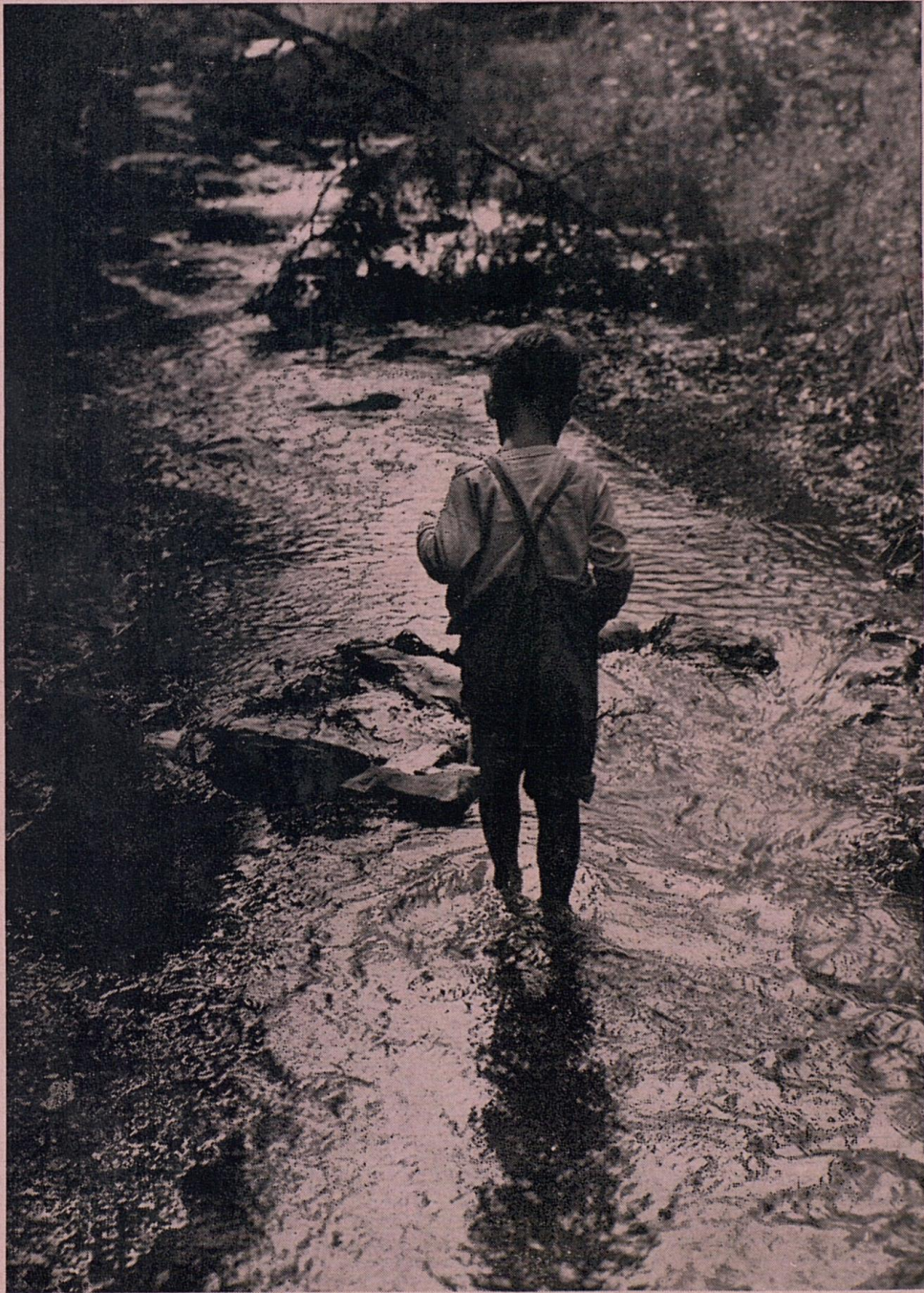


The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 24

SUMMER, 1948

NUMBER 1



A MOUNTAIN CHILD



THE GRANDMOTHER

Mrs. Sallie Lewis of Hurricane Creek
and her grandchildren

Photograph taken by Margaret McCracken, R.N., C.M.
Printed by kind permission of Mrs. Lewis

Cover photograph was taken by Earl Palmer

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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SUMMER, 1948

NUMBER 1

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

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

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1948, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting schedules.

Your operations for the year resulted in a net gain of \$1,638.00 of free surplus and an increase of \$12,585.62 in endowment. This makes total endowment in excess of one-half million dollars—a goal for which the Director has been striving for many years.

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

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) HIFNER AND FORTUNE
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky,
May Nineteenth,
Nineteen Forty-eight.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
for the Fiscal Year
May 1, 1947 to April 30, 1948

PREFACE

Each year at this time we give our subscribers an annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service. Not only is it our duty to tell our widely scattered members about the money we have received, and what we have done with it, but it is a source of satisfaction to us to make an annual accounting of everything.

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

I.

FISCAL REPORT

Our annual audit covers many pages, too many to print in full. All of the figures given under their respective headings are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the last audit. We have divided them into four categories, each blocked off into one full page. The first category is the auditors' own Summary. The second is their list of Endowments. The third, taken from the audit, covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category is in two columns. To the left are the Expenditures of the past fiscal year, taken from the audit, and to the right is our Budget for the coming fiscal year, based on last year's expenditures.

It will be noted that our Budget for the current fiscal year is lower than our Expenditures were during the past fiscal year, a difference that lies chiefly in the figures for Maintenance of Properties and Replacement of Equipment and Livestock. Since we cannot count on enough income to cover these costs for our vast and widely scattered properties, we list particular items annually in our Spring Bulletin as "Urgent Needs." After reading this list, friends from all over the United States send us thousands of dollars to meet the most urgent of these needs. These thousands of dollars represent the difference between the meagre sum we budget for Maintenance and Replacement and the far larger sum needed.

It will be noted that there is a fifth category called Inventory. Our auditors value our properties at \$269,385.57. The Inventory is given to explain that figure in detail. All five categories are given, in sequence, on the following pages.

1.

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORT
From Official Audit for Fiscal Year
May 1, 1947 to April 30, 1948

RECEIPTS (not including new endowments):		
Donations	\$109,195.39	
Income from endowment, benefits, fees, et cetera.....	48,111.78	\$ 157,307.17
EXPENDITURES—for operating ex- penses including repairs, replace- ments, and upkeep.....		155,669.17
Excess of Receipts over Expenditures		\$ 1,638.00
<hr/> New Endowments received.....		\$ 12,585.62
<hr/> New Land, Buildings, Livestock, and Equipment		\$ 4,009.40
Less Charge-Offs for deaths of ani- mals, depreciation, et cetera.....		3,337.29
Net increase in physical property.....		\$ 672.11

GENERAL DATA AS OF APRIL 30, 1948

Value of Land, Buildings, Livestock, and Equipment		\$ 269,385.57
Total Endowment (This is the value of the gifts at the dates they were received. Present values would probably exceed this amount.).....		\$ 503,628.01
Total Contributions and Income (ex- clusive of Endowment) from Or- ganization to April 30, 1948.....		\$2,524,413.92
Total Expenses (exclusive of Land, Buildings, and Equipment) from Organization to April 30, 1948.....		2,262,387.52
Excess of Total Income over Total Expenses		\$ 262,026.40
This excess is represented by		
Cash	\$ 4,102.03	
Land, Buildings, and Equipment....	269,385.57	
	273,487.60	
Less Indebtedness	11,461.20	\$ 262,026.40

2.

ENDOWMENT

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

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Crib.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,118.87
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown	1,000.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36
William Nelson Fant, Jr. Memorial.....	78,349.52
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	1,100.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	5,000.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial Fund.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	10,000.00
Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....	12,120.00
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and Its Endowment.....	39,014.50
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70
Elisabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00
Richard D. McMahon Legacy.....	17,943.23
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford's Fund in Memory of her two children.....	5,000.00
Cassius Clay Shackelford (a boy)	
Rodes Clay Shackelford (a girl)	
General Endowment Reserve (Mrs. Louise D. Crane)	4,000.00
Total	<u>\$503,628.01</u>

REVENUE RECEIPTS

Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid
May 1, 1947 to April 30, 1948

SUMMARY	Contributions	Benefits and Bargain Box	Totals
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Fund	\$ 5,261.72	\$	\$ 5,261.72
Baltimore Committee	1,175.00		1,175.00
Boston Committee	5,894.50		5,894.50
Chicago Committee	5,810.18		5,810.18
Cincinnati Committee	6,490.15		6,490.15
Cleveland Committee	3,140.00		3,140.00
Detroit Committee	6,833.13		6,833.13
Hartford Committee	1,034.00		1,034.00
Kentucky:*			
Blue Grass Committee	14,284.50		14,284.50
Louisville Committee	4,568.00	705.00	5,273.00
Miscellaneous Kentucky	1,973.50		1,973.50
Minneapolis Committee	1,145.00		1,145.00
New York Committee	16,827.76	5,000.00	21,827.76
Philadelphia Committee	4,767.55	1,752.85	6,520.40
Pittsburgh Committee	8,708.50		8,708.50
Princeton Committee	990.00		990.00
Providence Committee	1,165.00		1,165.00
Riverdale Committee	1,592.00		1,592.00
Rochester Committee	2,259.17		2,259.17
St. Paul Committee	478.50		478.50
Washington, D. C., Committee	9,253.23	1,618.94	10,872.17
Miscellaneous	5,544.00		5,544.00
Totals	\$109,195.39	\$ 9,076.79	\$118,272.18

* Total for Kentucky \$21,531.00.

OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS

Fees for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery	\$	\$ 3,893.34	\$
Payments from Patients:			
Income from Nursing Centers	6,078.56		
Medical Fees	2,266.00		
Hyden Hospital Fees	2,824.00		
Hyden Hospital Clinic Supplies	1,991.20	13,159.76	
Wendover Post Office		1,393.90	
Investment Income		17,567.99	
Miscellaneous		20.00	36,034.99
Total All Revenue Receipts			\$154,307.17
Transfer from General Endowment Reserve to Payment on Bor- rowed Money			3,000.00
Total All Receipts			\$157,307.17

LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

HYDEN HOSPITAL and FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY :	Expenditures 1947-1948	Budget 1948-1949
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 22,606.71	\$ 23,000.00
2. Running Costs (food, cows, electricity, fuel, laundry, freight, haulage, et cetera).....	10,884.57	10,500.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 1).....	9,602.84	9,500.00
4. Medical Director (Note 2).....	2,767.69	3,000.00
Total	\$ 45,861.81	\$ 46,000.00
DISTRICTS (Wendover and Six Nursing Centers) :		
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 30,128.24	\$ 30,000.00
2. Feed and Care of Horses (Hospital, Graduate School, Wendover, and 12 districts).....	10,203.01	10,000.00
3. Jeeps, Truck, Station-Wagon-Ambulance (Ditto)	2,291.65	2,500.00
4. Running Costs (food, minus board of resi- dents; cows, fuel, kerosene, candles, laundry, freight, haulage)	12,141.08	12,000.00
Total	\$ 54,763.98	\$ 54,500.00
ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENES :		
Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, printing, telephone, telegraph, postage, et cetera	\$ 18,389.20	\$ 18,000.00
GENERAL EXPENSES :		
1. Social Service	\$ 5,114.50	\$ 3,500.00
2. Insurance (Fire—\$209,000.00 coverage, Em- ployer's Liability, full coverage on station wagon, truck and jeeps).....	\$ 3,723.67	\$ 3,700.00
3. Quarterly Bulletin (covered by subscriptions, with small surplus).....	\$ 3,335.86	\$ 3,300.00
4. Statistics and Research.....	\$ 3,240.00	\$ 3,300.00
5. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors, nurses, for study and observation.....	\$ 1,124.57	\$ 1,000.00
6. Uniforms	\$ 2,881.88	\$ 500.00
7. Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses Beyond the Mountains	\$ 199.85	\$ 200.00
MAINTENANCE OF PROPERTIES AND REPLACEMENT of Equipment and Livestock (Auditor's Valua- tion: \$269,385.57, after adjustments).....		
Totals	\$153,003.99	\$140,000.00

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

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

5.

LAND, BUILDING, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

INVENTORY

Our auditors set a value of \$269,385.57 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

Hyden

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

Wendover

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

Georgia Wright Clearing

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

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

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

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

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

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Log building and oak barn with electricity; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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

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

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

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

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

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

Subsidiary Clinics

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

Livestock

Twenty-two horses; one mule; fourteen cows; six heifers; one bull; over three hundred chickens; pigs.

Equipment

Equipment includes: seven jeeps; one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; one half-ton truck; tanks; engines; pumps; farm

implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishing in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

II.

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept in the bookkeeping department on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service secretary maintained by the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund. The volume of work carried has been immense. We hope that you will take the time to read it in detail.

1.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

Throughout the whole of the past fiscal year, Dr. Maurice O. Barney has been Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. We are glad to be able to write that he will remain with us throughout the fiscal year upon which we embarked May 1st. He is not only an able physician but a kind and considerate man as well.

Since Dr. Barney does not practice major surgery, we have continued to depend on the Hazard surgeons for our major emergency surgery. Dr. R. L. Collins has met this need without cost to us, and with only moderate fees to those patients who could afford to pay, for more than twenty years. Other distinguished Hazard physicians who come with him, or take the calls for him, are Dr. J. E. Hagan, Dr. N. F. O'Donnell, Dr. Cooley L. Combs, and Dr. M. Palmer. What we and our patients owe to these men we could never put into words.

Dr. Francis Massie and Dr. Eugene Todd have given two of their free surgical clinics, one in October and one in April during the past year. Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville, with Dr. D. M. Dollar as anesthetist, came for a free tonsillectomy clinic for our children in December. They returned for a second clinic in May, just after the close of the fiscal year. It means everything to our patients and to us to have these distinguished

Lexington and Louisville men each year give time out of their crowded days to serve people who cannot afford to pay hospital costs outside of the mountains.

We want to thank the Sisters of Mount Mary's Hospital at Hazard for their unvarying kindness in taking those accident and gunshot cases that we have relayed to them, after emergency treatment. Where these patients were able to pay only a part of the costs of hospitalization, the Sisters have reduced their bills accordingly. They have charged nothing for patients we have sent them who could pay nothing.

We are, as always, more grateful than we can express to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for giving free care to the children we have transferred to them, care sometimes extending over periods of months. Our gratitude goes out to Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati for his continued courtesy in reporting, without charge, on the X-rays our Medical Director sends him.

The Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission continues to give its prompt, free, and completely efficient care to our crippled children.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad continues to give passes to indigent cases and their attendants.

A number of physicians and surgeons in Louisville and Lexington have attended, without charge, patients and members of our staff sent down to them. Since we could not possibly carry the costs of such services, our gratitude to those who render them comes from the depths of our hearts.

2.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Hospital at Hyden was occupied 6,541 days last year by 789 patients with a daily average of 18.0 patients. This was not as high a daily average as we had during the preceding year, but high enough to mean overcrowding at peak periods of occupancy. Our Hospital has only 18 ward beds and one isolation bed (in the Wee Stone House) and 8 bassinets for the new-born.

Of the 789 patients cared for during the fiscal year, 119 were sick adults, 309 were obstetrical patients, 158 were children, and 203 were newborn. There were 13 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which eight were newborn, and

one was obstetrical. Eighty-eight operations were performed. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital, there was a total of 6,127 visits received during the past fiscal year.

The obstetrical death which took place in our Hospital in December, 1947, was the first such death the Service had suffered in six years and seven months. Although we know that one cannot save every mother, it is an unspeakable grief to lose one. The patient who died was one of our regular registered cases. She was carried in to our Hospital in labor and was attended both by our Medical Director and by Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard. She died five days after the delivery of a stillborn infant.

3.

DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 9,302 people in 2,309 families. Of these, 4,787 were children including 2,382 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 16,703 visits and received 22,529 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 420 sick people of whom 13 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 9,008 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 2,676 specimens for analysis.

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

4.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) attended 457 women in childbirth, and gave

them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 457 women, eight were delivered by our Medical Director and our consultants. There were 444 live births and 13 stillbirths; three deliveries of twins; 399 new cases admitted; 461 closed after postpartum care; three miscarriages; and there was one maternal death,—the one reported in the previous section under HYDEN HOSPITAL.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 25 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 11 live births, one stillbirth, and 14 emergency miscarriages (eight early and six late). They also gave postpartum care to six other mothers. There was one delivery of twins. There were no maternal deaths.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 204 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these 44 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver seven such patients of seven live babies in their own homes.

5.

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has two classes annually, each of six months' duration, which start on October 15th and April 15th. During the past year twelve registered nurses were graduated from the School. The sixteenth class since the School opened in 1939 is now in attendance. When its work is completed on October 15th the School will have sent 71 nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to serve quite literally all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, in Puerto Rico and Alaska, and in various parts of Africa, China, India, Siam, and South

America. A catalogue of the School will be sent to anyone interested in receiving further information.

6.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 124 overnight guests who stayed 391 days. In addition Wendover entertained for meals 129 guests for 291 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 130 days, and day guests for 661 meals. Meals served to patients totaled 16,956.

Guests of the Service during the past year have included not only Americans but persons from the following lands:—Canada, China, Finland, France, Great Britain, Greece, Holland, India, Nicaragua, South Africa.

7.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Fourteen couriers and eleven other volunteers worked for the Service a total of 1,305 days. Of these days, 35 were spent as nurse's aides in the Hospital at Hyden and 71 with the district nurses.

Six volunteer nurses gave a total of 102 days' work in the Hospital and four days on the district.

During the time the volunteers were with the Service they lived at Wendover, Hyden, and the Outpost Centers.

8.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Services and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases:

Aid and care to two dependent children who are placed in private homes.

Aid and care to 13 families of widows and men unable to work.

Acted as Committee for family receiving Idiot's Claim.

Garden seed assistance to eight families.
Sent 10 patients to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati.*
Sent three children to the Kentucky Crippled Commission in Louisville.*
Sent four patients to other hospitals for treatment and helped meet the cost.*
Transported 16 patients to Hazard to oculists and dentists.
Transported five children to Hazard to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Clinic.
Aided two patients in purchase of complete dentures.
Paid for brace for crippled child.
Transported 13 children to Boarding School.
Helped with preparation for Christmas celebrations.
Held Easter Egg Hunt.
Helped with local Red Cross drive.
Gave special assistance to very many families affected by the Flash Floods of June 1947.
Distributed hundreds of articles of clothing, shoes, books, etc.
Service and time given in a number of other cases of a miscellaneous nature in coöperation with county welfare and health departments, the county judges, the Frontier Nursing Service district nurses, and hospital staff.

9.

CHRISTMAS

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

* The Louisville and Nashville Railroad issued 14 passes for patients and attendants.

III.

TWENTY-THREE YEAR TOTALS

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

Patients registered from the beginning.....	32,894
Babies and toddlers.....	13,364
School children	6,698
Total children	20,062
Adults	12,832
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	7,266
(Maternal deaths, 7)	
Inoculations	158,252
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	9,546
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	91,849

CONCLUSION

In giving this long report of a vast piece of work, and its costs, we feel that we have met our yearly obligation to the more than four thousand people who believe in the national value of our work and who support it. No philanthropy, in our opinion, should ask for public support unless it gives a full accounting of all its affairs each year.

The Frontier Nursing Service is so unique in the character of work it does, and in its setting, that it attracts an ever increasing number of people for observation, study, and experience from all over the world. The way we feel about this represents a kind of paradox. On the one hand, we are amazed and humbled by the services we are asked to render and by the thousands of people who give money for our support. On the other hand, we are almost frightened by the narrow margin between the magnitude of our program and the funds given us to carry it through. During our twenty-three years of existence we have rarely seen money ahead in the bank for next month's bills. We have often had to borrow to make ends meet. That they were met during the past fiscal year is due to an unexpected gift of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00) from a group of men in the Blue Grass who

* For 19 years and 6 months. The F.N.S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

wished to remain anonymous. We usually have to go into debt for the summer, when we have our fewest subscriptions and our heaviest expenditures, and lift the debt during the winter months. Under this system, if anything so necessitous can be called a system, we start each new summer with almost no surplus—and so the cycle repeats itself.

If our members will each enlist the support of one new person, then we can see our way through the woods until our endowments are large enough to give us an income of at least \$10,000.00 more annually than we now receive. We therefore repeat again this year what we have so often written—a plea that those of you who love us will each enlist the interest of one new person. To this we add the hope that those of you who can will give us, or leave us, an endowment.

Now, we thank you all—each and every one of you—and especially the members of our Committees, inside and outside of the mountains, who have labored valiantly in our behalf. Both the work we have done and the money we have received would have been impossible without our Committees.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

ANNOUNCEMENT

For Frontier Nurses in Great Britain

The old staff of the Frontier Nursing Service in England are to meet again this year at the REGENT PALACE HOTEL in London on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 25th, at 6:00 p.m. for their annual Service reunion.

Those of you who expect to attend will make your reservations, please, through Miss Nora K. Kelly, The Bearsted Memorial Hospital, Lordship Road, London, N. 16, England.

The loving thoughts of the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky will go out in fullest measure to the old staff of the Service on our Day of reunion and remembrance.

NOTES FROM A CLINIC NURSE

by

CAROLINE F. STILLMAN, R.N. ("Carlie")

If you were to spend one day in the Hyden Hospital Clinic you would heartily agree with Euripedes that "There is no mortal whom sorrow and disease do not touch;" for to the Out Patient Clinics come all ages of men, women, and children suffering from such a wide range of ills as to make one wonder if there can be any limit to the variations.

Children step on rusty nails far too often; but they know they will receive prompt and sympathetic attention when they arrive at the Hospital. Babies suffering from diarrhea are frequent clinic visitors; but mothers know that prompt treatment is important and they can count on our help. Skin lesions of all types are the reason for numerous visits from all age groups. Miners and lumbermen think well of our clinic; fractures and lacerations which require emergency treatment are almost daily occurrences. Add to this the victims of bee stings, snake bites, dog and cat bites, car accidents, burns, rolling rocks, and the frequent fractures suffered by children while at play, and you may readily understand that the Clinic Nurse is never bored and never idle. The day just flies by—it is never long enough.

On Mondays and Fridays the voices of mothers and babies predominate, for on these two days prenatal and postnatal visits are made to the Medical Director and nurse-midwives. Of course, accidents will happen on these days, too, and emergencies are taken care of despite the lack of room. This sometimes means that mothers must wait to see the doctor while some child has his head sutured; but mothers are patient souls, and I have never heard one complain under such circumstances.

To the clinic also come all those poor creatures who suffer from long term illnesses such as tuberculosis, gall bladder diseases, cardiac conditions, carcinoma, asthma, and dietary deficiencies; the list is as long as life itself, and just as interesting.

The Medical Director is a busy man. Many more patients come on most clinic days than can be comfortably cared for, but, somehow, those who need medicine go home with it plainly marked as to when and how to take it; those who need advice

are given it; if x-rays or laboratory work seem indicated then it is accomplished, the results are studied, and the treatment planned accordingly; dressings and injections are fitted in whenever the clinic nurse is not needed to assist the Medical Director with examinations.

When emergency cases arrive most patients realize the situation and wait patiently while the more immediate problem is cared for. Nearly every clinic day some patient who is waiting his turn steps up and offers to give up his or her place to someone who is older or in more acute distress.

A certain Hyden merchant has donated some white chalk; the black paper wrappings from x-ray film are saved; and, with this combination of materials, the children are often kept amused during the time they must wait their turn to see the doctor. Some day we hope to have a small table at which the little folk can sit comfortably to play with chalk and crayons and books.

The Medical Secretary is an important part of the clinic program. She is the person who first meets the in-coming patient, discovers whether or not he is an emergency or can be safely left to wait his turn. She is also the one to whom the Clinic Nurse turns for assistance in obtaining transportation for patients, looking up special records, taking messages upstairs to the Hospital Floor, or holding a baby while a mother is being examined. One other of her duties is to make change for the patients so they can obtain a cold drink from the "coke" machine, and, if this does not seem important to you, then you have never sat for two or three hours in a barren waiting room, suffering from thirst and nervousness.

When I ponder on the problems which remain unsolved, or only partially solved, at the close of the day, I am reminded of an old prayer which runs: "God grant me the courage to change the things I can change, the serenity to accept those I cannot change, and the wisdom to know the difference."

AN AMERICAN NATURALIST

An American naturalist has discovered a parasite which can eat its way through the hardest metals. The Russians are said to be frantically spraying their curtain three times a day.

—*Punch*, London, June 2, 1948

ORGANDIE AND MULL

by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Published by and for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Kentucky
Price \$1.00 Postpaid

Reviewed by
MARION SHOUSE LEWIS
(Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr.)

In this day of world upheaval and deep anxiety among the nations, one is prone to forget that the heart of youth is ever the same: weighted with the timeless verities and guided by the clarion pull of the past and the inscrutable call of the future.

Organdie and Mull, humorously and gently told, is the story of Cynthia and her selection. The scene is laid in the "far" South and the author paints a charming and nostalgic picture of bygone days, using a brush richly gilded with memories of the times of her own girlhood. Like a nineteenth century print, delicately framed, it portrays the romance of a young southern girl at the turn of the century.

Miss Cynthia has two ardent suitors: equally qualified, equally worthy, yet utterly different in themselves and in the lives they so eagerly lay at her feet.

"Miss Hettie" seems to sense the indecision in Cynthia's mind, so makes for her two dresses, confident that in her choice of organdie or mull she will decide, unconsciously, between these two devoted gentlemen.

However, the reader must make his own decision as to Cynthia's choice. As the author says: "You may choose Part I, or Part II, but you cannot choose both."

FRISKY AND US

by

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

(At the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence)

It all came about one evening in July just as the edge of dark was settling over the hills, "Moses" and all the little frogs had begun their symphony, and a hoot owl broke the stillness of eventide. I said to Thelma that it was just too serene and peaceful to last. We had had three races with the stork that week, besides doing typhoid inoculations in the schools.

At that moment there appeared on the porch what I thought looked like a human form of the male sex. "Who is it?" I asked. "Me," was the reply, me proving to be none other than George Henderson who had come for me. Sadie, his wife, was having "bad luck." (Miscarriage.)

Since George lived only a mile away I suggested he take the saddle bags and go on with his mule Frisky, and Thelma and I would walk. But he, being a southern gentleman, insisted that we ride Frisky—our own horses had been on long trips that day.

Since Frisky was a little on the lean side and not too hefty, I reluctantly climbed into the saddle. Thelma sat sideways on the rear, mountain fashion. Thus we took off. When we came to the river, with Frisky stumbling and reeling, I stood in my stirrups and suggested to Thelma that she sit lightly. "Sit lightly, nothing," said Thelma. "It's all I can do to hang on." When we reached the far side of the river, Thelma dismounted, with a deep sigh of relief, so that Frisky and I might hurry on.

Bad luck or no bad luck, Frisky was not in a hurrying mood. Even after much coaxing, pleading, and punching he insisted on bringing up the rear. Thinks I to myself, this is a fine kettle of fish, with the midwife struggling along at the pace of old Mr. Terrapin. By this time George and Thelma were far ahead of me. The beams of their flashlights shone back through the bushes and trees, as they tried desperately to pick out Frisky and me somewhere on the trail.

We arrived at last to find that Sadie really had had bad

luck, but there was nothing to verify this at the moment. In a case of this kind we always ask our families to be sure and save everything for us. "Have you thrown out anything?" I asked. "No and yes, I did throw just a tiny bit into the briar patch." With this as a clue, and trying to make myself feel as much like Brer Rabbit as possible, I pounced on my flashlight and took to the briar patch. After much scratching, snooping and hunting among the heavy bushes, I found what led to the solution of my problem.

We made Sadie comfortable, bade goodnight to all the little ones peeping from behind doors, and prepared to leave. Thelma rode Frisky back to the river; George and I walked. Thelma and Frisky fell back so far behind that we could not even pick them out with a flashlight, and the time spent in waiting at the river for them seemed like ages. I remarked that surely they must have had an accident. "Don't worry," said George. "Frisky is just an old plow mule—he hain't never been rode until tonight."

At last Thelma and Frisky came creeping methodically to the river's edge. With George's gracious help I heaved myself up on to the rump behind the saddle. I felt just about as secure as a tightrope walker, but all went well until we were a little more than half way across the river when I began to slide off. "Are you there?" came from Thelma. "Just am," I answered, as I made a gradual descent off Frisky's rear that landed me in water only a little way from the river bank.

Thankful to be on my feet again, I made the rest of the journey home on shank's mare, with a feeling of satisfaction that we had been of use to the little cabin nestled in the hills.

NO WINDMILLS

"Commenting on the effects of a severe gale, the old labourer said: 'Can't be surprised; there ain't no windmills now to use up the wind.'"
—*The Countryman*, Winter, 1947, England

MISSISSIPPI IN KENTUCKY

by
EDNA OWENS, R.N., C.M.

I

I Arrive at Hyden

'Twas a lost feeling that overwhelmed me as I picked up my small suitcase (grown to enormous size and weight during a twenty-four-hour bus trip). Here I was at Hyden, a stranger in a new place, not knowing where anything was located and, through a mishap in communications, unmet. My first reaction was to ask what time the next bus left for home!

But I took my rapidly weakening courage in hand and entered the Bus Station to ask if there was a hospital in the town. "Yep, it's up the hill apiece. You'll have to call a taxi, or just ring the hospital and they will send down for you."

After a fruitless search for a telephone, I ventured out to see if I might accidentally meet a taxi. I did. There on the side of the street stood a car for hire. From somewhere under the depth of the dashboard the driver was busily engaged in detaching parts and putting them on the floorboard. After watching this process for seemingly a long time, I retraced my steps to the Bus Station to make another attempt to locate a telephone.

At this point, imagine my surprise when I looked up to see a lady come in, dressed in blue-gray riding clothes and black tie! Quickly I introduced myself and asked if she were in any way connected with the F.N.S. No other answer could have startled me as much as her immediate, "Yes! What type blood are you?"

"Type 'B,'" seems to have been the password because Miss Samson (Sammie) promptly said to come with her, and "Charlie" would take us up the hill to the Hospital. After asking everybody in sight their blood type, we took my bags outside where I received another shock. "Charlie" was not a person as the name had implied but a small car.

Under protest "Charlie" made the long, steep climb up to the Hospital where I received a warm welcome from the F.N.S. Thus I entered into a new life with many new things to learn.

But the first thing I had learned was that when the F.N.S. staff speak a name, they may be referring to a person, a jeep, or a four-footed animal.

II

I Move About

'Twas only a little green note, thought I, as the jeep from Wendover left the Beech Fork Center. Only a little note, saying: "Floater, pack those bags. You're moving again. That's right, to Brutus this time."

Early Sunday morning I packed all my belongings for my trip in to Wendover for the night. Monday morning arrived and with it came the hubbub and confusion of Monday courier trips. Everyone wanted to send some little package to Brutus or Bowlingtown. Finally, in an act of desperation, we drove off with a little prayer that anything else bound for Brutus could go by mail.

After we reached the highway and were speeding along in the jeep, we turned to look over the many parcels stacked in the back. Imagine my surprise! It couldn't be! Still, after closing my eyes and opening them again, the same gallon of paint remained. To make my rapidly sinking feelings worse, the Senior Courier looked up and told me that I should have seen the load that went out earlier. 'Twas plain to see that by the time my stay at Brutus ended many a wall would have taken on a new spring coat.

From the above you might gather that Brutus could be more properly called "Operation Paint-brush." Not so. My first Wednesday Clinic broke this illusion rapidly. After I had given 65 or more typhoid shots before lunch I knew that the foregoing impression had been wrong. These clinics were to prove very interesting. Every Wednesday before breakfast could be completed, the line up the hill would be formed. The system used was really simple and "foolproof." That is, it was until the routine was upset. As Jane took names and ages, I got the vaccine ready and gave it. All went well until two ladies with young children decided to change places. My wig still turns two shades grayer every time I remember my surprise at seeing

a six months' old baby where a two-year-old had been. Nerve-racking it was.

Since the coming of the nurses to this part of the country, the answer to that eternal question of, "Where, Mother, do babies come from?" has been that nurses bring them in their saddlebags—even this reply has its drawbacks. Two days after the birth of a big nine-pound boy, I was returning from caring for the new mother and son. Imagine my surprise to see my pathway blocked by two-year-old Junior, belligerently holding a big rock. 'Twas only by lots of explaining that I convinced him that I wasn't taking his baby brother back home with me in the saddlebags.

Then, there was that beautiful sunny morning when I put on my clean, freshly laundered uniform for a ride on "Doc" up to the head of Crane Branch. As luck would have it, I didn't take a raincoat. Thought I, as I rode along, nothing could spoil such a beautiful ride. Little did I know. Just as my work at the head of Crane was done, and the saddlebags were fastened on the saddle again, I beheld rain. 'Twas a quick flash storm. Returning home was not the sunny trip it had started out to be. Never again was I to trust the weather. My raincoat became my inseparable traveling companion from that moment on.

III

Hyden Ridge

To the persons living in or around Hyden the ridge or riding trail to Bull Creek must seem to be just another mountain. They must think of it as one more steep hill to travel over when going to and from town. Suddenly, the desire to walk up this same trail came to me one evening just about dusk.

So I started up, accompanied by a friend. At the halfway point we rested on a rock by the side of the road. There in peaceful quietness of slowly falling darkness came the feeling of being close to God's own hand. The only sounds falling upon our ears were those of the few crickets singing to their mates.

Then out of the still, quiet dusk as suddenly as if by a signal, the sound of a faraway chorus of frogs reached our ears. Only momentarily did we hear them. Then, in answer to their song,

came the resounding bass voice of a new leader calling his own group to join him in a ringing reply. No other sounds reached us.

We journeyed farther up the ridge until we came to another mountain trail leading over the crest of a smaller hill. There, as we crossed the top of the small hill, a beautiful scene was revealed to us. Across the valley the sun was slowly sinking behind a mountain. From the water of the river, winding and turning through the valley far below, was reflected its many golden hues.

As the sinking sun slowly drifted below the horizon we realized that we were privileged to see one of God's many beautiful creations, placed on earth for man's pleasure. Slowly we retraced our steps over the ridge. Then, to our already spell-bound thoughts, came the real peace which comes to man when he truly enjoys nature's own handiworks. To a visitor from Mississippi the ridge ceased to be just another mountain and became a place of enjoyment and peace.

CRIME AGAINST NATURE

"To destroy a species is a capital crime against Nature; for, once it has been exterminated, no work or effort of man can ever replace it. Also, Nature has a certain if slow method of revenging herself in the end, either on those who injure her or on their descendants."

—J. Stevenson-Hamilton, *The Countryman*, England

OUR NURSES

Dedicated to
MISS ROSE EVANS
and
MISS ANNA MAY JANUARY
at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center, "Possum Bend," Confluence

Nestled far back in the mountains,
Far from the highway and the cars,
Where the narrow mountain footpaths
Wind and glisten in the stars;

Where the fern and mountain laurel
Nod in the storm and rain,
Go these nurses on their horses
To relieve the sick of pain.

Oft times I know they are weary
And the path seems rough and steep.
Their eyelids grow so heavy
While others peacefully sleep.

But as they enter some lonely cabin
After traveling many a mile
There is sunshine in the cabin
Because they wear a sunny smile.

Oft I've seen them as they labored
All through the weary night;
And their voice is full of gladness
When they say, "All is right."

They care not if a man is poor
Nor how lowly or humble his state;
They come to him in his hour of need
As if he were rich and great.

They rejoice with us in our gladness
When a new baby enters our home.
They sorrow with us in our sadness
O'er loved ones departed and gone.

Oft times I sit and wonder
What the people here would do
If there was no F. N. S.
And these nurses tried and true.

—NORA ALLEN HUFF
(Mrs. Snowden Huff)
Mosley Bend, Kentucky

FROM GEORGIA'S HEALTH, JUNE, 1948

DID YOU KNOW—

—that affection, praise, and consistency in handling children and adults forms the basis for good mental hygiene. This promotes personal self-confidence which is essential for the prevention of mental health problems?

—that a behavior problem child is merely one which has done something of which an adult does not approve. Know why the child is acting in such manner. If this cannot be ascertained, seek skilled help?

—that fifty per cent of feeble-mindedness is attributed to accidents and infections. Mental defectiveness can be reduced by improved obstetrics and dietetics, and prevention of infectious diseases of childhood?

—that mental patients do not do anything which a normal person has not done. They don't invent behavior patterns; they merely exaggerate normal behavior?

—that an anxiety neurosis is a threat that can either be destroyed or left behind. When a person doesn't do either, an anxiety neurosis develops?

—that affection, praise, and consistency form the basis for mental hygiene?

From *Georgia's Health*, June, 1948

A LETTER FROM PARAGUAY

Asuncion, Paraguay—June 12th 1948

I cannot believe that two years already I have been with all of you at Wendover. It has passed long time without I let you know about me and that it doesn't mean I forget that beautiful place and where so kindness people I found it. About five weeks ago I got the last number of the F.N.S. Bulletin. Really I enjoyed reading so many news of there. Very often I review my diary and I follow every step I took there and I really missed. Reading the bulletin looks like to me I'm there. I wanted to know if some day may I be able to go back. Do you know how I love that kind of work. Here in my country we don't do that fine work. We have idea, but still now the people who has to understand and to give help, in order to carry out, they do not like yet, but I'm sure some day we may do just a more or less similar of kind of work you do there.

We have already many nurses-midwifery who are working out the country, but they don't have good organization or good orientation of work. Since the time I came back I had try to help them, but the terrible civil war we had last year at this time and that had retain greatly because the majority of my helper have go on from the country. I follow working as a supervisor at the Red Cross Maternity where our students get their O.B. training. I have opportunity to teach theoretical and practically, things I had learn there.

My love for everyone there who still remember me, I remember to all of you. My best wishes for the F.N.S. and my great gratitude.

—LEOPOLDINA GONZALEZ

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Reginald S. Ward (Rosamond Rust) Boston,
Massachusetts—May 10, 1948**

I would love to get down there again some day, perhaps bring my daughter who, I am sure, would be interested. She is now 13 so you see it was a long time ago that I was there.

From Sarah Colt, Providence, Rhode Island—May 18, 1948

It was wonderful to hear from Wendover again.

The Children's Hospital has accepted me for the September class and I am very happy about it.

I am now out of college and am working for my mother as she is running for Rhode Island State Senator. It is a lot of fun but hard work.

From Bobby Slocum, Rochester, New York—June 6, 1948

Last winter up until now I've been "hitting the books" at Boston University, taking Economics, Comparative Government and Politics, Sociology, et cetera. I'm working for a B.S. degree from the Nursery Training School, which means a year and a half or two years more of getting educated, but really feel it's worth it. Nowadays times are so uncertain, it helps if you can fall back on something you like.

Lill Middleton was the most adorable bride, as you can imagine, and is married to Wade Hampton who is at Harvard law school. They went to Nantucket for their honeymoon, and are now back in Boston, where Wade finishes in February. The wedding was very small, the reception too, with just their closest friends, which was perfect.

This summer I'm going abroad, which seems like a pipe dream, and probably will still when it's over. I'm going on a Marsh tour with 15-20 boys and girls, sailing on the "Queen Elizabeth" July 1st! We dock at Cherbourg, and from there go to Paris, to the Louvre, the Sorbonne, Notre Dame, the Champs Elysees, etc. By motor to Italy, by way of the Riviera, to Rome,

Venice, Florence. To the Italian lakes! From Italy we go to Switzerland, motoring through the Alps, by Lake Lucerne, to Belgium, to Holland, to England, where we take in the Shakespearean country, and the Olympic games! So you see it's quite an itinerary.

.

**From Mrs. Frederick K. Heath (Betty Halstead), Tenafly,
New Jersey—June 9, 1948**

Your letter sounded as though you really remembered me and that's one of the nicest things that can happen. That summer in Kentucky is one of the times I shall never forget—nor all the people I knew there.

Of myself there is not much to tell. I am the mother of three boys—7, 2, and 9 months—and housewife, doing nothing medically at the present time. Fred is an internist at Presbyterian Medical Center, and we live just over the Washington bridge. That about sums it up.

For you and all the workers in the Service I have the greatest regard. When you have your trials with plumbing, floods and horses remember that there are a lot of us who would like to be able to help you.

.

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin), Swampscott,
Massachusetts—June 13, 1948**

Starting next month I have a part-time job as a secretary at the Salem Hospital. We are now completely settled in an apartment which used to be an old barn. The only resemblance to its former being is its shape, for it is far more luxurious than I ever expected my first home to be. We have a marvelous view of the water and are continually peering through our old telescope for sights of ships. Bobby is a wonderful husband. Some day when he gets a little more established in the business world we hope to take a trip West. One of the first places we visit will, of course, be Wendover. I've described it so often to him that I'm sure he feels that such a wonderful place couldn't exist and will have to see for himself.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you again for allowing me to spend six of the most glorious and rewarding weeks I have ever experienced. Although nearly two years have

passed since I was fortunate enough to be with the Frontier Nursing Service, certain things are and always will be as vivid as on the days that they occurred. I imagine you have received many a similar letter but I wanted you to know that I am among all those that feel so very indebted to you.

From Nancy Dammann, Winnetka, Illinois—June 12, 1948

I was distressed to hear about Sammy. It must have been a terrible blow to the Service, not only because of the work she contributed but because of the wonderful spirit with which she did her work. She was one of the most genuine, unselfish persons I've ever known.

I've got a job as assistant editor on a small community newspaper near Chicago. On the side, I'm starting up a free lance photography business. I do everything from taking baby pictures to trying to take some pictures which I can sell to various publications. I would like to come back sometime next year and get some good pictures of the Service.

I've got some pretty good equipment, and within the last year have had some excellent photographic training in dark room work, enlarging, et cetera, so maybe I could do a half-way decent job. Of course you realize all I'm doing is looking for an excuse to come back.

From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack), Denver,

Colorado—July 26, 1948

We have moved about so much that I feel I am losing touch with the Service. We have finally settled (for sure, this time) and have bought a home in Denver. My husband is assistant editor for a farm magazine, "Western Farm Life," which is published here. I am at Boulder for a few weeks, more or less on vacation, attending a Writers' Conference.

From Mrs. H. Henry Weisengren (Ruth Chase), Mill Valley,

California—July 29, 1948

In a moment of desperation with two bottles going at the same time and the dog hopefully looking for her supper too, I summed up this ditty which just about describes how I feel at this point with one six weeks old and the other just sixteen

months, the garden in shreds, and the house untouched by broom or mop!

A Mother's Lament

Time on my hands
Two in my arms
Nothing but dirt in view
Didies all soil(ed)
Bottles to boil
Cooking and cleaning too
Five mouths to feed
The place gone to seed
Hours of sleep too few
Oh time on my hands
But two in my arms
So no chance to write to you.

From Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis (Pam Dunn), Ocean Port,
New Jersey—August 5, 1948.

We had been expecting to come home [*from Germany*] around June first and finally on July eighth we got a 72-hour notice to fly home the twelfth. Well, we dashed around and got everything packed and sent to the States as well as got ourselves off. The flight home was comfortable as well as exciting. We had a two-hour stop in Paris, five hours in the Azores (a cold engine or something was the matter) and two hours in Newfoundland.

Graham is going to school at Ft. Monmouth (a quarter of a mile away) until January and then we will go to Ft. Bragg, N. C., where he will finish his training for Regular Army.

You can't imagine how much I think of Wendover and the day when I can get back there and see you and everybody, especially with my husband.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Dorothy Caldwell has given up her work in the office at General Hospital in Cincinnati and is going to teach school at Florence, Kentucky, near her home, this fall.

Barbara Ingersoll (Mrs. E. A. McClintock) has a girl, Patricia Ann, almost a year old. Her son, Dick, is almost three years old. We are sorry to learn that Barbara is in a brace following a severe spinal operation in the winter, and hope that she will soon make a complete recovery.

Lonny Myers graduated from the medical school of the University of Michigan on June 12, 1948, and is an interne at Springfield Hospital, Springfield, Massachusetts. Congratulations, Doctor Myers!

Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson) has come to the United States from Cairo, Egypt, where her husband is counselor of the American Embassy. She is now staying with her mother at "River House," York Village, Maine, and expects to rejoin her husband in the early autumn. It is their hope to be able to take a bit of a holiday together in Switzerland.

WEDDINGS

Miss Constance Sturm Cherrington of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Major John Robert Brown, Jr., of Germania, Pennsylvania, on May 15, 1948. Major Brown is military air attaché of the Embassy of the United States in Kabul, Afghanistan. The young couple left immediately following the ceremony for Kabul.

Miss Ann Gaddis Snow of Lenox, Massachusetts, and Mr. William Howe Woodin III on July 10, 1948.

Miss Phyllis Long of Boston, Massachusetts, and Mr. Walter Channing Howe on August 28, 1948.

Miss Barbara Fitz Barnes of Belmont, Massachusetts and Mr. Richard Harrison Ragle, Ensign, United States Naval Reserve, on August 7, 1948.

We wish all of these young people long lives of happiness together.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson) of Washington, D. C., a daughter, Wendy Russelle, on May 6, 1948.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt) of Westport Point, Massachusetts, a daughter, Susan, on June 6, 1948. Her mother writes:

"Put Susan Yeomans down on your courier list for 1967! She is a Bouncer—9 lbs. 12 ozs. They seem to come bigger and better!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Henry Weisengren (Ruth Chase) of Mill Valley, California, a son, David, on June 18, 1948; weight 8 lbs. 12 ozs. Ruth writes:

"Now we have a Doctor as well as a Courier for F.N.S."

JUST JOKES, MEN AND WOMEN

A much-married Hollywood actor was confronted by a gay damsel.

"Hello there," she greeted him, "don't you remember me? Ten years ago you asked me to marry you!"

"Really," yawned the actor, "and did you?"

.

"Is Jim a confirmed bachelor?"

"He is now. He sent his picture to a Lonely Hearts Club and they sent it back with a note saying: 'We're not that lonely.'"

.

The young man had ardently proposed to the broker's daughter, but she could not make up her mind.

"Will you be true to me?" she demanded.

"I'll be true as steel," he declared fervently.

"Common or preferred?" she mused.

.

The bride was ordering her first ton of coal. "What kind of coal did you want?" the dealer asked.

"Kind?" exclaimed the bride, puzzled. "Are there different kinds?"

"Oh, yes," answered the dealer. "For instance we have egg coal and chestnut coal."

"I'll take the egg coal," the bride promptly decided. "I'll be cooking eggs oftener than I will chestnuts."

WAS IT AN ANGEL?

The following story prefaces the final article on "A Programme for Living" in the London *Evening News* (February 12th, by the Rev. George F. MacLeod, M.C., described as the most outstanding figure of the new generation of Scots ministers.

"It may sound incredible, but it is said to be quite true—that story of Sir James Parker. A sound sleeper, he was awakened one night by what he thought was thunder. He slept again and woke, conscious only that he must get up and dress. Down at his front door he found, to his astonishment, his groom waiting with his horse saddled. 'Who ordered you?' asked Sir James. 'No one,' said the groom. 'I knew you wanted me.'

"Sir James mounted and rode through the night till he arrived at the river. There were the ferrymen with the boat rigged to take him across. 'We expected you, Sir James,' was their only comment to his deepening astonishment.

"Undesignedly, he rode into Bodmin and breakfasted at the local inn. Casually, he was told that the only thing 'on' in Bodmin was a murder trial. Casually, he went there. As he entered the court the prisoner had just been found guilty, and the judge had asked him if he had anything to say. 'I can only say,' said the prisoner, 'that I did not commit the crime. At the hour when it occurred I was two hours' journey away in another village. I remember, because the village clock at midnight struck thirteen, and I remarked on it to a stranger who passed me. That man alone can prove my alibi.'

"At which Sir James Parker rose from his seat in the back of the court and said: '*I am that man.*'

"But what has all that to do with a programme for living? Well, what effect has that story on you? What first woke Sir James Parker . . . thunder . . . or 'an angel'? Was it just a series of coincidences, or is there, beyond all natural appearances, some plan? I don't think anyone can start a programme for living till, in some measure, they have decided that issue. Personally, I don't think anyone can achieve a satisfying programme till they have plumped for the angel."

—*Light*, London, Feb. 28, 1935

In Memoriam

DR. PHILIP EARLE BLACKERBY, Louisville, Kentucky

Died June 24, 1948

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest . . .

—W. Walsham How (1823–1897)

Our trustee, our counselor, our friend—Dr. Philip E. Blackerby, Health Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, bore all of these relationships to the Frontier Nursing Service. Nearly twenty years ago, while he was assistant to Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, he rode in on horseback to visit us. He came as a speaker at one of our rallies—and how everyone welcomed him! In whatever circumstance arose one could be sure not only of his help, but of his sympathetic understanding as well. What he meant to all of Kentucky was so well put by the *Louisville Courier-Journal* that we quote a paragraph from their editorial:

No place was so remote or with problems of health so obscure that he did not know all about it—the doctor who served there, the number of his patients, his age and the condition of his own health, the handicaps of bad roads, weather, seasonal plagues and loneliness under which he labored. It was almost as if he could tell you how many were sick and the nature of the sickness, particularly if it lay in the field of infections with which public health service is concerned.

MAJOR GENERAL PRESTON BROWN, U.S.A. (ret.),

Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

Died June 30, 1948

It was given to him to toil greatly, and to enjoy greatly;
to taste no little fame from the works of his hands, and to drink
the best of the cup of living.

—John W. Thomason's Biography of Gen. "Jeb" Stuart.

Our friend and kinsman, this distinguished trustee, leaves with the Frontier Nursing Service ineffaceable memories. Many of us went on the cruises the Frontier Nursing Service sponsored sixteen and seventeen years ago. All who did will recall that General Brown, then in command of the Canal Zone, and his wife, gave the most wonderful parties to the people on our cruises and got permission from Washington for us to visit the

fortified islands. Few trustees ever did as much in behalf of the Service.

General Brown was a native of Lexington, Kentucky. He received his A.B. from Yale at the age of twenty. Two years later he enlisted as a private in the Army. He rose to the rank of Major General and led the Third Division of the AEF in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne in the first World War. For this he received the Distinguished Service Medal. He had many other decorations, many honorary degrees, in fact a life filled to the brim with work and with merited honors following work. A man of high tradition and noble purpose, he will be remembered best by those of us who loved him for the qualities of the heart. His family life was an extremely happy one, and our sympathy goes out to his surviving sister and his kin. His married life brought years of complete felicity, and tender is the sympathy we extend to his wife. His one great tragedy, which he bore without flinching, was the early death by accident of his only son. Now we bid him godspeed—but, as we do so, we think of something said by one of his friends: "It is hard to do without charming people."

MRS. THOMAS BULLOCK (Nanette McDowell), Lexington, Kentucky
Died July 5, 1948

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies,
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away,
From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto thee.

—John Ellerton (1826-1893).

Mrs. Bullock, great-granddaughter of Henry Clay, loved and supported the Frontier Nursing Service from its early beginnings. She was a member of our Blue Grass Committee, but, as she had been bedridden for many years from a broken back, she could not work for this or any other of the charities beloved by her. We who knew her well do not need to be told that the ready smile with which she greeted us, the sympathy and interest with which she listened to everything, the prayer in which she held the causes dear to her—that these things are work at

the highest level. God bless her for all she was to so many people; God shine upon her loving life, as she passes
"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

DR. SOPHONISBA PRESTON BRECKINRIDGE, Chicago, Illinois

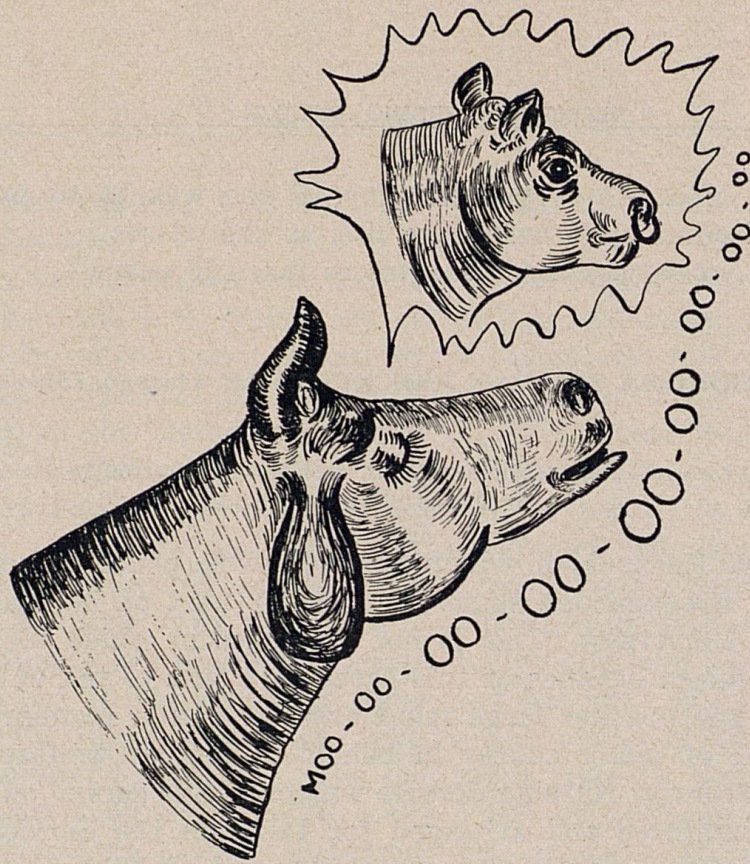
Died July 30, 1948

High erected thought, seated in a heart of courtesy.

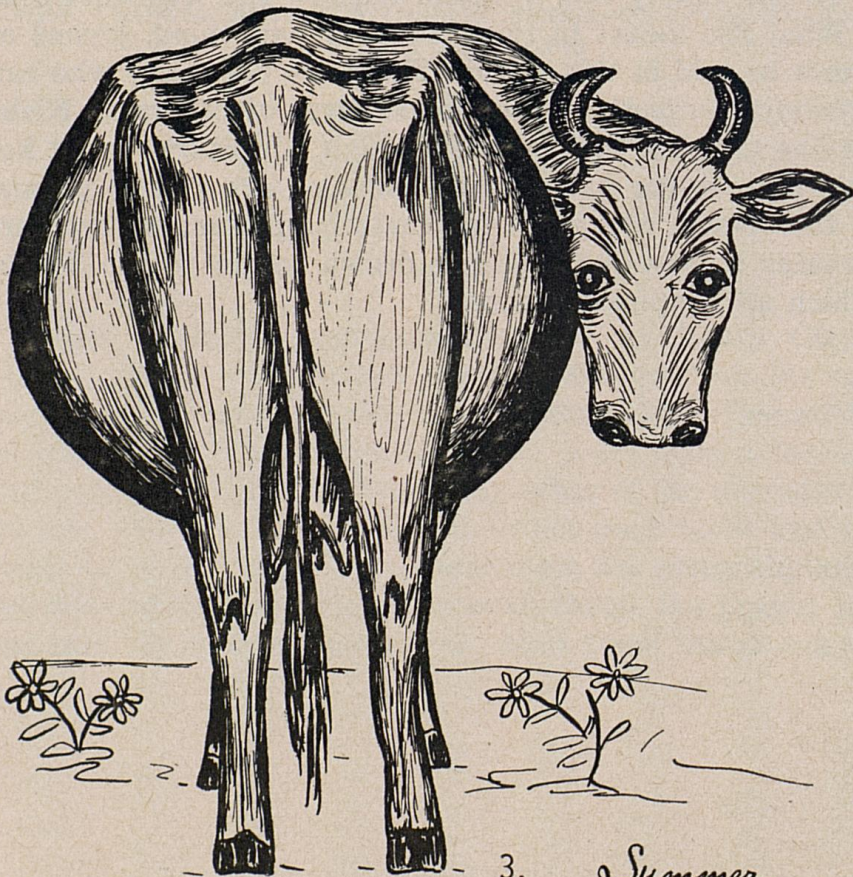
—Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586).

A native Kentuckian, whom Kentucky was proud to honor, Sophonisba Breckinridge spent the greater part of her career at Chicago University. This is not the place in which to give the distinguished outlines of this career but just to tell of how completely she put her large mind and her gentle manners at the disposal of many causes in behalf of human welfare, of which the Frontier Nursing Service was one. She served on our Chicago Committee and arranged for talks on the Service to the Social Science groups, undergraduates and graduates, at the University. This widened the circle of people who learned about the Service, and it must also have given a conception of rural life to students whose knowledge hitherto had been mostly urban. To her family and intimate friends, she was known as Nisba. What she meant to them in every happening, joyous or sad, cannot be told in this world. There are not many who can so completely merge their lives in the lives of others as Nisba did. We like to think that, whatever high adventures await her now, the daily loving hearted relationships are picked up and carried, too. Nisba was made to create happiness; we are sure she recreates it, now that she has drawn nearer to the Source from which all happiness comes.

An Idyll of Mother Love



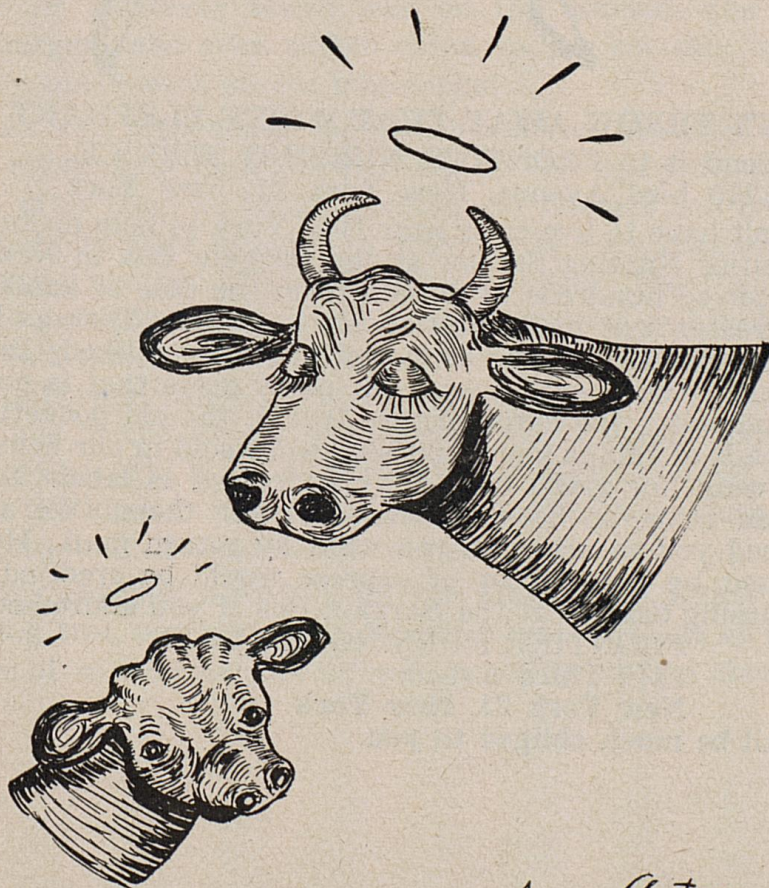
1. *Winter*



3. *Summer*

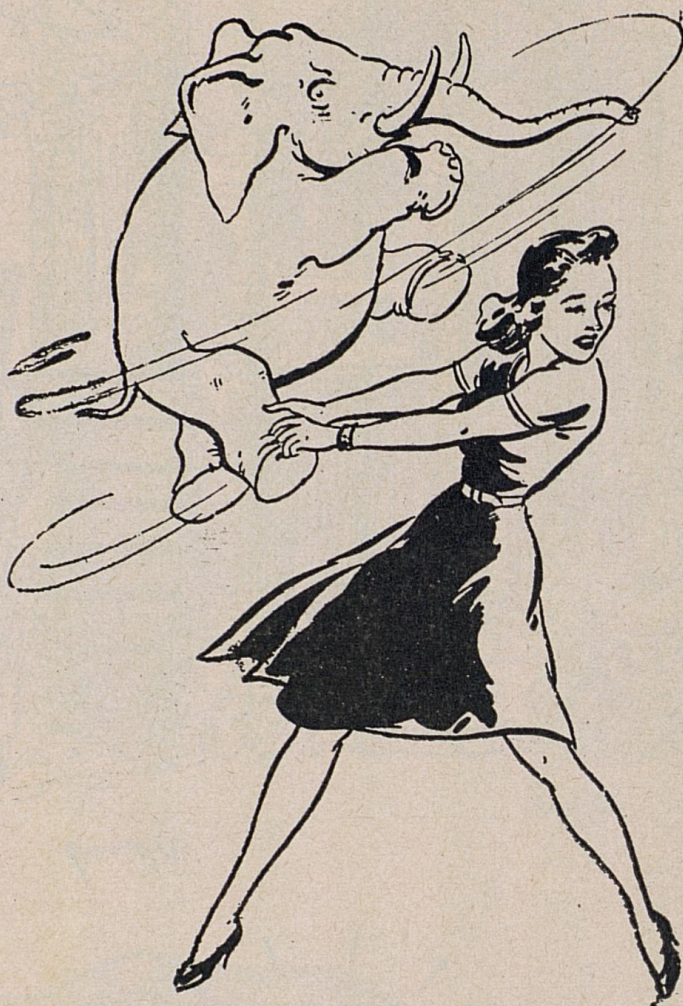


2. *Spring*



4. *Autumn*

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received hundreds of dollars from the sale of knickknacks and party dresses sent by friends as far from New York as Illinois, Pennsylvania, Kentucky. 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.

A WENDOVER PICNIC

by
"LUCKEY"

Summertime is picnic time at Wendover. The great essentials are a pleasant day, and hot dogs or hamburger which someone has been lucky enough to get in Hyden. Then just before dinner a raid is made on the kitchen and selections are made from the picnickers' share of the evening meal. One is supposed, with the help of Mrs. Sizemore, the cook, to use discretion in what constitutes the picnickers' share of the provisions . . . and mistakes have been made!

On one occasion Thumper (Lucille Knechtley) and The Kid (Cecilia Lucas) were the instigators of the particular picnic I'm going to tell you about. But one is never quite sure just who it is that is throwing a party. . . . Remember the time when a couple of couriers sent written invitations to a Hallowe'en party and then one of them whisked home before the event? At any rate on this sultry summer day Pebble Stone, Nella Lloyd, and Mary Wright jeeped in from Hyden with a supply of Pepsi-Colas or whatever brand was on the market—the essential hamburger—and even potato chips, so you see this turned out to be a picnic with all the trimmings!

As soon after tea as the horses had been groomed—or whatever mysterious rites the couriers go through with the horses right after tea—we began packing our baskets and boxes. The hamburgers were counted in order to be sure that enough for the right number of people were included. The "brought on" drinks didn't matter so much because iced tea and milk, or even nice cold water, could serve but everyone must have her share of hamburger. Mac (Margaret McCracken), or it might have been one of the others, disappeared into the cool-house with a box and brought it out filled with green things and red tomatoes. From the kitchen stove Mrs. Sizemore offered us chicken, sweet potatoes, and an assortment of vegetables.

We checked ourselves off the meal chart which hangs in the dog trot, so that places wouldn't be set for us at the table. Those of us who weren't already in slacks bustled about repair-

ing this oversight. We listened and waited for Louise Fink and Leo (her jeep) to come down the roadway, for she had been out on a social service call and wasn't back yet. We started out with the boxes, baskets, blankets, Paddy (Collie dog), and most everyone remembered her flashlight—that is everyone remembered except me. Ever since the time when I had startled a young man on horseback, fording a creek, by the sight of me with a red flashlight in hand at high noon and carried as though it were nothing less than a machine gun—ever since then I have been forgetful of that rule, "Never be without your flashlight."

At any rate, when the dogs gave sign of hearing the first low rumbling of Leo on the road we headed up the Middle Fork of the Kentucky river and met Louise just as she was driving into Pig Alley. Some of us went on ahead to gather firewood for the campfire and others stayed behind to come with Louise. We chose a safe spot on a rocky point in the river, in good walking distance from Wendover, and laid a fire. While the fire was getting under way, Paddy smelled the hamburgers and had to be entertained or the chief ingredient of our picnic would have gone the way of all good dog food. Now, keeping up with Paddy can be a full time job. I picked up rocks and threw them into the river for Paddy to retrieve and kept him going at fast enough a pace to divert him from the hamburgers. But did you ever see a hungry Collie dog with uncooked hamburger around? Even the best fed dog can make you feel that he's simply starving to death. The rate, however, at which he chased rocks and retrieved them from the river, proved that HE was no imminent victim of starvation. When the keepers of the fire finally called that the hamburgers were cooked and that it was safe to bring Paddy in, we put out his share and settled down to enjoy our picnic supper. Paddy came over to make sure that he wasn't missing anything, gave a satisfied shake of his wet fur, and (let's pretend) went over to his special plate. Our own paper plates had been filled with a variety of things, including pickles, tomatoes, celery, and lettuce.

The hamburgers disappeared rapidly, as did the rest of the food, even though Mac dropped one hamburger and got sand in it. Paddy inherited this—making a special feast for him.

When the meal was over, and the fire had died down, and

darkness had come upon us quickly as it does here in the mountains—we stretched out on the blankets and sang songs for a long time. I especially remember “Cool Water.” Somewhere along the line we found that our very wet Collie dog had the lion’s share of the blankets and we were squirming on the sand. After the moon came up we gathered up the boxes, baskets, blankets, and flashlights and picked our way over the hillside path toward home. Everyone at Wendover seemed to be asleep. The “Big House” was silent. We crept into the kitchen, lighted the oil lamps, and unpacked the boxes and baskets. A few scraps were left for the chickens and pigs but not many. We washed our picnic utensils, put everything away (I hope), counted out the bathrooms and the bathers, and did a little “spacing,” so that everyone had a nice warm bath before climbing the hundred and one stone steps to the Upper Shelf and so to bed.

WILDLIFE

Extravagance of governmental expenditure certainly should have no supporters, except, possibly, the spenders. However, economy often takes strange turns. One of the silliest and most inconsequential budget slices by the first session of Congress is that lopping off the meager \$163,000 for the Division of Wildlife Management of the United States Forest Service. This division supervised the wildlife resources on 170 million acres of land, resources including one-third of all the big game animals of the country. Certainly to some degree because of wise management policies, the numbers of these animals have quadrupled in the past twenty-five years. Yet with one sweep of the Congressional blue pencil this program was destroyed, and at a time when wise management programs of heavily stocked areas were more vital, even, than when the population was sparse. If this is economy then we are Joe Stalin—and we are *not* Joe Stalin.

—*Nature Magazine*, May, 1948

SOUTHERN SPOON BREAD

(Serves four to six)

2 Cups Corn Meal	1 2/3 Cups Milk
2 Cups Boiling Water	3 Oz. Butter or Margarine
1 Teaspoon Salt	3 Eggs

Put the boiling water in a cooker—add the salt; sift the corn meal in slowly, stirring constantly, to avoid lumps. When the mush gets too thick, add milk gradually until all the meal and milk have been added. Take from fire and beat in the butter (or substitute) until it is entirely melted.

Have the yolks of the eggs beaten and dribble them into the mush, beating vigorously. Then have the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff and add a spoonful at a time, folding them in with an over-and-over stroke as in cake making.

Fill a well greased baking dish 2/3 full and bake for fifty (50) minutes in a moderate-to-hot oven.

Serve at once. (If left to stand it may fall. Do not jar it while baking.)

OLD STAFF NEWS

Including that from graduates of the F.G.S.M., et cetera.

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Rhoda Lenhert in North Rhodesia—April 18, 1948

So far I have avoided an attack of malaria and I count myself fortunate since we have had such a wet year and the mosquitoes are many. I'll admit I have taken many hundred grains of quinine, and am tired of sleeping under a net every night.

—May 16, 1948

The above paragraph was written too soon or should I say, just soon enough. I can no longer say that I have not had malaria. I have had it and does it make you feel rotten. I still get a headache very easily.

A call came the other day from one of our out-school native teachers saying that last year's teacher, who has kidney trouble, was very bad and calling for us. The ox cart was the only transportation to the school, 15 miles away. We left early Sunday morning and got back about 8:30 p.m. The sun was terribly hot. My legs got sun-burned through cotton stockings. We wore helmets and used a heavy sun-shade part of the time. The teacher could hardly talk when we got there. His family wanted to take him to their home about 30 miles away, so when he died they could have a wailing. We refused to let them move him. The next night when he died, they wanted to bury him in the cattle kraal. This the villagers refused, and they gave him a proper burial.

From Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas, en route: SS. African Pilot to Belgian Congo, Africa—May 22, 1948

Most of you know that we were expecting to return to Congo this spring. Well, here we are actually on our way, and by the time this reaches you, we will have been at Banza Manteke some time.

A very congenial group, we gather for a hymn-sing and

prayers on the deck each evening after supper while the sun is setting.

All our freight is aboard too, including the new jeep station wagon which we have had since the middle of April. So it had a good breaking-in and servicing before leaving, and the more we used it the better we liked it and think it should be just the thing for the Congo with its all-metal body, high road-clearance, simple, sturdy, 4-cylinder engine. For the tropics they installed an extra large radiator to give greater circulation of water, painted the top aluminum to reflect the heat, and put on extra large rear tires. Of course, before we went any way in our initial investigations, we made sure that there was a jeep agency in Leopoldville—Willys-Overland. The car is small and compact, though it carries a half-ton. Howard hauled all our freight and baggage in it to Brooklyn to the boat in several trips—and it has low gas consumption and an overdrive that cuts it even lower on long runs. It should be invaluable at Banza Manteke for all sorts of runs, especially for trips to the eight sub-dispensaries. And it is long enough to put a stretcher in the back with the extra seats removed.

We shall be returning to Banza Manteke, the station where we were when we first went to Congo, only on a new site with all new brick buildings. It is beautifully located, twelve miles from the railroad, fifty miles from Matadi, on a broad, high plateau from which one looks off in all directions to the hills beyond. Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Engwall and Miss Bonar, are there as well as a new missionary, Miss Ford. The partially built hospital, provided by the Bridgeport Church, and the eight sub-dispensaries are staffed by former students of Dr. Freas, several of whom worked with him from the time of his arrival in 1925. In order to ease the strain of his task, Mrs. Freas plans to devote her time mostly to the clerical side of the medical work.

So pray for us, please, as we return to our beloved African home and work again on the oldest mission station in Congo where the need still is great and the laborers are few.

**From Nora Kelly (Kelly) in Bearsted Memorial Hospital
in London—May 24, 1948**

I have just taken a new post. After 4½ years at the South

London Hospital I felt I ought to move, so I finally got appointed here as Assistant Matron. This is a new hospital opened last year. It is an old foundation—Jewish—and they were completely bombed out, so they took a hotel at Hampton Court and put in 30 beds and now we have just completed the building for 30 beds more, to be extended to 200 when the government takes over in July. Everyone thinks once the government does take over we shall go right ahead, but it is all very difficult. I have been here five weeks today and it is still very new. I am responsible for the maids and all the domestic staff, cleaners, etc. It is not quite my idea of what an experienced midwife should do, but one has to complete one's education, I suppose.

Please give my love to the old crowd.

From Mae Rohlf in Tsingtao, China—June 15, 1948

These last weeks a new turn in things has kept me busy weighing beds, boxes and so forth. This business of being "air-lifted" is all I think and hear these days for we are having to consider being "air-lifted" to another site if we want to carry on our work. During the last weeks the situation has been getting tenser and tenser. It looks like eventually we will have to get out of Tsingtao. I don't believe Tsingtao will fall soon, but if we are to move our hospital we must have a site and buildings into which we can move. We cannot wait until the "emergency" arrives, for then it will be more important to "air-lift" people than things such as hospital equipment. We are thinking of Canton, and Mr. Reinbrecht, our president, is there now investigating possibilities. I dread to think of packing up and starting all over again. We are just now getting on a running basis as far as our hospital is concerned. To have to pull up stakes again and leave so many of the nurses behind—well, it isn't too happy a thought. Of course some of the staff will go with us but many of them have families here and wouldn't want to be separated.

Last week Evelyn Covert, the Whetstones (*Olen Boyer*) and Singers—all new missionaries who have been studying the language in Peking—arrived in Tsingtao, ready for work.

From Wilma Duvall Whittlesey in Oakland, California

—June 15, 1948

The Spring Bulletin, as usual, absorbed me completely. I couldn't put it down until I had gone through it pretty thoroughly and then picked it up later for things I had missed. The picture of Mrs. Breckinridge was so very welcome and I thought she looked about as I remembered—it seemed to me she had “rested whar she was.”

Nancy was two in May but is tall and mature for her years, chatty, fun-loving, and quite a winsome girl.

From Trudis Belding Corum (Trudy) in Barberton, Ohio

—June 15, 1948

The three children keep me pretty busy, but we do enjoy them. We bought a movie camera so we can re-live some of this time after they are grown up. Marclon was four years old this month; Luann is 2½, and our baby is nearly 15 months, so our family is growing up.

From Jane Rainey in Ogden, Utah—June 28, 1948

They were desperate at the hospital here so I helped out for six weeks in the delivery room on night shift, eleven to seven. Liked it, and learned a lot. Have met up with several groups of nurses who go around the country, nursing where they like and then moving on.

The hospital kept me busy and all I wanted to do by day was sleep. They wanted me to stay, but I just couldn't do it. Have been waiting since March to go to Oregon. Now I'm about ready to start.

From Dorothy Frazer Martt (Dotty) in Bamberg, Germany

—July 23, 1948

On Tuesday Jack and I completed a wonderful eight-day leave during which time we drove to Copenhagen, Denmark. As we left Bavaria and entered the British zone we decided that the Americans have the prettiest part of this country—'course we've not seen that part which the Russians so carefully guard!—except at distances where our journey took us within brief views of it.

As we neared the border we began to see increasing signs of prosperity. After viewing the war-torn ruins of the once great cities of Kassel, Hanover and Hamburg the unmarred little country of Denmark was more appreciated than it might have been otherwise. It is truly impossible for anyone who has not seen the devastation of cities, almost completely razed, to imagine what it is. Believe me, the newsreels we saw at home did not begin to show it to us. No city here has been able even to begin to restore itself. One sees buildings three-quarters demolished with weeds growing from their awful heaps of bricks, scrap iron, and shattered glass, while the fourth quarter is occupied by more people than the entire building formerly housed. Germany is truly a poor nation paying dearly for the war.

Having reached the border we were quickly passed by both British and Danish guards—our papers were all in order and the only luggage about which they inquired was the camera. The fact that we owned one was stamped on my passport and checked as we returned. We are not certain about the reason for this but it is probable that it is a black market item.

At this point I might say that having the camera along did us little good—it rained every day. We've now had seven continuous weeks of this with yesterday the only 24 hours in which there was none.

Denmark is a beautiful little country comprised in part by a number of islands. Because Copenhagen is on the far side of one of these, in the course of our journey we had two ferry rides—one an hour long; one an hour and fifteen minutes! And these are no small ferries like those crossing the Mississippi but rather large modern vessels which convey trains as well as automobiles and people. On their upper decks they have modern dining rooms and lounges!

It was a relief to be on good roads again. Although Denmark is chiefly a farming country she is quite modern. We marveled at seeing many good American automobiles with licenses other than ours, which are marked, "United States of America."

Impressive are the busy canals with their many fishing vessels and the numerous bicycles—500,000 of them. I know that may be difficult for you to believe but they are more numer-

ous than the cars which are many. All of the main streets have special lanes for this two-wheeled traffic.

Included in the sight-seeing were the National Museum and beautiful churches; also, well planned housing projects. There are no slums in this country. It was a pleasure to see all types of stores with every kind of merchandise on display. Clothing is rationed and some types of food. We were given ration coupons for hotel meals, eight bars of chocolate, two bars of soap, and fifty cigarettes for one week. Although most everything is available it is all quite expensive. I am pleased to have obtained a good can opener, a large amount of excellent cheese and three dozen fresh eggs—all things we don't have in Germany.

We had one day in Sweden—a sight-seeing tour to the cities of Malmo and Lund which are just an hour and a half ferry trip across the strait from Copenhagen. The things which we saw looked much the same as those in Denmark.

Please give my hello's and good wishes to everyone. It is impossible to write to all, but none are forgotten.

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From Ada Worcester Tubman in Liss, Hants, England

—July 24, 1948

After all these years I allowed myself to get "caught" for judging a Baby Show. I was quite scared, but I worked out a few points, and stuck to those, marking each child on those points only. They were all rather nice.

Wallie still loves the Vicarage and her little flat. I made her help me with the Baby Show. Mickle and I had a picnic a few days ago.

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From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Kamas, Utah

—August 3, 1948

Since Alison Bray, Audrey Collins and so many other [*of the early crowd*] are at Wendover I am homesick, but I don't think I'll be coming East again soon.

Merrill has taken up his pre-war work again. This time with the Department of Interior, in the Bureau of Reclamation. They are making underground surveys of rock and water and soil formation to determine whether such locations would be suitable for a dam site. In other words they are trying to get

water for the thirsty West! It takes him away from home and next week they'll move up to Wyoming on a job that will take the rest of the year to finish.

From Odette Prunet in France (a translation)—July 4, 1948

On June 24th I landed at Havre and now I am at home with my father. He gave me my American mail at once. Imagine my joy to find several letters. They made me feel so near to all of you that it was hard to realize how many kilometers of land and how great an ocean separate me from Kentucky.

At Paris I had the joy of seeing again my friend, Hélène Bergeron. I went to the Ministry of Health to discuss a diploma in midwifery. I was told that I must make my request in writing and enclose a copy of my American diploma and certificate. Now that I am at home, I shall attend to that. At Soissons I had the happiness of visiting again the places where I had worked for ten years and of seeing many old friends. I find that conditions in France have ameliorated and that much work is being done on reconstruction. To get it all completed will take years, I think. Many things are no longer rationed, but the prices have gone up in the two years that I have been away. The new prices are terrifying. I found my father in good health and deeply interested in all I had to tell him of my experiences in America.

August 4, 1948

Here I am on the borders of the sea with my brother and the twins.* We all enjoy together the beach, the sun, the bathing. It is a joy to be with the children again, who were tiny babies when I left them. At two years they are interested in everything, and are both talking.

Before we went to the seashore, I was at Bordeaux to see Mademoiselle Cornet Auquier, Directrice de l'Ecole Florence Nightingale. I accepted the post that she offered me as head of the Dispensary and Out-Patient Department. I take up my work early in September. What a change it will all be from the Frontier Nursing Service! I hope that I shall be able to give useful service. There does not pass a day in which my thought does not fly to all of you, to the work, to the horses, to the sick,

* Her brother's wife died when the twins were born.

to Kentucky. When we leave the seashore, I am going back to my father. My other brother and his baby will join us for several days. In that way I will have seen all of my family.

NEWSY BITS

A wedding—Miss Madge Downing Cyr and Mr. Thomas Walter Daniel on Tuesday, June 15, 1948, at Fort Mason Chapel, San Francisco, California. Congratulations, Mr. Daniel, and best wishes to both of you.

Births—The "F.N.S. Family" happily announces the arrival of four new babies:

A son, Bruce Edwin, born to Capt. and Mrs. Edwin L. Scott (**Sherry Conaway**) on June 11, 1948.

A son, James Parker, born to Mr. and Mrs. George P. Winship, Jr. (**Clara Dale Echols**), on June 25, 1948.

A daughter, Margaret Alice, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coates (**Ruth Waterbury**) on July 24, 1948.

A daughter, Teresa Anne (Terry for short) born to Mr. and Mrs. James J. McGuire, Jr. (**Meta Klosterman**), on August 11, 1948.

A death—Our sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nixon, Jr. (**Anne Georgia Nims**), in the loss of their baby girl.

Postscript—After this Bulletin had gone to the printer, but while it was still in galley form, we received the enchanting news from Annie P. MacKinnon (Mac) that she is coming back to the F.N.S. whenever she can get a sailing—sometime in the autumn. We hasten to add this postscript so that Mac's many friends, in and outside the mountains, will get the news as soon as possible.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Report of the Sixty-Sixth Year of the Royal College of Midwives in London makes fascinating reading to those of us who are among the 8,155 members of the Royal College. The Royal College of Midwives, whose patron is Her Majesty The Queen, is—like all British medical and nursing organizations—going through a process of adjustment to the new British regulations. After reading lengthy reports of Council meetings and deputations, it is delightful to come across this bit about the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth:

Midwives from all over England, Wales and Scotland joined in sending their loyal and affectionate greetings together with a gift of early Georgian silver, consisting of a pair of silver tea caddies and sugar bowl with lid (circa 1753) contained in a shagreen case with silver mounts. The College received a charming letter of acknowledgement signed by Her Royal Highness.

The Annual Report of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing makes good reading for the Frontier Nursing Service, not only because we have Queen's nurses on our staff, but because we are one in sympathy with all nurse-midwives the world over. We followed up the study of this report by reading an article, "The District Nursing Service of Great Britain," in the summer issue of *The International Nursing Bulletin*. Among so many things that are quotable, we shall confine ourselves to one paragraph from the Annual Report of the Queen's Nurses. Here it is:

The midwifery work of the Institute shows results more satisfactory than ever before—85,848 cases were attended by the 4,173 Queen's Nurses and Village and other Nurse-Midwives working for the affiliated Associations. The maternal mortality rate of 0.83 per 1,000 total births was the lowest ever to be recorded and pays very great tribute to those responsible. The midwives also attended 42,631 cases, acting as maternity nurses (with a doctor engaged) and the maternal mortality rate in connection with these cases was also a record, being as low as 0.94 per 1,000 total births.

A fourth overseas publication which provided us with rich entertainment, was the *Midwives Chronicle and Nursing Notes* for May of this year. The first thing in it to enthrall us was an

address on the late Sir Francis Champneys, given by Sir William Fletcher Shaw at a commemoration service, and printed in the *Midwives Chronicle* through the courtesy of Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt. Sir Francis Champneys was Chairman of the Central Midwives Board of England at the time that some of us passed its examinations in midwifery and was, indeed, Chairman of this Board for twenty-eight years. It is said in Great Britain that the "Midwives' Service is his permanent memorial." Sir Francis was not only a great obstetrician but a very great gentleman as well. He put to use in the development of midwifery not only his high professional standing but his fine social inheritance, his deeply religious background, his broad education, his wide acquaintance. It is possible that no other person in England could have done for midwifery what Sir Francis did. He began, near the end of the last century, with an England in which the majority of confinements were handled by the Sairy Gamps. Under his twenty-eight years of service, the Sairy Gamps were replaced by modern midwives—mostly nurses with graduate training as midwives—of such fitness that the 85,848 mothers attended in one year by the Queen's Institute had a maternal mortality of only 0.83 per thousand births.

What Sir Francis Champneys did for the mothers of England could be done by an American obstetrician of comparable standing for the mothers of the United States. Sir Francis gave leadership.

One of our British trustees, Mrs. Frederic Watson of Delcombe Manor, Milton Abbas, Dorset, has been terribly injured in a most distressing accident. Accompanied by a groom, in her trap, she was driving a new pony. This pony shied badly, broke the shafts and ran away, throwing Mrs. Watson and the groom out on the road. Mrs. Watson was the one who sustained serious injuries. When we last heard from her, she had been allowed to return to her home with a trained nurse in attendance. She is improving and will be completely recovered from her injuries in time. She has been much cheered by the arrival of twin baby girls to one of her married daughters.

Before her accident, Mrs. Watson wrote us of the death of "Mrs. Jog," the old pony, acquired in the lifetime of her father,

Sir Robert Jones, and of her husband. All through the war years "Mrs. Jog" took her mistress from Delcombe Manor to the village for marketing. In 1948, she reached the ripe old age of twenty-seven years, and the groom, her devoted friend, felt that she should not be asked to face another rough winter, "So," wrote Mrs. Watson, "with Mrs. Jog looking as intelligent and alert as ever—and after giving her a handful of most precious rationed sugar—I steeled my heart and said good-bye to the last of my four-legged friends who knew Freddy and my father."

We shall cross the Atlantic from the Old Country to Kentucky, by cable. At the Annual Meeting of Trustees and Members, on May 28th, at the Pendennis Club in Louisville we received the following cable from another of our British trustees, the Hon. Arthur Villiers:

"Very sorry I cannot be with you at luncheon. I send my sincerest good wishes for the future of the Frontier Nursing Service with the happiest memories of my visit to Wendover."

This Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting was one of the best attended and most successful we ever held. Our National Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett, presided; our Treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, gave his report from the audit; the Director gave her report of the work accomplished; and Dr. R. Glen Spurling of Louisville made a fascinating talk on the value to the nation and to the world of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Our Louisville Chairman, and vice-chairman of the national organization, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, was assisted in organizing the meeting by Mrs. John Walker Moore who was so gracious as to take the special chairmanship of the meeting.

Out-of-state trustees and members of the Executive Committee who attended were Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit and Mrs. Herman F. Stone of New York. The Trustees at the meeting elected officers and the Executive Committee for the ensuing year, passed several resolutions, and adopted the budget. Many trustees and members brought guests.

We were particularly happy to have in attendance representatives of the newly formed Louisville Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority. The Chairman of this new Chapter is Mrs. John Harter of Louisville. She and Miss Katherine

Davis, editor of *To Dragma*, are the chapter representatives on our Louisville Committee.

Back in America though we now are, we must take a leap over to the American Army of Occupation in Japan in order to hear the glad news of the birth of a girl baby to Mrs. L. R. Lexicier whom we knew and loved for years as Emma Morgan. Mrs. Lexicier has named her baby Sally after her mother, our beloved Wendover friend and neighbor, the late Mrs. Taylor Morgan.

The lamentable death by accident of Dr. Philip Earle Blackerby left Kentucky suddenly without a Health Commissioner. Dr. Bruce Underwood, an excellent choice, has been made Dr. Blackerby's successor. Dr. Underwood is not only a distinguished physician but a man with a wide knowledge of the health conditions and needs of the state.

Kentucky has a great tradition in its Health Commissioners. The two McCormacks, father and son, were followed by Dr. Blackerby, trained by "Dr. Arthur" for their heritage of public service. It is fortunate indeed that in Dr. Underwood we have a man who will carry forward our tradition.

The Health Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Kentucky is *ex officio* a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Underwood has honored us by writing that not only has he accepted this trusteeship, but he will, like Dr. Arthur T. McCormack and Dr. Philip Earle Blackerby, serve on our National Medical Council.

The BARGAIN BOX in New York cordially invites all who can do so to attend a Luncheon and Fashion Show on Tuesday, October 19th, at 12:30 o'clock at the Plaza Hotel at a cost of \$5.00. Persons bringing Rummage with them participate in the drawing for door prizes. Those who want tickets may apply for them to Mrs. T. L. Clarke, 47 East 64th Street, New York 21. The charities benefiting are:

Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
Girls Service League
Lincoln Hospital Social Service

Masters School Day Nursery
Metropolitan Hospital Social Service
New York Exchange for Woman's Work
New York Infirmary Social Service

In the *Cincinnati Enquirer* we read that the latest issue of Cincinnati's poetry quarterly, *Talaria*, carries the announcement that the magazine is now being printed by Caroline Williams. "This issue is being admired, both for its distinguished poems and for the pleasing format, beginning with Caroline Williams' pen drawing of Wendover, a rambling log house deep in the Kentucky mountains, which serves as headquarters for the Frontier Nursing Service."

Hi-Power News is the publication issued for and by the employees of the Kentucky and West Virginia Power Company. The issue of May, 1948, has a full page story on the Frontier Nursing Service, compiled by Dr. Ella Woodyard, our Research Director. The cover page gives a picture of one of our nurses in uniform on horseback.

We have received from France a copy of *Bagatelle*, the publication of the Florence Nightingale School at Bordeaux in France. The leading article called "Impressions D'une Ancienne sur le Service Social du Kentucky (Amérique)" is charmingly written by Odette Prunet but in French, so we are only printing here a translation of two of the last paragraphs:

The Frontier Nursing Service has proved its worth. The maternal and infant mortality in its field of action is one of the lowest in America and in the world. Indeed, the influence of such a service is world wide and, from all the corners of the earth, people come to see the F.N.S. and to study its medical-social program and what has been accomplished for rural regions. Last summer, at a confinement, five nations were represented: An English supervisor, an American nurse student of midwifery, a Hindu doctor, a Finnish nurse, and I myself, a French nurse—and this was but an episode.

These notes would be incomplete if I did not now make mention of the welcome, warm and friendly, that one receives in this large family of workers.

We will close our news of Beyond the Mountains with mention of the high honor conferred, June 17th, on our trustee and

vice-chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy. She received from Wayne University in Detroit the degree of Doctor of Arts with the following citation:

"HELEN NEWBERRY JOY, a native of Detroit; member by birth and marriage of families whose lives are a part and parcel of the historic events of our country, and especially of our old Northwest Territory; now as ever actively engaged in her chosen field of service for others.

"In our community, her life and work are an inspiration, often to lead the way, always to kindle the spirit of others. The story of her activities is legendary. In every good work whether for social welfare, health and civic improvement; for education and assistance to young and old; for the encouragement of art and music; and especially for the development of the best in patriotism, she has provided brilliant leadership. Buildings stand because she helped erect them; lives are stronger, limbs are straighter, hearts are lighter, minds are clearer, because she helped to heal them.

"The future holds a better promise because she reminds us that out of the indomitable spirit of our past and the courageous will of our present nothing we wish to achieve is impossible. To a great-hearted citizen this University, which here serves as spokesman for the community, wishes to express appreciation for a life of service and an example of devotion to the highest ideals of womanhood."

OUR "WAITING" HORSES

From Massachusetts:

"I am keeping the post card. That is such an eloquent horse."

From Washington, D. C.:

"I am not returning the post card as my daughter and I want to keep it because of the fine horse picture."

From New York:

"That saddled and waiting horse haunts me."

JUST JOKES, REASONS GIVEN

"Pa," said Hector, looking from the book he was reading, "what is meant by 'diplomatic phraseology'?"

"Well," replied his father, "if you were to say to a homely girl, 'Your face would stop a clock,' that would be stupidity. But if you said to her, 'When I look into your eyes, time stands still,' that would be diplomatic phraseology!"

Customer: "Will this suit hold its shape?"

Salesman: "Absolutely. Our new Spring suits are made of pure virgin wool."

Customer: "I don't care about the morals of the sheep. Will it hold its shape?"

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

On another page of this Bulletin, you who read it will see a review, by Marion Shouse Lewis of Washington, D. C., of *Organdie and Mull*. The Frontier Nursing Service has published one thousand numbered copies of this novelette to be sold post-paid for one dollar each. From their sale the Frontier Nursing Service will make over eight hundred dollars, after paying printing costs (which are underwritten) and postage. We could do with the eight hundred dollars, which is the pith of the matter.

If some among you, our thousands of readers, would like to send this little romance as a Christmas present to some of your friends, we suggest that you place an order for only one copy the first time. It is much better to read it yourself, before deciding whether you want to give it away. You can order only through the Frontier Nursing Service, because we don't want to sell *Organdie and Mull* through retailers and lose any part of our eight hundred dollars. Members of our own staff, including the author, are buying the copies they give away.

If you decide, after reading the novelette, that you want to give copies to friends, then send us their names and addresses and your cards to go with your order. We will mail your copies out from Wendover with your card attached to each. If you prefer to mail them yourself, with your own message, then we will send you—with each booklet—its mailing envelope. If you want your copies autographed, please say so, as *Organdie and Mull* will be autographed only upon request.

A tragedy of the most unusual nature happened at the Upper Stinnett School in Leslie County in July. The school had recessed for the morning period, and some of the children were playing under a pine tree to get shelter from a light rain. Two men, Beecher Roberts and Pearl Hubbard, who had been visiting a sick friend in the community, had stopped under the tree to watch the children play. There was not a thunderstorm—just light rain. Suddenly lightning struck the tree, killing the two

men instantly and one of the children, Ulysses, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Chappell of Essie. Other children were so badly shocked and injured that most of them had to be taken to our Hospital at Hyden. These children were: five-year-old Lynn Garrison; ten-year-old Edith Whitehead; twelve-year-old Ralph Whitehead; ten-year-old Bertha Morgan; seven-year-old Barbara Baker; twelve-year-old Cleora Roberts; and seven-year-old J. B. Sizemore. All of these injured children recovered, but little Ulysses and the two men were killed outright.

Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Cincinnati is putting electricity in at Wendover in memory of our trustee and vice-chairman, Roger K. Rogan. The work will be done in the fall, and the wiring and other supplies used will be of the best and safest quality. Wendover is as costly to wire as an Oriental compound. There is really a village in the enclosure.

In August the Kentucky and West Virginia Power Company, which now has a line within a mile of Wendover, sent in their surveyors and inspectors. After them came what we can only refer to as the wreckers. Parts of the road to Wendover look as though they had been struck by a hurricane. Those of you who have been in to see us will remember that there is a trail of about a mile from Muncy Creek Ford, in the river, to the first of the Wendover pull gates. This trail is well above our orchards which lie along the river. Just below the fence on the orchard side were rows of trees. These almost all came down to make way for the electric line and its poles. It gives the road a peculiarly shorn appearance on the right-hand side as one approaches the Wendover enclosure. However, the great trees on the river brink did not have to go, and none of the great trees in the enclosure. When the line reaches the first of the two gates, it turns up and passes through the garden—and goes out by the second big gate—and there the hurricane pattern repeats itself on the hillside above the sheds and cow-barns.

Three men are working daily, and will probably work weeks, to clear up the wreckage. All of the branches have to be carried down to the river's edge to be taken away by the first tide. The smaller trees have to be stripped and set aside for poles.

The crooked larger branches have to be cut up into firewood. The trunks of the big trees will make some six or seven thousand feet of planks. We have contracted to have these picked up by Fawbush Brashear's truck and taken to his mill and brought back to us as planks. They will be stacked in the correct way for them to season. We need a proper cow-barn, to replace the old cow sheds of the past 20 years, but had not taken it into consideration because of the cost of lumber. Now, we will have more than enough of our own for the barn to be built next summer. You will probably read a plea for gifts of large nails, and roofing nails, under "Urgent Needs" in the Spring, 1949, Bulletin. Until then rest easy! We don't need the nails now.

Another of the Service properties is to have electricity this fall. The power line has reached the neighborhood of the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown, Perry County. Our friends and patients around the nursing center have been so eager to see the nurses get electricity that they have held Pie Suppers, and other entertainments, and raised and contributed in all \$127.20. When the son and daughters of the late Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley (who gave the nursing center in memory of her mother), learned that electricity was possible, and that the neighbors had done so much themselves toward getting it, they gave the money to have electrical wiring of the best quality installed in the Center and its barn. They generously added enough to their gift to have a deep well drilled, and to have an electric pressure pump installed. This will be a god-send to the Bowlingtown nurses. Their water supply has depended heretofore on a most inadequate spring that goes dry during the hot months when one needs water most. The nurses have not been able to take baths. Their cow has had to be led a long distance, morning and evening, to drink at the river.

Work began at Bowlingtown in August. There is only one sad note in all of this good news, and that is that Della Int-Hout (Inty) has gone to stay with her brother's widow in New Mexico on an indefinite leave of absence. She has been so long at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center, and has created so much beauty in the garden and grounds there, and she went through so many hot summers without water,

and struggled so hard with the candles and lamps, that it is sad she must be going just as the new conveniences are installed.

The mention of Inty's departure leads us to that of another of the nurses, who leaves us in September. Reva Rubin, one of our younger nurses, is a graduate of the Yale School of Nursing and of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. She has such an ardent desire to work in the Displaced Persons' Camps in Europe that we have granted her a leave of absence to do so. She goes over under the auspices of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee.

Just as we go to press, we have had a letter from one of the patients in the neighborhood of the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at Flat Creek which says: "I am writing you in favor of Miss Rubin. I would like for you to let her stay. Miss Rubin don't want to go to Europe and I hope to God you will let her stay."

We get an immense pleasure out of letters like that which show appreciation of the nurses' work, and several such letters have come to us this summer. When we had to take Helen Marie Fedde (Hem) and Lydia Thompson from their districts at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center for the summer and early autumn months, to relieve as supervisors at the Graduate School and to have vacations, excellent younger nurse-midwives were assigned to the districts during their absence. But to the community these were newcomers. Before the shifts had been made we got a letter from one of the patients which said:

I thought I would write you as we sure do hate to see them go because the nurses here are so nice and kind. And it is the feelings of ever body in the community you couldn't better your self with nurses by exchanging . . . we sure would love if you would just let Miss Fedde and Miss Thompson stay on . . . Ever body seem to hate to see them go so bad . . . Miss Fedde has just delivered a little girl baby for me which is now 3 weeks old.

We shall print in its entirety a third letter, from a maternity patient who lives outside the area covered by the Frontier Nursing Service, but to whom we gave care. It is addressed to Eva Gilbert, Instructor at the Frontier Graduate School of Mid-

wifery. Eva wrote her thanks and sent the Senna Leaves. This is a poor patient, and the five dollars she gave represents sacrifice.

Dear miss Gilbert my Dear nirse

Just a ful lins to let you know that we are all well hoping you all is the same Well i am sendin you 5.00 dollars for you kindness that you all was to me thanking you all for it and if you could send me 2 boxes of Senna Leaves if you could have them to spear i sure would be so glad to get them for i sure do need them But if you cant i sure thank you all just the same But i think you will send them if you hade got thim to spare for i sure do love every one of you all for you all was so kind to me from your frind

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We have printed as a separate article in this Bulletin, because of its length, a poem called "Our Nurses" written by Mrs. Snowden Huff of Mosley Bend. In sending us this poem in June, Mrs. Huff wrote as follows:

For so long I have intended to write and tell you how much I appreciate your work and how wonderful I think the nurses are.

I have three boys and your Service has taken care of us all. I was in the hospital when the first boy came. Dr. Kooser was there at that time.

Miss Evans took care of me when the last two boys were born and I think she is wonderful. I have written a poem, just a simple thing as I am far from being a poet, but I think that it expresses the appreciation of many of our mountain people, for your work and that of your nurses. You may use it any way you like and I hope it might show you how we love you and your work.

I am sending \$1.00. I want your Bulletin for one year.

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The Medical Advisory Committee of the Medical Council of the Frontier Nursing Service authorizes a *Medical Routine* for the use of the nursing staff in their district work. The first edition was printed in August, 1928; the second edition, revised, in September, 1930; the third in January, 1936. The fourth edition of the Midwifery Section of the Routine has been revised and was printed in May of this year. The fourth edition of the section covering medical and surgical nursing has not been revised as yet.

These Routines are our nurses' field manual. Long experi-

ence in remotely rural work has taught us what conditions and what emergencies to expect. Our nurses know under every contingency just what they are authorized to do. The physicians and surgeons of our Medical Advisory Committee take infinite pains in the revision of these Routines, but their job would be impossible without the arduous spade work carried by Dorothy F. Buck. She has taken up with them personally every revision we think we need, either to meet new conditions or to handle new drugs. When they are in agreement on the general points, then the section of the routine that is being revised (this last revision—one section with its index—covers 64 pages) has to be put in galley proof and galleys sent to each of the fifteen physicians on the Medical Advisory Committee. If the galley is as a physician wants it, he signs and returns it. If, upon reflection, he wants another change, he writes it out. This change then has to be taken up with the other physicians, in order to get it authorized by them. The galleys are in a pretty battered state before the printer gets them back, and sends the second proof in its approved form. No one who has not worked on a thing of this character can understand the terrific job it is. The Bucket has, of course, had the Medical Director in consultation about every revision that we thought would be of help to us, but the spade work of taking it up point by point with the Medical Advisory Committee has all fallen on her. It was a heavy bit of extra work which she carried all of last winter and spring, up to the day before her operation when she handed me the last proofs.

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Agnes Lewis, Executive Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, who handles all the details of such problems as the electrification of Wendover and the electrification and deep well at Bowlingtown, things touched on lightly by me in this Bulletin, and carried heavily by her day in and day out, Agnes Lewis is taking a ten-day holiday with two of her sisters at the home of a beloved uncle and aunt in west Tennessee. It is all the holiday she can squeeze out of this year, but she will revel in every moment of it. Her uncle is an old-fashioned retired country town physician—the most useful kind of man ever produced by civilization. He and his sister had the same old-time colored

cook for twenty-five years. They now have another cook, just as good Aggie says, but, as she has only been with them the five years since the first one retired from old age, the doctor and his sister don't think she has had time to prove her worth. Whether or no, Aggie is getting good southern food and getting it with people she loves. On August first, before she went on this little family spree, she celebrated the anniversary of her first eighteen years with the Frontier Nursing Service.

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice O. Barney returned from their vacation on August 13th and brought with them an adorable baby sister for Susan, whose name is Catherine Lee. All four of the Barneys are in top condition, and it is lovely to have them back.

We were so fortunate as to get Dr. Charles Linthicum, an extremely able young physician, to relieve for Dr. Barney's vacation. He carried every detail of the Medical Director's manifold duties with devotion and intelligence, and everybody liked him.

Lucile Hodges is back with her family in Alabama for awhile, after several months spent in the Wendover offices. She made the work of handling the Post Office, the donor files, and lots of other things much easier. Lucile relieved for Cecilia Lucas' vacation as well, and carried a huge amount of outdoor activities with the animals, the chickens, the flowers, and the grounds.

Among the comings and goings in the Frontier Nursing Service this summer the going of Florence Moore, "Joker," has been hard to bear. She was that unusual creature, a competent volunteer worker in statistics. A graduate of Wells College in 1915, "Joker" had not taken a job for years until the notion struck her to apply for work with us. Not until we had accepted her on a professional basis did we learn that she could afford to come as a volunteer. Aside from her office work "Joker" turned up wherever in our community life there was extra work to do:—whether in entertaining overseas guests, or changing their sheets when they succeeded one another too rapidly for the little maids to cope with the beds, or weeding the rose gar-

den on her afternoons off duty. Her comradeship meant a lot to all of us. Now that she has gone to New Mexico, to make her home with her sister, we shall count the days until a red-letter day arrives to bring her back to Wendover.

Betty Lester spent half of her vacation with Mrs. James C. Breckinridge in the Shenandoah Valley, and motoring with her in Virginia, and half with our old courier, Dorothy Caldwell, and her family on their farm across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, at Burlington, Kentucky. She had a delightful time and came back looking fit. She took over the Hospital at once so that Brownie could go on a vacation, spent mostly in a cabin in a wilderness of Nova Scotia with Jean and Hope Hollins.

When Betty Lester gave up Social Service, which she had been carrying, together with field supervision, she was able to turn over all of the social service work to Alison Bray. Alison had come back from England after ten years of absence (and such years!) to work as a senior courier. With the greatest good humor and competence, she took over all of the social service work to carry until she leaves us in October. God bless our couriers! The seasoned ones are able to fit into almost any kind of job at almost any time.

Two new nurses have been added to the staff during the summer months. From England we have another fine nurse-midwife whose name is Joyce Stephens and whom we call Stevie. A new and good addition to the Hospital staff has come to us in Edith Cox, whom we call Coxie.

Eva Gilbert had a restful vacation while Bertha Bloomer relieved for her as Instructor at the Graduate School. Bertha has always wanted to become a physician. She was ready for medical school this fall but could not get in to either of the two university medical schools to which she had made application. Since she had at least a year on her hands, and needed to make a bigger salary than we can give, I suggested to her that she apply for the post of Maternal and Child Health Nursing Consultant with the Territorial Department of Health of Alaska.

I had had a letter from the Territorial Department of Health asking me to endorse a nurse for this post, and it was a joy to give wholehearted endorsement of Bertha. She bought a jeep, and set out in it for Alaska a few days after Eva Gilbert returned from vacation.

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We received back into the Frontier Nursing Service, with open arms, Mrs. T. G. Beardsworth of Alabama, who as Audrey Collins had worked with us in earlier years. Her husband was temporarily without a satisfactory job so Audrey picked up her two babies, Sharon and Lee, and came back to the Frontier Nursing Service. We have parked her in the Glen Cottage below the Midwives' Quarters at Hyden. She comes to Wendover every weekday to help Aggie, for whose vacation she is now relieving with entire satisfaction to us.

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We have had the rare experience this summer of extra help in our Wendover and Hospital offices to enable us to handle vacations. Not only has Thumper come back to us for Luckey's vacation, and she is a host in herself, but we have had four delightful young university and college girls who have enabled us to get by. These are Florence Baker from Berea, who enters Johns Hopkins Training School in September; and, from the University of Kentucky, Celia Moore, Nancy Roberts, and Virginia Moberley.

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Our courier department has been in excellent hands all summer. Pebble Stone took over from Jean Hollins as resident courier and had as senior courier Nella Lloyd of New York. The junior couriers who came in the early part of the summer were Craig Potter of Rochester, New York, and Sally Rice of Dover, Massachusetts. Those who came the latter part of the summer were Nancy Rockefeller of New York, a cousin of our courier Elsie of several years ago, and Ann Bemis, of Boston, a niece of Mardi Bemis Perry, courier of many years ago.

Nancy and Ann were brought up to Wendover by Mrs. Floyd Wright of Lexington who is kin to Nancy. With her came her husband, John Clay of Bourbon County, and Margaret McDowell,

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Nancy and Ann were brought up to Wendover by Mrs. Floyd Wright of Lexington who is kin to Nancy. With her came her husband, John Clay of Bourbon County, and Margaret McDowell,

our ex-courier "Bobbie." These most welcome guests would only stay for tea.

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Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse), of Washington, D. C., came down in July for her usual summer work-visit. She stayed about three weeks to supplement our Courier Service. She worked hard at everything that came to hand, and was a joy.

Peggy Brown's sister, Jo Brown Grimaldi, has returned to England after months of first-class courier work in the Frontier Nursing Service. We hated to see her go even though we knew that home and husband were eagerly awaiting her. Thanks to Dr. Ella Woodyard, she had a wonderful tour of the Far West before her departure. In Dr. Woodyard's car they visited the Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Grand Coulee Dam, and other great scenic wonders of this vast continent. In addition to all that, Jo had the delight of stopping off here and there in the Southwest, and the Far West and in the Middle West, to visit members of Dr. Woodyard's widely scattered family.

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Hannah Mitchell, our own "Mitch" of earlier days, now Maternal and Child Health Consultant for the State of Georgia, came back for just a few hours. The F.N.S. has nine graduates of its Midwifery School in Georgia, of whom seven are in direct midwifery service. These nine old F.N.S.-ers bought an incubator of a type invented by the State of Georgia for use in homes without electricity, as well as in homes with electricity, and gave it to the Frontier Nursing Service in memory of Sammie. "Mitch" was deputized to bring it to us in person. The incubator has a metal plaque to show that it was given in memory of Florence Samson. This is the second memorial to Sammie. The first one was the Gatch bed given by Hyden friends. A third memorial, given by members of the staff in and out of the mountains, will be in a form to commemorate the district nursing side of Sammie's years of service in the F.N.S.

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Miss Marion Sprague, Executive Secretary of the Kentucky

State Association of Registered Nurses, accompanied by Miss Elsie Pierson, the second Vice-President, and a quite nice small dog, were so kind as to come to the Frontier Nursing Service in June to help organize District 13 at Hyden on Wednesday, June 9th. Heretofore, Kentucky has been divided into only twelve districts by the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses. The Frontier Nursing Service territory, which covers 700 square miles, has centers in three counties and patients in four, and is divided into three separate districts. Not only did this division make it difficult for the Frontier Nursing Service staff to take part in professional activities but none of our nurses lived near enough to places like Hazard and Harlan to be able to get to the evening district meetings without almost insurmountable difficulties.

The districts to which we were attached are so kind as to release us. The Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses has created District 13 for our benefit. We are fortunate in having two nurses in our territory besides ourselves, Mrs. Augustus Cornett, State Public Health nurse for Leslie County, and Miss Jean Tolk, missionary nurse at Dryhill. At the initial meeting Mrs. Cornett was voted First Vice-President; Miss Tolk, Treasurer; Eva Gilbert, President; Rose Evans, Second Vice-President; Margaret Field, Secretary. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws. The three members of this committee were Mary Breckinridge, Chairman, Barbara Carpenter, and Caroline Stillman. They have met for hours, and have worked hard, and will have a constitution and by-laws ready to be presented, amended, and voted on at a September meeting.

Miss Sprague came back to the Frontier Nursing Service on June 29th, during her vacation, for a few days of observation of the work of our district nurse-midwives at first hand. We supplemented her riding clothes with whatever was needful, stuck her on Boots, and placed her with Rose Evans (Cherry) and Anna May January at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence. The nurses enjoyed having her very much and she wrote of her own enjoyment of everyone including the dogs, Peter and Lug.

Miss Mary Thomas, missionary nurse from Portuguese West Africa, spent a period of six weeks of observation at the Graduate School, both in the Hospital and on the adjoining districts. She had wanted to take the full six months' course, but unfortunately we had no place for her during her furlough so we did the next best thing in her behalf.

Another professional guest, who came for observation and study of our work, afforded us rare pleasure although he only stayed nine days. This was Dr. Percy Boland of Bolivia. Dr. Boland was in this country through the Office of International Health Relations of the Federal Security Agency of the United States Public Health Service. He had completed a graduate course in Public Health at Harvard. He wanted to see the work of the Frontier Nursing Service because he, an obstetrician, and his wife, a pediatrician, are planning a similar service for parts of Bolivia. They expect to train Bolivian nurses as midwives and to prepare them in other respects for work with mothers and children.

We have seldom entertained as delightful and as informed a man as Dr. Boland. We did the best we could for him in nine days. He was with Dr. Barney and the nurses at the Hospital and the Graduate School for lectures, deliveries, and prenatal clinics. We sent him to one or two outpost centers. He completed his stay at Wendover, where he was able to go with Reva Rubin, on horseback, to two district deliveries in the homes of our people—deliveries she conducted to his entire satisfaction. Dr. Boland commented on how comfortable and clean the nurse-midwife leaves the mother and baby—something the male accoucheur is not trained to do.

Dr. Josephine Asirvathan, a physician from India, and friend of Dr. Samuel Kirkwood of Boston, was another welcome professional guest just after Dr. Boland had left in early July. She was with us only a few days but she gave, as well as received, that kind of professional exchange that is so rewarding to host and guest in a service like ours.

We do not count as guests the members of the Executive

Committee of our Board of Trustees because it is their duty to visit us, and because they are a part of our larger F.N.S. family. Two of these came to see us this summer.

Immediately after our Annual Meeting in Louisville in May Mrs. Herman F. Stone of New York drove back with us in the F.N.S. station wagon to Lexington for the night, and then up to the mountains the next day. Her visit, an annual event at about the same time each year, is looked forward to with joy by us all. To me, it means a lot to be able to talk over with her the details connected with the New York Committee, as well as the policies of the Service as a whole.

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, first Vice-Chairman of the Board of Trustees, made a visit to Wendover in late June for several days. Her colored chauffeur, Floyd, who has been with her for thirty years, drove her to Hyden. We made him comfortable in the Wee Stone House on the Hospital grounds, and we brought Mrs. Belknap over to Wendover by jeep. Although she could spare us only a few days, those few days meant everything to me in my responsibilities as the administrative officer of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was an immense relief to be able to talk over the problems of our work with its first Vice-Chairman, not just once or twice, but every day for several successive days. It was like having one's face lifted.

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As those of you who read the section called "Guests" in the Annual Report must realize, we have overnight guests more times than there are nights in the year. In addition to that we have many delightful visitors, both at Hyden and Wendover, for lunch or dinner or tea. There were so many in June and July that in order to handle their transport between Hyden and Wendover we sent out an inter-office communication called "Alarums and Excursions," with daily arrivals and departures. Pleasant as all of these guests were—including old friends, former staff members and agreeable new people—there were just too many of them to list in these pages. Among those who stayed only a few hours with us, we do want to make special mention of our former nurse, Gladys Moberg, who came with her husband, Greeley Gay. Among the guests who stayed for a night or two were our old friend, Mr. Earl Palmer, now of

Miss Mary Thomas, missionary nurse from Portuguese West Africa, spent a period of six weeks of observation at the Graduate School, both in the Hospital and on the adjoining districts. She had wanted to take the full six months' course, but unfortunately we had no place for her during her furlough so we did the next best thing in her behalf.

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Radford, Virginia, with a pleasant companion, Professor Burch; my young niece, Kate Breckinridge, for a week-end only, during her holiday from Vassar; Eleanor and Bruce Isaacs of Lexington, Kentucky; our courier, Dorothy Caldwell; Rosa Clarke, ever welcome graduate of the Frontier Graduate School, with Miss Laura Blackburn, both from South Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slack (she the sister of our former courier Catherine Mellick Gilpin); and several delightful young men on brief visits to some of our delightful young women.

The guests who meant most of all to us, who came separately through the summer, were Dorothy Buck's three brothers—William (Bill, the middle one) and Grosvenor (the oldest) and George, who brought his wife with him. They were so much a part of the family that it hurt to see them go.

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I should conclude this section on guests by inserting a letter written us by a brilliant young organist, brother of one of our nurses, who gave us an unforgettable experience. During the evening to which he alludes he played our little organ and Alison Bray sang, mostly Handel. Here is the letter:

"Nine days ago I left your beautiful Kentucky, and regretfully. Since then I have told many people about the loveliness of the country and also of the stalwart services rendered by you and by your staff.

"It was a real thrill to be in Hyden, Wendover, and Bowlingtown. In addition to many other things, the memory of the little chapel by candlelight and the sweet-toned organ, not to mention the singing and the very situation itself, will never leave me. The experience is really one out of another world, a fleeting but refreshing mirage!"

Postscript. Her many friends will want news of Dorothy F. Buck, the Bucket. After her operation in May, her combined convalescence and holiday did her lots of good. Some of us fitted up a bathroom in the old cabin at Wendover, where she lives. As there is a veranda in front of this cabin, overlooking the river, she came back to a little suite all her own. It was during this period that the first two of her brothers came to see her.

About six weeks after her operation, the Bucket wanted to go on duty again and, as Dr. Massie said she was to do whatever she wanted to do, she went on full time duty. She has

carried the nursing correspondence, the Field and Hospital assignments, the nursing office work,—all the details that go with the position of First Assistant Director, she has carried them during the summer months. She has gotten a lot of happiness from the letters her friends have written her, from the visits of some of them, from her dog, from her flowers; but she has given incredibly more happiness than she has received. She has been so joyous, so kind, so radiant in her good will, that those of us who have worked with her this summer will be the better for it all our lives. It has been my privilege to see some of the letters written to the Bucket. Without asking anybody's permission, I quote a few lines that Mrs. Francis C. McMath of Detroit wrote her on June twentieth:

"What a great joy it must be to you to see the wheels that you started, turning so successfully. You instituted so many upward roads—following the needs as they presented themselves. I know the gratitude expressed (and felt but unexpressed) has been a help."

TRUE TALES

One of our nurses had just delivered a mother in childbirth, and was ready to oil the baby. As part of her preparation, she picked up a keg to put in front of the fire. Feebly from the bed came, "That keg is full of powder."

"What kind of powder?"

"Gunpowder."

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At one of the Hospital Clinics the other day we noticed a baby bottle and a revolver lying side by side in the waiting room.

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

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.

2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.

3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.

4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.

5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.

6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

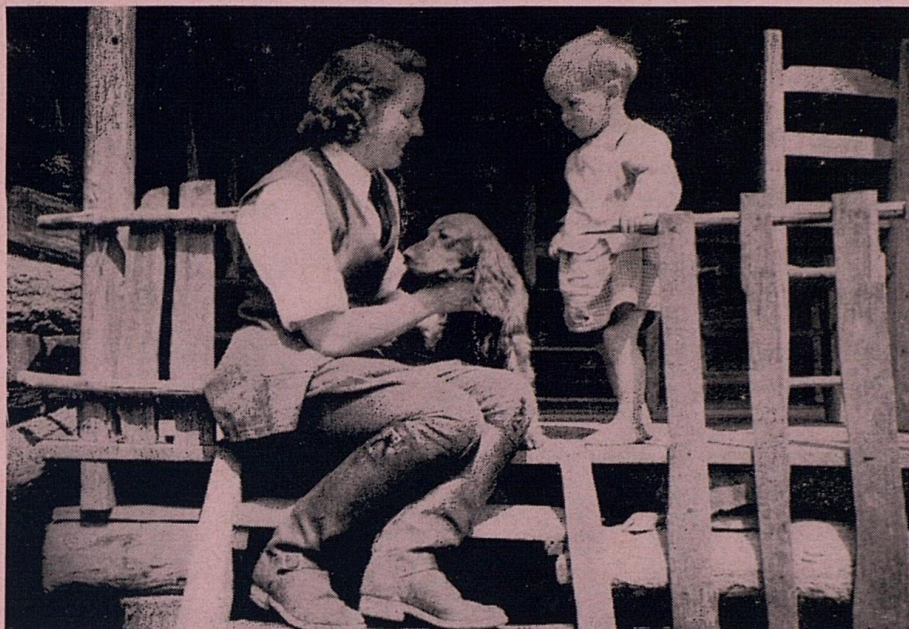
**Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**

and sent to the treasurer,

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,

Security Trust Company,

Lexington 15, Kentucky



MAKING FRIENDS

(Left to right)

Bertha Bloomer, R.N., C.M., B.S.
"Rusty," and Carlos Adams

Photograph taken on Camp Creek
by Carolyn Booth, B.A.

