

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 28

Autumn, 1952

Number 2





THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT — BOBBIN AT BOWLINGTOWN
(For the Story, see page 3)

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THE NATIVITY

All poor men and humble,
All lame men who stumble,
Come haste ye, nor feel ye afraid;
For Jesus, our treasure,
With love past all measure,
In lowly poor manger was laid.

Though wise men who found him
Laid rich gifts around him,
Yet oxen they gave him their hay:
And Jesus in beauty
Accepted their duty;
Contented in manger he lay.

Then haste we to show him
The praises we owe him;
Our service he ne'er can despise:
Whose love still is able
To show us that stable
Where softly in manger he lies.

Welsh, translated by K. E. Roberts
The Oxford Book of Carols, England

AN OUTPOST CENTER CHRISTMAS

by

ELIZABETH HILLMAN

Nurse-Midwife at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial
Nursing Center at Bowlingtown

(For Illustration, see inside front cover)

Preparations for Christmas start before Thanksgiving when we all make lists of the ages and sexes of the children in our districts and of the number of old men and women. These lists we give in to the Christmas Secretary, who is in charge of the toys and clothing sent in from all over the country. Usually she disposes of one center's needs at a time and when she has completed this Herculean task she sends us word. We then ask one of the members of the community who has a truck to go into Hyden and fetch the numerous boxes and barrels of toys and clothing. These we stack in the attic and then as soon as we can get down to it, we sort them out and fill the family bags, putting in a toy and bag of candy for each child; a blanket or some warm garment for the babies; and a shirt, gloves, scarf or such like for the old people. I find it quite fun to figure out which child will most enjoy a doll, which a book and so on. (I hope my figuring is satisfactory to the children.)

A week before Christmas I had my barn boy fetch me a Christmas tree. He brought me a very fine one which, when fixed in a tub in the living room, just tipped the ceiling. Then came the enjoyable task of decorating it. Several people brought me evergreens. When the day of the Christmas party dawned, the house was gay with greenbay, crepe paper and balloons.

I'm afraid I can't report a seasonable fall of snow on this particular party day but the day certainly was seasonably cold and the trees in the morning were looking lovely under a covering of frost. The first children arrived bright and early, most of them in trucks but quite a few on foot or on horseback. A momentary crisis occurred just before the party was about to begin when the Bowlingtown school teacher arrived to say that he couldn't produce his promised Santa Claus. However, Matt Barger, who has long been associated with the center, was home

and everyone thought that he would make a good Father Christmas. By the time we had him dressed up (in our homemade suit of dyed feed sacks trimmed with cotton wool), well padded with pillows, and seated in state beside the Christmas tree, there was a large crowd of children and quite a few parents waiting to come in. I had borrowed some records of Christmas carols to provide background music, and had detailed one of the older girls to manage the changing of the records and the winding of the phonograph. Matt certainly made a good Santa, producing a lot of laughs and a certain amount of awe from the toddlers. His own grandchild looked very puzzled to hear the well-known voice coming from behind all those whiskers.

Lassie, my dog, is always a great hit at any party as she loves attention. She was in her element, wandering among the children with a large red ribbon around her neck. Bobbin, my horse, also came in for his share of the Christmas spirit. I decorated one of the stalls with holly and red paper, and made him a paper hat and streamers. He soon realized that to be so attired meant that shortly groups of people would be coming along to the barn to exclaim over him, and to feed him apples and candy, so he did not object too strenuously.

When Santa had greeted all the children and given them their presents, they collected in the clinic waiting room for hot cocoa and cookies. Finally all went home, happily clutching their new toys.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, will hold its annual meeting of members and friends in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club on Thursday afternoon, January 15, 1953 at 4:00 p.m.

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The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, will be held later in January. The date has not yet been set.

A LETTER FROM THE CHIEF OF THE
LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL'S
FRANKFORT BUREAU

Frankfort, Kentucky
October, 1952

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I have been laying off to write you ever since I read *Wide Neighborhoods*, to tell you what a superb job I think you did with it. Struggle is the theme that made *Wide Neighborhoods* so attractive to me, and struggle is the theme that makes me a cover-to-cover reader of your quarterly. I have found the essence of life to be a reaching that sometimes gives us a tenuous fingertip grasp, but never an old-fashioned hand hold.

Mrs. Trout has reviewed *Wide Neighborhoods*, not only at the Veterans Hospital in Lexington, but before several other groups and clubs in Central Kentucky. She is a Red Cross gray lady at the hospital.

The two little mountain girls in *Wide Neighborhoods* who, when seeing the tall buildings at Cincinnati the first time, remarked they would hold a sight of hay, reminds me of an experience I shall never forget.

I went to Jackson back in 1926, fresh from college, to become editor and publisher of *The Jackson Times* until joining the staff of *The Courier-Journal* on February 15, 1929. In those days, Kentucky Road 15 had not come any farther east than Campton. Jackson was virtually isolated from outside travel except by the L. & N. Railroad and the horseback trails you know so well.

Ollie James Landrum, a Breathitt County boy, had come to Jackson to get himself an education at Lees Collegiate Institute, as it then was called. I gave Ollie James a spare-time job as printer's devil. He since has become not only one of the best printers in East Kentucky, but the friendship that sprang up between us has lasted until this good day.

Ollie James, never having been outside Breathitt County,

had no firm idea of what the bluegrass country looked like. I determined, therefore, to take him to Lexington.

I had access to an old stripped-down Model-T Ford that could navigate the rough road between Jackson and Campton. So Ollie James and I mounted it early one Sunday morning and headed toward Lexington.

The gently-rolling country of the outer bluegrass, which we hit at Slade, impressed Ollie James mightily. The fabulous farms and country seats of the inner bluegrass, which we struck westward from Mt. Sterling, impressed him even more.

At Winchester, we struck the concrete pavement leading on to Lexington. Here, however, I noticed that Ollie James was paying more attention to the broad smooth concrete of the highway than to the park-like countryside. At last he revealed his interest in a question:

"'Pon my honor, old feller," he said, "I wonder where they found so many flat rocks the same size."

(Signed) ALLAN M. TROUT

JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

When Henry, aged nine, discovered that he would have to share one shaggy, exceedingly friendly pup with his little sister Peggy, he staked out his claim thus: "I'll take the head end—that holds the brains."

"That's all right with me," little sister agreed. "I'll take the tail end—'cause that's the end that shows he's happy!"

.

A little boy was rubbing his face with his mother's powder puff, when his small sister snatched it from him.

"You're not supposed to do that," she informed him. "Only ladies use powder. Gentlemen wash."

BLACK THURSDAY

by

JUSTINE PRUYN (DUSTY), New York Courier

Illustrated by

KITTY BIDDLE, Long Island, New York Courier

On looking back at that memorable day, so appropriately named "Black Thursday," I can laugh but, at the time, that day was anything but funny.

It all began at 6:30 a.m. when Kay, Shouse, and I got up as usual to give Erin his two-ounce dose of greasy, evil-smelling cough medicine. This accomplished, we decided to add to his misery that morning by making him take some mineral oil, and Erin, to put it mildly, was not coöperative. The result of our effort was nine-tenths of a pint of mineral oil on our shirts, arms and hands, and approximately one-tenth of a pint down his throat. Still feeling like a greased pig by breakfast time, I was not in a good mood.



Shouse and I went to the hospital soon after breakfast to do some more painting in the annex. Before I got started on that, I went down to the barn to put the horses out to pasture since they were not going to be used that day. Then I climbed the million steps to the annex and joined Shouse.

Troubles really began then! First of all I tipped over my paint can on the step ladder, splashing yellow paint all over a door and the floor. Shouse sprang to my rescue, but in helping me mop up, tipped that unlucky can over again. Fortunately it hadn't been very full to start with. About this time it began to rain and I remembered the horses, but decided that it would surely stop before too long, so I let them stay. Then in one of my attempts to reach a particularly high spot with my brush, my old painty blue jeans ripped all the way from the knee up, so I repaired the embarrassing damage as best as I could with a paper clip, which I happened to have, until I managed to procure two safety pins. A little later Shouse took trusty "Bounce," the military jeep, downtown to do some errands but, before she had gotten all the way down the hill, the clutch "slipped," and she had no gears. Leaving Bounce stranded by the side of the road, she called up the hospital and somehow got to town and back.

By this time it was almost lunch time, and it was still pouring with no immediate sign of clearing, so I went forth in a borrowed rain cape to get the horses, armed with four bridles and plenty of determination. Laura was a cinch to catch, Doc and Camp not difficult. Commando, however, was impossible and took great delight in my predicament. He would almost let me get him, then would wheel around and run up the hill. I gave up after several attempts and went to lunch, very annoyed, and soaking wet as the raincoat was the absorbent kind.

After lunch I tried again unsuccessfully for Commando, then went up to do some more painting with Shouse. Mary Brill came up soon after to ask me to hammer in some nails for curtain rods in each window of the annex. This would have been an easy job for anyone but me but I have always been a poor carpenter, and that day I think I was worse than ever. I struggled in silence for a long while, hitting my fingers too often for comfort, and either getting the nail in crooked or in the wrong place. However, somehow I had managed to do all the windows

but two when Shouse, Brownie, Peggy Elmore, and Kay came up to tell me we could go home whenever I was finished. I was so frustrated by this time that I poured out all the wrath I had accumulated during the day by tearing my hair, shaking the hammer at them all, and exclaiming loudly how awful everything had been. I hate to think what the first impression was that Peggy, who had just returned that day to the FNS after a trip to Europe, got of me. Kay did her good deed for the day by finishing the hammering, and so we soon were ready to leave.

Safely back at Wendover, Thursday lost most of its blackness for me, but I was glad when the end of the day and bed time came, as I was sure that Friday couldn't be as bad.

"MANY OPINIONS"

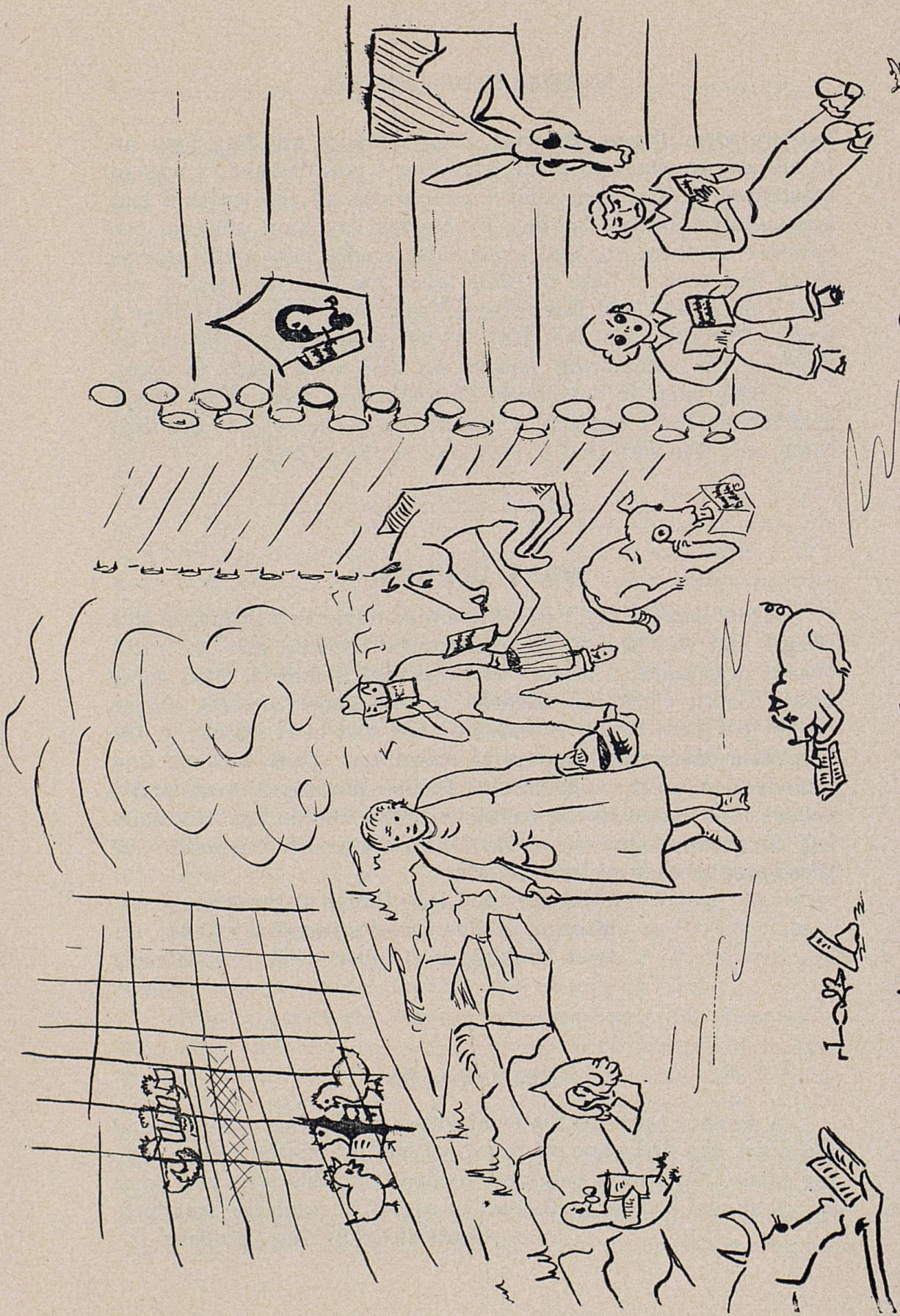
A few months ago I stood in a mud house in a primitive Nile village and watched an Egyptian nurse-midwife give an intravenous injection to a woman who was very ill indeed. That nurse was a Coptic Christian, because, as you know, Moslem women do not yet take kindly to nursing. She had been trained at the Kitchener Memorial Hospital in Khartoum. That was my first introduction to the influence of British nursing abroad, and I believe that our nurses in countries in the Middle East are making the greatest single contribution to the health and welfare of these peoples that we have to offer.

—Professor A. Leslie Banks at the Annual Meeting of The Queen's Institute of District Nursing in October, 1951, in London

TRUE TALES

A mother near Brutus commented on the fact that some of the boys who had gone off to school had graduated before coming home. To this a neighbor replied that this was just what we all should do—be graduated so as not to catch the smallpox.

—Contributed by Jim Davidson



sol 2

At Wendover Nearly Everybody reads the Quarterly Bulletin

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OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled, in the absence of Agnes Lewis, by
JUANETTA MOORE

From Lila Caner, Boston, Massachusetts—October 14, 1952

I'm now back at college which really isn't too bad an existence since I haven't done a scrap of work. Most of my time seems to be spent talking to friends and chasing down to the country for some tennis.

I got a letter from Sally [Foreman] which told of an hilarious trip driving across the country to college. Apparently she took a ride down the Grand Canyon on Tenacity's cousin and they didn't get along too well!

It was wonderful fun to read the Bulletin and find the FNS had recovered from any maltreatment suffered at the hands of the first half of the summer's wayward couriers! Thanks for making the name of "snake chaser" immortal in it.

.

From Nancy Dammann, Madras, India—October 18, 1952

I've just finished reading your book and loved every minute of it. I never see American book reviews so it is impossible for me to tell how well it is selling. I hope it is going very well. Our Information Service library has just received several copies. We don't get many books a year and those are only the best.

Yesterday our Consular General gave a graduation talk at one of the local nursing schools. He used as his theme your book and the history of the FNS. I don't know where he had seen the book. I don't think he knows anything about me, much less that I once did some volunteer work for the FNS. We certainly have never talked about it so you can't blame his choice of subject on me. Anyhow the talk went over very well.

Dr. Devasagayam came in to see me the day after he returned from America. He stayed about a half an hour and talked about nothing but the FNS. He was particularly impressed with the selflessness and high morale of the staff. He also talked at great length about his conversations with you, which he appears to have enjoyed immensely.

At Wendover Nearly Everybody reads the Quarterly Bulletin

We had a little rain this summer and the monsoon which was supposed to begin last week looks fairly good so the food and famine situation isn't quite as bad as it was last year, but it's still not good. Parts of two Southern states have been declared famine areas.

.

From Mary (Timmy) Balch, Ambler, Pennsylvania

—October 22, 1952

I am here at the School of Horticulture. I just love it and it seems to be just what I need. It is such fun working with all the animals and all that goes with it. I am learning a lot and hope I will get back to Wendover sometime and know something about the animals.

We finally got out West this summer. It was a wonderful trip. We just took our time and stopped where we wanted. We got home the first week in August and I was in Chocorua until September.

I don't think I have written since Mrs. Breckinridge's book was published. I read it and loved it. I think it is very well done and I love her style of writing.

.

From Katharine Biddle (Kitty), Vassar College,

Poughkeepsie, New York—October 28, 1952

Life is very busy as usual. I'm set designer for the first dramatic production of the season. The sets are being constructed now and chaos prevails in the students' basement where we build. There are bits of muslin, bent nails by the barrel full (which we painfully straighten and re-use), great slabs of corrugated cardboard, plywood, green lumber and dust everywhere. I'm in a perpetual state of terror that the sets will look lousy and am even starting to have bad dreams!

I am taking an architectural design course which is most interesting. We design and draw up full plans and elevations of various elementary types of buildings. I am also taking contemporary poetry and contemporary philosophy. Field hockey and art work for the year book take up the last remnants of my time. Anyway, life is great and college has improved a few hundred per cent over last year!

**From Justine Pruyn (Dusty), Smith College,
Northampton, Massachusetts—October 1952**

I have so much work to do that I don't know where to begin. I have about 400 pages of hard reading each week—two history courses, philosophy, economics, and art. I'm also doing newspaper work (writing one article a week and writing up students for their hometown papers) and I am on the Christian Association cabinet. Right now we are having mid-semester examinations.

How are things at Wendover—horses, jeeps, and people? I miss you all and would love to come back.

**From Kay Amsden, Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar,
Virginia—November 1952**

I have really been having a grand time. In October our class advisor took us for a picnic up on the Blue Ridge. We rode up in a bus, ate, and sat and sang class songs and admired the view. Next week we're taking a trip to the University of Virginia to observe stars—it's our astronomy class and it should be very interesting.

Last weekend the varsity hockey team went to Harrisonburg to the Virginia Field Hockey tournament. We played William and Mary and beat them and on Saturday we played Madison and beat them. At the banquet that noon the all-state team was announced and also the reserve team. Sweet Briar placed nine players—more than any other college!

Give my best to everyone. Also give all the horses a pat for me—watch Tenacity's heels!

WEDDINGS

Miss Lillian Starkweather Whiteley of Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Ian Francis Morch, on September 13, 1952, in Buck Hill Falls. They are now living in Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

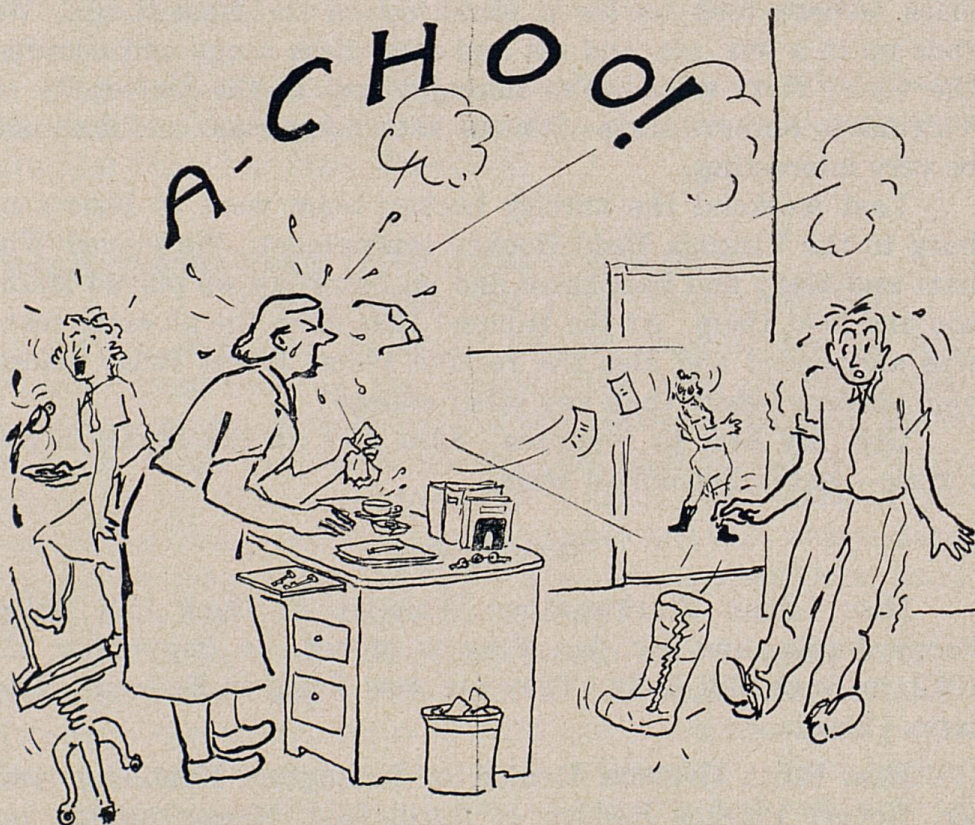
Miss Edith Graham Rankin of Lexington, Kentucky, and Mr. Robert Phillips Redden of Springfield, Massachusetts, on November 12, 1952, in New York City. They will make their home in Jackson Heights, Long Island.

We send these young couples a thousand good wishes for every happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mikesell, Jr. (Marian Lee), a son, Henry Joy, on September 23, 1952. They now have two girls and two boys.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), a son, Stephen Bemis, on November 2, 1952—weight 8 pounds and 13 ounces.



THE BIG SNEEZE — HYDEN HOSPITAL

Drawn by Kitty Biddle

THE CHURN AND THE SPINDLE

by

CARL R. BOGARDUS, M.D., Austin, Indiana

Aunt Peggy Lewis lived on a farm on the west bank of Rockhouse Creek where the town of Hyden, county seat of Leslie County, Kentucky, is located today. Her maiden name had been Margaret Combs, and she was a daughter of Nicholas Combs, of Perry County. Her husband was Abijah (Bige) Lewis, a son of John Lewis (1815-1889) and Jenny MacIntosh (1832-1851). John Lewis was a son of James Lewis, Jr. (1777-1860), a veteran of the War of 1812, who came from North Carolina in 1810 and settled on Cutshin Creek. Jenny MacIntosh was a daughter of that venerable Scotsman, Roderick MacIntosh (1775-1879), son of a British officer during the Revolution, who came from North Carolina and lived on Cutshin Creek at the mouth of MacIntosh Branch. Bige and Peggy Lewis were the parents of the late Lorenzo Dow (Judge Lew) Lewis, a prominent and influential citizen of Hyden.

The following "true witch tale" was often, in later years, related as "gospel truth" by Aunt Peggy Lewis, who should have known whereof she spoke. She told it to Mrs. Sophia Hyden Eversole, of Hyden, and she in turn told it to me. I present it here for what it is worth:

There was a time, following the Civil War, when Aunt Peggy Lewis could not make butter, no matter how long nor how hard she churned the cream. This puzzling situation caused her no end of consternation and exasperated her mightily. Try as she would, she could not possibly imagine what the trouble was. Finally, one day an old, old woman from up on the head of Rockhouse called on her and, hearing about the 'quare' state of affairs in the Lewis household, immediately told Aunt Peggy that her cream was being bewitched. She explained to her that, in order to break the witch's spell, she should take the spindle from her spinning wheel and heat it red-hot and drop it exactly in the center of the churnful of cream. After she had done this she would no longer experience any difficulty in making butter and, in addition, would undoubtedly find out who had cast the witch's spell on the cream.

The following day Aunt Peggy started churning, but with the same lack of results as before. She worked the dasher up and down in the old brass-bound wooden churn until she was well nigh exhausted. Finally she gave it up as a bad job. Then she removed the spindle from her spinning wheel and heated it red-hot in the glowing embers of the open fireplace. But as she attempted to drop it in the churn it burned her fingers, causing it to fall slightly off center. She removed the spindle and started churning again and the cream immediately made butter.

About a quarter of an hour later one of the neighbors came running into the house saying that Old Jane MacIntosh had fallen dead, and Aunt Peggy exclaimed, "I knowed hit was her all the time!"

At the same time that Aunt Peggy had been heating the spindle, Old Jane, an aged colored woman, who was locally suspected of being a witch, and her husband, Old Henry MacIntosh, a former slave of Roderick MacIntosh, were coming over the mountain between the head of Ellis Branch, where they lived, and Owl's Nest Branch, on their way to Hyden. Just as they passed through the gap Jane screamed and fell to the ground as though struck by lightning. She lay on the ground, seemingly dead. Henry picked her up and carried her back to the house, where she eventually revived. However, those who knew about such things said that had Aunt Peggy's spindle fallen in the exact center of the churn the breaking of the spell would certainly have killed Old Jane!

Five members of the Woman's Auxiliary at St. Mark's, Hazard, made a pilgrimage to Wendover, the headquarters of the Frontier Nursing Service, to take a dozen beautiful pink crib blankets as a gift for the nursing service's layettes. Those making the trip were Margaret Stewart, Carolyn Watts, Frances Weiss, Sally Muncy, and Virginia Hines. They had a grand time, since it was a first trip to Wendover, being met by the jeep, fording the river, going over the swinging bridge, and so forth. They all said, "Wendover really is lovely!"

—*Forth*, Lexington Edition, September, 1952

MANY REUNIONS

by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

I

For me it has been an autumn of many reunions with groups of people,—in Kentucky and elsewhere,—to whom I am almost as dear as they are to me.

On **Sunday afternoon, September the seventh**, I went to the Fifth Annual Lewis Reunion in the lovely apple orchard of Mrs. Lucretia Lewis. I was privileged to be among the speakers, introduced by Mrs. Minnie Lewis Hawk whose father and mother, Judge and Mrs. Theophilus Lewis, had been my warm friends in earlier years. Mr. Nick Lewis, Jr., presided over the meeting with humor and friendliness. Miss Ruth Huston had charge of the devotions and Miss Leota Sullenger of the music which concluded with Auld Lang Syne. The talk by the well-known Genealogist, Mrs. W. E. Bach of Lexington, included not only the reading of early letters by members of the pioneer Lewis family, but others covering the famous Roderick MacIntosh and his descendants. All of us—men, women and children—had dinner on the ground or on the dozens of tables under the apple trees, and what a dinner!

My next meetings were in Louisville—an Executive Committee meeting at the Pendennis Club, and a delightful meeting with women newly interested in the Frontier Nursing Service, through the reading of *Wide Neighborhoods*, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Grooms. I had the happiness of a stay of several days with our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap. I also made a courtesy call at the State Department of Health where I had pleasant conversations with our Health Commissioner, Dr. Bruce Underwood, with Dr. Cathryn R. Handelman—the former Director of Maternal and Child Health—with the newly appointed Director, Dr. Lad R. Mezera, and with others. It was a pleasure also to drop in at the headquarters of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses and see Mrs. Cynthia Neel Warren. One of my visits was at Stewart's Book-

shop where Mr. Bensinger told us that *Wide Neighborhoods* had been a best seller in Louisville, and throughout Kentucky, ever since its publication.

On **Wednesday, the first day of October**, I went with my sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, and our courier, Freddy Holdship, to Harlan—some forty miles from Hyden—to speak to the Harlan Women's Club at the Lewallen Hotel. A large gathering of a fine group.

The next night we entertained at Wendover not only our own District Committee of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses, District No. 13, but District No. 12 from in and around the area of Hazard. Our guest, Mrs. Cynthia Neel Warren, gave such a good report on both national and state doings in the nursing world that it was followed by a most stimulating discussion.

The next day, **Friday the third**, I mounted Babbette and with Lucile Hodges on Boots rode the two miles up Camp Creek for one of the happiest reunions of them all—a dinner with my old friends, Belle and Jahugh Morgan. The trail is too rough for me to travel in a jeep but Betty Lester and my sister-in-law, Dorothy Breckinridge, did go by jeep so that we all four spent the day on the right-hand fork of Camp. The dinner was one of the most bountiful that any of us had ever had. After we had eaten, and that took time, we went out among Belle's flowers. In spite of the dry weather she still had the loveliest in all the countryside.

During the month of October I visited all of our Outpost Nursing Centers, and attended all of our annual meetings of the six local Committees—truly a month of reunions. Only the meeting of the Hyden Committee had come earlier in the year, and the meeting of the Wendover Committee is to come later.

With Betty Lester as escort and in her jeep, Mr. Turvey-drop, and with my sister-in-law, Dorothy Breckinridge, we left Wendover early **Monday morning October the sixth** for the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at Flat Creek. We had a huge committee dinner there Monday, followed by the official meeting presided over by its chairman, Mr. Bascombe

Bowling. I enjoyed every minute of it. Dorothy, Betty and I spent the night at the Center with Joyce Stephens (Stevie) where we were royally entertained.

The next day, **Tuesday**, we drove by jeep down the winding trail on Red Bird River to the Clara Ford Nursing Center between Peabody and Big Creek. The Red Bird Committee had insisted on providing the dinner for the meeting themselves. They kept arriving, between eleven and twelve, with large covered dishes of the most delectable food. There didn't seem to be any end to the number of things we had to eat. As an example of what I mean, everybody who likes good food will rejoice that we had fried chicken *and* chicken and dumplings. In the absence of our chairman, Mr. T. L. Adams, our trustee, Mr. Chris Queen, presided over the committee meeting. Mrs. Floyd Bowling read her minutes as secretary, and Mrs. Celia Marcum gave her report on the sewing section. When we left I carried back to Wendover a large cake baked by Mrs. Galloway for me personally, with "Welcome, Mrs. Breckinridge" on the top. The only regrettable thing about this meeting was that Edna Metcalfe (Neddie), who had come to us from New Zealand, was leaving in a few days. Much was made over her by everyone, and many kind things were said to her successor, nurse-midwife Primrose Edwards.

I did not have another committee meeting until the end of the week when I went on **Friday the tenth** with Betty Lester to the Margaret Durbin Harper Center at Bowlingtown to stay the night with the nurse-midwife in charge, Elizabeth Hillman (Hilly). We had the evening together and the committee dinner the next day was most satisfactory. Mrs. Will Gay came over to help cook it. She and her husband and Mrs. Lettie Bowling donated milk because Hilly's cow, Flossie, was dry. The Tucker Bowlings gave ice cream for the dessert—always a novelty even yet in here, and very well received. After the dinner we had our business meeting, presided over by Mr. Will Gay, Chairman, and attended by almost all the men and women on the committee. Since our last meeting we had lost that lovely old friend, Mrs. Rebecca Barger, but her son, Mr. Ford Barger, who was present met us with his mother's old-time warmth. Our trustee and Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, with her

daughter Fanny, turned up at noon for the dinner, and drove back with us to Wendover. They also attended the Brutus committee dinner on **Tuesday the eleventh.**

I went to Brutus Monday evening with Ivallean Caudill to stay the night with Bridget Gallagher, the nurse-midwife in charge of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center. In another part of this Bulletin you will read a description by Ivallean of the Sizeroock clinic on Upper Bullskin. At our Brutus committee meeting, presided over by its chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters, Ivallean reported on this clinic on which she had been working during her last months as nurse-midwife at Brutus before she was transferred to the post as Assistant to the Dean in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery at Hyden. There was much discussion, as there is every year, about the telephone service. The one the forest rangers had put up had been dragging the ground for months. There was also much discussion about the 2½ miles of Bob's Fork trail and our ardent wish for the Rural Highways to make this into a proper jeep road. As matters stand, we are forced to drive sixty miles to get to Brutus when Ned's Fork and Bob's Fork have high water. But Brutus is only 24 miles by horseback from Hyden across the mountains, or by the short jeep route when those 2½ miles are passable.

For our next committee meeting at the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence on **Saturday, October the eighteenth,** Fanny McIlvain and her mother drove me down the night before to stay the night with Rose Evans (Cherry) and Vivienne Blake. Cherry has been the nurse-midwife in charge of Possum Bend for twelve years, so she is really an old resident of that section. She and Vivienne loved showing us over the place, re-introducing us to the dogs, to Sheila the cat, and to the horses. But at all of the Outpost Centers there were the beloved beasts which mean so much in our lives in the Frontier Nursing Service.

The McIlvains had to leave early the next morning for Philadelphia. Then, following the noon dinner, we had our committee meeting. Ever since the death of our Confluence chairman and trustee, Mr. Elmer Huff, his widow has held the chairmanship. But she doesn't feel equal to it, so we elected Mr. Ray Langdon as the new chairman. The Secretary, Mrs. Earl Sizemore, made a report from her minutes. It was arranged to have

a working in two weeks, to get the new fence put up behind the barn (for which the lumber had been donated by the Moore Lumber Company) and to do other needed things. However, before the day came for the working the terrible forest fires had broken out almost everywhere and the working had to be postponed.

The last of our Outpost Center meetings, the one at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center, was held on **October the twenty-third** at the time the forest fires had started raging. Our young courier, Marianna Mead (Muffin) took me up on the Wednesday evening to stay the night with Kitty Macdonald and Dorothy Bishop. The two girls gave us a warm welcome and a fine supper. But we were really apprehensive about the forest fires. When Henry North came in on the Thursday morning, he said he had been fighting them until 2:00 a.m. and that he would have to hurry back to them as soon as he had cleaned the barns. We had a good crowd for the committee dinner and a good dinner, but only four men were able to come. Except for some older ones, most of the others were out fighting forest fires. Our chairman, Mr. Lewis Howard, presided and we elected Mrs. Carl Hoskins as secretary of the committee. A motion to ask her and other members to help with the Christmas party at Beech Fork, and to ask the men to transport as many children as possible to it, was enthusiastically and unanimously carried.

As Muffin and I drove back to Wendover that evening we were terribly depressed at the size and numbers of the forest fires along the Middlefork and high up in the gaps of the tallest hills. It was the beginning of one of the longest and hardest periods of tension through which we have ever passed in here.

We continued, however, to hold reunions. On **Saturday, October the twenty-fifth**, came the Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives at which Dr. Samuel Kirkwood of Boston was our guest speaker. But this is covered in a separate article elsewhere in the Bulletin.

My last meeting was as the guest of honor at the Lions Club at the Horton Hotel (Aunt Cilla's old stone place) in Hyden. I drove over with Helen Browne and Lucile Hodges from Wen-

dover through an awful pall of smoke, lit only by the flames on the hillsides. It was sad to go first at Hyden to the home of our old friends, Curt and Mahala Duff. He had just died, and we went straight to see Mrs. Duff. After that we drove up to Hyden Hospital where the backfiring had controlled the danger from the flaming ridge above our Hyden properties. We visited with Ann MacKinnon (Mac) a few minutes and then drove down to the Lions dinner. There we were joined by Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk, with Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington, Kentucky. He had come up again with his anesthetist, Miss Betty Wilson, and his surgical nurse, Miss Louise Griggs, to hold another one of his big operating clinics at Hyden Hospital, and had been invited by the Lions as a special guest.

Mr. P. P. Estridge presided over the entertainment of the evening, and there was no business because it was ladies' night. Mr. Estridge had been fighting the fire near his home, and had gotten it controlled with a back fire before coming to the dinner.

A Committee was formed at this meeting of three leading citizens, to notify the Forestry Service that employers would release men in their employ (as indeed some of them had already done) to let them join the ranks of the fire fighters wherever needed.

I was deeply moved as well as greatly honored to be presented at the meeting with a copper plaque as an Achievement Award. On it are engraved the following lines:

Presented by the Lions Club of
Hyden, Kentucky
to
Mary Breckinridge
in recognition of devotion
and service to others

II

On **Thursday, November sixth**, I took a plane from Lexington, Kentucky, to Minneapolis, my first port of call for the reunions "Beyond the Mountains." All went pleasantly enough, except that I missed my connections at Chicago. However, I was able to get Minneapolis over the telephone in time to prevent my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon M. King, from meeting the

earlier plane. It was a joy to see their beaming faces at the Minneapolis-St. Paul airport when the Northwestern Airlines dropped me off there. But even this was as nothing to the joy of driving with these friends back to their home. Their son and daughter-in-law came to share a late dinner with us. After the quiet family evening I had a perfect night on as hard a bed as Betty Washburn King could contrive for me—with boards under the mattress.

The first reunion was a meeting at the Kings' house on Friday morning. To this came members of the Minneapolis-St. Paul committees of the Frontier Nursing Service and a lot of other subscribers and friends. Our former nurse, Trudy Isaacs, who is working in public health nursing for her degree at the University of Minnesota, came in smiling. After I had spoken to the crowd, they all had refreshments while I inscribed copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*.

The next Minneapolis reunion was at Mrs. Elbert Carpenter's historic old house where she had several of our friends to lunch with me. That evening the Lyndon Kings and I dined with our Minneapolis chairman, my close friend Mrs. George Chase Christian, at her place. Other old friends were invited to meet me, but space forbids my naming them. After dinner we drove with Mrs. Christian to the Symphony.

Seldom have I had a happier visit or seen more people I truly like than in Minnesota. It was hard to tear myself away the next morning when the Lyndon Kings put me on a train for Madison, Wisconsin,—with a change at a place called Portage,—where a nice high school boy carried my bags from train to train.

At Madison I was met by my cousins, Elizabeth and Raymond Agard, and driven out to their house on Chamberlain Avenue for an evening of family happiness. They put me on a train for Milwaukee the next day where my cousin Joseph Carson met me, and took me out to his house for another evening of delectable family talk with him and his wife Katherine. Time and space forbid any further details of these personal reunions.

My train to Chicago, the next day, was met by our Chicago chairman, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd and by Mrs. G. T. Buttice,

Press and Publicity Chairman, Woman's Auxiliary of the Chicago Medical Society. We all three drove in Mrs. Boyd's car to the Fortnightly Club where we discussed the arrangements for the next two days over cups of tea. Then I drove with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd to their place at Winnetka for dinner. They had pressed me to stay the night but since my engagements this time were all in Chicago, it suited better to have their chauffeur, my friend Anthony, take me back to the Fortnightly where I had been put up. It is a friendly old club.

The next day, **Tuesday November eleventh**, I had the honor of speaking at an enormous luncheon meeting in the Crystal Ballroom of the Blackstone Hotel to the Woman's Auxiliary to the Chicago Medical Society as a feature in their nurse recruitment campaign. To this Mrs. Boyd, as our Chicago chairman, had also been invited. Other guests of honor included distinguished members of the Chicago Medical Society and such a representative of the press as Mr. Richard Finnegan, editor of the *Sun Times*. The chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. Warren W. Young, presided over the meeting not only with ability but with rare charm. After the eating, and the speaking, I was called on to inscribe so many copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* that extra ones had to be rushed to the Crystal Ballroom. Never shall I forget the warmth of the reception given me that day, or the kindness of those women and their guests.

Late that afternoon I saw sundry persons by appointment at the Club, among them Miss Amy Harris of the American Hospital Association, whom I was so glad to see again. For **Wednesday the twelfth**, Mrs. Boyd had invited her entire Chicago committee to a luncheon at the Fortnightly, and some thirty or more were able to attend. After a business meeting I spoke to them in the intimate way one speaks to one's committees. Two of our past chairmen were present, Mrs. Frederic W. Upham and Mrs. Donald R. McLennan—but the third, Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, was too ill to come. The secretary of our Chicago committee, Mrs. Edward Arpee (old courier, Katherine Trowbridge) was there with a bevy of other old couriers—but I can't name them all or any of the other warm friends of mine on this fine committee. The whole committee acted as

hostesses for the tea which followed a large afternoon meeting.

To this afternoon meeting and tea the Chicago committee had invited all of our hundreds of subscribers in that section. Enough of them came just about to fill the ballroom at the Fortnightly. Mrs. Boyd presided. Before introducing me she introduced, by her married name, that warm friend of the FNS who is so widely known as Fanny Butcher of the *Chicago Tribune*, and also as Thalia. This friend spoke briefly about *Wide Neighborhoods*, saying that it had moved her more than almost any autobiography she had ever read. Her words (with bits from the book that she read aloud) were heartening to an amateur author like me, but it wouldn't be in good taste for me to quote them. I had a lot of books to inscribe after my talk, while everybody else drank their tea.

A few of us lingered in a drawing room after the others had left, to chat over the day's events. Two of our former couriers had motored from deep in the country, with their husbands, to give me the happiness of an hour with them. But I couldn't go out to dinner with them—I had a dozen or so notes and letters to write before catching a night train to Detroit.

From **Thursday morning November thirteenth** until **Monday the seventeenth**, I was the guest at Grosse Pointe, Michigan of Mrs. Henry B. Joy—the trustee whose name is seen so often throughout the annals of the FNS. But Mrs. Joy had put me up at the Women's Business Club downtown for the morning of my arrival, because my first engagement was to attend the board meeting of the Visiting Nurse Association. I was driven to their headquarters by two of their top nurses and greeted by Mrs. Edward S. Wellock, their delightful president, by my old friend, Miss Emilie G. Sargent, their Executive Director, as well as by many members of the board already known to me. It isn't often I get a chance to attend a VNA board meeting. The business of this one was enthralling to me. When it was over I spoke for about thirty minutes on the FNS before lunching with the board and several staff members of the VNA. After that one of the board members, Mrs. Jim Watkins (mother of our former courier Margaret), drove me out to Grosse Pointe.

The minute I landed at Mrs. Joy's place I felt just about as much at home as I do at Wendover. She and her secretary, Mrs. Hale, saw that I had time to rest and bathe, as well as change my clothes, before the hour arrived for Mrs. Joy's big party. Her large and lovely place was bright with such chrysanthemums as only her gardener knows how to raise in greenhouses. In addition to the members of the Michigan Chapter of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, who were the prime occasion for the party, Mrs. Joy had asked all of the FNS subscribers in that part of Michigan, as well as several groups of people who work for us. Some of our old couriers were there of course, and so many friends that I cannot begin to name them. I should have to stop at so few. It was a great reunion. I autographed a lot of books. That night Mrs. Joy went to the Symphony, bless her, but I went to bed with a tray served me by one of her hospitable household.

The long week-end at Grosse Pointe culminated in a number of pleasant happenings where I did not have to speak. On Friday I lunched with Grace Hodges, wife of Charles E. Hodges, the former chairman of our Detroit committee. We had time for a delightful conversation during which Mrs. Hodges consented to take the chairmanship her husband had had to relinquish. That afternoon at the Merrill Palmer School, a place of which I am extremely fond and where work is done that I admire enormously, Mrs. Knapp made me most welcome at tea. I saw several members of the faculty that I had known in previous years. Miss Mary E. Sweeny, up from Kentucky, showed me the beautiful changes that have been made in one of their many buildings. Mrs. Knapp sent me in the Merrill Palmer car to the Detroit Club where I was to meet Mrs. Joy for dinner. As I sat in the ladies waiting room awaiting her, who should come in but Mrs. Alger Shelden, of our Detroit committee, followed by her husband, their sons, and two guests. They insisted that I join their merry party until Mrs. Joy arrived. After dinner she and I went to the Ballet Theatre of which Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith are directors. It was a rare treat to me for whom dancing is the most delectable of the fine arts. Igor Youskevitch and Mary Ellen Moylan were entrancing in a *Pas de Deux* from The Black Swan—but all of the ballet was beautiful.

Saturday I had lunch downtown at the Women's Business Club with Miss Emilie G. Sargent. I had fun autographing seventeen copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* for the board members of the VNA (sent around to the Club by a bookshop for that purpose). The luncheon was an extraordinary experience for me. Miss Sargent had to meet me an outstanding group of nationally known nurses who live in Detroit. I have the autograph of each one of them as a souvenir of the satisfaction I got in talking with them, but space forbids me to put all their names here. That evening Mrs. Joy and I stayed quietly at home for dinner, which included scallops from her summer place at Watch Hill, R. I., and restful conversation.

Sunday Mrs. Joy had a trip to Ann Arbor for ceremonies connected with the Helen Newberry Residence which she gave in memory of her mother. Our trustee and abiding friend, Mrs. Francis C. McMath, took me to service at the beautiful Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, and then to her home where I had Sunday dinner with her. After Mrs. Joy came back from Ann Arbor, we again had a quiet evening.

When I reached Cleveland on **Monday, November seventeenth**, there was our courier Kate Ireland to meet me, looking just like herself in spite of her town clothes. We drove out to her place where Martini and another dog sprang out of the house to greet us, pushing ahead of the maid who opened the door and my hostess Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland. Here was yet another home where I felt as completely at ease as back in the Kentucky mountains.

Tuesday was a truly exciting day for me. Kate took me down to the Union Club where I met Mrs. Chester C. Bolton (Representative Frances C. Bolton) for lunch. It did me more good than I can express to have a long conversation with one of the women I admire most in America, one that I seldom see. She had small pictures of her sons and grandchildren with her. Most of our readers probably know that her son, Oliver, has just been elected to the United States Congress—the first instance in history where a mother and her son have served in a national legislature at the same time. As we moved out of the dining-room various men and women kept coming up

to her to congratulate her, not only for herself but for Oliver. Down in the lounge of the Club I was picked up by our courier Betsy Brown and taken in tow for the rest of the afternoon. Betsy too looked just like herself even in town clothes. We drove to the home of Mrs. James Barnes not only to see her but to see our courier Benita, now married and the mother of a new baby boy. She was to go with him and his nurse and her husband back to her own apartment that evening. She looked radiant.

Betsy and I drove also to the VNA headquarters, a beautiful new building. After we had greeted Miss Dauch, the Director of the VNA, and greeted rapturously Miss Elizabeth Folchemer—the former Director back for a day's visit—we were taken over the beautiful buildings by Miss Marie Lehti. Never have I seen anything more completely designed for its purpose. Never have I seen a public building where there was a greater feeling of warmth and friendliness. Especially moving to me was a plaque in the entrance hall saying that the purpose of the building was to honor Miss Folchemer and her devoted years of work for VNA.

The third place to which I went in Cleveland (and I don't recall the order of my going to any of these places) was Korner and Woods Bookshop—a fascinating place with the books spread around everywhere to be picked up and looked through. Mr. Korner had been so deeply kind in pushing the sale of *Wide Neighborhoods* when it was published on April twenty-third, giving his window to a display and selling loads of copies, that I wanted to thank him personally. We chatted for fifteen minutes, before Betsy and I had to tear ourselves away.

From these three expeditions in town Betsy and I drove way out to the country—Chagrin Falls—where Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey have one of the loveliest country places imaginable. She was the Lulu Ireland courier of years ago. We found her exercising a young horse in one of the pastures. Kate Ireland came back from hunting, the three children returned from school, and we all tramped through the stables to see the horses, the ponies, the dogs. Young Watts showed us his beagle hound puppies.

After nearly an hour in and around the delectable stables,

we tore ourselves away from their charm to walk over to the lovely country house for tea. Then Betsy, Kate and I drove back to Cleveland. We had plenty of time to shift into evening clothes before dinner, at which Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Mr. Ireland, and Lulu and Gilbert Humphrey joined us.

That evening the Irelands gave me a wonderful party. It was indeed one of my reunions because a number of old friends came, including several of our former couriers, now married mothers. I talked informally before inscribing a heap of copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*.

Early the afternoon of **Wednesday, November nineteenth**, I left Cleveland, and the Irelands, for Rochester, New York. Kate took me to the East Cleveland country station where I boarded the longest coach train on which I ever travelled. We passed through rolling Ohio country and into western New York state. It was long after dark when the train chuffed into the Rochester station but there were my friends Dr. and Mrs. Karl Wilson to meet me. Since, through a mix-up in my timing, the Sheraton Hotel where I had arranged to put up, wouldn't have a room until the next morning, the Wilsons took me to dine there and to leave my larger bag. Then the Wilsons took me to my friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer for the rest of the night. Nothing could have been lovelier than the open fire in the Spencer's library except the warmth of the greeting that Harriet and Tom gave me, bless them.

After a leisurely breakfast in bed the next morning, I checked in at the Sheraton Hotel in time to change my dress and go with our Rochester Chairman, Mrs. Karl Wilson, to the Century Club. The program, a lecture by Virginia Kirkus on current books, was delightful. Mrs. Wilson, who has an amazing way with her, had asked Mrs. Kirkus to mention *Wide Neighborhoods* in a lecture originally devoid of same! I shall forever be grateful to Mrs. Kirkus for the way she broke in on her prepared talk to do this. She said that recently on a train she overheard two women talking about books, and one of them said, "For me, the best autobiography of the year is *Wide Neighborhoods*."

An exceedingly pleasant thing came my way **Thursday**

afternoon. Through the honorary chairman of our Rochester committee, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, I learned of Miss Nancy Harding. She had come down from Canada to visit her sister, married to a Canadian Royal Air Force Pilot who is taking technical training at Rochester's great University. Nancy, who had been trained as a stenographic secretary, and who volunteered to give me her time while I stayed in Rochester, came around that very afternoon to cope with the mail which had piled up ahead of me at the Sheraton. We worked until late. After a wee visit from Helen Rogers, I turned in and went to sleep.

Friday morning, November 21st, Nancy came to me again and stayed on at the Hotel to transcribe my letters, after I had gone out to my first engagement. Mrs. J. Craig Potter, mother of our courier Craig, took Mrs. Wilson and me to the radio station WHAM for an interview by Anne Rogers. In advance of going on the air I interviewed Miss Rogers. I learned to my delight that she was married, and had a splendid seven-month-old baby. This put us off on a good footing.

From WHAM we drove to Mrs. Potter's house for lunch where we were joined by Mrs. Leonard W. Jones, mother of our courier "Scoopie" Will Woodruff. Never have I eaten a better meal. It was hard to go back to work afterwards. However, I had time for a nap before my evening meeting.

Seldom have I been more drawn to a group than I was that night at the Chamber of Commerce when I spoke to nurses and student nurses under the auspices of the Genesee Valley Nurses Association and the Genesee Valley League of Nursing Education. Miss Elizabeth Phillips, superintendent of the Rochester VNA, and herself a nurse-midwife, introduced me in such a manner that I was at one with her and with the great gathering of nurses when I stood up to speak. The meeting was open to questions, some of which were so technical that I longed for members of my own staff to stand by with the newest answers!

Saturday morning I worked with Nancy Harding until time to go to Scranton's Bookshop with Mrs. Wilson. Between 11:00 and 12:30 I stayed there, autographing such books as people poked at me, and chatting with friends who drifted in and out.

It was a special pleasure to me to meet Mr. Harry Holmlund at long last, and thank him personally for the way in which he had pushed the sale of *Wide Neighborhoods* not only in Rochester, but in up-state New York. I met several of his staff, among them a delightful lady who had been with the firm for nearly a generation. That evening I dined with Helen Rogers at the Chatterbox Club.

Sunday, November 23rd was a precious day to me in Rochester from dawn to dusk. Our courier, Selby Brown, took me to the eight o'clock Communion service at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which she is a communicant. She returned to the Sheraton with me for breakfast. Helen Rogers picked me up later in the morning to go to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer. So there I was, back in the lovely old house, met by the same warmth from heart and hearth that had met me on my arrival in Rochester. Harriet and Tom had invited a delectable group of people to eat a delectable luncheon with me. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. Curtis Lund. He succeeded Dr. Karl Wilson as head of the Obstetrical Department at the University of Rochester. The Spencers recalled that I had first met Dr. Karl Wilson, with Dr. George H. Whipple, at their home nearly a quarter of a century ago. I found Dr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Stabins such enchanting people that I rejoiced in the fact that we now have them on the Rochester Committee. The remaining guest, Mr. Thomas L. Harris, is a single man but a very nice one who is working in something scientific with optics.

Harriet Spencer had arranged for me to lie down for about forty minutes before Selby Brown came to take me to the Karl Wilsons' house for an FNS Reunion. Rochester was truly a city of many reunions for me after my absence of three years. But this gathering at the Wilsons was something special. With the exception of the Harry Holmlunds, nobody was asked who had not taken a part in the Frontier Nursing Service. In no other American city could four physicians be assembled who had all worked as Medical Directors of the Frontier Nursing Service, or as vacation relief for the Medical Director. Dr. Henry S. Waters drove sixty miles from Dundee, New York to attend this gathering, and I was so glad to see him and Ann,

his wife, and George and Mary Alice. Bill was off at boarding school so I missed the oldest of the three children. But the Waters had brought their guest, Miss Padgett who had visited them at Joy House, and a young girl—Scoopie's niece who wants to be a courier in three years. Dr. Maurice Barney was there with his wife, Dorothy, and we just hugged one another. They had left the three children at home and that was a miss, because I know and love the two older ones. When Dr. and Mrs. Wilson's son and daughter-in-law turned up with their three little children, we agreed that the Barney ones should have come.

Dr. Rowland W. Leiby, Jr. came with his pretty young wife. The fourth physician, Dr. Alexander E. Dodds, had to leave Rochester just before the party, because of the sudden illness of the man he had left in charge of his patients.

Now a word about the other FNS'ers who came. Dr. and Mrs. Shirley R. Snow were there, of course, with many amusing recollections of their visit to us. Old courier Barbara Whipple Schilling came by, but of course this wasn't the first time I had seen her since I arrived in Rochester because she, the hard-working volunteer secretary of our Rochester committee, had turned up at the Chamber of Commerce with copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* for me to autograph. It was a delight that Mary Jo Clark had come all the way from Syracuse where she is working on her Master's Degree, to join this FNS Reunion—and many are the messages of affection that she sent back to FNS Kentucky. We all talked much of the absent Rochester couriers, the married ones, and Tony Harris in France. After an abundance of refreshments, we quite literally tore ourselves asunder and went our several ways again.

Monday morning Nancy Harding was back with me at the Sheraton Hotel. I had received an urgent admonition from Thumper to the effect that if I did not get *Many Reunions* practically finished and in the hands of the printer before Thanksgiving, then heaven help us! So I spent all of Monday revising Part I of *Many Reunions*, and dictating to Nancy Part II, as far as Rochester itself. I only took time off to get a shampoo and a manicure. After Nancy left me I had a wee nap before getting into evening clothes for my biggest Rochester meeting—an open one at the Cutler Union at 8:15 that night,

under the auspices of our own Rochester committee and the Zonta International of Rochester which has taken a generous interest in our organization for a long time.

It seems to me, in looking back over that evening, that my own part in it was small in comparison with the kindness showered upon me by my many friends. With some of them I talked in the quiet corner where I had been tucked away in advance of the meeting. Others I met at its close when I was autographing copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*. After Mrs. Wilson had opened the meeting Dr. Wilson introduced me in words that will remain with me always. After I had spoken, these officers were introduced: Mrs. Helen Best, president, Mrs. Dorothy Fisher, chairman of the Suggestions Committee, and Miss Leah Woodruff, chairman of the Service Committee. A most loving memorial was read saying that the Rochester Zonta Club had a gift of love for me in memory of one of its best loved members, Miss Helece Randall. The gift is the movie sound projector we need so badly for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. In the next edition of the Bulletin, when the sound projector has arrived, we expect to print this memorial to Helece Randall in full.

Wednesday, November 25th—my last day in Rochester—found me at the Chatterbox Club at twelve noon for a talk to one of my favorite groups of people. There was something special about this talk in that my introducer was our own courier, Selby Brown, who said in part:

“There is a spirit of unselfishness and great humanity exhibited by every member and friend of the Service that is hard to find anywhere else . . . We welcome Mrs. Breckinridge to the Chatterbox Club and thank her most sincerely for staying in Rochester an extra day to be here with us again this year.”

The welcome I received was indeed magnificent. Then I inscribed a lot of copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*, and we all had a mighty good lunch.

My last hours in a city peculiarly dear to me were spent at tea with our courier, Bobby Whipple Schilling, and her husband John, and their dear little girls, Christie and Kit; with a good-bye visit to the Spencers; then a hurried packing at the hotel.

The last things I saw in Rochester were the affectionate glances of farewell from Dr. and Mrs. Wilson who took me to my train.

On **Thursday, November 6** I had left Lexington, Kentucky by airplane. I returned three weeks and one day later, on **Wednesday the 26**—by bus. My New York Central train from Rochester missed its Cincinnati connection on the Southern by nearly an hour. But I had prepared in advance for that by writing Mrs. Roger K. Rogan to have lined up for me the schedules of the buses and airplanes. When I learned that a bus would be leaving in twenty-five minutes (three hours ahead of the airplane) I sped my porter to a taxi, dashed into the bus station, bought a ticket, handed a telegram for Lexington to a Traveler's Aide woman with a dollar bill and please keep the change—and caught my bus. When the bus arrived in Lexington three hours later, there were Jean Hollins and a Lafayette Hotel porter to carry my bags.

Our first duty was to get word somehow to the mountains that we wouldn't be returning that night. But the telephone lines had been down all through our territory ever since the big snow storm nearly a week before. Jean and I solved this problem by telephoning Dr. R. L. Collins at Hazard. We asked him to mail a letter on the bus to Betty Lester at Hyden Hospital. It turned out that the letter, marked urgent and left with Rutherford Campbell at his store by the bus driver, was picked up by Thumper and Olive Bunce, who happened to be in Hyden that afternoon. They carried the letter up to Betty, and then over to Wendover, so that no one was anxious when we didn't get in that night.

Now I come to the reunion that was the most poignant to me, as well as the most precious, of all the many reunions in this long story. Our Mac (Ann P. MacKinnon) had had "a coronary" at Hyden Hospital on the night of **Sunday, November 9th**. This was before the big snow and there were telephone connections with Lexington. Dr. den Dulk, who handled the situation superbly, was able to talk with Dr. Charles Kavanaugh, our Lexington heart specialist, by long distance telephone. On **Tuesday the 11th** Mac was carried in our Ford station ambulance down to Lexington by Betty Lester and Jean Hollins.

Nancy Boyle—one of our finest younger nurses—has stayed on at the Good Samaritan Hospital with Mac.

Dr. Kavanaugh gave me hours of his time. He wanted to come to the Lafayette Hotel to meet me, but I preferred to drive with Jean to his house where we could be sure of a long, uninterrupted talk. He now thinks that he can pull Mac through. But the situation was grim for the first two weeks because of complications. He took me himself to the Good Samaritan Hospital and left me alone for twenty minutes with Mac. She and I have worked so many hard days together for the past quarter century that our friendship is closer than most of the friendships of men and women. Although it was hard to leave her at the end of the twenty minutes, I was comforted not only by her real improvement but by the knowledge that no one could be more beloved in Lexington than our Mac. In fact it has been terribly hard for Dr. Kavanaugh to keep the doctors from hanging around her bed! She is in an oxygen tent only at night now.

After I left Mac I had a half hour with Nancy Boyle to cover some of the big details connected with Mac's long hospitalization. Nancy told me that she would not under any circumstances want another Frontier nurse to relieve her—that it was a privilege to be the one to stay with Mac until she is allowed to come back to Hyden. This will not be until near the end of December—possibly after Christmas.

I still had a spot of work to do before turning in for the night. To our printer, the Byron-Page Printing Company, I took all of this spiel, except its conclusion—which I am writing now at Wendover, the day after Thanksgiving. Our Autumn Bulletin will not be but a few days later than its deadline.

I had to telephone our national chairman in Louisville, Mrs. Belknap, to report myself back on duty. And of course there were the Lexington friends and cousins who wanted to hear from me, and to get the very latest news about Mac. Although they are not allowed to see her, they have showered her with loving kindness. Mac's niece, Mrs. Carl Lee, had come down for a week—so I wanted a long visit with her.

The next morning—**Thursday, Thanksgiving Day**, Jean and I left Lexington so early that we reached the Mouth of Muncy's Creek by 10:30 a.m. We found a jeep there, with a note in it

from Freddy to the effect that the river was barely fordable, but she thought Jean could make it. Jean did.

Our Thanksgiving Day reunion, the only one in the whole year that is a staff reunion, was attended by one or more nurse-midwives from every Outpost Center, and as many nurses as could be spared from Hyden Hospital and the Graduate School. Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk were here, of course, with Leanne and Bill, but Dr. den Dulk was not the only man. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Lane (she is Dr. Woodyard's niece) had driven from Oklahoma to take Dr. Woodyard back with them.

Before we all partook of a big turkey dinner, I gave a report on Mac. Then we had our moment of silent prayer in which we remembered the former British members of our staff, meeting at the Charing Cross Hotel in London, and all the widely scattered FNS family all over the planet—and those who have gone on into the world that lies beyond this one. Then Thumper moved to our little organ, which had been brought into the living room, and played our Thanksgiving Day hymn. We all sang:

Now thank we all our God
 With heart and hands and voices,
Who wonderous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us
With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed
And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

WORLD CALENDAR

—from *The Cincinnati Enquirer*
Monday, June 4, 1952

All of us take American efficiency for granted, as something immutable. Yet we tolerate some absurd inefficiencies, merely because they have always been with us. One such is the existing calendar. The months are of varying length, and so are the quarters of the year. Each month starts on a different day of the week from year to year. Holidays come at erratic times.

This is more costly than most persons suspect. Railroads, airlines and bus companies spend millions of dollars a year to prepare and publish new schedules, because of the irregularities of the calendar. Statistical work of industrial concerns is enormously complicated by the fact that the months and quarters have different numbers of working days. Retailers perhaps pay most heavily of all. A holiday falling on a Friday kills the Saturday for trade, seriously upsets the week's business. Long-range planning is difficult for merchandisers with such an irregular calendar.

There is an easy way out of this extravagance we have inherited with the Gregorian calendar. There is nothing but inertia to prevent the general adoption of the World Calendar. This is the generally accepted solution for the problem of the calendar. It provides quarters of uniform length. Each month always starts on the same day of the week. Holidays stay put. One would scarcely need to "consult" this calendar. He can memorize it.

Admittedly, the President, the State Department and Congress have plenty of work on hand. But there is no reason why each of them cannot take the simple action required to put the United States on record in favor of calendar reform. Such action, placed urgently before the United Nations, could insure universal adoption of the World Calendar in a matter of months, and make it possible to change over at the next point when the old calendar and the new calendar coincide, which is January 1, 1956.

Here is an opportunity for a constructive economy—a step that will save American business millions of dollars and also save the people of the world incalculable confusion and inconvenience.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 25, 1952. The Frontier Nursing Service is always delighted to entertain the out-of-state members, many of whom travel long distances to attend the meeting. This year we welcomed Mildred Disbrow and Jayne DeClue from the University of Pittsburgh; Thelma Blackburn and Gwendolyn Buchanan from the State of Georgia. The guest of honor was Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood of the Boston Lying-in Hospital. He, with Mrs. Kirkwood, Douglas, and Diana arrived at Wendover the night before the meeting. Dr. Kirkwood's talk to the nurse-midwives at the meeting was entitled "A Concept of Complete Obstetrical Care." It was a most comprehensive and stimulating address, and a lively discussion following the talk was much enjoyed by all members present.

Only a comparatively small number of the total membership of one hundred and ninety nurse-midwives are able to attend these meetings, as the members are scattered all over the world. In order to keep an interest in the Association, each member is sent a copy of the minutes of the annual meeting together with a digest of the talk by the guest speaker.

The weather was perfect for the week-end of the meeting and our guests enjoyed walks up the Middlefork River and Hurricane Creek, collecting fall leaves and ferns. When the Kirkwoods left on Sunday morning, every available corner of their car was filled with nature specimens. We hope they (the specimens) arrived intact after the long journey back to Massachusetts.

HELEN E. BROWNE

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Mrs. Robert G. Sykes (Cookie) in Fairbanks,

Alaska—September 1952

Bob (*her husband*) and I bought a panelled truck and outfitted the rear with bunks at the top and our worldly possessions below, and on May 21st, we left Massachusetts—Alaska bound. We crossed the States in five days and entered Canada via British Columbia; then we began the trek up the Alcan highway—2,000 miles of dirt roads, mud when it rained and dust in the sun. It reminded me of some of the Kentucky roads. We camped out each night. It got sort of cold in the Yukon at night when we were going through the mountains which are beautiful and snow-capped. It was a wonderful, exciting trip. Some of the lakes were still covered with a foot of ice.

Fairbanks is a good sized boom town with a population of about five thousand which swells to eighteen thousand in the summer season with migrant workers. The summer was beautiful with long, warm days and the temperature up to 80 or 90 degrees at times. I loved the constant daylight—don't know that I'll enjoy the constant darkness and cold weather. They say the temperature goes as low as minus 60. I have been working at St. Joseph's Hospital which is the only hospital for miles around. The salary is wonderful, but the cost of living is correspondingly high. The housing situation is quite difficult as rents are so appallingly high. We camped out when we first arrived until we found a quonset hut about ten miles out of town. It is quite close to Bob's work. He is working in the gold fields. This is good country for hunting; plenty of rabbits, moose, deer, caribou and even a couple of herds of bison. To hunt the brown grizzly bear is quite a sport.

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From Jeanette Boersma in South India—September 1952

You will be surprised at hearing from me in India. I am having a few weeks rest in the cool hills of Kodaikanal with Dr.

and Mrs. Thoms—colleagues of mine in Muscat. It is a mission rule that we have a three month's leave every second year, except for those working in Muscat who must take a leave every summer, as we get no relief from the heat for a period of six months at least and our lowest temperature in winter is 65 degrees. We are now enjoying the cool, vigorous air of Kodai hills, which remind me in many ways of Kentucky. Kodai has an elevation of 7,500 feet and the scenery is lovely and the flowers are gorgeous. One woman, a retired doctor here, gave to her friend who was celebrating her 86th birthday, 86 different varieties of flowers from her own garden.

I have had several hospital deliveries in Muscat. I love mid-wifery and always attend the deliveries if possible. It is possible we may get a woman doctor from America this fall which will be wonderful. I can then act nurse again and not the role of doctor and nurse. I am so thankful for the course I received at FNS and find it a big help to me here. Those six months were pleasant ones and I shall always treasure them. I am so happy to have slides to remind me of those happy days.

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From Mary (Micky) Finn in Newfoundland—September 1952

What with catching babies and attending weddings I have not had a minute to spare! Marie Bowen was married this week and I got off to attend the wedding. She is now Mrs. James Bonia. I am settled away in this little Newfoundland fishing village with my own nursing station, similar to your centers, only devoid of electricity and toilet facilities—a condition which I deplore. I'm afraid I would not make a very good missionary! I have five such fishing villages to look after with quite a few pregnant patients. Because the distances are so great and transportation difficult I find it hard to do justice to all my patients, and I wish to goodness I had the doctor here. Remember me to all.

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From Vera Chadwell in Malaya—September 1952

I have a brief spell of leave and am spending it in the Cameron Highlands. It is wonderful to be cool. This is a convalescent hospital and a general 'leave centre.' We are nearly 5,000 feet

up and the scenery so resembles Kentucky that it makes me very homesick. The mountains are thickly wooded and there are creeks and waterfalls. The in-bounds area is, of course, limited on account of bandits, but there are some very nice walks and a good golf course. Am afraid the heat in Kinrara will feel *very* hot after this lovely change.

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From Marion Ross in Toronto, Canada—October 1952

Thank you, more than I can express adequately, for the autographed copy of "Wide Neighborhoods." A couple of weeks elapsed during which I was able to manage, with the aid of a magnifying glass, a few paragraphs an evening. Then work at the office dropped off and I brought the book to the office, determined to read it aloud to a sightless girl with whom I work. With the strong reading glasses I must wear for close work, plus my magnifier, we were able to manage a chapter or two a day. We loved it. Jean, who had already heard a great deal about the Frontier Nursing Service, contributed to the enjoyment of reading by asking many questions.

When I lost the sight in my good eye it was impossible to carry on in my close work of assessing claims with Associated Medical Services. After more than a year I was employed part time at the Hospital for Sick Children as a dictaphone operator and then I came to Sunnybrook Hospital, a large Veterans Hospital of 1,500 beds, in the same capacity. It is my hope that I may get into personnel work some time, somewhere. How I long to have a visit with you and those of my friends who are still in the Service. If a magic carpet should suddenly unroll, I shall be on my way in a flash!

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From Doris Reid in Burt Lake, Michigan—October 1952

Last week at Ludington, Michigan, we held our Regional Nursing Meeting at which time we were discussing maternity nursing. I was the Chairman and was surely grateful for my maternity education and experience. I have enjoyed the Bulletin and the book "Wide Neighborhoods" very much. Everything else takes a back seat when the Bulletin arrives.

From Ruby Wheat in Wichita Falls, Texas—October 1952

I am at home now, busy packing to leave again. I miss the mountains tremendously, but I am looking forward to being on my way and to being able to use the midwifery I learned at Hyden in delivering Pusan babies in South Korea.

From Mary Jo Clark in Syracuse, New York—October 1952

I will be seeing Mrs. Breckinridge in Rochester. It will be good to talk FNS. Gee, but I've missed the mountains the past few weeks—the beautiful fall scenery, the chance to be outdoors to enjoy it and the open fire on the Upper Shelf on nippy evenings. We did take a picnic to the Thousand Islands, about 80 miles north of here on the St. Lawrence River, one Sunday while the trees were still colorful. It was very nice. I have been getting a little exercise with volley ball and basketball once a week and some tennis when the weather permits. We had our second snow of October today. It would be nice to do a little skiing one of these days.

Colgate week-end is coming up. It is the biggest week-end of the fall semester, with a big poster contest between houses, sororities and fraternities, and a football game with Colgate, etc. The rivalry between Colgate and Syracuse goes back a long ways. It is the one week-end when we are told we must stay at the house, so an exciting (or very dull) time seems to be in store. The whole house, plus about half of the freshman men's living unit, is madly working on our poster in the basement. It will cover the whole front of the house, with a big picture of an Indian shooting his arrows through a goal-post.

I thought of you often when there was news of so many forest fires all over the Eastern part of the U. S. It's impossible for me to visualize the woods around Wendover burned over and certainly hope the fires were kept in bounds. Give my love to everyone. It is certainly good to get news about the mountains.

From Joan Court in Lahore, Pakistan—November 1952

I feel so proud to have a signed copy of your book. It's grand and I have found it as inspiring as I am sure so many nurse-midwives will, especially those who hope to create new

services. It even galvanized me during the torpor of the hot weather, when a general inertia tends to settle on us all.

The work here could not be more satisfying and I shall be content to stay with WHO for as long as they will have me. In fact I have already agreed to a further two and one-half years contract for Karachi next year. Several others of our present team hope to go too—a happy arrangement as we enjoy working together. The plan for Karachi is much the same as the one we are working on in Lahore—the training of community midwives, but in Karachi there is no Health School so we will be starting from scratch.

I often think of you and hope you remember to pray for the mothers in Lahore! I think you must do so, as so far we have had no maternal death on district. We have an average of twelve cases a month now, with a boom of twenty in September, and a total of one hundred and thirty safely delivered. We take only registered clinic cases, but they are not what we can consider normal. Over one-quarter of the patients have hemoglobins of 55% or less in spite of all the dietary supplements we give. Poverty and chronic malaria are the main enemies. We have a full time social worker to help with the worst problems. This worker is supported by a voluntary agency. So many of our ideas are FNS-inspired. I am always grateful to you.

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From Gwendolyn Buchanan (Bucky) in Rochester,

New York—November 1952

At the present I am doing night relief at the Children's Convalescent Hospital. I had an affiliation here when I was a student so the routine is not all new to me. Most of the children are rheumatic heart cases or congenital cardiacs and they are all exceptionally nice until they wake in the mornings, then it is everyone for himself! Next week I leave for St. Albans, New York, and from there I go to Bethesda, Maryland. I will tell you all about the Navy as soon as I find out.

NEWSY BITS

Theda Fetterman (Teddy) is now working in the operating room of the Memorial Hospital in Painsville, Ohio.

Hilda Sobral is furthering her education and is attending the University of California where she is an unclassified graduate student.

Peggy Tinline McQueen is back home in England after a most interesting year in Northern Norway.

Our deepest sympathy goes to **Mrs. Trudy Belding Corum** on the death of her father, Dr. W. A. Belding, on September 5, 1952, in Pigeon, Michigan.

A NEW ARRIVAL

We are happy to announce the birth of a second son, Rudi Lance, for Captain and **Mrs. Ed Richardson (Bobby Carpenter)** in Germany, on October 6, 1952. Bobby writes:

"We're doing real well with our ball team, but not too much in the line of little midwives. This is a wonderful experience living here, especially since we are housed with a German family and are getting really to know the people."

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Gwendolen Jolleyman to Mr. Peter Rosoman, both of Kidderminster, England.

Miss Carolyn Booth of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Mr. Hugo Harris Gregory, Jr., of Portland, Arkansas. Carolyn writes:

"We are planning to be married in December in Bridgeport. Hugo is speech pathologist for the Children's Convalescent Center of the Arkansas Association for Crippled Children and Adults, in Jacksonville, just outside of Little Rock. We will be living in Little Rock after about the fifth of January."

TREES AND MATCHES

One tree will make a million matches, but one match, carelessly thrown away, may destroy a million trees.

—*Green Glory*, Richard St. Barbe Baker

SIZEROCK CLINIC ON UPPER BULLSKIN

Dear Readers,

You who have followed the progress of our clinic building project at Sizerock on Upper Bullskin will be interested to know more of how we went about it. We say it is finished, and we use it, though we've still some interior work to do and the windows to put in. Tobacco cutting and the foddering have delayed its completion, as has a lack of proper lumber to make window facings and casings. Now that the harvesting is over, work on the building will soon be resumed.

Many times during the past few months of meetings, collecting funds, and purchasing I have expressed my gladness for the fact that it was only a two-roomed affair and not a mansion of sorts. You wouldn't think that a 12' X 20' building would be any problem to build. I didn't either. Just you ask me now!

We had our first meeting of local citizens in March. At this time we decided on a suitable site—a corner of Sim Barnes' bottom land. (He was good enough to let us have it for 99 years.) Money enough was collected to buy lumber to start building. With money to buy, and lumber to be sold, it took months to get it. We tried one sawmill after another. Either they couldn't saw what we needed, or we couldn't afford what they asked for it.

The days became weeks and the weeks months. We began to despair. I had visions of doing my house-to-house visits all over again, this time not to collect money but to return it. Finally, as one last effort, I went to the Manchester Lumber Company on Goose Creek just out of Oneida. There I was told they had quit sawing but since the order was small they could fill and deliver it soon, and at our price. How happy I was for the final purchase of that lumber! My biggest problem was over, or so I thought, until I began to realize we needed nails and roofing, windows, a door, bricks for a flue, a siding to cover rough boxing, and wallboard for the inside. All that, and the money gone.

We got together. John and Green Barnes bought a window and door hinges. Theo Hensley gave bricks for the flue. Merida

Gibson gave shingles to cover the front eave. Determined that we finish, after such a good start, I got all else needed, confident I would be refunded.

By August 18th we had enough done to hold clinic and, since I was to be transferred to Hyden in a few days, we had the dedication then with Betty Lester as our guest. A spontaneous collection was taken after the dedication service. We have a very pretty sign to hang outside, sent us by Phyllis Benson, a former Bullskin nurse, now at home in California. Painted in green and brown, it reads: UPPER BULLSKIN CLINIC.

The Sizerock Community is destined to become a well rounded one. In its midst, on the same piece of bottom land and facing one another are the school, the church, the clinic—with a good playground in the middle.

Clinic is held every Monday morning from 9:30 to 11:00 o'clock. Drop in for a visit sometime, won't you?

Sincerely

IVALLEAN CAUDILL

TO LASSIE

In our summer Quarterly Bulletin we told of the mishap to Elizabeth Hillman's collie dog, Lassie, when she was snake-bitten.

Lassie evidently never completely recovered. Although she ran beside her adored mistress and Bobbin, Hilly's horse, and went everywhere with Hilly when she traveled by jeep, she never completely regained her normal weight and old vitality. The day before she died she accompanied Hilly on her rounds in the jeep, and seemed her cheerful, devoted self. Lassie died in the night.

Lassie was loved by many, and especially by Jean Hollins who brought her to the FNS; by Alice Young who was Lassie's mistress until Alice left the Service; and most of all by Hilly who had her as a constant, faithful companion for over two years at the one-nurse Outpost Center at Bowlingtown.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

So much that might have gone into this column has been taken care of under **Many Reunions**, and this Bulletin is dashed off at such high speed that we won't proceed further under this heading at this time.

Some of you will write to know why this Bulletin hasn't a report on *Wide Neighborhoods*. That, too, gets mentioned under **Many Reunions**, in letters from old couriers, and the old staff. We will give a real report on the progress of the book, its sales and its royalties, in another Bulletin.

Distracted woman: "I have lost my mind, and oh, how I miss it."

—Contributed by Mrs. Marshall Bullitt

NOT IN AGREEMENT

A small girl was sent to the store to buy twelve diapers.—
Saleslady: "Diapers are \$3.00 a dozen and 3 cents for the tax."
Small girl: "I will take the diapers, but I don't need the tacks—
my mother uses safety pins."

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This was overheard at a mental hospital: As a gardener passed with a load of manure, a patient asked him what he was doing with it. He said, "I'm going to put it on my strawberries."
She said, "I put cream and sugar on mine."

—Contributed by Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain

TEA AT MIDWIVES QUARTERS



TWENTY-FOURTH CLASS OF THE SCHOOL

Back row, left to right: Barbara Yeich, Marjorie Buntin,
Jane McQuate, Agnes Crozier

Front row, left to right: Mary Heisey, Ruby Wheat

Thursday, October 9th, was a history making day in the life of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We were expecting Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, our Director, for tea. Imagine the thrill the students received when she arrived with their diplomas, and presented them personally to each student. It is the first time in the history of the school that we have been fortunate enough to have received the grades from the State Department of Health examinations in time for diplomas to be given the students before they have left the school.

When our students leave us they spread all over the world. It is interesting to note where the present students will be going.

Miss Barbara Yeich, whose home is in Pennsylvania, will be staying with the FNS. We are truly fortunate to have

young nurses of her caliber, and with her enthusiasm, so interested in the service!

Mrs. Marjorie Buntin was sent here by the Alaska Department of Health for her midwifery training. She returns to some area near Anchorage, Alaska.

Miss Agnes M. Crozier, a Canadian from Vancouver, British Columbia, is planning in the future to be in Mission work in Arabia at Church of Scotland Hospital, Sheikh Othman, Aden, Arabia.

Miss Mary E. Heisey is sailing this month to begin her work at Wanezi Mission, Filabusi, Southern Rhodesia.

Miss Jane McQuate is under appointment by Mid-Missions for Assam, India.

Miss Ruby Wheat has just received word that she will be going to Pusan, Korea, under the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission.

Our conversation at tea, led by Mrs. Breckinridge, girdled the globe.

JANE FURNAS

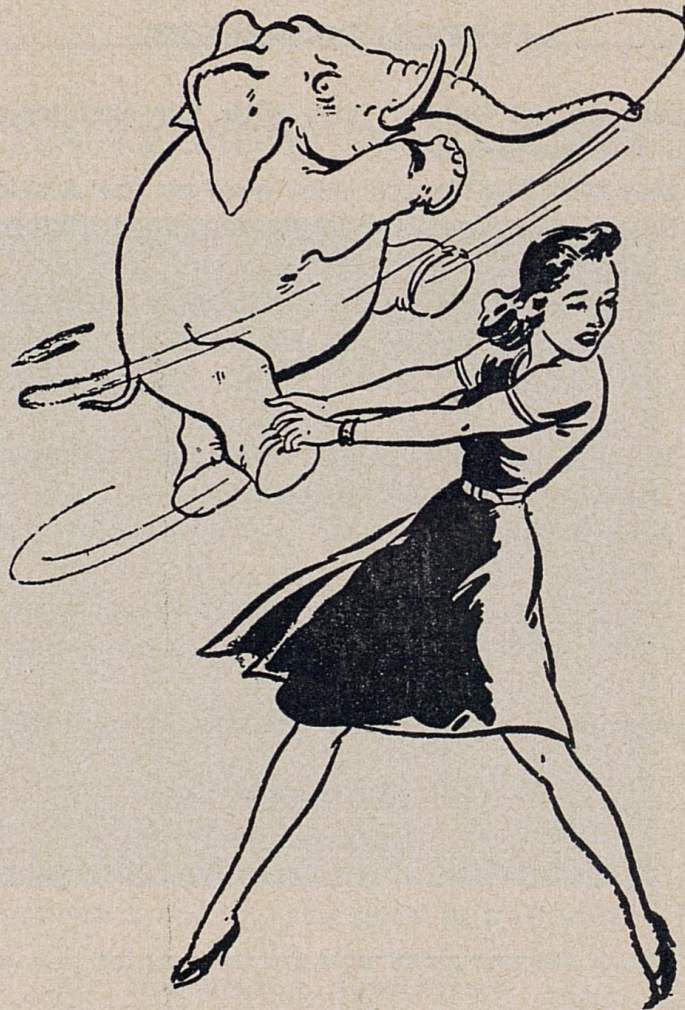
Dean of the Frontier

Graduate School of Midwifery

Why do people decline to face continued existence of the same general kind as that which corresponds with our experience now? The world as we see it is largely our own interpretation; to a different grade of being the same things might have a totally different aspect. Our apprehension depends on the way we interpret sense indications; and if our interpretative faculty continues, we shall be likely to interpret other surroundings in much the same way. The interpretation and even the kind of perception of nature depend a great deal on ourselves; and an interpretative faculty is likely to continue. But hitherto science has declined to contemplate an immaterial existence, and only a few are willing to suppose that it may be full of concrete reality in which we can feel at home.

—*The Reality of the Spiritual World*
Sir Oliver Lodge

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

This autumn Mother Nature sent to us—as she sent to many of our readers all over the country—a drought. However, it was not scarcity of water that bothered us so much, but fires. Everything in our heavily wooded area was dry as paper, and through accident, or thoughtlessness, fires would get started in the forests and once started would spread madly through the paper-like leaves and the dry grass and underbrush. Acres and acres of our hillsides burned. The Forest Rangers were on duty day and night. Almost all our neighborhood men were fighting fires to save their own properties and that of others.

Four times the ridge behind our Hospital plant was aflame. Finally, in desperation, a group of men under the direction of our Wendover foreman, Hobert Cornett, and our Hyden foreman, Alonzo Howard, built back fires just above our hospital water tanks, to burn upwards to meet the fire. In that way they saved our hospital buildings. One night before this was done, several of the nurses and student midwives and instructors and Alonzo fought the fire all night. The following night, when the fire again broke out, a crew of secretaries and couriers joined Hyden's weary crowd, and fought until early morning hours.

Our Bowlingtown Center was threatened, but "Hilly" and our Bowlingtown Chairman, Mr. Will Gay, with his family and other neighbors kept it under control.

Twice there were fires very close to our Beech Fork Center. The second one was so close that again back fires had to be set. When Kitty MacDonald sent word to Wendover that the Beech Fork area fire warden Mr. Fred Morgan, and his men wanted to set back fires, everyone at Wendover went into action. Hobert was sent for, and Leonard Howard, our farrier. They, and several secretaries and couriers went to join those who were already fighting the fire behind the Center. The back fires were built, and some of the crowd stayed all night to keep watch.

On the Saturday, just before rains came, we at Wendover awoke to such a thick pall of smoke and falling ashes that we

could hardly breathe. Scouting parties were sent in every direction to find out if a fire had broken out in the hills behind Wendover—a thickly wooded, very rough terrain. No fire was found close by. The smoke that covered us was coming from the burning hillsides beyond, on Coon Creek and Bad Creek.

We had not heard of any of our neighbors who actually lost their buildings in the fires, and none of our buildings burned, but for about two weeks we all lived in constant anxiety. None of you, unless you have lived under the strain of the world burning around you, can fully realize just what it is like.

The mountaineers say that the fires went so fast that the damage to the big trees in the forest was not too great. But it is disheartening to see the burned and charred laurel, the rhododendron, the little cedars, and other small trees.

As this column is being written Mother Nature has covered the blackened hillsides and charred trees with a blanket of snow—a pretty sight, and a most welcomed one!

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Because of the pressure of work, and our not having a full staff of couriers, only a few of our horses got to the Leslie County Fair in September. Of those that did get there, the following carried away prizes:

Ring 190—Leslie County and FNS walking horses

Bill, ridden by Ivallean Caudill won 1st

Camp, ridden by Evelyn Mottram won 2nd

Ranger, ridden by Joyce Stephens won 3rd

Ring 195—Leslie County three-gaited horses

Laura, ridden by Nancy Boyle won 3rd

Ring 197—Best woman rider

Joyce Stephens on Ranger won 3rd

Another great attraction at the County Fair is the Dog Show for children's pets. It is unique in that the pedigrees of the dogs are unimportant and this year, as last, they were all such fine specimens that each child and its dog carried away a blue ribbon, and a first prize of \$1.00! Leanne and Billy den Dulk entered FNS pets in the Dog Show—Leanne showing Jane Furnas's big collie, Rickey, and Billy showing Ivallean Caudill's terrier, Dinah.

On September 9th a group of Leslie Countians met with Mr. W. E. Bach of the Mountain Club of Lexington, Kentucky, and organized a Leslie County Tuberculosis Association. Judge Elmer Begley was elected President; Mrs. Martha Cornett, 1st Vice-President; Miss Betty Lester, 2nd Vice-President; Mrs. Celia B. Bowling, Secretary, and Mr. L. F. Brashear, Treasurer. This Club has given Mrs. Breckinridge a certificate of life membership—" . . . a token of esteem and affection of the Membership of this Organization."

On October 12th the Kentucky Mountain Club held an all-day outing on the lovely grounds of the new State Tuberculosis Hospital at London, Kentucky. Leslie Countians who attended were: Mrs. Lucretia Lewis, Mrs. Nettie Gibson, Mrs. Fannie Hensley, Miss Oma Lewis, Miss Betty Lester, and Miss Mary Ann Quarles.

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We were grateful for an opportunity to attend the Saturday afternoon session of the Fourth Annual Mountain Folk Festival held at Sue Bennett College in London on November 14th and 15th. The men and women who attended this festival were those workers in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and the Carolinas who have a growing awareness of the recreational needs of the young people and adults in the mountain area. The session we attended featured ballad singing; and we were intrigued when Miss Edna Ritchie, a native of Perry County, sang upon request five versions of an old ballad—the English, Irish, Scottish, North Carolina and Kentucky versions.

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The working on the fence at the Confluence Center about which Mrs. Breckinridge writes in her **Many Reunions** materialized the first Saturday after we were free from fires. The men of that area who came to the working were: Mr. I. V. Bowling, Mr. Albert Messer, Mr. Joe Stidham, Mr. Farris Stidham, Mr. Aspberry Stidham, Mr. Roger Stidham, Mr. Bill David Colwell. In addition to the lumber given by the Moore Lumber Company, Mr. I. V. Bowling gave the locust post for the huge sign which was put up at the gate to the Center. The jeep and truck traffic in front of the Center has become a menace to clinic patients, especially the children. The couriers, Freddy Holdship

and Marianna Mead (Muffin), painted a hugh sign on boards given us by the Ritter Lumber Company which reads.

CHILDREN
Nursing Service
DRIVE SLOW

. . . .

This autumn when the Bowlingtown nurse-midwife, Betty Hillman (Hilly), needed some weeding done around the Center Miss Dorothy Gay and her school children from the Turkey Branch School nearby volunteered. They came one afternoon and soon had the place looking neat and tidy.

. . . .

A group of women in Hyden, under the leadership of Mrs. J. D. Begley, Mrs. Roy Huffman, and Miss Leota Sullenger, is organizing with the idea of helping Hyden Hospital as and when they can. They plan to help sort and distribute the used clothing at Christmastime; they plan to sew and make new garments for layettes. Sewing material was providentially supplied when the Lexington Altrusa Club included with their Christmas shipment to us a whole bolt of lovely, soft flannelette.

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On October 12th Dr. den Dulk was the guest speaker at the Business Men's Club at a dinner meeting in Hazard.

. . . .

The FNS Hazard Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. L. H. Stiles, has invited as many of the FNS staff as can come to a pre-Christmas dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. Stiles' home on December 4th. We are looking forward to the occasion with great anticipation.

. . . .

The FNS and Hyden Community have lost still another friend in Mrs. Sophia Hyden Eversole who died of a heart attack in Austin, Indiana, on November 12th where she was staying with her daughter, Mrs. Carl Bogardus, and Dr. Bogardus. Just the week before, our Betty Lester had had a delightful bit of holiday with the Bogarduses and Mrs. Eversole in Indiana.

We have written in this column of shortages of almost everything, at one time or another. Seldom have we written of shortages of Resident Couriers. We had a shortage this autumn. When Marianna Mead (Muffin) of Dayton, Ohio, and Lyn Westlund of New Canaan, Connecticut, arrived Marion Shouse Lewis was here. But "Shouse" had to leave three days after they came, and Muffin and Lyn were on their own, with supervision from Mary Quarles, until Freddy Holdship could come a week later. They managed splendidly. Jean Hollins came back late in October, after a summer with her family in New York and a month's holiday with Helen Browne (Brownie) in Florida. Freddy has stayed on, and the juniors for the November-December courier period are Linda Branch of Providence, Rhode Island, and Ellen Wadsworth of New York City. Linda and Ellen arrived in the midst of the forest fire crisis and probably have had a chance to travel, by foot, more mountainous territory than any other couriers! They are grand, both of them.

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Keuka College has sent us another of its junior students this year for her field work in Social Service—Miss Barbara Hunt of Rochester, New York. Barbara is working under Mary Quarles, and helping the FNS in dozens of ways.

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We have welcomed to our staff Miss Mary La Motte of Red Lion, Pennsylvania. Mary, with help from Audrey Collins Beardsworth and Kay MacMillan, carried on with the routine in Agnes Lewis' office while Juanetta Moore had a month's holiday. Now Mary has taken over the position of Postal Clerk which Leona Maggard Begley so ably filled until she left us for full-time duties in her home at Hyden.

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After her summer in Europe, Peggy Elmore came back to us and relieved for Hope Muncy's vacation as Dr. den Dulk's secretary. Then, after a visit with her father in Iowa, Peggy returned to take charge of the Christmas preparations—receiving the shipments so many of you send, listing the contents, sorting them, and getting them distributed to our Outpost Centers. Hope McCown (Sister Hope) has come down from Ash-

land, Kentucky, to be Corresponding Secretary, and you will be receiving her notes. Sister Hope finds time to do many other jobs, too, that lighten the tasks of us all.

. . . .

The many friends of Dr. Ella Woodyard will be happy to know that she recovered from her illness of the early autumn so that she has been able to write the report of the research she has been doing for the past several years in our area. Her niece, Mrs. F. L. Lane, and her husband are coming from Oklahoma to spend Thanksgiving with the FNS family here at Wendover. The day afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Lane will take Dr. Woodyard off with them to Oklahoma where she plans to make her home.

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For the past eight months, Agnes Lewis has stayed at the bedside of her beloved aunt, Miss Hortense Walker, in Dyersburg, Tennessee. Miss Walker died at midnight Wednesday, November twenty-sixth.

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The twenty-fifth class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on October 15, 1952. The students in the present class are: Audrey Lafrenz, Mary Leatherman, and Elaine Sell—all three preparing for work in the mission field; Ruby Eliason and Gudrun Stenoien from Minnesota, and Ruth Vander Meulen from Michigan.

. . . .

It is always hard for us to give up an experienced nurse-midwife from our field of work, and so it is with much regret that we have said goodbye this fall to Edna V. Metcalfe (Neddy). Although Neddy has been with us for only a year she had already endeared herself to her patients on the Red Bird district, and to her co-workers. She has gained experience in nursing and midwifery in many parts of the world. In January she will be joining the staff of the World Health Organization in Malaya. We wish her well. Her place at Red Bird has been taken by Primrose Edwards (Prim).

Mrs. Frances Biddle, a graduate nurse and a friend of Anna May January, has made a most welcome gift to the Frontier Nursing Service. She is giving us her professional services for the month of November at our Hyden Hospital. Just the other day she told us that she would not have believed such a small place could be so busy! Early in December Mrs. Biddle and Anna May will take off for Texas. Anna May will be spending Christmas with her family—the first in almost twenty years. Olive Bunce is relieving for her on the Wendover district.

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We wish we could write pages about the delightful guests that have come to us this autumn, and how much they have meant to us. But there is hardly time to name them!

In September came our trustee and chairman of the Louisville FNS committee, Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, and our good friend, Mrs. Leonard T. Davidson, also of Louisville.

Mrs. Henry B. Joy, a vice-chairman of the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service and one of our warmest friends, returned with Mrs. Breckinridge from the Executive Committee Meeting in Louisville for her annual visit. She went everywhere and did everything, including a jeep ride with Betty Lester over Shoal Mountain—one of our roughest and most beautiful trails.

In September also we had a visit from Countess Flavia della Gherardesca of Rome, Italy, who is making a four-months tour of the United States as an "exchange observer" invited by the U. S. State Department. We fell in love with the Countess, and only wish her stay with us could have been longer.

In October Mrs. Breckinridge's beloved sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, visited Wendover and raised the morale of everyone. "Miss Dorothy," as we fondly call her, was most sympathetic and helpful in our shortages of staff, and was ready even to help Freddy with the wayward Brown Swiss cows!

Another beloved friend and trustee came in October, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, chairman of our Philadelphia FNS committee, with her daughter and our courier, Fanny. You will read elsewhere of some of their activities while here. We have heard through mutual friends of the enthusiastic report Mrs. McIlvain

gave to the Needlework Guild of Mullica Hill, New Jersey, where she spoke shortly after her visit with us.

When the American Red Cross Bloodmobile came to Hyden on October 22nd the entire staff came to dinner at Wendover. They were a delightful group, and promised to visit Wendover again if they are fortunate enough to return with the Mobile Unit when it returns to Leslie County next spring.

At the end of October we had a fleeting visit from another of our trustees, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, chairman of our New York FNS committee, when she drove down with her daughter, Ellen, for her courier period. We begged Mrs. Wadsworth to stay longer, but Election Day was too close, and her visit was just an overnight one.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey K. Hunt of Rochester were also overnight guests when they drove down from Rochester with their daughter, Barbara.

In November we have entertained three Egyptians sent to us by Dr. Alice D. Chenoweth of the Children's Bureau in Washington, D. C. They were Mrs. Aida Kabil, Mrs. Fatma Afifi, and Dr. Mohamed Habil—all members of the Department of Medical Social Services in Cairo. Dr. Habil is assistant to the director of the Department, Dr. S. A. Boctor, who paid us a brief visit earlier in the year.

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We hope our readers will bear with us if this issue seems a bit scrambled. We have "scrambled" to get it together so it will reach you before the Christmas rush of mail. As it goes to press we are receiving gifts from you for our children—from hundreds of you, all over the country. We send a heart-felt thank you. And, as our children sing lustily each year at the Wendover Christmas party—

We wish you a Merry Christmas,

We wish you a Merry Christmas,

We wish you a Merry Christmas,

And a Happy New Year!

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It would have been impossible for me to get this Bulletin to press without the help of Lucille Knechtly. We have been deeply grateful for the time given us on it by Helen E. Browne and Juanetta Moore. Hope McCown and Lucile Hodges were indefatigable proof readers.

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1952.

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York, vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1952.

LUCILLE KNECHTLY, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires March 8, 1955.)



THE LIVING ROOM AT THE CLARA FORD NURSING CENTER
ON RED BIRD RIVER.

