

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 21

Spring, 1946

Number 4







**BETTY LESTER ON PATSY**

For the story of her return to Kentucky see page 3

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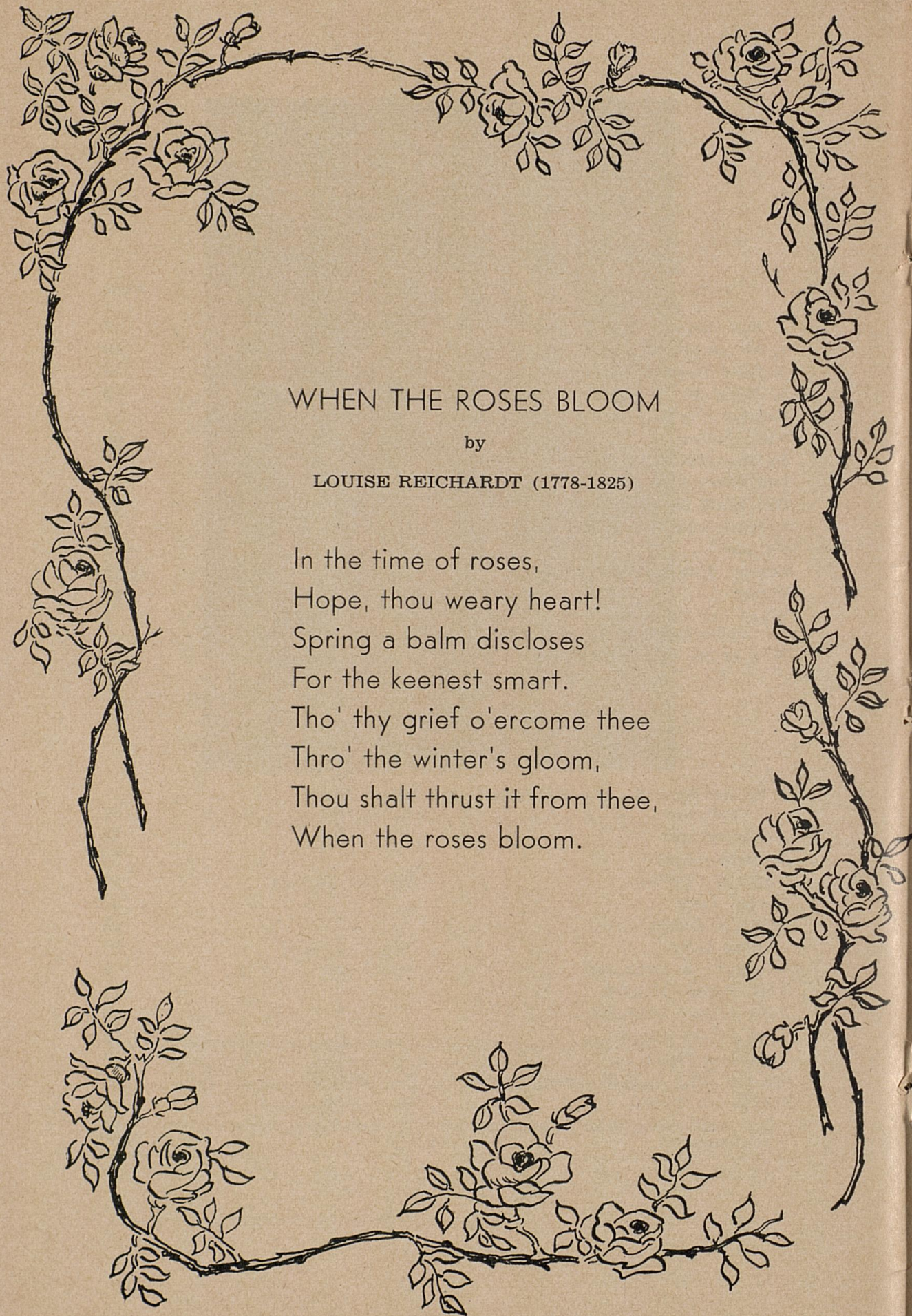
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WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM

by

LOUISE REICHARDT (1778-1825)

In the time of roses,  
Hope, thou weary heart!  
Spring a balm discloses  
For the keenest smart.  
Tho' thy grief o'ercome thee  
Thro' the winter's gloom,  
Thou shalt thrust it from thee,  
When the roses bloom.



## RETURN

by

BETTY LESTER, R.N., S.C.M.

One of the most exciting moments of my life came when I received word on January 3rd of this year telling me to be ready to sail from England to America on January 9th. I had heard in December that arrangements were being made, and I knew Mrs. Breckinridge was working to get me back (just how hard she worked I did not realize until I met her in New York) but I did not expect to come quite so soon.

The voyage across the Atlantic was awful. The ship was small; there were six people to a cabin; we ran into a hurricane, and I was flat on my back for a week. We arrived at St. John's, New Brunswick, on Sunday, January 20th, to a temperature of 6 degrees below zero. I went on to Montreal by the night train. In the station restaurant at Montreal the next morning I had a breakfast consisting of orange juice, 2 eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade and coffee. I choked when I saw it, as such a breakfast had been unknown to me for a long time, and I wished my people in England could have been with me.

I sent a wire to Miss Florence Johnson of the American Red Cross in New York, telling her when I would arrive. Then my troubles were over, because she always meets Frontier Nurses and we are very grateful to her. At Grand Central Station was a Red Cross Officer who put me in a taxi and sent me to a hostel without any effort on my part. The next morning, at Red Cross Headquarters, I was told Mrs. Breckinridge was at the Cosmopolitan Club and over our meeting, I don't need to enlarge.

The rest of the week I spent in New York. Lucille Knechtly took me shopping, and it was wonderful not to have to count clothing coupons. One night we spent with Mrs. Stone and Pebble on Long Island, where I slept for thirteen and one half hours without moving.

Vanda Summers and I then went on to Washington to meet Marion Shouse Lewis and Betty Groner, to travel with them to Kentucky by car. It was a wonderful trip.



Janie the jeep, with Fanny McIlvain at the wheel, met us at the mouth of Muncie's Creek. We piled in, crossed the Middle Fork, and came up through the mud and darkness to Wendover. There we were greeted by Buckett, Agnes Lewis, Lucile Hodges, Miss Woodyard, and lots of new people and dogs. Then we had dinner and I went to bed—tired out but so glad to be back. It was almost unbelievable to wake up the next morning in a room on the Lower Shelf at Wendover. I went alone into the Victory Shrine Chapel to offer my humble thanks for a safe return.

Wendover looked beautiful to me even in winter and with all the mud, but I had to leave. Poor Buckett needed relief for the Midwifery School. We are very short staffed, like everywhere else, so off to Hyden I went. There at the Hospital were Brownie, Gonnie and Eva, whom I knew, and several new nurses for me to meet. Mattie and Glen Ratliff, cook and maintenance man, who had been in the army, were back too. We had a marvelous reunion.

Hyden Town has not changed much, but at the Hospital what a lot to see! The doctor's clinic and out-patient department; the X-ray department; the Midwives Quarters; Joy House made so comfortable for the Medical Director, where I met Dr. Waters with Mrs. Waters and the children. So much that was new to see, and all the time in which to see it!

My first horseback trip was to Bull Creek, the district where I was broken in when I came to the Frontier Nursing Service 18 years ago, and therefore my best loved. I met so many of my old friends that it is difficult to write about this reunion. To have people greet me, shake my hand, put their arms around me and look at me with tears in their eyes while they say simply: "I sure am proud to see you back," makes everything worth while. I stayed to lunch with Edith and Charlie Woods who helped me so much in those early days, when I did not know the trails and when I had to learn to know new people.

In Hyden on first day of Circuit Court nothing much had changed except that there were more cars parked on both sides of the street and fewer horses and mules. People had come in from every creek and hollow, and the same friendly greetings met me on every hand.

When Clara-Louise Schiefer left in March I took over the



Social Service Department, which meant visits to the Centers. First I went to Red Bird Nursing Center where I had spent two happy years on the district. Minnie Geyer is there now and she told me all the news. People have come and gone, and boys whom I knew in school are seasoned travellers now, back from all theatres of war, and all parts of the globe.

I rode down river to Confluence to visit Cherry Evans, who hopes to go to England this year and therefore wanted to know about it. Peter, her dog, was as glad as ever to see me and Lugs, the little stray that just parked on the doorstep begging to stay, came and greeted me.

I made a trip to Beech Fork over the new Hyden-Harlan road, which had just been started when I left in 1940. I could not recognize all the old landmarks (they get lost when new highways go through) but it is a lovely ride. The center is as it was except for a flight of rock steps leading to it from the road, where someone had planted blue irises.

Flat Creek, where I spent so many happy days with Peggy Tinline, has not changed. We took a little boy back from the Hospital, where he had been taken in a diabetic coma, and he was happy. We brought back Red, to be Supervisor in the Midwifery School; none of us Frontier Nurses are very happy leaving a district.

Inty at Bowlington had Social Service problems to discuss, but transportation was difficult. In the old days one got on a horse, rode down river, stayed the night at Confluence and then went on over Shoal mountain the next morning. Now in these part-jeep, part-horseback days, travel is sometimes complicated. So I went by jeep to Hyden, by bus to Hazard, by train to Chavies, where Inty met me in her car. We had not met for years and talked so much that Inty got quite hoarse. I borrowed a horse from Mr. Will Gay, and the next morning Inty and I rode up Turkey Branch, ate lunch on the mountain top, and came back down Leatherwood Creek along well-remembered trails, visiting families on our way. All of them were needy, but they all had good gardens, the seeds for which had been provided by Social Service. The next morning at 4:30 a. m. Inty drove me back over the mountain to the train, and nobody

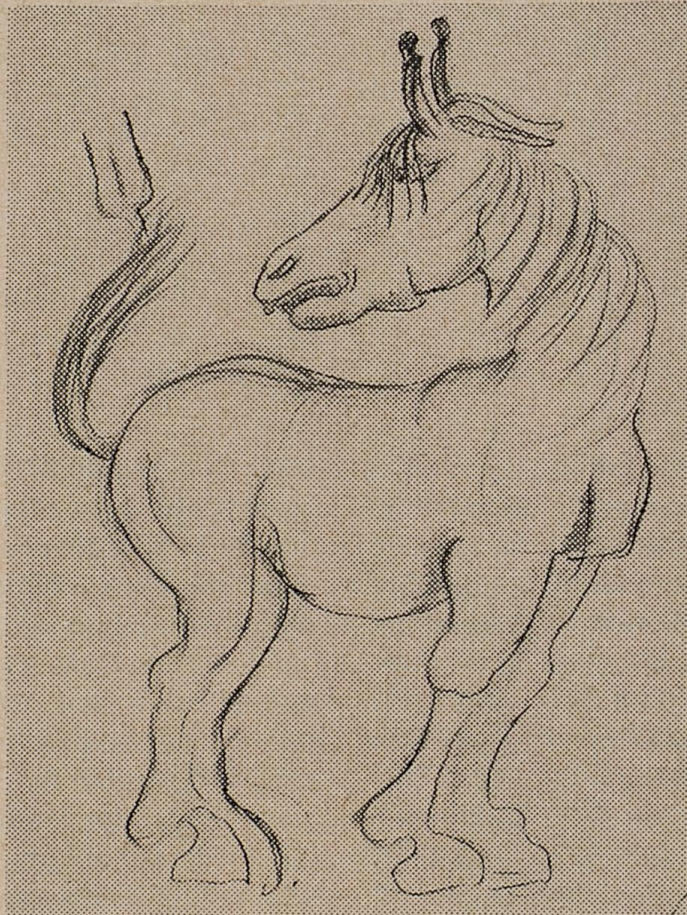


who has not ridden through the mountains at dawn can realize the beauty of them.

I have not been to Brutus yet, but I know it will be the same there. Most of the people I knew will be at home, but children will have grown up, and new babies will have been born. The boys I knew as children will have become soldiers and sailors all over the world.

In 6 years there have been changes. New roads have been constructed, new buildings put up, people have come and gone, but our work goes on. The hills, the creeks and the rivers are still here, and I am glad to be back.

---



**HEATHER**

As she appears to the other horses

—Drawn by Ann Pratt (Punk)



## A BOX SUPPER ON BULL CREEK

by

RUTH BOSWELL ("BOZZY"), R. N.

Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

It was Betty Lester who came back from Bull Creek Clinic on a Wednesday with the invitation for us to attend a box supper in the Thousand Sticks School that next Saturday night. I listened, thought a lot about it, and finally got up enough courage to ask Betty if she'd take me with her.

I had heard enough about box suppers to know that each girl brought a fancy-wrapped box of food to attract the high bid of her chosen boy friend of the neighborhood and that, after it was purchased, it was her romantic privilege to eat with him from the box so carefully prepared by her. I did not expect to take an active part in this phase of the box supper, so I was quite surprised when Betty told me I'd have to fix a box to take. To make the story short at this point, I will say that I rose to the occasion and, with our maid's help, to say nothing of advice from my fellow classmates, prepared a sizable box, taking with me some fancy wrapping and red Scotch tape left over from Christmas to wrap it in. One of my enclosures was a can of beans! My classmates worried about how I would get it open, but we finally decided that surely someone would have a knife that would serve. I suppose that being a nurse, I couldn't quite see two people eating the beans out of the can with the same knife so I put in two teaspoons and two of Janice's (*our maid's little girl*) play plates.

We started out about 2:30 p. m. that Saturday afternoon. It was chilly, but even so it was pleasant to be riding along with Betty. We talked about the work, about the things that had happened to Betty in England, and sometimes we didn't talk at all, just enjoyed the riding in silence. It seems as though it is almost a profanation of the hills, the rocks, the trails and the trees, their dignity and beauty, to speak of them. It seems far better many times just to look and think and keep quiet.

About four o'clock we arrived at Edith Wood's house where we were to have supper and "take the night." Charlie came out



to put our horses up; we had Camp and Patsy, that old familiar pair. We went on up to the house where some of the most delightful smells greeted us, of frying chicken and baking bread. Somehow I just gravitated to the kitchen to help Edith while Betty and Charlie, who had come in by then, sat down in the dining room and spun yarns.

We sat down to a supper that is beyond description. We had fried chicken—all we could eat and more—potatoes, mashed, so many vegetables that I cannot remember them now, real butter and cream, salad of crisp lettuce, strawberries Edith had canned from her own garden, and lemon pie that would really melt in your mouth. It was fun to be with Betty who exclaimed so honestly and sincerely over the abundance of butter and milk and eggs. It made us pretty seriously glad and grateful over what we had, believe me, when we thought of all Betty had seen and been through for six years.

While Betty and Charlie swapped some more stories, Edith and I fixed our boxes. Edith helped me wrap mine. (I almost felt young myself, and wondered which "boy" would buy mine!) Charlie had collected a lamp or two and gone over earlier to the school to get the fires going. Finally, we all trooped over—we had gathered a few neighbors by that time. I negotiated the foot log over the creek like a regular mountaineer, carrying my very fancy box too!

We arrived at the school house to find a number of young girls and younger children gathered, along with a goodly selection of boxes. Betty had many people to say "hello" to and I too saw several folks I knew, among them Miss Lagerveldt. The benches were all pushed back against the wall at the rear and sides, with the seats pushed to the front to provide a large space in the middle. During the evening, though, the benches along the sides were not enough and the ones stacked at the back had to be put up. About 7 p. m. the room was crowded and Perle Osborne decided it was time to start. At the first sign of starting there was a sound like thunder at the door at the rear and in came the young men of the neighborhood. They had been too bashful up to now to come in, and had been standing around outside.

It is hard to describe how the room looked to someone not



there, but it is a scene I shall never forget. If I can get over to you some of the friendliness and good humor of the gathering, that will be a lot and I shall be satisfied. Mr. Osborne opened the meeting with an explanation that the proceeds from the sale of the boxes would go to the Red Cross, and then, much to Betty Lester's surprise, he introduced her and Betty had to make a speech. In spite of the fact that Charlie Woods had been kidding her all evening about making a speech, she hadn't expected to. But Betty rose to the occasion and gave a very good, though short, extemporaneous talk about the Red Cross and what they had done in England. Then she told the people how glad she was to be back. Needless to say she got a good hand.

Then, to my shock, it was up to me to say something. And all I could think of to say was how glad I was to be there and how much I'd enjoyed my visit so far, even to helping Edith Woods get supper by whipping up the potatoes!

And now came the high light of the evening: the auctioning off of the boxes. And such boxes you have never seen! Artificial heart boxes (it was near Valentine's Day), red and white boxes, and pastel shades of crepe paper on others. Charlie Woods was auctioneer and he was so good that I could hardly resist bidding myself. It was great fun to hear the titterings and the bidding on some of the boxes. I took special note of the lad who bought mine and he seemed very personable.

It was agreed that we would eat after the program which followed immediately. The program consisted of a concert of guitar playing by Nancy Collins and Robert Sandlin. It was good and would have done many a radio program proud. Then there followed a talk by Raleigh Couch which was really outstanding (I would like to know in later years just what this boy accomplishes) and this was followed by some more music.

Now it was time for the boys to claim their boxes and their supper partners! The boxes were distributed and I finally found myself faced by my supper partner. We opened the box and I believe he was pleased at what was in it. I took one of the big red apples that I had mooched from Miss Gonzalez from the hospital supplies that afternoon, and the lad took up one of the sandwiches. I searched my mind for some topics that I thought



he'd like to talk about. I hit on one or two. Then someone called to me from across the room and I excused myself to go over to see what was wanted. When I returned, boy and food had gone! The lad had taken it and disappeared, but I was glad he liked it even if he was a little shy.

I spent the rest of the evening talking with some of the folks I knew, among them Peggy Woods, who had a good laugh at my expense. Peggy is an expert horsewoman and I asked her advice about Patsy. During the afternoon I had given Patsy three apples, one to catch her, one when I gave Camp one, and one when she arrived at Edith's place with me safe and sound. I worried about her for fear she would get colic. I mentioned this to Peggy, who thought it amusing and assured me she thought the horse would be quite all right. Patsy didn't get colic, and ever since then she has put her nose in my pockets looking for apples!

We said our good-byes and went back to Edith's house about nine-thirty and to bed. Both Betty and I slept the sleep of the just that night. We were up at seven the next morning and, after a breakfast that put the supper the night before in the pale, started off on our trusty steeds for the Hospital at Hyden.

It had been a grand visit and one I will never forget. It is one of the experiences that makes it very hard to leave the mountains, but it is nice to know that once at least I was a part of the mountain life and one of the people.

---

### FLOWERS

by

FLORENCE SAMSON, R.N.

There once was a nurse who worked hours  
Arranging a few wilted flowers,  
But the visitor said,  
As she sat on the bed,  
"I'm sure that bouquet isn't ours."



## WOE IS ME!

by

MARILYN HERB, Cadet Nurse  
Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, Mich.

Illustrated by

BERTHA BLOOMER, R.N. C.M.

Saturday night and the prospects of a quiet week end at Wendover—steaming hot water was gurgling into the bathtub on the Lower Shelf and I was all prepared to take a refreshing bath before supper. As I was about to step into the tub I heard someone calling me. Yes, it was true! There was a delivery call at Gladys' house across the river from Wendover. This was my first delivery call since I had come to the Frontier Nursing Service as a senior Cadet two weeks before. Though I was eager to be on my way I was reluctant to waste a tubful of hot water (a rare commodity on the Lower Shelf). Within a few minutes Bertha, the nurse-midwife in charge of the Wendover District, and I were on our horses and starting down the road. We passed John, Pat, and Terry, Gladys' three oldest children, who had come for us. They were hurrying home with the layette for the baby.

Since the flood water had left great quantities of sand in the ford in front of Gladys' house, we had to ford the river at the Mouth of Muncie's Creek and then go back up the river on the other side. The path was more sandy than usual and the horses hesitated to go over it. Time was short, so we dismounted and led the horses. When we were half way to the house something compelled me to look behind to see how the saddle bags were riding. Horrors! The bags were gone! Bertha went on to the patient's house while I hitched Cameron to the nearest tree and stumbled back along the path searching for the saddle bags. My legs could hardly carry me fast enough. What a state of mental anguish! How I wished that I might trip over the bags—anything at all to find them in a hurry and reach the house before the baby made its grand entrance. Ah! A familiar brown heap on the path in front of me—the saddle bags! I put them over my shoulder and literally raced back to Cameron. Dear old Cameron must have sensed my predicament, because



there he was patiently waiting where I had left him. He hadn't slipped his bridle as he customarily does. On we went. I was leading Cameron faster than he usually walks under his own power.

Bertha met me at the door. Gracious, had the baby already come? That is exactly what she tried to make me believe and I felt a little disheartened until I saw a smile breaking through.

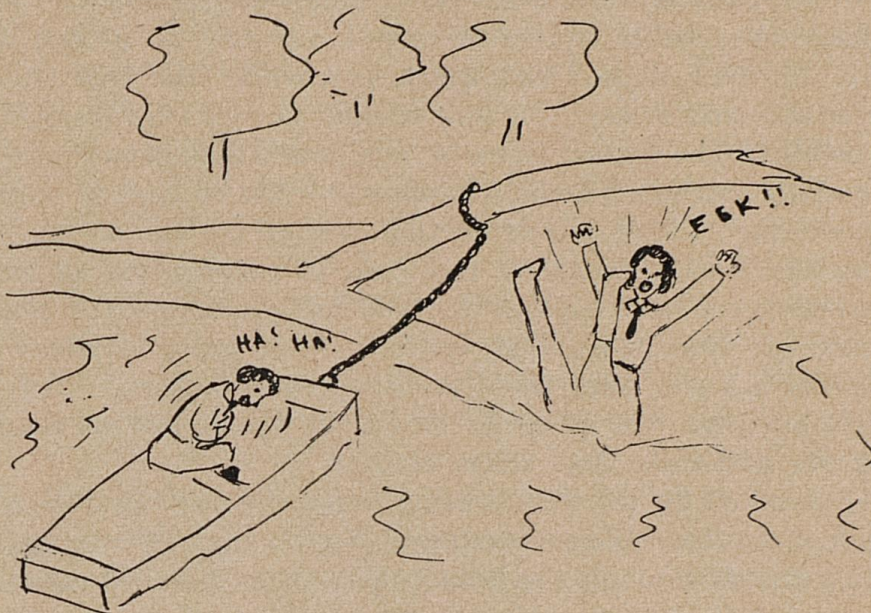
As we started preparing for the delivery, Gladys' children were hustled off to bed in another room. There was no kerosene for the lamp so we fumbled around in comparative darkness to save our two flashlights for the main event. The corner fireplace, which heated the room, supplied an occasional flicker of light when we stoked it with coal. Two hours passed and at last we "caught" a fine baby girl. We bathed the baby in warm oil, measured and weighed her. Bertha and I both wagered a guess at the weight. I was quite proud of myself. I guessed the exact weight—beginner's luck.

After mother and baby had been tucked in for the night we woke up Pat, the eight year old, to have her sleep in her mother's room in case Gladys needed anything during the night. We tried not to disturb the other children, but our efforts were in vain. Terry was wide awake. He said, "I know what you brought. You brought a baby in your saddle pockets. I seen hit's diaper in that bag we carried."

With all of our "tricks" back in the saddle bags we prepared to leave. It was raining, much to our dismay, for we had not brought our rain coats. The evening had been clear and cold when we left Wendover a few hours before. Soon we were home again and enjoying a delicious postponed supper in front of the huge kitchen stove.

Gladys and her baby had an uneventful postpartum period. The same was not true of the nurses who cared for them. On one of our daily visits, Bertha and I decided to take the Wendover boat and go down the river to Gladys' house. The idea was great. It saved a good deal of walking. The current carried us down very easily and we tied the boat to an overhanging tree near the house. We had to walk on some heavy limbs of the tree to reach the shore, but that was no trick at all. We made the visit and left mother and baby in tip-top condition. I was





Dunking

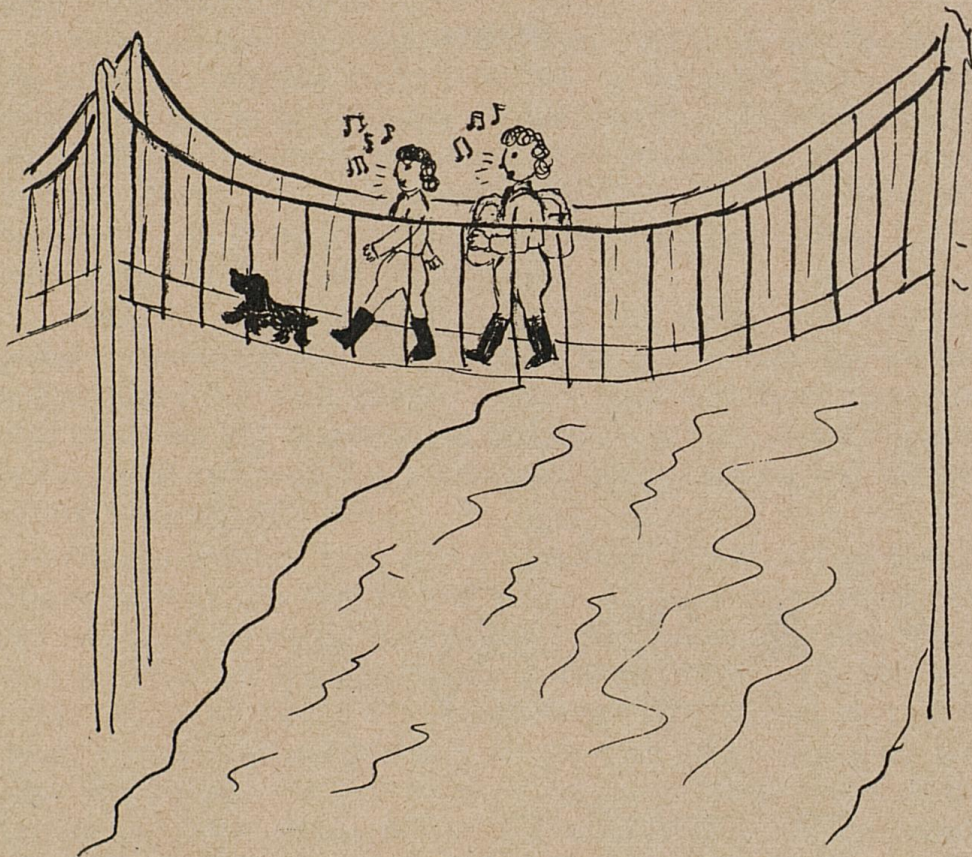


Boating Upstream



first to get back into the boat. But I didn't quite make it. Climbing back over those branches wasn't as easy as it had been before. My foot slipped and, quick as a wink, that foot and leg were in ice cold water. To pull myself out of this uncomfortable position I had to sit down on the limb. That was a mistake as I quickly learned. The limb submerged just enough to dampen my posterior. There I was getting wetter by the second, but Bertha and I were laughing too hard to remedy the situation. At last we were both back in the boat and working hard against the current. Bertha paddled with a narrow piece of board and I poled with a pole that usually didn't reach bottom. I felt like a Volga boatman. Our progress was slow, but at last we reached Wendover and some dry, warm clothes.

Undaunted by our first boating experience we decided to try it again next day. We remembered our struggle home, against the current, so we took the boat only a short distance down the



**It's Not Such a Bad Walk After All!**



river and walked along the bank. The sand was frozen except in one place where a rivulet meandered across. This ground looked innocent enough until we stepped on it. Then we started to sink. There was no mistake about it. We had stepped into quicksand. Down and down we went. There was firm sand behind me so I fell back on that to distribute my weight. I had little difficulty getting my feet out of the sand; however, I was almost certain they were going to pull off at my ankles. There was quicksand between Bertha and me and, although she was in the sand nearly to her knees, I could give her no assistance. After some careful maneuvering Bertha got out of the sand too and we continued on to make our nursing visit. Gladys' children were eagerly awaiting our arrival. They delighted in seeing their new baby sister squirm and splash in her bath.

After two such unhappy experiences, we decided to give up boating. Although the walk was long, and the saddle bags were heavy, we made our subsequent visits on foot, the bags slung over our shoulders. By walking down on our side of the river to the swinging bridge, crossing it to Gladys' side, and then trudging back up a river path on her side, we reached her house slowly but safely.

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The text of "When the Roses Bloom" by Louise Reichardt with the musical setting edited by Carl Deis, may be obtained from the publisher, G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 East 43rd Street, New York 17, New York, through whose courtesy we are reprinting the first verse of the poem.

The border of roses for this poem was drawn by Rose Evans (Cherry) of the Frontier Nursing Service.

The picture of clover blossoms on the cover page of this Bulletin has been taken from a card that is nearly sixty years old.

The photograph of Betty Lester on the inside front cover was taken by Dorothy F. Buck.



## A NIGHT IN THE HYDEN HOSPITAL

by

SALLY ANNE TYLER, Cadet Nurse  
St. Joseph's Hospital, Lexington, Ky.

Ten-thirty and I had just settled for a long night's sleep when I suddenly was awakened by Topsy, our surgical nurse, saying, "Get up, Tim, we are doing an appendectomy at eleven-fifteen." There seemed to be quite a bit of commotion outside my room which sounded as if all the nurses in the house were up. I leaped from the bed, dressed, and was in the operating room in less than five minutes.

By this time, Ethel Gonzalez, Superintendent, had arrived to give the anesthesia so the only wait was for the doctor. In the meantime, I thought I had better inquire as to what part I would take in the operation. Topsy had told me several days before that she was the instrument nurse. So I said to Topsy, "Do I get to scrub for this?" She replied, "You don't only scrub, you're assisting the doctor tonight." "But, I've never assisted a doctor in surgery before in my life." She assured me that I could do it, so I felt more at ease.

After a short time, Dr. Waters arrived and the operation began. I was rather awkward at first, for trying to assist the doctor and taking in everything else, is no easy job. At last the appendix was out, which was done under drop ether, and Dr. Waters was so nice in explaining everything to me as he went along.

After cleaning the operating room everyone was ready for bed by three-thirty. But, just as Dr. Waters was leaving the Hospital, a placenta praevia came in. "A Caesarean Section will have to be done right away," came a voice from downstairs.

At five o'clock a. m. I was again in the operating room assisting with the section. At last we got our six and one-half pound boy, who was in good condition on arrival.

Both operations were successful and very interesting but, as we all sat down for breakfast at eight o'clock, we were ready for our bacon and eggs.

This is how I spent one of my nights in the Hospital, and I enjoyed every minute of it.



## In Memoriam

MR. M. C. BEGLEY—Hyden, Kentucky  
Died November 30, 1945



The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-Heart, and bade him take a sword and helmet and shield. . . . So he took his weapons, and went before them; and the Interpreter said, God-speed . . .

Said Great-Heart, I will return to my Lord to-night.

—*Pilgrim's Progress*

Of all the characters that the mind of man has created there is none more winning than Mr. Great-Heart, in the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*. He conducts the women and children, the crippled, the despondent, the weak, on a lifelong



journey to the River that lies between them and the Celestial City. He kills giants and wild beasts and drives off hobgoblins, and with it all he is tender and courteous to those lesser ones under his protection. "You have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in your counselling of us, that I shall never forget your favor towards us." Great-Heart is a very great gentleman.

Such was the late Mr. M. C. Begley ("Mitch") of Hyden. A man of his intellectual caliber, his legal erudition, his rare emotional balance, his strong sense of public responsibility, his probity, his innate sense of fairness—such a man is met with but seldom in this earth's long pilgrimage. That we in the Frontier Nursing Service should have had him for a neighbor for over twenty years, for a friend, a trustee, a member of our Executive Committee, is a privilege for which we humbly thank God. We extend our loving sympathy to his widow, his daughters, and his son, lately returned from Japan.

Among the papers found in Mr. Begley's desk after his death is a poem, the last verse of which we repeat from the depths of hearts that shall mourn him always.

The hand of fate is kind at times  
And makes a wish come true,  
And it could be that sometime I  
May speak again to you.

**MR. ELMER HUFF—Confluence, Kentucky**

Died December 9, 1945

Dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood that binds  
The brave of all the earth.

—Sir Henry Newbolt, Clifton Chapel

A great many years ago, before even the beginnings of the Frontier Nursing Service, I was riding through the Kentucky mountains when night overtook me at an old log house on Wilder Branch near the Middlefork of the Kentucky River. The elderly couple who lived there took me in for the night, and refused payment for their hospitality. Before a fire of logs in the stone chimney we sat talking together, and I learned of the three sons who had gone off as soldiers in the first World War. One had been killed, one was stricken with tuberculosis, but



one had returned home unharmed. This son, Elmer Huff, was born in that old log house, and his body was buried on the hill-top behind it this winter.

Mr. Huff became one of the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service soon after our nursing center was built at Possum Bend. We had no trustee more deeply interested in us, or more ready to serve us at any time. He was a man of outstanding character and high intelligence. He dwelt with his wife and children at the old place where he had been born, but he had greatly enlarged and beautified it. He lived to see his own two sons come back safely from another World War.

His beneficent life was a blessing to all who came in touch with him. With his widow and family we join in sorrow for the passing of our friend, and in gladness for the kind of life he lived, the kind of life he is living now.

**MR. GEORGE R. HUNT—Lexington, Kentucky**

Died December 31, 1945

Now have I done: now are my thoughts at peace  
And now my joys are stronger than my grief;  
I feel those comforts that shall never cease,  
Future in Hope, but present in Belief.

—Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639)

There is a quality of unexpectedness in death, no matter when it strikes and no matter whom. We know that it is inevitable, but we seem not to realize that it comes tomorrow. In the passing from this world to the next of George R. Hunt, we in the Frontier Nursing Service were stunned to know that we should not see him here ever again. As a member of our Blue Grass Committee, the husband of one of our officers, and as a distinguished lawyer, he had been ready with counsel and help whenever we sought them from him. A large part of his life was spent in public service, for the American Red Cross, for Christ Church (where he was a vestryman and warden), for all the worthwhile causes that needed his services. To us he was also a dear kinsman and friend. There was a human and kindly bent to his high intelligence.

To his three sisters we extend our loving sympathy. Of his wife, who shared his life so completely that they were one for



over forty years, we are thinking in the verses that follow.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly—  
 And knowledge greater than grief can dim—  
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—  
 Yea, better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,  
 The awful river so dread to see,  
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever  
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

**MRS. CHARLES N. MANNING—Lexington, Kentucky**  
 Died January 26, 1946

There is a future, O thank God,  
 Of life this is so small a part!  
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,  
 But there—O there—'tis heart to heart.

—*Lorena, A Confederate Poem*

The death of this gracious lady, a member of our Blue Grass Committee from its inception and the wife of the man who has guided our fiscal affairs so well, and so devotedly, for nearly twenty-one years,—her death has grieved us deeply. In writing of Mrs. Manning it is hard to say which were the characteristics that distinguished her most. Hospitality and generosity, warmth and personal charm radiated from her to all about her throughout the years of her life. In her loyalties to hers and her husband's families, to her friends, her Church, the causes she had at heart, she was unbreakable. One knew that with her nothing ever changed except that she grew lovelier with the passage of time. She was fearless too, fearless in facing the ups and downs of this world, fearless in her long illness, fearless in meeting the call to another world than this.

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Manning's daughter and the grandchildren to whom she meant so much. But it is of her husband that our hearts are full. We in the Frontier Nursing Service love him so much that we are affected deeply by this break in his marriage of over fifty years. Perhaps the reason he and his wife have met this life so completely is because they knew that underlying it are foundations where we are, all of us, held in the everlasting love of God.

My Shepherd Thou, I know Thee near  
 Death's shadow'd vale I tread nor fear.



Dark though the valley's shadows be,  
Ever, my Shepherd I turn to Thee  
Who comfort me.

My Shepherd Thou, I want no more,  
Thou wilt my life, my soul, restore.

**DR. WALTER E. DANDY—Baltimore, Maryland**

Died April 19, 1946

Look not thou down but up!  
To uses of a cup  
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,  
The red wine's flow,  
The Master's lips a-glow!  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup  
What needst thou with earth's wheel?

—Robert Browning

To others we leave the writing of this man's distinguished career. The name of Walter Dandy will live forever in the annals of neurosurgery. Countless people for generations, people who never knew him, will benefit from his labors and the daring of his thought. We remember him as a member of our National Medical Council, a delightful person to meet and know, and a most generous friend.

To the family of Dr. Dandy, we send our deep sympathy in the freshness of so great a grief. That he will live forever in the reputation of this world is a small thing; that he is ripe for all the service he can render in the next world is much indeed. He has crossed over, and we wish him God-speed.

**CHIEF JUSTICE HARLAN FISKE STONE—Washington, D. C.**

Died April 22, 1946

The great Intelligences fair  
That range above our mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there. . .

—*In Memoriam*, Tennyson

Among great men who die, there are none we honor more than those who pass out of our confused and groping world "leaving great legacies of thought." As human beings, we are still in our infancy. Now and then a mature person is born, and history becomes his "lengthened shadow." If these men are born too far ahead of their time, they are persecuted and put



to death. If they come when human beings are ready to receive them, the race takes another step forward in the long progress towards its destined goal.

For us in the Frontier Nursing Service, the late Chief Justice will be remembered for his kindness in his own home. His wife has been so good to us in Washington over the years, in associating herself with our benefits and our meetings, that we find it hard to face the thought of her grief, and that of her sons. Divided lives are reunited some day, but the desolation of the living is the sad part of death.

Mr. Chief Justice Stone was a pioneer in the realm of the mind, and in relationships among men.

All the past we leave behind;  
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing,  
as we go, the unknown ways,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

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### ANNOUNCEMENTS

The annual meeting sponsored by the Cincinnati Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held at the Queen City Club in Cincinnati at 4:00 p. m. Tuesday, May 28th, followed by refreshments. Colored slides of the Frontier Nursing Service will be shown.

. . . . .

The annual meeting of trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service, and their friends, takes place in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky on Friday, May 31, 1946. The meeting is preceded by a luncheon at 12:30 p. m.

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### FOREST LORE

Why is it dangerous to go in the woods in the spring?—Because the bull rushes out, the cow slips about, and the little twigs begin to shoot.

—Told to Mary Breckinridge in her childhood.

### GARDEN LORE

Why should secrets not be told in a vegetable garden?—Because the potatoes have eyes, the corn has ears, and the beans stalk about there.

—*People's Friend*, England



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
DOROTHY F. BUCK

**From Sybil Johnson in Southern Rhodesia—November 21, 1945.**

We have just had rains here, not much but some, and the veldt is a little bit green. We can do with a lot of rain this year as we have not had a decent wet season since '39.

I have just invested in two mares imported from the Union. One has given me a foal already, a weird little thing born on Armistice day, grey with a black mane and tail. I wanted it to be quite black as I was calling him Raven, but have decided on Whiskey. The mother is blackish and called Black Bess. The other mare is called Rowfant. She is a light bay with four white socks and can triple and has the most comfortable canter. My bulldog has grown into a fine animal. She is naughty but most lovable.

I have been busy all this year, mainly with injections. Bilharzia is very wide spread in this country and leaves such unpleasant and serious conditions. At the moment the treatment is a course of 21 injections, but a new treatment is being tried which only takes 48 hours.

January 20, 1946.

We have been moaning about our meagre raining seasons, but have a dollup this year. A week ago we had a cloud burst here and the rest of the district got a drenching too. A dam burst just above me and my neighbours just below were in danger of having their house collapse on their heads. My stable went. I was out for dinner and we had no idea this downfall had occurred. The road was just river when I started home and the car fell into a gorge on its side. Luckily neither I nor the car came to any harm. I had to walk through water to the house, and then discovered the stable had gone. How the horse got out without being hurt, I do not know, but she seems more lively than ever. The car was lifted out of the gorge the next morning none the worse. There was sand all over the gardens and vegetables were washed away. Some natives were drowned, a kraal was washed off the mountain side, cattle and goats were



drowned, and mealie lands just went. Thank goodness it stopped raining last week, but there is more to come. I am hoping it will keep off for awhile as I have a "midder" case due this week and am not enamoured of paddling to it.

The two mares are very well and the foal is growing. My bulldog will produce a family at the end of the month. I hope all will be well but bulldogs are not always easy. Best wishes and love to all I know.

**From Nancy Wilson in Alaska—January 22, 1946.**

Are you prepared for a sure enough shock? Believe it or not, I actually have now had my first full fledged No. 1 Indian "cotch" right here within these hospital walls! Our doctor decided to make a short visit to U. S. Soil (North Carolina) because of the general failing condition of her 85 year old mother. Before she left—two weeks ago—she tried to induce labor in the patient, already registered, but nothing happened so she had to leave her in our hands.

Both Grace Cresson (*a maternity center nurse-midwife*) and I were doubtful as to whether we really would have a chance to deliver Marian, for, as the natives said, they had never seen any of the present set of nurses do any actual deliveries so how could they know we really knew anything about it? Marian didn't come in for any further check-ups, either, after the doctor left, so it was a nice surprise when we got up from supper table Saturday evening to find her ready to be taken in. Regular pains didn't begin till 1.35 a.m., and at 2:20 a.m. on January 20, 1946 Miss Josephine Reeve Englishoe, weight 8½ lbs., arrived in fine style.

We had a new obstetrical patient come to register this afternoon, too, so I had a good time doing her up under my own steam. We have had pretty good sized general clinics since the doctor has been gone. I even pulled a back tooth one evening without too much difficulty. We don't know definitely how long the doctor will be gone.

It has been lots of fun having Eimie here. She has certainly more than proved our need for having one full time person to help with the kitchen end. I think she has enjoyed it even



though it does keep her on the move quite a lot. Please give my best to all other F.N.S. ers.

**From Elsie Nora Kelly Suckley (Nellie) in Surrey, England**

—February 17, 1946.

I shall not be coming back to Kentucky after all as I have recently married. I knew my present husband first in 1938. Although I had no idea of marrying, and was awaiting a passage back to America, when he came back from Egypt and I saw him again—well I just up and married him!

Then the fun started. We couldn't get anywhere to live. All this talk of prefabricated houses for ex-servicemen is a lot of hooley. They won't even put us on their waiting list because we have no children. So we have bought ourselves a caravan and are living therein in a particularly lovely spot on the river Wey. My Kentucky experience is coming in very handy. I can improvise anything, use each article for a variety of purposes to



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES C. SUCKLEY



save space, haul water from a well and use it sparingly, and do my washing out of doors. I tell my husband I can even make soap if I have to! It is surprising what a lot of things that I learned in the mountains are bearing harvest now. The main lesson I learned is that very few things are really essential. Happiness does not depend on possessions.

I enclose a copy of one of my wedding photographs. My dress was blue and I carried pink carnations. I guess every bride thinks her wedding wonderful. I did. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Give my love to Pal (*her horse*) and pass on the news of my marriage to those who knew me, especially the Brutus people. Tell them I am very happy.

. . . . .  
**From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Sussex, England—**

February 18, 1946.

This winter I have had to spend with my sister. I worked so hard all the year I just had to give up and take a rest. I am now feeling like being up and doing again. These bright days do stir one up!

. . . . .  
**From Elisabeth Holmes Rodman (Betty) in Farragut, Idaho**

March 21, 1946.

We had a lovely wedding, in spite of such exigencies as my maid of honor turning in to sick bay for penicillin treatment until almost the very day of the wedding; my receiving orders to Oregon two days before—which fortunately we managed to have cancelled!; being sixty miles from the nearest civilization, and a somewhat primitive civilization at that, when it came to shopping for wedding gown and veil, trousseau, flowers, etc. We were lucky and found a good photographer so that we have a good variety of pictures for our families, who are on the East Coast and the West Coast, with a few in the very middle of the Middle West. What with blizzards, no reservations available, etc. they couldn't get here for the occasion.

We had six lovely days in Vancouver, then back to Farragut, where I was on duty until the end of January, when I went up to Seattle for separation. Then a month of getting settled and starting at housekeeping, which includes learning how to



regulate our three fires—cook stove, hot water heater, and furnace, how to keep a kitchen neat in which there are no drawers, etc. At least the closets with no doors presented no problem to me—I just sighed when I remembered the similar one on the Upper Shelf, wished for an open fireplace, and made umpteen drapes.

Now I am once more working in an office, but one which bears no resemblance whatever to the one at Wendover. All the machines are electric, and so fancy that even the adding machine is capable of doing not only addition, but almost everything else except cooking a dinner. Every desk is equipped with a calculating machine so we never think of dividing or multiplying in our heads or on paper. Lucile would love this place, all the bookkeeping is done on an enormous machine which looks like something out of a twenty-first century comic strip, but which they say is very efficient. We work the Civil Service week which means Saturday and Sunday off—a real blessing as most of the civilian workers are married to Navy men, and we can have that much more time with our husbands, and to catch up with household affairs.

We are lucky that Johnnie has the Village Community Church, as it is much more like a civilian pastorate than duty at a Naval Barracks. It has a Sunday-School, Board of Directors, mixed choir, etc. John has the Sunday-School class for the high-school kids, and I have the one for under-five-year-olds. Every Sunday when they come in I think of you and the “least ones” you loved so at Camp Creek. There are about twenty-four of them, and although they are just adorable, they have active imaginations and keep me busy, keeping them busy.

How long Farragut will continue to exist as a Naval Center and how long we will be here no one knows. John should be out of the Service by the end of August, and we just hope we can remain here until then. Post-Navy, we hope John can go to school, via G. I. Bill of Rights, for his Master's. It will be at the University of Edinburgh if the Vets Administration puts it on their approved list, otherwise back at Princeton.

. . . . .

**From Sybil Holmes Barton in England—March 28, 1946.**

Guy and I were married just two weeks ago. We went to



Cheddar for a week and had lovely weather. It is a beautiful spot, famous for it, in fact. I'm most gloriously happy and I think Guy is too. We don't yet know what part of the world we shall be living in. I wish we did. Crown agents surely do take their time. They think they are the Mills of God!

We are living with Guy's parents. They are darlings, over 70 years old. They have made me most welcome. The garden is looking so pretty now. I'm sure Wendover must be heavenly too. How I wish we could come and visit you. Love to all my friends there.

. . . . .

**From Marjorie Jackson (Jacko) with the British Armed  
Forces—April 26, 1946**

You will be surprised to hear that I am staying in the army. After six years, I feel so much a part of it that I couldn't bear the thought of starting somewhere fresh. I certainly have seen a bit of this part of the world. All the way from Algiers up to Tunis, the whole way up Italy, and, for the past nine months, in Austria—in Vienna in fact.

I was so pleased to see by the Bulletin that Betty Lester was back with you. Of course I hear from May Green often, but I've not heard from the Mickles in quite a bit. I'm hoping that May will be somewhere about London when I'm due for leave, which should be in a month or two.

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**FROM A GUEST**

"Not only the staff and the couriers, but also those at the Hospital and at the Bowlingtown Center all showed the same quality; everywhere there was efficiency, gaiety, thoughtfulness, and a rare desire to serve others. Watching all this, there ran through my mind the words of an inscription cut in wood and hung in a small garden:

"This garden was not made  
By singing 'Oh, how beautiful'  
And sitting in the shade."



## REMINISCENCES OF REX

Recorded by

HARRIET LUCE (DARBY), CADET NURSE  
Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, Mich.

Honestly, boys, lately the Service just hasn't been the same; now, I've been working for Mrs. Breckinridge for a good many years, but all these new-fangled ideas like importing so-called "Senior Cadets" just seem "quare" to me. Let me tell you what my personal experience with them has been:

When Elizabeth Walton left Flat Creek, you know, I was left there because there was still quite a stall shortage over at Wendover. I was leading a happy, hayfull life in the stall next to Jefferson, better known as Grandpa to his mistress, that little red-headed Miss Reid. He gets away with murder—even steps on people's feet sometimes, but she just talks back to him—she's probably Irish, if you ask me. I'm not saying I'm above taking a side-swipe at someone once in a while, myself, but ordinarily my worst fault (if it is classified as a fault), is that of slipping my bridle and opening my stall door for an occasional midnight stroll. Those things just show ingenuity, if you want my honest opinion. Well, Grandpa and I get along very well; we get a little jealous and feisty once in a while, but we balk at being separated on District.

Life was calm and pleasant until one fateful Friday, February 1st. We knew there was something in the air besides hay several days before that, as Red was rushing around and once she said, "Now, when the cadet gets here, I want you two to behave yourselves!" We pricked up our ears; what in Horse Heaven's name could a "cadet" be? Neither Grandpa nor I had any idea. The only one by that name we had a whinnying acquaintance with was the Cadet at Wendover, and this sounded more like another two-legged beast. We gossiped about it and I was especially interested because I knew that if this creature stayed around and needed a mount, I would be stuck with her. You couldn't break up Red and Grandpa with hammer and nails, you know.

Finally, early in the evening on this particular Friday, Red



went off walking down the trail. Grandpa raised his eyebrows and we kinda felt the suspense was about to end. Stinky went with Red. Do you all know Stinky? She's that little toy collie who gets under our feet all the time out there; kinda cute, I guess, but a nuisance some of the time, especially when the river is high and Red puts her up on the saddle to ford. Anyway, just about then, Gramp stole a big mouthful of my hay and I forgot everything else temporarily. Soon we heard footsteps and, craning our necks out the barn windows, saw Red coming back loaded down with a big bag. Behind her, carrying a box, was a human with a mop of light hair. I looked at Gramp and groaned, and he gave me the man-laugh:

Formal introductions came only too soon: Red said, "And you will be riding Rex, Darby." The creature rubbed my nose and drooled "Oh: isn't he magnificent: Hello, Rex, you beautiful thing"—I snorted scornfully and meaningfully but let her pat me anyway. After all, if one is handsome, one usually knows it even without a mirror, doesn't one, and we mustn't be selfish with our good looks. She bridled me clumsily and put the saddle on while I stood patiently. We only went for a trial trip to the postoffice and got along pretty well, except that I wanted to canter and she wouldn't let me. Someone must have put her wise!

Next morning, we set out to make calls on Elisha's Creek. The trip was uneventful until I slipped my bridle to give a little spice to the day. We were home by early evening and Gramp and I kidded ourselves along for a while that we wouldn't have to go out again. We should know better after being in Service this long. Sure enough, after only a few mouthfuls of hay and some gossip, off we went again under protest. This time we went down river to Little Creek on a sick call—sounded to me like a kid with worms from what Red said to Darby. That eight mile ford was cold as ice, believe me; I stopped as often as I could to grab some twigs for a little extra heat energy. Finally we reached our destination and stood outside making a few bets on how long it would be before Red and Darby reappeared: Will we *never* learn? Down the creek came a man with a "prospective-father" gleam in his eye; we tried to head him off, or at least look inconspicuous, but he recognized us and brushed right



on into the house. Out he came in about five minutes and rushed off to the Center, probably after the delivery bags. Off we started again, Gramp and I hanging back at first, until Red yelled, "Come on, you guys, you can run for yourselves when you want to; now you can just run for *us*!" Boy, that's a rocky trail up that creek, but it wasn't long until we were tied outside a house and left to our own devices. These didn't amount to much, because we were too far apart to play even a friendly game of "Who can kick whom first."

Night was coming on, and with it our never-absent appetites. I told Gramp right then, "By golly, I'm going to wait just so long for this baby, and then I'm gonna slip my bridle and see if I can hurry them up some." "Dare you to", he replied, with a wicked gleam in his eye, just as the man came back with the big delivery bags. Red and Darby came out, then, and took our saddles off. The man gave us each three measley ears of corn.

The darkness settled down around us, pitch black with a few stars above, and cold. I shivered and Gramp shivered and finally I got disgusted at this inactivity. At least it wouldn't be so boring if I could see what was going on! Over my ears slipped the bridle, easy now—down along the nose—out comes the bit—and there! As neat a job as I've ever done—freedom at last! I snorted scornfully at Gramp and kicked my heels around the house to a window and peered in at the scene. Red and Darby sat slumped in straight chairs in front of a puny-looking fire. Everyone else seemed to be sound asleep on the two beds: patient, husband, women kinfolk, and two small children. I almost forgot Stinky. She was keeping vigil between the two nurses, with only an occasional yawn. I watched for several long minutes and then stamped my feet loudly to provide a little excitement. Those nurses jumped several hoof-widths off their seats and Stinky barked, but the others never even stirred. Off I galloped around the house, pausing now and then to take advantage of all the tender branches in reach. I was a little disappointed that nobody got very upset about me, but just about that time things started popping in the tiny room. I returned to my vantage point and watched the procedure from what would amount to an orchestra seat, but I won't describe



all of it in detail, because you all know what goes on at such times.

Around midnight or one o'clock, we heard a familiar wail. Gramp glanced at me significantly and, sure enough, about an hour later Darby came to the door and threw some water out. I was feeling my oats, as they say, about then and determined to show these nurses a thing or four for keeping us up to all hours without decent food. Grandpa encouraged me and, as they came out the door, I whinnied and really lit off down that creek. Red grabbed at my bridle and Darby climbed on Gramp. I'm telling you I led them a merry chase; I have to chortle even now thinking of the picture we made. Every time they got close, I cantered on a few more paces. We were having a grand time until I made my mistake and they cornered me between a barn and a fence. Gramp neighed, "Come on, let's hit for home, they've learned their lesson." Red bridled me and then tried to climb on my bare back. Such a disgrace, fellows, I hang my head, but anyway she had an awful time because I am a big brute and her legs are ludicrously short. Darby got to laughing and couldn't help much.

Finally Red scrambled on and we tore back up to the house to get my saddle and the bags. There some more switching took place and Darby mounted me, whispering in my ear, "You've had your fun tonight, now take me home, you old reprobate!" I winked at her and back we went through the icy water and along the river road.

At long last, there was the familiar barn looming ahead and we could smell the hay. I whinned joyfully and soon was in my blessedly warm stall. Ah! Bliss! Ah! Glee! Darby patted my nose and said, "Goodnight, Rex, I forgive you, but please don't ever do it again." I decided then that maybe she'd be all right after all, and made a good resolution to behave myself—until the next time, that is.

Just as I snuggled sleepily in the sawdust, I felt a friendly nip on my haunch, and looked up to see ol' Grandpa leaning his long nose over the stall side. "Hey, you! You didn't even tell me if it was a boy or a girl!" I murmured, "Oh, go on to sleep—it was a nice, fat boy!"



## WATER

by

FLORENCE SAMSON, R.N.

The water situation at Hyden Hospital has led to many more grey hairs than anyone would suppose. One spring we had floods which caused the hill to slip and break the water lines. Then for several months we had pump trouble and a consequent shortage of water. Once, one of the cows turned the water on at the barn and nearly drained the tank before it was discovered in the morning. Besides the problems connected with getting fresh pure water into the Hospital, we have also had those concerned with getting rain water off the hill. So, we had a long session of building drains. The past few months we have felt that we have the situation pretty well in hand. This is to show that when one lives in mountain country, it is never safe to sit back and feel smug.

Monday morning at breakfast Mattie told us that the basement was flooded. We immediately asked about the amount of water in the furnace pit. Since it was not deep enough to get into the fire box, we relaxed and enjoyed breakfast. That was the last relaxation of both mind and body we enjoyed for two days.

The basement was indeed flooded. There was about a foot of water in the two main rooms and the drug room. The furnace pit had about eight inches of water in it. I went immediately to the drug room (since I was wearing rubber boots) to see what was on the floor there that would suffer from a sea change. There was a shipment of bandages on the floor but the carton seemed to be in fairly good shape. Alonzo, maintenance man, and I emptied it of its boxes of bandages as quickly as we could. Many of them were ruined but a good part of them had been above the water line.

We rigged up the garden hose to serve as a siphon. This was a constant trouble since the hose became clogged frequently with bits of paper and vegetables which floated around. Leaving the siphon to its own devices for a time, we next attacked the furnace pit. Here, we dipped water up in buckets, climbed out



of the pit, ran up a flight of stairs and dumped it into a drain. When we had taken out about four inches we went back to the main basement to check progress.

Progress was not the word. As a matter of fact, it was barely perceptible. So we dipped up buckets of water and poured it into laundry tubs. They say that when you get the rhythm of this sort of work that you don't get new bends in your back nor stiffness in your muscles. We never found the rhythm. (I overheard Gonnie tell Buck later that she couldn't even lift a postage stamp.) We bailed bilge water gaily for the first half hour and then, while resting, went back to the furnace pit. The water had come back up in there. This was bad. The drain was evidently working but in the wrong way. The men soon found that the drain did not carry the water outside but to a deep hole in the far side of the basement. Glen found this out by unexpectedly stepping into the hole—waist deep. This was a good time to stop for lunch.

After lunch, our basement seemed dominated by a new and different odor. It was not difficult to identify it. Somehow a can of cod liver oil had added itself to our flood. No one enjoyed this except Cricket, the hospital cat. The poor dear couldn't find the source of this delightful fishy odor, and not only that but his favorite hunting places were covered with nasty water. He spent most of the day sitting on the basement steps, sniffing the lovely odor, dodging booted feet and humming softly to himself.

We soon began to bail water in dead earnest. The domestic staff, being off duty in the afternoon, came down and we formed bucket brigades. The men tried pumping, but the pump frequently became clogged with debris and had to be taken apart and cleaned. Bailing was more efficient. It was dinner time before the water level got so low that we had to fill the big pans with small pans and coal shovels.

Dinner was wonderful. We were filthy and damp. There was fried chicken. We washed our hands and faces and went to the table as we were. Mattie had thoughtfully turned off the electric lights so that we could eat by candle light, which was more satisfactory in our disheveled condition.

When we went back after dinner the furnace pit again had



the usual eight inches of water in it. For the fourth time I helped to empty it. In the main basement the bucket brigade was dipping water in the vegetable room. Bucket after bucket was passed from hand to hand across the basement, the furnace room, and on up the stairs to be emptied in the outside drains. Two of the Wendover people had made the mistake of coming to the Hospital for dinner and the night. They seemed rather bewildered to find themselves in the bucket brigade. However, they were good sports and kept working right along. Poor Pete is too tall for the furnace room. She kept banging her head on the pipes. I suppose that after a time she got numb for she kept banging her head, ducking it and passing buckets.

We finally got to the deep hole in the far corner. Audrey and Gonnie got into it knee deep and dipped water into an ash can, while the rest dipped water out of the can and passed it down the line to the outside. When this puddle was emptied, water ceased to flow into the furnace pit. After a session in the living room over cups of steaming coffee, we took our creaking bodies to bed. Someone had kindly given us bubble bath for Christmas. It was badly needed this night. It removed the faint odor of cod liver oil which still clung to us.

Next day the creeks were still flooded and I couldn't get out on the district, so I helped Gonnie and the men again. The basement had to be cleaned. We moved things from here to there, scrubbed the floors and cupboards, rinsed the floor and walls with the hose, and, of course, dipped up the water and poured it down the outside drains. I suppose we should have used the bubble bath again for, in spite of all the soap and water scrubbing, the basement still has about it the faint aroma of cod liver oil.

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#### JUST JOKES—HUSBAND

Doctor (after examining patient): "I don't like the looks of your husband, Mrs. Larson."

Mrs. Larson: "Neither do I, doctor. But he's good to our children."

#### MOUNTAIN LAND

Old lady to Topsy: "I always think an acre of mountain land is better for a crop than a flat acre. It sets right on end, and you can tend both sides."





**ON THE WAY TO BULL CREEK**  
As ridden by Jane Sanders, R. N.



## A SAILOR REWRITES THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Through a Navy service paper, a sailor offers this version of a wartime marriage ceremony:

CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, John, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together insofar as the Bureau of Naval Personnel will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honor and keep her, take her to the movies, and come home on all 48's?"

MAN: "I will."

CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, Mary, take this sailor as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, ship schedules, restrictions, watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail conditions and various other problems of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him, love, honor, and wait for him, and learn to wash, fold, and press his uniforms?"

GIRL: "I will."

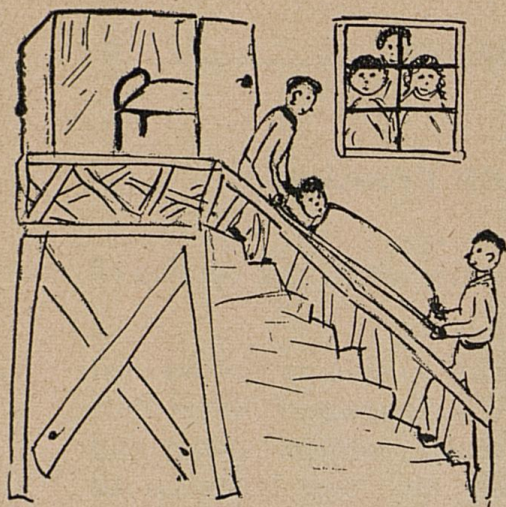
MAN: "I, John, take thee, Mary, as my wedded wife from 1700 to 0730 as far as permitted by my commanding officer, liberty hours subject to change without notice, for better or worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

GIRL: "I, Mary, take thee, John, as my wedded husband, subject to the orders of the Officer of the Deck, changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold as long as the allotment comes through regularly, and thereunto I give my troth."

CHAPLAIN: "Then let no man put asunder these whom God and the Bureau of Naval Personnel have brought together. By virtue of the authority in Naval Regulations, the Bureau of Personnel Manual, and the latest bulletins from the Bureau of Personnel concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife, by direction of the Commanding Officer."

—Contributed by Elisabeth Holmes, U.S.N.R. (N.C.)





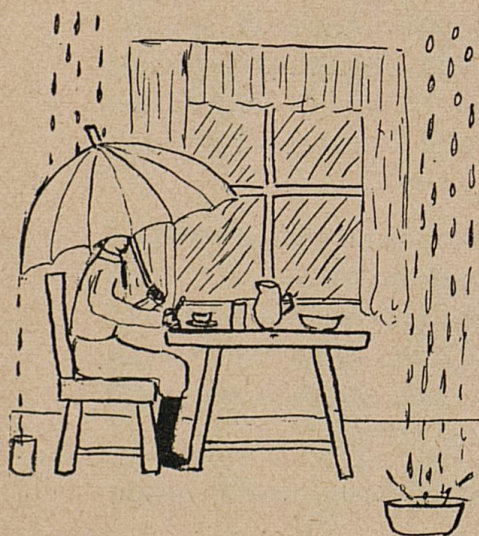
## URGENT NEEDS

### HOSPITAL

Outside Steps for Stretcher Cases, Lumber only (Carpentry was given by friends).....\$108.78

For details, see Field Notes

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Microscope with Mechanical Stage.....   | \$205.00 |
| Substage Lamp .....   | 3.20     |
| Baumanometer .....  | 31.05    |
| Bright-Line Haemacytometer .....  | 15.00    |
| 2 Doz. Stainless Steel Hemostats, straight @ \$4.20 ea.<br>((\$50.40 per doz.)..... | 100.80   |
| 2 Doz. Stainless Steel Hemostats, curved @ \$4.35 ea.<br>((\$52.00 per doz.).....   | 104.00   |
| 1 Vacuum Pump with Rubber Adaptors, Tubing and Tips.....                            | 12.63    |
| Woolen Mill Ends for Baby Blankets, 100 lbs.....                                    | 102.00   |
| Diapers, Diapers, Diapers, PLEASE!.....   | In Kind  |



### ROOF REPAIRS AND RENEWALS

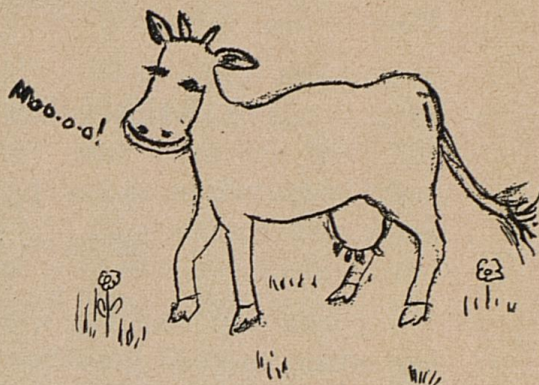
|   |          |
|---|----------|
| A Center Roof.....                          | \$ 99.04 |
| Cabin Roof at Clearing.....                 | 195.00   |
| Barn at Clearing.....                       | 75.95    |
| Large Chicken House for Grown Chickens..... | 169.32   |



## URGENT NEEDS

### COWS

|                          |          |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Susanne .....            | \$160.00 |
| Radiant Nancy .....      | 125.00   |
| Radiant Remus Queen..... | 125.00   |
| Remus Lilly .....        | 125.00   |
| 2 more Cows, each.....   | 125.00   |

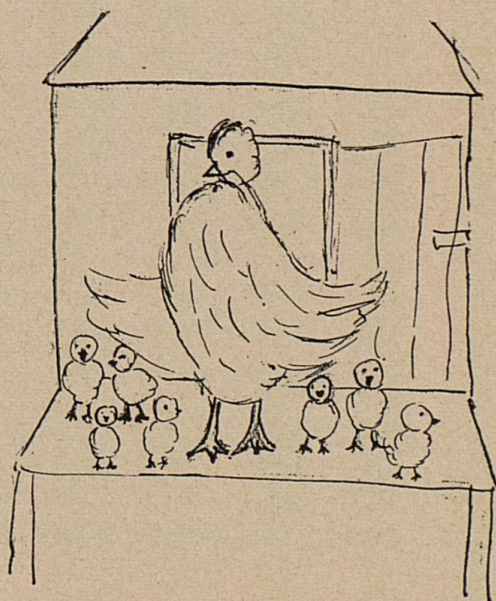


For the terrible story of why we need these cows, see Field Notes.

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| A new Mare, young, very good, named Maud.....                               | \$ 200.00 |
| (We have put 7 old horses to sleep during the past year)                    |           |
| Another Army Jeep like Jane (with 40% discount) about....                   | 500.00    |
| One Civilian Jeep for travel where practicable.....                         | 1,170.55  |
| One new Manure Bent with stone foundations.....                             | 127.06    |
| A Jeep Garage, on contract (labor only—lumber given by local friends) ..... | 100.00    |
| DDT—25% Emulsified Concentrate, and powder form for animals .....           | 89.51     |
| DDT Sprayer and Nozzle.....   | 9.75      |
| Floor and Labor for Cow Stalls.....   | 113.52    |
| 1,000 baby locust trees.....  | 2.50      |

### CHICKENS

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| 3 Semi-detached Villas, each with 4 self-contained Residential Flats, each ..... | \$ 66.00 |
| 1 large Chicken House with rat-proof Feed Room .....                             | 165.55   |
| Stone Steps in Chicken Lot, (labor) .....  | 11.67    |





## A MEMORABLE NIGHT RIDE

by

AMY POSTON

Secretary at Hyden Hospital

I was just deciding which of the twin beds in the gay red and white checked guestroom at the Confluence Nursing Center would afford the best view upon awakening the next morning, when downstairs Peter barked. Bertha Bloomer, the relief nurse-midwife, had told me she expected a call and had invited me to go along to see a home delivery. I would have been more delighted at that moment if my bones were not so weary from the twelve mile ride from Hyden earlier in the evening. A few minutes later we were dressed and on our horses. While we were saddling, Bertha had handed me her stethoscope. It wasn't until we had gone a half mile down the trail that I discovered I had dropped it. Bertha hurried on and I took the flashlight and rode back towards the center to find the stethoscope. By the time I had found it, I was a half hour behind Bertha and the man on the mule. After I had been riding discouragingly about half an hour alone over very rough and unknown territory, I saw a light coming and in a few minutes had caught up with the man on the mule. Bertha had sent him back to show me the way.

It describes the hazardous trail briefly and completely to say that the name of the place we were headed for was called Devil's Jump, off Hell-fer-Sartain Creek. Besides the trail to think about, and the horse always slipping, there was the stethoscope, now hanging around my neck. I was convinced that Bertha was having a terrible time without this valuable instrument, whatever it was used for, and couldn't possibly have a delivery without it. Trying to hurry was impossible, the trail was too narrow, and my horse, Captain Pat, being rather aged, was tired from his earlier trip and refused to rush.

At last we arrived and I hopped off the horse and ran up the hill to the cabin, called Bertha, and walked in—stethoscope still around my neck. Bertha wasn't there! She wasn't in the adjoining room, nor the kitchen, into all of which I looked before asking the woman rocking by the fireplace where the nurse was.



She just looked at me rather blankly. Then came the groans from the bed in the corner of the room—the familiar “Lordy, Lordy” that sent worse chills up my back than the trail had done. The woman sitting by the fire didn’t seem disturbed when I told her the nurse had half an hour’s start on me, her horse was faster, and many other reasons why she should be there. Finally I looked directly at her and said, “I’m only a secretary—we’ve got to find the nurse.”

I was the most helpless person. I couldn’t deliver a baby. Even more hopeless was the thought of going back over the mountain to look for Bertha, who either had lost her way, fallen from her horse, or was maybe lying some place with a broken leg. At last the man who had brought me there came in and said he would start back to find the nurse. That was relief for a minute only because the groans sounded louder and longer. I went over and looked down at the woman for the first time. I asked her how she felt, then remembered to asked a few questions I had heard the nurse-midwives ask patients in labor. The answers would have been satisfactory to them but to me they meant nothing. Oh, yes, in the movies they always boil water on these occasions and that’s what I did for awhile. At last I had exhausted all ideas except just one that had been coming further to the front of my head, but I must sit down and think about it. What did those “ten easy lessons” on the subject of delivering a baby I had typed time and again for the midwifery students say? Nothing would come to my mind of any value or consolation. Then suddenly, as I sat staring at the pan of boiling water, came this: “If your baby comes before the nurse gets there, make sure you wipe its eyes and mouth out, then wrap it up warmly and do nothing else until the nurse comes.” These were the very words I had overheard one of the midwifery instructors tell a patient who lived many miles away from the Hospital.

Everything was all right now, and I was all set for my first home delivery. Perhaps I was even a little disappointed when Bertha came rushing in, relieved beyond words. After she sent the man back to me, she had lost the way by taking the wrong turn on the trail. She had gone through more agony than I had, I am sure.



We ate breakfast and about 11 o'clock waved good-bye to the family with a new heir. What a memorable night: A laugh to all midwives, and an Aesop's Fable to all secretaries! When you are doing straight typing, pay a little attention to the words!

---

R. G. E.

A new desire to understand  
Took hold of me and drove my hand  
To prove my own identity  
By digging letters on a tree.

"The maple tree will bear my scar  
When I have grown and travelled far."  
I said it blithely as a boy.  
I carved the wood with eager joy,  
Gouging my three initials deep  
And deeper still, so they would keep.  
It was an impulse when alone  
To clarify the vague, half-known  
Surmise I had that I was part  
Of trees and knew them in my heart.  
It was believing that the tree  
Would be forever nearer me  
That made me cut away the bark  
And trench the maple with my mark.

Brutal the clod who feels no sting  
In injuring a perfect thing.  
The maple felt a primal shame  
To bear the imprint of my name.  
It only wanted sustenance.  
It felt no need of permanence,  
Because it knew the earth and stood  
All day in quiet brotherhood.  
But I was racked and torn. Hot pain  
Shot through and tingled in my brain  
And would not cease, because I knew  
Truth that hurt me through and through.  
Never can our human will  
Be calm and tree-like, free and still.

—Richard Eberhart



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Edith Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts—February 12, 1946**

I'm still working part time at the Massachusetts General Hospital in the photography department though not doing as much in the line of actual dark room work and picture taking as last year. The dark room business here at home has slipped for it is just so difficult to find materials, and I guess I got kind of stale last year spending so much time looking for stuff. Supposedly, I was going to teach riding at the riding school but as things have turned out it is more exercising horses for them which is fun too, but I hope in the better weather it will be some teaching too.

**From Mrs. Charles L. Stone (Dickie Chase), Huntington,  
Long Island, New York—February 13, 1946**

We are fortunate in having a house to live in until June. After that we don't know. We are beating the bushes trying to find a place and have hopes of success but there is almost nothing to be had at all no matter what rent you want to pay. Maybe we'd better all come out and be couriers and live on the Upper Shelf! How young do you take them? I still hope for a re-visit to the Red Bird and the Middle Fork.

**From Harriet Louise Taylor (Weezie), New York,  
New York—February 23, 1946**

Last September I left my drafting job at Gibbs & Cox for I felt a change would do me good after three and one-half years working there. However, I felt badly leaving for I had made a good many friends. Now I am with W. T. Grant Company, the chain store, working in their architectural drafting department. It's a fine job, nice people, and I am learning a lot. I am still in New York and enjoying it but I yearn for a visit to the F. N. S.

Betsy Parsons Warner sent me a good long letter the other day from Boston. As you know her literary business is going at a fine rate and I hope it will bring her to New York in the near future and to visit me.



It must be great having Betty Lester back after all these long war years. She must have so much to tell and for her, after all she has been through, it must seem like a dream really being at Wendover again. I hope she has some first-hand news of Mac and our other scattered F. N. S. friends.

**From Mrs. Richard B. Earle (Nancy Cadwalader), Putney  
Vermont—March 6, 1946**

Rink (*my husband*) and I have been here at the Putney School for a year and a half. He is teaching General Science and has charge of athletics and the work program. I have charge of the girls' athletics. We have had a lot of fun, especially in the winters as that is ski time. Right now we are watching the rain wash away the snow and it is a mournful sight. Both this year and last the warm weather has come exceptionally early. It not only plays havoc with the skiing, but also with the maple sugar industry.

The school has a large barn here, dairy cattle and riding horses. At the moment we are lacking a riding instructor and general stable superintendent. The work is really a good deal like what the couriers do—the caring for the horses part—with some teaching thrown in. It just occurred to me that perhaps there might be an ex-courier in this part of the country who would like a job and that, if so, you might know of her. I would do the work, except that I am already tied up with other things and the horse-barn is a time-consuming job.

We really have a wonderful set-up here—a house of our own about a mile and a half from school and up on a high hill. The view is magnificent, but also the driving is terrible during the present mud season. Parts of this country remind of Kentucky—the same kind of dirt roads meandering through woods and narrow valleys. In the spring the wild flowers are more abundant than anywhere I have ever been. The roads are lined with them and all kinds. It is really beautiful.

**From Mrs. Joseph Frank Knowles, Jr. (Miggy Noyes),  
Intervale, New Hampshire—April 4, 1946**

Joe returned last December and has been back at work in his Boston law firm for a couple of months now, commuting to



see me, and Tim and Emily, our funny little children, on weekends. This frantic program is soon to change for we have bought a house in Wellesley.

Perhaps now that I'm going to live nearer Boston I'll be able to see some of the F. N. S. people. New Hampshire really is an awful long way from the world and its doings. It is a good place to wait for a husband in though, and a wonderful place for children to spend their first few years.

. . . . .

**From Jo Neilson, New York, New York—April 13, 1946**

It's spring here too! I've had a very lovely winter—quite a contrast to last! (*Joe was overseas with the Red Cross.*) I found a very congenial girl who works in Educational Films to share an apartment with, and what's more I found an apartment, with big windows on the ground floor looking out on the back, where every house has a nicely kept-up garden, now bursting into bloom. It's in a block of houses called Turtle Bay and you'd never suspect it of being right in the middle of New York.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser (Ann Danson),  
Glendale, Ohio—April 24, 1946**

I was so excited to learn that Betty Lester was returning and I know you all were thrilled too. Please give her my fondest love. I have just made up my mind that, when Rickey is about three or four years old, I shall take a vacation by myself at Wendover. If I hadn't had a husband and family I certainly would have been there this Christmas to help out.

Mary Lib Rogan Calloway will be up here in about a month. She and Joe have been having quite a time getting their old house near Selma, Alabama, in shape and have been doing the majority of the work themselves. From all I hear Joe can do most anything from painting to plumbing.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Duncan Van Norden (Becky Crane)  
New York, New York—April 30, 1946**

How nice that some of the English nurses are coming back. Have you heard anything of Margaret Watson lately? She was always a special friend of mine.



I would so love to have you see the children. They are getting so grown-up now. Alice will be in the fourth grade at school next year! She and Lela (*her eight-year-old sister in case you don't remember*) are going to camp this summer. My little Susan is now four and the cutest thing—at least so her Mummy thinks.

How I wish I could get down to see you all one day. I don't suppose I would recognize the place, so many changes have been made since I was at Wendover. I will never forget the privilege I had—that of being an F. N. S. courier.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Lulu Ireland),  
Chagrin Falls, Ohio—April 30, 1946**

My address is River Road, Chagrin Falls, Ohio. All goes well with us. The children really are a handful these days! Bud and I are going to the Kentucky Derby. How I wish we could fit in a visit to Wendover—but we can't now. Saw Mardie Bole Webster the other night and she is fine. Her husband is in St. Louis but they can't find a place to live there.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Joseph Thompson Calloway (Mary Lib Rogan),  
Selma, Alabama—April 30, 1946**

Joe and I have been working hard since January in an attempt to make our house livable. We've been painting, scrubbing and carpentering steadily and, though I think we've accomplished a great deal, it's still far from complete and we won't have either electricity or running water until the end of June. We're planning to move in, however, whether or no as soon as my furniture and things arrive from Cincinnati, which will be in another ten days or so. It's going to be thoroughly inconvenient for awhile but I've done it before so I'm sure that for a temporary thing I can easily do it again. We're very fortunate, however, in having found a grand colored couple who once lived on the place and couldn't stand living in the city any longer, so they've moved out with us. I'm sure they will be invaluable to two neophytes such as we as far as a cattle "ranch" is concerned.



## ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Mary Bulkley of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, to Lieutenant Commander William Wallace Wotherspoon, United States Naval Reserve of Washington, D. C. Commander Wotherspoon is the son of Captain Alexander S. Wotherspoon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wotherspoon. For the past two years he has served in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations. Right now he is stationed in Washington, and Mary is a student at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York. Mary was an outstanding courier and endeared herself to all of us in the F. N. S. We heartily congratulate Commander Wotherspoon.

## WEDDINGS

Miss Janet Hunter Chafee and Lieutenant Robert Allerton Cushman of the United States Naval Reserve, on Saturday, the thirteenth of April, 1946, in Providence, Rhode Island. A thousand good wishes to Jan and lucky Lieutenant Cushman for all kinds of happiness.

## BABIES

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Mercer Carter Blanchard (*Betsy Pagon*) in Baltimore, Maryland, a daughter, Elizabeth Dorsey, on January 25, 1946. Her grandmother writes:

"A future courier for you and a constant joy to us all."

## BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Belatedly we have learned that **Jane Blankenhorn** is now Mrs. James B. Schieve and a Doctor of Medicine. Her husband is also a Doctor of Medicine and is now on active duty with the Army. Jane has just finished an appointment as assistant resident in the Department of Pathology at Emory Medical College, Atlanta, Georgia. Very soon she will be looking for a job in some other department of pathology.

**Kitty Troxel** is now in Yokahama as a Staff Assistant with the Red Cross. She arrived there about the first of February, flying from Manila. Last fall, she took her training in Washington, and various camps around there, sailing just before Christmas. She is perfectly thrilled about the work and the wonderful experiences she is having.



## A NEW RESEARCH PROJECT THE EFFECT OF THIAMIN ON INTELLIGENCE

by

ELLA WOODYARD, Ph. D.

Research Director, Frontier Nursing Service

The Frontier Nursing Service has been chosen to assist in a long-time study of the effect of added thiamin in the diet of pregnant women upon the intelligence of their offspring. It is a major piece of work requiring many months, running into several years, to complete. It is a matter of great interest to us and we are happy to be able to put the resources of our organization into so important a study.

Dr. Ruth Harrell of Norfolk, Virginia, is the Director of the main project and I am in charge of the study in our territory. Dr. Harrell has been working for several years in the general topic of the relation between mental work and nutrition. In the investigation by which she earned her doctorate at Teachers College, Columbia University in 1942, she found, from their work in mental and physical learning, that half the children in the Presbyterian Orphans Home at Lynchburg, Virginia, who received extra thiamin each day for a period of six weeks, improved about twenty-five percent more than their paired schoolmates who received a similar looking and tasting pellet that did not contain thiamin.

Later, thanks to splendid cooperation of the same Orphanage, a two year long experiment carried much further the results of the earlier study. In both of these studies by Dr. Harrell, I cooperated as a member of the Institute of Educational Research at Teachers College.

Exploratory work in the last few years has led Dr. Harrell to the conclusion that a diet plentiful in thiamin conduces to the proper development of the nervous system of a child before birth and during the period of breast feeding. Many experiments suggested by her have been made with laboratory animals such as hamsters and white rats. The Animal Psychology Departments at Harvard and Columbia Universities have carried



through a share of these studies, all of which have supported her conclusions.

The remaining fact to be determined is whether the same observations can be truly predicated concerning the human mother and her child. Two populations are being studied. A hospital and clinic at Norfolk, Virginia, caring yearly for about four hundred deliveries, and the Frontier Nursing Service, caring for the health work in about seven hundred square miles of area and having about the same number of maternity cases annually as the Norfolk hospital, are in process of being studied, there being an experimental and a control group in each area. Naturally, since the intelligence of the children is difficult to measure until they have passed out of early babyhood, it will be some years before conclusions can be reached.

Little can be said at this time concerning the method or techniques used. The care being exercised however may be suggested by saying that at the present time, and in fact until the collection of the data is finished, no one in our area is or will be informed which women are experimental and which are control subjects. All the women who register in midwifery with us are asked to take a mild-tasting pellet daily, marking on a provided calendar day by day when the globule is taken. No one of course is compelled to participate, but the selling power of our nurse-midwives is phenomenal and to date the number of refusals to cooperate is negligible. That single fact is an excellent yardstick for measuring the confidence and esteem the Service has won for itself among our people.

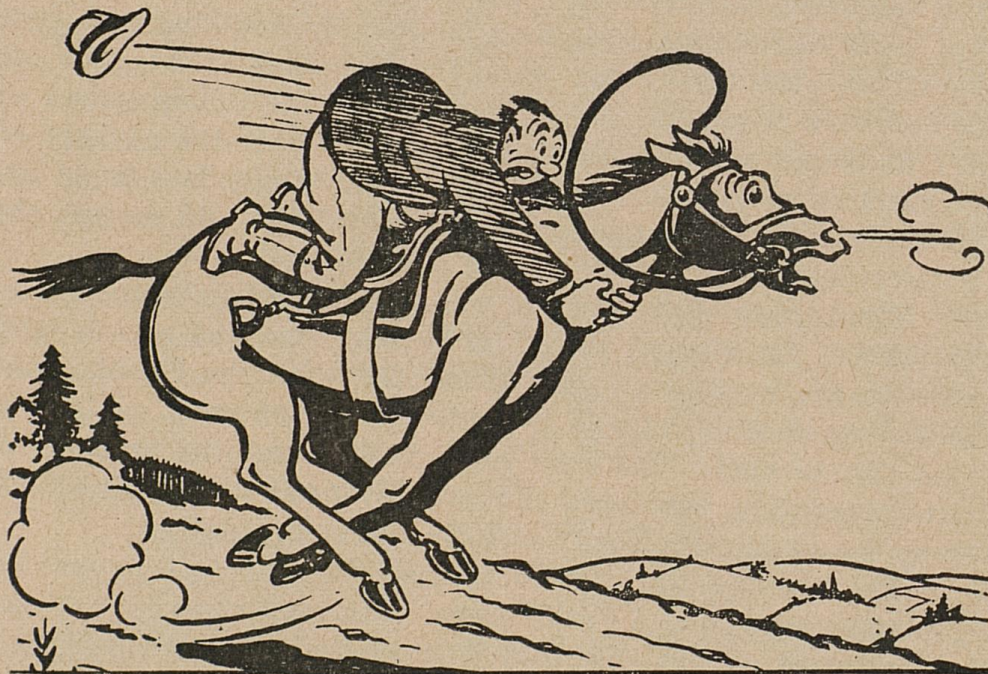
The burden of the work of course falls largely on the nurse-midwives. Dr. Harrell visited us in November and was delighted with the mountains, with Wendover, with the Hospital and Midwifery School, as well as with the one out-post center she was able to visit. She went home happy over the prospect of our cooperation, convinced that whatever the nurses undertook to do would be performed carefully and competently.

The Frontier Nursing Service has always been a pioneer organization as well as a Frontier one. It is pleased to have earned a reputation so enviable that it is invited to participate in a study of which the aims and purposes are far-reaching. If the final results do not support Dr. Harrell's thesis no one will be the



worse for it: but if they do prove her contention, the way will be opened for a degree of improvement of intelligence through a better developed "nerve constitution" in the next and ensuing generations.

To scientists in general, it may be noted, the study as a whole is indicative of newer trends in psychological research. Each new science develops by breaking away on a new tangent from an older discipline. Later, its initial exploratory force largely spent, it either tends to settle into a static body of facts, formulas and laws, or it breaks through the boundary line between itself and some other science with a different body of facts, different techniques of investigation, and different outcomes for human betterment. Dr. Harrell's study in which we are cooperating is one of the early attempts to bring psychology, nutrition and chemistry into a single investigation of one aspect of human welfare. Success to it!



"You don't need to be in such a rush. I'm paying by the hour."

Courier-Journal July 12, 1945



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Lord, lift us out of private-mindedness and give us public soul to work for Thy kingdom, by daily creating that atmosphere of a happy temper and generous heart which alone can bring the Great Peace.

—John Hacket (1592-1670),  
Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, England

If we, all of us, prayed in the spirit of this old prayer, we would develop the happy tempers and the generous hearts which alone can insure the world's peace. The fret of daily cares, heavier now in many ways than they were during the war, can be transmuted through divine alchemy into a gold more precious than all the bullion buried here in Kentucky. Talmadge put this crudely but accurately when he said: "A woman prayed for patience, and God sent her a green cook." The woman wanted patience wafted to her on the wings of a dove, but she could only get it through incompetency in her kitchen and its call for hourly patience.

Then there is the overcrowding all over America — all over the world. This reminds me of something my Grandmother Breckinridge said long ago, when she was on a visit in New York and went to see a bride in the family who had just moved into a tiny apartment. My Grandmother Breckinridge was raised in Central Kentucky where even the small houses had big rooms. She passed slowly through the tiny hallway, the miniature living room, the wee bedroom and bath, and finally came to the maid's cubicle. My Grandmother Breckinridge shook her head slowly and said: "She will never get into a smaller place until she lies in her coffin."

Finally, there are the great fears with which the human heart is riddled today; fears that we shall not get food to the starving world in time (and if these fears spur us on to action, then God speed them); fears that we are not assuming our part in world responsibility (and may God keep these fears from holding us back); fears that a third world war is abreeding (and God send that our failures do not bring it to pass); fears of the atomic bomb.

In the January 9, 1946, issue of *The Christian News-Letter*,



20 Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, London, N. W. 1, we read a paragraph that should steady those of us who follow Christianity:

The Christian attitude is not a withdrawal from the world and its concerns; for Christians the world is God's creation and the sphere in which his will has to be fulfilled. The Christian attitude is equally far removed, on the other hand, from an uncritical and optimistic belief in the inevitability of progress and in man's capacity to create the world he wants. Many Christians have in prosperous days capitulated to this belief, but the faith itself is too deeply aware of the warp in human nature not to know that every achievement brings with it new dangers and contains potentialities of evil as well as of good. Christianity seeks to hold in continual tension time and eternity. Its hopes are not fixed on this world. Yet just for this reason, and because it believes that God has a purpose for man's temporal life, it has shown in the past, and may yet show in the future, the power to set in motion a boundless impulse to *activity* on earth. Man is, in a sense, the saviour of creation. Christians must accept and discharge that responsibility. We have no right to lose our nerve. Even though we know that it is not in our power to avert catastrophe, we have our task to perform in faithfulness and confidence. It is worth remembering that the foundations of Christendom were laid by men who were convinced that the world would not last.

In the *Acts of the Apostles* Christianity is spoken of as a Way. Over three hundred years ago Francis Quarles wrote in his *Emblems* something it would help us to use now in our devotions:

. . . thou art my Way  
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

Our readers know of the admiration we had of the work during the war of Stopover Stations, Inc., in Lexington, Kentucky. This unique wartime enterprise closed its stations for white and colored personnel this winter. From an article by Joe Jordan in the *Lexington Herald* we quote a few paragraphs on the work carried by so many of our friends.

The station was open 24 hours a day, and served three meals a day besides between-meal sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee. It provided 200 clean beds for the overnight accommodations of service men visiting Lexington or making train or bus connections here. Everything was free. No guest ever paid a penny for anything. Women volunteers carried on most of the daytime activities. At least two veterans were on duty all night, each night, and usually their wives stood the watches with them.

Many citizens donated money and supplies to the enter-



prise, which took about \$2,500 a month in cash to operate. Only four paid employees were used; all the other work was done by volunteers. For example, 278 young women acted as junior hostesses, talked to the often lonely service men who gathered at the station and were their partners at dances given in hotel ballrooms which sometimes were attended by several hundred people.

Such statistics as are available are nearly all gross underestimates. It is known that the beds were used more than 100,000 times, and that more than 450,000 meals were served.

Besides food and lodging, the comfort of having a place to lounge and read or talk to the junior hostesses, the station arranged tours of Lexington and the famous horse farms and historic points hereabouts for special parties from Nichols General Hospital and the Bowman Field Hospital, and Darnall General Hospital, Boyle County. Countless individuals also took soldiers, sailors, Marines and merchant seamen on tours in their private automobiles. One individual took four to seven service men on a tour in her car every Sunday over the years, and managed this during gas rationing by keeping her car in the garage all the other six days of the week.

One of our trustees in England wrote us in April a letter in which he said so many kind things about Americans that we quote a paragraph from it. All of our readers who had sons in the Old Country during the war, or who entertained the British airmen and sailors over here, will read this paragraph in humble thankfulness.

I think sometimes that people on your side do not realize how deeply grateful an enormous number of English folk are for the innumerable kindnesses shown to them during the last seven years. Hardly a home in the East End has not seen some tangible sign of good will and those whose sons have been to your country during the war, either as airmen or sailors, are enthusiastic about the hospitality shown to them. The American troops have also made many friends on this side and got themselves a very good reputation both in London and the countryside. Of course there were bound to be exceptions but, in the opinion of those best able to judge, the percentage of those who did not play the game was very small indeed.

We have a letter from the Superintendent of the Nursing Service of the Department of Public Health and Welfare of Newfoundland (subscribers to the Quarterly Bulletin over a period of many years) in which she has written:

The difficulties encountered by our nurses in Outposts are of a different nature, and yet very kin to those of your service. We admire your Nurses, and the work they are doing, very much.

The isolation problem is no small factor in the lives of



these nurses as with our own isolated Outpost Nurses. To this we have added various transportation difficulties such as Dog Team, Motor Boats, Snow Shoes and sometimes Skiis, Motor Car or Horse and Sled. Horseback riding has not been indulged in very much as, in the more isolated Sea Villages, feeding is quite a problem and Dog Teams are used.

I have just mentioned a few difficulties to show you that we do understand what splendid work your service is doing, and we admire your nurses very much. We wish you continued success.

A wedding of profound interest to us in the Frontier Nursing Service took place at Pebble Hill Plantation, Thomasville, Georgia, when Miss Elisabeth Ireland was married to Mr. Parker Barrington Poe. The Ireland family have been devoted friends of the Frontier Nursing Service for years. They have furnished us two trustees and one of our best couriers, and hospitality and kindness beyond measure. We wish a long life of happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Poe.

Another wedding of vital interest to us will take place at "Airdrie" in Woodford County on May 29th when Miss Sarah Fullerton Carter is married to Mr. Allen Stanfill. The bride is a young cousin of your editor, and has served on the Blue Grass Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service since she grew out of childhood. She has helped the Frontier Nursing Service in countless ways. Her mother, Mrs. William C. Goodloe, is a member of our Executive Committee and is one of the original incorporators of the Frontier Nursing Service. The groom is only lately back from his service overseas. We wish the young couple all happiness during the years to come.

Our readers know how grateful we are for the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who present the story of its work to groups of people from time to time. Mrs. H. A. Biggerstaff, daughter of our trustee Judge L. D. Lewis, spoke on March 27th to the Berea, Kentucky Chapter of the D.A.R. Her talk was enthusiastically received.

Our Eva Gilbert, instructor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, spoke at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd of Syracuse University while she was on her holiday in March. We sent her colored slides to use with her talk. She and Mar-



garet Field of our Hospital staff were enthusiastically received and entertained by the Syracuse nurses. Miss Marie E. Hudson, Director of the Nursing Service, wrote of the pleasure all the staff took in the visit of our two people.

### TOWN AND TRAIN

It always puzzles your editor when to drop the editorial "we." As I am an amateur editor only and not a real one, I never feel at home in the "we" and am always slipping into the "I." When it comes to describing my trips beyond the mountains, then the "we" has to go overboard, since it is the "I" who catches trains and attends meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, May 7th, I went down to Lexington and caught a train for Washington. Marion Shouse Lewis met the train, and drove me out to the Sulgrave Club which had kindly consented to put me up. The first thing that I did was to go with our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Groner, to a good hairdresser and manicurist. My hair is cut by our cow man at Wendover. He has the long, slim fingers that go with a good milker, a musician, an artist, a surgeon, and a barber. However, I do like to get a regular haircut upon arrival in the Nation's Capital.

After the hairdresser and manicurist had transformed me I went with Mrs. Groner to a tea for the men and women on the Board of Columbia Hospital. This was at the home of Mrs. Levi Cooke, and her candytuft was in full bloom and was a dream.

That night Marion gave me a dinner where I saw so many of the dear people, mostly in the younger group, who had been working for the Washington Benefit. Among them was Anne Carter Greene, lately back from India. Mrs. Groner, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Davidge and I represented the older generation.

On Tuesday the ninth we had our John Mason Brown Benefit at the Mayflower, according to the F.N.S. Washington Committee tradition. In advance of the Benefit Mrs. Groner gave me a delightful luncheon at the Sulgrave Club where I met a number of the older friends who had been working for the Benefit. The publicity that these people handle is stupendous. I was given a sheaf of newspaper cuttings, many of them



illustrated, and on Monday night I listened to one of the many radio talks preceding the Benefit put over through the energy of Marion Shouse Lewis. She, by the way, has one of the best radio voices I ever heard.

The Benefit Tuesday was well attended and John Mason Brown was at his best. Mrs. Truman honored us by her presence in one of the boxes with several of her friends. Mrs. Byrnes and Mrs. Vinson were in Mrs. Groner's box.

Just before I went to the platform with Mrs. Groner to introduce John Mason Brown, I was handed a slip of paper asking if I would announce the big meeting at Constitution Hall the following Tuesday night in behalf of food for the starving peoples of the world. It gave me an opportunity for which I had been praying, and I threw all of my heart into an appeal with the announcement. I begged that we would ask our Government to take the food at its source and ship it—all of everything that was needed, even if it was more than half of our grain and fats.

After that, before introducing the speaker, I was given fifteen minutes to run through some colored slides and make a brief report on the Frontier Nursing Service.

That same night Marguerite Woolley and I dined with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle Bolton-Smith. On Wednesday, after lunching with our courier Mrs. Samuel Neel (Mary Wilson) and seeing her adorable babies, I took a train for Baltimore with my case of slides. My two dear friends, Mrs. John Bergland and Mrs. William McMillan, met the train in Mrs. Bergland's car and we went out to the Johns Hopkins University Club where Miss Anna D. Wolf gave me a dinner. Besides Dr. and Mrs. Bergland and Mrs. McMillan, Miss Wolf had invited Dr. and Mrs. Eastman and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Pagon. After a delightful time we drove to the big auditorium in the nurses' quarters at The Hopkins. Dr. Bergland introduced me. I showed a number of colored slides as I spoke on the F.N.S. Then Miss Wolf had everybody, including a number of Baltimore friends, couriers and nurses, to an informal reception to meet me. The Berglands took me back to a late train for Washington so that I would be ready for another busy day there on Thursday.



It was a busy day, but a luncheon with our trustee, Mr. Robert Woolley, at the University Club, broke the hours delightfully. Tea in the late afternoon with another trustee, Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, her husband and her three charming little girls (Mary, Ann, and Jane) gave an hour's blessed relaxation.

Friday morning, May 12th, I spoke to the Board of the Columbia Hospital, after Colonel McDermid had shown me over the Hospital. I have a special affection for this Hospital because my nephew, Jim Breckinridge, a Marine Lieutenant in China, was born there nearly twenty-two years ago, and I was present at his birth. Mrs. Cooke took me to the Hospital in her car. It was a pleasure to tell her, and the other members of the Board, of how much I admire the nurses who run the Columbia Hospital and its departments. I liked the "tone" there twenty-two years ago, and it is good to find the atmosphere still so fine and the care of the patients so good.

Colonel McDermid drove me to the Capitol building where I was the guest, in a private dining room, of Mrs. Chester C. Bolton at a luncheon she gave in honor of two distinguished British nurses, Miss F. G. Goodall and Mrs. B. A. Bennett, who are in America under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. Many of the leading American nurses in Washington attended this luncheon, and it was a joy to meet and talk with several of them. I sat by Miss Edith Hayden, Superintendent of nurses of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and I gasped to think of what it meant to care for over 6,000 mental cases. Next her was that delightful Mrs. Harold Burton, wife of the Justice. Conversation with her was a pure joy to one who had long deeply admired her husband.

The other guests at Mrs. Bolton's luncheon, all from Washington, D. C., were the following:

Miss Gwen Andrew, Acting Director Nursing Service, Veterans Administration

Miss Gertrude S. Banfield, Director Nursing Enrollment (Red Cross)

Miss Edith Beattie, Executive Secretary, D. C. Graduate Nurses Col. Florence A. Blanchfield, Army Nurse Corps

Miss Gertrude Bowling, Chief Nurse, Visiting Nurses Association

Miss Catherine Cary, Chief Nurse, Doctors Hospital



Mrs. Dorothy W. Conrad, Act. Adminis., Nursing Service (Red Cross)  
Mrs. Clarence Hancock (wife of Congressman Hancock)  
Miss Ruth Heintzelman, Chief Nurse, Civil Service Commission  
Miss Jean Henderson, Public Health Service  
Mrs. Leroy Johnson (wife of Congressman Johnson)  
Mrs. Carol Krum, Chief of Public Relations Service, Division of Nursing, Public Health  
Mrs. Emery S. Land (wife of Admiral Land)  
Miss Pearl McIver, Public Health  
Miss Selby Patton, Chief Nurse, Garfield Hospital  
Miss Minnie E. Pohe, Public Health Service  
Miss Beatrice Ritter, Chief Nurse, Gallinger Hospital  
Miss Mary Switzer, Asst. to Administrator, Federal Security Agency  
Miss Ruth Taylor, Chief Nurse, Children's Bureau, Dept. of Labor  
Mrs. Ruth Woods, Chief Nurse, Emergency Hospital

There was just time, when I returned to the Sulgrave Club, to close my bags and see a few friends who came to bid me goodbye. They took me to the station where I caught the train for Wilmington. Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain and our courier, Fanny, met my train at the Wilmington Station. Since there were no porters Fanny took over the problem of bags and slides. We drove through the clear night air to the McIlvain's lovely country place at Downingtown in Pennsylvania where so many of us in the Frontier Nursing Service have so often found help and peace. I needed both in the active week-end I had ahead of me. We went to Philadelphia Saturday morning where I had the pleasure of first meeting Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas, and of seeing one or two old friends. During the afternoon I reveled in the country peace of Smoky Ridge Farm. The evening was given over to the family (the young Gibson McIlvains and their lovely children) and Mrs. Gibson McIlvain who came to dinner and bridge.

Sunday morning we all went to early Communion at old St. James Church in Downingtown, and then followed a quiet day. In the late afternoon we drove over to Pottstown to that wonderful Hill School where it is a joy to me always to speak. I am particularly fond of this large audience of boys, and more grateful for the generous reception they always give me than I can begin to express. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell were away to



welcome two sons who were returning almost at once—the one from the Atlantic and the other from the Pacific theatres of war. The Dean and his wife, and members of the staff, made us most welcome at dinner and throughout the evening when I spoke and showed our slides.

On Monday, April 15th, we had a meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Committee, in the lovely music room of Mrs. Harry S. Drinker in Merion, Pennsylvania. Again I showed our colored slides as I spoke. After the formal part of the meeting it was a delight to be welcomed by so many old friends and some of our couriers. We lingered on with Mrs. Drinker, her mother, Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson, and her husband as long as we dared. We had to have dinner at a Club in town in time for me to catch a train for Washington.

I spent that night at Marion and Reeve Lewis' place in Washington. The young people were on the Cape for the weekend, but Mrs. Lewis gave me unbounded hospitality. The next morning our courier, Mary Wilson Neel, came by for me in her car and drove me to "Flagstop" in the Shenandoah Valley. We lunched with my sister, Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge, and then Mary Neel had to go back to Washington. I stayed on at "Flagstop" that afternoon and night and saw again many members of Dorothy's family (who seem like my family) and several old neighborhood friends. I was particularly enchanted to meet some of the grandchildren, and found them delectable.

The next morning, Wednesday the seventeenth, Dorothy Breckinridge and I started in her car back on the two-day drive to Kentucky. We could not resist turning off on byways to visit the old Breckinridge place of "Grove Hill," and the old Preston place of "Greenfield." In spite of these detours, we reached the Hyden Hospital in time for tea on Thursday, April 18th. It was good to be back in my own dear crowd. We transferred from Dorothy's car to the jeep, and so to Wendover and our own beds that night. Town and Train were done with. One listened to the whippoorwill in the dusk, and at dawn, "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds."



## FIELD NOTES

We recognize our good fortune in securing the services of Dr. Howard M. Freas in late April of this year to be our Medical Director until May 1947. Dr. Freas trained for medical missionary work in the following institutions. He attended the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania and took his hospital internship at Mercer Hospital in Trenton, New Jersey, and Lankenau, Philadelphia. He holds a diploma in Tropical Medicine from Brussels, Belgium, and a D.P.H. from Yale University. He has been with the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society in the Belgian Congo. He is fifty-one years old and has a charming wife who, many years ago, worked at the Wooton Presbyterian Settlement in Leslie County. He drives a car and rides horseback. Dr. Freas was invalided home by airplane from the Belgian Congo two years ago, and will not be allowed to return to that tropical climate for another year. Hence, our good fortune in having him.

Like all medical missionaries, Dr. Freas has been accustomed to handling all branches of medical services. He is a surgeon, an obstetrician, a pediatrician, and a general medical man. Such a person is essential in work like ours where we handle more than 8,000 patients a year on the districts and in our Hospital, and where there is no other doctor but our own. The trend towards specialization is getting more and more marked in the medical profession, while at the same time in the great universities, like Harvard, Yale and Princeton, the trend in general education is the other way. Until the medical profession recognizes that a broad general training and experience are both essential to a young physician before he takes up a specialty, we in the rural areas are going to suffer from a continued shortage of medical care. It is hard to imagine a more valuable experience for any physician than that provided by the Frontier Nursing Service. Dr. Freas says that he has had more emergencies (of every kind and description) in the few weeks he has been with us than in any six months in the Belgian Congo. The average American doctor in private practice would not have so wide an experience in years. Nevertheless, for the



sake of our work, we should not take on as Medical Director a young man or woman who has only just qualified. When the happy day comes in which we can enlarge our Hospital plant and see our way through financially, we will keep an assistant to the Medical Director, and lucky, in our opinion, would be the young doctor who qualified for such a post.

Before we drop this subject we want to say one thing more. In our opinion, if the trend in the medical profession towards **early** specialization continues, then soon the layman will have to make his own diagnosis. He won't know what doctor to call in until he knows what is the matter with him.

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We had a dinner meeting of the members of the Hyden Committee at the Hospital on Saturday night, April 27th, at which we welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas and bade a sad goodbye to Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters. Several members of the Committee, men and women alike, gave testimonies to what Dr. Waters had meant to them as physician, surgeon, and friend during his stay with the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Waters was remembered too in these expressions of thankfulness, as were the three children. We did not think only of ourselves in this hard parting, but we thought of them, and the separation that lies so soon ahead between parents and children. We thought also of the conditions with which Dr. and Mrs. Waters will be faced when they return to Iloilo this summer. To have had a thriving and beautiful hospital, and family quarters ample for all needs, and then to have all of that shattered and to be thrown into a concentration camp for years—that is the sort of thing that only the medical missionary and his family can take with serenity of mind and with no feeling of enmity or even of frustration in their hearts.

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On their last Sunday afternoon, members of the Hyden Committee called on Dr. and Mrs. Waters for a final goodbye, and presented them with a where-with-all to buy a piece of equipment for their hospital at Iloilo. Members of this same wonderful Committee called on Dr. and Mrs. Freas on Monday night, with gifts of food of all kinds as a welcome to Joy House.



We owe a deep debt of gratitude again this year to Dr. Francis Massie for coming to our Hyden Hospital for one of his annual surgical clinics. He arrived with his assistant, Dr. Eugene Dodd, and two of his nurses, Miss Louise Griggs and Mrs. Anne Graham Makley, on Wednesday, April 17th, and worked through until Saturday afternoon. Dr. Waters had lined up a large variety of surgical cases, running from gall bladders (several) to varicose veins. All of these patients were relieved of their disabilities and all have made satisfactory recoveries.

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Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Begley of the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, who stand by us through so many emergencies, sent a roast up to the Hospital during the surgical clinic "to help out."

Mr. Begley has just done another kind thing for the Hospital. Our readers will have noted in Urgent Needs that we had to buy lumber to replace the broad flight of steps outside the Hospital which we use for stretcher cases, and which we could also use to evacuate patients in case of a fire. These steps were bashed in by a truck. Our readers will also have noted that, in replacing them, we have put nothing down for carpenter expenses. The reason is that Mr. J. D. Begley gave the services of two of his school carpenters. We have put concrete posts under the new steps.

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Hyden isn't the only Committee from which we receive many generous kindnesses. Members of all of our local Committees are always doing nice things for the nurses. For example, at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus on Bull Skin, the nurses were without a maid for several weeks this winter. That meant that two terrifically busy nurses had a cow to milk, coal and kindling to get in, lamps to fill, a clinic to clean, besides providing their own food and cooking it. During this period, now happily ended, Mrs. Perle Martin (Mary) came up to the Center, and said to the nurses, "Here are my two hands. What can I do for you?" She immediately set to work, cleaned up the house and, during the whole period that the Center was



maidless, she came several times a week and gave her services wherever the nurses needed them most.

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From the Division of Forestry of the Commonwealth of Kentucky at Frankfort, we have bought 1,000 baby locust trees and planted them a foot apart in a nursery placed above the barn at the Hyden Hospital. Every single baby tree appears to be alive and thriving, and all have come into leaf this spring. In a couple of years we will transplant half of them to other sites. In some ten to fifteen years we will not only have an abundance of locust posts for our fences, but plenty of locusts left in the plantations to hold down eroded and sliding land, and to furnish a breeding ground for more locust posts.

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We had a conference at Wendover awhile back with our County Judge, Elmer Begley, and Mr. George Bentley of the Fiscal Court, about black-surfacing the road from Hyden up to the Hyden Hospital. We expect this work to go forward this summer, and we hope that, later, we can get a through road so that there need only be one-way traffic on the Hospital mountain. These gentlemen also said they hoped to be able to get funds to build a road down Hurricane Creek. This is terribly needed and was surveyed years ago, but nothing came of it. Such a project would provide an outlet for all of the Hurricane, Camp Creek and Middle Fork people (above Wendover) without a crossing of the river.

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A bit of Leslie County news worthy of Ripley is that we have now in Mr. J. L. Dixon (92), probably the oldest County Attorney in America. He is in his office at the Court House every week day. In Judge Elmer Begley (31) we probably have one of the youngest County Judges in America.

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Your editor and director has one of the most remarkable cats in America or, indeed, anywhere in the world. You have read at various times of Pitty Pat, named for the old maiden lady in *Gone with the Wind*, which dates her. She has one



kitten every two years, in the spring, and they are always written up in the Quarterly Bulletin. Pitty is just a little black she-cat, but she is a personality, and she has a remarkable maternity record. In the spring of 1942 she gave birth to Sesqui-Centennial; in the spring of 1944 she gave birth to Baba (named for Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, for Baba-au-Rhum, as well as Baa-baa Black Sheep); on Monday, April 29th, 1946 Pitty Pat gave birth to a sturdy spotted kitten to whom we have as yet given no name. Do any of our readers know of any other cat who has one kitten, once in two years, and always in the spring time?

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On Easter evening, Wendover entertained all of the staff that could get in from the Hospital, Midwives Quarters, Joy House, and the Outpost Centers. Such a large crowd came that our little Victory Shrine Chapel could hardly hold them all at Evensong. Supper was served at six, with people sitting all about, and with the younger Wendover crowd dashing around to pass the food.

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Betty Lester spoke for the Red Cross Drive in the Leslie County Court House at Hyden on March 4th. Your director spoke to the Woman's Auxiliary of Christ Church, Harlan, at the home of Mrs. Bryan W. Whitfield on March 28th. She is also speaking (and how I hate this third person business) to the graduating class of the London High School in Laurel County the evening of Thursday, May 23rd. In fact, she is making the graduating address.

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We continue to be as short-handed as is, apparently, everybody else in America. We have no Statistician as yet to replace Jerry, now happily reunited with her husband back from the Pacific. Dorothy F. Buck is carrying the statistical work, in addition to her own work. We have no Social Service Secretary as yet, and Betty Lester is carrying social service in addition to a great deal of nursing work. For example, she has taken charge of the Hospital, as we go to press, to enable Gonnie to



get a badly needed week's vacation. Although we haven't listed them in Urgent Needs, we would appreciate help in locating a statistician, and a stenographic assistant for the Record Department. We are also short of nurses, the more especially as we have lately entered three of our Hospital nurses in the April 15th class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

We welcome Reva Rubin of New York to the Hospital staff, but we need more nurses like her.

We have bid farewell to our graduate School Supervisor, Ruth Peninger (Penny) who seems really to need a change from the strenuous and wonderfully well-handled work she did for the graduate School. We have transferred Doris Reid (Red) from the Flat Creek Nursing Center to succeed Penny in the School. Louisa Chapman (Chappy) is holding down the Center at Flat Creek, and this includes the training in district work of one of the Cadets.

This somber picture of shortages is brightened this spring by a full staff of couriers again, and top couriers at that. Freddy Holdship came back from Sewickley to help us out towards the end of the winter when Fanny McIlvain went home. Jean Hollins gave up her Nurse's Aide work in the Hyden Hospital and, after a brief visit home, was able to concentrate on the critical situation among the cows, of which more later. We welcomed back on May 1st, Pebble Stone, ex-Flight Commander, who is as good a hand at managing jeeps and horses as airplanes. Pebble immediately jumped into two special jobs. She had given us our hand-operated (no electricity at Wendover) addressing machine. She settled down and ran through the machine all of the envelopes for this issue of the Bulletin. Her second job has been with DDT. Armed with the pump and this valuable fluid (for which we hope one of you will pay when you see it listed in Urgent Needs) she is making a terrific onslaught on moths and flies. As to the flies, that is preventive work. We hope to keep them out of the barns and houses by getting everything DDT-ed well in advance of the fly season. When one figures that all of our manure is thrown every day (but Sunday) into fly-proof manure bents, and that we have fly traps for the neighborhood



flies who hold rallies on our premises, and that all of our houses are screened, it is amazing how many flies pay us visits during the summer and early autumn seasons.

Suzanne Eckert came back to us again about the time that Freddy Holdship returned, and we were short-handed. She had been a Nurse's Aide at our Hospital when she was here before, and she is just as good a courier as she is a Nurse's Aide.

We welcome back as a senior courier, Barbara Miller (Bobby) of Washington who was a junior courier last year. We have two delightful new junior couriers, Alice Pitcher (Pitch) and Edith Welch (Edo). These are both New Englanders and Vassar girls.

It will be seen by our readers that at the moment we are fully staffed with couriers, and words cannot describe the blessing they are to us. Everyone of them is busy all the time, and they are darlings about doing a thousand extra things that have nothing to do with horses and transportation. For example, they have addressed nearly all of the card invitations to the Annual Meeting of Trustees.

The eleventh class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery finished the six months' course on April 14th. On April 15th the twelfth class started their course. This class includes the following registered nurses: Helen Callon (veteran, Major) from Indiana; Rhoda Lenhert (missionary for Africa, Brethren in Christ) from Ohio; Lilia Ramos from Puerto Rico; Mildred T. Healey (missionary, Board of Foreign Missions of Presbyterian Church); Myrtle Cooper (F.N.S.) from New York; Beatrice Miller (F.N.S.) from Ohio; and Jane Sanders (F.N.S.) from Rochester, New York.

Amy Poston, secretary at our Hospital, has had a lot of fun getting recreational work organized for the young people. She has had enthusiastic support from members of the Lion's Club and their President, Mr. Leonard Brashear, Mr. J. D. Begley, Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Roy Huffman, Superintendent of the High School in Hyden, Mr. Estridge, Mr. Hendricks, and Mr. Howard, as well as Betty Lester, and from Mr. Deaton



at Wooton. After a community meeting a committee was formed consisting of Mr. Estridge, Mr. Howard and Amy, and permission was given to use a large room in the basement of the Hyden High School. For the opening night the services of Miss Sophia Holiday, daughter of the sheriff at Hazard, were secured. She enjoyed the evening so much, and felt that the crowd was so worthwhile, that she has agreed to come back every week for as long as we need her. She is an extremely good instructor of folk games. Social Service, from its Alpha Omicron Pi Fund, will get records for the record player, of a kind that Miss Holiday recommends.

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We were immensely relieved to secure the services at long last of two excellent Fairbanks-Morse mechanics for the Hospital pump and engine. They brought all of their own tools and knew exactly what to do. They lost no time in changing the bottom and top cup leathers, timing some of the parts and adjusting the belts. They left the whole Hospital water system running like a dream. When things happen to the Hospital water system, we touch despair. We have a marvelous well, but it is 200 feet deep, and it takes real mechanics to handle anything that goes wrong with its pump and engine.

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Our nurse-midwife, Mary LeFevre, at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork, met with a horseback accident that badly bashed her up, but broke no bones. Dr. Freas took her in hand, and patched her up nicely. She has had the joy of a visit from her father, Mr. John H. LeFevre, this winter and spring. Mr. LeFevre's presence has been an immense pleasure not only to her, but to the other Beech Fork nurse, Rose Avery.

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We have had some enchanting guests this spring. In late March Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Hannah came to see us on their way back from Jamaica to Canada. Dr. Hannah is Director of the Associated Medical Services of Toronto, Ontario. Our old crowd will remember that Marion Ross, a Canadian and for years



Statistician of the Frontier Nursing Service, left us to go to the Associated Medical Services. She has been there ever since, and we, all of us, have an attachment for this Canadian group. We were charmed to have the visit from Dr. and Mrs. Hannah.

Early in April several eminent neurologists came to see us in advance of their meeting in Nashville, Tennessee. The first to arrive was Dr. R. Glen Spurling, so beloved in the Frontier Nursing Service. This was the first time any of us had seen him since he went to war, except Betty Lester. He took Betty to a symphony in London, and to dinner, while he was overseas. With Dr. Spurling came another delightful Canadian, Dr. Kenneth G. McKenzie. Their visit was pure joy to all of us. They did a spot of work for the F.N.S. patients while they were here, because Dr. Waters had lined up several cases for them to examine.

Before Dr. Spurling and Dr. McKenzie left, Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter arrived en route from Hot Springs, Virginia to Nashville, Tennessee. There aren't any words with which to tell what it meant to have these two wonderful people as guests at Wendover at last. Over the years we have longed for their coming, and it was a deep happiness when they came.

After my sister-in-law, Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge, drove me back from "Flagstop" to Wendover, she stayed with us for something over two weeks. The rest of the people in the Frontier Nursing Service who saw something of her join me in thinking that her visit was one of the nicest things that ever happened to us in here. We shall be thinking of her all through the garden seasons as they come and go. She spent hours weeding our "blossom patches" and every day or two she gathered arm-loads of peonies, mock orange, oriental poppies (she and my brother had sent us the seeds from China) and early roses for the living room, dogtrot, and Chapel.

The Hospital had the pleasure of a visit from our own Dr. John H. Kooser, now demobilized from the Navy, and the friend he brought with him from Irwin, Pennsylvania. We all of us thought Dr. Kooser looking very fit and we were so glad to see him again and get news of his wife and children.

We don't want to fail to mention a most welcome visit from two young guests, Rheta Helm and Nan Hagan of Hazard. They



spent a week-end at Wendover in April. After supper on Friday night everyone sat around in the living room and popped corn, toasted marshmallows, and made "heavenly squashes."

The last guests to come before we go to press have been Mrs. John L. Grandin and her daughter, Mrs. Henry S. Howard of Boston. They had been visiting the Blue Grass, had attended the Derby, and were so dear as to motor up with their chauffeur to the mountains to see us before returning to New England. It was delightful to have them, not only because they are friends of ours in Boston, and because a certain young gentleman now in his second year is a mutual kinsman, but because no guests could have been more charming than they were.

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There has been one other guest at Wendover who needs a whole section to himself, and that is Dr. Ross Brown of the College of Agriculture, Agricultural Extension Department, of the University of Kentucky.

The reason for his coming is a saga, and a sad saga. Way back last November, in 1945, Bertha Bloomer, the Wendover nurse-midwife, came down with what looked like the "flu" she had been nursing among her district patients. But Bertha did not make a complete recovery. She kept on running an afternoon temperature, with headaches. After X-rays of her chest had been taken and sent to Cincinnati to be read by Dr. Harold G. Reineke, and the findings were negative, Dr. Waters sent Bertha down to Lexington for an overhauling by Dr. John Scott and Dr. Josephine D. Hunt. The Lexington doctors found nothing to account for Bertha's afternoon temperature and headaches, but arranged for a Brucellosis test. The first one was negative. Dr. Waters took another test at Hyden, and sent it away for analysis. This test was positive for undulant fever.

So far as we know, this is the first case we have ever had in the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service in our nearly twenty-one years of existence. Undulant fever comes from the drinking of milk of cows who have Bang's disease or from direct contact with these animals. It is akin to melitensis (Malta fever) which comes from infected goats' milk. There is as yet no specific



cure for undulant fever, and the disease apparently has to run its course. It takes different forms in different people, and Bertha seems to have a chronic form. We did not know whether Bertha had contracted her case of undulant fever from a district cow, in drinking milk with coffee when out on deliveries, or from one of the Service cows. We had always bought first-class cows, and kept them in excellent condition. During the years when we had Frontiersman, our registered Jersey bull, we had bred our own cows. We had fourteen cows at Hyden, Wendover and the Outpost Centers, two young heifers at the Clearing, and three calves. (Petunia died this winter at Hyden and Brenda broke her leg and was shot.) Although we felt that our cows were all right, we couldn't rest until we had them tested for Bang's disease. Jean Hollins took the matter up with Dr. W. W. Dimock of the University of Kentucky in Lexington, and it was arranged to have Dr. Ross Brown, a wonderful veterinarian and a most charming man, make an investigation. We might mention here that while Dr. Brown was with us he gave rabies shots to all of our dogs, put one of the old horses to sleep, and turned the four young hogs into barrows. However, the big thing that he did, and it took several days, was to go to all of our Centers and take blood specimens for agglutination tests for Bang's disease.

When the report on the tests came back to us, we were sunk. Six of our cows were positive reactors for Bang's disease or so suspicious that Dr. Dimock advised their being destroyed at once. Three of the cows were mildly suspicious, and their disposition is to be decided after conducting a retest this summer. We decided, however, to dispose of one of these three. That makes seven cows that we had to send to the slaughter house in Lexington. Some of them, like Blinkie at Brutus and Spicey Step at Flat Creek, had been in the Frontier Nursing Service for twelve years, and were faithful old friends. They had to be led for miles to where we could get them into the truck. Every Monday for three weeks Jean Hollins has had the sad task of rounding up the cows and taking them to Lexington. Freddy Holdship has helped her in this, and Nola Blair, Field Supervisor, has, with help from other couriers, seen that the most drastic scrubbing and disinfecting of the barns



has been done. We have had new feed boxes made for all of the cow stalls everywhere.

As the barns and stalls were gotten ready, we have been bringing back from Lexington cows to replace some of those that had been slaughtered. We were able to get several through Prof. Fordyce Ely, head of the Dairy Department, Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station at \$125.00 each, and one, Susanne, a Bang's tested Jersey from a herd in Central Kentucky, for \$160.00. According to present prices for cows from Bang's tested herds, these animals have been priced reasonably to us, particularly those from the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station. Agnes Lewis and Jean Hollins looked at several cows in the Blue Grass priced at \$175.00 to \$200.00 that were no better than the ones we bought.

If our friends will bear in mind that we have lost in all nine cows this winter and spring, and may have to give up two more after retesting for Bang's this summer, they will see how much we need all the help they can give us in paying for the five new cows we have bought, and the two or three others we are almost certain to have to buy. You cannot keep house in the mountains without cows, as there is no other milk supply.

Some of our new cows have names like Radiant Nancy, Radiant Remus Queen, Remus Lilly. Please, you who read this story, give a cow, now, if you can. If you can't give a cow, then please help us to the extent that you can. We need an extra boost in this crisis.

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#### JUST JOKES—HELPFUL

A wild-eyed man rushed into a hardware store: "Have you any strychnine or prussic acid?"

"No," replied the clerk regretfully, "but we have a nice line of ropes, razors and pistols."

#### JUST JOKES—MAGIC

The great magician paced the floor nervously. Finally a door opened and a nurse entered.

"What is it?" cried the great magician. "A boy?"

"No," replied the nurse, "three rabbits and a bowl of goldfish."



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

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



## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



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**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-widwives 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.

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**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

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

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

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**Gifts of money should be made payable to**  
**THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**  
**and sent to the treasurer,**  
**MR. C. N. MANNING,**  
**Security Trust Company,**  
**Lexington 15, Kentucky**





**WENDOVER BARN, MANURE BENT, AND BIRD HOUSE FOR MARTINS**

Photographed by Mrs. George Lawrence  
(Edith Anderson)



