

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 32

SPRING, 1957

NUMBER 4



FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIVES CROSSING THE MIDDLE FORK
OF THE KENTUCKY RIVER

Photograph by Henry Craig, Kentucky Division of Publicity



CATASTROPHE IN HYDEN HOSPITAL 200-FOOT DEEP WELL

When there is a breakdown in this well, we touch despair. These pictures, taken by Jane Leigh Powell, show how the three-inch drop pipe was pulled from the well by means of a large wrecker (left)—given us through the courtesy of Mr. Mack Smith, Smith Coal Company, through his Manager, Mr. Kenneth Tate, of the Smith Ford Sales at Manchester.

The picture to the right shows the scaffolding needed by the wrecker with Hobert Cornett, Wendover foreman, and Alonzo Howard, Hyden foreman, in the scaffolding on top of the pump house.

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

Editor's Office: **Wendover, Kentucky**

VOLUME 32

SPRING, 1957

NUMBER 4

"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,
under Act of March 3, 1879."

Copyright, 1957, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

CONTENTS

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Friendly Group at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center		<i>Inside Back Cover</i>
A Tribute to Agnes Lewis	<i>Z. L.</i>	48
Beyond the Mountains		42
Bullskin Cloudburst	<i>Bridget Gallagher</i>	5
Field Notes		49
How Forest Cover Affects Water Runoff (Sketches)		4
In Memoriam		11
Junior Made It	<i>Anna May January</i>	9
Old Courier News		21
Old Staff News		29
The Chambered Nautilus (Verse)	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	2
The Nautilus —Atomic Powered Submarine	<i>This and That From Washington</i>	3
To Cherish	<i>Zondra Lindblade</i>	16
Urgent Needs		17
Yonder	<i>Noel Smith</i>	39

BRIEF BITS

Children of Dr. and Mrs. William R. MacAusland, Jr. (Photograph)		8
Comments and Corrections		10
Help Keep Philanthropy True	<i>National Information Bureau</i>	20
Just Jokes		27
Inscription on a Grave (Verse)		47
Our Mail Bag		15
Polly's Shoe (Verse)	<i>Eileen Minton</i>	37
The Postman 1830	<i>Banbury Chap Books</i>	36
Three Ships—Jamestown, Virginia		28
White Elephant		38
Worth Every Cent of It	<i>Timothy's Quest</i>	36

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

From *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*
by Oliver Wendell Holmes

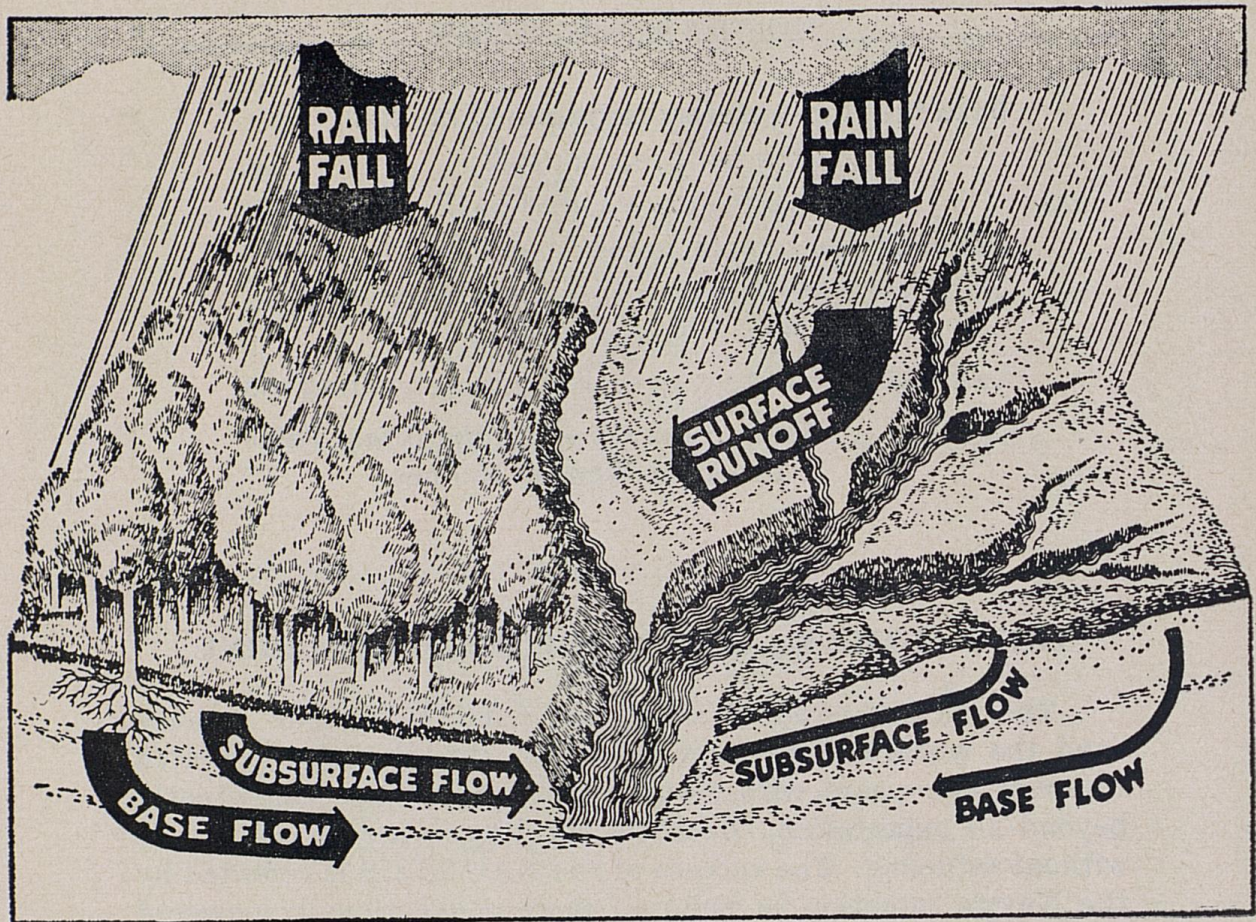
THE NAUTILUS—ATOMIC POWERED SUBMARINE

The nuclear powered submarine NAUTILUS, our nation's (and the world's) first atomic-powered ship has now operated for over two years with results which have been consistently beyond all expectation. Recently she logged her 60,000th mile without refueling. The success of the NAUTILUS is reflected by the Navy's intention to build no more conventionally powered submarines. So far Congress has authorized a total of 16 atomic-powered ships, 15 submarines, and one guided missile cruiser. In this session, Congress will consider the Navy's shipbuilding program which includes four more nuclear powered submarines and the first nuclear powered aircraft carrier.

Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover, Chief of the Atomic Energy Commission's Naval Reactors Branch, who developed the NAUTILUS and who is known as the "father of the atomic submarine," calls it the "Kitty Hawk" model of nuclear ships. According to Admiral Rickover, the impact of the nuclear submarine on naval warfare may approach that of the airplane. In any event, we can see in the NAUTILUS' performance a forecast of remarkable things to come from atomic power in defense, and in civilian application as well.

From *This and That from Washington*—March 9, 1957
By Frances P. Bolton, Congressman,
22nd District, Ohio

HOW FOREST COVER AFFECTS WATER RUNOFF



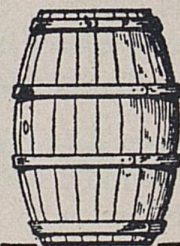
LITTER

PARTIALLY
DECAYED
LITTER

HUMUS

MINERAL
SOIL

RUN OFF



FROM BARE
UNPROTECTED
SOIL



FROM FOREST
PROTECTED
SOIL

Top sketch shows distribution of rainfall on vegetated and bare areas into surface runoff, subsurface flow, and base flow. Width of arrows indicates the relative amount of each component. . . . Sketch at lower left indicates how trees reduce rain impact and permit water to seep into spongy soil. . . . Lower center shows a section of the forest floor. . . . At lower right is a significant runoff comparison.

This chart was prepared by Mr. Laban P. Jackson, Kentucky's Commissioner of Conservation, at the request of *The Lexington Herald*. Reproduced here through the courtesy of Mr. Herndon J. Evans, Editor of the Herald.

BULLSKIN CLOUDBURST

by

BRIDGET GALLAGHER, R.N., S.C.M.

Nurse-Midwife in charge of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus on Bullskin Creek in Clay County, Kentucky

See Inside Back Cover Picture

Editor's Note:—This account of a single flash flood of a year ago gives us an understanding of what happens to vast areas when hundreds of flash floods strike mercilessly within hours. The reason for the havoc they bring today is the destruction of the forest cover, and the earth with it, on the watersheds. Please refer to the chart called **How Forest Cover Affects Water Runoff**.

The morning of Thursday, June 21st, '56 was much as usual on Brutus district, except for a few additional outbreaks of measles to swell the current epidemic.

Approximately at 1:00 p.m. I completed my district calls, and returned to the nursing center. There were several chores which needed attention. Over at Hyden Hospital Betty Lester was giving a buffet supper for the staff, and I was planning to attend.

At 3:20 p.m. it began to rain, and I heard the distant rumble of thunder. Just a shower, I thought. It rained for twenty minutes, then stopped abruptly. I finished my tea and reached for the jeep keys; but, looking out of the window, I noticed that the sky was very much overcast and that rain was again falling. It was quite heavy rain but not exceptionally so.

Suddenly there was a thunder-clap that seemed to shake the surrounding hills, accompanied by a vivid flash of forked lightning. So violently did the rain then descend, that I thought the heavens must really have opened. The deluge went on and on with increasing ferocity, and in a matter of minutes every little stream was a raging torrent, and water gushed from every conceivable point of the hills. A miniature Niagara cascaded from Raven Rock, the highest point back of Brutus Center.

My fascinated gaze was directed to Bullskin Creek which was rising rapidly. Already the water had risen to overflow its banks and with each moment an ever-increasing tide was sweeping over most of the flat land in the area. Vegetables were uprooted and carried along in the swift current.

Suddenly Jim Davidson left the shelter of his home and

started up the hill to the Center at a run. Anxiously I watched him, as it was obvious that he was extremely worried. Breathlessly he told me that his yard was full of water, almost up to the porch floor in fact. The chief cause for his concern was his grandson, Ronnie, who was ill with measles and hardly capable of wading through the swirling water which surrounded his home.

I pulled on my rubber boots and a raincoat, collected from the attic a water-proof garment bag (equipped with a zipper), and set off down the hill to the garage. It took only a few moments to get out the jeep and drive to Jim's house. A four-foot high wall of water was sweeping across the road from the branch opposite, the culvert proving very inadequate indeed at this point.

Ronnie was wrapped in a blanket and tucked into the garment bag, leaving only his face exposed. We carried him to the jeep and I drove up the hill to the nursing center. Meanwhile Vanda, my household helper, had prepared a bed for Ronnie. When we got him out of his covering we found he was snug as the proverbial bug and none the worse for his experience.

Another cause for concern was my neighbors living on Raven Rock Branch. The stream was dangerously close to their home and was rising higher with each moment. More serious, too, was the danger of landslides; already several had appeared on the hills around us and rocks and uprooted trees rolled down their steep slopes. It was no easy matter to make my voice heard above the din of thunder and roaring torrents, but eventually they heard and agreed it was unsafe to remain at home. They waded through the water and came to the Center where we provided dry clothing. Thirteen people were given shelter at the Center that night. Vanda braved the fury of the storm to rescue a cat and four kittens at Jim's house and we prepared a box for them in the basement. They settled down quite contentedly.

Shortly after dark the storm subsided. Groups of people appeared on the road discussing the cloudburst. Before us stretched a scarcely unbroken lake where before had flourished gardens and grain crops. Not one swinging bridge remained the whole length of the creek. Almost all of the wagon bridges had also been carried away. People whose homes were on the

opposite banks who had gone to work in the mines and elsewhere, were cut off from their families and had to seek shelter with their more fortunate neighbors. The road was full of debris and slides of rocks and earth. Several men worked by flashlight to clear one slide that completely blocked the way. One house, which until two months previously had been occupied by a family of eight, was carried down-stream one hundred yards and deposited on a sandbank. Several homes were flooded, the water reaching the windows. A washing machine was carried from one porch and marooned in a field some distance away. Hundreds of fowl and some pigs were drowned. I marvelled at the fortitude of the people, considering that a great deal they had labored for in the past three months had been carried away or ruined by the merciless creek, and its branches, in as many hours. They even joked about their misfortunes, "Tell Herbert to go down the South Fork and hoe his 'tater patch—if he can find it,"—I heard one man remark to another.

That night when we had made our charges comfortable and everyone had retired, I began to worry about an expectant mother who was due shortly to have her baby. She lived on a branch on the other side of Bullskin and, as the creek had risen so rapidly, I doubted if she had been able to come out to relatives near the road. Precisely at midnight there was a knock on the door. This is it, I thought; but no, it was another patient who was booked for hospital delivery and was in early labor. She wanted to know what she should do if the road were obstructed between her and the hospital. I advised her to return to me at the center. But she did get through to the hospital all right.

Next day the flood had subsided, leaving a melancholy scene. I visited several sick persons. Later, when I returned home, I found a message waiting for me to say a patient had had "a stroke" and would I please come at once. I set off in the jeep, completely forgetting that the patient lived on the other side of the creek and that I should have taken my horse, as the bridge had washed away. There was nothing else to do but wade the stream; it was not quite waist deep at that point. Just as I returned to the road after caring for the patient, a truck drove up and the driver informed me that "Hallie was bad off and

wanted me to go up there right away." Fortunately I had taken my midwifery bags along in case of such an emergency. After inverting my boots, to get rid of some of the water, I got in the jeep and followed the truck up the road. One did not have to re-cross Bullskin to reach Hallie's home, for which I was profoundly thankful.

Hallie was doing fine when I arrived. I had been with her only a few minutes when we had another cloudburst, lasting almost as long as the previous one, and flooding the same territory as before. Hallie's baby, a lovely 8½-pound boy, was born at the height of the storm, and added his lusty cry to the general din.

The roads were badly eroded in places, but I got safely back that night, considering myself lucky to have gotten over a wooden bridge, which a little later gave up the struggle and collapsed.

Things settled down after a time, but I think those two first days of summer 1956 will long be remembered by our Bullskin people. One old timer told me that in all the years he had lived in that community, "There hain't never been nothing like it afore."



RUSS, 7; EDIE, 2; GUSTA, 6; TEDDY, 4; STEVIE 7.
Children of Dr. and Mrs. William R. MacAusland, Jr.
(Old Courier, Frances Baker)

JUNIOR MADE IT

by

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

For two or three weeks I had been waiting, with the patience of Job, on both Mandy and Sally, not knowing whether I would be called to "yon" mountain or up Hell-fer-Sartain Creek—in opposite directions about five miles each way.

I got my call up Hell-fer-Sartain in the early evening, not to Mandy, but "to please make haste because Sam was nigh onto bleeding to death from an axe wound." After putting an emergency dressing on the wound and getting Sam off to the hospital for suturing, I learned that Mandy, at least for the moment, was still waiting.

I returned to the center to learn, with great relief, that Sally had not sent for me. Just as I dropped the last boot on the floor, and was ready to call it a day, "Hallo, Hallo," sounded at the gate and there was Joe, telling me that Sally was punishing bad and to please hurry along. Remembering Sally from four years back during an icy spell, when I slid into the yard on the seat of my pants, I thought I had better hurry. I quickly saddled Cindy and took off toward "yon" mountain. Cindy seems to know when there is a baby on the way and seems to dare Mr. Stork to beat her. Since the way led straight up the mountain, I left Cindy at the foot and took to my two feet. As Joe and I got about half way up, I said, "How long has Sally been sick?"—"Oh, she just took nigh onto two hours ago." I thought to myself, Sally has a full term baby there this time and it doesn't seem possible that Mr. Stork's appearance could be so imminent with only two hours in labor. But, metaphorically speaking, the stork's wings seemed to be flapping very close as I arrived.

On my last visit to Sally, I had been a bit apprehensive about Junior's advent. I had a feeling that he intended to walk instead of dive into the world, which is the usual way. Sally insisted that he kicked where he was supposed to kick, and she just did not think "hit" was necessary to ride a mule six miles and then "cotch that old mail truck in to Hyden to see that thar doctor."

I realized as soon as I arrived that Mr. Stork's flapping wings were not an hallucination. I got my supplies ready and my

examination verified Junior in a sitting position. I guess he thought he would show me that he could go places in a sitting position as well as I; and of all places on the top of a mountain, and he had not been too careful about his waist line either.

I knew it would take four to six hours to get our Medical Director, so there was not anything to do except to go ahead, and to pray for a safe arrival. Junior behaved, and came along very well—football shoulders and all. When he got himself into the world—all but his head—he must have decided he was back in a guillotine tower in the middle ages. With instructions to Sally, and reminding myself that I was not on a chain gang and must not pull—just stand him on his feet, as after all that was his choice of arrival, and wait—and after what seemed like ages, I gently coaxed eight and one-half pounds into this world. He appeared more like a limp rag doll than he did a husky football player.

I cleared his air passages and wrapped him in a blanket, reminding myself over and over that I must keep him quiet and leave a lot to nature. As I took him into the kitchen, I remembered having put a drowned chicken, which I thought was dead, in an oven and that it revived. So, I held Junior in my arms in the oven, and it was not long before he looked like a pink rosebud and let out a yell equal to any champion football player. His cry was more beautiful than all the music of any of the great masters I had ever heard. I then made his mother comfortable and left Junior nestled in her arms, in their little cabin on the mountain top. As I wended my way down the mountain the stars winked and bid goodbye to night. Dawn broke over the hills and mist rose from the river and wrapped her silver cloak about the hills, and built her castles in the valley.

COMMENTS AND CORRECTION

To the vast regret of our printer and to our own, we have learned that one copy of our Winter Bulletin was mis-paged. Some of the pages were left out and some of the pages were duplicated. In making inquiries, we have not learned of a second copy that went out in this condition. If any of you did receive such a copy, please write us at once and we will replace it by return mail. We have extra copies of the Winter Bulletin on hand.

In Memoriam

MRS. CHARLES W. ALLEN
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in April, 1957

MR. PLEAS ALLEN
Shoal, Kentucky
Died in May, 1957

MR. J. D. BEGLEY
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in February, 1957

MRS. CHARLES A. BETTS, JR.
Stamford, Connecticut
Died in November, 1956

MISS MARGARET D. BOEHM
Baltimore, Maryland
Died in October, 1956

MRS. ETHELBERT LUDLOW
BRECKINRIDGE
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in March, 1957

MRS. GEORGE M. DAVIDSON
Chicago, Illinois
Died in March, 1957

MISS RUTH DRAPER
New York, New York
Died in December, 1956

DR. CHARLES-EDWARD A. WINSLOW
New Haven, Connecticut
Died in January, 1957

MR. NAT B. HALL
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in December, 1956

MR. HARRY B. HOLLINS
Long Island, New York
Died in December, 1956

MRS. ARTHUR INGRAHAM
Providence, Rhode Island
Died in December, 1956

MRS. JAMES F. RAMEY
Evanston, Illinois
Died in September, 1956

MR. WILLIAM E. SIMMS
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in December, 1956

MR. SEYMOUR WADSWORTH
New York, New York
Died in April, 1957

MISS ELIZABETH WHARTON
Pikesville, Maryland
Died in October, 1956

MRS. FREDERIC C. WHITE
West Hartford, Connecticut
Died in April, 1957

"Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room, and you will presently get up and follow them."

—W. M. Thackeray (1811-1863)

"I cannot think of death as more than the going out of one room into another."

—William Blake (1757-1827)

Four of these old friends of ours died in the autumn with the dying year. We only learned lately that **Mrs. James F. Ramey** (Drucille N.) had left this world last September. Only a few

months before she had sent her annual check through her daughter. She was too ill to write but not too ill to remember a charity dear to her heart for twenty years. To this daughter and to Mr. Ramey we send our deep sympathy.

Both of our friends who died in October were from Maryland. We have no record that they knew each other, but they had this in common, that they loved and supported the Frontier Nursing Service for some seventeen years. **Miss Margaret D. Boehm** of Baltimore wrote us more than once during that long span of time. **Miss Elizabeth Wharton** of Pikesville, Maryland, kept up an abiding interest in our doings almost until the last days of her honored life. We join the many friends of Miss Boehm and of Miss Wharton in sympathy for the families to whom they were dear. When **Mrs. Charles A. Betts, Jr.**, of Stamford, Connecticut, died in November we lost one who had cared about us and supported us for a quarter of a century. Our hearts reach out to the husband who survives her.

The month of December robbed us of three men and two women who had been friends of ours for a long span of time. **Mrs. Arthur Ingraham** of Providence, Rhode Island, the treasurer of our committee there, was an active and generous member up to within a few weeks of her death. One of the most useful and delightful women in Providence, she was a leader in our group as in every group in which she served. We shall never return to Providence without remembering and missing her. Our sympathy is extended to her sons. **Mr. William E. Simms** of Lexington, Kentucky, and New Orleans, an honorary member of our Blue Grass Committee, shared with his wife in many acts of hospitality and kindness to the Frontier Nursing Service. To her and to his daughters our sympathy goes out, as well as to his host of friends.

Of **Mr. Harry Hollins** of New York it is hard to write objectively, because he was the father of our own Jean Hollins. Not only did he and his wife support us over a long period of time, but they lent us Jean to be our resident courier for as long a time. The bond between us and that loved father of Jean's was forged in friendship. Our sympathy for Mrs. Hollins and her family is intimate and deep. In **Mr. Nat B. Hall** of Lexington we gave up a trustee who served us with devotion. As vice-president of the

Security Trust Company, of which our honored treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, is president, Mr. Hall took a personal interest in our trust funds and was never too busy to explain them to us. For the Frontier Nursing Service, as well as for the many good causes he served, Mr. Hall gave himself, in the words of *The Lexington Herald*, "over and beyond the call of duty." Our hearts go out in tender sympathy to his wife and two young sons.

One can hardly imagine this world without **Miss Ruth Draper**. And we in the Frontier Nursing Service realize how impoverished our lives would have been but for her. The sister of one of our early New York chairmen, Mrs. Henry James, Miss Draper began to support us as far back as 1930 and to put her genius at our disposal. She gave benefit performances in our behalf, first in New York, then in Boston and the last time in Washington. Her radiance, her charm, the lavishness with which she gave of herself—for all of these we thank God. She was a very great lady.

One of the great men of this age died in **Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow** of New Haven, Connecticut. Long before the Frontier Nursing Service began its work, and he became one of its trustees, I knew him on the battlefields of France. He not only visited but studied at first hand Miss Anne Morgan's work in the old American Committee for Devastated France. He gave me counsel and help then in my part of the work—the nursing and feeding problems of some 10,000 children. Not long after the Frontier Nursing Service started its work in the Kentucky mountains, Dr. Winslow came down to ride over our territory and be helpful to us. In this Bulletin we do not attempt to write of the public careers of our friends. Dr. Winslow's vast usefulness is written in the history of this modern world. To his wife and daughter we would say of him, as Mr. John W. Thomason said of General "Jeb" Stuart,

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

In February we sustained a grievous loss when **Mr. John D. Begley** died. He and his wife were friends of mine before there ever was a Frontier Nursing Service, and both of them have been devoted members of our Hyden Committee ever since there was a Hyden Committee. They took the Frontier Nursing Service

into their hearts from its beginning and ever after held it there. Of Mr. Begley's notable career in education in the Commonwealth, as well as in Leslie County, this is not the place to write. In addition to the load he carried in the educational field, Mr. Begley gave time to worth-while endeavors in his church, in civic duties, and in the field of charity. The Frontier Nursing Service, and especially its Hospital at Hyden, owe more to his generous interest than we could ever begin to express. We shall miss him always. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Mrs. Begley and their two fine sons.

Mrs. George M. Davidson of Chicago, who died in March, became interested in our work twenty-three years ago. It is hard to lose friends of such long duration even when we know that the going has been a gain for them. Our gratitude to Mrs. Davidson over the years was often expressed to her. We like to think she knows of our gratitude now for the legacy she left the Frontier Nursing Service.

In the passing of **Mrs. Ethelbert Ludlow Breckinridge** of Lexington I have lost in this life a tie of kinship that was dear to me. To the Frontier Nursing Service she was ever generous in her support, and to me as generous in her out-pouring of affection. She was one of the most courteous people I have ever known, as well as one of the loveliest. Our hearts go out to her daughter and her three sons in the loss of such a mother. "But life gets on and when we look back on it from the Other Side it will be like a child's day."

It was during April that three more of our friends left this world in all its outward beauty for that other world from which all beauty comes. **Mrs. Frederic C. White** of West Hartford, Connecticut, gave generously and lovingly to us over the years. We have been deeply moved since she died by the many donations sent us in her memory, and our sympathy has gone out in fullest measure to the daughter who survives her. When **Mrs. Charles W. Allen** died in Louisville we gave up a friend who had been with us since the twenties. Never, during that long span of time, did she ever fail to support us; to write us now and then; to work until her latter years as an active member of the Louisville Committee. But it was in her nature to be active for charitable causes and, like her husband, to carry the burden of leader-

ship. To this husband our hearts go out in deepest sympathy, and to her son, his wife and their daughter.

Mr. Seymour Wadsworth of New York, the husband of the chairman of our New York Committee, and the father of one of our couriers, had an affection for us as intimate as that of his wife and daughter. He delighted in opening his homes, both in New York and in New Canaan, to be used by the Frontier Nursing Service for parties or for rummage sales. The shock and grief of his sudden death reached down to us in the Kentucky mountains, just as his kindly influence had reached down to us over the long years. Our hearts ache for the wife, the daughters and the son who have been so bereaved.

One of the hardest losses for us to bear has been the death by drowning, in May, of **Mr. Pleas Allen** of Shoal, one of the members of our Bowlingtown Committee. Last autumn I was with him at a meeting of this committee in which he took an active and, as always, a generous part. How we shall miss his eager helpfulness in the years before us! A good citizen has gone to his reward. Our tender sympathy goes out to his wife, his children, and the old mother to whom he was all in all.

. . . .

We have said our good-byes to seventeen old friends. But "they are not really gone, those dear hearts and true—" they have only gone into another room more spacious than this one. They have entered into that real world of which this world is but the shadow of a dream.

M. B.

OUR MAIL BAG

From a young man in Alabama: Besides a very personal interest in the Service, I would not lose out on a single issue of my favorite "true adventure" magazine!

From a very young lady with the U. S. Marines in Indo-China, enclosing a coin: I am sorry to hear you all have had a flood. So I am sending money.

"TO CHERISH"

by

ZONDRA LINDBLADE, B.A.

"To cherish"—as commonly defined—means to hold dear,
to aid with tenderness and affection.

The lasting impression I received from going on spring maintenance and repair "rounds" with Agnes Lewis, is that our six nursing outpost centers are **cherished** by individuals from all parts of the country. One does not ponder the fact—it makes itself felt like the fragrance of friendship. It is seen in the freshly painted, bright exterior of the center and clinic; in the cheerful matching curtains and slipcovers in the living room; and in the well-kept pasture rail fencing, so much a part of the picturesque mountain life. Recognized immediately is the affectionate care taken of the entire FNS "family" by those who hold them dear.

Even in such mundane, down-to-earth parts of FNS life as the water tank, barn roof, rat-proof feed room—are discovered friends with the imagination to see in their mind's eye the practical needs of mountain living, and to contribute to the safety, well-being, and service of a nurse-midwife whom they may not have personally met.

These friends cannot know the many times the outpost nurses, or those at Wendover, Hyden Hospital, and Midwives Quarters, have been grateful for an automatic furnace fan on a freezing winter night after a late delivery call; or for the unseen metal culvert making the horse and jeep road to the center safe and passable after a sudden mountain deluge.

We carry in our hearts with gratitude those friends from far away who so cherish us that our work is made safer, as well as brighter, because of them.

URGENT NEEDS

Here are our most urgent needs, and some of them are terribly urgent.

As all of you know, most of the work on our vast and widely scattered properties has to be done during the months of summer and early autumn. There is such a lot to be done this year that we hope for help from many of you. A number of small gifts will take care of a big need.

We welcome and acknowledge with enthusiasm each gift. It is dear of you all to care about our needs.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

1. Water System—Underground Pressure Tank: replacement—tank, fittings, installation—estimated.....	\$ 650.00
2. Annex—Outside, Creosoted; Trim, Painted: materials and labor—estimated	450.00
3. Middle Obstetrical Ward and Utility Room: asbestos tile to replace worn-out linoleum—tile and installation—estimated..	250.00
4. Closing in Stairwells: to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—materials and labor—estimated.....	450.00
5. Bedside Cabinets—Metal: 4 @ \$44.00 ea.....	176.00
6. Hospital Beds: 4 @ \$125.00 ea.....	500.00
7. Refrigerator—General Wards: for formulas, medicines and special diets—quoted @.....	219.95
8. Washing Machine: quoted @.....	180.00
9. Floor Polishing Machine—Large, Heavy-Duty: replacement—quoted @	154.50
10. Metal Chairs for Wards: 6 @ \$5.95 ea.....	35.70
11. Metal Chairs for Porch Off Wards: 4 @ \$4.98 ea.....	19.92
12. Rebuilt Portable Typewriter: for medical director's secretary to take to outpost clinics—quoted @.....	50.00
13. Intercommunication System: 4 stations—installed—quoted @.. (offices of Superintendent and Medical Director; Hospital Wards and Clinic Admission Desk)	200.00
14. Baby Scales: quoted @.....	16.50

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence are met by the donor.

MARGARET VOORHIES HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

1. Haggin Quarters (Outside)—Painted: trim, doors, windows, porches and guttering—materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 400.00
2. Exhaust Fans to Cool Third Floor: 2 fans @ \$54.25 ea.....	108.50
3. Fire Extinguisher—Class "B" and "C" Fires: (to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters) for kitchen—quoted @	40.00
4. Floor Polisher—Electric: (will be used at Midwives Quarters too)—quoted @	107.00
5. Dining Room Chairs—Cane Bottom: 5 re-seated @ \$6.00 ea.....	30.00

6. Washing Machine—Repairs: new wringer head and installation	22.70
7. Pin-up Lamps—Brass Base—With Shades: for bedrooms—4 @ \$4.50 ea.....	18.00
8. Aluminum Cookers: 2—estimated @ \$4.00 ea.....	8.00
9. Electric Iron: quoted @.....	9.96

MARDI COTTAGE

Midwives Quarters

1. Heating System—Furnace: Upper Firepot bowl, ash pit section (including door and frame) replaced; and furnace converted to oil—parts, oil burner and oil tank—installed.....	\$ 687.90
2. Road—Drainage: corrugated iron culverts (100' in all) put in under road; across in front of garage, and extending over to ravine—culverts and labor.....	216.18
3. Hot Water Heater—Electric: 80-gallon heater—installed.....	124.75
4. Fire Extinguishers: 1 Class "A" fires @ \$53.50; 1 Class "B" and "C" fires @ \$40.00..... (to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters)	93.50
5. Student Desk—Unpainted: estimated.....	25.00
6. Bathroom: shower curtain, rod and installation—estimated.....	15.00
7. Electric Iron: replacement—quoted @.....	9.96

WENDOVER

1. Garden House—Creosoting Building and Painting Trim: materials and labor—estimated @.....	\$ 800.00
2. Big Log House—Kitchen and Employees' Dining Room—Asbestos Tile: (old linoleum can no longer be patched)—tile and labor—estimated @.....	300.00
3. Big Log House—Dogtrot Entrance: replacing rotten frame, sills, etc.	150.00
4. Big Log House—Offices: replacing 4 casement windows—windows, hardware, labor—estimated @.....	75.00
5. Lower Shelf—Bathroom: replacing 2 panels, wallboard; patching floor; laying asbestos tile—materials and labor.....	59.05
6. Back of Big Log House—Drainage: to keep torrents of water from flooding back-door entrance—piping off 2 wet weather springs, putting in cement drain, re-setting retaining wall and stone steps, etc.....	122.77
7. Pipe Line—Spring to Cistern: replacing corroded galvanized line with plastic pipe—pipe, fittings and labor—estimated @.....	200.00
8. Extension Ladder—32-foot Aluminum:	67.60
9. Fire Extinguisher—Class "B" and "C" Fires: for kitchen—to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters....	40.00
10. Electric Toaster—Large Family Size: quoted @.....	39.50
11. Suction Pump: for unblocking drain pipes.....	12.57
12. Small Rocker—Cane Bottom: re-seated.....	6.50

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

1. Adding Porch to Kitchen and Clinic Entrance: to replace small, uncovered platform—materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 200.00
2. Heating System: furnace re-set; cracked upper firepot bowl replaced; blower installed; hot-air pipes extended to heat large waiting room; and flues vacuum-cleaned.....	590.28
3. Kitchen Cupboard (Built-in): to replace two old makeshifts—estimated	75.00

4. Kitchen—Cabinet Sink with Double Drain Boards: to replace 30-year-old small, low, back-breaking sink—sink and installation—estimated	250.00
5. Electric Range—Power Co. Demonstration Model: quoted @....	175.00
6. Siren: installed on roof of center to summon help in case of fire or accident—siren and installation—estimated.....	150.00
7. Widening Road—Front of Barn: to enable coal and hay trucks to turn around safely—labor estimated.....	50.00
8. Low Rock Retaining Wall—In Front of Center: estimated.....	25.00
9. White Enamel for Kitchen and Bathroom (Woodwork): put on by nurses—estimated	10.00
10. Chairs for Living Room: 2—quoted @ \$33.95 ea.....	67.90

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial**

1. Screen Porch: (off Living Room)—ceiling repaired and wire replaced—materials and labor—estimated @.....	\$ 40.00
2. New Blankets: 6 orlon @ \$12.95 ea.....	77.70
3. Electric Sewing Machine—Portable: quoted @.....	99.90
4. Hollywood Beds: 2 @ \$17.50 ea.....	35.00
5. Folding Fire Screen: large size—estimated @.....	10.50
6. Kitchen Utensils: 1 covered sauce pot—8 quart @ \$3.25; 1 aluminum roaster @ \$5.89.....	9.14

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial**

1. Driveway—Drainage: wooden culverts in front of garage (68' in all) replaced by large corrugated iron pipes; 2 corrugated culverts put in road to barn; road widened; gravel spread on driveway and around barn; overflow from watering trough piped over the hill—all necessary to make road safe for truck to deliver hay and coal to center—materials and labor	\$ 681.94
2. Heating System: new furnace installed; flues vacuum-cleaned; hot air pipes replaced where necessary.....	745.00
3. Center Painted: (includes repair of porches, screens and gut-tering before painting)—materials and labor—estimated.....	500.00
4. Siren: installed on roof of center to summon help in case of fire or accident—siren and installation—estimated.....	150.00
5. Water Tank (Cypress): replacing conical cover—sheathing, roofing, labor—estimated	125.00
6. Kitchen—Asbestos Tile: to replace well-worn, 16-year-old lino-leum—tile and labor—estimated.....	100.00
7. Wall Lamps for Living Room: (replacements)—2 @ \$4.50 ea.....	9.00
8. Baby Scales for Sizerock Clinic: quoted @.....	16.50
9. Pop-Up Electric Toaster: quoted @.....	21.95
10. Hand Saw (Crosscut): quoted @.....	9.50
11. Chairs for Living Room: 2—quoted @ \$33.95 ea.....	67.90

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER**"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton**

1. Heating System: re-setting furnace; replacing cracked upper firepot bowl; casing and smoke pipe; flues vacuum-cleaned—parts and labor.....	\$ 190.35
2. Window Shades: replacements—6 @ \$3.70 ea.....	22.20
3. Electric Sewing Machine—Portable:	99.90

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 4. Fire Extinguishers: 1 Class "A" fires @ \$53.50; 1 Class "B" and "C" fires @ \$40.00..... | 93.50 |
| (to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters) | |
| 5. Card Table—Replacement: quoted @..... | 10:50 |

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. Heating System—Furnace: new furnace installed and flues vacuum-cleaned | \$ 565.00 |
| 2. Electric Sewing Machine—Portable: quoted @..... | 99.90 |
| 3. Siren: installed on roof of center to summon help in case of fire or accident)—siren and installation..... | 150.00 |
| 4. Pop-Up Electric Toaster: quoted @..... | 21.95 |
| 5. Rug for Living Room: (made from our old wool)—size 9 x 12—quoted @ | 71.95 |
| 6. Clinic Cupboard: for bandages, specimen cases, etc.—quoted @ | 19.75 |
| 7. Living Room Chairs: repaired (frame, seats and upholstery)—3—estimated @ | 40.00 |
| 8. Card Table: quoted @..... | 10.50 |

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Clara Ford

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 1. Heating System: new furnace installed, rusted hot-air pipes replaced; flues vacuum-cleaned—furnace, materials, and labor..\$ | 620.00 |
| 2. Center Painted—Trim: (includes carpentry repairs before painting)—porches, gable ends, screens, and guttering—materials and labor—estimated..... | 400.00 |
| 3. Siren: installed on roof of center to summon help in case of fire or accident—siren and installation—estimated..... | 150.00 |
| 4. Cypress Water Tank: conical cover replaced; tank and hoops painted; leak in bottom stopped—sheathing, roofing, paint, etc. and labor—estimated..... | 135.00 |
| 5. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A" Fires: to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters..... | 53.50 |
| 6. Window Shades—Bedrooms: 5—estimated @ \$4.00 ea..... | 20.00 |
| 7. Bedside Rugs: 4 @ \$3.00 ea..... | 12.00 |
| 8. Window Curtains: (for bedrooms)—2 pairs @ \$4.60..... | 9.20 |

HELP KEEP PHILANTHROPY TRUE

"... Would our country, lacking these voluntary organizations and the spirit which motivates and sustains them, be the America we know and cherish? . . .

"The purpose of the National Information Bureau, founded in 1918, is to maintain sound standards in its field of philanthropy and to aid thoughtful contributors to give wisely."

From Report of 1956

For a copy of this report and information about membership write:

National Information Bureau, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lloyd (Sue McIntosh), Cambridge,
Massachusetts—February 27, 1957**

Bob and I are living in Cambridge while he studies toward his degree in Architecture, which comes after a four-year graduate course at Harvard. I started this summer right after graduation to take courses toward a teacher's certificate, but then I decided to take at least a year working. So, I have three part-time jobs, the main one being general handyman and worker at the American Friends Service Committee Clothing Center in Cambridge. One of my other jobs is working with and trying to help a handicapped girl.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Joseph F. Knowles (Miggy Noyes),
Wellesley, Massachusetts—March 4, 1957**

Since I read of the floods in the paper about the time of Mrs. Breckinridge's visit to Boston, I have been much concerned. I only hope that, now that the waters have receded and things have had a chance to dry out a bit, the salvage won't seem so impossible. There is nothing more discouraging to survey than water damage, and I am just thankful that spring is on the way to cheer the hearts of those who were caught up in it. I look forward to the Bulletin to get photographic coverage!

I was delighted to see that Dicky (Chase) made a trip back not so long ago with two of her children; and wouldn't I like to do that with Emily sometime! Perhaps someday we can have another of those courier reunions such as we used to talk about. The last time I spoke to Mrs. Breckinridge she gasped and said, "You must be a grandmother!" But I'm not—far from it! Still, I believe I am one of the oldest couriers! As for Emily, of course she wants to come down when she is old enough. She goes to Dana Hall School where there is plenty of riding—her favorite subject, I am afraid. I have two other daughters and a son who is fourteen and at Milton Academy. For all of these

I share credit with my very nice husband named Joe. If you ever see us all arriving for a look-in don't be too surprised.

. . . .

From Lois Buhl, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida—March 8, 1957

This is just a note to thank you all for my wonderful winter. You have no idea how much I loved it at Wendover. When the jeep wouldn't start the morning I left, I should have known better than to leave for home. Two hundred miles outside of Hyden my convertible top ripped, and started to sing. I stuffed it with maps to "shut it up!" I finally found some tape and patched the rip. Outside of Wheeling I developed engine trouble. A gas station attendant fixed it. I then got as far as Youngstown, and had to lay over for car repairs again. I arrived home at noon Tuesday, and was I pooped!

It was so good to see my horse again—Rocky hasn't been worked since last November. I have hopes of riding him tomorrow—who knows—you may never see me again!

. . . .

From Amy Stevens, Denver, Colorado—March 8, 1957

I can't tell you how many times I have wished that I could sit right down and tell you all that has happened; but postcards just won't do when there's so much to tell. We arrived Saturday—a beautiful day. The first few days I spent resting in Gale's [her housemate] apartment and then on Tuesday I started watching the ads for furnished apartments and houses for rent. Friday, I found exactly what we wanted—a house in a good shopping area and a good neighborhood. As soon as I get my camera going I will send you some photos. Upstairs, it's about the size of an apartment, but downstairs we have a huge cellar, which is fine for all of our skis, camping equipment et cetera. It has two bedrooms, a combination living room and dining room, a good kitchen with a disposal unit in the sink and a den behind the kitchen, in the back of the house, where the sun streams in every morning. It also has a yard for Hobo and a garage where you can either drive in from the front or rear entrance. Now, we really do feel settled and next Monday is the big day when I start looking for a job; or, more than likely, finding out that I have to go back to school. Colorado is pretty

strict about teacher's certificates, and I have almost decided to switch to that rather than social work.

The third week end here, I went up to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. It was much fun—the skiing was wonderful, although the snow wasn't too good. I just adore that town. It was a riot that week end as they were having the annual cutter races (something like a sulky or chariot race, only on snow). Sunday, we went to watch the huge herd of elk being fed by the U. S. Wildlife Service, and that was fascinating. The elk up there, or many of them, migrate to the "hole" (flat land) of Jackson Hole in the winter where they can get hay from the U. S. Wildlife Service all winter, and we drove out right into the middle of the herd as they were feeding. What a gorgeous animal they are! Last week end I went skiing with a friend at the Alta-Brighton area outside Salt Lake City, Utah. For the first time I was really confronted with deep powder skiing which all easterners are warned about when they ski in the west for the first time.

Hobo seems to be settling into the new regime very well. In Denver there's a leash law so that if dogs are running around loose, they are carted off to the pound by the dog catcher. The rabies tag serves as a municipal license for the dog, so that if he is picked up or hurt, they will look at the tag and know the number and can trace the vet who gave him the shot. Also, Hobo and I go to dog school every Monday night. It's more fun! He is learning to sit-stay, down-stay and heel, at the moment. He has learned a lot.

.

From Alison Bray, Entebbe, Uganda, East Africa

—March 24, 1957

I was horrified to hear about the floods. We had very little news of them in our local paper and I had no idea how bad they were. I found I had these few dollars and hope that perhaps they may be of some use for something or somebody. You must have had a terrible time these last weeks, with the winter cold as well as all the damage to cope with. It will, I know, take months to repair all the roads and bridges, apart from buildings. I shall look forward to hearing your news in the next Bulletin. The Bulletins are the greatest joy and I read them from cover to cover the minute they arrive.

We've had a week or so of glorious weather, but it broke today and is pouring with rain at the moment. Here it clears up fairly quickly and we have sunshine nearly every day. In spite of the rain it is warm—we wear cotton frocks all the year around with just a cardigan when it's a bit chilly.

As far as I can make out at present, I shall be here until about June. I shall be sorry to leave but it will be lovely to see all the family again. I am taking masses of colored pictures so that my friends and I can enjoy Uganda when I get home.

. . . .

From Mrs. Rex J. Ramer (Dot Clark), Michoacan,

Mexico—March 24, 1957

It's just heart-breaking to read of the devastation you have undergone.

We move to Georgia from here for good, but will have to send you the address later. In the meantime we are here until May. This is a beautiful and interesting country and I hope some day we can come back, when I have mastered Spanish and read more of its history.

. . . .

From Maryellen Fullam, Waterville, Maine—March 30, 1957

I think of you all so often and so much that it hardly seems more than yesterday that I boarded the Black Brothers bus at Hyden. The papers here carried nothing about Hyden during the flood, only about Hazard. I hoped you would be spared, and was horrified to see the pictures in the Bulletin.

I would give anything to be able to answer your call for clerical help, but unfortunately, I am tied down for the present, as I am secretary to the administrator at one of the two local hospitals.

Next Wednesday, I am going to show my slides of Kentucky to a troop of Girl Scouts who want to do something for social service, toward earning merit badges. This may be the beginning of the Waterville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service!

. . . .

From Mrs. David A. Crump (Ann Harris, "Toni"),

Geneva, New York—April 4, 1957

The news of your disaster has certainly troubled us all here.

I knew how seriously you must have been affected but, of course, the pictures and stories in the Bulletin just brought it home more vividly and made me quite heart-sick for all concerned. You must have felt very anxious to have been on your trip in the midst of it all and then to wait so long for any communication. We are enclosing a check in hopes that every little bit will help to restore some of the damage—what a discouraging experience!

SAD will be the day—if ever—that the Bulletin doesn't arrive here. I sit right down (if at all possible) and devour it bit by bit. After I have caught up on all the most pertinent news, I enjoy reading the news of those I never knew for they all seem to be involved in such exciting and vital work—even the housewives like myself!

I was very interested to learn that Keuka girls come to you for their field work. It is one of our neighboring colleges and we get over there from time to time.

We are at last settled in our new job and new home and adoring both. The students here at Hobart College are refreshing and fun. They seem to enjoy being in our house and, indeed, we enjoy having them. At times we feel like the second Student Union.

Elizabeth is growing less like her sister now. She is quite angular (maternal influence) with eyes bigger than her ears, for which we call her "Peter Rabbit," and has a long, vertical, gaping grin! She seems to have quite a sense of humor at 5 months and enjoys life immensely. Sarah is busy, busy, busy—à la Eloise! She is round, brown and curly and we get constant amusement and pleasure from her. Her two male student baby sitters, who live on our third floor, are so good to her that they are spoiling her to death.

. . . .

From Anne Kilham, Colorado Springs, Colorado—April 6, 1957

I listened to the radio every day when I heard about the floods. I hope things are more or less back in order again.

I have just come back from a fabulous ten days in Mexico. I went down with the Mountain Club from Colorado College. We drove down to Mexico City, and climbed two volcanic mountains both over 17,500 feet. That country is really a wonderful place. The people are so friendly and will try anything to get over the

language barrier to help. I would love to go to the University of Mexico in Mexico City sometime.

I'm coming home the 1st of June, but I don't know when I can come down to see you folks—I wish I knew.

.

From Lela Van Norden, Mountain Lake, Florida—April 9, 1957

I was so sorry to miss Mrs. Breckinridge when she came to Boston, but it was the one week end that I was home during mid-semester. I do volunteer work at the Children's Hospital in Boston, and all the nurses and doctors there had gone to hear Mrs. Breckinridge and were fascinated by everything she said about the FNS. Many of them, while the terrible floods were going on, came up to me at the hospital asking if the FNS had been badly hit.

.

**From Mrs. John R. Cheshire (Julia Davidson), Westfield,
New Jersey—April 15, 1957**

At this time three years ago I was at Wendover—seems like yesterday. We were almost transferred out to East Chicago, so I was going to ask John if we could drive out via Wendover, but now prospects for Chicago are very slim. But you never know—if we do go westward, we will definitely try to stop by. If we don't, I will certainly miss my yearly visit to see you and other Wendoverites.

John and I are still in Westfield in our apartment on the tracks. Stuart, my brother, and his wife are in New York now, so I see them quite often. And Frances lives in Reading, Pennsylvania. Since Westfield is right on the road from Reading to New York, they often stop by. So as far as family is concerned, we are ideally located. We hear from Mary (her sister) occasionally. She tells us she is now trying to learn Arabic, but someone told her she speaks with a Jewish-Arab accent! "Which is not good"—to put it mildly.

.

From Patricia (Pat) Patrick, Dundee, Illinois—April 17, 1957

I want to thank you and all the others at Wendover for the wonderful six weeks I spent with you. I will always remember my experience with pleasure.

From Mrs. Carlton B. Swift, Jr. (Mary Davidson),

Baghdad—April 25, 1957

The Bulletin describing the floods arrived yesterday, and I felt my yearly contribution would be welcome now. I do enjoy the Bulletin very much.

Baghdad is a wonderful place. We have just been to the northern part of Iraq which is mountainous. There we saw Ninevah and Nimrud. The Assyrian winged bulls are colossal objects.

Here the weather is warm but still delightful.

Love and God's Blessing to you.

.
A WEDDING

Miss Candace Dornblaser and Mr. Charles William Steele, on April 22, 1957, in Los Gatos, California.

Our very best wishes go to this young couple for their future happiness.

JUST JOKES

A couple who rented a bungalow for the summer in a small New England town found just one flaw: there was no garbage collection. Inquiry revealed that other summer residents each bought a pig to consume the leftovers, so they found themselves the owner of a pig. The arrangement worked beautifully all summer.

When they were ready to return to their home in Washington, D. C., they let it be known that they had a pig for sale, and a prospective buyer inquired the price.

"Well," said the lady of the house, "we paid \$12 for him—but we've used him all summer. Would \$6 be too much?"

.
Mr. Swankley had been a great traveler and couldn't keep quiet about it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place in Timbuctoo or the Cannibal Isles.

His friend Martin was admiring a sunset one evening.

"Ah," said Swankley, "you should see the beautiful sunsets in the East!"

"I should like to," said Martin. "The sun always sets in the West in this ordinary old country."

THREE SHIPS

I Saw Three Ships A'sailing, A'sailing on the Sea.

Old Nursery Rhyme

"... about foure a clock in the morning wee descried the Land of Virginia."

—Master George Percy

April 26, 1607

Jamestown, Virginia, the first permanent English settlement in America, is celebrating its 350th anniversary this year. Founded in May, 1607, thirteen years before the Mayflower sailed from Plymouth, Jamestown had a local government when the Mayflower landed its Pilgrims in November, 1620.

Three ships brought these first English settlers to America, and not many Americans know their names. We used to think the reason for this ignorance lay in the fact that there were three ships instead of only one. But correspondence with historians would indicate another reason. There was confusion in the records as to the name of the biggest ship. Was it Sarah or Susan? Although the problem may never be solved beyond the question of a doubt, research in recent years leads to the conclusion that this ship was named Susan and not Sarah.

Here are the names of the three ships:

Susan Constant	100 tons
Godspeed	40 tons
Discovery	20 tons

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Marjorie Jackson in Radlett, England—February 1957

First of all, I must tell you that I have had to retire from St. George's Hospital now to look after my parents who are eighty years old and frail. Secondly, I must thank you very much for sending the Bulletin all these years. I have always passed it on to the youngsters in St. George's so that its message has gone to a great number of nurses both training and trained. I was most distressed about Babette; all the dear old horses I knew are gradually going—it hardly seems possible to imagine Camp as old, too.

. . . .

From Helen Warren in Gallup, New Mexico—February 1957

Right after Christmas we took over the Jones Trading Post as Mr. Jones had not been well and wanted to get away for the winter months. It has proved to be quite an experience both in getting to know our people better and in learning much more of the language. Also we are using the store to great advantage in being able to hold classes there twice a week—one class in Navajo reading and another in reading and writing English. Darrell has a class for Christians and those interested in Bible. Besides that I have a place where I can treat those who come there sick. And so although the store seems almost too much sometimes, we are grateful for the opportunities of service it has afforded us.

All of this has not been without the added problems of snow, rain and much deep mud, which has made getting about not only difficult but sometimes impossible. One day I made a sick call on horseback, and that very evening I attempted another visit in our G.M.C. carryall and got badly stuck in a deep mud hole. Fortunately, some Navajo friends lived only a mile away and they came and helped me out. As we look back over 1956, we are really thrilled as we see the steady progress of the work here.

From Mary Jo Clark in Oakland, California—March 1957

I had intended to return to the office for awhile this evening but came home to find the Bulletin here and got so engrossed, it's much too late to do anything else now. Even our papers out here carried fairly detailed descriptions of the January flood, and I wanted nothing more than to take off and lend a hand. From the magnificent spirit and quick start on recovery reported in the Bulletin I gather cleaning-up had pretty well gotten started by the time you returned from the East—but I'm sure even now there's much still to do.

The countryside is so beautiful right now that it's awfully hard to stay indoors. I suddenly discovered that I have azaleas blooming in my patio—been wondering all year what those bushes were! All the hills around, all fall such a drab and dusty brown, are suddenly a lush green and covered with wild flowers; the fruit trees are in full bloom, and the maples are budding. Quite a contrast, too, to last week end when I went with a group of students to the Sierras to go skiing. The College owns a lodge right in Sugar Bowl, one of the big ski resort areas near Donner Pass, so that we have groups going up almost every week end. There had been a snow storm on Friday and by the time we reached snow country on Saturday everything was a dazzling white, like a fairyland of diamonds.

. . . .

From Elizabeth Holmes Rodman in Denver, Colorado

—March 1957

Was shocked and saddened to learn of the awful flood damages, it was almost impossible to believe even the pictures in the Bulletin. Water here is such a problem it is hard to think of it going to waste and being so destructive elsewhere. Maybe some day we'll learn how to manage our forests, watersheds, and land so these things won't be so catastrophic. Am so thankful the FNS people, animals and equipment fared as well as they did.

Debbie is finishing 5th grade, seems so grown-up to me, and is currently planning to devote her life to "science."

We both love Denver, and I don't plan ever to live elsewhere. The climate is marvelous and the scenery gorgeous, and the way

of life casual and easy-going. Debbie has already learned to ride, ski, and ice-skate, which most western children take for granted, but are available to only a few in the east and south.

.

**From Leona Maggard Begley in Southport,
North Carolina—March 1957**

After getting the babies to bed last night I tackled the job of cleaning out the bookcase since it was not yet time for Brutus to get home from work. When I picked up *Wide Neighborhoods* a piece of Wendover stationery fell out. It was a note from you wishing us a happy Easter back in 1953. This being so near another Easter season I wanted to take the opportunity to wish the same to all of you at Wendover.

I have just finished making Easter dresses for Pammy and Jenny and how I wish you could see them. I dressed them up the other night so their daddy could see their new outfits and Victor looked at them enviously and said, "Now, Mommy, you've just got to make me a new Easter suit." Victor and Jenny are looking forward very much to the Easter bunny and especially the egg hunt. Poor Victor will not be able to do very much hunting this year though. He broke his leg and has been in a cast from the middle of his chest to his right toe for 2½ weeks now. We still don't know how he managed to do it. He is taking it all unusually well. Of course, there was never any pain and he insists that "it only hurt a little bit." He loves story books more than anything else and I have read every one in this house a dozen times or more the past few weeks since he broke his leg. He and Jennifer go to the Presbyterian Sunday School in Southport each Sunday morning with a group of other children and they are both so thrilled about it that they count the days from one Sunday to the next.

Baby Pamela Kaye was a year old last week and is the most lovable thing around.

Now last but by no means least, Brutus and I want you to know how much we appreciated having our little girls come into the world at the FNS hospital. It meant so terribly much to be able to leave Victor with Mom each time and know I had no cause to worry about his welfare.

We have enjoyed the Bulletin very much these past few months and now, once again, a very happy Easter Season.

. . . .

From Audrey Williams in Middlesex, England—April 1957

Since Christmas I have been looking after a baby who is now 6 months old. The mother has been ill all this time.

I start district work again on May 15th at Stranraer which is on the west coast of Scotland. Eventually, I hope to get a real district somewhere in this area.

It is very nice to be back but I sometimes feel very homesick for Kentucky.

. . . .

From Ruth E. Wardell in Guatemala, Central America

—April 1957

It was not until the last Bulletin came that I learned of the floods. I was truly sorry to hear of the disaster but enlightened to hear of how many people responded to the emergency.

I still find myself in the Lord's work among the Mam Indians of Guatemala. Many of the medical problems that existed in the beginning of your great work there in the Kentucky mountains exist down here, only more so. This past year has been an extremely busy one in maternity work. After seven years, I am only now beginning to see some results from prenatal work. By that I mean, that only now are the women really realizing the need for it. Many helpful ideas I have gleaned from your book and put into practice down here.

The arrival of the FNS Bulletin means stopping everything in order to read it. Imagine my impatience when this last one arrived in the middle of a roomful of company?

God bless you dear people, and I continue to be grateful for the excellent and practical training that I received under your guidance. It truly has stood the test down here.

. . . .

From Mary Hollins in Whitianga, New Zealand—April 1957

I am the Matron of this hospital, three maternity and three general beds. The staff at present is one part-time sister—10 a.m. to 3 p.m.—and myself with three domestic staff, all but

myself living out, so though the average number of occupied beds is between two and three, there is plenty to keep one occupied.

The hospital is on the seashore with a most lovely view across the bay towards cliffs and rocky islands further out. Our nearest town is 40 miles over the worst road possible which is often washed out in the winter. However, there is an air service three times weekly in good weather from a top-dressing strip nearby which gets you to the nearest town in 15 minutes or to Auckland in 30 minutes instead of six hours! It can also take a stretcher case with attendant and this has been most useful and life saving on more than one occasion since I've been here—seven months. There are usually about 30 maternity cases in the year but I've had 21 already and it looks as if it will be nearer to 40 this year. There is a doctor next door to the hospital who does the deliveries if he gets here in time, but he has a very large and scattered district and doesn't always make it.

I have two black sheep, one enormous wether, five years old who has been our lawn mower for three years but he enjoys his freedom in the hospital paddocks; and a little ewe lamb, or hogget as they call them here when too big for lambs. The old one will follow me whenever he can and likes best to have a long walk along the shore and of course the lamb follows too! I have shorn Larry myself always, last year was my fastest time—3½ hours!! (the Bowen brothers do 456 sheep in 9 hours.) It is always rather a struggle, he never can keep still for long enough at one time. He has such a lot of wool—14 pounds this year.

I have not yet met Bridget (Ristori) but we hope to meet sometime—she is matron of the hospital in Nelson on the South Island.

Please remember me to all at Wendover; the Bulletin came a few days ago and you all seem very close, while your doings fill my mind.

. . . .

From Carolyn Banghart in Oxford, Maryland—May 1957

How good it would be to come to Wendover and see all the simple beautiful things there that symbolize the way of life as I see it. The years of life with the FNS are memorable ones.

I believe I told you of the future plans. If all is well here I will sail May 29 for Plymouth, England. During the interlude

of letters, my parents have reached remarkably high spirits and reasonably good health. The most recent news from Molly is that she is beginning to gain some weight, has had several opportunities to ride horseback, saw the Mayflower II, is slowly getting her home organized, and of course is helping her mother.

. . . .

From Pauline Wanner in Sierra Leone,

British West Africa—May 1957

I delivered my fourth African baby this morning! Since the women are still a bit hesitant to come for help it's been especially good that all have been normal and have had lively babies. The one this morning had a lot of mucus, but after care, the baby soon cried. The women were afraid it wouldn't live since it didn't cry right away. It's this woman's first living baby.

My third baby was to a woman whom I had never checked before. They called me at about 9:30 p.m. and I was a bit worried because I felt things must not be going quite right or they wouldn't have called me. The woman was out beside the road. Not a stitch of clothing on and they didn't even have a lantern to see with. I had to go there and assure them that there were no men around before they would bring the woman to the hospital. They carried her because they said she couldn't walk. They just got her there in time. The carrying was quite something. There were four women, one on each arm and one on each leg! It's a good thing the baby waited till they got to the hospital. I had to laugh after it was all over at the sight we made. I walked ahead of them with a lantern and kept looking around every little bit to make sure they were still following me.

I suppose the weather in Kentucky is beautiful about now. I remember the lovely spring there last year. Do convey my greetings to all I know.

Newsy Bits

We have received a most interesting Quarterly Field Report on Midwifery Training in the Philippines from **Frances Fell**, who is Nurse-Midwife Consultant for WHO in Manila. Frances writes: "Greetings from Manila to you and those I know in the FNS. I had a wonderful visit with Kelly on my brief stay in

London. She came to town for lunch and tea, and we went to a concert at the Festival Hall."

Margery Benedict writes: "Ruth Carlson and I were on vacation on the river that separates the Congo and North East Africa. The natives told us that there were people on the Congo who would like to meet us and later found out that the nurse in the group took the midwifery course with the FNS in 1954. It was so strange meeting her out in the middle of Africa. My "sage femme" certificate just came through and I have registered my first two women today. Both of them are wives of my dispensary helpers."

Greta Johnson sailed on February 20 for Mogadiscio, Somalia.

Ruth Burleigh writes that she has accepted a position as public health nurse in Pierce County, Washington. She started to work on May 1.

Weddings

Miss Eileen Rayson and Mr. John H. Ramsden on April 27, 1957, in Garforth, Leeds, England.

Miss Barbara Aileen Dickson-Otty and Lieutenant James Edward Yacos on April 27, 1957, in Charlottesville, Virginia.

To these young people we send our very best wishes for a useful and happy life together.

A New Arrival

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. West (Kay MacMillan) of Wooton, Kentucky, on April 20, 1957, a son named Charles David.

.

In March we learned, belatedly, the sad news of the death of Mrs. E. Mercer Cox (Edith Matthams). The following is quoted from *The Times of Swaziland*:

"On Tuesday, January 17 at Mbabane Hospital the death of Mrs. E. Mercer Cox occurred with almost tragic suddenness.

"Mrs. Cox as Miss Matthams was trained at St. Mary's Hospital, London, after which she served for six years as a mounted nurse with the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover Leslie County Kentucky U. S. A.; she came to Africa in 1935 and served

as Matron of Sabie War Memorial Hospital for a year, leaving here for a post as matron of Rhodesian Rys at Villa Peri in Portuguese Territory, after which she came to Swaziland as Matron of the Mbabane Hospital where she remained until she married in 1937.

"Her brightness and unflinching sympathy with any one in illness or affliction will be remembered by many in this Territory together with her yeoman service as Secretary of the Mbabane Library Association; in short she can be best described as a grand and courageous person.

"Her love of gardening and her generosity with gifts of plants and flowers will always be remembered by her large circle of friends. The funeral took place on Thursday morning, from All Saints Church, Mbabane, and was attended by a large number of people. The beautiful wreaths and flowers showed how much Mrs. Cox will be missed by everybody who knew her."

THE POSTMAN 1830

The Postman hurries forth,
To bring you daily news;
From east, west, south, or north,
T'instruct and to amuse.

—*Banbury Chap Books, 1830*

WORTH EVERY CENT OF IT

Scene: New England Village in the Nineteenth Century.
Samantha Ann speaking: "She's a splendid teacher, Miss Boothby is! She tells me the seeleck men hev raised her pay to four dollars a week 'n' she to board herself, 'n' she's wuth every cent of it. I like to see folks well paid that's got the patience to set in doors 'n' cram information inter young ones . . ."

Timothy's Quest by Kate Douglas Wiggin, 1890
Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company

POLLY'S SHOE

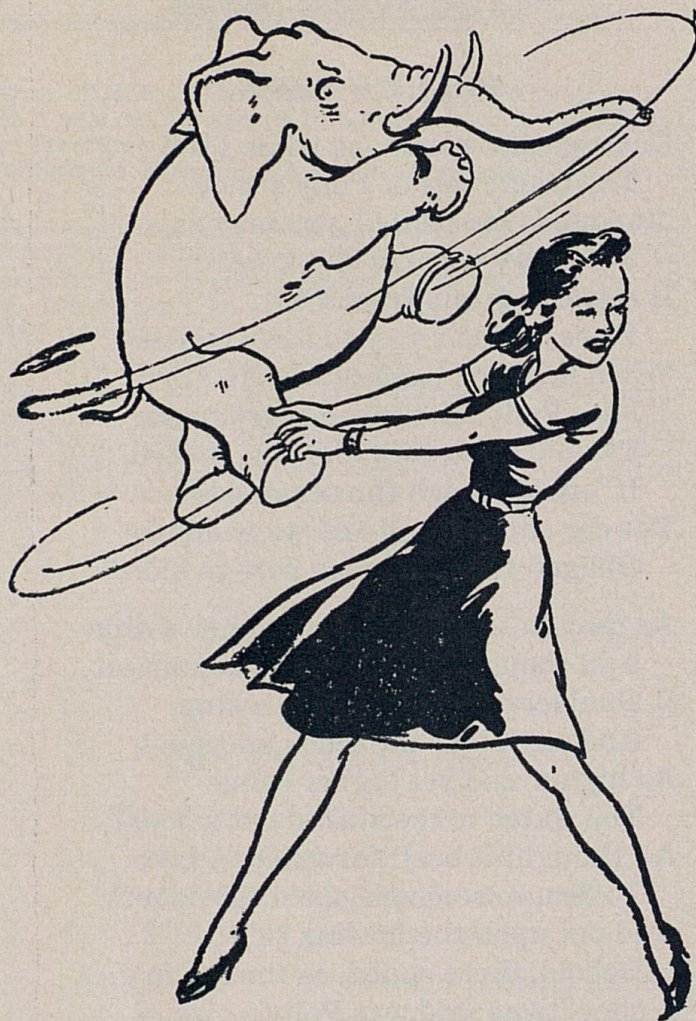
Come gather round me while I tell
The tragic tale of Polly's shoe.
"It sounds fantastic," you may say,
Yet every word of it is true.
It seems a group from FNS
Were on their way to town one day.
When near the bank of Middle Fork
Miss Polly Hicks was heard to say:
" 'Twould be so very strange, indeed
If 'ere we reach the other side
The car should stall and we would be
Obliged for some time here to bide."

As though the car had heard her words
And thought it an express command,
It shuddered, then came to a stop
And sank into the muck and sand.
As higher and yet higher came
The water to the stalled car's floor
All thought it best, for safety's sake
To flee, so someone ope'd the door
And out upon the flowing tide
Behold, there sailed, as though in glee
A shoe 'twas said was Polly's own—
No more was she her shoe to see.

As she so sadly watched it go
A thought profound came to her mind:
"Now what to do with this poor shoe
The other one has left behind?"
And then, O Joy, the answer came—
So Polly asked that someone free
The other shoe, that it might join
The first, and sail on merrily.
No doubt they've sailed to other lands
Adventures thrilling there to find.
But Polly often thinks of them—
She can't erase them from her mind.

—Eileen Minton

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1579 Third Avenue
New York 28, New York

YONDER

by

NOEL SMITH, B.A.

Social Service Secretary, Frontier Nursing Service
(Alpha Omicron Pi Grant)

"Stick 'em up, you're dead!" yelled a voice from somewhere by the side of the road. Abruptly stopping my jeep, I peered out at two sticks levelled ominously at my head. Preferring the first alternative, I stretched my arms above my head.

"Are you goin' to see me?" asked the bandit, scrambling out of the bushes.

"Yes, Jimmy, and your father too."

"An' I'm satisfied I know why. You is aimin' to take me to that thar boardin' school, aintcha, Miss Smith?"

"Well now, Jimmy, that depends on whether you want to go or not. Do you really want to go?"

"Yeah, buddy."

"All right then, that's what I'll do. I know you'll like it, too. You'll have lots of friends and you'll learn a whole lot. They'll be good to you."

"Yeah, my daddy says I ain't doin' no good," he announced with satisfaction.

He scrambled into the jeep and we continued to grind our way up the creek bed, lurching into boulders here and pits there. Presently we came to Jimmy's house, an old weathered log and chink house, comfortably settled in a small dell. Our arrival was heralded by a brilliantly colored rooster, balanced on the fence palings, and several small dogs. Almost immediately, Jimmy's father, Artemus Jones, appeared from behind the house. He was a small, pale man and wore a huge hat like a great lid under which he seemed to retreat. After getting settled on the porch and exchanging views on a number of topics, Artemus resumed an old subject to which we had both devoted considerable thought. "Jimmy ain't a-doin' ary bit o' good," said he slowly. "Broke the winders out of the church house and school house both out of pure meanness. Hain't no young'uns back up in this holler fer him to play with and I reckon he takes a lonely spell.

Seem like they can't learn him nothin' at school neither. I knowed he's got sense enough to learn what he wants to—but, Miss Smith, he's so mean I can't handle him noway. I's a-studyin' about that boardin' school you was telling me about. I'd like fer him to go as soon as he can. My opinion, they'd learn him a right smart."

It happened that a few days previously I had spoken to the head of a good mountain boarding school about Jimmy. She had agreed to let him try the school if he wanted to, and told me to bring him over when I could within the week. Artemus seemed vastly relieved at this news and ventured a quick smile. "I could take him right now," I said. "Would it be too sudden?"

"No," answered Artemus. "He's been a-lookin' fer you to take him."

We hastily packed up some blue jeans and shirts while Jimmy watched from the doorway. When at last it was time to go, however, he was nowhere in sight. A surge of desperation swept over me at the dreadful thought that while we were now so close to getting Jimmy into a good school, perhaps it was going to be all in vain after all. It was the old dog who finally found him for us, hiding under the house. "What's the matter, Jimmy, don't you want to go?" I asked. There was no answer.

"Tell us, son," said Artemus softly.

"You ain't never comin' after me, Pa, you're aimin' to leave me yonder," Jimmy faltered, barely audible.

It took us an hour to persuade Jimmy that he would not be forgotten; that we were sending him to school not to get rid of him, but because we thought he would be happy there. Finally, with a slightly tearful companion at my side, I drove off down the creek.

By the time we had started off to the school—on the highway in the station wagon—he seemed to have cheered up considerably and was carrying on a running commentary on the passing scenery. "Gee-oh. Lookat them thar trains! I hain't never rid one. Right thar is a big ole coal mine. My uncle works in one of them. Whoo! look at that airplane! My uncle says they go 10,000 miles an hour. I like ice cream cones, don't you, Miss Smith?"

But when I told Jimmy we were nearing the school, his

fears returned. "I hain't going to like hit, Miss Smith. My Pa is never comin' after me." We were approaching a long, green valley. It was late afternoon and fragile shafts of sunlight poured down between the close hills. We could just distinguish the tall white steeple of the school in the distance. As we drew nearer, a bell was steadily and solemnly volleying rich notes one by one into the hills.

We drove through a white gate and stopped beside a lush lawn. In front of us was a large white frame building from which assorted children peered from every window and door. In a flash the headmistress was by our side, her arm around Jimmy's shoulder, telling him that she was glad to see him. We were led into a large living room full of small groups of children, each absorbed in a different task. Jimmy sat wide-eyed, looking from one group to the other, while the headmistress and I talked. Every corner of the building was teeming with activity. In the next room a teacher and a group of children were apparently playing a game; for from time to time I heard the teacher addressing the children. "Martin, don't you think Marie is getting much better at guessing?—who knows what that bird is?" As I sat and looked and listened, it seemed that this was a happy and constructive place. My thoughts were interrupted by a teacher accompanied by two little boys offering to show Jimmy his room.

After a delicious and pleasant meal with the staff of the school, I prepared to leave. Once again, however, Jimmy was nowhere to be found. After a considerable search, we found him in the school gym, aiming a basketball at the basket while another boy watched by his side. "Good bye, Jimmy," I said, "I'll be back to see you before long."

"Bye," said Jimmy simply, and whirled toward the basket with the ball. "I'll bet I can git this in this time," he shouted to his companion. "Can we play this tomorrow?"

Since he was so obviously absorbed in his first experience in the new school, I turned to walk toward the car. As I did so, again the varied happy sounds of children at play came to my ears from all quarters of the school. Jimmy, I felt sure, had entered upon a new life in this slightly enchanted world of children.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service wants us to announce that they are "full of plans," which will be disclosed in the summer issue of this Bulletin. They suggest that all our readers watch out for this disclosure.

.

The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority will hold its National Convention this year at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, June 23-28. It is the hope of your editor and of our social service secretary, Miss Noel Smith, to go to this convention for a day or two and to attend the Philanthropic Dinner Tuesday evening, June 25.

.

We grieve to relate that our trustee, Mrs. Charles Moorman of Louisville, has broken her hip. She has been properly pinned up but is still in the hospital as we go to press. In March, a few weeks after the flood, we had a letter from Mrs. Moorman in which she offered a bed "to anyone who wants to come down here and collapse!"

Another shock to us, and a great grief, was a coronary attack sustained by our trustee, Mrs. R. M. Bagby of Lexington, Kentucky. This beloved charter member of the Frontier Nursing Service is also in a hospital. Her doctor has given a favorable report on her condition, thank God.

.

Mrs. Spencer N. Havlick, a gifted woman of Green Bay, Wisconsin, gave a review of *Wide Neighborhoods* on March 29, before an audience of one hundred women at the Y. W. C. A.

From Mrs. Beasley's mother, our friend Mrs. Albert John Goedjen, from Miss Vera H. MacCracken, Executive Director of the Y. W. C. A., and from Mrs. Havlick herself, we have enthusiastic reports of the interest she aroused in the book. Orders for 25 autographed copies of it, with personal greetings in each of them, were placed at once, and the books sent out from Wendover. Of the audience Mrs. Goedjen wrote, "I watched their keen interest as Mildred Havlick brought to life the story of Frontier Nursing Service." Miss MacCracken wrote, "Your book

brings the work of the Frontier Nursing Service close to all of us, and the pictures of the area loaned by the Goedjens helped us to visualize the country and the people."

TOWN AND TRAIN

I made two trips beyond the mountains this spring, each of only a few days duration. During the last week of March, I spoke in **Lexington**, Kentucky, in the ballroom of the Phoenix Hotel on Wednesday, March 27, to the Women's Auxiliary of the Kentucky Hospital Association. It was a thrilling meeting, attended by considerably more than 100 members of the Auxiliary—one of the nicest groups of people to whom I have ever spoken. Mrs. Columbus Conboy, Chairman of the Council on Women's Auxiliary, had made such effective arrangements that the meeting went off without a single hitch.

I also had the happiness of attending, in Lexington on Thursday, March 28, the annual meeting of the Kentucky Branch of the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars in a private dining room of the Lafayette Hotel. I made a brief report on the Frontier Nursing Service. After this I went with my associate, Miss Helen E. Browne, to **Louisville** to stay overnight with our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap at "The Midlands," her place in the country. On Friday, March 29, we had a meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service Executive Committee at the Pendennis Club in Louisville. We came back to Lexington with our treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney. I found time during these three days for conferences with him and with our auditor, Mr. W. A. Hifner, Jr. Jean Hollins drove Brownie and me back to Wendover in her car on Saturday, March 30. The fourth occupant of the car was Sabina, her decorous and well-bred French poodle.

In April—from Tuesday, the 9th, until Tuesday, the 16th—I made another trip. Except for Saturday and Sunday nights, I slept in a different bed every night—the first and last ones in roomettes on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

When I reached **Philadelphia** the morning of Wednesday, April 10, there at the station to meet me was our chairman of the Philadelphia Committee, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker. We drove out to her place at Merion Station where I was her overnight

guest. I was shown into a bedroom so lovely, so peaceful that all the weariness of train travel seemed to pass away. Mrs. Drinker, with exquisite kindness, had arranged for me to have quiet hours that afternoon. The evening was delectable. When an argument arose as to whether something in *Alice Through the Looking Glass* had been said by the Red Queen or Humpty Dumpty, Mr. Drinker pulled a well-worn copy from his library shelves. Then he read aloud to us the whole of the Humpty Dumpty episode.

Thursday, the 11th, was the day of the annual meeting sponsored by our Philadelphia Committee. We met in a huge room at the Drinkers' after a delicious buffet luncheon. Everyone who came had been asked to bring something for the Bargain Box, or to send things over in advance. Philadelphia collects these articles in a big way as its form of benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service. On this occasion the Drinkers' garage soon filled up with all kinds of salable things, which their chauffeur was to take to New York a few days later.

After opening the annual meeting with kind words of welcome, Mrs. Drinker gave the report on Philadelphia's share of last year's Bargain Box returns. Then she introduced me delightfully, and I made my report on our work to this friendly gathering of some hundred and fifty people. I wish it were possible to write of the fun it was to talk with old friends after I had spoken, and to meet the new ones the old ones had brought with them. After everybody had gone except my sister, Mrs. George Warren Dunn of "Brackenwood" near Newark in **Delaware**, I left with her and her husband. Colonel Dunn drove us all the way to the old stone house they bought on a hill overlooking a river. I stayed overnight with the Dunns. On a visit to them were two entrancing granddaughters, age four and two, "Cinnamon" and Lees. On Friday afternoon, April 12, my brother-in-law drove us to a station in Wilmington where I caught a train to **Washington** and a taxi to the Mayflower Hotel.

It was my privilege to stay overnight at the Mayflower Hotel as a guest of the National Society Daughters of Colonial Wars (of which I am a member) and to be their speaker at the luncheon in the Chinese Room on Saturday, April 13. The Daughters were not only royal in their hospitality to me but exquisite

in their courtesy. In my room was a single red rose. Lying by it on the table was an envelope with a check and a note from the Executive Committee which said, "The rose symbolizes our affection for you;—the check—our desire to help you make your dreams come true!"

At the luncheon on Saturday I was the guest speaker for the twenty-fourth annual assembly of the Daughters. My personal page, Mrs. Harold L. Maynard of Washington, who had made arrangements for my comfort at the Hotel, was unfortunately too ill to come and take me to the Chinese Room. My friend, Mrs. Joseph B. Paul, escorted me down. Almost the first person I met was our own Mrs. Henry B. Joy. The National President, Mrs. Howard Julian White, by whom I sat at the table, introduced me with rare charm when it came my turn to get up and speak. It was an opportunity for me not only to report to this wonderful gathering on our whole field of work, but to express our deep gratitude for the generous subsidy the Daughters of Colonial Wars of America give for scholarships in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Their doing so is a financial help to the Frontier Nursing Service. It is also a great honor to the Service to have been chosen by the Daughters as their national project. I wish there were space in which to write more fully of the officers and members who were present, and of what wonderful work they are doing in their own state Societies.

My sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, had been invited to this luncheon. Afterwards she drove me down to the **Shenandoah Valley** where she lives, and where her family have lived for some hundred and fifty years. I spent Saturday night and all of Sunday and Sunday night at "Flagstop," her home. That is the time I did stay two nights in one bed.

Monday morning, April 15, my sister-in-law drove me down the Valley to Harper's Ferry where I got a Baltimore and Ohio train for **Washington**. I had a most delightful lunch at the Sulgrave Club as guest of our Washington chairman, Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield. She had a few of our mutual friends to lunch with me. I lingered on at the Club after the luncheon was over chatting with my cousin, Madame Draper Boncompagni. Then I took the George Washington, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, at 5:45 p.m., for Lexington, Kentucky. On Tuesday morning, April

16, I was in **Lexington**. Early Tuesday afternoon, I was back at **Wendover** which I had left just one week before.

Mary Beckinridge

A Postscript to Beyond the Mountains.

The annual meeting of the trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Center took place on Monday, May 27, in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel at Lexington, Kentucky, with an attendance of something over 140. The national chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, presided. She read the following telegram received from Mrs. Henry B. Joy in Detroit, "Regret not being able to be with you today. Best wishes to all."

The treasurer's report, made from the audit, was received with deep interest, and a budget of \$240,000 was voted for the current fiscal year.

A motion for re-election of the old trustees was made by Mr. Joe Brant Deaton, a member of our Confluence, Leslie County, Committee. It was seconded by Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, a member of our New York Committee. New trustees elected were Mrs. George S. Burnam and Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford of Richmond, Kentucky, and Dr. Francis M. Massie of Lexington. Dr. Massie was also elected to the membership of the Executive Committee. The other members and officers were re-elected. A full report on the year's operations and a fiscal report from the Audit will be printed in the Summer Quarterly Bulletin.

Mrs. Floyd H. Wright, chairman of the Blue Grass Committee, and her associates were complimented by Mrs. Belknap on the arrangements made for the luncheon that preceded the meeting, and on the beauty of the flowers at every table.

INSCRIPTION ON A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

JAMES E. VALENTINE

Killed in a Collision, Dec. 20, 1874 – Aged 32 Years

In the crash and the fall he stood unmoved and sacrificed his life
that he might fulfill his trust.

Until the brakes are turned on Time
Life's throttle valve shut down
He waits to pilot in the Crew
That wear the Martyr's crown.
On scheduled time on upper grade
Along the homeward section
He lands his train at God's Round House
The morn of Resurrection.
His time all full, no wages docked,
His name on God's payroll
And transportation through to Heaven
A free pass for his soul.

A TRIBUTE TO AGNES LEWIS

Editor's Note:—This letter, which Agnes has not seen, was written by her assistant, after Agnes' severe attack from a kidney stone. We think that all who love Agnes, and there are many, will want to read it. We are enchanted to report that the kidney stone is gone and there was no operation. Agnes was on full-time duty within a week after her return to Wendover.

March 20, 1957:—Trees are beginning to pop out leaf buds; the hillside is sprinkled with daffodils, crocuses, "breath of spring," and burning bush; and the sun—on this first day of spring—is warming the steps to the Garden House. All seems right in this particular bird-singing, life-renewing part of the world. But there is so much of each of us which cannot be filled with the external beauties of the world around us—and we are feeling this void poignantly today. Agnes is away. Not on a relaxing "holiday," but on enforced stay in a Lexington hospital.

We do not know how to get along without her—the Executive Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service. For it is she who gathers together carpenters, plumbers, electricians—and hammers, wrenches, and splicers—to repair and maintain the working facilities of the Service. Our Southern gentlewoman—every bit of her sixty-two inches a lady—looks after septic tanks, pasture fencing, retaining walls, springs, and wells—as well as filling all demands of a general secretariat.

But more than her capacity for holding "things" together, we are left bereft of her immense capacity for holding people together. A word from Agnes, and unconsciously questions have answers, problems have solutions, and clouds the proverbial bright lining. She is a giver—of herself, her time, her heart. She demonstrates in life the meaningfulness of friendship. We are lonely without her.

—Z. L.

FIELD NOTES

We have the seventeen-year locusts with us again. We know when they were last here, because some of our seventeen-year-old boys and girls were born that summer. Although they keep up an incessant din they don't seem to do much harm. Experts tell us that their devilment consists chiefly in laying eggs on the branches of trees.

.

We are humbly grateful for many kindnesses as well as many gifts from a wide variety of friends. Among these is the hospitality that Mrs. R. M. Bagby is extending for weeks to our saddle horse, Kimo. He has his own pasture and pond at "Rolling Acres" while he recovers from an operation for cysts right where the saddle girth comes. The operation on Kimo, and his medical care have been given us as a courtesy by that fine veterinarian, Dr. George C. Bishop, an associate of our trustee, Dr. Charles E. Hagyard.

We acknowledge with deep appreciation the gift from Mr. George Wooton of Bess, a young mule. Our Tenacity is no longer able to do all of the work she once did. Bess is a godsend to her and to us.

Our friend, Mr. Robert J. Johnson, of the London Hatchery in Laurel County has presented us with forty-five adorable silver-laced Wyandotte chicks. All are thriving under their foster mothers in our varmint-proof chick houses and long, rat-wire runways.

Members of our Louisville Committee bought the material and made curtains for the clinic waiting rooms of several of our out-post nursing centers. They are pretty enough to gladden the eyes of every expectant mother who attends the clinic.

Miss Edith Bunce of the Isle of Wight in the English Channel, sister of our own Olive Bunce, has sent us a gift of six fetal stethoscopes of the Pinard type. It isn't possible to buy this type of stethoscope in this country, and we do thank Edith.

Carolyn Saltenberger, a student nurse-midwife at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery presented the delivery room at Hyden Hospital with two aluminum basins in celebration of her own birthday.

The graduating class of the Hyden High School sent Hyden Hospital a beautiful basket of flowers after graduation exercises. The Hyden Baptist church also sent flowers and Easter cards for the patients. And, speaking of flowers, our courier, Jane Leigh Powell has had beautiful shipments of all kinds of flowers sent down by air from the greenhouse at her place on Long Island. To keep to the flower picture—Polly Hicks and Zondra Lindblade made Mayflower baskets out of paper, filled them with Wendover flowers and hung them, on May Day, in all the offices.

Our wonderful Red Bird Sewing Circle, of which Mrs. Celia Marcum is chairman, sent over to Hyden Hospital in March more of the supplies on which they are always working. Among them were fourteen baby blankets, sixteen baby gowns and seven children's gowns.

A neighbor of the Red Bird nurses, Mr. Frank Bowling, hauled 42 truck-loads of gravel that the flood had left on his pasture to the driveway of the Red Bird Nursing Center and put the driveway in first-class condition. It would have been a great deal easier for Mr. Bowling to have dumped the gravel into the river, but he knew that the driveway needed gravel. So he went to trouble and expense to take it there.

. . . .

If anyone among our readers has an old piano that is an incubus in their home, then we could make use of it at Joy House. Dr. and Mrs. Beasley would really like a piano, but they would be shocked at the thought of listing it as an Urgent Need. Please write us if you have one that you would like to give away.

. . . .

There's nothing quite like it! With all the makings of a king-size celebration—fiddle music, ruffled skirts, good eating—a box supper in the mountains is never stiff or formal; but attended by all the neighbors and kin-folk—each with an ear-to-ear grin and a tapping foot. After a few "swing your partners" and a cornpone-sorgum song or two, the box lunches begin to go to the highest bidder—with the auctioneer contributing his unique combination of salesmanship and wry humor.

During the last few months the FNS committees of four of

our outpost nursing districts have sponsored such celebrations—with definite goals in mind. The generous response of their neighbors have made it possible for these nurses to buy appliances that will simplify housework and conserve nursing energy.

Last fall the Brutus center held a box supper which enabled them to invest in a full-size, 4 burner electric stove. Mr. Allan Gay from our Bowlingtown district hired a truck at his own expense and, with an extra man, picked up the new range in Hazard, delivered it to the Brutus center, and completed all the installation work on it. Red Bird nurses now have a new electric refrigerator and an apartment-size electric stove, as a result of a box supper on April 12 when they raised a total of \$367.95. Mr. Walker Wright donated an electric water heater in excellent condition, and Mr. Penic Roberts gave his services and time to install all the electrical equipment. The Confluence nurses sponsored a supper on May 4, and the proceeds—\$290.53—have been applied on a beautiful 12-cubic-foot refrigerator. The last box supper was held May 23 on the Beech Fork district. With the \$103.00 raised, the nurses plan to buy a new electric water heater—looking forward to the time when they will be able to install an electric stove. Mr. George Wooton was auctioneer at three of these celebrations; and to him we owe much for giving us a taste of the real thing!

.

Our guests this spring have been as delightful as our guests always are, and as varied professionally and geographically as our guests usually are. Those who came to see us without making a real visit were Miss Jessie E. Kidd, Consultant Nurse for the Polio Program of the Kentucky State Department of Health, and Mrs. Martha Cornett. Both were over to lunch at Wendover and we did enjoy them. Mr. and Mrs. Shirley C. Spence, of Knoxville, Tennessee, brought their daughter, Hannah, to join our secretarial staff. We regretted that they couldn't stay overnight with us. Mrs. Avabai Wadia, a volunteer social worker from India, who was brought to us by Mr. Ben Welsh of Berea, was charming. She and Mr. Welsh lunched at Hyden Hospital and came to Wendover in the afternoon. We were so sorry that Mrs. Wadia's tight schedule prevented a longer visit.

Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Brown of London in Laurel County, came to lunch at Wendover in late April bringing with them Mrs. Brown's sister, our dear friend Mrs. Celia Marcum. The Browns also brought three delightful Minneapolis guests of theirs; Dr. Ann W. Arnold, Miss Lulu B. Utley, and Miss Rachel Wilson. After Wendover had had the joy of this visit, the whole crowd returned by way of Hyden, visiting Hyden Hospital en route.

.

Among the guests who stayed several days in our field of work was Dr. Arturo Romero of Costa Rica under the auspices of The Kentucky State Board of Health. Rarely have we had anyone who fitted more perfectly into our environment. We congratulate Costa Rica on having this fine gentleman as its Director of Local Health Services.

For the first time in all our history we had a guest from the Kingdom of Laos in Asia, Dr. Kaukeo Saycoccie, Director of Public Health in Laos. He came to us through the State Department of the United States. Since he speaks little English (much more than he will admit) an interpreter, Mr. Hubert Grigout, of Washington, D. C., came with him. French is the second language in Laos and this Dr. Saycoccie spoke fluently. Mr. Grigout was equally at home in both tongues. As sometimes happens in the Frontier Nursing Service the conversation darted back and forth between French and English. We learned a lot about that wonderful little Kingdom of Laos. We cherish the memory of every hour of the visit of these two delightful men.

.

Among the American guests who made brief visits to us was Dr. Adelaide Smith a distinguished psychiatrist and the mother of our Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary, Miss Noel Smith. Kate Breckinridge included us, as she sometimes does, on a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David Prewitt of Lexington. Since Kate can fit in at almost any point of our field of work, her brief stay was as useful as it was delightful.

It was great fun to have an overnight visit from our trustee, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and Miss Mary Johnston with their two friends, Miss Clara Loveland and Mlle. Seillier. On their way

from Miss Johnston's cottage in North Carolina to their own part of Ohio, they made a detour in order to stop off and see us again. Never were guests more welcome. We had an entrancing time during their brief visit. Mrs. Rogan, as a trustee and a member of our Executive Committee, comes fairly often to see us—although not often enough. Miss Johnston hadn't been in for years. All four added much to our happiness.

Something to be held in everlasting remembrance is a visit from Mrs. Preston Johnston of Lexington, a charter trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service. She is so well beloved by all of us that we grieved to have her spend only one night and one morning at Wendover. We enjoyed her every waking moment. With her came a pleasant young kinswoman, Allia Gibson, and young Robert H. Johnson, a seminarian from the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Kentucky.

Just as we go to press we have had an overnight visit from Mr. and Mrs. Karl Gruenberg of London, England. They were an attractive couple. We liked knowing that Mrs. Gruenberg, an American, had taken her training as a nurse and a midwife in the Old Country.

. . . .

The thirty-fourth class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on April 15, 1957. Of the seven student nurse-midwives, five of them have been on the staff of the FNS as non-midwife nurses before entering the school. They are: Elizabeth Kindzerski, Mary Simmers, Barbara Walsh, Greta Wiseman, and Luree Wotton. The other two are nurses home on leave from the foreign mission field—Minnie Kuhn, a Canadian who has served four years in the Southern Cameroons in Africa, and Carolyn Saltenberger, home from the Belgian Congo after three years' service.

. . . .

We were sorry to lose four nurse-midwives this spring. Carolyn Banghart from "Possum Bend" at Confluence left the FNS to be with her family for awhile. She has written us that she hopes to get to England this summer for a visit with Molly Lee with whom she worked at Confluence for over a year. Fay Noggle left from the Beech Fork Center with plans for returning

to school for further study in the field of maternal and child health. Jane Fielding and Addie Hamilton, who stayed with the Service after graduating from the midwifery school last fall, left us this spring. With all four of these nurse-midwives go our very best wishes.

Beulah Olson and Nancy Hero, both graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, are now in charge of the center at Confluence. The second nurse-midwife at Beech Fork is Peggy Kemner who had been with Joy Hilditch at Flat Creek during the busy winter months. Harriet Jordan who carried the Hyden district during the winter months left us in May to return to her home state of California, where she hopes to continue with public health nursing. We were very sorry to see her go.

. . . .

Of the six nurse-midwives graduating from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in April of this year, four of them will be going to far-flung corners of the globe. The two who will stay in this country are Irma Cohen who returns to her post as administrative delivery room supervisor at the Boston Lying-in Hospital; and Olive Bodtcher who has accepted the position as instructor of obstetrical nursing at Roberts Wesleyan College in North Chili, New York.

. . . .

We are very happy to announce that Mrs. Eileen Minton came to us as bookkeeper after the close of our fiscal year. We wish good luck and many happy landings to Miss Janet Broughton who was so kind as to stay on until the fiscal year had ended.

We welcome with happiness the coming this spring of Miss Mary Ruth Sparks as secretary to the medical director.

. . . .

The Courier Service this Spring has been manned entirely by "top brass." Jean Hollins, resident courier, has had Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania and Virginia (Jinny) Branham of Hingham, Massachusetts, assisting her with all of the problems—and their ramifications—of transportation by horse and by jeep. In addition to routine courier work, they have helped out at the Hospital on clinic days and in the offices

here at Wendover when we have been short-handed. Jinny has undertaken to print lovely blue signs, with FNS lettered in black, for all of our jeeps, the truck and the station wagon ambulance. These signs truly are a work of art and make our fleet easily identified. There isn't space to enumerate all of the things these three "old timers" have done for us this spring. Jane Leigh Powell has stayed on through the end of May as Brownie's volunteer secretary and as Polly Hick's assistant in the record department. She has been a godsend.

We can only say that our hearts are brimful of gratitude to all four of these volunteers, without whom we never could have met the deadlines of this month.

. . . .

Some of us from Wendover were invited to a home in the Confluence district on Sunday, March 24 for a family reunion. Gathered to honor their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother—Mrs. Cynthia Gay—on her 90th birthday—were some whose names have meant good neighbors of years standing in the hills. Names like Hensley, Combs, Nicely, Baker, Langdon and Gay. Eight of the nine children were present—and all so proud of this white-haired mountain lady with the keen mind and eyes and possessor of the sweet, gentle smile.

There were stories of the January flood—when two of the grandchildren suffered losses; spoken memories of childhood days—complete with fishing pole and swimming hole; and the fun of picture-taking with the best bib and tucker on. Each family contributed to the spread table—fried chicken, mashed potatoes, dumplings, garden salads, beans, hot rolls, and blackberry cake—typical delicious Kentucky mountain food. Wendoverites were made family—rapidly and completely—by the way of the common, down-to-earth dish towel.

The Wendover gift had been wrapped with a real orchid on top, which was quickly transferred to the shoulder of Mother Gay. How lovely it was to see the beauty of this—her first orchid—match the glow of her face as she continued to open the gifts that spoke of the thoughtful love of sons and daughters. Through tears that shone in 90-year-old eyes she said: "Only one thing I can say—I wish there were more of you."

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-Chairmen

Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.
Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.

Treasurer

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Ky.
Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. James W. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
Hon. Thruston B. Morton, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Montevideo,
Uruguay
Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio
Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.

Chairman Emeritus

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

AUDITORS

Hifner and Potter, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. William R. Blair, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.
Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England
Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York
Mrs. George S. Burnam, Richmond, Ky.
Mrs. H. Bissell Carey, Farmington, Conn.
Mrs. George Chase Christian, Wayzata, Minn.
Mr. William L. Clayton, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. William W. Collin, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.
Mr. Dewey Daniel, Hazard, Ky.
Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Leonard Davidson, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Addison Dimmitt, Louisville, Ky.
Dr. H. L. Donovan, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York
Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York
Mr. Emmitt Elam, Hyden, Ky.
Mr. Rex Farmer, Hazard, Ky.
Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.
Mrs. William A. Galbraith, Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.
Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago
Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.
Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Baylor O. Hickman, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb (ret.), Chevy Chase, Md.
Mr. Will C. Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.
Miss Mary Churchill Humphrey, Glenview,
Ky.
Dr. Francis Hutchins, Berea, Ky.

Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Bruce Isaacs, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Henry James, New York
Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
Kentucky Health Commissioner
Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, New York
Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
Mrs. Keith Merrill, U. S. Virgin Islands
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. George Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
President Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority
President National Society of Daughters of
Colonial Wars
Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Chris Queen, Manchester, Ky.
Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford, Richmond, Ky.
Mrs. John Sherwin, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Adolphus Staton, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York
Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago
The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England
Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New York
Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, New York
Mrs. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Maitland, Fla. | Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Woods' Hole, Mass. |
| Dr. Robert A. Aldrich, Portland, Ore. | Dr. F. S. Mowry, U. S. Virgin Islands |
| Dr. Arthur W. Allen, Boston, Mass. | Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky. |
| Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. James W. Bruce, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Thomas Parran, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Bayard Carter, Durham, N. C. | Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Henry W. Cave, New York | Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. C. L. Combs, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove, Jersey City, N. J. | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Allan B. Crunden, Jr., Montclair, N. J. | Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. L. T. Davidson, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Baltimore, Md. |
| Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. R. Gordon Douglas, New York | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. Isadore Dyer, New Orleans, La. | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Haven Emerson, New York | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago | Dr. Lillian H. South, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C. | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York |
| Dr. W. O. Johnson, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Bruce Underwood, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Brookline, Mass. | Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa. | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn. | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Dundee, N. Y. |
| Dr. Hartman A. Lichtwardt, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago, Ill. | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. Rustin McIntosh, New York | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y. |

Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.

inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Harvey Chenault, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Edward H. Ray, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Lillian Hudson, New York |
| Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York | Miss Katherine Read, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, New York | Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York | Miss Emilie G. Robson, Boston, Mass. |
| Miss Ruth Doran, Washington, D. C. | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Elizabeth M. Folchmer, Baltimore, Md. | Miss Vanda Summers, New York |
| Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I. | Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass. | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va. |
| Miss Janet Geister, Chicago | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Lalla M. Goggans, Washington, D. C. | Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md. |
| Miss Jessie Greathouse, Lexington, Ky. | Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York |

FIELD WORKERS

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

Director

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,
S.C.M., LL.D.

Secretary to Director
Miss Hope Muncy

Assistant Director

Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

Field Supervisor

Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Executive Secretary

Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Assistant Executive Secretary

Miss Zondra Lindblade, B.A.

Bookkeeper

Mrs. Eileen Minton

Statistician

Miss Polly Hicks

Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and

Postal Clerk

Miss Lena Gray

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director

W. B. Rogers Beasley, M.D.

Secretary to Medical Director

Miss Mary Ruth Sparks

Hospital Superintendent

Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Secretary to Superintendent

Mrs. Bella Vaughn

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor

Miss Kathleen Quarmbly, R.N., S.C.M.

Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery

Miss Mary Carpenter, R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D.

Social Service Secretary

(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Miss Noel Smith, B.A.

Wendover Resident Nurse

Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

Resident Courier

Miss Jean Hollins

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Josephine A. Hunt, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Margaret Kemner, R.N., C.M., B.A.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

Miss Beulah Olson, R.N., C.M.; Miss Nancy Hero, R.N., C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Miss E. Jane Furnas, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Margaret M. Foster, R.N., S.C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Joyce E. Hilditch, R.N., S.C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, 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, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

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

Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.



A FRIENDLY GROUP AT THE BELLE BARRETT HUGHITT
NURSING CENTER

At Brutus, on Bullskin Creek, Clay County, Kentucky

From left to right are the following people and beasts:

Mrs. Arthur Krock, of Washington, D. C. (granddaughter of Belle Barrett Hughitt)

Sulky Sue, the cow, behind the shrubbery.

Rex Kenso, the nurse's horse.

Bridget Gallagher, Nurse-Midwife, in charge of the Brutus Center, and the author of **BULLSKIN CLOUDBURST**, in this Bulletin.

Jesse James, the author's dog.

Photograph by Marvin Breckinridge
(Mrs. Jefferson Patterson)

