

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 27

SUMMER, 1951

NUMBER 1





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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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VOLUME 27

SUMMER, 1951

NUMBER 1

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HIFNER, FORTUNE AND POTTER
 CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
 145 EAST HIGH
 LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Directors,
 Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated
 Lexington, Kentucky

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1951, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting schedules.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

A summary of your operations for the year may be briefly stated as below:

Total Revenue Receipts.....	\$214,943.90
Transferred from Reserve.....	5,000.00
Temporary Loans Repaid.....	13.75
	<hr/>
Total Income Available.....	219,957.65
Total Expenses Paid.....	190,248.51
	<hr/>
Excess of Income.....	29,709.14
Invested in Buildings and Equipment	25,295.76
	<hr/>
Increase in Cash Balance.....	\$ 4,413.38

During the year your endowment and reserve funds were increased by the total amount of \$24,975.46 and are now in excess of \$530,000.00.

Your books have been closed under our direction and are in accord with this report.

Respectfully submitted,

HIFNER, FORTUNE AND POTTER
 Certified Public Accountants

Lexington, Kentucky
 May Eighteen,
 Nineteen Fifty-one.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
for the Fiscal Year
May 1, 1950 to April 30, 1951

PREFACE

As has been our custom for more than a quarter century, we present our annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service to our trustees, members, and subscribers.

We have, as in previous years, divided our report into two sections. One section is about money, and one section about work.

I.

FISCAL REPORT

Our annual audit is so detailed, and therefore so voluminous, that we have not been able for a number of years to print it in full in this Bulletin or in any other publication we could afford to issue. Our auditors follow their Exhibits and schedules with a list of the more than four thousand subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service, and the amount each gave typed after his name. Not only is it impossible to print all these names but many subscribers do not want them printed. However, all are audited annually. The figures that follow are taken from the Exhibits and schedules of the last audit. We have divided these figures into four categories, each one covering one page, to make easier reading. The auditors' own Summary is the first category. The second is their list of Endowments and Reserves. The third category covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category we have put into two columns—to the left the expenditures of the last fiscal year taken from the audit, and to the right our Budget for the current fiscal year based on last fiscal year's expenditures. The trustees adopt this Budget at their annual meeting before it is put into operation. Our expenditures last year exceeded those of the year before by \$22,078.10. Although they have risen steadily since the war, this is the first year in which there was so large an increase. We feel that a budget at the present time is unpredictable because we have no way of knowing whether the costs of the essential things we are authorized to buy will continue to rise or, happily, might fall.

Under a fifth category, called Inventory, we account for the properties which our auditors value at \$363,394.52. All five categories are given in sequence on the following pages.

1.

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORT

From Official Audit for Fiscal Year

May 1, 1950 to April 30, 1951

RECEIPTS (not including new endowments):

Donations (including Silver

Anniversary Fund).....\$142,245.30

Income from endowments, bene-
fits, fees, et cetera.....

77,698.60 \$ 219,943.90

EXPENDITURES—for operating expenses includ-
ing repairs, replacements and upkeep.....

\$ 190,248.51

Excess of Receipts over Expenditures.....

\$ 29,695.39

New Endowments and Reserve received.....

\$ 29,975.46

New Land, Buildings, Livestock and Equipment.....

\$ 25,295.76

Less—Charge-offs for deaths of animals, deprecia-
tion, et cetera.....

6,027.76

Net increase in physical property.....

\$ 19,268.00

GENERAL DATA AS OF APRIL 30, 1951

Value of Land, Buildings, Livestock, and Equipment..\$ 363,394.52

Total Endowment and Reserve (This is the value
of the gifts at the dates they were received.
Present values would probably exceed this
amount.)

\$ 530,677.10

Total Contributions and Income (exclusive of En-
dowment) from Organization to April 30, 1951..\$3,173,620.56Total Expenses (exclusive of Land, Buildings, and
Equipment) from Organization to April 30, 1951..

2,822,617.10

Excess of Total Income over Total Expenses.....

\$ 351,003.46

This excess is represented by

Cash, and Cash items.....\$ 14,794.74

Land, Buildings, and Equipment.... 363,394.52

Total\$378,189.26

Less—Indebtedness 27,185.80

\$ 351,003.46

2.

ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service at the close of the fiscal year are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Crib.....	\$ 5,000.00	
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83	
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00	
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00	
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	16,000.00	
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00	
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00	
John Price Starks Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00	
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,563.38*	
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown	1,000.00	
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00	
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00	
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36	
William Nelson Fant, Jr., Memorial.....	78,349.52	
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	1,100.00	
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	5,000.00	
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00	
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial.....	1,000.00	
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	25,375.00	
Elizabeth Ireland Fund.....	12,120.00	
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and its Endowment.....	43,244.08*	
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70	
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00	
Richard D. McMahan Legacy.....	943.23	
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00	
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford's Fund in Memory of her two children.....	8,000.00	
Cassius Clay Shackelford (a boy)		
Rodes Clay Shackelford (a girl)		
 Total Endowment.....	 \$506,677.10	
 RESERVE ACCOUNT:		
Mrs. Louise D. Crane.....	\$ 4,000.00	
Mrs. Frederic Moseley Sackett.....	10,000.00	
Mrs. Eliza A. Browne.....	10,000.00	24,000.00
 Total	 \$530,677.10	

* Income added to principal.
All others at original amount of gift.

3.

REVENUE RECEIPTS

Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid

May 1, 1950 to April 30, 1951

SUMMARY	Contributions	Benefits and Bargain Box	Totals
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Fund	\$ 4,436.14		\$ 4,436.14
Baltimore Committee	1,367.50		1,367.50
Boston Committee	5,289.10		5,289.10
Chicago Committee	9,822.05		9,822.05
Cincinnati Committee	6,495.85		6,495.85
Cleveland Committee	9,375.84		9,375.84
Detroit Committee	13,451.24		13,451.24
Hartford Committee	852.00		852.00
Kentucky:*			
Blue Grass Committee	4,024.50		4,024.50
Louisville Committee	15,637.50		15,637.50
Hazard Committee	1,075.00		1,075.00
Citizens Hospital Fund	1,245.75		1,245.75
Miscellaneous Kentucky	1,038.72		1,038.72
Minneapolis Committee	1,647.00		1,647.00
New York Committee	21,745.01	\$ 5,050.00	26,795.01
Philadelphia Committee	5,053.00	1,950.00	7,003.00
Pittsburgh Committee	17,139.00		17,139.00
Princeton Committee	1,162.50		1,162.50
Providence Committee	1,217.95		1,217.95
Riverdale Committee	1,157.00		1,157.00
Rochester Committee	2,065.76		2,065.76
St. Paul Committee	430.50		430.50
Washington, D. C. Committee	5,517.15	1,395.33	6,912.48
Miscellaneous	16,681.13		16,681.13
Totals	\$147,927.19	\$ 8,395.33	\$156,322.52

* Total for Kentucky \$23,021.47.

OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS

Fees for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery		\$ 7,680.00	
Payments from Patients:			
Income from Nursing Centers	\$ 7,981.81		
Medical and Surgical Fees	2,885.85		
Hyden Hospital Fees	4,188.80		
Hyden Hospital Clinic Supplies	4,006.07	19,062.53	
Wendover Post Office		2,361.06	
Investment Income		20,953.05	
Sales of Books and Post Cards		70.75	
Coal Royalties on Hyden Property		8,493.99	
Transfer from Reserve Account		5,000.00	
Total All Revenue Receipts			\$219,943.90

LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

HYDEN HOSPITAL AND FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY:	1950-1951	1951-1952
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 34,061.65	\$ 34,000.00
2. Running costs (food, minus board of residents; cows, fuel, electricity, laundry, freight, haul- age, et cetera).....	16,069.62	16,000.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 1).....	13,972.93	14,000.00
4. Medical Director (Note 2).....	3,880.57	5,000.00
	<u>\$ 67,984.77</u>	<u>\$ 69,000.00</u>
DISTRICTS (Wendover and Six Nursing Centers):		
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 30,594.81	\$ 31,000.00
2. Feed and Care of Horses (Hospital, Graduate School, Wendover, and 12 Districts).....	11,032.44	11,000.00
3. Jeeps, Truck, Station Wagon Ambulance (Ditto).....	4,086.97	4,000.00
4. Running costs (food, minus board of residents; cows, fuel, electricity, laundry, freight, haul- age, et cetera).....	14,071.85	14,000.00
	<u>\$ 59,786.07</u>	<u>\$ 60,000.00</u>
ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSES:		
1. Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, postage, printing, telephone, telegraph, et cetera.....	\$ 24,953.20	\$ 25,000.00
2. Social Security.....		1,000.00
	<u>\$ 24,953.20</u>	<u>\$ 26,000.00</u>
GENERAL EXPENSES:		
1. Social Service.....	\$ 6,521.07	\$ 5,000.00
2. Insurance (Fire—\$287,000.00 coverage, Em- ployer's Liability, full coverage on truck, twelve jeeps, station wagon).....	4,642.93	4,500.00
3. Interest.....	270.00	270.00
4. Quarterly Bulletin (covered by subscriptions, with small surplus).....	3,578.38	3,500.00
5. Statistics and Research.....	3,946.66	4,000.00
6. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors, Nurses for study and observation; profes- sional books and magazines.....	366.37	350.00
7. Miscellaneous promotional Expenses beyond the mountains.....	535.67	1,000.00
	<u>\$ 19,861.08</u>	<u>\$ 18,620.00</u>
MAINTENANCE OF PROPERTIES AND REPLACEMENT of Equipment and Livestock (Auditor's Valuation: \$363,394.52).....		
	<u>\$ 17,663.39</u>	<u>\$ 16,380.00</u>
	<u>\$190,248.51</u>	<u>\$190,000.00</u>

Note 1: Approximately 1/3 of supplies relayed to districts.

Note 2: Approximately 1/4 of his time spent on districts.

5.

LAND, BUILDINGS, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

INVENTORY

Our auditors set a value of \$363,394.52 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and the frame Annex, a Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cottage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; The Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; three water tanks; two employees' cottages; and out-buildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forge, pump house, fire hose house, and the Wee Stone House.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Big House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"); the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and the Lower Shelf; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the cow barn, horse hospital barn, mule barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, pump house, jeep shed, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

Georgia Wright Clearing

A caretaker's cottage and barns; extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade; two wells with pumps.

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; employee's cottage; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Log building and oak barn with electricity; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Carolina Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlington, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn with electricity; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well; pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Subsidiary Clinics

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

Livestock

Twenty horses; one mule; one registered Brown Swiss bull; twelve cows; six heifers; registered Duroc brood sow; pigs; over three hundred chickens.

Equipment

Equipment includes: twelve jeeps; one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; one half-ton truck; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishing in twenty-two dwellings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

II.

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept in this department on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service secretary maintained by the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund.

1.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

During the first few months of the past fiscal year we had no permanent Medical Director. We engaged Dr. Paul E. Adolph, as fine a man as he was a surgeon, who came to us in mid-September. In less than six weeks he was stricken by a coronary attack, with the result that he and the Frontier Nursing Service were told he could not carry work like ours again. Dr. Rex V. Blumhagen, whom we got to know through the Adolphs, came to us in November as acting Medical Director. He, his wife, and two charming babies stayed with us on a temporary basis, not only through the remainder of the past fiscal year, but until the arrival of our permanent Medical Director, Dr. F. William den Dulk, on July 19 of the current fiscal year.

During the past year, we depended on Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. W. F. O'Donnell of Hazard for our surgical emergencies. They came to Hyden at any hour of the day or night in answer to our calls and, as in other years, at no cost to us. They charged our patients only such small fees as they could pay. It is impossible to express all of our immense gratitude to these two men. For surgery, other than emergencies, we depended on the clinics given us annually by Dr. Francis Massie and Dr. Eugene Todd. Due to Dr. Massie's unavoidable absence from Kentucky, Dr. Todd was the only surgeon at the April clinic. He was assisted by the hospital staff he brought with him who, like the surgeons, give us their services. In May, just after the close of the fiscal year, Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville came back to us for one of the tonsil clinics he has given us for years, during which forty children had the tonsillectomies they badly needed.

We wish to express our gratitude again to the physicians

in Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati, as well as Hazard, who have accepted without charge patients and members of our staff sent down to them; to Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati for reading, without charge, the X-ray pictures mailed to him from time to time; to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, which has continued to give free care to the children we have taken to them; and to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission, which has taken care of all of the children we referred to them.

2.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Our stone Hospital at Hyden was renovated during the early months of the past fiscal year. Not only was the wing the nurses formerly occupied completely reconverted to hospital use, but many needed changes were made in the other wing. The whole building was repainted inside from top to bottom—the first time it has all been painted at one time since it was built in 1928. The Mary Parker Gill Wing now has twelve maternity beds and twelve bassinets. The Mary Ballard Morton Wing now has thirteen cribs and beds for sick children and adults.

Hyden Hospital was occupied 6,358 days last year by 715 patients with a daily average of 17.4 patients at a cost per patient day of \$9.13. Of the 715 patients cared for during the fiscal year, 96 were sick adults, 295 were obstetrical patients, 118 were children, and 181 were newborn. There were 6 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which 4 were newborn. There were no maternal deaths. There were 48 operations performed. At the Medical Directors' clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital, there was a total of 6,851 visits received during the past fiscal year.

3.

DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 9,995 people in 2,221 families. Of these, 4,992 were children including 2,439 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 17,158 visits and received 17,475 visits at their nursing centers and at their

special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 369 sick people of whom 7 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 5,536 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 2,863 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include the midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives along with their district nursing. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

4.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) attended 455 women in childbirth, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 455 women, 13 were delivered by our Medical Director and our consultants. There were 451 live births and 6 stillbirths; 5 deliveries of twins; 358 new cases admitted; 446 closed after postpartum care; 2 miscarriages. There was no maternal death.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 37 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 19 live births, 1 stillbirth, and 18 emergency miscarriages (12 early and 6 late). There was one delivery of twins. Postpartum care was given to 18 other unregistered mothers. There was no maternal death.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 196 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these 46 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 5 such patients of 5 live babies in their own homes, with no maternal deaths.

5.

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has two classes annually, each of six months' duration, which start on October 15th and April 15th. During the past year 12 registered nurses were graduated from the School. The twenty-second class since the School opened in 1939 is now in attendance. When its work is completed on October 15th the School will have sent 104 nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to render service all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, and Alaska, the Philippines, and in various parts of Africa, Japan, India, Siam, and South America.

6.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 109 overnight guests who stayed 297 days. In addition Wendover entertained for meals 207 guests for 276 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 93 days, and day guests for 383 meals.

Guests of the Service during the past year have included not only Americans, but persons from the following lands: Australia, China, France, Great Britain, Greece, India, and the Philippines.

7.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Eighteen couriers and four other volunteers worked for the Service a total of 1,212 days. During the time the volunteers were with the Service they lived at Wendover, Hyden, and the outpost Centers.

8.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Services and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases. In each instance a pre-

liminary investigation has been made and the need for help determined.

Clothing and financial aid to 12 families of widows and men unable to work.

Emergency aid to 6 families who were burned out.

Garden seed assistance to 7 families.

Loaned money to 5 persons for necessary purchases; all repaid.

Acted as committee for one family receiving Idiot's Claim.

Helped 4 children with school expenses.

Transported 9 children to boarding school.

Purchased hearing aid for one man.

Arranged for and financed one girl at Lexington Florence Crittenton Home.

Arranged through the courts for two mentally deficient children to be committed to the state training school.

Acted as a licensed Child Welfare Agency, and obtained custody of one child, arranging for and supervising her foster home placement.

Transported one patient to Cancer Clinic.

Made arrangements for 8 children to go to Children's Hospital in Cincinnati and transported them.

Made arrangements for 14 patients to go to outside physicians and hospitals; transported 7 of them, helped meet hospital expenses for 4.

Transported 3 children to the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission in Lexington and Louisville.

Transported 10 children to the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission Clinic in Hazard.

Arranged transportation for 4 children to go to the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission in Lexington.

Transported 10 patients to the Hazard Clinic.

Transported 3 patients to the Hazard Hospital.

Transported 75 children and adults to the oculist in Hazard, and purchased 27 pairs of glasses.

Sent 4 patients to outside hospitals for eye surgery.

Supervised a college student doing field work in the Social Service Department.

Helped with distribution of clothing and toys for Christmas, and with preparation for parties.

Helped with Easter Egg Hunt.

Distributed hundreds of articles of clothing, shoes, books, et cetera.

Services and time given in a number of other cases of a miscellaneous nature, and in coöperation with the County Welfare and Health departments, the local Red Cross Chapter, and county judges, the county child welfare workers and Vocational Rehabilitation representatives, and the Frontier Nursing Service district nurses and hospital staff.

9.

CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, and clothing to those that needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous response of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

III.

TWENTY-SIX YEAR TOTALS

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole twenty-six year period of our work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	38,105
Babies and toddlers.....	15,243
School children.....	7,447
Total Children.....	22,690
Adults	15,415
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	8,596
(Maternal deaths, 10)	
Inoculations	177,215
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	11,706
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	110,640

* For 22 years and 6 months. The F.N.S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

CONCLUSION

In times as uncertain and as dark as those in which we are living now, it is good to be able to count one's blessings, and be thankful. Many of the problems which baffled the Frontier Nursing Service at the beginning of the past fiscal year were met as the year wore on.

First, as we have indicated in this report, our medical situation was uncertain to the point of collapse. But Dr. Blumhagen stayed with us until our permanent Medical Director arrived and, in Dr. den Dulk, we have exactly the man we wanted and hoped to find. Our only medical need as this is written is for an assistant to him. He is already so well liked and so much respected, as physician and as surgeon, that the volume of his work is more than any one man could possibly carry. Second, although the prices for everything we buy have risen out of all reason, the gifts of money to pay our bills have so far kept pace with the prices, and we are solvent. Third, the costs of the renovation and enlargement of Hyden Hospital loomed before us as an unbearable burden, until our Hyden and our Hazard committees undertook to raise funds to meet a good part of these costs. Fourth, the members of the Executive Committee thought the Chairman's plan of appeal to the Board of Trustees for \$50,000.00, in celebration of our Silver Anniversary, an act of sublime audacity. But her letters to the members of the Board were so successful that they brought in \$55,617.93, and the addition of \$15,000.00 to our Endowment Fund as well. Fifth, the book which Harper and Brothers commissioned the Director to write was delayed for months by her two rather serious illnesses in the winter and spring. But the publishers have been understanding and kind. They extended the time limit of their contract by several months. Except for the final form of the concluding chapter, and revisions, the book is now finished, and will be published in the spring of 1952. Sixth, we had feared that when the Director gave up her regular meetings beyond the mountains in order to write this book, the interest of our committees and subscribers on the outside might slacken. But, they consented to forego the first-hand reports to which they are entitled, and accustomed, and have carried on with fidelity and zeal.

We have only one completely new piece of business to mention in this report, and that is Social Security. At a meeting on December 5, 1950, your Executive Committee accepted Social Security for the eighty-nine staff members and employees of the Frontier Nursing Service, if they voted that they wanted it. By a large majority they did. This brings us to the last of the blessings we have space to count, and that is our staff itself—nurses, secretaries, couriers—who have maintained the high efficiency and devotion we expect of them. For the quality of the work done by the Frontier Nursing Service staff, during the past fiscal year, we give thanks.

MARION V. D. BELKNAP, Chairman
(Mrs. Morris B. Belknap)

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

JUST JOKES—MEN

A young reporter was instructed by his editor never to state anything as a fact that he could not verify from personal knowledge. Sent out to cover an important social event soon afterward, he turned in this story:

"A woman giving the name of Mrs. James Jones, who is reported to be one of the society leaders of the city, is said to have given what purported to be a party yesterday to a number of alleged ladies. The hostess claims to be the wife of a reputed attorney."

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Two men who had traveled were comparing their ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

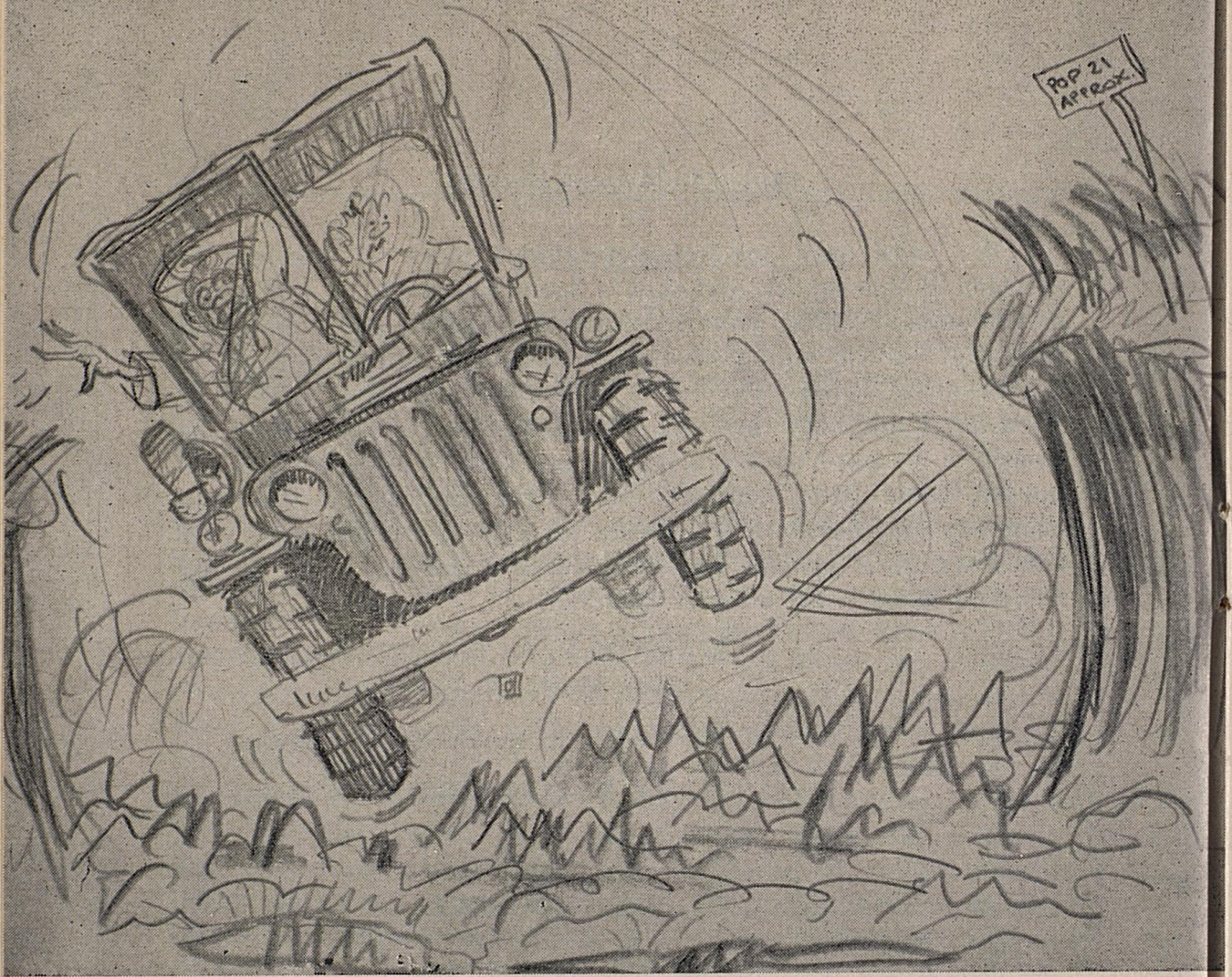
"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his friend.

"I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy."

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Professor: "Too bad. One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instructions in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me, and, the worst of it is, I can't think of his name."



A GUEST ARRIVES AT WENDOVER
As drawn by the Guest!

REP. BY URP

From The Toronto Globe and Mail

In Calgary, people are eating horse meat; in Winnipeg, they are eating whale meat, and in Florida (much to the disgust of Pogo devotees) they are eating possum. In French West Africa, they have gone a good deal further. They are eating politicians.

A dispatch from Paris tells the story. M. Victor Biakaboda, Senate member from the Ivory Coast, failed to take his seat after the June recess. Officials there are convinced that, all unwillingly, he has achieved the supreme objective of every vote-seeker. He has gotten right inside his constituents. Other politicians may be their poison, but he is—or was—their meat. . . .

Reprinted from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*
August 17, 1951

COURIERS ARRIVE IN THE JEEP ERA

by

ANN DEXTER SMITH
New York Courier

For five hours on the bus from Lexington to Hyden, three of us were piecing together bits of information about the F.N.S. that we had gathered from friends and relatives before we embarked on our six weeks adventure as Couriers. None of it was very conclusive, but it passed the five hours pleasantly and left us in a state to expect anything (which, we later discovered, was a very good state in which to remain). As we pulled into Hyden, our anxious eyes spotted a jeep containing someone in a blue riding uniform. Our troubled minds were eased temporarily because we realized that at least we were being met, but the jeep hurriedly drove away as if the sight of us was too much, and our hearts sank in despair. However, in the spirit of true couriers, we got off the bus anyway and soon saw two girls coming toward us. One appeared to be able to handle anything (including us) with her capable build, and the other looked as if she were fully prepared to think out any problems the new couriers might produce for her worthy companion. We piled into the jeep, Apple Pi, with all the luggage, it seemed, right on top of us, and at the same time we were being told that **everything** in the F.N.S. had names, even jeeps. Everything went well until we plunged into the river. Then the three of us hung on tight. Our knowing friends and relatives had omitted this minor point of the Middle Fork—unless it really **was** a mistake. We headed down river and neither of our chaperons said anything. We gradually loosened our grips on each other and our bags, and once more picked up the thin thread of conversation. The next "hardship" we endured in silence was the so-called "turn" into Wendover which resulted in a ride half-way up a perpendicular hill, then a backward slide to the brink of a steep drop to the river. After these unexpected maneuvers we clattered up Pig Alley to Wendover with the baggage, by this time, bruising every inch of us. Still, we knew no more about our job as couriers than when we got off the bus in Hyden.

We were delighted when we discovered that we were just in time for tea. We were hastily ushered into the living room of the main house where all of Wendover had already gathered. As we entered we were introduced to Mrs. Breckinridge who greeted us with a warm, outgoing smile which made us feel that the harrowing trip in had been worth while after all. A quick glance around the room indicated that our New York outfits were slightly awkward and consequently we edged toward the darker corners of the room. The blur of new faces and voices slowly sorted out, and by the end of tea we made a tentative generalization that everyone had a definite mind and personality of her own which contributed to the quiet, but contagious enthusiasm of the assembled group. We hoped we could share first-hand this subtle enthusiasm through our still unknown duties as couriers.

We were shortly initiated by hauling all our duffels and suitcases up the 101 steps to the Upper Shelf; then, due to a miscalculation, we lugged half of them back down to the Garden House. Enthusiasm we had—but it was directed more toward sinking into bed than to inquiring further into the whys and wherefores of a courier's life!

A FISH STORY

Dean Rice, manager of the Gem Supply Store in Danville, created something of a sensation when it was learned that he had caught 132 fish Tuesday.

Chased down for a story, however, the angler confessed, with a laugh, that he really DID catch 11 dozen members of the finny tribe—but they were goldfish and were “trapped” in the Rices' pretty little fish pond in the back yard of their home.

Rice took advantage of the close to 90-degree temperature to give the goldfish pond a thorough cleaning, he explained.

—*Danville Advocate-Messenger*

I WENT TO BRUTUS

by

KATE IRELAND
Cleveland Courier

(See inside front cover page for picture of the author)

On Monday of my second week with the Frontier Nursing Service Mary Jo Clark drove me to the Brutus Nursing Center in Clay County. I was supposed to ride Peru back from there, via the Bowlingtown and Confluence Centers. But, I just couldn't seem to get started!

Tuesday it snowed, and the river between Brutus and Bowlingtown was up. While I waited on Wednesday, Phyl sent me to pick up the blacksmith and go shopping for them in Oneida. Thursday Maud went lame, and Phyl had to ride Peru.

Came Friday, and Peru and I were at last ready to start when I remembered that I hadn't asked the directions of how to get to Bowlingtown, and Phyl had gone to a delivery on the other side of the district. I had to wait!

Saturday I had my bags packed again, and Phyl was going to ride with me as far as Leatherwood Creek to put me on the right trail to Bowlingtown. We stopped on the way to make a call, and she found her patient badly needing our doctor. The telephone was not working, and Phyl sent me back to the Center to get the jeep and drive to Hyden for the doctor. When I reached the Hospital I phoned Jean Hollins at Wendover. Jean sounded as though she had given up hope of my ever returning with Peru. It had started to rain, and Jean said the river would probably be up the next day, and she had better send Anna out to Brutus in another jeep so that if I couldn't start back on Peru on Sunday, I could return via jeep. The river did come up, and on Sunday I did come back to Wendover in the jeep with Anna.

A week later, the river down, I went to Brutus to try again. This time Jean gave me orders how to come over the mountain to Hyden if it should rain and make it impossible to go by way of Bowlingtown and Confluence. But the river stayed down, and Peru and I finally got to Wendover over the route originally planned—but some two weeks late!

A few days later Jean informed me that Anna and I were

to ride Doc and Marvin to Brutus, over the mountain trail from Hyden. I was to leave Doc there, and ride Laura back. (Anna was sent along for the ride, and to see that I got there, and back, safely!) Directions were a bit vague. We asked as we went along, but the directions we got from the mountain folk were still more vague. Finally we found the trail we were on ending—in a corn field half way up Osborne's Hill. Jean's worst fears were realized—we were both lost. We decided to break a trail to the top of the mountain. It was funny to see Anna leading Marvin, and Marvin practically clambering on Anna's heels at every step. By sheer luck we found the right trail when we reached the top of the hill. Farther on we got off the trail again, but not for long, and finally arrived, safely, at Brutus.

Jean had told us to return, Anna on Laura, and I on Marvin, the very next morning. But when we went to saddle the horses we found Marvin was lame. The phone was working so I phoned Jean at Wendover. "Oh no," said Jean, "you aren't stuck at Brutus again!"

Since Laura was immediately needed at the Hospital, Jean advised that Anna ride her in over the mountain, and let me stay on at Brutus until Marvin was able to be ridden. Jean sounded as though she suspected me of deliberately planning delays to keep me at Brutus—she knew how I loved it there. However, it had been fate, each time.

Marvin recovered after only one day's rest, and we returned to Wendover on Wednesday.

I wasn't allowed to go to Brutus for the remainder of my junior courier term!

JUST JOKES—One's Own Business

The judge's expression was not unkind as he leaned over the bench and addressed the mousy little man before him.

"So you're a locksmith?" his Honor mused. "And, pray tell, what was the locksmith doing in a gambling dive when he was arrested?"

The prisoner, taking courage grinned back.

"He was making a bolt for the door," he replied.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Celia Coit, Santa Barbara, California—May 18, 1951

I guess according to what I wrote you that by now I should be spinning merrily over the sunny roads of France on my bicycle. Instead I'm alternately racing down and pushing up the sunny roads of Santa Barbara. Only occasionally do I regret the decision to open Coit-Lane. Actually, we are having a lot of fun and I wouldn't miss this experience for anything.

Our hours are from ten to six and we have quite a variety of things for sale. Everything, however, is modern in design, and from the enthusiastic comments of people who come in, they think it's refreshing. We have sold quite a lot of smaller things like stainless steel flatware (all imported and so handsome), jewelry, glassware, ashtrays, place mats and so on. What I hope we will be able to do more and more is to handle more furniture, lamps, and bigger, more important things like that.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William Hamilton Noyes (Adelaide Atkin),
Woodstock, Illinois—June 8, 1951**

A darling little boy arrived June fourth at 7:15 p.m., Delnor Hospital, St. Charles, to round out our family. Isn't it wonderful that we now have Mary and Margot, almost twelve (not long to wait to be couriers), Gwen soon to be nine, and Terry (William Hamilton III) just six, who is so thrilled to welcome Tommy (Thomas Atkin Noyes)—*see Babies*.

This is the first time I have been conscious, and it was a thrill of a lifetime. I telephoned my mother when the baby was ten minutes old!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Henry Meigs (Ellen Mary Hare), Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania—June 17, 1951**

We moved from Philadelphia proper just two weeks ago.

Roxborough is very countryish though it is still within city limits. I was so glad to get out of the city. As it was, all last winter was fine because I was at art school all day. We never spent a week-end in town, but dashed away Friday night or early Saturday morning to the country. Also, by the terms of our lease, we weren't allowed any animals. We couldn't have had a dog anyway since both of us were away all day, but we did try a Siamese cat. Three days were enough! It returned to its former owner miaowing all the way out on the train. My mother met me at the station, and before the train stopped she could hear its raucous cry. We had that cry for three nights. Also, it used to pretend our feet were mice, and pounce on them in bed. It was an unfortunate creature.

Well, school finished May 26th, we moved on May 31st, and June 3rd we bought "Rufus." You will remember how much I loved Penny and Lizzy. I had always admired Golden Retrievers above all other dogs, and wanted one terrifically. We investigated all the ones around here, and though we found several people who had litters, they had already promised all the puppies. You can imagine how disappointed I was, when I thought our first home was to be Golden Retriever-less. Then an art school friend brought a dog to pose in Friday A.M. sketch class! Usually different members of the class get up and take striking attitudes, all equally impossible. So to me, a dog was a welcome relief! Blondie was the image of Lizzy, only with shorter hair. The girl's step-father got her from a kennel in British Columbia and she had puppies! So we got Rufus. He is ten months old and a real clown. The first thing he did was to take the top off a neighbor's milk bottle, left by the milkman, and drink all the milk. He brings us all the trash found lying about the place (this is a new development, and you can imagine what a pile of things the workmen leave lying around) so we can put it in the trash can. He is best at retrieving old dog-food cans.

Moving here has reminded me of Wendover. This being a brand new development the roads are in a definitely Wendoverish condition—mud to the hub-caps when it rains, and dust down your throat when it's dry!

From Benita Barnes, Cleveland, Ohio—June 27, 1951

I started out being a secretary in the Educational Office of the Cleveland Art Museum, but the last few months another secretary and I have taken over the job as "secretaries to the Business Manager" of The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism. We handle all the subscriptions, complaints, et cetera. The Business Office used to be in Baltimore but it was transferred to Cleveland in February. It has all been a case of learning by experience because neither of us knew anything about running this type of thing. After four months of toil and hardship we have things pretty well straightened up; and to say the least, it has been most gratifying.

I spent a month in Florida this winter with the family and it was just wonderful. We had a house in Ponte Vedra, which is about fifty miles south of Jacksonville. It really was a nifty place! Our house was so close to the ocean that you just had to stick your big toe out the back door and there you were "swimming." Played lots of tennis and the rest of the time was spent trying to soak up the sun so I could survive in the cold north.

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From Susan Spencer, Minocqua, Wisconsin—June 29, 1951

I am awfully glad to have the list of old couriers from Tucson. Though I hadn't time to look them up when we were there in April, I am keeping it for next winter. Most of our hours were spent in looking for the right house when we last were there. After seeing quite a few, we came upon the most perfect little brick one with a large walled patio in back containing three or four trees! That is a very desirable thing in a spot as hot as Tucson can be. As the plan is now, I hope to have a teaching job and will probably head for Arizona about the middle of September.

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**From Mrs. Herman H. Tuck (Linda Hardon), Tucson,
Arizona—July 5, 1951**

Seems impossible that it is almost ten years since I was at Wendover. Nevertheless I surely do enjoy the Bulletin and there always seems to be news of someone I knew.

**From Mrs. Charles L. Stone (Dickie Chase), Long Island,
New York—July 13, 1951**

I read your tale of woe of the pump leathers, et cetera. It seemed very close to home as we also have (or share) a pump on a piece of land we have bought on Long Island and it also has "leather" troubles at the wrong moments too!

I keep hoping each year that somehow I will find myself riding up the road to Wendover—some day I'm sure I shall.

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**From Mrs. Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr. (Diana
Morgan), Hopewell, New Jersey—July 14, 1951**

The weather couldn't have been more perfect on April 21st [*their wedding day*] and we had a full moon to fly down to Florida with to boot. We had one wonderful week in Ponte Vedra and then came home to try and whip our pre-Revolutionary farmhouse outside of Hopewell into shape. By June sixteenth we had finally edged the workmen out and ourselves in, and are now leaping through hoops trying to get everything fixed at once. We are on a hill top with a gorgeous view over the rolling hills (just like England), in three directions, a large apple orchard, vineyard, and bees, plus 80 acres. We rented 30 out to a neighboring farmer who is slightly better able to cope with them than we are. How we both wish we had gone to agricultural schools instead of the various colleges we attended. Van commutes by car to New Brunswick, where he is in the Production Control Department of E. R. Squibb and Sons, so he has only time for our outdoor problems on weekends.

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From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—July 20, 1951

I finished my secretarial course in the middle of May. I did not intend taking a job until autumn but a suitable one came up so I took it. I'm working as an assistant secretary in the Chemistry Department of the University here, which is good experience. I've only been doing four days a week but will go on full time in September. I'm only staying here till Christmas, because in January I start a seven-month job as secretary for a big medical congress (with people from all over the world) which is to be held here next summer. That should be great

fun and very hard work, but I'm looking forward to it. I'm having August free and I am going to Austria—to Salzburg—for part of the Music Festival. I'm very thrilled about it.

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From Nancy Dammann, Madras, India—July 24, 1951

Ever since I've been reading the Bulletin, I've read about ex-staff members, nurses and couriers giving talks on the F.N.S. in strange and out of the way places. I've always thought, oh how nice, I'm glad I don't have to do that. But now it seems I will.

On October 25 the Indian Conference of Social Work, Madras State Branch is to hold a conference. Our office was asked to send a representative, preferably one who could give a short talk. I got the call.

I've just finished talking to the executive secretary. Of the three potential subjects I gave him he was most interested in the F.N.S. I'm glad because I'd much rather talk about the F.N.S. than social worker training or community funds. I can see why they would be interested in the F.N.S. too. For Midwives play an important part in the medical work of this country.

My job has proved fascinating. I'm in charge of publicity in connection with American grain and gift packages such as those from CARE. So I've written numerous feature stories on the various institutions that use CARE supplies. I also have covered UNICEF milk distribution. In the process I've seen a good deal of the poorer side of India. Things are getting better though. It's beginning to rain a little—something it hasn't done much of for the past four years. There is a chance that the rice crops may survive this year which will bring some much needed income as well as food to the village farmer. Then, too, American grain has and will help immensely. The ration has been increased.

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From Anne Dexter Smith, New York, New York

—August 2, 1951

Now for all the animals—Please kiss Martini for me, pat Paddy, groom Jeff, give Tenacity a piece of candy, tell Cindy and Babbette hello, give my very best to Harriet and Rochester, throw water on the geese, and look at Edna. Thank you.

From Selby Brown, Rochester, New York—August 8, 1951

It seems impossible that eight weeks ago Wendover seemed so far away. Now Wendover, far in miles, but very close to my heart, is the most wonderful place I've ever been. I really miss you all so and am envious of the new couriers.

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From Anne R. Harris, Rochester, New York—August 9, 1951

This is, I feel a very insufficient way of telling you what an enjoyable and profitable summer I spent at Wendover. I had wanted to come to you as a courier since I was fourteen years old, and held in front of me that great anticipation for five years. Now it is very sad to realize that it is all behind me. However, my greatest desire now is to have a daughter who can choose to have the same wonderful experience I had! I only wish more people could realize what I mean when I speak of the Service or Wendover; but it is something you must feel and see and do yourself.

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From Jan McMillan, Hawaii—August 27, 1951

I am committed to a year at least of work in Detroit. However, Wendover is still in the back of my mind. Hawaii is fascinating, with strange, beautiful flowers, gay clothes, and many native festivals. We even got to see Pearl Harbor.

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From Isabelle Paine, Boston Massachusetts—August 29, 1951

Adult nursing (Peter Bert Brigham Hospital) is interesting and busy, but I will be glad to get back to the children. I am on the men's medical ward now. There are lots of laughs, long hours, nice people, and we are learning a great deal.

I see Nella Lloyd off and on. She is always her cheery self. Another girl in training and I are working to come to the F.N.S. when we graduate.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Polly Pearse loved her work with the Lisle Fellowship Unit in California this summer. The first three weeks she spent visiting various business men, interesting them in sponsoring a

work group of graduate students from many countries. After the close of the unit, she went on a pack trip in the Sierras.

Mary Bulkley Wotherspoon with her husband and daughter, Polly age two, are now living in Hinsdale, Illinois. Mr. Wotherspoon is with Ford's aircraft engine division.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Benita P. Barnes to Mr. Frank White, both of Cleveland, Ohio. The wedding is to take place in early October and Bennie and Mr. White plan to spend their honeymoon in Europe.

Miss Peggy Clarkson of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Robert Brown who is with Life Magazine in New York City. They plan to be married in late October.

Miss Karen Pagon of Baltimore, Maryland, to Mr. Thomas Benton Catron IV, foreign representative for the McCormick Company of Baltimore. Mr. Catron is living in Mexico at the present time and he and his bride will live there until spring when they expect to go to Venezuela. Karen writes that she is frantically studying Spanish and Portuguese.

We send our loving good wishes to the brides-to-be; and wish for them and the lucky young men the best of all things.

WEDDINGS

Miss Ann Hinman of Southbury, Connecticut, and Mr. Rutherford Page Lilley of Watertown, Connecticut, on June 30, 1951, in Southbury.

Miss Katharine Throop Talcott of Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, and Mr. Boudinot Phelps Atterbury, on July 21, 1951, in Atlantic Highlands.

Our very best wishes go to these young people.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Richardson (Margaret Black), of Ithaca, New York, a daughter, Katherine Ann, on February 6, 1951—their third child and only daughter.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alberton Cushman (Janet Chafee), of Morris Plains, New Jersey, a daughter, Hope Chafee, on April 8, 1951.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Noyes, Jr. (Adelaide Atkin), of Woodstock, Illinois, a son, Thomas Atkin, on June 4, 1951.

Born to Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin), of Pocasset, Massachusetts, a son, John Perrin, on July 23, 1951.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ashley Day III (Ann Bemis) of Ipswich, Massachusetts, a daughter, Deborah, on August 14, 1951. Her mother writes:

Debbie is as cute as a button. She is a healthy little gal and ready for the saddle as soon as her feet will reach the stirrups. I'm sure one of her first words will be "hoss" and one of her first thrills a job at Wendover. We are already proud of her.

In early summer we received a clipping from a Tucson paper carrying the following announcement:

Word has been received of the birth of a son, John Jessup, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Woodin III in Berkeley, California. Mrs. Woodin is the former Ann Snow. Mr. Woodin is now seeking his master's degree in zoology at the University of California.

ACCIDENTS

Accidents killed 90,000 and injured 8,900,000 Americans in 1950, according to the National Safety Council. The cost of these 1950 accidents was over 7½ billion dollars. This includes wage loss, medical expense, overhead cost of insurance for all accidents, interrupted production schedules, time lost by workers other than the injured due to occupational accidents and property damage in traffic accidents and fires.

—*Chronic Illness News Letter*, June, 1951

AN "EX-STAFFER" VACATIONS AT WENDOVER

by

LOUISE FINK

(Former F.N.S. Social Service Secretary)

A vacation at Wendover can be anything from completely relaxing to stepping back into the functions of a job left a few years ago and remembered in a sort of rosy glow. At Wendover, where things move on so quickly, it does not seem right even to think about relaxing lazily, and truly, the only way to enjoy the F.N.S. is to feel that you are a useful part.

I was more than glad to find that another person was needed to drive a jeep the first day I was here. Bounce was the jeep to be driven. When I first came to the F.N.S. Bounce was new in the Service, just as I was, and Bounce was the first jeep that I drove. Even after five years the intricacies of driving Bounce, with the stalling and jolting, seemed little changed. The exciting experience of taking him through the river with water gushing against the sides and almost spilling in was denied because the Middle Fork is little more than a meandering creek at this season of the year.

My first day back was spent in making trips to Hyden. First, Katie, who had sprained her ankle, needed to go to the Hospital to have it X-rayed. Later, Lewis Morgan (the caretaker for years at the Georgia Wright Clearing below Wendover) who was seriously ill, had to be taken to the Hyden Hospital and then on to Hazard Hospital in our station-wagon-ambulance. Arrangements were also made for trips to Lexington and Cincinnati with patients the next day. Since I had planned to go to Cincinnati anyway, and a courier, Martha Nicely, was leaving for a short time, we took the trip to The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati with Jeannie.

Jeannie, aged three years—a solemn little blond-headed youngster—has diabetes. She was a wonderful little passenger who must have been very tired by the time we completed the long, hot trip. To be sure that she was standing the trip all right we stopped to have her checked at the Lexington Clinic en route. She seemed to be doing satisfactorily. When we stopped for lunch she requested "milk and bread." Her accept-

ance of what was happening to her amazed me. With her solemn, big, blue-green eyes she gazed around the dining room and seemed to take in everything about her. As she finished her lunch she looked up and said the only complete sentence of the entire trip. She said, "I don't feel good." Knowing that she was excited from the trip and that this might be affecting her, I tried to get her to tell me a bit more about how she felt. But not another word would Jeannie say the entire time except, "Milk and bread."

When we arrived at The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati we were received most cordially. After we had gone through the usual procedure of registering Jeannie, the doctor came to examine her. She protested lustily, although the doctor made every effort to make friends with her before proceeding with his examination. While we waited for Jeannie to become more accustomed to this new place and to new people, the doctor talked with us about the F.N.S. He commented on the wonderful job he felt the nurse-midwives do here in the Kentucky hills. He also said that The Children's Hospital could be certain that any child sent to them from the F.N.S. was really sick and needed the care and treatment which are available for them at The Children's Hospital free-of-charge. When the examination was completed the doctor himself carried Jeannie to her bed on the ward, and he himself gave her toys and the milk she had been requesting so urgently. As we were leaving Jeannie seemed to be responding to the interest of the doctor who was proving to her in little ways that he was her friend as well as her doctor. Always in the past I had felt that The Children's Hospital really cared about the children from the hills of Kentucky, and after this experience I felt even more certain of it.

After a few days with friends in Cincinnati, I returned to Wendover, and there were more things to be done. The deadline for the publication of the Bulletin was fast approaching, and a request was made that I write up my experience of coming back to Wendover for a "vacation." Even now, as I finish this, I am off in the station-wagon-ambulance to get Lewis Morgan, who is recovering nicely from his operation, and bring him back to the Hyden Hospital.

Although in the few years I have been away many of the

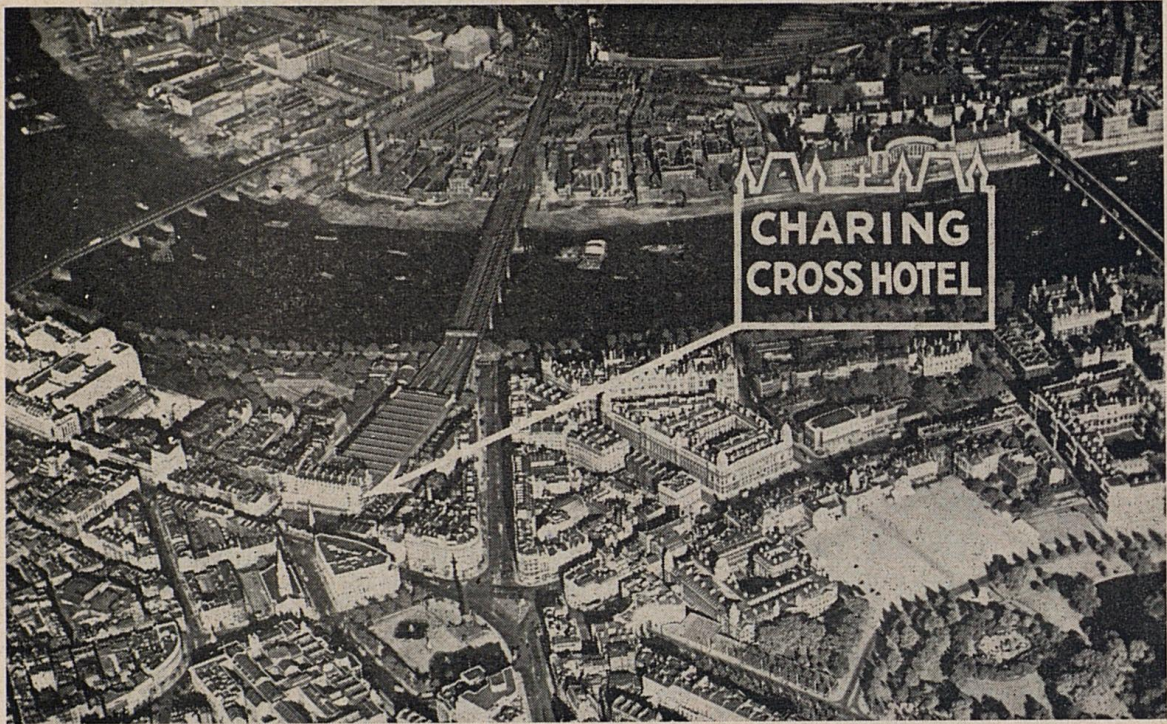
personnel have changed, I feel as if nothing in the Service itself has changed basically. Throughout the organization there is still the pervading spirit of service. Even though one carries away the memory of this dedication, when one returns it seems like a new, fresh spirit, and comprehended fully when one becomes a part of it, if only for a few days.

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Friends of my book that is to be:

This is to answer the notes we are receiving from many of you. The book is finished—except for a concluding chapter, and the revisions (where I have the help of patient publishers), which must knock out some 20,000 words. You may ask, “Why write 20,000 words too many?” If you had read with me the 20,000,000 words I have combed through during the past year, you would understand. The facts hidden in these words had to be jerked out of them, shaken up, and then woven into a narrative of reasonable length. Writing the book has really not been anything like as bad as assembling, reading, sorting, checking this mass of information, most of which was irrelevant to my story. But the relevant things turned up in unlikely corners, so I dared overlook no corners. Well, the winding-up should be over by November. But, lest I relax, there will be jobs like proofreading to look forward to after Christmas. Harper & Brothers expect to bring the book out in the spring. By that time, let us hope it will have a title. Those of you who have worked with us in here will chuckle when I say I should like to call it “Grab!” It’s that kind of book.

Mary Breckinridge



ANNOUNCEMENT

For Frontier Nurses and Friends
of the Frontier Nursing Service
in Great Britain

The old staff of the Frontier Nursing Service in England are to meet again this year at the Charing Cross Hotel, The Strand, London, in a private room, at 6:00 p.m. on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 22nd, for their annual Service reunion. In asking us to make this announcement, the old staff want us to be sure to add that all friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who are in the Old Country at that time are welcome.

Applications for reservations should be made through Miss Nora K. Kelly, The Watford Maternity Hospital, King Street, Watford, Hertfordshire, England.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE and BETTY LESTER

From Dr. and Mrs. Harlan S. Heim in Nebraska—May, 1951

Our family is growing up. Betty, the older daughter, graduates from college this spring. Donna is a junior. Our boy, Bobby, is nine years old and in the third grade. Doctor is busy with a big office practice and two hospitals, one maternity. I help him by being treasurer and pinch-hitter for various jobs. Our best wishes go to you and the wonderful work you are doing.

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From Edna Mae Owens in Greenville, Mississippi—May, 1951

This hospital is quite nice. We have an obstetrical unit with nineteen beds and the same number of cribs in the nursery. At this time the delivery room is operated under surgery. Before long we will be running the delivery room with the OB service, and everyone will be much happier. When I start teaching I will have about five hours a week, one of which will be ward classes. Viola Tillotson came to see me on her way home and brought me up to date on the happenings in the F.N.S. I can hardly wait to see the new changes at Hyden.

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From Margaret Oracko in Lansford, Pennsylvania—June, 1951

It sure is a grand feeling to know school is over and the goal reached. Beginning the last week in July I will start as clinical instructor in obstetric nursing at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Allentown, Pa. The School of Nursing and the hospital are wonderful and I know I will enjoy my work there. I hoped to get to visit the F.N.S. before I left Dayton, but time was scarce and a trip by bus takes so long. It was good seeing Betty (*Lester*) and Jane (*Furnas*) at the District meeting. I caught up on the latest news and it made me homesick for the F.N.S. Some day when I get my car there will be no stopping until I reach Leslie County.

From Joan Court in Lahore, Pakistan—June, 1951

It is a joy to have a typewriter as it saves sticking to the paper and the other minor discomforts of letter writing when the temperature is around 115 degrees! There are six in our team: a Scottish woman doctor; two public health nurses, one Irish and a New Zealander; a Danish woman who is the P.T.S. instructor, and another New Zealander who is a midwife tutor. That is the International team. The National team consists of our "opposite numbers" and understudies whom it is hoped will take increasing responsibility. Our equipment comes from UNICEF, and the buildings from the Government. Unfortunately none of my district equipment has come, and there is no district building, but being used to India I do not feel frustrated and anyway I did bring my own delivery bag. My job here will be to organize a domiciliary service in a new district, population about 15,000, but it is a nice compact area and I am longing to get started. We cannot get going until the Willingdon Hospital vacates the Center which is at present used as an Outpatient Clinic. In the meantime I am assigned to brighten up the midwifery service of the Punjab Health School, where they also train the indigenous Dais (grannies). I went out on my first case this morning. I am particularly interested in the prenatal care, and in the doses of fersolate given. It seems as though all the prenatales have hemoglobins around 50%. Nevertheless they look better than the Bengalis did. The children need care. The first one I saw was two years old and weighed sixteen pounds and was almost a text book case of rickets.

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From Beatrice Miller in Seymour, Connecticut—July, 1951

I was reminded of the need to tell you of my change in address when a Bulletin made the rounds of all the various offices in the hospital. It was the nicest round-robin mail that had come to my desk. It has been wonderful seeing old F.N.S.'ers. Hannah Mitchell was here with a "work shop" from Teachers College. Ruth Alexander was at New Haven for part of her field experience. What fun we had when she gave a demonstration of a home delivery. I'm sure there will be some future nurse-midwives because of it.

From Alice Axelson in Minneapolis, Minnesota—July, 1951

By the end of December I hope to have my degree in Nursing Education with a minor in Rural Nursing. Then as soon as I can get packed after that, I shall be on my way back to India. I expect to get a nurse's training school started in the 65 bed hospital in which I've been working. The Indian girls are wanting nurse's training.

The girls are eager to learn, and already there are eight prospective candidates for my first class. I plan to begin with a class of ten. India needs nurses so desperately, and I look forward with great joy to being able to have a little part in producing some nurses for that corner of India that has become home to me.

I do so enjoy the F.N.S. Bulletin. Whenever it comes, I read it from cover to cover usually in one sitting.

In a recent Bulletin there was a picture of Jim Davidson at Brutus. It was so like him, and I wanted to shake his hand and say "Howdy."

. . . .

From Gertrude Isaacs in Scottsbluff, Nebraska—August, 1951

Am all settled in Scottsbluff, a very pretty town with the bluffs back of it for scenery. I have spent the past two weeks getting orientated into the Scottsbluff Public Health Department. Everybody has been most interested in the Frontier Nursing Service and asked numerous questions. Of course I am delighted to talk about it.

The work here is similar to what we did in the Service, except that there is more school work and no midwifery. Nevertheless, the experience I had in Kentucky will be invaluable.

. . . .

From Doris Reid in Burt Lake, Michigan—August, 1951

Starting September 1st, I shall be county nurse in my own county. I expect to be happy, because the work will be much more like the Frontier Nursing Service than institutional nursing.

Eleanor Wechtel (Mrs. Ray Dent) and her husband visited here the last of July. They are very happy.

NEWSY BITS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Richardson ("Bobby" Carpenter) of Columbus, Ohio, a son Randy, on June 24th, 1951. Bobby writes:

"We don't know what use the F.N.S. has for little boys, but maybe we'll get a little midwife next year. Whole labor was only 3½ hours. What a wonderful experience, and are we proud!"

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Barney in Rochester, New York, a son, Gerald Stilman, on September 3, 1951.

. . . .

Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. and Mrs. Paul E. Adolph have moved to a house in Wheaton, Illinois, where they can have a home for their two boys who are at school in Wheaton. The doctor reports steady improvement in his health and he is now able to do part-time work.

INCREDIBLE

Incredible as it may seem, a government agency has closed its doors and melted away almost unnoticed, its work accomplished. Thousands of American families, however, will never cease to be grateful that it lived these eighteen years!

The Home Owners' Loan Corporation came into being at the very depth of the depression. It took over more than a million mortgages and gave the owners a chance to save their homes.

When the HOLC closed, it had paid off all its bonds, returned the original capital of \$200 millions to the Treasury and added a check of \$14 millions in profits.

—*This and That from Washington*, Aug. 4, 1951
Representative Frances P. Bolton
22nd District, Ohio

A WEDDING

(Reported by Lucille Knechtly, "Thumper")



MR. AND MRS. JAHUGH MORGAN

One Sunday afternoon almost two years ago a group of us from Wendover went hiking into the mountains. That, in itself, was not an unusual thing, but on this particular Sunday we took an unfamiliar trail and for several hours were completely lost. It was almost the edge of dark when we finally found a familiar trail, and just as we did we met "Jakie" Morgan and his cousin, "J. G." Morgan, who live on Camp Creek near Wendover. They thought our getting lost a huge joke, but kindly offered to be our guides the next time we went on such a jaunt. The next time we went they did act as our guides, and in the party was our newest secretary, Ruth Offenheiser.

So began a romance between Ruth and Jakie which culminated in a beautiful wedding ceremony on August 12th, in a little Lutheran country church in northern Illinois near Ruth's home.

Willa Brunen (who had also been one of the hikers and who is now back in Cincinnati living with her family) and I went to the wedding. Both of us have attended a great many weddings, but none that thrilled us more than Ruth's and Jakie's. All the neighbors and relatives and friends had gathered together, and everything was perfect. After the wedding, and the reception at Ruth's home, the bride and groom left for a short trip in Wisconsin.

They are "at home" now in Hyden. Ruth, thank God, has come back to work with Mrs. Breckinridge until her book is finished and all the revisions done. Jakie, again—thank God, has come back to teach in the Leslie County schools.

Our readers, many of whom know these young people personally, will, I am sure, want to join us in wishing for Mr. and Mrs. Jahugh Morgan a long and happy life together.

"Here lie I at the chancel door
 Here lie I because I'm poor.
 The farther in the more you pay.
 Here lie I as warm as they."

—On a tablet in the floor of a
 Church in Kingsbridge, Devon, England

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO

By Giovanni Guareschi
 Published by Pellegrini and Cudahey

We like to tell our readers, now and then, of a book we think so enchanting that they may want to read it too. Mrs. Edward Danson in Glendale, Ohio, handed us *The Little World of Don Camillo* to read. We found it shot through with humor, pathos, and delicious irony. We haven't time to review it for you, but here is one bit over which you can chuckle: "When things go wrong, it sometimes seems less important to find a remedy than to find a scapegoat."

KENTUCKY TONSILS

by

MARGARET FIELD, R.N., B.A., M.N.

Foreword by the Editors:—When Dr. Urton came back to Hyden Hospital last May he was thrilled at our large operating room, and the other enlargements and improvements made since his last visit. Lest we forget the struggles he, Dr. Dollar and the hospital staff underwent in order to have tonsil clinics in the little old operating room, we print this story that Margaret Field wrote years ago. Dr. Urton brought two fine anesthetists with him for this latest of his many courtesy clinics, but Dr. Dollar, who was not well enough to make the trip, was sorely missed by his old friends.

“Tonsil Clinic!” The words rang in my ears as I heard them repeated from time to time by various members of the staff. Tonsil Clinic seemed to be quite an event. Then came the announcement that we were having Tonsil Clinic in June—the very next month. Since coming to Kentucky I’ve become very much of a pragmatist, realizing that things are to be judged by their results rather than solely by their conformity to any set of rules which I had formerly considered correct. And, as the situation here is so different, what might be correct elsewhere is not necessarily appropriate here. Tonsil Clinic, for example, must be experienced to be appreciated; no written description can do it justice.

For days I’d been making and sterilizing supplies and getting equipment together. For me the clinic really began on Saturday morning, when we got the wards ready for the reception of our young patients. In order to utilize all possible beds, obstetrical admissions were sent to nearby homes to stay until labor began. Saturday we went through the long, tedious process of cleaning woodwork and floors, moving furniture, and making beds. All the bedside stands were removed, to make room for a number of cots, to increase the bed capacity. In one of my more hectic moments that day I found myself supervising the maid, directing a man where to place extra beds, holding a conference with the superintendent, discharging a patient, and feeding a baby, all at one and the same time. While doing these things I sat in the hall, surrounded by buckets, brooms, mops, and ward furniture “on the move.”

Sunday afternoon came the influx of patients, all under seventeen years of age. The children were undressed and examined and tagged downstairs in the clinic and came up to the wards a few at a time. I had thought admission day would be a regular "rough house" but was pleasantly surprised. Maybe the youngsters were too shy or homesick or scared to be normal, but certainly they behaved very well.

Our operating room is tiny. During Tonsil Clinic the general patients' bathroom (next to the operating room) is used as an auxiliary operating room. The bathroom likewise is tiny, so imagine what it's like with an operating table, an anesthetist, a surgeon, and three nurses added! There were two anesthetists, so another child was always ready for his operation as soon as Dr. Urton finished one. One thing we all laughed at was that the anesthetist who worked in the bathroom sat on the toilet seat on an air ring. There really was no other place to sit!

This was my first contact with Kentucky children in wholesale quantities, and I was most happy over my introduction. It was a good-looking, well-behaved bunch of youngsters. They lined up outside the doors of the operating rooms, and a man carried them back to bed afterwards. Some of them screamed and struggled while going under ether, but in general they went under easily. One little boy amused us by saying, when he was almost "gone," "I'm too sick to have my tonsils out, and anyhow I've only got one tonsil!"

Dr. Urton was a swift as well as a deft operator. The average time for his tonsillectomy was about ten minutes. As soon as he finished in one room I picked up the dirty towels and instruments, cleaned the latter, and set up again. By the middle of the morning we were almost dizzy from moving so fast. We did 21 operations that first morning. Two nurses and three nurse's aides, each with a roll of toilet paper around her waist (to wipe mouths and noses), were in the wards to give post-operative care. The children were placed two in a bed, feet in the middle, with a piece of heavy wrapping paper under their heads to protect the mattress.

Of course the children were nauseated, and two had to return to the operating room because of hemorrhage. But all

did very well and were good as gold. By the middle of the first afternoon all were ready to enjoy the ice cream that Dr. Dollar, the anesthetist, always provides for all these young patients.

Along toward the latter part of Monday afternoon all these children were taken downstairs to other extra beds and cots, which had been set up in the clinic waiting room. Some of them reeled a bit when they confronted the long flight of steps that lay between them and bed. But all made the perilous descent safely. These children spent the night downstairs and most of them were discharged the following day. The reason we had to clear the wards upstairs is that we admitted more children Monday.

On Tuesday we went through exactly the same routine, only we finished sooner because we started earlier and had only 14 patients. The second group was even quieter than the first. Several times my eyes filled with unshed tears as I went into the ward and saw how patient the children were. Their good behavior is the more significant when you consider that many had never been away from home overnight before.

By Wednesday afternoon most of the children had been discharged and those remaining were moved to one small room so we could get the wards ready for other patients, who were sure to turn up soon. Once again we went through the process of sweeping, mopping, shifting furniture, and making beds.

Thus ended Tonsil Clinic. I had feared the worst but, as usual, my fears were unfounded. The doctors (specialists who came from Louisville and give their services so that our children can have their tonsillectomies absolutely free) were splendid to work with and I surely had loved the children. When I remember my first Tonsil Clinic at Hyden Hospital I shall think of course, of intense heat, smells, the moans of patients recovering from anesthesia, long hours of standing on my feet, but especially of the courage and cheerfulness of Kentucky children.

GROUNDS FOR LEGAL REGULATION

A first principle of law is that it should not prohibit what it cannot prevent.

—*The Frontier*, London, July, 1951



VALENTINE

A Daughter of Triune Eva
(Hyden Hospital Holstein Cow)
Born on February 14, 1951

FROM CONNECTICUT

July 9, 1951

Dear Frontier Nursing Service,

I loved your inexpensive form of reminding me of my subscription. In fact I love it to the degree that I am allowing my son to add it to his picture collection.

I'm sure the only reason you wanted it returned was to obtain the name and address from it. So I give it to you:

In Memoriam

Father, in joy our knees we bow
This earth is not a place of tombs;
We are but in the nursery now,
They in the upper rooms.

—George MacDonald (1824-1905)

MISS NAOMI DONNELLEY, Chicago, Illinois
DR. EDWARD W. HAGYARD, Lexington, Kentucky
JUDGE ROY HELM, Frankfort, Kentucky
MRS. FREDERICK W. HODGES, Detroit, Michigan
MRS. G. R. JONES, St. Louis, Missouri
MRS. E. S. JOUETT, Louisville, Kentucky
MR. WILEY KEEN, Hyden, Kentucky
MRS. HORATIO LAMB, Boston, Massachusetts
DR. CLIFFORD B. LULL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
MISS ADA L. MALES, Cincinnati, Ohio
MRS. C. W. SAFFELL, Versailles, Kentucky
MR. HENCE STIDHAM, Hyden, Kentucky
DR. PAUL TITUS, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
MRS. JOHN WALKER, Maryville, Tennessee

So many friends of the Frontier Nursing Service leave the nursery of this life each year, to move on to the upper rooms, that the ranks of those who cared about us in our early days are sadly broken.

The first meeting we held in Chicago, in the twenties, took place in the house where **Miss Naomi Donnelley** lived with her mother then, and where she continued to live until her death, this summer, on July second. She had been a chairman of our Chicago Committee. She was an active trustee of our Board until her long illness. Although she was failing badly when we last saw her, nearly two years ago, her face lit up with recognition and the old welcoming smile. **Dr. Edward W. Hagyard** has just crossed the Great River. His kindness to us, and to our horses, in our early years, will never be forgotten by those of us who knew him then. A great veterinarian, Dr. Hagyard was known all over the United States by those who, like him-

self, were lovers of horses. He always had time to advise us about our mountain horses, because we were a charity near to his heart. Among our first friends in Hazard were **Roy Helm** and his wife. Their kindness to us never flagged and our affection for them, which began in our earliest days, deepened with the passage of time. Judge Helm was a member of Kentucky's Court of Appeals at Frankfort during the three years that preceded his death. No man who served on that court could have lent it more distinction than this Rhodes scholar, this former circuit judge, who not only knew the law, but practiced it in its highest traditions, and administered it fairly from the bench.

Several of the friends we have lost had passed life's prime. **Mrs. Frederick W. Hodges** of Detroit, **Mrs. G. R. Jones** of St. Louis, **Mrs. E. S. Jouett** of Louisville, **Mrs. Horatio Lamb** of Boston, **Miss Ada L. Males** of Cincinnati, **Mrs. C. W. Saffell** of Versailles, Kentucky, and **Mrs. John Walker** of Maryville, Tennessee, were all older women. They lived in different parts of the United States; they never met one another. But they had this in common that they cherished and supported the Frontier Nursing Service and carried its welfare in their loyal hearts. **Mrs. E. S. Jouett**, like her husband (our beloved Chairman Emeritus) cared about us from the very first year that our work began. Until her last illness, Mrs. Jouett attended our Annual Meetings, where her kind face shone at the table she always reserved for a group of friends. **Mr. Wiley Keen**, a staunch member of our Hyden Committee, has only just left us as this is written. **Dr. Clifford B. Lull**, great obstetrician and great man, honored us by serving for years on our National Medical Council and gave us freely of his advice and his encouragement. Of **Mr. Hence Stidham** it is hard to write because we have never had a member of any of our committees, in and beyond the mountains, who was more faithful or more truly kind. A friendship of twenty-seven years is not broken, even by death. Those of us who have grown old in the Frontier Nursing Service will never attend a meeting of the Hyden Committee, in the years to come, without a longing for Mr. Stidham to be back in his old place again, ready with his help in words and deeds.

No member of our National Medical Council served us more

loyally and devotedly than **Dr. Paul Titus**. He was one of the first to come on this Council, where he assumed responsibilities and carried them every one. Of his distinguished public career much has been written, and of his books—in one of which he referred to the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Titus died on the 28th of June. In our last letter from him, dated June 1st, he wrote again, as he often did, of his wish to find time to come and visit us. He added that he was going abroad in July, to give an address before the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists in London. After that he was going to Germany, for a hospital inspection for the Army. But before July had come, our old friend had gone on a greater journey than the one he thought lay just ahead of him—the journey to that far country that is the goal of all our striving.

To the families of those who have left us for God's upper rooms, we send our understanding sympathy in their loneliness.

FROM A MEDICAL STUDENT GUEST

“This is an inadequate attempt to express my thanks to all of you for your kindness, patience, hospitality and for, above all else, your friendliness. I had expected courteous interest in showing me the work you do, but I found that Wendover and Hyden people feed the mind, replenish the body, and, at least in my case, ‘simonize’ the soul. I see no way to pay my debt to you, but what I took out with me I think may be passed along—perhaps in a quiet touch with sutures while sewing up some scared youngster in the Emergency Room this winter, perhaps in a smile at the right time, perhaps in making one more night call in some year yet to come; for now, all I can say is, ‘thank you’ . . . all, from Mrs. Breckinridge down to ‘Butch’ (*the Flat Creek cat*) and his friendly tail.”

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies,
Roaming woodlands through.

I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowly hovels,
Dark with want and woe;

Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Are you not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner brightness
Sunshine never had?

—*McGuffey's Second Reader*

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service took place on Thursday, May 31st, at the Lexington Country Club. The chairman of the Blue Grass Committee, Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., and her associates, had decorated the club with exquisite flowers from the country places around Lexington. The luncheon was delicious. Best of all, loads of people—trustees, committee members, and their friends—came to the meeting from far and near.

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The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, which has supported the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service for twenty years, held its Annual Convention in Colorado in June. Mrs. Edmond Talbot of New Orleans was elected President of the Sorority and Mrs. H. J. Dudley of Towson, Maryland, was elected Third Vice-President and Philanthropic Chairman. We hope to have visits from both these officers of the Alpha Omicron Pi before the end of the year.

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Our readers all know that our Philadelphia Committee collects rummage, deposits it in Mrs. Henry S. Drinker's garage and takes it by station wagon to be sold at the Bargain Box in New York. On June 6th, Mrs. Owen J. Toland invited the committee and their friends to attend a Rummage Tea for the Bargain Box. Mrs. George J. Stockley and Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland of the New York Committee went over to Philadelphia for this tea.

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Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, has donated a huge barn on her place in New Canaan, Connecticut, for a Rummage Sale and Auction to be held under the auspices of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service on September 6th, 7th, and 8th. Lots of you will have attended this unique affair before you read about it in this Bulletin. The advance descriptions sent us made us long to be there too.

Our Trustee and Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, has been honored in a singularly beautiful way by the Detroit Chapter of the American Red Cross, where she has served for forty-six years. A special day was set aside, in her name, to be spent in stepping up the recruitment of blood for our armed forces in Korea. Mrs. Joy was invited to spend the day at the blood center, while its mobile units made a full schedule of collections in Wayne and nearby counties.

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A wedding of special interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of Miss Nancy Jones of Long Island to Charles Manning Isaacs. Charles' mother is one of our trustees and his grandfather, the late Mr. Charles N. Manning, was our devoted and beloved treasurer from the time our work began until his death. We wish every happiness to this young couple.

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A distinguished member of our National Medical Council, Dr. Martha M. Eliot, has been appointed by the President to succeed Miss Katharine F. Lenroot (retired) as Chief of the Children's Bureau, an appointment that was confirmed by unanimous consent of the United States Senate on July 24th. It will be remembered that Miss Lenroot, a brilliant executive, succeeded the late Miss Grace Abbott. In our opinion no finer choice than Dr. Eliot could have been made to succeed Miss Lenroot.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rex Farmer of our Hyden Committee have moved to Louisville, and are living at St. Matthews. Mr. Farmer has been on our Board of Trustees for years. He and his wife are among our staunchest supporters and closest friends. Their membership has been transferred from our Hyden to our Louisville Committee, where they are warmly welcomed. Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, our National Chairman, writes of how much she enjoyed them both when they had Sunday dinner with her not long ago.

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Our Chicago meeting will take place this autumn on Mon-

day morning, November 12th, at 11:00 o'clock in the Drake Hotel Ballroom, under the auspices of the Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service and its Chairman, Mrs. Kenneth Boyd. Your Director will speak at this meeting with new colored slides. Of course all of you in and around Chicago will receive personal notices about two weeks in advance.

The Director's fall engagements in and around Chicago are assuming liberal proportions even in August, as this is written. The indefatigable Mrs. Philip W. Wolf, who was some years ago Vice-President and Philanthropic Chairman of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, has planned an evening meeting for Tuesday, November 13th, at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, where the guests will include members of the faculty of the University, alumnae of the Alpha Omicron Pi, and groups from their active chapters. Our former courier, Mrs. William Hamilton Noyes (Adelaide Atkin), has arranged for noon and evening meetings in the Fox River Valley, on Wednesday, November 14th.

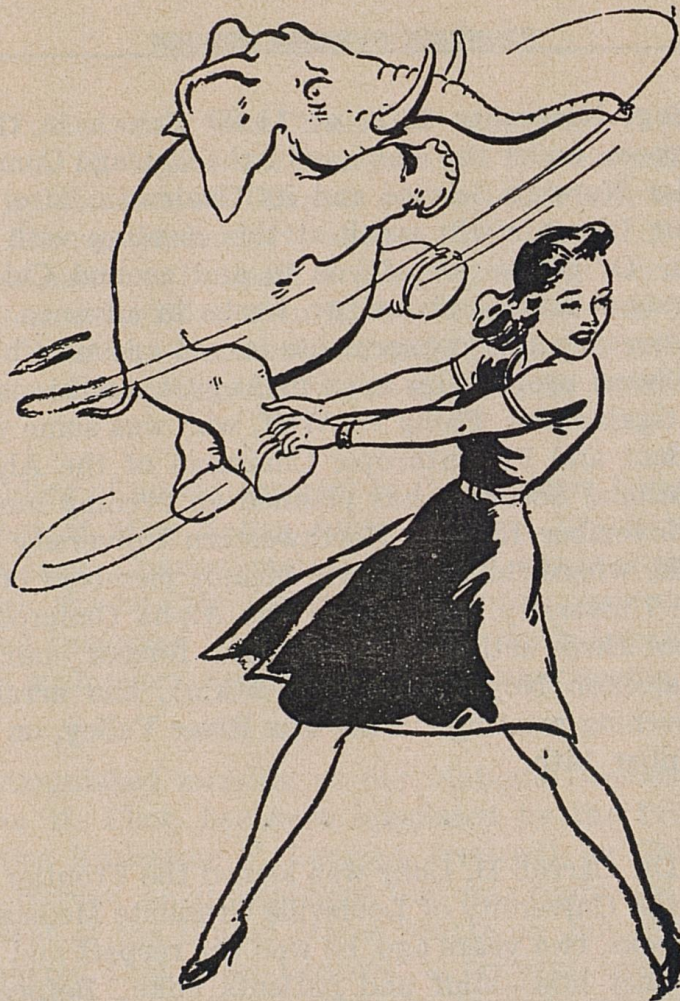
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When Dr. Carroll H. Luhr was loaned the Frontier Nursing Service by the University of Louisville Graduate Medical School, for a few weeks, two years ago, he won the respect and affection of all who met him—staff and patients alike. Before he had completed his third year of residency in obstetrics, he went with the United States Navy Medical Corps to Korea. Several months ago he was terribly injured, in an ambulance mine wreck out there. After he had been moved to the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, his father and mother went to his bedside, where his mother will remain until he has completely recovered. It is good to be able to add to this sad news that Dr. Luhr *will* completely recover, with no permanent impairment.

There is something more sacred than a grave;
A cradle.
There is something greater than the past;
The future.

—Benavente
Midwives Chronicle, London, July 1948

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled and Arranged by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

Never have we had a coming in the Frontier Nursing Service more acclaimed than that of Dr. F. William den Dulk, Mrs. den Dulk, and their eight-year-old twins, Leanne and Billy, who came to us from the Middle East. The den Dulk family are Americans of Dutch descent. Although they are members of the Christian Reformed Church, Dr. den Dulk served for five years under the United Presbyterian Church in Ethiopia before coming to the Frontier Nursing Service as its Medical Director. In Ethiopia he held the post of Medical Director of the Jean Orr Memorial Hospital in Sayo in the far western end of Walleg Province near the border of the Anglo Egyptian Sudan. During the Second World War, Dr. den Dulk served with the Navy, in the Pacific. He is a surgeon and, in every respect, most admirably suited to our work. The need for schooling for Leanne and Billy was what turned their attention back to the States and, ultimately, to us.

The den Dulk family are well settled in Joy House now, and the twins have entered the third grade of the Hyden School. The entire family quickly endeared themselves, not only to the staff, but to the people throughout our territory. Mrs. Breckinridge is now struggling to find an Assistant Medical Director. There is much too much work, with general medicine and emergency surgery for 10,000 people, for one person to carry alone.

In addition to his professional duties, Dr. den Dulk, with his wife, somehow finds time for bits of social life—going to churches throughout our territory to show their Ethiopian slides and to tell of their experiences there, attending picnics with our young people, and entertaining groups at Joy House. They belong. You will be reading more and more about them in future Field Notes columns.

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On Friday night, August 10th, the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service was entertained at dinner in the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses. The purpose

of this meeting was twofold—to have the members meet Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk, and to have Mrs. Breckinridge read sections from the manuscript of her book, which she is striving to make accurate in every way. Thirty members attended, and enjoyed Miss MacKinnon's delicious dinner and a delightful evening of visiting together.

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On the following Tuesday night the Hyden Committee sponsored a housewarming for the den Dulks at Joy House. These housewarmings are always happy affairs, and this one was no exception. The members showered the den Dulks with fresh vegetables from their gardens, with home-canned and store-bought foods, with eggs, chickens, butter. What wouldn't fit into the Joy House refrigerator was stored for the den Dulks in the big deep freeze at the Hospital.

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On the evening of August 3rd, the Hyden Lions Club sponsored a successful fish fry at the School on Rockhouse Creek for the benefit of Hyden Hospital.

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It was with real sadness that the people in Leslie County in general, and the Frontier Nursing Service in particular, said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Harris when, in early August, Mr. Harris was transferred to the Ritter Lumber Company's camp in South Carolina. Mr. Samuel M. Wolf succeeds him at Ritter Lumber Company's camp near Hyden.

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Years ago the Wooton Community Center, sponsored by the Board of National Missions, kept open a clinic and small hospital. They have not been able to staff it for sometime, and recently gave to the Frontier Nursing Service all of the supplies that had been in the clinic—bandages, instruments, et cetera. Miss MacKinnon, Dr. den Dulk and all of us are grateful to Miss Katherine E. Gladfelter of the Department of Education and Medicine of the Board of National Missions, and to the Reverend Raymond A. Schondelmeyer (now in charge at Wooton Community Center) for these supplies which will be most useful in our Hospital.

Miss Cynthia J. Neel and Mrs. Rita Raderchak of Louisville, nurses from Hyden, Wendover, and five of our six outpost centers were in attendance at the May meeting of District No. 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses at Midwives' Quarters in Hyden. Miss Neel is Executive Secretary of the Association, and Mrs. Raderchak is her secretary. Dr. Ella Woodyard was the featured speaker on this occasion. Kitty Macdonald gave a report of the K.S.A.R.N. meeting which she had attended in Louisville, and Kitty also arranged for the showing of a film, "The Problem Child."

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In early June Dr. Woodyard and Betty Lester spoke to another Kiwanis group, this time in Pikeville, Kentucky. Anna May January went with them, and Kate Ireland drove them in her car.

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The junior couriers for the period June 15th through July 31st were Ann Dexter Smith of New York City, and Ann Harris and Selby Brown, both of Rochester, New York. The juniors for the period August 1st through September 14th are Elizabeth Codman of Boston, and Anne Eristoff and Martha Nicely, both of New York City. Jean Hollins was here as Resident Courier until near the end of July when she went home to be with her family on Long Island. Kate Ireland had stayed on as senior courier. Kate made a brief visit to her family in Cleveland just before Jean left, and then came back to take over for Jean. She has done a superb job, and all the juniors have carried on under her direction in a grand manner. But, as so often happens to willing folk—we worked Katie too hard! Or so we surmised, when she fell and sprained her ankle while dashing between the Big House and the barn. In no other way would Katie have gotten a bit of rest, or so we told her, but even with a sprained ankle she has hobbled around, taken care of a sick calf, directed the treatments for minor ailments of other animals, and overseen the courier work in general. All of us, from Mrs. Breckinridge and Agnes Lewis and Jean, on down the line—all of us—are humbly grateful for Katie. She will stay on as resident courier until Jean returns the first of October.

The Frontier Nursing Service tries, to the best of its ability, to give long holidays and in the summertime when possible. In the offices there is not always—in fact there is seldom—any one person to relieve when another goes off on several weeks' holiday. Her work is just added to someone else's, and so we manage.

In July Betty Lester visited the Kooser family in Irwin, Pennsylvania. Helen Browne (Brownie) carried her work. Now, Betty is relieving for Brownie while she is in England for the first visit she has had with her family in five years. Mary Jo Clark, our Social Service Secretary, left the first part of August on her holiday. She was fortunate in that Mary Wright, a former courier, gave part of her summer vacation time to relieve for Mary Jo. Mary Wright returns to New York in September to begin her last year at the New York School of Social Work.

Agnes Lewis managed only ten days' holiday recently with her aunt and other members of her family in Tennessee. She left us no forwarding address, inadvertently, she says, but we suspect her! At any rate, she got ten days of complete respite from all F.N.S. worries and responsibilities.

My vacation started in June when Paddy (my collie) and I spent several lazy days with Elizabeth Hillman and Lassie (her collie) at the Bowlingtown Center. Then I flew to Nassau in the Bahama Islands for two gala weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson (Clara-Louise Schiefer, former F.N.S. Social Service Secretary).

We only wish we could report that our Director has had a long vacation. She hasn't. Her only rest has been a few days with her good friend, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan in Cincinnati, early in June. Perhaps when her book is finished she can get away for a real holiday—something she hasn't had in a long time.

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Although Mrs. Breckinridge has not gotten away from Wendover this summer she has had visits from two of her nephews which were delightful, not only to her, but to the rest of us as well. First, in May, came Johnnie Breckinridge, a First Lieutenant in the Marines. Shortly after his visit here he left for the West Coast, and early in June was sent to Korea. In late July he was wounded. But not seriously, and he is back in the fighting again.

Next came Jim Breckinridge, also a First Lieutenant in the Marines, with his wife, Judy, and baby girl, Julie. From here they drove to Judy's mother's home in Little Rock, Arkansas. Jim left them there, and in early July he flew from the West Coast to Korea. We remember them all the time, but especially in our little Chapel Service on Sunday afternoons when we say the Collect for Aid against Perils "for our friends and relatives all over the world, and especially for those in the Armed Forces."

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We look forward each year to a visit from the Berea College Workshop group while they are in Hyden holding summer classes for the school teachers in Leslie County. This year they came for tea at Wendover. We quote from a letter received afterwards from one of the group:

"Our five Hyden weeks are almost over, and though the urge to start our vacations is great, Hyden has managed once again to endear itself to us. We find ourselves looking forward to another summer and more opportunities to work with teachers. This work sometimes makes our regular campus teaching seem inspired."

The American Friends Service Committee have sponsored a Work Camp this summer at Pine Mountain Settlement School. In early August a group of young people from this Camp came to tea at Wendover.

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We always wish for time and space to tell of all our guests. There never is either, it seems. The American guests this summer have been professional people interested in the medical side of our work, and professional people interested in social service; they have been old staff members and their families; old couriers and their families; friends and relatives of our present staff and of our present couriers.

The first of our foreign guests this summer was Lady Jebb, wife of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Representative of United Nations. Lady Jebb was only here for two nights, but promised to come back for a longer visit and to bring her husband with her. In June came Dr. Jen-Lan Shih of Nanking, China, through the auspices of the World Health Organization. She is in charge of maternal and child health services at the Urban Health Center in Nanking. Next came Dr. Anja Huhtinen, sent to us

through the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Huhtinen directs maternal and child health work in a remote part of Finland, and was eager for an opportunity to observe the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. In July Dr. Lewishenedige Justin Edward Fernando from Colombo, Ceylon, visited us. He also is a World Health Organization Fellow, whose work is in the field of maternal health.

Our most recent foreign guests were two French social workers, Mlle. Henrietta Monbrou and Mlle. Michelle Le Hartel, who were brought up to us for an all-too-short visit by Miss Vandilla Price of the University of Kentucky.

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The deepest sympathy of all of us in the Frontier Nursing Service went out to our Quarterly Bulletin Secretary, Peggy Elmore, in the recent death of her mother.

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It was with real regret that we said goodbye to Phyllis Benson when she returned to her home in California this summer. Phyl came to us first as a nurse, then as a student, and then as a nurse-midwife on our regular staff, and for many months has been stationed at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus.

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As you who are regular readers know, this Bulletin is always gotten out under strains and stresses. This issue is no exception. In fact, it is nothing short of a miracle that Field Notes is being finished at all! You who are regular readers know also of the difficulties we have here in the mountains with slides, floods, snows, droughts. But this is the first time we have had to report that we were struck by lightning.

On Friday morning, August thirty-first, I had gotten up earlier than usual. It was pouring rain when I came down from the Upper Shelf to the kitchen. There had been flashes of lightning, but none really close by. One of the little maids and I were talking together when suddenly—crash, bang, zing! The lights went off, and for a moment Russie and I were frozen where we stood. It seemed that lightning had hit the corner of the

house and Mrs. Breckinridge's bedroom. Russie and I rushed for the stairs, concerned for Mrs. Breckinridge, and found her rushing down the stairs, concerned for us and all the others. We made a quick check of the Big House and found no fire, but scorched electrical and telephone wires in the offices just next to the kitchen. I then made a quick tour of the rest of the premises. In the Cabin I found Betty, wide-eyed, "A ball of fire came right in my window . . . it knocked me out of bed!" Cressie, next door to her, said, "I saw sparks." Mary Wright, from her room above them had nothing to say except, "Yes, I'm all right." I went through the barn, where I got the story from Henry and Ray that the lightning had played all over the wiring and the gutters of the barn, the horses had nearly gone wild, and that Tenacity was still shaking. At the Garden House I met Hobart and Ira. They reported that they had just arrived at Wendover, and were in the basement of the Garden House. "It juiced me," said Ira, "I was sitting with my back against that there iron post. It ran out my toes." Next I met Bobby, who had been milking. "The cows are all right, but it sure shook that whole barn." Just as I was going upstairs in the Garden House to see about those sleeping on the second floor, I met Katie coming down. "Yes, everyone is all right, but Aggie says it knocked her out of bed!" Lastly, I went to the Upper Shelf. Juanetta was calmly getting dressed, and hadn't even realized there had been a near catastrophe at 6:40 a. m.! It seems the Upper Shelf was the only building on the place where the lightning had not come in on electrical wires, telephone wires, and radio wires.

When the telephone men came they found three burned-out telephones—the one in the Big House, the one in the Cabin, and one in the Garden House. There is a huge scorched place on the wall by the telephone box in the Big House. The electricians are still working to check and replace burned-out wiring. Field Notes is being finished by the light of Kerosene lamps, but we are thankful that it is being finished at all, and that we do not have to report any deaths among the people or the animals, or any devastating fires.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**Its motto:**

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



AERIAL VIEW OF
CLARA FORD NURSING CENTER ON RED BIRD RIVER

All three cover pictures in this issue
of the Quarterly Bulletin are the work of
Mr. Earl Palmer of Cambria, Virginia

The front cover picture is a view of the Middle Fork of
the Kentucky River just below Wendover

