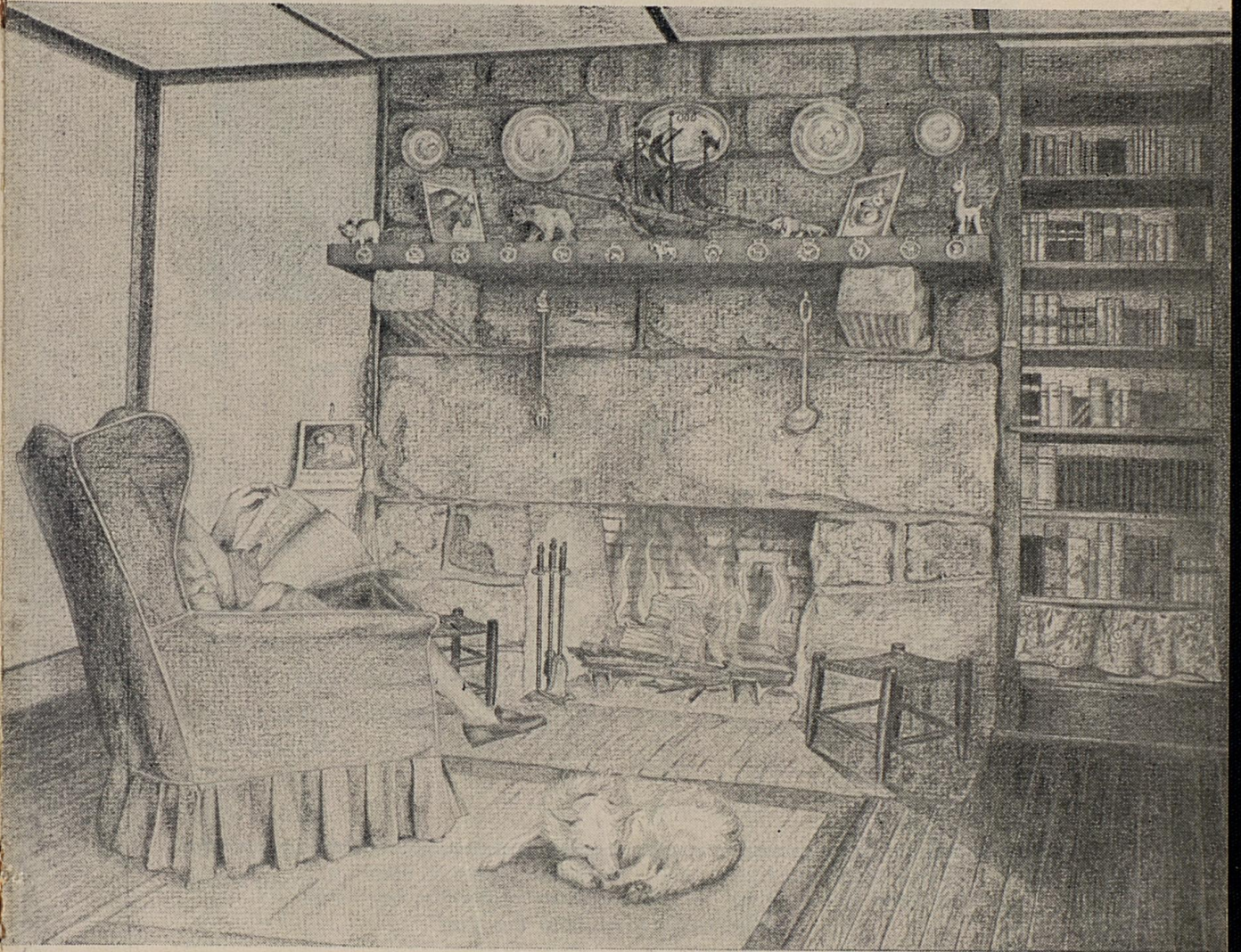


The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 27

WINTER, 1952

NUMBER 3



THE NURSE-MIDWIFE OFF DUTY
at the
Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

—Drawn by Nurse-Midwife, Joyce Stephens



LASSIE AT BOWLINGTOWN
(Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center)

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

—S. Longfellow, 1819-92.

HARPER & BROTHERS

has the honor to announce the national publication
on April 23, 1952, of

WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS

A Story of the Frontier Nursing Service

by MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Readers of the *Bulletin* have been regularly informed over the last two years of the progress of Mrs. Breckinridge's book summing up the history of the Frontier Nursing Service. Her friends have rightly insisted that she include the record of her own early, formative years—incidents of her life in Russia, France, Switzerland, the British Isles, and in America from the Deep South to Canada.

Here is the complete and authoritative record of twenty-five years of team play between the staff at Wendover and the committees of friends working throughout America.

The story of how the Service has grown over the years is perhaps familiar in broad outline but now it is documented with intimate, human detail. The publisher is confident it will prove of immense satisfaction to the many who have been associated with the Service, and will enjoy wide attention wherever good books of Americana are read.

Booksellers in Chicago and cities in the East are authorized to place "Wide Neighborhoods" on sale on April 14th.

Please address all your orders
to bookstores.

Price \$4.00

This announcement was written for the *Bulletin* by Harper & Brothers.

DIARY OF A NEW NURSE-MIDWIFE

by

JOAN COURT, R.N., S.C.M.

Note: Since 1951, Joan Court has been a member of the World Health Organization in Pakistan. She is organizing a domiciliary midwifery service in Lahore.

North Kensington, London. September 1949.

So I have been accepted by the F.N.S.! I spent most of the evening ruminating over an atlas, wondering about Kentucky.

New York, November.

I am impressed by American friendliness, as typified by the Customs official, who, bending over the labels on my luggage, said, "Now Joan, what have we here? Have you the keys?" American trains hoot like ships—and, oh, the comfort!

Bus from Lexington to Hyden.

At this time of year the hills are brown and bare, but there is an atmosphere I shall grow to love about this countryside, but not without periods of acute claustrophobia at being so enclosed by hills. I am met at Hyden by two couriers who help me with my luggage into a waiting jeep, and three miles further up the road by Jean Hollins, who has the most beautiful expression of gentleness and humility. She, I am told, is the head courier, and general friend to everyone, especially the animals.

At Wendover the flash impression is of comfort and warmth. There is a huge log fire burning, around which there are seated an astonishing number of women and dogs. I felt very remote and strange, until Brownie broke the spell by introducing herself and saying, "Wouldn't you like to read your mail?" glancing at the sheaf of letters in my hand. I would, did, and felt better.

Wendover. November 29th.

As I sit in the jeep, steering erratically down the Wendover road, with Jean repeating the same instructions to me over and over again with unflinching patience, I remember a phrase from one of Brownie's letters last summer, "As you neither drive nor ride your application has needed very careful consideration!" I may learn to ride, but I'm sure I shall always be a menace on the roads, as I find driving petrifying.

I have made a friend in the F.N.S. She is a mule by the name of Tenacity. She is teaching me to groom, and when I become a little more proficient she will pass me on to the horses. Grooming Tenacity is my first morning task, and I croon to her as I warm my icy hands on her firm woollen belly, or remove odd corn seeds from her ears. She reminds me of my favorite childhood toy, a stuffed donkey on wheels, for which I had an inordinate affection. When I finish Tenacity I am usually taken riding, which is really most exciting, and I am thankful to find I don't feel a bit nervous of horses. I feel my London friends wouldn't know me here, striding round in black riding boots, blue-gray uniform of breeches and jacket, hair to glory, what ho, the ruddy cheeks and shiny nose! But withal my dislike for healthy exercise, it is impossible not to enjoy the lovely days, crisp and clear with bright sun. It's only the cold really which makes it sometimes rather an endurance test. There will, though, be certain pleasure in learning to manage things here, and in adapting to a mode of living to which I at present feel totally alien and unfitted.

December 1st.

Wind and river rising, and all the lights at Wendover suddenly fused. The river is constantly changing colour. It has been muddy brown. Today it is milky green, and there's a soft rain falling through the mild air. I saw a scarlet bird perched on a rock, incredibly beautiful in brilliance. This must be the famed Red Cardinal. I wonder what Flat Creek is like?

Flat Creek Nursing Center. December 11th.

Bitterly cold.

January 2nd, 1950.

Stevie is away for the week-end. I am distinctly apprehensive of being alone at night. Not of course for fear of anything definite, just an obscure and rootless fear of empty houses, especially ours, with the shadowy lamps and big rooms. Janey has the afternoon and Sunday off. This morning as I rode along to the store, I saw her drifting across the smooth green river in a little boat, on her way home to Elisha's Creek. She looked pretty in her pale lemon-coloured skirt and new blue sweater. She's such a nice companionable person.

January 10th.

It's cold again, with icicles hanging from the rocks and banks, several feet long. At night, when there is a moon, they sparkle like crystal chandeliers. Actually, I think this countryside is most beautiful after heavy rain, though it makes problems over getting around! Our life seems dominated by the river. When it is well up or in spate, it is almost impossible to get to our patients up Little Creek, where they are always needing us. After there has been heavy rain, I like best the ride up Little Flat Creek. We were up there last week, the creeks were very high, and the brown water swirled around the horses' legs. Being unaccustomed to it, I felt quite giddy when I looked down! Cascades of water spilled down the hills leaving the moss brilliant green where it covers the rocks and fallen trees. There are very few people living up this creek, which winds its way in solitude between the steeply sloping hills: but as evidence that there are a few habitants we met chickens and tortoise-shell coloured pigs scruffling amongst the beech leaves. After the rain particularly, it all rather closely resembles a Walt Disney film. The occasional cabin fits into the scene, with its chimney belching violet coloured smoke, and its clothesline draped in gay-coloured patchwork quilts.

January 11th.

Amused Stevie today when I discovered that horses go into reverse if even pressure is put on both reins. She's very tolerant of my amateur ways, and a wonderful person to teach anyone horseback riding. At this moment she is busy sweeping the branch that runs down behind our center. Apparently if you don't rake out the leaves occasionally, it gets clogged up. Shandy is sitting on a rock watching her. He's a gorgeous cat. Stevie tells me that when she cleared out the feed room last month, in a rat and mouse hunt, Shandy helped by catching rodents **two at a time!**

January 24th.

What a country this is for sudden changes of temperature! Worth noting that today it was 70° F. I rode in summer uniform up Elisha's Creek with sleeves rolled up. Rex was sweating under the leather. It was lovely to hear the birds singing, and

to smell the grass. The frogs spawning in the puddles are in for a nasty surprise soon I fear, when this brief summer ends and everything freezes up again.

I'm to go to work on the Bull Creek district next week. Have a feeling I'll be back here though, and have told Janey so.

Bull Creek in April.

The people are busy planting seed potatoes and ploughing the hills with mules and wooden instruments, while behind walk the barefooted children scattering fertilizer from a lard can. The butterflies are heavenly, my favourite the turquoise blue and black, and the yellow ones with the black border. They flutter across the creeks and round the horse's legs. The famed red-bud is out round the horseshoe bend of Maggard's Road. No one told me it would be violet-coloured! It looks so lovely against the gray sky. And the dogwood is beyond description, layer upon layer of snow-white four-petaled blossoms on delicate twisted branches.

June.

Such a night, pouring with rain, and pitch black. Gwen, Hilly and I drove to Wendover for a visit, and were entertained by Jean in her room. Couldn't be anybody else's room! Numerous pictures of horses and dogs decorated the walls, and there was a real dog asleep on the bed. Dangling over the back of a chair were yards and yards of rubber tubing attached to an enamel funnel, which, Jean explained, she had been using to drench a cow. Later we went down to the stable where Jean renewed the dressings on an injured mule which belongs to a local farmer. (They bring their animals from far and near to Jean. So would I.) Patient beast, looking strangely Biblical, with the stall dimly lit by lantern. It was an experience driving the jeep back through the river and the beating rain—the lightning sweeping across the sky, briefly illuminating cornfields and the dark hills.

Hyden Hospital. July.

Last night Bambi's husband bought a huge watermelon and we sat round eating hunks of it while he regaled us with stories of life as a GI in England and Germany.

"But you wouldn't have missed all this, would you?" All this includes a typical F.N.S. incident I noticed yesterday. Mardie was sitting on the hospital steps engrossed in picking something from Lassie's ears. In a minute or two she got up and carefully holding some object in her hands went over to a laconic young man leaning against a tree (who happened to be the Deputy Sheriff) and said, "Would you mind burning this tick for me?" handing him a screwed up piece of paper. And he, unsurprised and unsmiling, took out his lighter and did as she asked. And then, as Gwen says, where else would one be awakened in a nurses home by the night watchman shooting possum?

August.

Too hot. Spend my days swatting horseflies off dear Bobbin's tender ears. The ridge looks all tropical with huge cucumber leaves and lush green foliage, while in the valleys the silk trails from the tops of the tall green corn. I have a wonderful patient, aged 75, with silvery hair and a huge beaked nose. He has cardiac failure and bronchiectasis, and officially there isn't much hope for him, but I think, and so does he, that he will live. He has had twelve children and a huge family—nearly all of whom, hearing that death is upon him, have come to stay. There have been at least 70 visiting, and five married daughters are staying until the crisis is over. They are all fine large women, with the family nose, so that you could spot them anywhere as his daughters. Everyone shares the work of cooking and caring for the children. When I visit, the beds are always covered with sleeping children of all shapes and sizes. When one wakes, any of the women will change and attend to it, irrespective of whose it is. Only when it comes to feeding them at the breast do they clasp their own.

Flat Creek. December.

I have been out for the first time on a night case. Jim fetched me at 10:00 p.m. saying Sarah had been in labour since noon; so we wasted no time for we had far to go. The family live out of district. It was misty, but Jim's little pony knew the way, and soon we were at the head of the creek and winding our way up the hill through the woods, with the beech leaves and tree roots underfoot. I remember thinking it would be a bad place

to try and bring the doctor in a hurry, and hoped Sarah's delivery would be normal, as carrying a stretcher down that narrow steep path would have been almost impossible.

After an hour's riding we reached Jim's home. Now the mist was clearing, and in the moonlight I could see that it was a very old log house, so old that it was almost cleft in two, and only one half could be lived in. Inside, Sarah was sitting on a bench in front of a roaring fire. Jim hurriedly lit the lamp while I took off my coat. Sarah sat so patient and beautiful with her calm placid face framed with thick plaits of black hair, gazing into the fire. Very soon we had her into bed, and Jim had moved the bench up for me to use as a table. He sat by her head, stroking her hair and comforting her. And very soon the child was born.

When all was tidy, and Sarah lay on her side feeding the baby, I took my leave. Jim's son, David, a tall thin lad of fifteen, said he would ride back with me a piece. It was almost dawn, and in the thin gray morning light the homes along the creek bank were dimly visible. The dogs started barking as we rode by, and I knew that people would stir in their beds and hearing our horses would realize it was the nurse riding back from Sarah's, and would wonder how she had fared. Half way home I said good-by to David, who then turned his little pony round and galloped back. Doc and I proceeded at a gentler pace! The geese stood white and motionless on the bank but, as we rode by, they with one accord slipped silently into the water. Back through the cornfield, we went faster over the sandy path Doc loves. It seemed darker here, but Doc knew the way. He decided to ford the river by Sycamore Island, and soon we were across and mounting the short perpendicular path to the road. From there I could see the church and we were nearly home.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

Truth exists for the wise, beauty for a sensitive heart.
The two are destined for each other.

—Beethoven

THE LEAST ONE

by

ROSE EVANS, R.N., S.C.M.



It was 9:00 p.m. and what seemed to be the darkest night of the whole year when came that well-known "hallo," with the usual "Quick nurse, she's bad off."

I saddled my horse and was soon on my way leaving my escort behind. It was a good hour's ride, and I knew my patient too well from former experiences to linger. As I neared the cabin, I heard a terrific barking of dogs and, to my delight, found the gate open. When I rode down the hillside to the cabin, I was met by a gun, held before an anxious face, which expressed relief when it saw who emerged through the darkness. Then came a burst of inquiries. "Had I met anyone?" Ben, the bad man, was around, and had just passed through the gate as I had come along.

Now Ben had been in some trouble a few weeks before and was hiding out in the mountains, evading the law, and living on what he could plunder from other folks. So, Ben had been

helping himself when I arrived! To avoid being seen, he had hidden himself until I had gone by.

I had my work to attend to, while Ben continued his roaming somewhere outside. In the absence of the master of the house, whom I had outdistanced, a neighbor did sentry-go on the porch. I got to work inside amongst people, dogs, cats and chaos. One feeble lamp lit the scene, and this I expected to expire at any moment. Two big double beds seemed to fill the one and only room. Five sleeping children occupied the one bed, which left me the other for the mother. It took me some time to organize the gathering and clear a space for myself between the two beds.

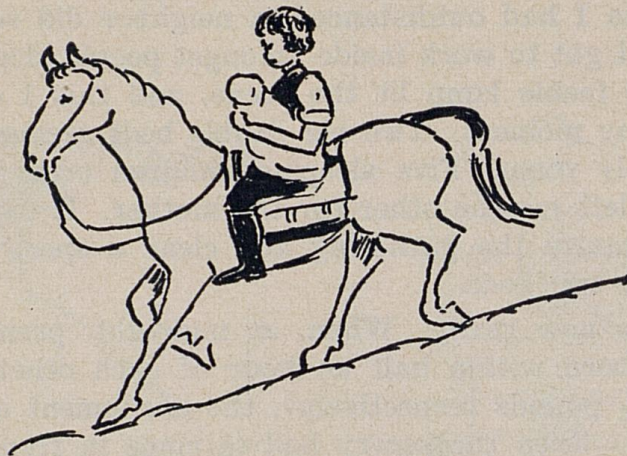
All was now ready. When, at midnight, premature twin girls were born within half an hour of each other (weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds respectively), the excitement in the cabin was intense. Even the sentry had to come in from the porch and have a look.

Could anything have been worse than premature twins in surroundings such as these? A draughty, cold, tumble-down cabin with hardly the bare necessities of life inside—and Ben helping himself to the necessary outside. Later, to everyone's relief, he vanished into the night.

My main object now was to keep the babies alive and warm. Wood was piled on the fire. Canning jars were filled with hot water. All available rags and papers were crammed into cracks to keep out the cold. The twins I wrapped up in various garments belonging to the family. Now for something to put the twins in, as my chief object was to maintain the necessary heat. There was no box. Only by lying on a quilt on the floor in front of the fire, with the babies against my body, was I able to keep them warm and sheltered until daylight appeared. Thus I spent the night, my vigil shared by two dogs whilst the rest of the cabin slept.

Alas, one baby did not survive the night. But the least one was as pert as possible. With the mother's approval that morning, I carried the baby on my horse five miles down to the Center. Then I took her by truck twelve miles to Hyden Hospital, where she could have the care and attention that behoves a premature baby—which she had. In spite of having been

through hazards which would be a strain on a normal baby, much less one of her size and weight, she is alive, and a healthy little girl today.



KENTUCKY MAY BE INVADED BY IRAQ

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 10—Kentucky may be in for an invasion!

At least, it would seem so from the number of requests for information received from Iraq during the past week by the Division of Publicity. Forty-two requests from that Asiatic country have been received—a group of 25 one day and 17 several days ago.

All the requests asked for information about Natural Bridge in Powell County.

According to the Division of Publicity, each week several requests for information are received from foreign countries, but it is rare indeed when they come in such large groups from one place.

The Iraqi information seekers have all been sent descriptive literature about Natural Bridge and Kentucky in general.

—*The Thousandsticks*, January 24, 1952

HEARTH FIRE

A hearth fire is one of life's most satisfying delights. It is not only the flame, or the bed of ashes or lingering warmth of embers; nor a combination of the three. They are heat, pure, thermal heat which any furnace can supply. Man does not live, nor is he delighted, by heat alone.

But a hearth fire, stoked and inflamed at dusk when the sun is gone and evening's chill has set in, collects within the radius of its glow a deep contentment and security. The flame attracts those who enjoy quiet thoughts and leisurely conversation—best of all, imagination and fond reverie. Here the soul, even more than the body, is warmed. It is more so when one has provided his own logs, though they be scraggly cedar or the finest hewn oak, for there is an old saying: "He who cuts his own wood is twice warmed."

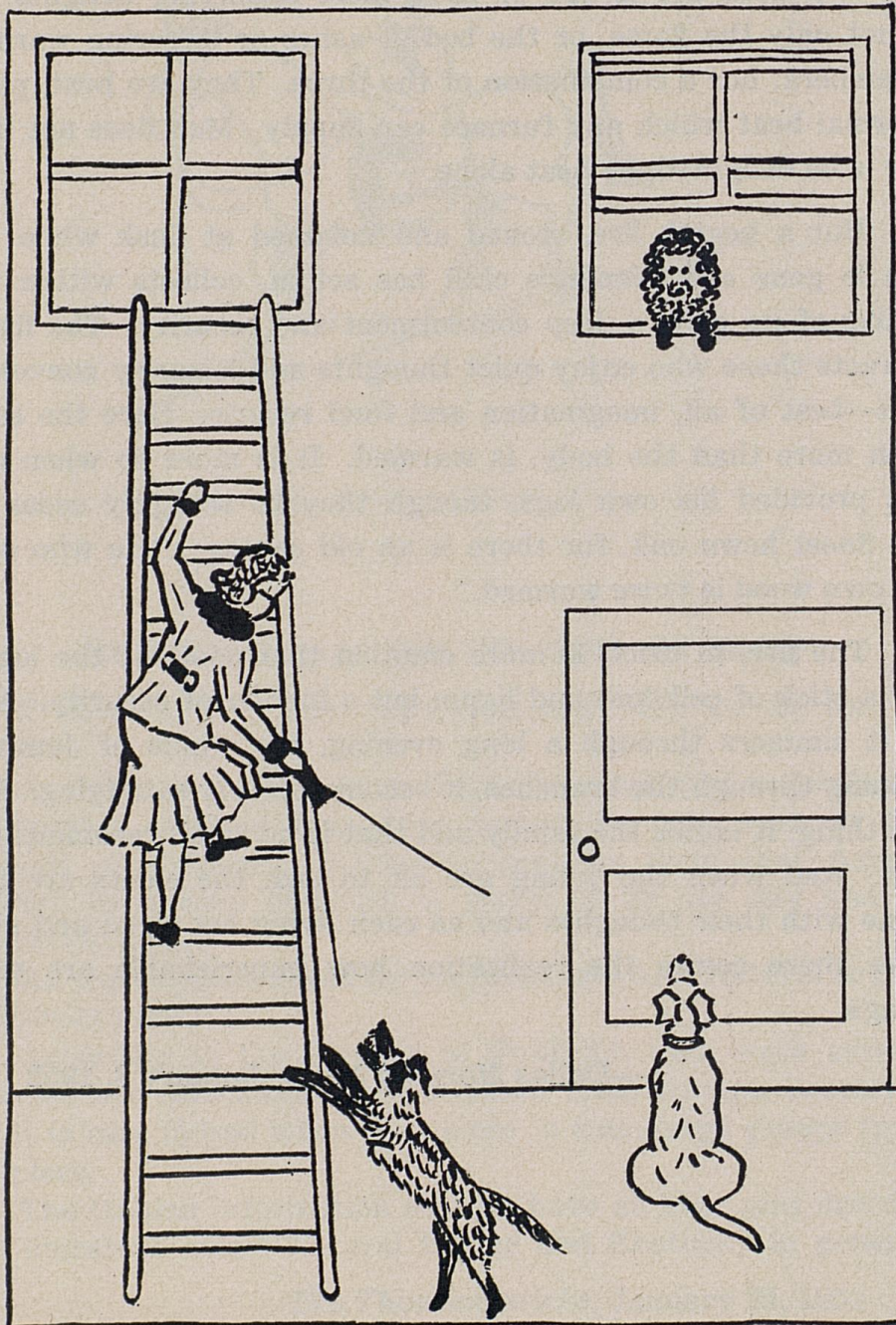
The fire, in brief, is more emotion than motion; the log is not a stick of cellulose and lignin but a kindler of security. And as it simmers through a long evening, the winds of January keening through the branches, it becomes deeply satisfying. For one thing, it unites the family and that is no small recommendation. And when the young are off to bed, the elders are left alone with their thoughts and as each dying log sighs and simmers there comes the realization how imperishable are such things.

—Dallas *Morning News*, January 8, 1952

THE SONG OF THE SIEGE OF AGNES

An Epic in Heroic Style

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)



By the steps of Garden Housey
By the porch, beside the ladder,
Stood poor Agnes with a flashlight,
In her hand an Eveready.
Loud behind her roared the river,
Barked the dogs and howled and whimpered,
Neighed the horses in their box stalls,
Soughed the wind and clucked the chickens,
Sang the dogs their high-pitched love song,
Bigger, Stranger, serenading.

There the harried, tired Agnes
Pulled her overcoat around her,
Set her feet firm in the pathway,
Pathway blocked by canine bodies,
Necks all twisted in the moonlight,
Singing to the lady poodle
From the steps beneath her window.

Many times she tried to pass them,
Bigger clinging to her nylons,
Stranger growling, biting, leaping,
And poor Agnes flailing at them,
Flailing at them to no purpose,
Beating noses, squashing pawses,
Pulling tails there in the moonlight
While the creeks ran to the river,
Running swiftly 'neath the stars.

Still she could not reach the doorway,
Could not pierce the canine phalanx,
Could not get into her office,
Stood outside beneath the window,
Joined her voice to Bigger's yowling,
Blended in with Stranger's cries:
"Brownie, help me!" called poor Agnes
As she scurried up the ladder,
Ladder leaning 'gainst the building,
Placed there handy for her rescue,
Providential, welcome ladder,
Each rung shining through the dark.

"Brownie, open!" hollered Agnes,
And the dogs continued howling,
Heads uplifted towards the window,
Eager paws upon the low rungs,
Throats torn open with their longing,
Longing for the lovely poodle
Gazing from the upper story
Down upon the frantic scene.

There hung Agnes on the ladder,
Clutching still her Eveready,
Shining 'round her trusty flashlight,
Calling loudly to the watchman,
Seeking entrance, plainly anxious,
On the balcony a-waiting,
Waiting next the blessed ladder
For the sound of Brownie's footstep,
For the key to turn the lock back,
Lock that kept her from the inside,
From the warmth and light of inside,
From her office safe and quiet
Where no barking dogs disturbed her,
Where no canines could attack her,
Where her phone had started ringing,
Where accounts demanded keeping.

Written by Lil; Illustrated by Lydia.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Bobby, who had spent a good bit of time in the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, was playing nurse to his cousin Eustis. When he was asked what he was doing to Eustis down on the floor, he replied, "Takin' his temper."

.

Bessie, asked if her father was a notary public, said, "No, he's a Democrat."

A DAY OF SOCIAL LIFE IN F. N. S.

by

IVALLEAN CAUDILL, R.N., C.M.

Hilly sent us a note of reminder that we were to have an early Christmas dinner with her that week, Friday, December 7th. As she had not stated a certain time, I, a Kentucky mountaineer, reasoned that she meant the dinner would be served in the middle of the day or thereabouts, and give everyone time to get home before dark. I forgot entirely that Hilly is pure English, and had not been here long enough to have her speech impregnated with colloquialisms. So, with Pauly in tow (holding her own opinion that I was probably wrong as to the time of dinner, she being from New Hampshire), I set out on horseback for Bowlingtown, doing a mother and baby visit on the way.

Well, our arrival at Bowlingtown Center about one o'clock was received with a good bit of surprise. When I asked if we were late for dinner, there was more surprise. Hilly and Kitty were still in the middle of cookery and housecleaning. The laugh was on me. Early or no, we were glad of the time for a good visit, so spent the afternoon exchanging bits and just talking. Pauly was tired and succumbed to a nap. All along I kept hoping an expectant mother on Mudlick would not call before supper—dinner that is. I had sent her word where I would be. Hilly is a most wonderful cook and sets a table to put any banquet to shame. I surely would have hated to miss any of it.

Mary Jo Clark and Mary Ann Quarles arrived first from Wendover and a bit early, as they were taking a baby home to Shoal, from the hospital. They needed directions. Since I am familiar with Bowlingtown district, I just went along to point the way. It had rained all afternoon making the already rough roads rougher, and the river had risen at the crossing, but we made it there and back easily enough.

Our return was simultaneous with that of others arriving from Wendover—Aggie, Mrs. Moorman (our volunteer Christmas Secretary), Thumper, Jean and Lil. All together we were a little crowd. Hilly had expected others from the other centers but weather conditions and expectant mothers had prevented

their coming. What gay chatter and exchange of greeting followed for the next half hour! And primping too—for, though we lead a fairly rugged life, we have not died to the trait of vanity.

Then dinner or supper—who cares—was served! Mmmmm, was I hungry! The others were too. Such culinary arts as were dished up! One could feel the gastric juices make ready as our eyes registered their appreciation of the food set before them. The most delicious curry, made just right, with curry powder brought all the way from New York by Hilly herself. Everyone ate and ate, pausing only to exclaim with appreciation, time over, for each dish. When all had refused for the fourth time the third or fourth helping of each dish, Hilly brought out her slide projector and entertained us for half an hour with lovely pictures taken of the district and center. What a hostess! !

Soon after, Pauly and I made ready to leave, as it had begun to rain again and we were afraid the river would rise too high for our horses to cross. We got into our rain suits (pants, jacket and hat), looking much like firemen to the call. Everyone went to the barn with us to saddle up. They kept saying, especially Aggie, who is very tenderhearted, "Poor things, having to go out into the dark and rain." The horses were full of oats and raring to go, so, with many good-byes and "come see us," and with flashlights in hand, urged upon us by the pitying crowd, we started the eleven miles for Brutus.

How nice it was for a night ride! The rain had slacked, the sky was light, and a warm mist rose from the valley. Everything had a look of mystic. We shouted excitedly back and forth to each other, while our dogs, Caution and Dinah, ran happily ahead of our horses.

Twice along the way the sky darkened and rain came in torrents but we did not mind. We were warm and dry and our horses hurried us on. We laughed to think of the sympathizing hearts we had left behind, for we just knew they were worse off than we. Word, later, confirmed this. They were held up by a car wreck and did not get home till midnight.

We arrived back at Brutus happy. The sky had cleared again, we had been well fed, and had had a lovely ride home. So ended our day of social life.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Alison Bray, near Leeds, England—November 27, 1951

I thought of you all so much at Thanksgiving and wished I could have been at the dinner in London, but it was quite impossible for me to get away for it this year. I hope you had a good party at Wendover.

I enjoy the work here at the University but am very much looking forward to my new job after Christmas, when I start as secretary for a big medical congress (of Gynaecologists and Obstetricians) which is to be held in Leeds next July. We had a great day about a fortnight ago, when the Princess Royal was installed as Chancellor of the University here. The ceremony was most impressive and most colourful. On the same day she opened the new main building of the University, so altogether it was an exciting day.

Although this job keeps me fairly well occupied I still get or make time for quite a lot of music which, as you know, is my main hobby. We had our first Philharmonic concert of the season two weeks ago, when we sang a very difficult modern work—"Hymnus Paradisi" by the English composer Herbert Howells, and also the "Music-Makers" by Elgar. It was a bit of a strain as we did not really know the stuff well enough, but the results were not too bad. Now we are starting the "Messiah" season which is always fun. We may be 'on the air' on Christmas Day in a programme of Carols. I also belong to a small music society which meets once a month during the winter, and then I go to various concerts and recitals when I can fit them in.

. . . .

From Louise Devine, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

—December 2, 1951

I haven't seen Selby [Brown] or Toni [Harris] since they returned from Wendover but I heard from their parents what a successful summer they had had and how enthusiastic they were about the F.N.S.

I have wandered a long way from Wendover since 1947. I graduated from Vassar in 1949 and went to Europe for the summer, home to Rochester for the winter where I studied at the Art Gallery, and to Europe again for a wonderful six weeks in Paris. In the fall of 1950 I came to Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, where I am at present working for a M.F.A. in sculpture. Last summer I spent in Guatemala and Yucatan.

I will finish here in May and where from that point I am still undecided. I hope my travels will bring me to Wendover for a visit soon.

.

From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezy Myers), Washington, D. C.
—Christmas 1951

We acquired a farm in Virginia about a month ago. We feel that land is the only thing one can be sure will not disappear these days, and we think it will stand us in good stead in the future.

Johnnie is in the G-3 in the Pentagon and should be there two more years. We hope to stay at the farm this summer so that the children can learn to tell a cow from a pig and possibly something about a horse!

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From Mrs. James N. Rawleigh, Jr. (Florence Booker),
High Point, North Carolina—Christmas 1951

I think about you and my favorite mountains so often. I don't know what I'd do without the Bulletin—I read every word. I can't wait for the book to be published. I know I'll get homesick for Wendover. I'll just have to come back for a visit—dragging my flock behind me! We're all thriving and still love North Carolina. The children are getting very grown up—Betsy is five and a half and Tommy three and a half.

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Mrs. Charles Allen Thomas III (Pog Gay), Cambridge,
Massachusetts—Christmas 1951

work on a doctorate in chemical research. I've had a part-time

job, and will take another after we come back from a Christmas trip to St. Louis.

Charlie's grandmother, Mrs. Charles Allen Thomas, lives in Lexington. Perhaps there will be more chances to come down and see you all again!

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**From Mrs. James A. Barnes (Harriette Sherman),
Briarcliff Manor, New York—Christmas 1951**

We moved up here from Scarsdale (moved East a year ago) and love being in the country though it's a long commute for Jim. Our big news is that we have a future courier! She was born last July—named Elizabeth but we call her Betsy. She's a very happy baby and I have such fun with her that our house gets neglected.

I saw Bubbles Cuddy Moore about a month ago. She was on her way to Maine to live for a year. Her husband is back in the Navy again. As you probably know, Barbara Brown Webster had her fourth son last Christmas.

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**From Mrs. Vladimir Littauer (Mary Graver),
Long Island, New York—Christmas 1951**

We've had a fairly quiet but pleasant year. We took a three weeks' trip to the coast in October. I tried to get hold of Wilma [Duvall] but the Whittlesey's telephone didn't answer. We couldn't stay longer, having two deadlines to meet—the publication of my husband's latest book and the birth of one of our youngest shepherd's first puppies—two events which occurred almost simultaneously.

In June I took Andrew for his first visit to Maine to Betsy Parsons Warner's. Lucy, I may add, is all a mother could wish her daughter to be, and even at her tender years would already make an efficient courier.

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From Lucy Conant, Ann Arbor, Michigan—Christmas 1951

I've changed my address. It is now 1117 Church Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan. A classmate from nursing school and I have an apartment together. We take turns on the cooking and

housework. I continue to enjoy my work as a public health nurse and am taking a course at the School of Public Health here.

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From Mrs. Edward T. Moore (Bubbles Cuddy),
Blue Hill, Maine—Christmas 1951

Last year on January 3rd Peter arrived. Last September "Townie" was hauled back into the Navy! A slight bombshell in our lives. He has destroyer duty on the West Coast area. He gets home for two weeks over Christmas which is terrifically exciting. I have rented our "barn," a wrench to do so, and have taken a house in Blue Hill, Maine, near my family for the duration. I do love it here! Have seen Harriette Sherman Barnes and Betty Thorn Robertson several times.

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From Mrs. Melvin R. White (Nancy Hillis),
Ranchester, Wyoming—Christmas 1951

Our baby had two operations in Denver this last summer and all this has made for a rather hectic life. We are always busy on the ranch. Slowly but surely we are getting things fixed the way we want them but it all takes time. It's fun doing things ourselves in spite of the time it takes.

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From Mrs. Allen Rose (Barbara Bentley),
Los Angeles, California—Christmas 1951

So much can happen in a year. I wrote you last fall that I was engaged. Allen was drafted into the Army in November 1950 and we decided to get married. He was stationed in Georgia for awhile and I was with him for a few months. We lived in Augusta, Georgia, and it was interesting being in the really "Deep South." Then Allen was moved to Germany and I came back home to California. He expects to be back in the States next spring and is supposed to be discharged in November 1952. We still hope to live in Alaska and I'll be willing to bet that we get there before long.

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From Nancy Dammann, Madras, India—January 19, 1952

I finally met Myrtle Onsurd for a short minute. She was

passing through town and I went down to the station to see her. She is assigned to one of the hottest cities in India. I think that she likes her work very much. I've heard good reports of the hospital where she works. Hope to go up and see her sometime but at the moment I am very short of leave time.

I've just finished a fascinating trip to Nepal. That's a little known state north of India which to date has only been visited by 40 Americans. Until a year ago you could only get in by walking. There are no roads or railroads to Nepal. Everything is brought in on the backs of coolies. It takes 60 of them to bring in an automobile. We flew in via an airline which makes stops in Nepal three times a week. The airport consists of a plowed field and three tents used for operations, customs, etc. It is a very primitive land, there are no hospitals and few schools. It's not a place many tourists would like since the accommodations are pretty bad. There is no such thing as plumbing, heating, etc. We nearly froze as it was 40° every night, which to our thin blood is pretty chilly. But they don't even have fireplaces in Nepal. Everything is carried on people's backs. There are no pack animals, few wagons and only about 40 cars in the whole country. We saw lots of Tibetans down for winter trading. They are fascinating.

I finally made the speech about the F.N.S. I had talked about. It was before the Madras State Social Welfare Conference which was held in a little place called Bezwada. The speech went over all right, I guess. I was treated somewhat as a guest of honor. At the series of banquets, I always ended up sitting next to the Governor or one of the State ministers. Making conversation is always difficult but at those banquets it was almost impossible. You see, eating is such a problem. It takes all of one's concentration. We were served very hot curry on banana leaves which we were expected to eat with our fingers.

The conference was very well handled. Despite the fact that few in the audience could understand my American accent they were fascinated with the paper I turned in on the F.N.S. You see they are doing very similar work here. I've visited some of the government maternity welfare centers and was interested to note that their procedure and equipment are very similar to yours.

From Kate Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio—January 28, 1952

I'm now at Lulu and Bud's for a month, taking care of their kids while they are South. Perfect rat race with Aunt Katie at the helm! Margo has beaux, George always wants to ice skate, and Watts can't be kept away from horses—a three ring circus. Also, five dogs, seven horses, a farm, and a house to run. Lulu surely has faith!

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From Lillian Whiteley, Stanford, California—February 4, 1952

Now that we are halfway through the quarter, I am making plans for the between term vacation period. At the moment I'm investigating the vehicle situation. That is really a thing of prime necessity, as one can't go very far on a bike—even in ten days! Plans are underway for various exotic trips; little known and unspellable resort places where they guarantee sunshine, or perhaps skiing in the mountains, or Mexico, or any number of alternatives. I'm quite carried away with it.

I'm getting to feel like a regular old maiden aunt out here with all these small nieces and nephews swarming over me. The other day, in a fit of affection, I told my eight-year-old godson I thought he was simply keen and he said, "Aunt Lil, I'm too young to get married." I wondered if anyone had told him about leap year, and he so young!

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From Evelyn Rogers, Golden's Bridge, New York

—February 14, 1952

What fun it would be if Kitty [Douglas] and I could come back as couriers, but it looks impossible for me, as I am getting married early in May. Bim Chanler and I were engaged in December, and after we are married we will live in Boston. I can't imagine a nicer spot to be—we already have a wonderful apartment and everything couldn't be rosier!

Several weeks ago I went to the F.N.S. meeting in New York and loved seeing and hearing Mrs. Breckinridge. It brought back all kinds of wonderful memories, which resulted in my writing a project paper for Nursing School on the F.N.S. In connection with this, I spent a most enjoyable few moments talking to Vanda Summers who is the evening administrator at the New

York Hospital where I have been studying nursing. She was amused by my wild collection of F.N.S. snapshots and told a friend of mine and me fascinating tales of a few of her midwifery experiences.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Susan Spencer is now living with her mother in Tucson and taking graduate work at the University of Arizona, preparatory to teaching next year. For recreation she has joined an amateur singing group, the Temple Choral Singers. This month they give a concert version of "Carmen" which Susan says, will either be a huge success or a huge flop!

From The Sunday Star, Washington, D. C., January 13, 1952

Mary Cowles Holtz, wife of Col. H. F. C. Holtz, Military Aire Attaché to the Netherlands Embassy, and air member of the Netherlands Staff Mission with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization here, is setting up her household in the Nation's Capital again.

In their recently acquired Cleveland Park home at 3411 Lowell Street, N.W., within the shadow of the Washington Cathedral, this cosmopolite and hospitable couple, are sharing with friends the highly gratifying results of their vision and planning in a rehabilitation job, which one usually associates with Georgetown. To be sure, they finally moved in on the workmen to expedite their departure before 1951 drew to a close.

Polly Pearse has an apartment with college friends (at times there are five living together) in Caledonia, New York. She is taking dancing lessons from Martha Graham and loves it.

We in the F.N.S. were shocked and grieved to learn of the sudden death of **Alison Bray's** father in early January. To her and her family goes our loving sympathy.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Anna Hogdin Hanes of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, to Mr. Thomas Lenoir Chatham of Elkin, North Carolina. The wedding is to take place in early April. Kate Ireland of Cleveland, who was here with Anna last spring, will attend the wedding.

Miss Vera Potter of Dover, Massachusetts, to Mr. Ross Whistler, Jr., of Baltimore, Maryland. The wedding is to take place sometime this month.

WEDDINGS

Miss Mary Howard Davidson of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Carleton Byron Swift, Junior, on December 15, 1951, in Washington, D. C.

Miss June Donald of Milton, Massachusetts, and Mr. Lloyd Kern Pearson on January 5, 1952, in Woodside, California. After the first of March this young couple will be at home at 671 47th Avenue, San Francisco.

Miss Eleanor (Nella) Lloyd of New York City and New Canaan, Connecticut, and Mr. William Lloyd Helm, Junior, also of New Canaan, on February 16, 1952, in New Canaan. Just recently Nella completed her nurses' training at Children's Hospital School of Nursing in Boston, where Mr. Helm is with the Boston Consolidated Gas and Electric Company.

To these young people we send our ardent wishes that the future will hold for them every happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James N. Rawleigh, Jr. (Florence Booker), of High Point, North Carolina, a son, Michael Keen, on February 11, 1952—weight 6 pounds, their third child and second son.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson), of Washington, D. C., a daughter, Mary Ellison Neel, on February 21, 1952—weight 9 pounds and 6 ounces.

Mary Neel writes: "It is indeed a future courier who has come to add joy to our lives."

JUST JOKES—ASSORTED

A man recently had a new house built. Inspecting it, he concluded that it didn't look very strong. He mentioned it to the builder.

"Well, after all," replied the builder, "you've got to consider that we haven't got the wallpaper on yet."

GENERAL CLINIC

by

MARY E. MIHALEVIC, R.N.

Wednesday and Saturday were my favorite days of the week when I worked in the clinic. Those are the general clinic days when patients come in to see the doctor. I liked the hustle and bustle of those days. I shall try to describe a typical general clinic day.

I worked in the outer room, where the treatments were given. Teddy, the nurse in charge, worked in the doctor's room and assisted with examinations. In the treatment room, I usually had about three or four patients at a time. I checked the temperatures, blood pressures and weights as indicated, before they went into the doctor's room. If I were farsighted enough, I sometimes did the urinalyses that might be needed. This often back-fired though, because when I did do them, too often the test was not needed; and when I didn't, it was. As the saying goes, you can't win.

Teddy was also what might be called the relay man between the two rooms. She ushered the patients into the doctor's room, and, after the examination, brought them out with the cards on which were written the doctor's orders. When I became too busy, she would help in carrying out the orders.

We gave injections of penicillin, vitamins, or whatever else might have been ordered. This was usually a noisy procedure when very small children were the recipients. As one bright child of three said, "I'll take the shot because I know it will make me better, BUT I'm going to cry." And cry she did. We gave the patients enough of the prescribed medicines to last until the next visit. After my first day of general clinic, instead of counting myself to sleep with sheep, I counted pills. We took X-rays, chest or any other kind, as the doctor ordered them. On some days there might be casts to remove; on other days, stitches, either to put in or to take out. We redressed wounds or burns after the doctor checked them.

In the midst of all this activity, it was not unusual to have brought in a patient with a fracture. Then the four of us (Teddy, the patient, the doctor and I) would adjourn to the

X-ray room, where the fracture was reduced under fluoroscopy and then a plaster cast applied. Almost invariably all four of us would end up well plastered.

On an average clinic day, we would see from fifty to sixty patients for any number of reasons. If a large number of the patients were infants, we had a somewhat noisy clinic. The pre-school children we might placate with lollipops, but nothing could assuage the ire of the infants receiving treatment, and they expressed their wrath quite audibly.

On such a day, the clinic might present a hectic appearance to the casual onlooker. And so it did to me at first. I remember that at that time, I used to breathe a sigh of relief, and say "Thank Goodness!" at the end of the day. But there is method in our madness, and as I learned the clinic routines and procedures, as I learned to know the patients, I began to enjoy and look forward to general clinic. Of course, the fact that I had such a patient teacher and co-worker in Teddy helped immensely.

When my time in the clinic was up, I was quite sorry to leave. The days I spent in the clinic were among the most interesting and instructive that I had enjoyed for many a month.

FROM A DISTINGUISHED OBSTETRICIAN

I can never thank you enough for writing me to come to you. I saw with my own eyes what you have accomplished, and are doing, and it is even more wonderful than I had pictured to myself before November first. It was particularly gratifying to see and hear of your school for nurse-midwives, who will take their knowledge, as taught by you and your group, to all parts of the country where they are needed.

TALKS FRIENDLY

Local citizen, speaking of Dr. den Dulk to an F.N.S. nurse, "You know, I just plumb love that thar doctor. He talks friendly to you."

YOU AND I

STATISTICS

Population of the U. S.....	140,000,000
People 65 or over.....	42,000,000
Balance left to do the work.....	98,000,000
People 21 years or younger.....	54,000,000
Balance left to do the work.....	44,000,000
People working for the government.....	21,000,000
Balance left to do the work.....	23,000,000
People in the Armed Services.....	10,000,000
Balance left to do the work.....	13,000,000
People in state and city offices.....	12,800,000
Balance left to do the work.....	200,000
People in hospitals and asylums.....	126,000
Balance left to do the work.....	74,000
Bums and idle rich who won't work.....	62,000
Balance left to do the work.....	12,000
Persons in jail.....	11,998
Balance left to do the work.....	2

YOU and I

So, Chum, get a wiggle on. I'm getting awfully sick of doing it all.—A. Nonymous

—Contributed

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Minnie Meeke in Northern Ireland—November 25, 1951

This is N. Ireland calling you! I have not forgotten you although it is almost one year since I last wrote. It is strange when it comes near Christmas, how my thoughts wander to the Kentucky hills and I think of "toys and candy"—I'd just love to be filling those bags! Here, I am going to be very busy for Christmas—a rush, just like last year and "twins" are on the programme. I hope you are well, and I know how busy you are for Christmas. I shall think about you all when the Festive Day arrives. Good luck to all at Wendover.

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From Edith Batten in Surrey, England—November 25, 1951

Congratulations on the book which we are so looking forward to reading. We had a very happy time at the Thanksgiving Re-union on November 22nd. I had one real distinction—I was 'granny' of the party. Meeting Kelly, Worcester and Dinnie helped to roll back the twenty years since I last saw them in Kentucky. I was glad, too, to meet so many others that I have been able to know through the Bulletin. No one seemed a stranger to the others as we met on common ground as part of your very wonderful family. I think it was no idle suggestion that some day, even if a few years hence, we might hope to charter a plane and have another Thanksgiving in Hyden.

My experiences in Canada were anything but commonplace. I can look back with pride and joy at that section of the Alberta prairies where I was stationed. I completed an immunization program on all the babies and children in the area. In many respects one met with similar conditions as in the mountains, in so far as some of my schools were twenty miles away and weather conditions made travel well nigh impossible. I heard afterwards that I was the first nurse to complete an inoculation program, others had tried but for various reasons (marriage a big one) had failed. My crowning work was to equip and open

a Canadian Red Cross Hospital in Nova Scotia, and to become its first matron. At last I am slowing down, and feel I have earned a rest after nearly forty years' service to mankind. I have been asked over and over again what I consider the most interesting part of my nursing career, and without any hesitation I say my four years with the Frontier Nursing Service.

I have been tremendously enthused over Princess Elizabeth's Canadian tour. I have travelled over almost the entire route that she has seen. I failed to reach Prince Edward Island but I did get to Cape Breton, Canada's cream of Provinces.

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From Grace Reeder in San Francisco, California

—December 1951

I had a wonderful trip across the country. As you know I had never been west before. The country is magnificent and the people even more wonderful. My territory is largely the southern tier out here. So far I have been in Oregon, Nevada, Utah and mostly California. I was in the southern part of the state and stopped in a lumber camp to purchase two boards of curly redwood for a table—32 x 48½, if you can imagine. I am sure they will become a family heirloom as I have never seen such beautiful matching pieces; besides that I have never seen a 32 inch board before.

I had a week's vacation in October and went down to Mexico. I stopped to see Eimie (Margaret Eimon) on the way. She is the same delightful person. The two of us went to Los Angeles and had a grand time with Gladys Moberg's mother who now lives there. It was fun to show our pictures for her brothers have not seen Gladys for several years.

The variety of jobs and country here is amazing. Nurses have a rather different attitude in California than in the other states I have been in. There is great talk of social security, etc., and wages, wages—while it seems to me if they improved other contributing factors, and in many instances were actually worth more to the consumer or patient, a good bit of the problem would be cleared as well as furthering public relations. I am all for good salaries, but feel we must all be sure that for these wages we must give value received.

I showed some of the F.N.S. pictures to the staff the other night. One of the girls knows Jennie Burton who was in the first class of your midwifery school. She now lives in Oregon and teaches Red Cross Home Nursing as a volunteer for us.

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From Elda Barry in Vrindaban, India—December 1951

After the usual busy and hot summer in the hospital, my good pal and I are having a wonderful vacation in Darjeeling. It was not easy to leave when so much work was going on, ninety to a hundred patients needing care. Some interesting operations were pending too, and always babies to be born! Classes for nurses are also in progress but now we have a well-qualified "sister-tutor" whose main work is teaching, and two fairly new Norwegian nurses, one specially qualified to supervise the operating room. But being on the plains through the heat of May, June and July makes a vacation especially appreciated now.

Our little cottage is on a wooded hillside near enough others so we are not lonely, but not too near for much intrusion. One day we arose at 3 a.m. to go by car to Tiger Hill to see the sunrise on Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet high, 107 miles away.

We went to visit the Tibetan monastery at Ghum. The shrine was most interesting. There was an eight foot gold-encrusted statue of Buddha opposite the door. On either side in a double row were priests and monks sitting cross-legged reading their holy scriptures. Several boys were quite small and one got up to pass the chopsticks as the food was brought and ladled into a bowl before each man. They were mumbling their prayers and swaying a bit as we went in—I don't know how much was for our benefit. By reading a notice outside we learned that by paying Rs. 10, the priests would say special prayers for anyone, but we did not feel the need of any that day. We were told it was customary to give a little to the man in charge, so we were accosted by him to write in the "guest book" and to put something in the charity box—he also had his hand out as we went out. Even the children on the streets look up and, seeing our white faces, call out "Salaam—baksheesh."

I am ever grateful for the six months' course in the F.N.S. I surely am finding it most useful.

From Josephine Green in Alaska—December 1951

Here I am still up in the North Country and thinking soon now about going home. I am due for rotation in February which will finish my three years up here. I have seen this place grow from a small post to "one of our first lines of defense."

It is truly an interesting and wonderful country and I hope to come back some day and see what I have missed now.

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From Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters in Dundee, New York

—December 1951

For the most part we have stayed right here at home engrossed in the routine jobs—school, home-making, and medical practice. Bill, George, and Mary Alice (now 15, 12, and 9 years old) are all in the fine public school in town and are making good records. Bill played on the football team and is now working for the basketball squad. George plays a trumpet in the school band and carries an early morning paper route. Mary Alice is beginning with a clarinet. Ann, in addition to the tasks of the home, has picked up a number of outside responsibilities and activities—Medical Auxiliary, Women's Society, Church Bazaar, bowling and Library. Henry has been busy in medical practice, with an increasing emphasis on surgical work.

The outstanding event of the year has been Bill's trip to the Seventh International Scout Jamboree in Austria this summer, in which he and two other scouts from this area were sponsored by the combined Rotary Clubs of the Finger Lakes Region. It gave him a seven-weeks trip touching at Algiers, Naples, Rome, Venice, Switzerland and Paris, and ten days camping at Bad Ischl, Austria, with 15,000 scouts from all parts of the world. He took the color camera and wound up with a creditable set of pictures and a host of memories for the rest of his life.

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From Winifred Dennis in Dorset, England—December 1, 1951

I've often thought about Kentucky, and the few years I did there before the war—I loved being there!

I still don't write very well as I had a bad injury in Persia in 1950, and have been at home since then getting over it! But

I was able to go up to London to the reunion on November 22nd, to our F.N.S. Thanksgiving Dinner, and enjoyed every minute of it. Miss Kelly will have told you about it. I met Miss Doubleday, Miss Hollins, Miss Mickle, and Miss Green and many others. We wished you could have been there and we could have told you how much we appreciated your excellent work to organize the F.N.S. and how much it's growing and improving all the time.

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From Ruth Cressman in Chicago, Illinois—December 10, 1951

Thank you for the diploma. I am very proud of it. I miss the F.N.S. a lot more than I thought I would.

The work here at Michael Reese is very interesting and enjoyable. I work in the labor rooms and have seen quite a variety of cases. I plan to stay until May 1, and then go to Culp, Arkansas. I am getting curious and just a bit anxious to find out what the people and the country there are like.

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From Bland Morrow in Nashville, Tennessee—December 12, 1951

With the publication date not very far away, I take it the book is going well. I think the title is completely right and I am so glad the book is being written—to add, by you, would be quite superfluous for of course no one else could do it.

I got a big kick out of talking to the Nashville A O Pi's, last week, about the service. As I collected my thoughts for that occasion, it struck me that it was remarkable that, even after thirteen years, I was prepared to talk with great assurance about the F.N.S.—not with careful differentiation between what its purpose and methods were in the 1930's, and what might be its purposes and methods in 1951, but with complete certainty that the basic things have not changed. It certainly carried me back, too, to discover that I still cannot make a brief speech about the F.N.S.!

Now that I am nearer Kentucky than I have been since 1938, surely I will be able to give myself that visit which I have been promising myself all these years. Perhaps next spring?

I have a new job with the State DPW—by the usual standards, a step up. But I loved the job I was doing in Chattanooga (training welfare workers).

From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—December 16, 1951

We had a very successful Re-union on Thanksgiving Day again this year. I enclose a signed menu card of the members who were present. My sister Violet is now home from Rangoon and was pleased to come as a friend of the F.N.S. Everyone wanted news of your book and asked me to let you know how eagerly they are looking forward to the day when it will be published. We all wish it and you every success. I hope that now the grind and hard work of production are over you will have a great deal of joy and satisfaction.

You will be interested to know that last week when I was examining for the Central Midwives Board, a candidate was answering questions which the obstetrician, my co-examiner, was putting to her, and it occurred to me that she had, shall I say, an approach that was not altogether one hundred per cent British. When it came to my turn to ask questions I said, "Are you from Canada or the States?" The candidate replied, "The States, near Chicago." The doctor said, "We are very honoured that you have come to England for your midwifery training, but please tell me why." The nurse said, "I was trained in Chicago and am going to Nigeria as a missionary. My society insisted that I have midwifery training which I could not get in the States except at—the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky. But when I wrote them, they could not take me for nearly two years, so I came to England instead." You can imagine the surprise of both the doctor and the candidate when I said I was with the F.N.S. for over ten years, and helped to arrange and conduct the first three classes for their midwifery certificates. I have been an examiner for the C. M. B. for three years now, which means four first period and four second period examinations a year, all of which I find most interesting.

Those present at the Thanksgiving Re-union in London were: Edith Batten, Doris Dunstan, May Green, Violet Kelly, Gwladys Doubleday, Grace Dennis, Mary Hollins, Vera Chadwell, Nellie Kelly, E. Mickle (Minor), Ada Worcester, E. J. Macdonald, E. Mickle (Major) and Nora Kelly.

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From the Doctors Blumhagen in Lafayette, California

December 17, 1951

We are missing you folks and Hyden and Wendover for this

season. Just wish we could drop in for tea and a long chat. This long vacation is not quite to our liking but it seems we must wait for a while yet before moving. We are still hoping the doors to Afghanistan may open but men and governments are not to be moved rapidly.

Danny often asks to go back to Joy House. He remembers you and Wendover well. You would not know Susan now. She has passed from "baby" to "little girl" and is the darling of her grandparents' eyes. Her hair is still trying to decide between blond and red.

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From Nancy Wilson in New York—December 23, 1951

It is hard to realize that I have been back on U. S. soil for most of this year, and since February 1951, I have been taking a full time Public Health Nursing program at Teachers College, Columbia University. It was especially nice to run into Ruth Alexander, also there during the spring and summer terms. As it is, I hope to complete this work by the end of this coming January. I am now beginning to look forward to returning again to the Philippine Islands soon after that. Yes, it is to be the same country this time even though it is to be under a still different setting—i.e., on the shores of the Sulu Sea in place of the former Mountain Province! My new assignment is to be: Brent Hospital, Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I.

From what I understand, I may be able to utilize the public health experience a little better in this area but I will still have some responsibilities in the hospital itself.

I am sure your own Christmas season has moved along nicely, and I really felt quite "homesick" the afternoon the tea was given at Teachers College for the wrapping up of some of the children's gifts there for the Kentucky mountains.

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**From Mrs. Richard Brandenburg (Cecilia Lucas) in
Middletown, Ohio—January 3, 1952**

That I wanted to write you long ago doesn't compensate for the fact that I haven't written—but I'll see what I can do now at long last.

I am in perfectly good health and am wonderfully happy—

goodness, you just can't know how happy I am. Richard and I were blessed with a darling girl, at 7:44 a.m. on July 11th, weighing 7 pounds 7½ ounces. Little Claudia Ann—and what a darling!

Richard is now working with the Horn Lumber Company in Hamilton, Ohio. It is a good business to be in to provide a sound background for his architectural work. He also is continuing his studies at the U. C. Evening College—a rather slow way of getting a college education but still better than none. During the building season he does house plans at home which keeps him very busy.

Please give my love to everyone. I miss them so much and often wish that I could be back in the happy family again—with Claudia and Richard of course.

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From Gertrude Isaacs in Minneapolis, Minnesota

—January 22, 1952

No doubt you will be wondering from where I will write next! I hope to be at the University for the next two years. I am finding it most interesting and hope to have my degree in two years. Today I ran into a nurse who is working in the same unit as Minnie and Bucky in Georgia. She is a student here. I plan on dropping in to see Alice (*Young*) when I go home between quarters in March. She is not far off the main highway. Best regards to all.

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From Louisa Chapman Whitlock (Chappy) in

Bernardsville, New Jersey—January 25, 1952

Bertha (*Bloomer*) is married to Martin Johnson of Naknek. They have an apartment in Juneau and are living there now. I was delighted when they drove over for the day, three weeks before Thanksgiving, when they were on their honeymoon. Bertha has written a textbook for teaching native midwives in Alaska. She had one of the first drafts with her, and it is certainly well and completely done. This was her big news, second to her wedding which took place in Naknek.

Peter Chapman was born August 16th, so I mostly stay home these days. Don (*her husband*) has been to Louisville

several times lately. He is helping design a chemical plant there. I always wish I could go along and drop off for a visit.

. . . .

From Marjorie Wood Wittig in Medellin, Colombia

—February 2, 1952

Your book sounds wonderful and I will surely be anxious to have one. How well I remember a book on the F.N.S. my sister had years ago, and which I read when in grade school and it gave me the urge to have a part in the organization some day. I know that your book is going to do the same for many others who will want to serve down there.

My nursing days seem to be at a standstill right now, as far as nursing other people is concerned. I now and then give an injection. My biggest interest in nursing now is for our new baby, Jonathan Frederick, who arrived January 3rd of this year. He was 7½ lbs. at birth and gained a pound in the first two weeks. His two-year-old sister Deborah, or Debbie as we call her, loves him very much, almost to the point of patting him too strenuously. She is a vivacious, happy, healthy little girl with lots of ideas and independence already.

Gene (*her husband*) continues as business manager of the Mission, and is busily engaged in building our church. Our launch work is going along well too, although neither of us has been on it very much. Gene expects to take some trips this year. We are planning on our furlough to begin about October. Perhaps we shall have a chance to visit again those wonderful, familiar places around Hyden. How beautiful it is there!

. . . .

From Vera Chadwell en route to Singapore—February 3, 1952

We sailed on January 15th, and expect to reach Singapore on February 10th. It has been an interesting voyage. We called at Gibraltar, Algiers and Port Said and have had shore leave at Aden and Colombo. It is so hot that I feel quite limp, but I'm hoping to get used to the heat. I am told it is never cool in Singapore. I am not sure where I shall be stationed, as I may get posted from Singapore. This is a nice little ship and the service is good. The Q. A. officers are the only women on board,

and as there are no families with us, life is very peaceful. I will send you my address as soon as I arrive at my destination.

NEW ARRIVALS

To Dr. and Mrs. Jack M. Martt (**Dorothy Frazer**) of Dayton, Ohio, on October 14, 1951, a son Gary.

To Mr. and Mrs. George F. Winship, Jr. (**Clara Dale Echols**) of Bristol, Tennessee, on December 10, 1951, a son David.

To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Wittig (**Marjorie Wood**) of Medellin, Colombia, S. A., on January 3, 1952, a son Jonathan Frederick.

NEWSY BITS

Lucy Ratliff writes, "I am still working for the University of Cincinnati in the Department of Psychiatry, and I find it more interesting every day."

Dr. and Mrs. James M. Fraser write from Grand Lake, Colorado, "We are under two feet of snow and everything is so clean and beautiful. We have just finished building a new home and will move in right after Christmas."

Mildred Disbrow is teaching obstetrics at the University of Pittsburgh. She writes, "I think I have found a couple of future F.N.S. midwives."

Frances Fell continues to work for Maternal and Child Health in South America. She has recently been transferred to Lima, Peru, where her address is Casilla 2117.

Margaret McCracken writes from "Somewhere in Japan—I arrived at my station here in Japan on New Year's Eve. Since Uncle Sam was kind enough to arrange this little trip for me, I am doing my best to get all out of it I can. There is a lot to see, and to do."

. . . .

Our deepest sympathy goes to **Marjorie Wood Wittig** on the death of both her mother and father early in this year.

A WEDDING

Miss Nancy Ruth Newcomb to Mr. David Wellington Porter on December 14, 1951, at Palo Alto, California. They are living in Milford, Michigan, where Mr. Porter is an engineer with General Motors. Our very best wishes go to this young couple for their future happiness.

CHILDREN'S EYES

(See Picture, Inside Back Cover)

During 1951 our Social Service Secretary, Mary Jo Clark (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund), transported 91 children to Hazard for eye examinations. These were made by the oculist, Dr. C. I. Combs, at no cost to us or to the children. Mary Jo made appointments for several other children whose parents could provide the transportation.

What were the eye conditions from which these children suffered? Two small ones had congenital cataracts; several had strabismus (cross-eye); two had displaced lenses; and one needed a glass eye. There were two mild cases of trachoma, and a number of children with inflamed or infected eyes who had been referred by our Medical Director.

Dr. Combs prescribed glasses for 38 of the children, and these were provided by generous donations to the Frontier Nursing Service from "New Eyes for the Needy" at Short Hills, New Jersey. Where delicate eye surgery was called for, special arrangements were made to have it done for our children by the eye specialists (who give their services) in the hospitals beyond the mountains.

Every year we seek to lift the burden of poor sight from ever more and more of our children.

TO KERMIT



All who were in any way connected with the Frontier Nursing Service for the first eighteen years of its existence will remember Kermit Morgan, who was as much a part of Wendover as is Aunt Jane's barn.

Kermit it was in those early days who took on the job of farrier, and shod with dexterity the most difficult of horses. Kermit it was who took on the task of finding out the workings of the pumps, the engines and any and all machinery which his Service bought in order to carry on the work of the nurses, and he kept things repaired and going when no trained mechanic could be secured. Kermit it was who did the difficult rowing, time and again, when Mrs. Breckinridge and others found it necessary to take patients out by boat when the Middle Fork River was in tide. Once in telling of such a trip Kermit showed his love for and his faith in his employer: "Hit's hard to take a boat down the river in a tide, but if Mrs. Breckinridge tells you to do something, you do it whether you can or not!"

We couriers will always remember how Kermit was never too busy nor too bored to help a timid "junior" with a recalcitrant horse; we will always remember his gentleness with all animals—his love for them, and their love for him. His neighbors will always remember that Kermit was never too tired nor too engaged in his personal affairs to take an ailing child to the Hospital, or to give help when help was needed. Our nurses will remember his willingness, always, to come to their aid, whenever and wherever. Many a cold day Kermit would be seen, mounted on Bruna, "that cranky horse," going up the old Beech Fork trail with a happy grin to "fix the pump 'cause them nurses are bad off."

On the night of January 2, 1952, as two of us rode up Camp Creek to Kermit's mother and father, Belle and Jahugh Morgan, with the tragic message of a truck accident which took his life, we remembered these and many more of the kindnesses that endeared Kermit to those who knew him.

—Couriers, Jean Hollins
Marion Shouse Lewis

TRUE TALES

A young nurse, newly arrived at Hyden Hospital, sat at lunch near a guest, who was a distinguished physician from the Philippines. She failed to catch his words when he spoke to her but did not like to fail in her reply. So she said, "No." Every head at the table was turned her way. She realized she had done something terrible but couldn't figure out what it had been until her friends enlightened her. The Filipino physician had asked her if she had ever heard of his country!

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Jim Davidson, over at Brutus, tells of a woman he knew, when he was a boy, whose sons worked all one winter in the log woods. Every day she packed a cold dinner for them to take into the forest. She spoke of it with a mother's concern to Jim, "Them boys has eat cold vittles until they have ruint their apple-dashers."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,

John Milton—*Il Penseroso*

The Frontier Nursing Service, with its Anglo-American staff working as one family, felt the death of King George VI profoundly. Not only did we share in the universal admiration of him as a man and as a king, but to some of our staff his death brought a special kind of grief that only his own subjects could know. Our hearts went out to his stricken widow; to his mother, that gallant Queen Mary; and to his daughters, especially Elizabeth II, who must assume the duties of sovereignty at so early an age. For the King himself, we would use the King's English in its nobler forms, and let Milton speak for us

What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook . . .

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In our Autumn Bulletin, I reported on the wonderful week I spent in November in and around Chicago. But the Bulletin had gone to press before I could tell about the meeting of our Louisville Committee on Monday, December 3, out at "Oxmoor," the country place of our Louisville Chairman, Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt. Then,—and there,—we had a gathering of one of the finest of all the F.N.S. committees. I had been spending the week-end with our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, at her country place, where Mrs. Herman F. Stone of New York had joined us to attend a meeting of our Executive Committee, of which she is an officer. This meant that Mrs. Belknap and I could take Mrs. Stone with us out to Oxmoor. Thus the Louisville Committee had the pleasure of listening to a report by Mrs. Stone on the activities of the New York Committee. Another pleasant thing at this meeting was the presence of Mrs. Rex Farmer, now living in Louisville, a member of our Louisville Committee by transfer from our Hyden Committee. I was gladdened by the sight of several of my old couriers,

among them Barbara Bullitt (Mrs. Lowry Watkins), a daughter of the house. Their presence led to a lot of horsy conversation while we were having tea.

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The John Mason Brown Benefit, sponsored by the Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, takes place this year on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 16, in the ball-room of the Mayflower Hotel, to be followed by refreshments. While the rest of you are eating and drinking, I shall write personal inscriptions in every copy of WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS you bring me to autograph. It will be my good fortune this year to attend this Benefit for the first time in a long while, and to introduce my kinsman, John Mason Brown. All of you in the Washington area, which includes a good part of Maryland and Virginia, will receive your notices about the Benefit in plenty of time to order your tickets and buy your books! The Washington Committee, under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, and the enthusiastic Vice-Chairmanship of Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr., has already assigned to some of its members the handling of such things as—boxes, lists, posters, printing, ushers, tickets, publicity, general arrangements. What a crowd!

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The Philadelphia Committee is giving a tea at The Country Book Shop at Byrn Mawr on the afternoon of Thursday, April 17. All those in and around Philadelphia will receive invitations to this tea, where I shall meet you and inscribe your books.

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The Providence Committee has plans afoot for a large afternoon entertainment on Tuesday, April 22, at which I shall speak and inscribe books.

The plans of the Boston Committee have not yet fully matured, but they include engagements for me on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of that week with an evening engagement on the Friday out at Concord.

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The New York Committee will have a party the following week, to which all of you in and around New York will be invited, but the day has not been decided upon as we go to press.

TOWN AND TRAIN

This column, abandoned for nearly two years, is picking up in the most lively manner now that WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS is off my hands and in the presses. Since I had not gone to our committees on the Eastern seaboard in two years, it behooved me to push off in that direction on Monday, January 14. I stayed hanging around the East—"like the morning star," said one of our New York Committee members—until Friday, February 8.

Washington, D. C.

My first port of call was Washington, D. C., where I was met at the station by Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (courier, Marion Shouse), and taken to her house for a crowded day and night. Our Washington Committee members were, as always, the most hospitable people. Mrs. John W. Davidge gave me a luncheon at her place to which she asked a number of old friends, among them Mrs. Harlan F. Stone. I had last seen her at a luncheon she gave me at her own house, where the late Chief Justice Stone joined us in a conversation that I never shall forget.

The Washington Committee met in the afternoon at the home of its Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner, with a large attendance of members. After I had made a report on the state of the Frontier Nursing Service, we had a full discussion about the plans of the Washington Committee for the spring. Judge Groner came in when tea was served. It is always a delight to see him. Two devoted men members of the Committee turned up at the same time, Mr. Robert Woolley and Mr. Carlile Bolton-Smith. That evening, back at Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr.'s house at Tracy Place, we had dinner and bridge.

Shenandoah Valley in West Virginia and Virginia

On Wednesday, January 16, Marion Shouse Lewis drove me down into the Shenandoah Valley to stay with my sister-in-law, Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge at "Flagstop." From then until Monday, January 21, I was off duty as regards the Frontier Nursing Service, my whole time given over to the claims of family and friendship among Dorothy's people, who are as dear to me as my own.

On the Saturday, Dorothy and I, after lunching with her brother, went out to Boyce, Virginia, to see Mrs. McGhee Tyson

Gilpin (courier, Catherine Mellick), and her children. Only the big boy and baby boy were at home because the girl, who comes between, had been carried off by her grandmother for a visit. They are wonderful boys and Cath is a wonderful mother. When I see the children of my couriers, it gives me the same sort of thrill as to see my great-nephews and great-nieces.

On the Sunday, we motored to Fredericksburg, Virginia, to lunch with Jim and Judy Breckinridge, to see their new house, the three-year-old girl, whom I already knew, and the four-month-old baby boy named for my brother, whom I had not yet met. Jim had been ordered back from Korea after his younger brother was killed. He is studying at the Marine Corps Schools, in Quantico, for the next five months.

New York

Monday morning I went on to New York, spending most of that day on the train, and reaching the Cosmopolitan Club in the late afternoon. The notes and the flowers in my room at the Club were an instant reminder that our friends in New York welcomed me back again after an absence of two years.

The next morning, Tuesday, January 22, "Pebble" Stone and her mother drove in from the country to pick me up and take me to an eleven o'clock meeting of the New York Committee at Mrs. Walter Binger's house. This, the regular monthly meeting of the executive section of the New York Committee, was profoundly interesting to me. Afterwards, our New York Chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, had a few of the members to lunch with me at the Cosmopolitan Club. That night I dined with my cousins, Mrs. Draper Boncompagni and Mrs. Henry M. Waite.

Wednesday was a full day. Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach was so kind as to have me to lunch with our mutual friend, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain of Philadelphia, who had come to New York on purpose to attend the Annual Meeting of the New York Committee the next day. That night I dined with Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, of the editorial staff of Harper & Brothers, who has had me in tow for nearly three years. Since I had not seen her for two of these three years, and never but once before that, meeting her this time in New York was rather like, "Mr. Livingston, I presume?" The relationship between an author and

his editor is like none other in the world. An amateur author like me may depend upon a great editorial mind, without even knowing the person who houses that mind. To meet and know the person, socially, is therefore delightful.

Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, Mrs. Wadsworth and her New York Committee perpetrated their big Annual Meeting in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. They put over a marvelous show. The ballroom was jammed even before Mrs. Wadsworth called the meeting to order. I had seen the advance publicity, accepted by the New York papers from the hands of Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, and was not surprised at the large attendance. After the usual business reports from the officers of our New York Committee, Mrs. George A. Stockly presented me with a check for \$3,500.00 for the F.N.S.—representing proceeds from the sale, during the autumn, of the rummage people send to be sold in our behalf at the Bargain Box. I was quite stunned by the size of the check and could think of no way to acknowledge it except through this jingle:

An epicure dining at Crew,
Found quite a large mouse in the stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout, and wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

After Mrs. Wadsworth had introduced me, I made my report on the doings of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was kindly received. While we all drank tea after the meeting, I had the chance to see innumerable old friends and kinspeople from in and around New York, bless them, and to meet friends of theirs whom they had dragged to the meeting.

It just isn't possible, within the limits of this column, to give the names of the people with whom I lunched and dined and teaed while in New York. But, as regards the cousins, Mrs. John C. Breckinridge had all within range to a family party at her place in the late afternoon of Sunday, January 27—a party to which my sister and brother-in-law came all the way from the country near Newark, Delaware. To meet my old friends of the American Committee for Devastated France, Miss Elizabeth Perkins had a little party at her place the following Sunday, February 3, after I had returned from Boston. This gathering was poignant, as well as happy, because our great chief of the old days in France, Miss Anne Morgan, had so lately died.

From now on, I shall confine my report on New York to things of a more or less business type. Monday morning, January 28, I went by appointment to Harper & Brothers to the office of their Director of Publicity, Miss Ramona Herdman. Here my own editor, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, joined us, as well as other men and women who had only been names to me up until then. After Miss Lawrence had taken me over the place, she and Miss Herdman had me to lunch to discuss some of the endless technicalities that seem to be involved in the publishing of a book. That night I went out to St. Luke's School of Nursing, to dine with the student nurses and speak to them, and the alumnae, afterwards in the auditorium of the Eli White building. It is always moving to me to go back to St. Luke's, and always I feel that my old School of Nursing, of which Miss Ruth K. Moser is now the Director, has kept its *esprit de corps*.

Tuesday, I attended a meeting of the Daughters of the Cincinnati at the Plaza, through the courtesy of my Virginia cousin, Mrs. William A. Hamblen, where the Chairman, Mrs. Bolling L. Robertson, introduced me as "a distinguished guest!" There was a scrumptious tea after the meeting. I met again several people I knew and liked, and a lot of new people that I liked too.

On the next day, Wednesday, January 30, I had an engagement to speak out at Chatham, New Jersey, to the Guild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in St. Paul's parish house. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Mellick, came to my rescue for this trip, Mrs. Mellick saying that she would go with me and Mr. Mellick putting a huge touring car at our disposal. My indefatigable cousin, Rose Breckenridge Hamblen, had organized this meeting, and to it St. Paul's Guild had invited the guilds of the churches from a large area in that part of New Jersey. Mrs. Hamblen had done a marvelous job of publicity. Even the Newark, New Jersey, papers carried full advance notices of the meeting, and the Rector of St. Peter's Church at Morristown, New Jersey, featured it in his church notice with kind personal words. The result of all this was that a lot of people gathered to hear me tell the story of the Frontier Nursing Service. My talk was followed by a really exciting tea, and a silver collection, taken

up in behalf of the F.N.S. We got back to New York in the evening, and I caught a night train for Boston.

Boston

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Jason Mixter, I was put up for the day at the Chilton Club. So, I went right there from the train Thursday morning and had a glorious bath. My young cousin, Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., came for me a little later to drive me to Mrs. Isabella Grandin's apartment on Berkeley Street where we had a meeting of the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was a splendid meeting with a huge attendance of members from a vast area around Boston, as well as from the metropolis itself. On the Boston Committee we have the largest number of couriers to be found on any of our committees, and their young enthusiasms are heartening indeed. One of them, Mrs. Robert Lawrence (Pat Perrin), who is Courier Chairman, was literally walking on air because her husband had come back to her from the First Marine Division in Korea. Among the older members present was our Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Ernest A. Codman, to whom I am personally so devoted that I get a pick-up every time I am with her, even if only for a short while.

Our Chairman, Mrs. John Rock, opened the meeting and then turned it over to me. I had regretfully to announce her resignation after years of fine service, but then I also had the joy of announcing her successor to the Chairmanship, Mrs. Frederick Weed, who was enthusiastically elected for the next two years. Then I made another announcement which gave me very special happiness—that Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (courier, Mardi Bemis), would take the First Vice-Chairmanship of the Boston Committee, and succeed Mrs. Weed as Chairman in two years. The couriers of our early days are growing up!

We had a delightful time at this Boston Committee meeting. I made my report on what the Frontier Nursing Service had been doing during my absence of two years from Boston, and gave a brief report on WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS. Many questions were brought up for discussion, among them arrangements by the Boston Committee for promoting the sale of our book when it is published, and a party to be given me in that connection.

After the meeting had adjourned, Mrs. Mixter had Mrs. Weed, Sue Grandin, Mardi Perry and me to lunch with her at the Chilton Club. Then I drove with Sue out to her house in Chestnut Hills, where I had the unbounded joy of two quiet hours with Sue's mother, my cousin Anne (Mrs. Waring Wilson), who has been as close as a sister to me the greater part of our lives. I had the further joy of seeing something of the three little Grandin boys before their nurse carried them off for supper and bed. After dinner, Sue and Jack drove me over to Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter's house, where it was a great happiness to me to spend the rest of the evening with these friends, and to stay the night. The Mixters sent me by car the next morning to a railroad station in Boston, where I took a day coach to New York.

Philadelphia

After a week-end in New York, during which I was able to go once again on Sunday morning to my favorite church, Transfiguration (The Little Church Around the Corner), and to see yet more people, I left early on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 5, for Philadelphia. Pebble went with me to the station so that one of us could stay with the luggage while the other looked for a porter. (These beings are almost a vanishing race of men.) At South Station in Philadelphia, I received a gleeful welcome from Couriers Fanny McIlvain and Joan McClelland. It was great fun to see Joan again after her years in the Diplomatic Service in Iron Curtain countries, including Russia! The girls drove me out to Smoky Ridge Farm at Downingtown where I stayed with our Philadelphia Chairman and close personal friend, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain. That evening was pure fun—with young McIlvains dropping in, and a family dinner followed by a spot of bridge.

Mrs. McIlvain had arranged to call a meeting of her committee on Wednesday, February 6, at the Acorn Club in Philadelphia. There was a large attendance, among them our Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, and our Alpha Omicron Pi representative, Mrs. Edgard C. Franco-Ferriera. After luncheon, in a private dining room, we settled down to the business of the day. All kinds of matters were brought up for discussion. Mrs. McIlvain gave a report on the Bargain Box. The Philadelphia

Committee, one of our finest, collaborates with the New York Committee on this thrift shop enterprise. Their rummage is deposited at Mrs. Henry S. Drinker's garage, and taken several times a year by station wagon to New York. The proceeds from its sale are credited to Philadelphia by the New York F.N.S. Bargain Box Committee and by the F.N.S. auditors. Another matter thoroughly discussed at this meeting was the Committee's plan for what they call an autograph party. This will take the form of a tea at The Country Book Shop at Bryn Mawr, which I shall attend in order to write inscriptions in the copies of *WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS*, as well as to enjoy my friends.

"Brackenwood" near Newark, Delaware

Late Wednesday afternoon, the McIlvains and Joan drove me from Philadelphia into Delaware. Part of that lovely drive passes by the Brandywine, which is one of my favorite rivers in all America, and through beautiful hunting country. Since Mrs. McIlvain and Fanny both hunt, they are familiar with hunting country that lies beyond theirs.

My destination was a two hundred-year-old stone house, modernized with baths and electricity, that my sister and her husband (Colonel and Mrs. George Warren Dunn), had bought some years ago. The McIlvains didn't have time to go out to the place, which is two miles beyond Newark, so my brother-in-law met me at that old university town at the edge of dark and drove me out to "Brackenwood." From the Wednesday evening until Friday after lunch, I dropped once more all responsibilities for the Frontier Nursing Service and enjoyed to their full the family ties of which I am so fond.

For dinner Wednesday night we had my sister's daughter-in-law, Cynthia, whose husband, my sister's only son—"Dusty"—is a jet pilot in Korea. Dusty has his Distinguished Flying Cross, with an Oak Cluster, and has completed seventy missions. Cynthia told me that when the airmen had completed one hundred missions they were sent home. How we long for Dusty to come home this spring!

My sister had a few friends in for tea on the Thursday—our only Delaware trustee (a host in herself), Mrs. Harry Clark Boden; Dr. Margaret Handy; and Mrs. Alfred Shands (wife of

the famous orthopedic surgeon), who was Polly Prewitt of Kentucky. That evening my sister's younger daughter, old courier Pamela (now Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis), came to stay the night with her two babies—Breck, nearly three years old, and Louise, sixteen months. I enjoyed these entrancing babies during the early part of the evening, and all the next morning. Pam's husband, Captain Ellis, is at sea now on his way home—after a tour of duty in Korea of such length that he has yet to meet his daughter, Louise.

On Friday, after lunch, my sister and brother-in-law drove me to Wilmington, where I caught a train for Kentucky. Early the morning of Saturday, February 9, I was in Lexington, where Mary Ann Quarles met me. We drove, almost at once, back to the mountains and home. Before two o'clock, I was at Hyden Hospital with "Mac" and the rest. I stayed long enough to talk with some of my crowd, pay visits to the patients, and to Mrs. den Dulk at Joy House. I reached Wendover in time for tea with the crowd there. My long Eastern tour had come to its end. I would not have the courage to write so fully of these tours, did I not know (from letters) that hundreds of you like to read about them.

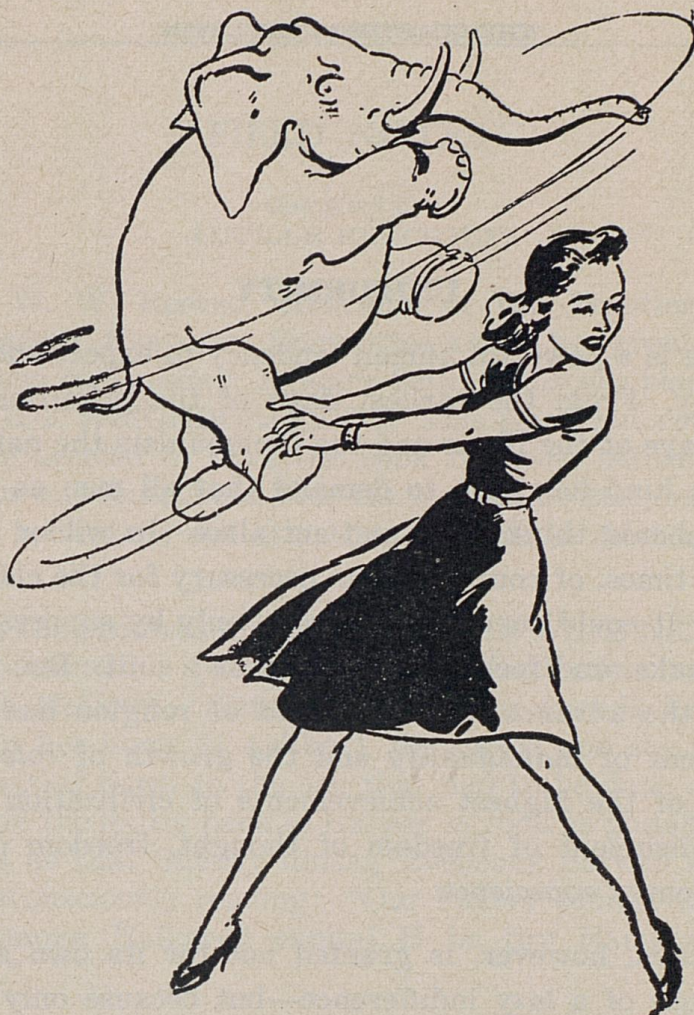
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

FIVE HAPPY HORSES

We are five happy F.N.S. horses at Hyden Hospital and Midwives Quarters. Our names are Camp, Doc, Boots, Commando and Laura. We have very nice stalls in "Aunt Hattie's Barn" at Hyden and our lives really have been quite pleasant. However, we did get tired of the barn on days that the nurse-midwives didn't need us for district work. We gazed from our stall windows and longed to run free. At last our dream has come true. We have a lovely pasture above Mardi Cottage where we can be out in the open air—romping and rolling all of the time we have free from work.

J. F.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.

UNIFORMITY

There is a powerful human tendency to expect and to exact uniformity. From the earliest days of the primitive tribe to modern days of the Nazis and the Communists the natural bent of human kind has been to demand that all men as nearly as possible should think alike and act alike. In wilder and more unsettled times, of course, it was necessary for the clan to stick together. It could survive as a group only by suppressing individual freaks, and feeling and acting as a unit. But the whole story of the advance of culture and of religion has been the development of *individuality* and the growth of *tolerance*. In fact, one of the highest achievements of civilization has been the establishment of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of conscience.

Freedom, however, is granted not for its own sake—still less because of a lazy indifference—but because only in so far as each one of us is different from every other and each lives his own life, true to his own star, can we best serve the whole body, whether it be the body of the family or the State or the Church. Uniformity is not only dull; it is sterile. All the diversity of differences is enriching.

—*Forward*, 1951

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

Mrs. W. W. Reeves, Chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service Hazard, Kentucky, Committee, called her group together at her house on Tuesday, January 29th, to discuss plans for the sale of WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS. This small but enthusiastic Committee decided to have the book reviewed before the four Civic Clubs and announced over the local radio station. Further plans will be worked out at a later Committee meeting.

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When the proofreading of the galley of WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS presented a problem, an old friend came to our aid. Miss Hope McCown, "Sister Hope" to her friends here, drove down from her home in Ashland, Kentucky, and she and Ruth Morgan settled down to the job that had to be done quickly in order to get the galley back to Harper as soon as possible. Sister Hope tells us that Sunday during Evensong Service she found herself unconsciously reading: "Our Father comma who art in heaven comma Hallowed capital H be thy Name capital N period. . . ."

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Two years ago at Christmas time Dr. Carroll H. Luhr of the University of Louisville Graduate Medical School came to us for a short while to help through a doctor crisis. Our friends may remember reading in the pages of the summer, 1951 Quarterly Bulletin that Dr. Luhr had been seriously wounded in Korea where he was with the United States Navy Medical Corps. Dr. Luhr has recovered, and came to visit us in January as the special guest of our Hospital Superintendent "Miss Mac." Dr. Luhr brought with him hundreds of interesting slides of Japan and Korea and entertained the staff both at Hyden and Wendover.

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We have had another welcomed visit from our good friend, Miss Ann Asbury, Field Nurse for the Kentucky Crippled Chil-

dren Commission in Lexington. She spent two busy days, assisted by Mary Jo Clark, checking on patients in our area who have been in the Lexington hospitals under the auspices of the Commission, and arranging for others who need treatment.

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Our Brutus nurses have always had to hold their clinics for out-of-district patients in the Sizerock area in various homes in that area. Friends in the Sizerock vicinity held a meeting on January 26th and it was decided that a clinic building would be erected. Sim Barnes is giving some of his bottom land just back of the Sizerock school, and the ground is being deeded to the Frontier Nursing Service. A Building Fund was started, and \$64.00 was collected at the meeting. Miss Ivallean Caudill, Brutus nurse-midwife, was put in charge of the Fund. She reports that she has visited nearly every home in the Sizerock area—the fund is growing, and enough money has been or will be donated to pay for all the materials necessary for a small, two-room building. The men themselves are hauling the lumber and having “workings” to put the building up. Ivallean writes us from Brutus that this project has been fun for everybody.

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Through the kindness of Kitty Macdonald's aunt, Miss Mary Devereaux, the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has received a treasured gift of sixteen medical textbooks from the Meade Johnson Company in Evansville, Indiana. Miss Devereaux is Librarian at Meade Johnson.

From Mr. Eddie J. Moore of Hyden, brother of our Juanetta Moore, the Frontier Nursing Service received the gift of enough oak flooring to re-floor the clinic building on Hell-fer-Sartin Creek.

When the Highway Department cleared the right-of-way on our Beech Fork Center property for the new road from Asher to Saylor, several of our huge trees were cut. Carl Hoskins of Hoskinston was so kind as to pick up the logs, haul them to his mill, and saw them into lumber—over a thousand feet. This he delivered to Wendover, all free of charge.

From Dr. James B. Woodruff of Rochester, New York, husband of our former courier “Scoopie” Will, our Hospital has

received the gift of a diathermy machine which Dr. den Dulk is happy indeed to have.

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We have just learned that Senator August E. Cornett has been named chairman of the Senate Committee on Mines and Mining. Senator Cornett was formerly a Leslie County Judge and Commonwealth Attorney. He and his wife are members of our Hyden Committee. Mrs. Cornett is County Health Nurse, and a constant help to our doctor, nurses and Social Service Secretary.

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Through the coöperation of the Leslie County Health Office, Dr. den Dulk has secured movies made available by the Kentucky State Health Department which have been most helpful in teaching the student nurse-midwives.

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The annual meeting of District 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses was held at Hyden in December. After a short business meeting to elect officers for the coming year, the members present were glad to welcome as guest speaker Mr. Malcolm Army, Psychiatric Social worker from Harlan County. Mr. Army gave an interesting talk, illustrated with a movie on emotional health with special emphasis on the health of young children. A lively discussion followed the talk.

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Those of our readers who have visited Hyden will remember the "Wee Stone House"—the one-room building near the Hospital which is used as our isolation unit. It has been almost constantly occupied this winter because of meningitis and other communicable diseases. The families of the patients have been most coöperative, and when possible have sent some member of the family to "sit with" the patient in the Wee Stone House, thus helping with the constant nursing care.

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The first of the six Outpost Nursing Centers of the Frontier Nursing Service to be built and put in operation was the

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork. Beech Fork Center was twenty-six years old in October, 1951. In November, 1951, the 1,000th mother to register with the Frontier Nursing Service for a home delivery, in that area, was delivered by the Beech Fork nurse-midwives. This is the first Outpost to reach that mark.

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We welcome two new British nurse-midwives on our staff. Vivienne Blake arrived in early December, and is being initiated into our work by Rose Evans (Cherry) at Confluence. Mary Scougall came to us the beginning of the year from Canada, where she had been working for a year in Saskatchewan. For the present Mary is working at the Hospital in Hyden. With great joy we welcomed back, in mid-January, Edna Mae Owens (Mississippi). She went right to work as visiting nurse on the Hyden districts.

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Mary Ann Quarles wound up her duties as a volunteer Christmas secretary by helping Mary Jo Clark with the post-Christmas grab sales at the various Centers. Mary Ann then completed the field work for her thesis, "A Comparison of Some Aspects of Family Living Between Two Areas of Leslie County, Kentucky," which she is writing for her Master's degree in Rural Sociology at the University of Kentucky. Between times Mary Ann is most helpful in taking trips for the couriers when they are busy with other duties.

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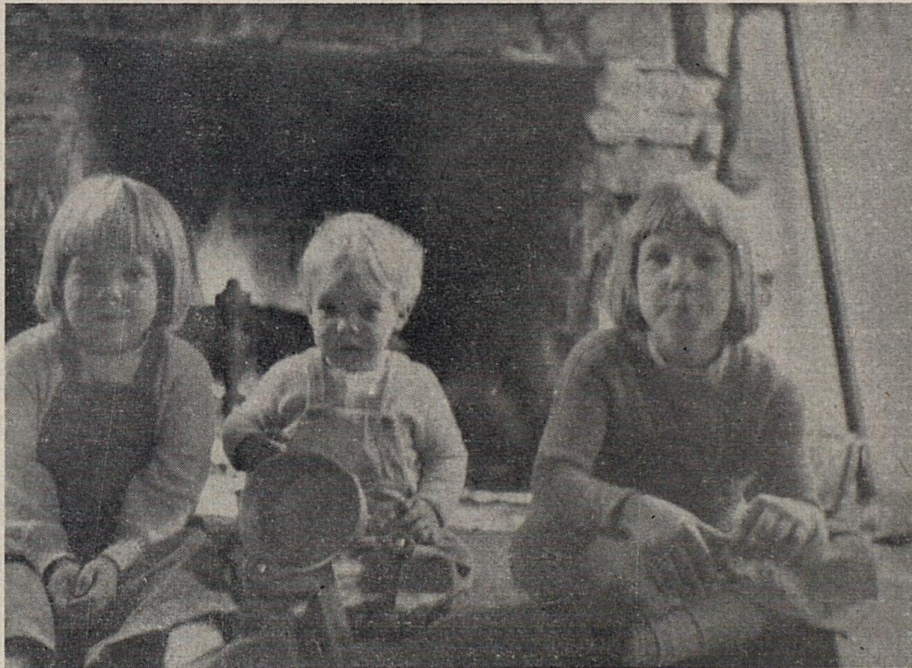
Since the first of the year our Courier Service has been comprised of only two people—Jean Hollins as resident, and Timmy Balch as senior. We have had no juniors, and were grateful indeed that Timmy could stay on. There is too much work in this vital organ of the Frontier Nursing Service for two people to carry, but carry it these two have. Mary Ann Quarles has been a big help, and secretaries, assistant directors and the Wendover nurse give Jean and Timmy their services when possible.

Two of our British nurses, Elizabeth Hillman and Gwendolen Jelleyman, have been on holiday in their own country for

the past several weeks. "Hilly" wrote us that she was planning a visit in Paris, and "Gwen" was journeying to Switzerland for a bit of skiing. They went to England by air, and plan to return by air. They will both be back on duty in early March. Kitty Macdonald has been relieving for Hilly at Bowlingtown, and Lydia Thompson for Gwen at Beech Fork.

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As this Bulletin goes to press, something unusual is about to happen! Agnes Lewis is about to take a long holiday—a full six weeks—instead of the one or two only which she usually takes. She leaves her busy, busy department in the capable hands of Sylvia Morse and Juanetta Moore.



BARBARA, JAY AND JEAN WOODRUFF

Children of Dr. and Mrs. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr.
(Former Courier, Louise Will, "Scoopie")

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Miss Elizabeth Hillman, R.N., S.C.M.

S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' 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.
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MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington 15, Kentucky



FNS Patients
In A O Pi Social Service Jeep en route
To a Visit with Hazard Oculist

THE
IN A O H B
TO A W