. There were three workings. Joyce Stephens (Stevie) has sent us the names of the men who gave this splendid service, and they follow:

Shilo Bowling
 Pearl Davidson
 Charlie Hoskins
 Robert Hoskins
 Henry Ledford
 Felix Sizemore
 Homer Sizemore
 John H. Sizemore

Carlo Wagers
 Robert Bray
 Bernard Sizemore
 Junior Sizemore
 Rev. Allen Weldy
 Skidmore Asher
 Carter Helton
 Duce Sizemore

. . . .

On November 14th our A O Pi Social Service Secretary, Mary Ann Quarles, attended the Kentucky Welfare Association meeting in Louisville to hear a panel discussion on the Youth Authority Act. This covered new legislation dealing with juveniles. Mary Ann reported that the meeting was comprehensive and very interesting.

. . . .

Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk and Miss Betty Lester accepted the invitation to attend the annual meeting of Bell County Physicians and their wives at Pineville, Kentucky on December 12, at 7:30 p.m. at the Continental Hotel. Miss Lester and Dr. den Dulk were both asked to talk about the Frontier Nursing Service. All three reported immense hospitality and much kindness from their hosts and hostesses.

Your Director had the honor of speaking to the Hazard Rotary Club at their noon meeting on Wednesday, December 31st. The Rotarians made the occasion Ladies' Day. This meant a doubly delightful crowd of old Hazard friends. How kind they all were!

. . . .

Mrs. James Elam was honored by an open-house birthday party at the home of her son, Mr. Roscoe Elam, in Hyden on Sunday afternoon, January 17. All her friends, including those in the Frontier Nursing Service, were invited to share her happiness on this occasion of her seventy-ninth birthday. Mrs. Elam received many lovely gifts, flowers, and a beautiful cake. Refreshments were served to her guests. We all wish her many more happy birthdays.

By the time you reach Field Notes, you will, all of you, have read the Tribute to Miss Helece Randall by the Zonta Club of Rochester. We now have the joy of telling you that the movie sound projector has arrived at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. It is perfect. The Dean of the School, Miss Jane Furnas, her assistants and all of the students are walking on air. Sometimes a dream does come true.

FATHERLY ADVICE FROM THE CITY FATHERS

We wish to call to your attention again the fact that we have an Ordinance against Dumping Garbage within the City Limits of Hyden. The City Fathers have "Swung a deal" with Johnnie Salyers and Coon Walker heirs whereby the City of Hyden can dump at a point midway between Bradley Begley's and Coon Walker's house. This is on the Hyden-Dryhill Road down the river. Please get over the hill and not in the road.

The collection of taxes is always a sore subject in any land and any clime, however, we can report some progress in this direction. In the near future we will give you a list of the delinquents and what they owe with their excuse for not paying. Should this fail, with sorrow in our hearts, we will turn the list over to Chief Vanover and Judge Henry Howard. It is only fair to add that Judge Howard is to Hyden what Judge Colt was to the old West. Our private opinion is that Henry is a shade faster on the draw.

In the near future we will extend the street lights to the city limits in all directions. Our motto is "Go bravely into the future—collecting taxes as we go."

THE CITY FATHERS

—*The Thousandsticks*

Hyden, Ky., Feb. 5, 1953

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S.C.M., LL.D.

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Miss Peggy G. Elmore, B.A.
(after March 1)

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

Field Supervisor
Post Vacant

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AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

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**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery**
Miss E. Jane Furnas, R.N., C.M., B.S.

Assistant to Dean
Miss Ivallean Caudill, R.N., C.M.

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(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Miss Mary Ann Quarles, M.A.

Wendover Resident Nurse
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Resident Courier
Miss Jean Hollins

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Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss E. Katherine Macdonald, R.N., C.M.; Miss Barbara Yeich, R.N., C.M.

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

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Primrose F. M. Edwards, R.N., S.C.M.

Caroline Bulter Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Miss Joyce Stephens, R.N., S.C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Elizabeth Hillman, R.N., S.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' examination 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 Department of Health examination and is authorized by this Department 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.

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The principal of the 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 compiled 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



SNOW SHADOW PICTURE
of
Ellen Wadsworth, New York Courier,
Mounted on Lacey
Taken by Ellen

