

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 28

SPRING 1953

NUMBER 4



OUR BURNING HILLS

FOREST FIRES!

The cover picture is of one of the forest fires surrounding the FNS Nursing Center at Beech Fork. The story is told under "Our Burning Hills." This picture was taken—at night—by a staff photographer from the Division of Publicity at Frankfort, Kentucky.

The drawing of the one-room school on Upper Flat Creek that covers the two middle pages of this Bulletin, is by Joyce Stephens of the FNS staff.

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FOREST FIRES!

Frankfort, Ky., March 16 (AP)—Forest fires in Kentucky destroyed 1,405,359 acres or 2,195 square miles of timber valued at \$12,648,231 in 1952. *It was the worst forest-fire year in half a century.*

The annual fire report of the State Forestry Division said . . . there were 2,654 fires on protected land and 5,569 on non-protected acreage . . .

The majority of fires and resulting damage occurred during a 20-day period *from October 20 to November 10*, said State Forester H. W. Berckman, who has charge of fire control. (The italics are ours.)

Louisville Courier-Journal

Starting on the next page, we give the stories of three forest fires that threatened the destruction of FNS property—as told by three of our nurses who helped fight them. It will be noted that an assistant fire warden with six men, and a crew of girls and men from Wendover, were able to get to the fire at Beech Fork, which has a telephone. But at Bowlingtown, which has no telephone, and is two hours from Hyden, the neighbors had to work without the help of fire wardens.

A word about “back fires.” It is a fact that, wind permitting, the great fire draws the lesser one up toward itself. When the intervening vegetation has been burned out, the great fire is stopped in its tracks.

OUR BURNING HILLS

(Hyden Hospital Ridge)

by

BETTY ANN BRADBURY, R.N.

Forest fires had never been a subject of great interest to me. And this is probably true, as I have thoughtfully reasoned out, because I had never seen one, been near one, fought one, or felt the results of one in any way. And so when I came to Hyden and FNS in early September, forest fires were among those things that were furthest from my mind. There were many other things that were furthest from my mind, too, but which have necessarily wormed their way into the conscious portion of my brain since my arrival in the Kentucky mountains. However, Forest Fires is the topic under discussion and the reason for the above bally-hoo is simply to impart to you my utter lack of experience along this line and the fact that when one comes to Kentucky to be a part of the activities of the FNS, one must be prepared for the hackneyed old anything!

So when the word spread that the ridge above the Hospital and Midwives Quarters was blazing furiously and all possible help was needed, I raced to don my fire-fighting outfit (jeans and hiking boots) and, with the enthusiasm that comes at times from ignorance of true situations, I grabbed my flashlight and a rake and bravely joined my colleagues who were already groping their way up the mountain. Thoughts of saving the Hospital and adjoining buildings from complete destruction were racing through my mind as I stumbled along, my flashlight batteries none too good. And I couldn't understand why I heard occasional groans from my friends, "This would happen on my day off . . ." "Gee Whiz! Do I have to climb that??" But I soon learned.

All my previous feelings of bravado subsided when I saw the flames. I gulped and thought to myself, "What can I possibly do to help get *that* under control?" I felt infinitesimal—and utterly incapable of coping with such force and fury. But then I saw that a path about two feet wide was being raked between us and the fire, and that it produced amazingly good results. So—I started to rake. Vigorously I raked—Suddenly,

I heard someone shout, "Why are you raking there? We've already raked a path a few yards above you!" Oh well, good practice—Next time, though, I made sure my path was the first one. Fortunately the fire was a low one, confined mostly to underbrush, so that the path readily stopped the trail of fire. But flames could be seen for what seemed miles, and our job seemed an endless one.

I raked, I stumbled, I sat down hard, I thought of all the snakes I might step on, I hurled dead trees down the mountain-side, and I wept involuntarily from the smoke. But I kept on raking—until with immense relief I heard someone shout, "Somebody's got to patrol this area now that the fire's out to make sure no sparks cross the path." I volunteered. Usually I don't readily volunteer for things. This time I did. The others went on following the fire and raking. I patrolled my part of the mountain side, stomping out sparks now and then with my stout shoes. It was fine at first. Nice not to have to rake anymore. But gradually it began getting lonelier—and colder—and the smoke from smouldering underbrush was worse than ever. I wish I hadn't volunteered so eagerly. My hands were cold. I thought of building a fire to warm them by, but the irony of it made me laugh. And then, to take my mind off the cold, I thought how silly the girls from the Hospital looked when they went to "fight the fire" equipped with marshmallows all ready to roast! I wondered if they'd ever had an opportunity to roast them—. And then I came upon two graves, perched way up on top of the ridge, far from habitation, with fresh wreathes placed on them, which miraculously had been left untouched by the fire. The ground around them was smouldering and the smoke was quite thick—but, there they were, those two graves. I was glad I wasn't superstitious, because I could easily have made ghosts out of the smoke formations. I stomped out some more sparks and started retracing my steps. My, how lonely it was! Just the gentle sounds of the breeze and smouldering earth reminded me of my hearing sense.

Suddenly a dull thud and a hissing sound came from the direction of the graves. I dropped my rake and felt myself going into an anxiety attack. I knew I had tachycardia and I could feel the blood rushing from my head to I don't know where. I jerked

around and stared fixedly at the graves, as if expecting to see cadavers clumsily attempting to rise up, stiff from centuries of lying in a supine position! I was rather disappointed but relieved to see that the noise had originated from a burned out stump that could no longer withstand the forces of gravity! I recovered finally and decided I didn't like "fire-watching"—fighting was better because then one hadn't the time to think about graves or cadavers—and it was infinitely warmer!! I was cold—and just about ready to go A.W.O.L. when I heard the shouts of our wonderful Wendover friends who had, as always, come to join us in our misfortune. I said, "Hello—glad to see you—goodbye"—all in the same misty breath—and headed for home, feeling cold mostly, but certainly less enthusiastic than originally.

My enthusiasm for fire-fighting had hit rock bottom. I was going to run and hide if anyone yelled "FIRE" again—terrible but true—until the call came at Wendover, on my night off duty, during a bridge game. I had inadvertently trumped Dr. Woodyard's ace. It was at this moment that Brownie poked her head in the door and called for volunteers for a fire fighting crew to help at the Beech Fork Center. I was the first to volunteer . . .

OUR BURNING HILLS

(Jessie Preston Draper Center)

by

KITTY MACDONALD, R.N., C.M.

The forest fires had been raging on the surrounding hills for over a week and the air was so heavy with smoke that I had to turn on the jeep lights when I took my colleague, Dorothy, to catch the bus for her week-end. I had answered a sick call, and was fording the Beech Fork of Middle Fork River on my way home, when I noticed the ridge on fire. For a moment I was seized with panic. But, as I rounded the bend to the nursing center, I breathed a sigh of relief to find everything in darkness.

In the next hour I had called a fire warden, watered the cow and horses—who were fidgeting around because of the smoke—notified Wendover, gulped some supper, seen a sick

baby in clinic, and tried to collect my thoughts. Lucy's baby was due any time—the cow might miscarry—ninety bales of new hay were in the loft—the pump hadn't been working—how much water?—who could help?—everyone was already out fighting—should save the records but, on second thought, if they burned I wouldn't have to worry about them. Then along came Fred Morgan with a fire crew of six men.

"We've fit this fire three nights and can't stop it. You're surrounded now, and hit looks like we'll have to rake a ring and backfire or you'll burn up for sure. Can you git some of them wimmen to help fight hit?—this is all the men I can spare."

As I called Wendover for recruits, I thanked the Lord that the phone was working for a change. In short order "them thar wimmen," with Wendover men, arrived equipped with hoes and standard fire rakes. We started the ring at the upper end of the pasture, backfiring as we went. I had no idea that a mountain side could be so steep and still grow trees. Some held flashlights while others raked and every once in a while you'd hear a yell and see a flashlight doing cartwheels down the bank, then come crawling back up lighting the way of a bruised body. By two a.m. the ring was finished, and the backfire was dueling with the villain at the top of the ridge.

I "caught" Lucy's baby for her the next day (bless her for waiting)—the hay was safe, the horses quiet, the cow still chewing her cud, there was enough water for baths, the records were uncharred, and I had help enough to keep a careful watch until the last embers died and dawn broke.

P. S. With dawn came Henry (the barn man).

"Miss 'donald, I reckon we better rake a ring around this barn fur that thar fire's gitting purty close now, I'm a tellin' ya."

OUR BURNING HILLS

(Margaret Durbin Harper Center)

by

ELIZABETH HILLMAN, R.N., S.C.M.

The air had been filled with smoke and the sun had been a red ball for several days, but it wasn't until I got home one day and found Will Gay [chairman of our local committee] waiting

to tell me that there was some fire on the mountain at the back of the center that I knew it was anywhere near us. He was just about to send some men up into the hills to put the fire out, and watch it during the night.

Sometime next morning, however, fire broke out again and in the afternoon Mr. Gay, with a lot of helpers, went up the hill and raked a wide fire ring along the ridge of the mountain behind the center and the nearest other houses. By the time they had worked down to the road the fire was catching up with them fast, and I was horrified to see the flames roaring through the trees and to feel the heat beating down. I became quite pessimistic because I felt that with such a fire whole trees were going to burn, and I imagined blazing trees crashing and rolling down the hill regardless of fire rings. At that time, too, I didn't understand about fire rings, or really what the people were doing—my one idea of fighting a fire being to beat it out—and was quite taken aback when, just as the fire seemed at its height, they shouted that they'd leave me now. I think Mr. Gay must have realized that I sounded a bit doubtful for he stayed for a while to fire-watch while that part of the hill burnt out.

In the intervals of fire watching, I really thought I should make some preparations for evacuation. So, I packed a suitcase with valuables and put the nursing records ready at the door to be thrown in the jeep and driven to safety. I imagine Mr. Gay thought I was a bit daft when I kept asking him where would be the best place to put my horse—Bobbin. He said he'd be quite safe in the pasture but I wasn't at all sure that he was to be trusted in a fire-encircled pasture. I also had a week-old calf to be dealt with when (for I was quite sure it would) the barn caught on fire! I was going to rely on Flossie, the cow, to look after herself.

However, we were quite safe that night but next morning there was a pillar of smoke to be seen again in the hill behind the center, and this time the fire was burning just around my spring house. Dorothy Gay closed school and brought her larger children to help fight fires. They controlled this fire but, while they were working, more fire was springing up behind the Gays' house and this fire just ripped through everything—all but burning up a little house on the edge of the forest.

There was no smoke around me by afternoon and I started to feel quite complacent. It was getting dark. I had just finished feeding the animals in the barn when I looked up and, to my horror, saw a thin ring of fire immediately behind my water tank. I leapt into the jeep, shot up the road in a cloud of dust and gave three blows on the horn, which was the pre-arranged signal for "It's broke through at the nurses'." I got three helpers to come back with me and we started raking again. However, we found that once the fire reached the edge of the trees it would not burn through the open—and so I was protected to a large extent by the pasture. I did have a tree-filled gully running between the two pastures which was a danger spot, and now the fire was gradually converging from two more directions. So we raked a wide ring above the pasture fence, and fired up from this ring. By this time quite a lot of willing helpers had arrived and, to be on the safe side, they raked a ring above the whole length of the FNS property. It was thirsty work and I carried supplies of hot cocoa up the hill to them.

That night the fire went through every bit of the timber on this mountain. It came down to the pasture fence but was stopped by the fire ring. Unfortunately there was a brisk wind, and this kept on carrying sparks from smouldering tree stumps, so we needed to keep a good watch all through the night. Nothing further happened, however, and in a few days we had some welcome showers. I then unpacked my suitcase, and told Bobbin we could stop worrying!

IT COULD BE OVERDONE

Three-dimensional television may be the next thing after color television gets going. It will be time to call a halt when the beverage commercials start overflowing on the living room floor.

The Lexington Herald, Monday morning, May 4, 1953

URGENT NEEDS

Here are our urgent needs for the new fiscal year. We have cut them down to bedrock and, honestly, these things are urgent. A few, such as Olson rugs, may not seem as vital to you as to our nurses. It lifts their morale no end to have raggedy-raggedy things replaced by new ones. As for paint—you will note that when our nurses want to repaint a room, all they ask for is the paint itself. They put it on. The paint for the outsides of buildings has to be applied by regular painters. It is essential to protect the woods underneath.

In our long list of those needs, there is something for every purse from those who can afford to replace guttering to those who can only give a garbage can. We welcome each response with enthusiasm. It is so dear of you to care.

In addition to everything else we need a new jeep to replace one of the old ones. We can keep our jeeps going without excessive costs of maintenance if we get one replacement each year. The price of jeep, with heater, is \$1,705.00.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

1. Replacement of All Guttering on Hospital: materials and labor	\$ 390.00
2. Outside Fire Escape Steps and Platform—Replacement: materials and labor.....	32.00
3. Moving Slide Back of Horse Barn: labor.....	25.00
4. Employees Cottage—Entrance Porch: re-flooring and putting roof over it—materials and labor—estimated.....	130.00
5. Crushed Rock and Cement Drain—In Front of Manure Bent: cement and labor.....	32.35
6. X-Ray Dark Room—Repairs: scraping off rust and painting developing tank; cleaning and painting walls; laying acid-resistant tile on floor (to make room safe for technician)—material and labor—estimated.....	75.00
7. Painting Interior of Wards and Clinic Rooms: painting done by nurses—materials.....	97.65
8. Metal Utility Cabinet—White Enamel: for storage of treatment trays in clinic.....	13.95
9. Dressing Cart—White Enamel.....	47.50
10. Duck Curtains for Ward Beds—with Metal Grommets: 1-dozen	40.92
11. Metal Portable Linen Hamper: complete with one laundry bag	18.00
12. Extra Laundry Bags: ½-dozen @ \$3.15 each.....	18.90
13. Wooden Kegs: with Faucets: 5-gal. capacity—for Distilled Water—3 @ \$3.85.....	11.55
14. Labeled Hospital Jars for Treatment Room—Chrome Covers: set of 5.....	4.95
15. Tongue Blade and Applicator Jars—Chrome Covers: set of 3....	6.75

16. Heavy Duty Vacuum Cleaner (Will also be used at Haggin Quarters)—price quoted.....	119.50
17. Putting Explosion-proof Light Switches in Operating Room: switches and installation.....	27.30

HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

1. Painting Trim on Exposed Side of Building, and 2 Porches: materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 200.00
2. Screening Porch off Second Floor: materials and labor—estimated	185.00
3. Caulking Cracks Between Tubs and Walls in 3 Bathrooms: materials and labor.....	12.30
4. Hot Water Boiler: replacement of damper and set of grates—installed	43.27
5. Converting Broom Closet to Linen Closet—First Floor: shelving and labor—estimated.....	10.00
6. Aluminum Saucepan.....	2.25
7. Can Opener.....	2.29

MARDI COTTAGE for FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

1. Kitchen Sink and Counter Tops: replace small, flat-rim sink with larger double compartment sink and cabinet; replace rotting wood and worn-out linoleum on counter tops—material and labor—estimated.....	\$ 300.00
2. Septic Tank System: cleaning tank, replacing broken tile, etc.—materials and labor.....	29.14
3. Creosoting House, Painting Trim: (last painted in 1946)—materials and labor—estimated.....	250.00
4. Blue Willow Dinnerware: replacements.....	17.75
5. Laying Stone Steps to Path to Hospital.....	9.00
6. Garbage Can.....	3.00
7. Washing Machine: repair of wringer at factory.....	19.31
8. Olson Scatter Rugs (3) for Living Room: size 3' x 5' @ \$13.80	41.40

WENDOVER

1. Old Log Cabin: replacing foundation, sub-flooring and top flooring in bathroom; resetting plumbing fixtures, putting new fittings in toilet tank, repairing leak in pipe; painting bedroom and bathroom—materials and labor—estimated...\$	200.00
2. Old Big House: Kitchen: replacing sinks and cabinets and splash boards—materials and labors.....	398.16
3. Old Big House: Fire Escape: replacing steps and rails—materials and labor.....	38.31
4. Old Big House: Guest Room: Olson Rug—size 9' x 12' to replace rug loaned us.....	67.80
5. Lower Shelf—Board Walk in Front of Rooms: replaced with crushed rock and cement to protect building—materials and labor.....	90.00
6. Power Saw: price quoted.....	46.00
7. Trouble Light.....	2.45
8. Hand Grinder.....	6.95
9. Pressure Sprayer.....	7.95
10. Shoeing Knife.....	3.75
11. New Collar and Pad for Tenacity (mule).....	7.20

12. Flushing Gun for Unblocking Plumbing Pipes.....	59.95
13. Laundry Stove—New Top for Old Stove: Factory order.....	50.68
14. Bedspreads: ½-dozen @ \$3.93 each.....	23.78
15. Aluminum Teakettle.....	3.95
16. Aluminum Cooker: 10-quart capacity.....	3.65

THE CLEARING

1. Bull Barn: putting retaining wall and crushed rock in front of barn to keep mud from building; replacing rotting lumber in foundation, and boxing; creosoting barn; repairing stockade—materials and labor.....	\$ 229.25
2. Caretaker's Cottage: making three new screen doors—materials and labor.....	16.81

BEECH FORK

1. Center to be Painted: (badly needs doing)—materials and labor—estimated	\$ 300.00
2. New Guttering (to be done before center is painted): materials and labor—estimated.....	200.00
3. Sawdust and Manure Bents: repairs—materials and labor.....	35.36
4. Whitewashing Horse Barn, Cow Shed, Manure and Sawdust Bents: (inside and out; stalls done by nurses)—materials and labor.....	18.93
5. Hot Plate (Double Burner): replacing kerosene stove.....	26.78
6. Fuel Saver for Furnace: replacement.....	14.00
7. Set of Dishes: replacements.....	15.30
8. Card Table: to supplement small dining room table.....	5.79
9. Warm Morning Heater: replacement of ash pan.....	3.73
10. Washing Machine.....	159.95

FLAT CREEK

1. Center to be Creosoted; Trim Painted: material and labor—estimated	\$ 400.00
2. Paint for Living Room, 3 Bedrooms, Clinic and Bathroom: put on by nurse.....	36.85
3. Enamel Surface Rug for Kitchen: Note: Inlaid linoleum is cracking badly. This to put in middle of floor over linoleum—should last 4 to 5 years.....	8.50
4. Ceiling Light Fixture: replacement—installed.....	16.20
5. Olson Rugs: for 3 bedrooms—replacements, size 4½' x 6' @ \$18.06 each.....	54.18
6. Dishes: replacements.....	5.22
7. Vacuum Cleaner: budget-priced.....	44.95
8. Single Beds—2—complete with Mattresses: @ \$28.50 each.....	57.00

BOWLINGTOWN

1. Stone Foundation Wall of Barn—Re-laid: cement, hauling sand and gravel, laying wall—(50 cut stones given by neighbor)	\$ 57.30
2. Water Tank—Painting Tank and Iron Hoops: materials and labor—estimated	50.00
3. Low Pole Fence to Enclose Flower Garden: materials and labor	14.50

4. Tin Can Hole: digging hole and making cover—material and labor	17.70
5. Paint for Living Room, Clinic, Kitchen and Bathroom: put on by nurse and maid.....	20.68
6. Coal and Wood Grate for Living Room.....	8.12
7. 5-Way Cooker: replacing 2 worn-out saucepans.....	4.50
8. Leaf Rake.....	2.29
9. Washing Machine.....	159.95
10. Single Beds (2) complete with Mattresses: @ \$28.50 each.....	57.00

BRUTUS

1. Painting Interior of Center: living room, hallway, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, clinic and waiting room—paint put on by nurse and couriers—estimated.....	\$ 50.00
2. Water Tank—Painting Tank and Hoops: materials and labor—estimated	50.00
3. Creosote for Barn and All Out Buildings: 20-gallons @ \$1.85....	37.00
4. Set of Grate Bars and Fire Backs for Kitchen Range.....	10.65
5. Split Bottom Chairs—Locally Made: for bedrooms—4 @ \$2.50 each	10.00
6. Pillows: size 18" x 25"—2 @ \$4.49 each.....	8.98

POSSUM BEND

1. Horse Barn—New Roof: materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 75.00
2. Window Screens—18 to be Repaired: screen wire to be replaced where needed—materials and labor—estimated.....	36.00
3. Painting 2 Bedrooms: put on by nurse—4-gallons paint @ \$3.35	13.40
4. Curtain Material for 2 Bedrooms: double windows in both rooms—30-yards @ \$0.47.....	14.30
5. Curtains for Hell-Fer-Sartain Creek Clinic: small windows.....	4.00
6. Pressure Canner: for sterilizing purposes—16-quart capacity	21.99
7. Washing Machine.....	159.95

RED BIRD

1. Entrance Switch Box (Electric): replacing box, and wire in one circuit; testing and checking all circuits—materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 75.00
2. Painting Interior Woodwork: materials and labor.....	62.50
3. Painting Walls of All Rooms: put on by nurse—materials.....	41.31
4. Electric Hot Plate (Double Burner).....	26.78
5. Olson Bedside Rugs: size 27" x 4'—2 @ \$11.00 each.....	22.00
6. Bedspreads: for double guest room—2 @ \$3.94 each.....	7.88
7. Blanket Binding.....	6.07
8. Churn	2.95

A LETTER WE NEVER FINISHED READING

"Dear Public Speaker:

"Have you ever been asked to deliver a speech of international importance which might change the destiny of the entire world?"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS
of
A NEW STAFF MEMBER

In the form of letters written by Mrs. Bella Vaughn to her sister.

Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Ky.
February 15, 1953

Dear Kate,

I arrived here today at 12:40 p.m. The bus was exactly on time and one of the couriers was at Hyden to meet me in a Dodge truck. I am going to get right in to a letter . . . I was told just to go to my room and unpack before trying to get my mind on any duties, so I did, then went down to the office and got a short briefing on what I would be doing.

The important thing is to try to tell something about this place. It reminds me a lot of Du Pont Lodge at Cumberland Falls, except here the buildings are right on a hillside—the river below. The people are all so nice and friendly, and will let me ask all the questions I want to about the work. The courier who met me has been here many years—she is from near New York.

We had a good highway until we got to the place to turn off to come to Wendover, then the road was a creek bed. The courier told me to put my typewriter and radio up in the seat (I was holding on to them) and get ready to get my feet up, in case the water came up to the floor of the truck. It is rather deep where we had finally to ford the river, and believe me, I do not think any G.I. could have handled any army truck better than this woman did that truck. It seemed to me she was just pushing that old truck against the river bed. She first went down the river, then got headed for the outlet, which was the road, but we made it and no water in the truck . . .

This really is a beautiful place, the landscaping is nature, but crocuses and daffodils are up, the crocuses in bloom. The top of the mountain was covered with snow today, but it is melting—they had snow here yesterday. I have four big windows, and really have a view. I am glad I have a room in the house with steam heat and running water. The little cabins up

on the hill certainly overlook everything, and they have a fireplace in all the rooms, but no running water . . . I believe I am going to be very happy here.

Wendover, Ky.
March 15, 1953

Dear Kate,

My mail is the biggest thrill of my life, and I am wonderfully blessed with letters from everyone, especially you of my family. When I decided to come here I thought I would send many letters trying to tell you why I thought I would like it. And I do enjoy living here and enjoy my work. It is most interesting and not hard. Definitely it would come under the miscellaneous category. Miss Lewis says I am learning it fast. There are so many new things to learn, and I am in the office where practically all the management goes through, from buying a paper of pins to getting a new bull.

By the way, we are expecting the new bull soon. His registered name is General Lee Hannibal, but his file name here is Frontiersman IV. Another expected addition is a new calf. "Valentine" is to have a baby "Valentine" soon . . . here I go again with what I warn you may be another long letter. You can't know how pleased I am to hear that my letters are interesting. . .

We had a party of Red Cross people here last night. In all there were nine guests. They had come to Hyden to get blood for the blood bank, then all came over here for dinner. The woman who is at the head of this is a retired doctor; Dr. Pickett. She is near her eightieth year, I should think, but ageless. She and Mrs. Breckinridge have been friends for years. Mrs. Breckinridge told me at teatime that she wanted me to meet Dr. Pickett. At dinner she asked for me to be seated between two of the guests. It was a most enjoyable occasion. Dr. Pickett told some of her stories from a long life of experiences.

Dinners here are always enjoyable; with enough pleasing dignity and pleasant conversation and congenial people. There are so many people who turn up here at any and all times, and there will be more and more from now until next winter . . .

"Tenacity"—the mule—is not too happy these days. They

have plowed up her exercising lot and planted it in onions, and to add to her unhappiness she had to draw the plow. Today I saw Freddy [Holdship] taking her out to water. Right in the middle of the trip "Tenacity" had to lie down and wallow, then she got up and lay down on the other side, so both sides could have a roll. The drinking trough fell down on her once; that is why she has to be specially watered. She never shows her teeth to Freddy. One of the other couriers was away for this week, and Freddy has had her hands full. One of the girls who works in the office helped her water the horses last night. Then one of the nurses thought she could ride "Tenacity," as she looks so meek and mild—that is just a look—but the nurse did not know how to manage the reins and "Tenacity" soon discovered it; results, "Tenacity" walked under some low limbs, the nurse was suddenly, but thoroughly, removed from the saddle.

There are endless stories which the horses, cows, dogs, cats, geese et cetera would make, but I feel you would never forgive me for giving you so much reading . . . A picture I saw this morning was one of the men near here came by with his one-horse wagon loaded with his family.

I do hope you are serious about coming to make us a visit. Wish you could see how the hills are coming out with the old flowers we knew: wild columbine, blood-root, little spring beauties, rock-moss and trillium. The hills are still grey and dead looking unless you get close, then the leaf buds are beginning to swell.

DR. JOHN MARCUS DANIEL, KENTUCKY PIONEER

Born 1810, Died 1883

"He made pain, misery, sickness, and sorrow his enemies, and fought them with the courage, valor and skill of a plumed knight."

Written by Lee Daniel, Hazard, Kentucky

IT SHOWS IN YOUR FACE

Whatever we keep in our hearts—we become like that. So take care about the hospitality of your heart—take care which remembrances you brood over, which hopes and dreams you cherish, for, as an unknown writer has put it:

You don't have to tell how you live each day,
You don't have to say if you work or play.
A tried, true barometer serves in the place—
However you live, it will show in your face.

The false, the deceit that you bear in your heart,
Will not stay inside where it first got its start;
For sinew and blood are thin veils of lace—
What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face.

If you've gambled and won in the great game of life,
If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife,
If you've played the game fair and you stand on first base,
You don't have to say so; it shows in your face.

If your life is unselfish, and for others you live,
For not what you get, but how much you give;
If you live close to God in His infinite grace—
You don't have to tell it; it shows in your face.

Home Prayers by the Rev. Allen W. Clark,
April 12, 1953

HAVE TO BE BORN THERE

A Kentucky girl we know found herself this spring at an intersection in New York City. She asked a kindly looking policeman how she could get to the other side of the street.

Policeman: "Lady, you have to be born there."

Contributed by Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson; Lexington, Ky.

In Memoriam

I quit this life as if it were an inn and not a home—and yet it seems to me that any life is short which has an end.

De Senectute, Cicero, 106-43 B.C.

From a manuscript translation by the late
Judge William H. Falconer of Fort Smith, Arkansas

MISS CAROLINE ADAMS, Buffalo, New York
MR. THOMAS L. ADAMS, Big Creek, Kentucky
MRS. JAMES F. ASKEW, Georgetown, Kentucky
MISS JANE SHORT ATWOOD, Boston, Massachusetts
MISS MARGARET C. BRECKINRIDGE, Oak Park, Illinois
DR. WILLIAM MARMADUKE BROWN, Lexington, Kentucky
DR. WALLER O. BULLOCK, Lexington, Kentucky
MRS. E. A. BUREAU, Lexington, Kentucky
DR. ROBERT L. DeNORMANDIE, Boston, Massachusetts
MR. C. B. DUFF, Hyden, Kentucky
DR. R. JULIAN ESTILL, Versailles, Kentucky
MR. JOHN M. McKERCHEY, Detroit, Michigan
MRS. JOHN WILLIAM McMILLAN, Baltimore, Maryland
DR. FRANK L. McVEY, Lexington, Kentucky
THE REV. JOHN S. PIPER, Hazard, Kentucky
MRS. WILLIAM K. PRENTICE, Princeton, New Jersey
MRS. WILLIAM COOPER PROCTER, Glendale, Ohio
MRS. JENNIE H. STONE, Atlantic City, New Jersey
MISS LOUISA WRONG, Englewood, New Jersey

It has been eight months since we gathered together the names of the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who have left the inn of this life—homeward bound. It is a measure of our age that so many of those to whom we mattered most have crossed through to the other side of death. In return for its values—the poignant and dear values of this world—each has to pay the inevitable price of leaving it. And yet, as we linger over the names and the memories of those who have lately died, we realize that each of them had lived a normal life span and that some of them had traveled far past the three score years and ten. To the one who is writing this some of these people were kindred, some lifelong friends, and some hardly known at all

except through the interest they had shown in the Frontier Nursing Service.

Mrs. Stone and **Mr. McKerchey** had supported the Service over a period of years and each left a legacy to it, as did **Margaret Breckinridge**. **Miss Atwood**, who, with her sister, **Mrs. John W. Price, Jr.**, had given the **Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center** at Flat Creek to the FNS, left money for its partial endowment. **Mrs. Askew** was among our kindred and even in her nineties wrote often of her interest in the FNS, as well as gave to it each year. **Miss Louisa Wrong** was one of our classmates at **St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing** away back in the years 1907-1910. Almost from the time there was a Frontier Nursing Service she gave it support as well as enthusiastic loyalty, as did **Mrs. J. W. McMillan**, of Baltimore. But with her our ties are even older, and deeper, because we were girls together. Our friendship with **Miss Adams**, of Buffalo, goes back to the days of the American Committee for Devastated France. Like many of our friends of that era she took on the FNS and carried it in her heart. **Mrs. Bureau** had been a faithful Lexington supporter for years, and **Mr. Duff** a devoted Hyden friend. **The Rev. John S. Piper**, the vicar of **St. Mark's Episcopal Church** at Hazard, came several times to stay the night with us at Wendover and to hold an early communion service. Some of us were privileged to attend the last services for him—in the winter—in the little church that he had built in faith and almost with his own hands. It was late April when we attended the services for our old friend, **Mr. Thomas Leonard Adams**, our Red Bird River chairman, at Big Creek, where his life for the past thirty years was a shining example of selfless devotion. We have not ceased to miss **Mrs. William K. Prentice**, of Princeton, New Jersey, since she died in October. Her affection for the FNS was constant from the day that she began to carry us in her loving heart. We are sure that we are still dear to her in that larger life where she is now.

Of **Dr. Frank McVey**, president emeritus of the University of Kentucky and for years one of our trustees, it is almost impossible to write briefly. But something Dr. McVey once said to the question, "What is a university?" may be quoted as a testimony to the purity of his own scholarship.

A university is a place: It is a spirit . . . It protects the tradition; honors the new and tests its value: Believes in truth, protests against error, and leads men by reason rather than by force.

Of **Mrs. William Cooper Procter** we saw much during the twenty-five years since she had become our friend. On the visits we made to her younger kinswoman, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, at Glendale, we had the joy of sharing often in the exquisite life she communicated to all around her. There was no point at which one touched this life where she did not ring true—in the family ties ever dear to her, in the neighborhood whose best traditions she upheld. Born and bred a gentlewoman, she did not know what it was to fail in any public or private responsibility she had inherited or assumed. Born and bred a Christian, she kept the faith that was all to her and practiced it, as a communicant of the Episcopal Church, throughout the days of her long life—days that served but to ripen her “in love and charity.” She was a very great lady.

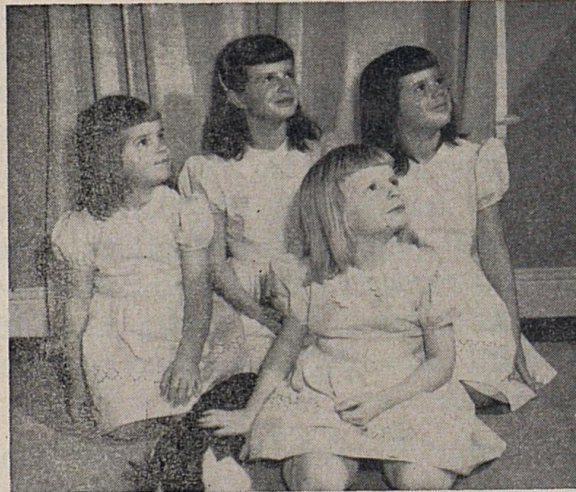
It is terribly hard for the Frontier Nursing Service to lose the physicians and surgeons who have honored us with their distinguished names, their friendship, and their help whenever we needed them. **Dr. Julian Estill** was one of our early supporters, loyal and deeply kind. He died in Kentucky in October with the dying year. In April, in the bloom of the spring, **Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie** died in New England. This great obstetrician, of world-wide fame, had kept in touch with us for nearly a quarter century. It is not for us to outline the public careers of those associated with us—only to pay our tribute of affection to their honored memories.

During the winter months the Frontier Nursing Service lost two of the members of its Medical Advisory Committee in the Blue Grass. It is hard to find words adequate to tell what these men meant to us. **Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown**, great orthopedic surgeon in Lexington, gave devoted care to our mountain patients and to our staff, times out of number. The one who is writing this memorial owes to him the fact that she could walk and work again, after her back was broken. In paying tribute to Dr. Brown, the Fayette County Medical Society spoke of him as “a man of uncompromising integrity.” We who knew him during

long hours of suffering, will remember always the deep power of his tenderness. **Dr. Waller Overton Bullock**, kinsman, life-long friend, was one of the great Kentucky surgeons without whom the Frontier Nursing Service could not have made a beginning. Memories of him throng to mind as we say goodbye. For an appraisal of what his life meant to others, we repeat the epitaph given by the Fayette County Medical Society—from Plato, on the death of Socrates:

Such was the end, Echebrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

To the families of these friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, of whom we have written, we send our profound sympathy in their grief.



"Here are four future couriers."

This message came with the picture from our former courier, Kitty Randolph, now Mrs. Ford William Thompson, Jr., of Clayton, Missouri. The names of these couriers-to-be are Katherine (Kathy), Gladys Gale (Gale), Camilla Cary (Kemmy), and Rosalie Spencer.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Charles L. Stone (Dickie Chase),
Long Island, New York—February 2, 1953**

I'm not surprised that Mrs. Breckinridge was named Kentuckian of the year—she well deserves it. She made a good speech in New York, and made the forest fires very real to her listeners—you could almost smell the smoke and feel your eyes water! I keep thinking I'll get back to Kentucky and some day I shall. My children will soon be old enough to travel with me—they are eight and ten now.

**From Mrs. John W. Putman (Susan Morse),
Concord, Massachusetts—February 4, 1953**

Your news of the terrible fires at Wendover, Hyden and the centers last fall was a shock to me. I had no idea that you had been going through such a drought. Heaven knows we had a wickedly hot dry summer here but were fortunate to be spared forest fires this time. Five years ago most of Maine was burned to a crisp. Mrs. Breckinridge in her talk to us on January 20th gave a dramatic account of the fire on the ridge above the Hospital, and of the decision to start a back fire as a last hope—I guess it worked!

We had a good meeting here despite the fact it took place at the exact hour that President Eisenhower was taking the oath of office! Mrs. Breckinridge was remarkable, and as Sue Ayer Parker and I were saying, she can always spell-bind you no matter how many times you've heard her speak! I read her book last spring with the greatest interest.

Our children continue to grow and our oldest boy (nearly 15) is at boarding school this year. He has flown the coop and will only be home for a few weeks at a time from now on. We feel quite lost without him and my husband is over-powered by females—a wife, our daughters and a female dog! Ellie, (we hope a future courier) is at Concord Academy for her second year and

just adores it. Our youngest, just turned five, is now in school so I feel quite emancipated in the mornings. Come spring I hope to ride horseback again. Mardi Perry has a lovely Morgan mare and she is very generous about letting me ride.

My one outside activity is being chairman of the nursing committee of the Concord Visiting Nurse Association and I spend ninety per cent of my time on the telephone. It's most interesting and fits in with all that we did so many years ago at Wendover.

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From Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dottie Newman),

Dover, Massachusetts—February, 1953

I went to the luncheon for Mrs. Breckinridge in Boston and she gave the best talk she has ever given! I've heard many and this was the best. It was so good that people hardly clapped; they were in a trance.

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From Linda Branch, Providence, Rhode Island—

February, 1953

After leaving Wendover, I reread *Wide Neighborhoods*. It was so interesting after I knew so many of the people and had visited the centers and met the nurses and midwives. I can't tell you in words just what a wonderful experience it was for me—the ten weeks I was with you at Wendover. Also it was wonderful to meet all the people who make up the Frontier Nursing Service.

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From Mrs. John Pugh (Louise Myers), Washington, D. C.—

February, 1953

We are going into farming in a big way now, having taken over the running of my father's place as well as our own. Johnnie has to do all of the work outside of his hours at the Pentagon, but he likes it so much that he doesn't mind. We have a very wonderful farmer-manager so it won't be bad when we get everything organized and running smoothly. Our place is fixed up pretty well now and we go there every week-end. The children love it and are learning all kinds of things about ani-

mals, birds plants, etc. David, now 13, was on our payroll last summer and proved a very good hand, driving the tractor and doing practically everything the men did.

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**From Mrs. William S. Kemp, Jr., (Rosemary Crocker),
Fitchburg, Massachusetts—February, 1953**

I have read every Bulletin from cover to cover so that I have kept up with you all.

The children are growing up fast. Our oldest is now twelve and just as tall as I am. The youngest is just three and come to think of it I don't think the news of the Kemp's daughter ever got to Kentucky. Her riding is limited but the interest is there and I hope that in 1967 or so she may make the FNS!

I'm sorry that the fall and winter courier situation has been so difficult. When I got your note I couldn't help but think what fun it would be just to pack up and come down for a few weeks.

I do wish that I could have gotten to Boston to see Mrs. Breckinridge. Her book is superb and I enjoyed it no end.

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From Anne (Toni) Harris, Paris, France—February, 14, 1953

Your very sad news has just reached me and I am at quite a loss to know what to say. I know how very much Mac meant to you, the Service and the people of Kentucky. She meant a great deal also to even the most insignificant little couriers such as me. I felt a very great respect and admiration for Mac as well as a closeness and I think that I will never forget the two weeks I spent with her at Hyden. I am grateful for her that she could go if she were suffering, but it is difficult beyond words to lose a life as warm, as human and as devoted as hers.

Without thinking, I was just about to send a check to ask if you would put flowers on your little chapel altar one Sunday in the name of Selby and myself who loved her so, but of course it just dawned on me that you cannot buy flowers in Hyden. Therefore, tomorrow, when I go to my favorite little chapel on the left bank I shall put some flowers in front of the tiny relief which symbolizes "charity" in remembrance of her, for to me charity was Mac's life and she gave of it to the end. I feel perhaps also that it would be appropriate to have flowers in her

memory here in France for she must have meant a great deal to all the men she cared for here in World War I.

From Alison Bray, Adel, Leeds, England—February 19, 1953

I have just heard the sad news about Mac. I feel so sorry for you as I know just what a blow this must be for all of you, and you will miss her terribly. For Mac it was possibly the best thing as she was always so active, and it seemed unlikely that she would be able to manage a strenuous job again and she would have hated to feel she was being a burden. All the same, the last news I had of her sounded more encouraging and her death has come as a great shock. Everyone who knew her will miss her frightfully—her kindness and humor especially. I shall always be grateful to her for suggesting that I should come as a courier. I know you have lost a very close friend who cannot be replaced and I send you all my sympathy.

I was away in London last week and while there I met Joan McClellan who is now working at the Embassy. We had dinner together one evening and went to a theatre another day. I did so enjoy seeing her.

Last Monday I talked about the FNS to a "Young Wives' Group" (Junior Mothers' Union) in one of the big industrial parishes in Leeds. It was only a small meeting but they were all very nice and asked lots of questions.

I am going on a trip to Africa in the summer (end of July—September) with my friend Lady Ogilvie, so I will not take a permanent job until after that.

From Mrs. Marion Shouse Lewis, Milford, Pennsylvania

—February 20, 1953

It is hard to say what Mac means—she means so much to so many people in such different ways. Feeling, selfishly, a sense of loss in her death, I cannot but be grateful for so many happy memories of her.

On my first journey to the hospital in 1934, as a junior courier, when I presented myself to her with a note, she said: "You're staying for lunch, of course." And, as the years flowed by, always a warm greeting, and even at the feeblest of my jests

an, "Oh, Mar r r ion," and then her gay laugh. Somehow no one else has a laugh so friendly and unrestrained as Mac's.

Selfish it is of me to miss her, I think she, like all of us, would want to be missed. I hope that as happy a part of me went with her as the part she left with me.

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From Ellen Wadsworth, New York City, New York

—February 24, 1953

I am so sorry about Mac—She will always stand out in my memory as the first member of the Frontier Nursing Service Staff to welcome me to the Courier Department when I arrived on October 31st. It was such a pleasure to meet her because after spending the night in Harlan, and having breakfast in Hyden, frankly, I was a little depressed by the whole picture and felt that I might have come a little too far away from the familiar and for too long a time. But I guess couriers have thought that before, and after all I stayed three months, happily, which proves that first impressions can be lousy. After meeting Mac, and then the wonderful people at Wendover, I was surprised at myself for ever doubting the word of so many veterans of the Courier Department.

Please tell everyone I will be more than happy to help them plan Ford tours through Europe with a handsome Scandinavian guide-driver!

March 2, 1953

I had my first stab at public speaking last Thursday at Harvard at a travel conference for the benefit of students who haven't made up their minds how to spend their time in Europe. Eight different organizations were represented. Just a five-minute talk from me—Enough!

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From Mrs. Robert J. Dixon (Elizabeth Harriman),

New York, New York—March 14, 1953

Am very busy with four children—finally have a girl [*see Babies*] now seven months old. My husband [*Lt. Col. Dixon*] is en route to Korea, flying Sabre Jets, so all is confusion.

From Kate Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio—March 16, 1953

I've had a very busy time since the inauguration. Betsy left for photography school in New York February 19 and she is loving it. She has a small apartment with a New York girl on 85th and Madison. I go for a ten-day cruise next week. We're going around Key West and up the west side of Florida. It should be great fun. Then I come back to Cleveland for a spring of volunteer work and wedding parties.

There must be a large gap with Mac gone.

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**From Mrs. Shu Yung Wang (Lonny Myers),
Chicago, Illinois—April 2, 1953**

I enjoyed so very much seeing Mrs. Breckinridge more than a year ago in Chicago. Also, I read every word of her terrific book.

Susan Wang was born Friday, March 13th. I stayed in the hospital only 1½ days and have been enjoying my vacation at home. Next week I go back to work [associated with another doctor in the private practice of anesthesia]. Susan looks much like Sharon did at that age. We are thrilled with our two girls. Sharon loves nursery school and comes home with new games and new songs every day.

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From Anne T. Eristoff, New York, New York—April 5, 1953

I shall always be thankful that I was able to know Mac, even as slightly as I did. There was something about her that left a deep impression from the first. The memory of her work and personality will be an inspiration and guide to the many who love the FNS.

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From Lila Caner, Boston, Massachusetts—April 5, 1953

I was so sorry to read of Mac's death. She was such a marvelous character and it was in a large measure getting to know Mac that made my two weeks at the hospital such a rich experience. It is hard to picture the office there without her. Her loss is irreparable to all those who have known her and worked under her.

**From Mrs. Lucien G. Osborne (Pat FitzGerald),
Racine, Wisconsin—April 11, 1953**

Somehow time has flown by since Virginia's birth on the 22nd of September. Cynthia and Bill were delighted when we brought her home, especially after she had given each one of them a cowboy suit. They seemed quite charmed that Virginia had known the right size to buy! She's grown just like a weed.

We unexpectedly left for Florida one Friday and stayed away for about five weeks. We took our three children and our foster child. My husband couldn't take the ride down so he flew down and joined us. A very good time was had by all.

Having just devoured the Quarterly as usual, I was terribly sorry to read about Mac's death. I am only sorry that I was never fortunate to have been able to know such a grand person.

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**From Mrs. Richard Ghormley Eberhart (Betty Butcher),
Seattle, Washington—April 16, 1953**

Dick just brought home a copy of the Bulletin from the University post office. We are spending this year in Seattle, Washington, enjoying the beautiful, if rainy, Northwest while Dick acts as Poet in Residence of the University of Washington. He is enjoying his year of teaching as a change from business, and we all love this city.

I was very much grieved to read of Mac's death. I remember her so well at the Hospital—always so friendly and helpful to a new courier who was not quite sure where she was supposed to be or to go, but also feeling very important to be trusted with records et cetera. I didn't really realize what an heroic woman she was until I read your wonderful tribute to her, but I think everyone realized what a competent and lovely person she was. It seems so typical of her that even you didn't know of the existence of that wee tartan-covered book until after her death. I know how deeply you must feel the loss of your friend.

Is it true that now you go by jeep from Wendover to the Hospital? Much more convenient, I suppose, but rather sad too. I used to love that ride—in fact I loved all the rides! I don't think I could bear to go any place around the FNS in a jeep.

From Mrs. William Middendorf (Diz Paine),

New York City—April 26, 1953

I have graduated from nurses' training, as you know, but I have to wait until June to take the State Board examinations to see if I can become a registered nurse. You can't work in a hospital in New York City unless you are registered.

We have a lovely apartment overlooking the East River. It is fun. Hope we will be able to come down and see you soon.

. . . .

From Mrs. W. W. Wortherspoon (Mary Bulkley),

Hinsdale, Illinois—May 8, 1953

This has been very much of an FNS week for us. I finished reading *Wide Neighborhoods* for a second time and, if possible, enjoyed it even more than the first time. I really believe there will be more to discover in a third reading. It was a treat on Wednesday to see Mrs. Boyd's FNS movies which she took in April. They are so good of everyone and the coloring in them is perfectly lovely. I especially enjoyed seeing the pictures of Wendover and "tea," also Tenacity and the blue mertensia. The roads, lanes, et cetera, all looked so trim and orderly in the movies compared with my memories of November mud. How I would love to see it again!—especially after hearing Mrs. Breckinridge's magnificent talk in Chicago last fall.

The movies were Bill's first glimpse of the FNS beyond my poor description, and he was so interested that I think you will probably be seeing us there if we ever get within three hundred miles of Wendover. Polly seems to be heading towards being a courier, for the most exciting thing she can think of doing is feeding a horse sugar.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Byron Swift, Jr. (Mary Davidson) a son, their first child, Carleton Byron Swift IV, on March 1, 1953, in Tokyo, Japan.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Shu Yung Wang (Dr. Lonny Myers) of Chicago, a daughter—their second—Susan Wang, on March 13, 1953.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Payne Ingels, Jr. (Pat Mickle) of El Campo, Texas, their first daughter—second child—on March 26, 1953. Pat writes us:

Oh, a future courier at about 1970! We are thrilled with our girl—Steve, too, thinks she's pretty wonderful—a model baby so far.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William L. Helm, Jr. (Nella Lloyd) of Brookline, Massachusetts, a son, Peter Lloyd Helm—weight 7½ pounds—on May 19, 1953. As Nella writes: "No girl for the Courier Service yet!" Too bad for us. We shall hope for better luck next time.

Our deepest love and sympathy goes out in fullest measure to **Betty Pratt Yeomans** in the death of her husband, and to her four children in the loss of their father.



"aw, c'mon - JUST a LITTLE BIT FOR THE nice COWS?"

"MOONSHINE" GOES TO MARKET

by

PRIMROSE EDWARDS, R.N., S.C.M.

Early one Monday morning two local men arrived in their pick-up truck to take our three-month-old bull calf to London market. Neddie [Edna Metcalf] had raised "Moonshine" and had made more fuss over him than did Harriet, his Jersey mother. Neddie couldn't bear the thought of the little animal going to be sold without someone he knew with him, so I offered to go along in the truck. I have had many new experiences since arriving to work in the FNS. Life is always full of adventures and this was one that I wasn't going to miss.

"Moonshine" was a cross between a Jersey cow and a Brown Swiss bull. He was stubborn, full of fun and proud of his blue blood and FNS background. So the thought of being tied up in the back of a pick-up truck upset his dignity. John put a halter on the calf's neck and pulled while I pushed, Neddie spoke encouragingly to him and Jim waited in the truck to catch him as he rushed in. He was barricaded in and off we went. I sat between John and Jim and the gears. "Moonshine" was very frightened, he bucked and heaved but to no avail. Then using his good sense he quieted down. The journey to London was very enjoyable. We passed out of Clay County and into Laurel County. Most of the farms were preparing for their molasses "stir off" and hauling corn. The two men, John and Jim, explained everything to me as we went along.

The market house was on the outskirts of London. It was very quaint, all made of logs and plank wood. Outside the market stood a group of men all carrying sticks and whips. "'Er they are" said John.

Then with one rush most of them climbed on the truck and started poking and prodding "Moonshine."

"Give you sixty dollars" said one man."

"I'll make it seventy-five" said another.

They were talking to John who quietly said, "It's her'n" pointing to me.

"How much do you want?" asked another dealer.

Goodness, I thought. What shall I say?

"Ninety dollars, nothing less."

They all fell off the truck saying, "You'll never get it."

Anyway I couldn't change my mind as Neddie wanted the calf sold by public auction.

We drew up outside a pen and untied the calf. The dear little fellow trotted out into the weighing shed and tipped the scales at 315 pounds. He was greatly admired by all the farmers. I stressed to them that he was half a pedigree.

"Moonshine" was put in a pen with other calves and then we had to leave him as the auction didn't start for several hours. I hated leaving him as he looked so miserable. I went away hoping that some kind farmer would buy him to rear as a stock bull and not to be killed as a baby beef.

The two men had a little shopping to do so I took a quiet look around the town. Then I went and sat in the truck and waited for John and Jim.

After a little while an old man who was cleaning the streets passed and said, "Howdy." I returned his greetings. Then he went on to tell me that he was an old, old man which was really quite obvious and then he said, "I anna got a 'oman, I live alone. You married?"

I hastily said "Oh yes," then he said,

"You waiting on your husband?" so I said,

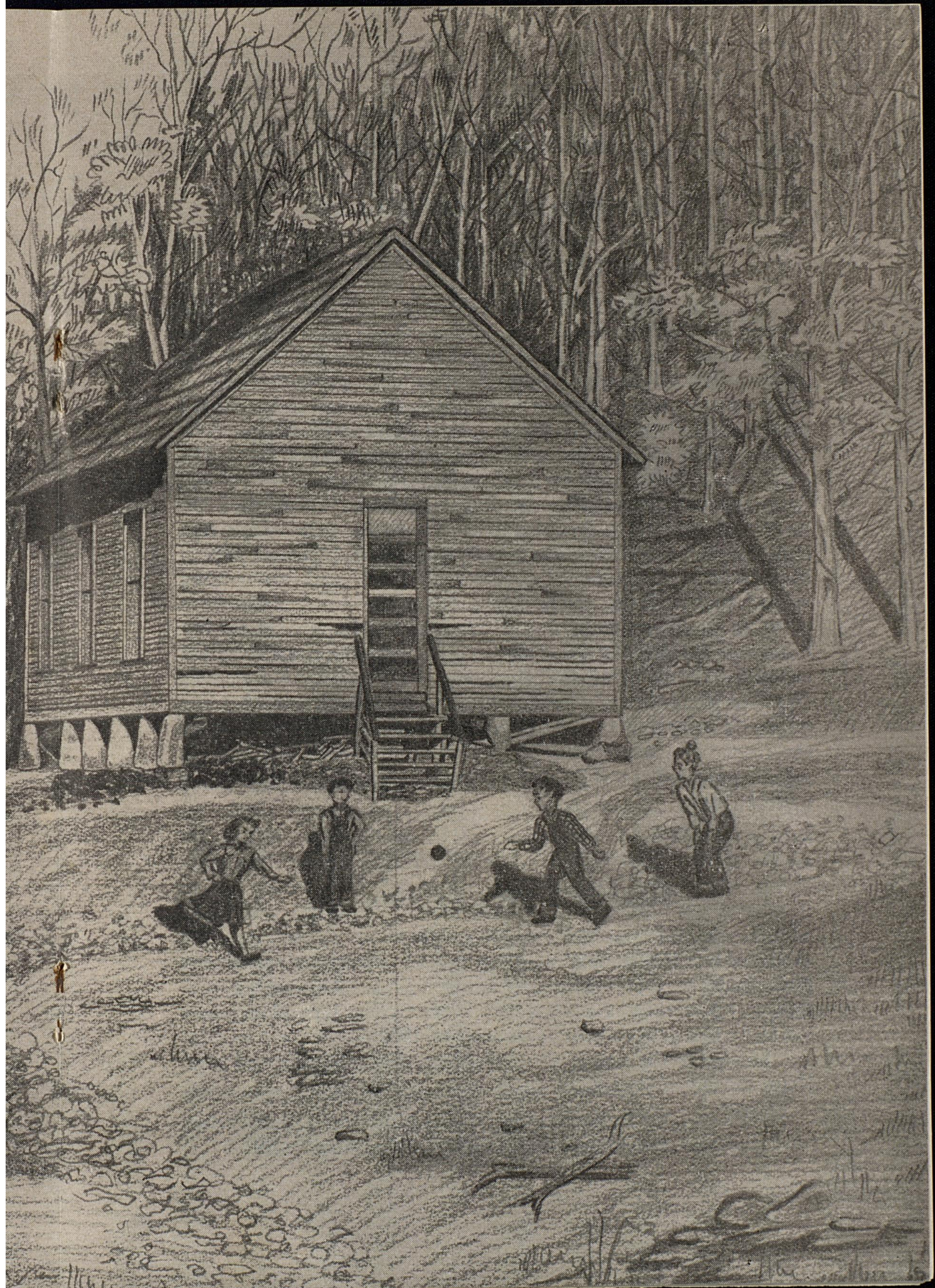
"Yes and I can see him coming so you had better go away."

Whereupon off he went. I hoped that neither John nor Jim would find out that I had pretended that one of them was my husband. But it seemed the simplest thing to say.

The journey home was not long and I think that we were all grateful to be back again.

Editor's Footnote—"Moonshine" netted his mistress exactly \$66.00.





WHEN SASSAFRAS CAME TO TEA

by

KITTY MACDONALD, R.N., C.M.

I put the kettle on for tea and went out to wind up a few evening chores. Sassafras, our one-month-old calf, followed me to the barn, the pump house, the chicken coop and the hollow beech to collect the eggs, butting me as we went and trying to chew on my pants. It was a balmy spring day and, without thinking, I left the door open as I came into the kitchen to brew our tea. Clop! Clop! I turned and there was Sassafras in the entrance. I didn't want to frighten her for fear she would fall down the cellar stairs, but she had other ideas! With an awkward leap she did a flying dutchman up the three steps and half way across the kitchen floor. She righted herself with a bewildered look, quizzically sniffed the sink and stove, then headed for the living room. When Barbara, who was changing from uniform, came out of her room, Sassafras kicked up her heels and skidded for what she thought was the nearest exit—my bedroom. She sniffed at my desk, chewed at the record files and then jumped on my bed. I began to get panicky at what she might do next so I took her by the ear and ushered her out of the room. I've seen plenty of chickens and even a few hogs in some homes but a calf for tea is stretching southern hospitality a bit too far!

McKINLEY MOSLEY'S VICTORY

The Miami Sun Sox' winning streak is among the late departed but McKinley Mosley's personal victory string—which dates back to 1950—continues unabated. . . . A gangling, six-foot, . . . possessor of a whiz ball, from Hyden, Ky., Mosley has not lost a ball game since the summer of 1950.

Mosley is the son of the late Judge Elihu Mosley and Mrs. Nellie Mosley of Hyden.

By Ralph Warner, *Miami Daily News* Staff Writer
The Thousandsticks, Thursday, May 7, 1953

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Edna Rockstroh (Rocky) in Navato, California

—December 1952

Having just completed the reading of your book, *Wide Neighborhoods*, I feel I must take pen in hand and tell you how fascinated I was in the manner in which you have woven the past and the present. Many times I have wished to come down for a visit and perhaps "inadvertently" deliver one of my babies' baby. Think! It is twenty-five years since we left Hyden.

Freddie (Freda Caffin) is now, and has been for some time, Director of the Visiting Nurses Service here, and I have been in San Rafael Schools for the past five years and love it. It is worthwhile being a part of the blossoming of children from kindergarten through high school. We have thrown ourselves wholeheartedly into a little Episcopal Mission here in Navato. We have a home in country not unlike Kentucky. It is located on a hill which we love, and we have a large garden. We are constantly remodeling this old shack, but we love it. May I wish you and the Service every success for the coming years.

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From Vanda Summers in New York, New York—February 1953

Have just heard, by telephone from Pebble, of the falling out of the ranks of another old soldier of the FNS. I am sure she would have wished for no better place than Hyden in which to say good-bye to this world; and the little spot of tranquility and peace where she now rests beside Bucket. Our sorrow in her passing must not obscure the brightness of the deeds she has bestowed on human beings in the old world and the new. I, who have known Mac in all phases of work and play, will treasure these memories and will ever feel grateful for having been a co-worker and a friend.

.

From Peggy Tinline McQueen in Kent, England

—February, 1953

Kelly wrote me about Mac's having passed away and I do

offer my sincere sympathy to all of you, for I just know how much she will be missed. Dear Mac, how good she was, when after a long ride from Flat Creek we heard her welcoming voice and no matter how tired or cross we might feel, she pulled our leg until we laughed again and again. Her room was so gay and pretty, and I am sure she must often have wanted the place to herself for a bit, but whenever we came in from the centers we just took possession and made ourselves at home, and Mac always made us feel wanted.

I had a wonderful time in Lapland last year. It was a most interesting experience. The people were so kind and friendly, but oh what hard work! There was an acute shortage of nurses and we had long hours on duty. Our British midwifery certificates was not accepted by the Norwegians, so at the deliveries in the hospital the Norwegian midwife did the delivery and we did the clearing up! When a patient had to be taken to another hospital for an emergency, she was taken by sea-plane and I accompanied her.

I have just returned from spending a long week-end with my grand-children. There are now two of them. David will be three in March and Christine is five months old. They are lovely children and what a happy little family altogether! I am coming your way again one day—probably next year!

.

From Edith Batten in London, England—February 1953

This morning I had a letter from Parky telling me about Mac. I think of those happy days I was privileged to work with Mac at Beech Fork and Hyden, and will treasure the memories. Because of my personal knowledge of her and all she stood for, I realize what a shattering blow this must be for you. Please accept my sincerest sympathy.

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From Edith Mickle in Wallingford, England—February, 1953

To-day I have heard through Kelly of your most grievous loss. We all feel this as a very personal loss. All the more does our deep and heartfelt sympathy go out to you who shared so much of her life and thoughts, were warmed by the colourfulness of her character, cheered by her loyalty and devotion to

yourself. One is comforted by the thought that she spent her last days with you, and that her body has been lain at rest where her roots certainly are. So many long forgotten things come crowding into one's thoughts. The fun and the humour of her, the moods, the quiet kindnesses, the justness and the tact. I, too, loved her.

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From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—March 1953

It is difficult to write as I know how distressed you all are, and how much you will miss Mac. There was no one like her. I can still remember my first trip into the mountains from New York in company with Mac. We all owe her so much; her wisdom, courage, and her humour; how she could rise to such heights in awkward circumstances and save the day. It seems unbelievable that she is not still with you, but she will always be part of the FNS.

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From Wilma Duval Whittlesey in Oakland, California

—March 1953

I do appreciate your having written me about Mac and I feel her passing very deeply. I can never forget her great charm and her perfect sweetness to me on a number of occasions. I can sense something of what it means to all of you.

There have been no major changes in our routine. I have been studying piano again for the last two years, and I help Nancy with her piano study and take her to swimming lessons. We all seem very busy in our own way.

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From Thelma Hood in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—March 1953

I just got the Bulletin. The news of Mac's death was a shock. After reading of her illness in the previous Bulletin, I had thought of her so often and had hoped that her stamina would pull her through. Even though it has been years since I saw her, I feel sad and realize how much all of you there must miss her. In reading the account, I pictured your keen loss. She was such a remarkable woman, and a great many people will be saddened by her death but you will feel it most of all.

You are all still very dear to me, and I think of you often. Tell my friends who are still there hello for me.

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From Della Int-Hout in Chicago, Illinois—March 1953

Your story of Mac's life is beautiful, and the picture of her home I remember so well. I have had many letters from Mac's friends, saying how sad it is she had to leave us.

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From Bridie McSteen in Cleveland, Ohio—March 1953

I have just finished reading, in the Bulletin, your beautiful tribute to a great warrior, dear Mac. How sorry I am to know she has passed away. I have many memories of her kindly acts and realize how very much she will be missed by one and all in her "Wide Neighborhoods." I feel she and Bucket will share many reminiscences in their abode of peace which they so richly deserve.

Your book is just fascinating and is having many interested readers among the nurses in this area.

.

From Isabelle Dougall Marraine in Monticello, Florida

—March 1953

I have just heard the news of Mac's death, by receiving the Bulletin, and I am broken-hearted. Dear, dear Mac, she was unique and there will never be another such. Her voice was the first of any I heard in the FNS in October 1929, and to meet Mac later was to meet a lovely person—always the same and always thinking of others, and making each and every one feel so very welcome. It is difficult to imagine the FNS without Mac, but I imagine her spirit will forever hang over the place where she gave so much of herself.

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From Wilma Rose in St. Louis, Missouri—March 1953

I think of you people and your work frequently. I shall ever be grateful for what I learned and the experience I received while with you. I enjoy the Bulletins very much, and, of course, have my copy of *Wide Neighborhoods*. It is very interesting and I have enjoyed it very much.

I am working as Obstetrical Supervisor at St. Louis City Hospital. If any of you should be here, please look me up.

. . . .

**From Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas in East Orange,
New Jersey—April 1953**

On April 29th, we sail on the Queen Mary to England, thence to Belgium from where we fly on May 13th, to Congo, arriving at Leopoldville the next day. It seemed right for us to go by this route (at our expense, for the extra) in order to have one more look at London and Brussels, which we have not visited since 1936. We shall be stationed at Sona Bata, 60 miles from Leopoldville. This is where we worked from 1936 to 1940 and again in 1941-42. Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle, until this year in charge of the Sona Bata hospital, moved this January to Kimpese to join Dr. Price (British Baptist) in opening our new medical school. This school, still in the process of construction, is being built partly with the help of funds from the Belgian Colonial Government, under the auspices of five Protestant missions, who are uniting in the development of what is, so far, the most important coöperative Protestant institution in Congo. Though at first the graduates will still be nurses, it is expected that in 1955 the course for "Medical Assistants" will be added. The official opening for the medical institute has been set for June 5th, when we hope to be present.

Though Howard still uses a cane outside, indoors he moves with ease unaided and can stand for long periods of time. His latest achievement is bicycle-riding, which is a most beneficial exercise for his leg muscles. Good-bye, for now, to you and all our Kentucky friends. It is grand to have your wonderful book for our own and to take to Congo with us. Please have some one note our new address for the FNS Bulletin.

. . . .

From Maxine Thornton in Zanesville, Ohio—April 1953

I am working for my degree in Public Health Nursing, and have been going to the local branch of Ohio University all winter. Now it seems I am going to have a scholarship from the Ohio Department of Health for the summer, and am hoping to go to the University of Michigan.

I am enjoying *Wide Neighborhoods*, and I think of you all often. I was so very sorry to hear about Mac.

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From Edna Metcalfe (Neddy) in Penang, Malaya—April 1953

I spent Christmas and the New Year in New Zealand, then to Manila and so to here. I am preparing health lectures and will begin teaching the course soon. I refused to begin until I knew something of the existing services and so I have just had a lovely trip, sometimes long hops over the jungle by plane, and other times by car or Landrover. What an experience! I take my hat off to the Colonial Service Health Sisters who drive anywhere and often alone with no regard for the old bandits—unless, of course, there is a road forbidden over which they cannot go. I was in Kuala Lumpur recently and to my sorrow Vera Chadwell and Brownie's sister were both on leave. The country is heavenly.

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From Agnes Crozier in Vancouver, British Columbia—April 1953

I showed the FNS slides at the Vancouver General to the students who at present are working in obstetrics. They were most enthusiastically received. It was fun for me to relate to them some of our experiences in Kentucky, and made me wish for a ride on Laura or Doc!

The mountains here have been beautiful during the past few weeks—covered with snow and glistening in the sun. The cherry trees are in bloom and the daffodils and tulips are at their best just now. Thank you so much for the slides, and please give my regards to all.

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From Jane Sanders Burt in Stratford, Texas—April 1953

I am still out here on the ranch enjoying life. I work general duty three days a week in a little hospital and enjoy keeping up with the new drugs and treatments. The supervisor wants me to give a talk on the FNS to the District Nurses Association soon, and I thought I could get material from Mrs. Breckinridge's book, *Wide Neighborhoods*.

I expect Kentucky is beautiful about now, with all the wild flowers blooming. Our grass and wheat lands need rain very badly. I am glad my husband works for Phillips Petroleum now, instead of farming. They are working cattle out here this morning and it is sure noisy. Where in Oklahoma is Dr. Woodyard? We border Oklahoma and often go there to visit friends and I wonder if she is anywhere near us.

From Gertrude Isaacs (Trudy) in Minneapolis, Minnesota

—April 1953

I was sorry to hear about Mac. It must seem very empty without her. It is so hard to imagine all the changes that have taken place since I left.

I spoke to the Board of Directors of the North Western Hospital, earlier this winter, on the Frontier Nursing Service and midwifery. They were very interested and asked a number of questions. They have also asked me to speak to their students at a later date. I thought it might interest you to know that *Wide Neighborhoods* is on the list of recommended reading for the students in Public Health and that it is highly recommended by the faculty. I have passed my copy around to a number of students who have found it very interesting.

I am still enjoying the University but am looking forward to graduation this summer and going back to work. As always I enjoyed the Winter Bulletin very much. It was a beautiful tribute to Mac.

From Helen Peterson in Quito, Ecuador—May 1953

My time in Costa Rica was cut short, due to the fact that so many of our missionaries had to go back to the States because of some illness or other. So I left there the 27th, stopped in Panama for a day and two nights, and arrived here in Quito on April 29th. I expect to be here another week and then go on to Ibarra where our clinic is. My address will be Apartado 40, Ibarra, Ecuador.

As yet our clinic is in its organizational stages, and we are hoping to get it built up. There is a possibility that it will be

moved to a smaller place where there is absolutely no medical help at present. As to midwifery, the two nurses who are here now have begun, and we are hoping to get more underway. I am hoping that my equipment arrives soon. I am surely looking forward to getting into the work here. The climate of Quito is perfect and the country beautiful. I can hardly wait to get acquainted with more of the people. Siesta time is always welcome! I am told that it is because of the altitude that we seem to enjoy our rest so much. Greetings to everyone I know.

How sorry I was to read of Mac's death in the last Bulletin. It must have left a big hole at Hyden Hospital.

. . . .

From Della Int-Hout in Chicago, Illinois—May, 1953

I had a pleasant surprise this week—I went to see Mrs. Boyd's (FNS) pictures. I got so excited and happy inside when I saw you all. It was all so real just as though I was there, and when you were all at tea, I wanted to call out to you "Hello." They are really beautiful pictures, the colors lovely, and the approach to Wendover!—how I loved that; I just felt I was going along, over the two bridges, myself. The little outpost clinic scene was very good. The people were especially interested in that. There was a good gathering, and Mrs. Boyd's talk was so interesting to them.

MY TRIBUTE TO THE FNS'ERS

As you give your lives to service
 You do not seek for fame,
 But work for the love of duty
 And not for worldly gain.

You help the poor and the needy,
 And those with woes untold,
 You give courage to the young folks,
 And pity to the old.

You have need of lots of courage—
 Faith and charity too,
 And with common sense aplenty
 To make your dreams come true.

Contributed anonymously

WHERE ELSE BUT WENDOVER ON A SUNDAY!

by

KAY AMSDEN, Hanover, New Hampshire Courier

After six days of toil and sweat Sunday suddenly looms at hand once a week, and a day of rest is planned in the life of a courier. But who knows what this day may bring forth? It can only happen at Wendover. I will try to recapture some of my more interesting experiences here for you.

Sunday—August 10. With many unanswered letters staring me in the face I settled down at my desk this morning and set about to renew my correspondence with friends at home. But then the inevitable happened!—there was a call for a courier and the barn man said that Feather (one of the Wendover cows) was “ready” to take a trip down the road along the river to see Frontiersman (the bull). So with rope and halter in hand I approached Feather’s stall and attempted to put the halter on her. Anyone who has tried to halter a cow will know what I mean by “attempted.” After successfully corralling the cow in one corner, I grabbed her nose and slipped the halter on and then gave the other end of the rope to the barn man. Then we set out down Pig Alley: the barn man pulling Feather while I stayed behind and flicked her with a stick to keep her going. All the way down the road the quiet of the Sabbath was rent by the doleful mooing of Feather and, at frequent intervals, she tried (almost successfully) to plunge down over the edge of the road in the general direction of the cow pasture. What a sigh of relief when the gate was unlocked and Feather was out of our hands! But then we discovered to our dismay that our troubles had just begun! Goldie (another Wendover cow) was already there and it was necessary to catch her and turn Feather loose, meanwhile keeping the bull at a safe distance. When this was accomplished we headed back to Wendover, this time with Goldie in tow. She was not pleased about leaving her barn mate and consequently needed much persuasion with a stick to keep her moving. So, two hours later and one more fascinating experience behind me, I returned to my quiet Sunday occupation of writing letters.

Sunday—August 17. Well, another Sunday, and another memorable experience, at Wendover. This time a quiet drive to one of the centers was planned, to deliver a dog to one of the nurses who had not yet acquired a pet. Aiming for an early start we all rose at 5:30 a.m. and tiptoed down to the jeep shed. But our quiet tread was all in vain because we found Anna May January (nurse-midwife) and Dusty (courier) bustling around and finally roaring off by jeep down Pig Alley in a cloud of dust, on their way to "catch" a baby. When the dust had settled Thumper, Lucile Hodges and I loaded ourselves and two dogs into another jeep and headed for Brutus. Upon arrival we discovered Ivallean had to rush off to teach Sunday school. So, we decided to amuse ourselves by exploring the two springs, on the hill behind the center, until she returned. Thumper and I gave out at the first spring, but Lucile and Bridie decided to hunt for the second one and they said they would be right back. Finally when the two explorers did not come "right back" we returned to the center in favor of shade and comfortable chairs. When Ivallean returned and found the other two had not come back she was worried about the snakes and we set out to look for them. I went up to the second spring and Ivallean went to the first; then I crossed over and we searched together through brambles, briars, over rocks and trees and finally we reached the top of the hill and still no sign of the explorers. Wiping the sweat from our eyes and pausing a moment to catch our breath, we heard a faint yell from Thumper. They had returned to the center! Without a comment we staggered back down the hill only to be met with "Oh, were you looking for us?" from one of the explorers perched atop the water tank. By now my visions of a quiet Sunday at one of the centers had been shattered and I limped on blistered feet to a soft chair, and sank down in it to rest. With some delicious food in me I was revived very soon, and able to make the trip back to Wendover. The remark which climaxed the whole day's adventure came from one of the explorers: "I'm just a mountain goat!"

Sunday—August 24. Here we go again! You would think I'd learn by now, but I really love it and look forward to a new experience each Sunday. This time I went to Possum Bend Center at Confluence to give Vivienne Blake a jeep driving lesson,

and I took Lucile and Juanetta along for the ride. To begin with, when we arrived Vivienne was out on a midwifery case, so we decided to try and find her. After fording a river and traversing the side of a mountain by jeep on a slippery, rutty road we landed in someone's front yard and, upon inquiry, found that we were a little late—the baby had arrived three weeks ago! The situation really was so humorous we just couldn't be annoyed with our wild goose chase. When we returned we found Vivienne had just gotten back, so we had our driving lesson and then a very nice lunch. In the afternoon Vivienne asked me to drive her back to see her new baby, as she was worried about him. Upon seeing him again, she decided it would be best to carry him to our hospital. After we had taken the baby to Hyden Hospital, Lucile and Juanetta returned to Wendover. But I drove Vivienne back to Confluence, where I was to spend the night. Before supper I decided to try my hand at a little white-washing (never having even seen the stuff before). The first batch was much too lumpy, so I dumped it out and started again. I finally managed to get one stall done—with the majority of the lime and water all over me. I was too tired after "just my driving lesson" that a wonderful meal of fried chicken soon put me to sleep—and thus ended another quiet Sunday at Wendover!

Regardless of whether Sunday is a "day of rest" or not I wouldn't have missed these memorable experiences for anything, and my only comment is: Where else but Wendover on a Sunday!

PAPPLES

After years of effort, British plant breeders have produced papple, a hybrid resulting from the crossing of a pear and an apple tree. Ten years from now, says the London Daily Express, papples will be on the market. Papple pie will be on menus.

We find no objection to this. Plum and/or apple is good. But, please, breeders, don't come up with squokra, a cross between squash and okra. Or carbage—carrots and cabbage. Soyoats—soybeans and oats might not be so bad, but let's not have any raspnuts or peaberries. And the first guy who bothers with the onion will be investigated!

Dallas Morning News, April 27, 1953

FIRST AID COURSE

This year Miss Katherine Macdonald of the Frontier Nursing Service has added a lot of interest to our biology and health classes by teaching a First Aid course. In all, she has given about twenty hours of her time to lectures and demonstrations. This practical application of our lessons makes our classroom work vital and important to us.

Besides re-emphasizing the foundations of anatomy and physiology, Miss Macdonald has taught correct bandaging of all kinds of wounds, splinting of fractures, artificial respiration, proper ways of carrying sick and wounded persons, and how to stop bleeding. She has made us aware of the dangers in our own homes so that we can avoid many burns, poisonings, and accidents. We have learned that our first job as first aiders is to prevent accidents; but we hope that all of us will be able to use the knowledge we have learned if accidents or sudden illness happen our way.

From "Little Acorns," 1953
Annual Publication of Stinnett Settlement School,
Hoskinston, Kentucky

WILD FLOWERS

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired
the kindly teacher.

"Oh, sir! the flowers, they are wild,"
replied the timid creature.

Without permission of Harper & Brothers
From Peter Newell, in *Pictures and Rhymes*, 1900

There once was a man who said, "How
Shall I manage to carry my cow?
For if I should ask it
To get in my basket,
'Twould make such a terrible row."

Anonymous

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of the trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place at the Lexington, Kentucky, Country Club on Thursday, May 28—after this Bulletin has gone to press but before it is mailed. For the first time in years several of the members of our Executive Committee, who have practically never missed a meeting, will miss this one. Mr. E. S. Jouett, our Chairman Emeritus, has set out for Europe in his ninetieth year. Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and Mrs. R. M. Bagby are both abroad. Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, one of our Vice-Chairmen, faithful attendant at meetings and hard worker in them, can't come this year because she is convalescing from a gall bladder operation. It is wonderful to be able to report that, after a really serious illness, she is making a satisfactory recovery.

. . . .

The *Giver's Guide* from the NATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU is such an informative booklet that the FNS will have 100 of the new ones—for 1953—at its Annual Meeting. Those of our members and trustees who carry copies away will see the Frontier Nursing Service listed among the national philanthropies which conform to the standards of the Bureau and have its endorsement.

The National Information Bureau, a non-profit body, performs a service so unique that we wonder why everybody who gives to national charities is not enrolled among its subscribers. Its confidential reports can only be sent to its own members. They should be read by every charitable man and woman in the United States because

"The more one becomes aware of the tremendous stake which the American people have invested in our philanthropic organizations, the more urgent becomes the need to insure that these organizations live up to the standards that will not betray this trust."

Those of you who want to know how to become members of the National Information Bureau may write to Mr. D. Paul Reed, its Executive Director, at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

Our Washington Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, gave its annual John Mason Brown-Mayflower Ballroom Benefit on April 10. As announced in our Winter Bulletin, Mrs. Eisenhower not only consented to head the list of patronesses but honored the meeting with her presence. The sheaf of newspaper clippings sent down to us include a picture from the *Washington Post* of Mrs. Eisenhower extending her hand over the railing of her box to greet some of our friends. John Mason Brown was at his best in this year's lecture. When our Benefit chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, introduced him, she took three minutes in which to speak of the activities of the Frontier Nursing Service, and its world-wide significance, before she told the distinguished audience about their distinguished lecturer.

In appraising the success of this Benefit, which netted \$2,042.60 (including donations sent the FNS through the Benefit treasurer, Mrs. John W. Davidge, Jr.), we should like to mention every member of the Washington Committee and especially those hard workers on its Executive Committee—but there were so many that space forbids. They held regular business meetings at Mrs. Patterson's house in advance of the Benefit, where they subdivided into small groups, under chairmen, to line up and carry a heavy load. By a heavy load, we mean such things as the following:—a revision of the invitation lists; printing; addressing and stuffing the envelopes (to save money); the sale of seats and boxes; the arrangements with the Mayflower Hotel (including rehearsals of the volunteer ushers); telephoning; secretarial work; publicity—newspaper, radio, television.

Among those who spoke for the Benefit, over the radio or on television, were Mrs. George Humphrey, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mrs. Sinclair Weeks, wife of the Secretary of Commerce, Mrs. Wigglesworth and Mrs. Patterson.

At a business meeting following the Benefit, Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth retired from the post of Washington chairman, which she has carried with dignity and success for several years, into the ranks of our wonderful honorary chairmen. She has been succeeded as Washington chairman by Mrs. Jefferson Patterson who, as Marvin Breckinridge, was our first courier in the twenties. We will be forgiven when we express our thankfulness

that one of the young things who served us so devotedly in our rough years is now about to serve us as a leader in the nation's capital. Other couriers will be holding chairmanships in the not-distant future. This is a mark of our maturity, and theirs.

. . . .

In response to the request in the Winter Bulletin, hundreds of you sent packages to the Parcel Post committee of the Bargain Box committee of the New York committee of the FNS. These were all sold at the Spring Rummage Party held on April 22, at the home of Mrs. Archibald Douglas. Our New York chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, wrote us that it was "a magnificent triumph." She said the things sent were wonderful and worth many times the dollar the buyers paid for each unopened package. She was most moved by the "sense of sharing in the party" from so many Bulletin subscribers from so many parts of the United States.

. . . .

Two warm friends of ours, members of our committees, are in the Kentucky news this spring. Mr. Dewey Daniel, president of the Peoples Bank at Hazard, Kentucky, has been elected as president of the Kentucky Chamber of Commerce. We are thrilled. Mrs. W. A. Hifner, Jr., a veteran member of the Lexington Humane Society, has been elected president of the newly-organized Kentucky Humane Federation—a federation of all the humane societies in the commonwealth, formed, as Mrs. Hifner said, "in order that these societies might stand together in our work for the welfare of animals throughout the state."

. . . .

Your Director had the honor of speaking on Thursday, May 14, at the annual convention in Louisville of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs. I received a wonderful welcome from the president, Mrs. I. D. Thompson of Monticello, and from the other officers and the members of the convention. Through Mrs. Tallu Fish, prominent publicity woman and niece of one of my closest friends, arrangements were made for me to be interviewed by Ann Hubert, Women's Editor, over WAVE. I attended the annual meeting of the Kentucky Colonial Dames, with

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap. A lot of extra things always crop up when one accepts an engagement beyond the mountains.

. . . .

Readers of the chapter on Scotland—in *Wide Neighborhoods*—will recall the mention several times of Mr. Murdo Morrison. After reading in the Winter Bulletin about the death of our Mac, he wrote us that he was “well acquainted with Roag House, Isle of Skye, where she was born and reared.” He said that “her strong yet very kindly face” reminded him of other women of Skye whose characters were like hers in devotion and graciousness. He wrote, “for me, I feel proud to be of the same race and stock as she was.”

M. B.

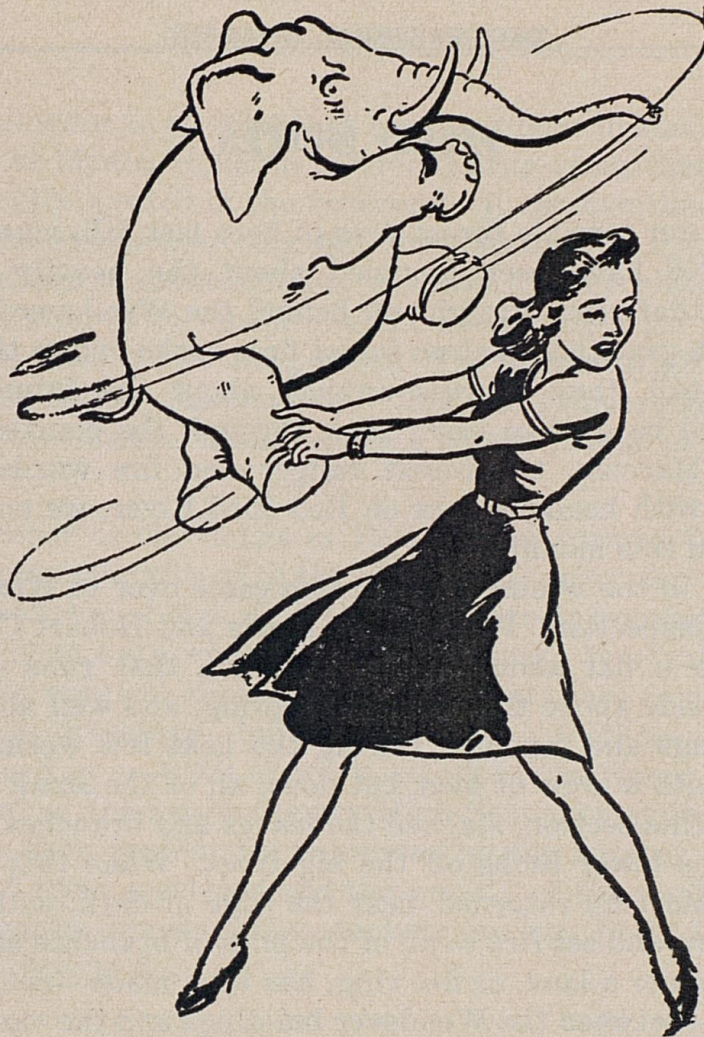
FRUIT NAMES

“Peach” comes directly from the old French *pesche*, by way of the Latin *persicum*, the fruit from Persia. “Nectarine,” too, is probably from the Persian word meaning “the best.” Damsons were first imported only a few centuries ago, and their old name of “damascene” links them at once with Damascus. Cherry is from a Greek word which indicated that the fruit first came from Cerasus, a town on the Black Sea. Quince, which has preserved little of its old name, is a corruption of the French *coing*, itself deriving from the Latin *Cydonium malum*—the apple from Cydon, a town in Crete. Within living memory the dried grapes called currants were known in the Chilterns as Corinth grapes or “corinths,” because they were shipped from that port in Greece. Modern garden currants, introduced probably in the sixteenth century, borrowed the name currant, presumably because they looked a little like the small dried grape of the name. A contemporary writer referred to them as “bastard corinths.”

J. H. B. Peel

The Countryman, England, Winter, 1952

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 thousands 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

Since our terrible forest fires in here last fall, many friends of the FNS have been troubled about the heavily timbered mountain that rises straight up behind the Wendover buildings. Along with gratitude that no forest fires broke out on this mountain last fall, they express anxiety about the future. These friends will be glad to learn that, through the courtesy of Mr. Maynard Marcum, the forest ranger and fire warden in our territory, with headquarters on Red Bird River, we now have a fire lane on this mountain.

Early in the winter Mr. Marcum came over to Wendover on a tour of inspection. With Agnes Lewis and Hobart Cornett he climbed to a flat about thirty feet wide that runs along the mountain side above the Wendover spring, and well above all of the buildings and fencing. During the next few weeks, Hobart Cornett, with a crew of men, cut down all of the small trees and bushes in this section, stacked the leaves and branches together, and cut the lower limbs off the big trees. When this had been done Mr. Marcum returned, near the edge of dark, with some of his fire crew and set fire to all of the piles of branches and leaves. In this manner a lane, or fire ring, has been made—nearly half a mile long—between the Wendover buildings and the vast acreage of this forest that lies above them. Under Mr. Marcum's direction, we will keep this ring or lane cleared of underbrush and leaves.

The Frontier Nursing Service, as all know, owns the great mountain and its timber. It was a joy to us that Mr. Marcum did not order any of the big trees in the fire lane cut down and removed. He said that no "crown fire" would come in hardwood timber.

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Since the death of Ann P. MacKinnon—Mac—the Frontier Nursing Service has received from a number of her friends checks to be used as a memorial to her. Other friends have spoken with us, or have written us, wanting to subscribe to the fund whenever we had decided what form the memorial would take.

It is obvious to all of us that anything done in Mac's memory should be at Hyden Hospital. Our old drug room there is most inconveniently located in the basement. It can continue to house some of the supplies in bulk but there should be a step-saving place for drugs in constant use. We have found a place for it on the ground floor of the hospital and have arranged for Mr. Oscar Bowling to build a new drug room. The memorial gifts sent in will be used for its construction. This will pleasure Mac, as we say in the mountains. There will be a bronze plaque in her name.

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A number of the ladies at Hyden have formed themselves into a Women's Auxiliary to the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. D. Begley. At their regular meetings they have done a stupendous amount of work. In advance of Dr. Massie's big surgical clinic they met several times to prepare all of the gauze dressings—hundreds of 4 by 4's. Those of us who have dropped in on them at work, either in the Home Economic Department of the Leslie County High School or at Hyden Hospital, have been profoundly impressed by the number of women who attend these meetings and the quality of the work they do. After the gauze dressings they took up sewing. Betty Lester has plenty for them to do!

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Betty Lester, who (except for the war years) has been with the FNS since 1928, and is an assistant director, has taken over the post of Superintendent of Hyden Hospital. Her old position of Field Supervisor has not been filled as we go to press. We have nurse-midwives in our outpost centers capable of carrying the job but we cannot release one of them as yet from the post she holds now. It may be September before this essential post is filled. Meanwhile, Helen Browne (Brownie) is carrying an extra heavy load, and the outpost nurses work superbly with less help from Wendover than they are entitled to get.

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We must say goodbye this summer to nurses who have been with us for so long that a part of us is torn up by the roots when they leave. Rose Evans (Cherry) will have completed fourteen years with the Frontier Nursing Service, all but the first one as

nurse in charge of the Possum Bend Center at Confluence. She goes to the Maternal Health Center in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Here in this sunny climate, with daytime work only, she will have a respite from the night calls in all weather that she has answered so gallantly over the years—on horseback, afoot and, rarely, by jeep.

Joyce Stephens (Stevie), whose drawing of the one-room school on Upper Flat Creek comes in this Bulletin, has been with the Frontier Nursing Service five years. During most of this time she has been in charge of the Caroline Butler Atwood Center at Flat Creek. Her home ties in the old country are taking her back—by a rather round about route. She and Elizabeth Hillman (Hilly) have bought a delivery-type truck in which they plan to tour the west before Stevie sails. They feel that good as Kentucky is—it is not all of the United States. Hilly is taking a leave of absence and will return by Thanksgiving.

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There are other staff losses and changes. The Frontier Nursing Service is so much like a family that those who give wholeheartedly of their buoyant young lives, in our service, not only remain a part of us always but carry our abiding affection with them wherever they go. Sometime the going is by way of marriage. Pauline Kennedy (Pauly) has been Dr. den Dulk's clinic nurse during most of the past year. Rarely have we had a young thing come to us who integrated herself so quickly into our work and people. Pauly's integration became complete, although we lost her, when she married Mr. Daniel Keen, son of our old friends the John Keens at Dryhill. Dan is a salesman for a large territory, with headquarters in Lexington. We wish this young couple all the happiness this world can hold.

The Hyden Hospital secretary, Elizabeth Dinkle, is engaged to be married to Mr. Galen Work whom she met at college in Maryville, Tennessee. The wedding will take place this summer at her home in Baltimore.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Bella Vaughn, whose first impressions of Wendover are given elsewhere in this Bulletin, has consented to take over the Hyden Hospital secretarial post—which she carries with gusto.

After the close of our fiscal year April 30, Audrey Beardsworth went back to stay with her people in Alabama, thus removing from our midst her two adorable little girls, Sharon and Jane. Lucile Hodges has taken back the post of FNS bookkeeper at Wendover. It will be recalled that she came to us in 1930 as bookkeeper, that she saved the books single-handed at the time of the Garden House fire, that she returned to us for keeps (after an absence of two years) in June, 1952. Pending the opening of the new fiscal year, Lucile has done a superb job as the Quarterly Bulletin Secretary in charge of all lists and much besides. We take pleasure in announcing that Mary LaMotte, who has been working with Lucile for some months, takes over the post of Quarterly Bulletin Secretary. She will remain with us for at least a full year, while Ernest Slusher, to whom she is engaged, is with the army in the Far East.

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It is with profound regret that we announce the departure of Dr. F. William den Dulk, with Mrs. den Dulk, Leanne, Billy and their new baby, in late June. Dr. den Dulk plans to take up private practice in the State of Washington. He has won the affection as well as the respect of thousands of patients. We will miss him and his family, sorely.

It is with joy that we announce the name of the new Medical Director, Dr. Frances L. Zoekler, who comes to us early in July with superb qualifications and wide experience, some of it in the mission field in Iran. We owe our good fortune to Dr. Karl M. Wilson of the University of Rochester, New York—a member of our National Medical Council who holds our best interests always in his heart.

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When Ivallean Caudill came to us in August, 1949, it was to get the experience she would need to do nurse-midwifery in Knott County, Kentucky where she was born and raised. After taking her training at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery she remained with the Service for three years. During the latter part of this time she first was in charge of the Brutus outpost center and later, an assistant to the Dean in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We knew that Ivallean's heart

was set on going back to her native heath, so we put her in touch with a group of people whose interest for years had been in that part of the Kentucky mountains. They undertook to finance Ivallean and Evelyn Mottram in their new venture. Evelyn, who during the past three years has done splendid work as head Hospital Midwife, left immediately after surgical clinic. They have lined up fine medical coöperation at Hindman. We expect them to make a report on their venture in the next Bulletin.

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We referred elsewhere to Dr. Massie's surgical clinic. With his anesthetist, Miss Laurene Adair, and his surgical nurse, Miss Louise Griggs, he came up on April 8. On the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday morning he and Dr. den Dulk performed fifteen major operations with entire satisfaction to the patients. At this clinic we used for the first time the operating table given us by the Bethesda Hospital in Cincinnati. It is a vast improvement over our old one, and we are correspondingly grateful.

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Readers of our Summer 1952, Bulletin will remember the story called "Operation Louise" with its cartoons. This bit of information from Louise's mistress, Mrs. Pearl Martin at Brutus, affords a fitting sequel.

Louise farrowed yesterday. She had twelve beautiful red pigs. Pearl and I sat up with her late last night to feed and watch her and to see if she were all right. After she ate she was careful not to get on the pigs. So this morning and tonight Louise and her big family were ok. The neighbors came yesterday to see her.

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Six graduate registered nurses completed their training as nurse-midwives at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on April 15. Ruth Vander Meulen remained at the School as assistant to Jane Furnas. The others—Ruby Eliason, Audrey Lafrenz, Mary Leatherman, Elaine Sell, Gudrun Stenoien—have scattered to the winds of Heaven. The April 15 class has started with a fine group of students, of whom more later. Those who went to the School from Hyden Hospital, its clinic and districts, have been replaced by tip-top young nurses.

Among the guests who have come to us this spring were some of supreme importance to the Frontier Nursing Service. The chairman of our Chicago committee, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, with another member of that committee, Mrs. David Dangler, spent several days with us around the end of March and first of April. We did so enjoy them both! Mrs. Boyd had not been in to see us since her daughter, Barbara, was a courier in the thirties. This time she arrived armed with a small but first-class moving picture camera in the use of which she was indefatigable. We fairly hung on the weather because colored pictures don't come out at their best on cloudy days. Well, either she had enough good days or her photography was superlative because the reports we get on the movies indicate unbound appreciation.

Although such things really belong in Beyond the Mountains, we shall state right here that Mrs. Boyd first showed her films in May at Winnetka in the home of the Harold Barneses. She herself gave a running commentary on it. Mrs. Elbert Bell gave an excellent résumé of *Wide Neighborhoods*. The meeting was well attended, and our mail has brought us several enthusiastic accounts of it. Before the end of May Mrs. Boyd plans two more showings—one at Mrs. Goodman's on the south side and one at Mrs. Sutherland's in Glencoe.

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The chairman of our Detroit committee, Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., with her sister, Mrs. Wood Williams, came to see us in April, but alas, they were here only about thirty hours. They were driving from Oak Ridge, where Mrs. Hodges has a son, back to Detroit. Short as their visit was, they managed to lunch with Betty Lester at the Hyden Hospital and go over the whole plant, visit one of the outpost nursing centers and see a great deal of Wendover and its workings. We had the most satisfactory long conferences with Mrs. Hodges.

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One of the most thrilling visits we have ever had came about when the Health Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, Dr. Bruce Underwood, came with Mrs. Underwood and Billy to stay the night of Friday, April 17. They were delightful guests.

Our very own Dr. John H. Kooser, with his wife Hannah, his daughter Nancy, and his son John, stayed with us from April 2, to April 4,—all-too-short a time for our deep friendship. The Koosers put up at Hyden Hospital from where they were able to see many old neighborhood friends. The day they spent at Wendover we sat together for several hours just talking.

Mr. and Mrs. Vander Meulen, parents of our nurse, Ruth, and Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, parents of our nurse, Nancy, have also made all-too-brief visits at Hyden Hospital. It has been lovely for all of us to get to know them.

Hope McCown, who comes to help us through every crisis, bless her, has spent nearly two weeks at Hyden Hospital as an assistant to Betty Lester who needed her. After that she came to Wendover to carry on with the job Mrs. Moorman did last fall, namely, pasting book reviews and clippings in their proper order in their proper albums.

Another welcome oldtimer in the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge, who as Martha Prewitt was with us in the late 1920's, came for an overnight visit while she was in Kentucky to see her father, Mr. David Prewitt. In the early summer, she sails for Japan to join her husband.

We had, as always, a number of nurses come to see us this spring and we were particularly entranced with delightful student nurses and their instructors from Cincinnati. But we haven't space in which to mention all our guests. We want to note, however, our especial appreciation of Miss Katherine Worrell's visit. A Consultant from the Children's Bureau in Washington, on a short trip to Kentucky, she was so kind as to stay overnight with us. It was delightful also having another visit from Miss Ann Asbury from the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission. Our AOPi Social Service Secretary, Mary Ann Quarles, is ever in a state of undying gratitude to Miss Asbury for the coöperation she gets from the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission.

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Our readers will realize that with all this coming and going of guests, as well as our regular routine work, a heavy load falls on the Courier Service. This Service for a good part of the spring has consisted entirely of its chief, Jean Hollins. The

other young things on the staff—Mary Ann Quarles, Peggy Elmore, Anna May January, Mary Lamotte—have helped with the watering of the horses and have often taken over some of the transport duties.

The situation was eased enormously when Fredericka Holdship (Freddy), whose picture with Tenacity the mule, is on the inside back cover of this Bulletin, came the end of February, and when Kay Amsden, another old courier, came for ten days during spring vacation from Sweet Briar. However, again Jean was alone after they both left in early April until Helen Stone (Pebble) came from her home on Long Island the first of May. We find ourselves wishing that so many young girls of today did not want to go to college!

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A meeting of the Wendover committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, with its chairman, Mr. Lee Morgan, presiding, took place at Wendover on Saturday, May second. We began with dinner and finished with a most satisfactory business meeting.

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Mr. Floyd Bowling has put a new "face" in one drawer to the solid walnut desk at the Flat Creek Center, free of charge. In some way a piece had been knocked out of it and it was unsightly. He and Mrs. Bowling were calling at the center, he noticed the drawer, took it right home with him and sent it back beautifully repaired.

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We are deeply grateful to ARMCO DRAINAGE AND METAL PRODUCTS, Inc. of Middletown, Ohio, for a gift, through the courtesy of Mr. A. C. Neff, Vice-President, of 52-feet of Armco copper steel corrugated culvert pipe for draining the Wendover road.

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The Red Cross Blood Mobile came to Leslie County on March 12, for the fourth of its six visits of the year. Dr. Alice N. Pickett, brilliant Louisville obstetrician, now retired, and member of the FNS National Medical Council, headed the unit, and she and her eight co-workers honored the FNS by coming

to Wendover for dinner that evening. Seventy-five pints of blood were obtained. Anna May January was so afraid that she wouldn't meet the weight requirements that she went in with two huge rocks in her uniform pockets! She guessed well—with rocks and boots she weighed 111 pounds. Although Brownie, who was checking weights, discovered the deception, Anna May was allowed to give half a pint of blood.

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The Red Cross Blood Mobile is a favorite with Betty Lester, who has worked long and arduously in its behalf. She was so eager to attend the big meeting at the Louisville Regional Blood Center that she drove from Hyden to Louisville Sunday night, April 19, and returned to her duties at Hyden Hospital the following Monday night. Mr. Eugene Howard, Leslie County Agent, and the recruitment chairman of our blood mobile chapter, took her in his car. They reported that the Leslie County quota for the coming year is 574 pints of blood. Betty said the meeting was most impressive, with representatives from all over Kentucky and western Indiana. She said she particularly enjoyed hearing Dr. Beard talk on gamma globulin for polio.

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We in the Kentucky mountains had driving snow with high winds on Monday, April 20, this year. It isn't often our snow comes as late in the spring as that.

I'M A BROKEN-HEARTED GARDENER

She's my snowdrop, my ranunculus,
My hyacinth, my gillyflower, my polyanthus,
My heartsease, my pink, my water-lily,
My buttercup, my daisy, my daffy-down-dilly.

Mid-Victorian Ballad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in 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 compiled with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by truck or wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

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

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



TENACITY TAKING HER MORNING ROLL
Attended by Courier Fredericka Holdship (Freddy)
of Sewickley, Pennsylvania



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