

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 23

WINTER, 1948

NUMBER 3





SUSAN BARNEY, Daughter of the
Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service,
and Stinky

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

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

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FROM DEEP FORD FORK

To the members of the Hyden Frontier Nursing Service:

I do know it was cold, snow, and frozen on the night on the Sunday, Feb. 2nd at 2:30 when I call the nurses—and how willing they was to cross that snow Hill for sake of my wife when my baby Hubert was born about 9:20 Monday morning. I sure thank the kindness and willingness of two nice nurses while in my home, Miss Reid and Miss Lenschow. With kindness to them,

RUFUS FELTNER.

Each eve just after tea, we go to water
The horses—Jean and I.
And there in the soft dusk of Wendover
We look with wonder at the changing sky
Finding beauty and peace
These we'd like to share with you
The horses—Jean and I.

MAXINE THORNTON

SAMMIE ON THE DISTRICT

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

by

FLORENCE SAMSON, R.N.

The nurse on the Hyden districts certainly leads an interesting life. Just about the time she feels that her work is all caught up and routine can take over, something different happens. Last fall, several things happened.

The first was a two months' old infant who was brought in to clinic with diphtheria. Since she was so young, she had not had her immunizing shots. The fact that the family lived on Brutus district several miles from Hyden did not mean that the Hyden nurse was not concerned. The Brutus nurses were busy with midwifery and could not take the time involved in a case of diphtheria. The Hyden nurse does not do midwifery (because of the Frontier Graduate School), so what do you think happened?

The road to Sizerock starts out nicely but, like all mountain highways, it soon deteriorates. For about the last five miles it is what we blithely call "a good mountain road." This means that a hardened traveler can take a jeep over it. After that the way to the Smiths' became a trail. There was about two and a half miles of that.

The Smiths had a nice arrangement for caring for a contagious case. The kitchen and dining room was one large room in a separate building. The oldest child in the family did the cooking and dish washing. She served the children their meals first, and after they had left the table, the mother and father, who were caring for the baby, ate their meals. So careful were the parents that the well children were not even allowed to look in the windows of the room where the sick child lay.

On the first home visit, the nurse gave the baby a therapeutic dose of antitoxin. After that she gave all the other members of the family a small dose of antitoxin. This treatment confers immediate, temporary immunity. She also took swabs of all the throats in the family. Then she gave an impromptu

lecture on diphtheria. The whole family was interested in how the baby could have gotten the disease, how it acts on the body, how to keep others from getting it, and what treatment should be used.

Next day the baby had pneumonia, probably from inspiration of mucus which it was unable to expectorate. The nurse gave penicillin under orders of the medical director.

On the third day, came a telegram from the State Laboratory indicating that two children of the Smith family had diphtheria organisms in their throats. So the nurse gave them a booster dose of diphtheria toxoid. Since these two had been in school, she stopped at the school and gave Schick tests to all of the students. These had to be read in twenty-four hours, so the fourth day found her back at Sizerock looking at arms and peering into throats.

Have you been wondering what happened to the baby? Diphtheria, when treated promptly and adequately, is not so bad. Even pneumonia is not so fearsome as it was a few years ago. The baby made an uneventful recovery. She ate like a little pig, slept in long naps, and generally behaved as a two months' old infant should. She even gained weight during her period of quarantine!

During the last two days of the period, the family indulged in an orgy of house cleaning. All the bedding from the contaminated room was washed or sunned, clothes were washed, furniture and woodwork were scrubbed, and the windows were washed. After the baby was released from quarantine, they even re-papered the walls. Such perfect co-operation certainly makes a nurse's work easier.

A month or so later, the nurse from Confluence, twelve miles down river from Hyden, reported that she had several cases of scarlet fever. This is a disease which no midwife dares touch. So the Hyden nurse was off again, this time on a horse and with saddle-bags bulging with clean shirts and sulfa pills!

Scarlet fever is another disease which has been put in its place by modern medicine. The children were sick so short a time that it was difficult to maintain any sort of quarantine. Most of the children were sick only a couple of days!

Since the epidemic was confined to three school districts,

the nurse made daily visits to these schools to look at throats and chests for evidence of a rash. The teachers were most co-operative. At an informal meeting, the nurse lectured on scarlet fever. She stressed the point that early disappearance of symptoms does not mean there will be no complications. Several times on visits to a school she would find that suspicious looking pupils had been segregated till she arrived and that others who had come back to school "because they weren't sick" had been sent home by the teacher.

Since there were almost one hundred cases of scarlet fever in this epidemic, it was impossible for one nurse to make daily visits to the afflicted. Brothers and sisters of the sick children were allowed to come to school because every one had been exposed anyhow. Due to the alertness of the teachers, all of the active cases were treated promptly and consequently none of them were seriously ill.

Before long the Hyden nurse could return to the problems on her own district.

SAMMIE IN THE HOSPITAL

TONSIL CLINIC

by

FLORENCE SAMSON, R.N.

When I found that I was going to work in the operating room during the tonsil clinic, I expected to be deprived of all of the hard work, but life couldn't be that dull.

We had a very sick patient in the hospital the week before the clinic began. Early one morning I was called at the crack of dawn to be ready to help operate on this patient. I got ready. Then some one came in and said, "Everything is all right, I guess." So I moved everything in the operating room and got "unready." About the time I decided to improve each shining hour by making formulas for the babies, another distracted nurse dashed in and said, "Don't unsterilize anything; we may have to operate anyhow." So I moved furniture again!

We didn't operate on the patient but I spent a very interesting week. Instead of concentrating on tonsil clinic, I made formulas, fed babies, and took care of a seriously ill burned child during the time I wasn't trying to find blood donors. Typing and cross matching blood is rather simple, but my work was in the hospital ward on second floor and all of the blood work is more conveniently done on first floor in the doctor's office. I believe I wore a groove in the stairs that week!

On Sunday, when tonsil patients were being admitted, I detached unwilling children from determined parents, dressed them in pajamas, labeled them, and took them up to the ward to get acquainted with the others. When I got the last one upstairs, an older girl was reading aloud to the children and everything was under control. Then I went back to my blood work in the doctor's office. I was most happy to have two pints of whole blood in the refrigerator by the day's end.

Monday morning, we started tonsil operations. It was years since I had seen a tonsillectomy and I had never worked with Dr. Urton before, but he is so easy to work for that we soon got settled in a routine. It was wonderful to see Dr. Dollar talk more or less reluctant children right up on the operating table and put them to sleep without a struggle. Everything was lovely. And then the suction machine broke down.

It is impossible to do a tonsillectomy without some means of removing mucus from the patient's throat. Dr. Urton had brought a spanking new suction machine with him. We stopped "proceeding according to precedent" while the men gathered around this obstreperous bit of machinery and tried to coax it to work. They even read the book of directions. Have you ever seen a book of directions which really helps repair machinery?

We have among our equipment a suction apparatus which works by attaching it to a water faucet. Very simple and uncomplicated. It worked. As long as the water in the tanks held out, nothing could go wrong with it. It worked for two days! I don't know whether Dr. Urton's machine ever did get going or not but I'm cured of wanting a good electric suction machine. Me for the simple life!

The nicest part of the tonsil clinic is watching the children

eat ice cream. Dr. Dollar always provides ice cream for the patients and I have yet to see one too sick or with too sore a throat to eat it. And you have never seen true courtesy until you have seen a child who isn't feeling so well himself holding a basin under the chin of one who suddenly feels worse.

I think I like a tonsil clinic. This year, I didn't have time to worry about it and everything went well. Now I know there isn't any need to worry.



LINDA MOORE
Courier—Registered for 1966
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Townsend Moore
("Bubbles" Cuddy)

WHO ENVIES WHO WHOSE JOB?

by

CAROLYN BOOTH, B.A.

(Volunteer Christmas Secretary, 1947)

Driving in to Wendover that first day of November in a jeep was when I first had the words directed toward me, "I don't envy you your job." This is especially comforting to hear when you are about to take up a new post. Pat Mickle and Luckey, who had driven to meet me at Corbin, had been having fun exaggerating about the Service to a newcomer. Now they were explaining elaborately the duties of a Christmas Secretary. Pat said, "I know one person who'll be glad you're here—poor Brownie at the hospital. She's been opening hundreds of boxes of old clothes. That'll be your job now." Luckey added, "I know somebody else who'll be glad you've come—poor Jean, she was buried in a barrel in the midwives cellar from Thanksgiving 'til New Year's last year. Oh, my dear—" Luckey rolled her eyes sympathetically in my direction, "I don't envy you your job."

We had come to the mouth of Muncie Creek by this time, where we went into four-wheel drive, and set our teeth hard together to hold them in our mouths. The mountains soared all around us; and as it was growing dark, seemed to close in over us. After fording the river, we squiggled and wiggled along the road, sometimes sliding toward the ditch, sometimes toward the bank that dropped off twenty-five feet to the river. High above us swung the bridge that had been washed away during the floods.

My thoughts began to turn toward cozy home, and I think I shed a tear or two for my own youthful foolhardiness. "I don't envy you your job," kept ringing through my dampened spirits.

The second time I heard these words was auspiciously the first day that I spent in my cellar beneath the midwives quarters, opening a few packages. A few packages—I stared around at the tables groaning with boxes. They were piled to the ceiling, stacked on the floor and underneath the tables, so that there was barely room for me to squeeze through a little path between them, provided I didn't eat any more chocolate pudding

before Christmas. Whistling to keep my spirits bright, I began exploring boxes. It was almost fun, discovering dolls in one box, picture puzzles in another, red and blue trucks, or marbles—or Christmas horns. And there were elephant sand toys, hundreds of elephant sand toys, a pile of them as large as a real, live elephant.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. Spinning around to answer it, I fell over a jump rope, and brought the elephant sand toys down on top of me in a heap. It was Brownie, who had popped in to say, "My, Carolyn, how neat it looks in here. Why, the place looks almost empty!" I glared at her, and stood up brushing off my pants.

"You should have seen it at the height last year. It was awful!" she said, and on the "awful," she wrinkled her nose so expressively that I knew it really must have been. Brownie then leaned close to my ear and whispered, "You know, I don't envy you this job at all."

Then one bright Tuesday morning, the express came in with its first real Christmas load. Seventy packages, averaging 50 pounds! There were 17 boxes from the Laurel School, eight from the Hill School, 14 from A.O.Pi in Kalamazoo, 19 from A.O.Pi in Oshkosh, 43 from A.O.Pi in Mesusa, 63 from A.O.Pi in Kukamonga. . . . How I came to love the A.O.Pi whom everyone called affectionately the "Apple Pies." "Is that all?" I asked Walter as the last parcel pushed him out the door. "Yes, ma'am—all until Friday, that is. There was more, but I couldn't bring any more in the truck. I don't envy you this job, I shore don't!"

I looked about me. That was all I could do because I was wedged in the only spot where you might have seen the floor if I hadn't been standing there. But, going to work like a mole, I unpacked a little tunnel. It got to be a game, the object of which was to burrow a path to the stairs and freedom before lunch time. When I met a candy shipment, I ate my way through. By afternoon, there was room enough for one assistant, Maxine. We worked grimly, silently, slitting open boxes, listing the contents, then stacking the clothing on one table, the books and puzzles on another, the toys on another. It was good that there were two of us, because every now and then the clothing would slide; and for the person underneath, the tragedy was as serious

as a mine collapse. Five-thirty, the express over at last, we staggered to supper. Maxine smiled wanly at me, under the silvery light of the moon, and said, "Carolyn, I don't envy you your job." I nodded back, "Neither do I."

The reason I had come to Kentucky was my admiration for the romantic figure of the Nurse on Horseback. If there was any thrilling, satisfying, altruistic career left in this world—it belonged to the Frontier Nurses of Kentucky. I envied them, how I envied them.

Until I accompanied them on deliveries. It was rather exciting that first night. The call came in about 6:00 P.M. to hurry out to the Tandy's on the Goose Rock road, and the nurse asked me if I wanted to go along. A real mountain delivery by lamp light! In no time, Ginny Frederick, little "Boo" the Flat Creek Cocker Spaniel, and I were in the jeep and speeding through the night. Emily was sitting on the side of the bed, having pains, when we arrived. I felt suddenly shy and out of place as Ginny tied on her apron, scrubbed her hands, and opened her saddle bags—all the while chattering naturally to Emily. Little "Boo" curled up on a chair by the fire, and with one ear hanging off, went to sleep. Apparently, he knew about deliveries.

Emily's pains were coming every ten minutes when we arrived. Then they were harder but every twenty minutes. By 10 P.M. they were weak and 20 minutes apart. She had castor oil. She had quinine. She had an enema. Much later Ginny gave her bromides, and we all went to bed. Emily was comfortable, but Ginny and I lay like logs across the spare bed, with our booted feet hanging over the edge growing numb. Boo had curled up around our necks.

About 4:30 A.M. it was apparent that the baby (probably the girl Emily wanted) had changed its mind about coming that morning. That was the first night I didn't quite envy the nurses their jobs.

Hopefully, I joined Eva Gilbert another evening to "catch" a baby. Yes, we would catch one this time. Nan had had nine, and ought to know now when they were on the way. And Miss Gilbert was an old hand at it too.

When we arrived at Nan's, the children were being shooed

out to stay at their uncle's for the night. Little bodies with bare bottoms were wiggling out of the four brass beds set up in the same room. "Git up and git yore pants on, Mark. Come on, Corie, git yore shoes." Little ones stumbled blindly around, and were gradually assembled at the door in chronological order, checked for complete sets of clothes, and pushed out into the cold.

We settled down to wait. But Nan had settled down to wait for two or three days. She never had another pain after we arrived! About 5:30 the next morning, I not only was losing my envy for the Frontier Nurses, I was beginning to feel sorry for obstetricians all over the world.

At breakfast the next morning, I noticed the dark circles under everyone's eyes—all the little student midwives looked worn down. There had been an interesting delivery at 2:00 A.M. at the Hospital, and they'd all been dragged out of bed to observe.

Tonsil Clinic settled the matter for me. Brownie suggested that I might like to see a pair of tonsils removed. That sounded nice. I had never been in the operating room before, except in a horizontal position. Just as the doctors were reaching peak efficiency, etherizing a patient on one table while the child on the other table was being de-tonsilized, I arrived. Outside the door were the last two little victims, looking slightly green. Inside the ward, I could see faithful Alonzo, our man of all difficult jobs, this time dressed in white, mopping little brows with cold water. Entering the operating room with mask over my nose, and gown over my jeans, I noticed the strong ether odor, and felt a little hot. The doctors were grouped around a little boy on the table, screwing and tugging at his mouth with pliers and scissors. One of the nurses asked politely, "Have you ever seen a tonsil?" and held one under my nose. Suddenly I felt the ether swirl into my brain. I knew they meant to jerk out my tonsils. I was sure of it. "I think I've had enough," I gasped, snatching the mask off my face and running for the door and down the corridor.

Once out in the open air, and heading toward the cellar where I held Santa Claus headquarters, I felt an immense calm settle over my spirit. I thought of the nurses cooped up in that stifling air with all those miserable children.

Mine, on the other hand, was a beautiful job—to imagine children's faces lighting up with happiness on Christmas morning. It was I who sent on to them their dreamed-of red truck and doll—or roller skates, or elephant sand toys. I breathed the ether out of my lungs. My job had its dignity too. I could look the Frontier Nurses straight in the eye, and say, "I don't envy you your job."

P.S. But secretly, I still do. It's not an easy job—but all of those "false calls" are followed sooner or later by a baby; and it must be gratifying to look about you and see healthy little children to whom you have given the right start in life. Each little child that smiles over my doll or truck was "caught" by an F.N.S. nurse.

PASSENGER PIGEON AND MOURNING DOVE

After a difficult legislative battle, the Minnesota Legislature voted to place the mourning dove on the protected list, thus assuring dove protection in every state along the Canadian border. Canada already extends haven to this persecuted bird. Much credit for this goes to the Minnesota Ornithological Union, and to Guy Atherton of St. Paul, who won a particular jewel in his crown by sparkplugging the legislative fight, practically camping at the capitol when the issue was at its hottest. At about the same time that Minnesota was taking this forward step, the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology was holding ceremonies at Wisconsin's Wyalusing State Park, unveiling a monument, on which are carved a passenger pigeon and the legend: "Dedicated to the last Wisconsin passenger pigeon shot at Babcock, Sept. 1899. This species became extinct through the avarice and thoughtlessness of man."

Nature Magazine, August-September, 1947
American Nature Association,
1214 Sixteenth St., N. W.,
Washington 6, D. C.

"HAVE YOU WRITTEN YET?"

by

DORIS REID, R.N., C.M.

Although I was unable to attend the Thanksgiving dinner at Wendover, every one returned feeling it was their personal duty to tell me that Mrs. Breckinridge had requested some form of material for the Bulletin as a Christmas gift to her.

Like all the others I thought and thought, and even scatched my head trying to think. At odd times I saw my associates staring into spaces with appearance of deep study.

Each time there was a gathering of two or three, one could always hear the question "Have you written your article yet?" These were some of the answers overheard.

Margaret: "Yes, I wrote on the less obvious of two likely subjects."

Eva: "No, not yet, I can't do mine until someone from Wendover does their part first."

Nancy: "Yes, a long time ago."

Norma: "Do we dare hand in sketches?"

Odette: "No, I have not done it yet. Some people have talent for that—me, no! Perhaps I write on the painting party at Beechfork. I would rather make a long horse trip."

Evelyn: "No, I will just send a greeting card with apologies—nothing ever happens exciting in M.T.D."

Heidi: "Yes, if I can find out the proper words for what I want to write about."

Norrie: "I can't think—maybe later."

Brownie: "No, but Tuesday night is the dead line."

Edna: "Yes ma'am," in her usual weak voice.

Sammie: "Yes, I wrote two articles and I sure did hit the jack pot. I asked Margaret if I could use her typewriter and she typed them for me."

Red: "No, I'll just wait and see what happens."

Stinky: "Grr-rr."

When Dr. and Mrs. Barney had the hospital nursing staff and M.T.D. to their home for singing of carols and refreshments, a nice time was enjoyed by all. As we prepared to leave these

words were heard—"Have you written your article yet? Tuesday night is the deadline!"

A few nights later a group of twelve girls gathered at midwives quarters basement to help Santa unpack and sort his toys. After this refreshments were served and the main topic of conversation was—"Have you written your article yet?"

Every one seemed conscious of the fact that the deadline was drawing near. Individuals were seen putting forth more effort from time to time.

Monday night, during the pre-Christmas gathering at the midwives quarters of the Medical Director's family and hospital staff, the usual question was asked everyone present—"Have you written your article yet?—Remember tomorrow night is the deadline!"

I returned to my room fairly late following the party. As I walked through the office, two girls were seen pecking away at typewriters vigorously, attempting to complete their articles. On the next floor Brownie was found frantically cleaning off her desk to make room to write her masterpiece. Peggy was found seated on her bed writing her article very energetically with Griffen, her cat, assisting. In the annex, behold Maxine seated at her desk, looking troubled and perplexed, trying to make words rhyme. Three hours later she was found glued to the same chair. I said to her, "Maxine, you have not moved for three hours." She replied, "I know it, Red, and I am going to give up and go to bed." Today she read to me her finished product.

I have written this just in case someone should come to me tonight and say—"Red, this is the deadline! Have you written your article?"

FIXING THE GHOST

A clerical visitor had been accommodated in a room which was reputed to be haunted. Next morning he was asked whether he had been disturbed at all, and he related how he had wakened to see a figure, clothed in white, standing by his bed. "What did you do?" he was asked. "Oh," he replied, "I just said: 'Could I appeal to you for a subscription to . . .'" but before I got any further the figure vanished."

—*Light*, London, England

HOSPITAL HEATING SYSTEM AND US

by

PEGGY BROWN, R.N., S.C.M.

Just about supper time, I noticed that the radiator in the Delivery Room was leaking quite badly so mentioned it to Brownie, who understands these things. Brownie came up to have a look at it, opened the valve, and steaming hot water poured out! We rushed for pans and wash basins, and had almost to start a bucket-chain system, there was so much water. I was rather puzzled to see Brownie taking off so much water, until she explained that the radiators were only supposed to contain steam! So something was very wrong.

Brownie went off downstairs to look at the furnace, and I mopped up the water in the Delivery Room and in the midwifery bathroom, where the radiator had begun to leak also. This done I, too, went downstairs to see what they had discovered and, to my horror, found Brownie opening more radiator valves and letting out floods of water! So once again I ran for the mop and bucket and called to Sister Hope, who was staying with us then, to join me. "Mississippi," a student midwife who had just come off duty, and Ginger Griffin, the little hospital cat, wondered what we were doing so they came with us. It really was priceless funny. We—Sister Hope, tall, slender and stately; "Mississippi," rather short; the little ginger cat; and I—all trailed after Brownie, mopping hard in the front office, the clinic waiting and treatment rooms and in the living room, where the water was pouring out of the joints of the pipes and the radiators! Apparently the automatic water control to the furnace had gone wrong and, instead of the water being shut off, the whole heating system was filling up with water and the pressure gauge was rising steadily. Betty was down at the furnace, raking out the fire and watching the pressure.

Brownie finally stopped opening valves and went off up Hurt's Creek in the jeep to find Alonzo who seems to know how to deal with the furnace when it becomes temperamental. Evelyn, another of the student midwives, jumped into the jeep with Brownie. They left in such a hurry that Evelyn, clad in a

warm coat over her white uniform, was still wearing her little white nurse's cap on top of her head.

Alonzo was asleep in bed, but got up at once and came back to the hospital. The first-aid measures he used were to let out the fire and to drain off the water through a special outlet—thousands of gallons—or so it seemed to us!

The level of the water fell gradually. The pipes and radiators on the hospital floor stopped leaking and we stopped mopping. With a sigh of relief Sister Hope and I settled down to a quiet card game in the living room, and for a few moments all seemed peaceful. . . . But I chanced to look up and saw a huge lake of water under the sofa, dammed up by the rug, which had prevented it from spreading across the floor. I gave a whoop of horror and once again we ran for mops and bucket and mopped hard! The water had been running down the pipe, so we had not heard it dripping. The lake in the living room having been dried up we made further investigations to see if there was any more water in the other rooms, but this time all was well. The water was under control.

Finally at about 11 p.m. we went thankfully to bed, glad to know that our furnace would not blow up, nor would we be flooded out before daylight!

TAIL CORN

Village sexton, asked why he was digging a grave far from the main body of the interments, replied, "Well, you see, I keeps this corner to bury the oddments in; he'm only been living here ten years."

. . . .

Nell had rounded up the sheep with her usual zeal, and sat near the four-year-old visitor with her tongue lolling out. The child gazed round-eyed at the pink expanse and cried excitedly, "Look, Mummy, Spam!"

The Countryman, England,
Autumn 1946 and 1947.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Ellen Bruce in Buenos Aires, Argentina—

November 21, 1947

This is the most wonderful city to live in. It's pretty and clean with parks and flowers and trees everywhere. The big sport here is polo which is played almost as fast as ice hockey in the States. There is another game here called Pato which is played with a basketball with six handles on it. There are four on a team like polo, and they rush up and down the field throwing and passing the ball and picking it up off the ground from the horse till they get a basket.

I've just gotten back from a visit in the country which is absolutely flat and not a tree except where they have been planted. As far as you can see, which is miles, stretch gigantic fields of wheat, rye, barley and alfalfa. The rest is cattle. Next week we are going down in the mountains to fish, and for Christmas we are going to the tip of Patagonia.

From Lucy Conant in New Haven, Connecticut—

November 30, 1947

I finished college this summer, vacationed in September, and came down to New Haven the first of October. Thus far, I like the Yale School of Nursing, and am very glad I came. We are just beginning to do a little work on the wards; so far we have spent most of our time in classes and lab. There are fifty-six of us from fifty colleges and twenty states. About eight of the girls have been in the Waves and Wacs, several others have taught school, and the rest of us are straight out of college.

From Mrs. Robert Potter (Edo Welch) in Cambridge,

Massachusetts—Christmas, 1947

Married life couldn't be better. We were married last June, and were lucky to find an apartment in Cambridge right near Harvard where Bob is an undergraduate, and fairly near Shady

Hill School where I am teaching sports and games, etcetera. It's a progressive school, and the children are a high-powered bunch. Now that I've gotten over being scared of them, I really enjoy it, but you have to be on your toes, staying about five jumps ahead of them all the time. Horses are one thing, but children are a problem.

From Nancy Dammann in Winnetka, Illinois—

January 3, 1948

At the moment I am thinking of getting myself written up by Ripley as the most active woman alive with a broken back. All I have to do is wear a mildly uncomfortable brace, do a few simple exercises, and sleep on a board. I can go to parties, continue my schooling and do practically everything except ride horseback and ski. My doctor keeps telling me he thinks the Frontier Nursing Service is a wonderful organization, but he thinks I should have nothing to do with you for at least four months. I keep praying that it will work out somehow that I can make it some time this spring.

From Alison Bray in Leeds, England—January 14, 1948

I've got my visa!! I'm so thrilled, I can't believe that I shall be seeing you all in May. I'm so glad that Pebble is going to be there with me. It will be lovely to have her with me on the journey from New York. I've got a return passage on the Mauretania for August 28th. Keep your fingers crossed for me. I do so hope nothing will stop my coming to you.

From Mrs. Russell Near (Prudy Holmes) in

Ukiah, California—January 27, 1948

We are farmers now, in the foothills of Northern California, a beef ranch and a dairy. It is a new life and a very absorbing one, and grand for the children.

From Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Lulu Ireland) in

Chagrin Falls, Ohio—February 18, 1948

Everything is fine with us, and we love our new home. I keep awfully busy with it. As you know, things are always

going amiss when you have a big place. Every time I settle down to do something, a pipe bursts, a horse gets loose, a dog is sick or something comes up! But when it's your own, it isn't so bad.

.

**From Mrs. Howard Payne Ingels, Jr. (Pat Mickle),
Tulsa, Oklahoma—February 20, 1948**

We are really quite well settled. There is still a lot to do on the apartment, but the main functions are working—we have the living room to paint and the furniture to cover—the bedroom, bath and kitchen are in perfect running order! It is a darling apartment and will really be "something" when we get through. We were so lucky to get it. It's hard to realize that we have been here ten days. The time really flies. The wedding was wonderful but I was in such a daze all day, that it was practically a dream. We left Baltimore Sunday noon and got here Tuesday in time for supper. It wasn't a bad trip, and the weather was good to us.

.

**From Mrs. Paul Magnuson (Tips Stevenson), Dundee,
Illinois—February 27, 1948**

I'm trying to get a lot of correspondence etcetera, caught up before going out to Wyoming. I'm taking Alicia along for a month—that is as much as I'll be able to spare this winter—can't leave Paul too much. The ranch is developing into a very profitable little business and tho' it is hard work, it's a pleasant kind of work to have your friends around you and give them a happy time. We can give people experiences really quite out of the ordinary:—rock climbing, glacier skiing, fishing and hunting pack trips. We had a full house for three and a half months last summer. We are also developing a very nice little business breaking, training, and selling horses. Alicia was our jockey last summer when we took a little thoroughbred mare around to various bush tracks, and she won the championship of Jackson Hole on the basis of accumulated points; also considerable prize money with which she is proudly financing this winter's trip; also a silver belt buckle the size of your hand. Needless to say, you can tell I'm terribly proud of her.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Lill Middleton, Rochester, N. Y., is working at the Massachusetts General Hospital in the Glaucoma Department of the Eye and Ear Infirmary as secretary to the medical social workers. She finds the work most interesting.

Eddie Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is spending her time training dogs and young horses, and taking pictures of them. Photography and animal training go well together, and Eddie finds the best place for such a career is at home.

Freddy Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, is off with her two sisters on a West Indies cruise for the rest of this month, but she is coming back to help us out the middle of March. **Diana Morgan** is going abroad with her mother and brother in May.

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to **Ellie Goerge Nevin** in the loss of her mother in December.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Jean Johnston Sawyer to the Very Rev. John J. Weaver, Dean of St. Paul Cathedral in Detroit. Jean has been with us as a courier and as a volunteer nurse, after graduating from the School of Nursing at Adelphi College, Garden City, New York. She is able, lovely, sympathetic and understanding; and will bring, we anticipate, great happiness to Dean Weaver, and a gracious influence into the Cathedral precincts.

Miss Frances Hamlen (Ham) to Mr. Costello C. Converse. We understand that this wedding will take place in early May. This engagement comes as a surprise to us because the last we heard Ham was practically on her way to Switzerland to continue her studies!

WEDDINGS

Miss Anne Pratt and Dr. Michael Ladd on January 2, 1948, in Bridgewater, Connecticut.

Miss Catherine Sherman Troxel and Mr. George Metzger Todd, on January 10, 1948, in Tiffin, Ohio.

Miss Patricia Mickle and Mr. Howard Payne Ingels, Jr., both of Centerville, Maryland, on February 7, 1948, in Centerville. This wedding had been planned for June, but during the Christmas holidays, Pat and "Howdy" decided to move it up to February. The happy couple left immediately for Tulsa where Mr. Ingels will complete his course in Petroleum Engineering at the University.

We send a thousand good wishes to all these young people for deepest happiness in the years that lie ahead.

BABIES

We have just learned that Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezy Myers) who is now at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with her husband, has a little girl, Louise IV ("Nick"), who was a year old this past January. When "Nick" is a courier in 1966 she should be an outstanding horsewoman—we have never seen anyone ride more beautifully than her mother, and her father is an expert horseman, too.

News of another baby's arrival has reached us late. Dr. and Mrs. James E. Thompson (Ettty Bartlett) in New York are the proud parents of a son—their second son and third child—born on June 12, 1947.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will) in South Euclid, Ohio, a second daughter, Barbara, in the early fall.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Mercer Carter Blanchard (Betsy Pagon) of Ambler, Pennsylvania, a daughter, Belle Carter, on September 28, 1947, Her mother writes:

"We've just added another prospective courier for the F.N.S. to our family. Belle Carter was born September 28th so please add her name to your list."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin White (Nancy Hillis) of Dayton, Wyoming, a daughter, Dorothy Ann, on November 11, 1947.

Brought up on a ranch, she should have perfect training for the life of a courier!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mikesell, Jr. (Marian Lee), in Tucson, Arizona, a daughter, Helen Joy, on December 18, 1947. This baby girl is doubly dear to us because her mother, one of our old couriers, is the granddaughter of our beloved trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, for whom the baby is named.

JUST JOKES

Traffic Cop (producing note book): "Name, please."

Motorist (caught speeding): "Aloysius Sebastian Cyprian."

Traffic Cop (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."

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It takes hundreds of nuts to hold a car together, but it only takes one of them to scatter it all over the highway.

.

Pat was working his first day as a painter and slipped off the ladder. "How did you fall, Pat?" inquired his companion as he picked him up. "Straight down," replied Pat sourly.

—Contributed from Arizona

BREVITIES

Two points about your income—
Make it first, and make it last.

.

Don't let getting up get you down,
Or you'll be behind, as you were before.

—Anonymous

OLD STAFF NEWS

(Including that from graduates of the F. G. S. M., etcetera)

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Mildred Healy in Colombia, South America—

September 29, 1947

The city of Medellin surprises and delights most people because of its contrasts. It is set in a valley surrounded by many beautiful mountains, which gives one an everchanging view on all sides. Although there are many modern stores, the Nutibara Hotel, and many 1947 cars; there are, at the same time, the unsanitary market-place, barefoot peddlers and beggars, and two-wheeled carts. The wealthy Colombian in his new automobile whizzes down the street competing for the right-of-way with the ragged man and his horse-cart. There are so many beggars and sellers of lottery tickets that almost every other person you meet either begs "limosna" or thrusts lottery tickets under your nose, enticing you to buy what is considered the security of this life. You may ride along in a four-wheeled rickety street car while men sit along its tracks repairing the road by hand, crushing the tar with rocks for implements. Most of the residential streets are unusually clean, as old men and women sweep the streets early in the morning. A five-minute walk beyond this section gives you a picture entirely different of toppling mud houses, naked tots, and animals and chickens running in and out of the houses. The difference between the classes is marked. You find the rich and the very poor with almost no middle class.

Language study is still going on, and although I have made progress, my efforts are a long way from perfect. At school each person has an opportunity to lead chapel in Spanish and give the message. I also teach the children in the English Sunday School, ages eight to eleven, a lively group which keeps the teacher on her toes.

The home in which I'm living has a well-equipped clinic which has been put to good use, since there has been a great deal of nursing to do. Colombians and language school students

alike have been coming for injections and first aid of various sorts.

A short time ago my definite appointment came through and I shall be located in Sinu Valley. Now I am torn between two desires, one to cram all the language possible in the time left and the other to go as soon as I can to the field of my appointment. As it will be very hot there I have been trying to make a few cotton dresses between clinic patients and language classes. So far I haven't been very successful in accomplishing that feat.

From Elda Barry in India—October 28, 1947

As I sit here at 7:30 p.m. with my doors and windows open, perspiring—or just on the verge of it—it is difficult to get in the spirit of Christmas. We are so accustomed to associating it with snow and cold weather, but not so here in Brindaban. I must remember that it isn't yet Thanksgiving, so it is a bit early.

As I write my mind goes back, as it often does, to Thanksgiving, Christmas, and so many pleasant and happy days in the F.N.S. there. I can imagine the beautiful fall colors all over the mountains now and at Christmas time, perhaps snow. How I did enjoy the snow there last winter as only one from America could, after not having seen snow fall for a period of ten consecutive years.

With so many Hindu refugees coming in from the Punjab—Pakistan—about 5,000 have come to Brindaban. We are very busy in the hospital. Many new babies are being born and that is where I am kept busy. Because of the shortage of staff we have not yet started the course in midwifery, but I have been delivering quite a few babies in the hospital. Since reaching Brindaban a little less than four months ago I have delivered 99 babies, most of them normal. I have had three breech presentations, one face, and last night a posterior position. I've assisted with three Cesarean sections. The doctor was present for the first breech I delivered and she thought I did it well. Thanks for the good instruction I had at the F.G.S.M. That experience was very helpful in many ways. Greetings and good wishes always. . . .

which arrived for Thanksgiving. There were nine of us present this year [*for the Thanksgiving reunion at the Regent Palace Hotel in London*]. Mac was not able to come as she had a bad cold.

You will see by the enclosed card who came [N. K. Kelly, E. Mickle (Major), Peggy McQueen, Doris Dunstan, Isabell Dougall Marrison, Elizabeth J. Macdonald, Margaret A. Watson, May V. Green, Wallie]. It was nice to see them and to talk about all the old friends and associations so dear to us all.

We are still struggling to open our extension of 24 beds by March. I have even got some of the staff, but whether the work will be done, I don't know. I booked patients for the beds long ago. With all this drive for exports it is most difficult to get real necessities. However, I suppose the Government knows best—and of course we must pay our way, and exports seems to be the way to do it.

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From Louise Fink at the University of North Carolina—

December 15, 1947

My first quarter's work is almost complete. We had our final classes and examinations Saturday and have only two more days of field work. I find it hard to realize that one-third of the year's work is complete. I am so glad to have had it. There is much to learn in a school of social work. The actual school work has been different from anything I had experienced before. I think this experience is meaning much more to me for having worked with the Frontier Nursing Service [*as A.O.Pi social worker*].

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From Hazel Meyer in Cincinnati—December 19, 1947

I have gotten myself into lots of stuff around here. I go to art class at U.C. on Wednesday night and am now superintendent of the Primary Department of the Sunday school. That's a big job now. I had to organize a program for the children to give on the Sunday before Christmas. They are to have a party this next Sunday with a movie, games, etc. Lots of work but I like it.

Lucille Knechtly was here for the week end a while back and we had a good gab session.

From May V. Green in South Devon, England—January 6, 1948

I think I mentioned some time ago that I am now in my own little bungalow and I've had a happy but expensive time getting the place furnished—but it is worth every cent. Christmas Day I felt I was the luckiest person alive—in my own little home for the first time in my life. I just wish you could see it—very simple, but home. I have two gray, part Persian kittens and they are jolly. They are called Punch and Judy and at the moment are sitting on the mat washing. There is a heavy storm raging. My word, you certainly know it here as I am right on the cliffs and exposed to the elements. One of the village men, an old sailor, told me if I stayed here during the winter it would be like living on a destroyer at sea—and really when I look out to sea you can well imagine it. I love to see the boats going, too. Worcester said she would come and stay with me for a few days in the spring.

It was grand of Mrs. Breckinridge to send the cable Thanksgiving Day for our reunion. We missed Mac this year.

I had a lovely letter and parcel from Taylor Feltner's son-in-law (Red Bird) last autumn. I was delighted to get their letter of love and appreciation. He, Orvil Wilson, did several jobs for me. He put up the stone steps to the house at Red Bird. He said they were a memorial to me! I also had a nice letter from Mrs. Galloway.

From Josephine Green (Jo) with the U. S. Army Nurse**Corps in Battle Creek, Michigan—January 8, 1948**

Right now I am a hospital patient. I was home for Christmas and we had a new riding horse—an albino—which I decided to ride. I had a nice ride and was thinking about stopping when something frightened him and he took off. I just couldn't stop him. He took me under a clothes line which caught me right across the nose. I had a couple of small lacerations and for a time they were concerned about a possible skull or neck fracture. It has turned out to be torn ligaments and concussion. I was allowed up yesterday and hope to get back to work soon.

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tucky. I miss it, yes, **all** of it, more than I ever thought possible. My homesickness increases as the days come and go. My uncle remains distressingly the same. Since last June he has been a constant care. Maybe I'll get down to see all of you before too very long. Hope so!

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From Edith Marsh (Marshie) in Ohio—January 18, 1948

This has been quite a year for me. My book was published in December, 1946, and an autographing party was the high spot. Then came the low. I developed a fibrillating heart and landed in the hospital. I spent my vacation of three weeks in the hospital and then had to be off duty two months. I have been feeling pretty well and am working every day now. I get short winded now and then, but it clears up when I get rid of the edema. My mother hasn't been well either, but my sister is living with us and we manage pretty well.

I feel that the days I spent with the F.N.S. were the best years of my life. I loved it and hated to have to give it up. I hope 1948 will be a happy year and profitable for all of you.

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From Lois Harris Kroll in Seldonia, Alaska—January 18, 1948

En route to you are a couple of cans of salmon—red salmon. Hope you enjoy a taste. Have had quite a sick baby the last few days—for twelve hours he was very sick. He has a very bad cold plus cutting teeth. For a while it acted like bronchial pneumonia, but now he plays in his playpen and begs to be out on the floor. He still has a bad cough and rattle in his bronchial tubes and his appetite is not good—but no fever now.

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I have a new class of Cadets coming in in small groups. So far 21 are here. We expect to have between 100 and 125 by April first. These kids are really nice youngsters. They get the biggest kick out of my telling my experiences with the F.N.S. They thought that nurses on horseback were people one read about. I'm their first acquaintance with actual contact and they get a bang out of my stories. That and my 12 years rural public health work afford them quite a lot of entertainment.

Wishing all of you much success and the best of everything during the New Year.

From Dr. Waters in the Philippines—January 28, 1948

This last week we have been having a series of earthquakes, beginning at 2:00 a. m. last Sunday, which woke us with quite a start—the bamboo house creaking and groaning, leaping about like a ship at sea, dishes falling, lamps going over and furniture sliding about. As soon as the first shock was over we went out in the yard, as did everyone else in town. There was a lot of damage done—about 15 people killed in Iloilo city by falling cement houses. Aside from that, not much general suffering was caused and life has moved along quite normally in spite of repeated smaller shocks. This was the center here in Panay Island, but the news of it has gone abroad and we have heard radio reports from all over the world. You may have heard of it even in Hyden.

Our hospital here is running full and busy most of the time with all types of work. I have had two home deliveries this past week—one in a fifteen-foot square bamboo hut, where I took my own lantern; and the other in a millionaire home set in a park and furnished with rare Chinese art treasures with three private graduate nurses in attendance. Home deliveries always

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remind me of the cabins around Hyden and the wonderful work you are all doing there. With all best wishes for the Service . . .

NEWSY BITS

We are saddened by the news of the sudden death of our former Medical Director, **Dr. Margaret Dale**, of a coronary embolism on January 31st in a Seattle hospital. We are grateful that one of her beloved sisters, Miss Jean Dale, was with her during the difficult week of her illness. Dr. Dale was buried from her sister's home in Kansas City on the morning of February 7th.

We send our sympathy to **Gladys Peacock** whose mother died in January. Peacock was in the United States when her mother's death called her back to England.

Gladys Moberg Gay is living in Winchester. Her husband plans to go to the University of Kentucky to finish his law studies. Gladys is working in a doctor's office and her mother is living with them and caring for little Billy.

Mary Cummings Lloyd's son, Ken, had his tonsils and adenoids removed recently. He is going to a nursery school this year.

We were glad to hear of **Dr. Fraser's** children in Tomah, Wisconsin: Bonnie is in kindergarten; Terry will start next year; and Robin "is no longer a baby."

Ruth Davis reported that last year in Georgia she and **Penny** had 64 deliveries of their own and assisted with about 300 doctor's cases.

We are told that **Catherine Uhl's** correct title is now Mrs. Robert W. Mervyn, Jr. Her address: P. O. Box 433, Wrangell, Alaska.

Mary Le Fevre has been taking some work in Public Health Nursing at George Peabody College.

Anne Nims Nixon (Georgie) writes that her husband has now recovered from his plane crash of last summer.

We were sorry to learn in December that **Trudy Belding Corum's** mother was ill in a hospital. We hope she has completely recovered.

As we go to press we learn that **Dr. Rowland W. Leiby, Jr.'s**, mother is at a hospital in Ithaca with lobar pneumonia. The latest news to reach us tells us of a slight improvement in Mrs. Leiby's condition, but she is still very ill. Our sympathy goes out to Dr. Leiby in fullest measure during these anxious days.

Joanne Morgan, daughter of our former nurse and dear friend, **Mrs. Gillis Morgan**, has just had her third operation at a hospital in Louisville. We are terribly concerned about Joanne, but we hope for brighter news about her before long.

TRUE TALK

Ned and his wife stopped to talk with one of our nurses on the trail. After several minutes' conversation Ned said, "Mandy, we'd better go. We're swapping daylight for dark."

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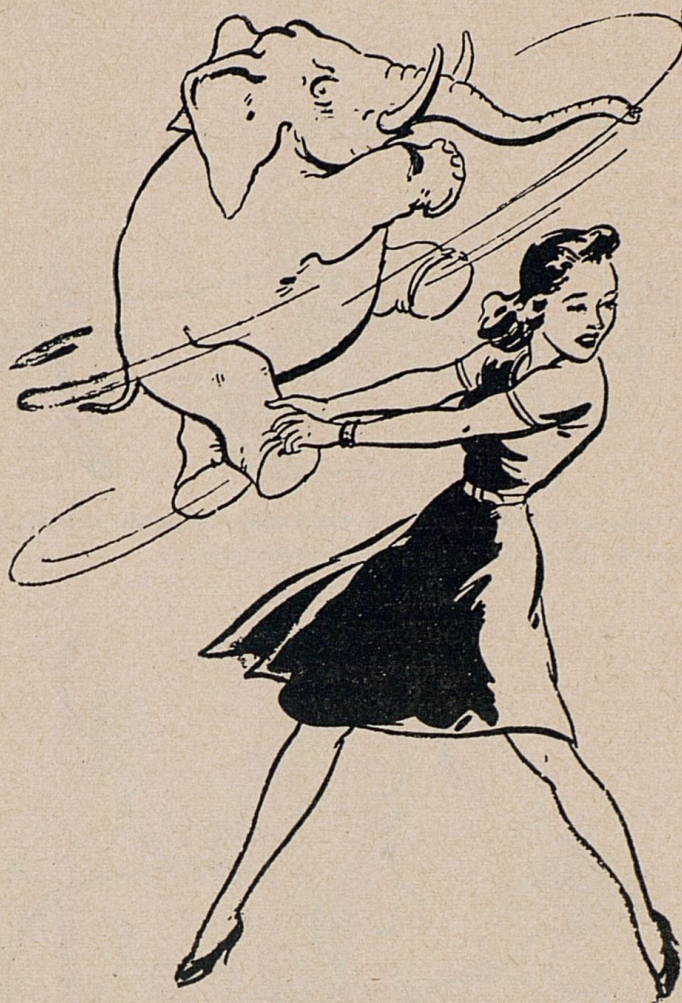
"It was storming Saturday. Maudie and Emma got a ride but Jim and I had to take the rain."

PAPA'S POLITICS

"Please mention what papa's politics are. They talk a great deal about government and opposition, and I do not know which I am for."

—Eliza Douglas to her mother. *The Semi-Attached Couple*, by the Honorable Emily Eden (1797-1869).
Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

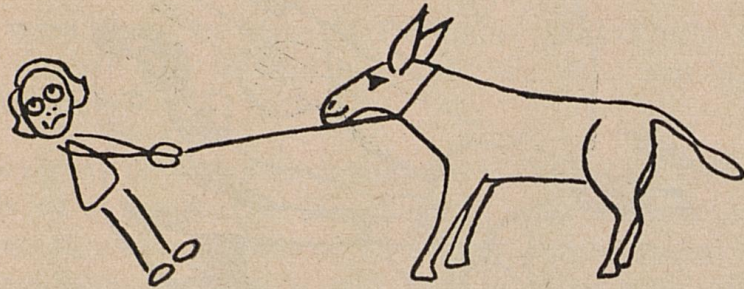
You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received hundreds of dollars from the sale of knickknacks and party dresses sent by friends in areas as far from New York as Wisconsin and Kentucky. The vase you have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

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

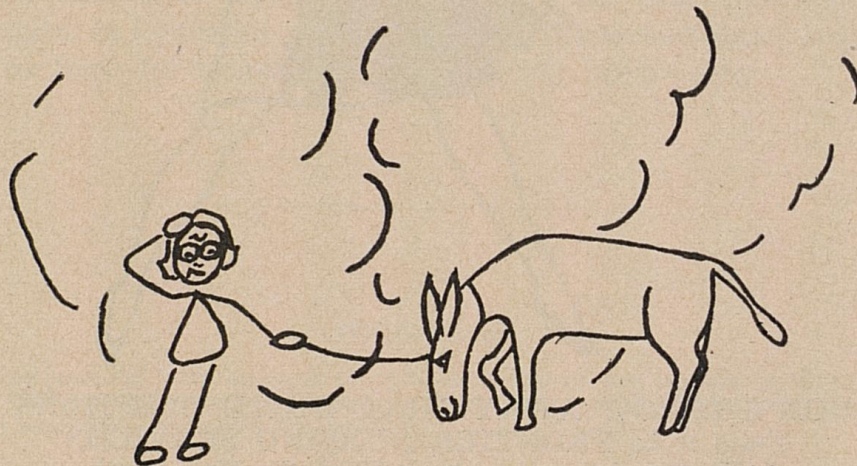
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1175 Third Avenue
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

Watering Tenacity



She stopped and stood. I reasoned, begged, threatened, pleaded, pulled—with no apparent results.



Then she started pawing the earth, vigorously, enveloping us both in clouds of dust.



She laid down amid the dirt she had collected . . .

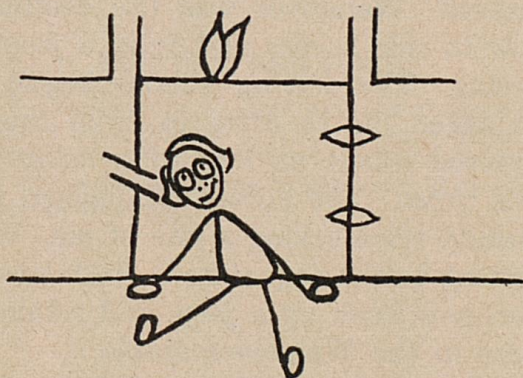
by LOUISA B. CHAPMAN



and rolled, and rolled—first on one side, and then on the other.



In time, we got to the watering trough. She drank and drank, and drank. I marveled at her capacity!



With mighty efforts I induced her to return to her stall, and with a long sigh I closed the door.

FILE 13

by

BETTY SCOTT, R.N.

I am not a secretary. I have not had the proper training to be a secretary. I have never had the desire to be a secretary, and yet today I think I performed the duties of a secretary. Really I'm only a graduate nurse, and registered, too. But then anything is possible in the F.N.S.

Almost three months ago I arrived in Hyden to be taken up the hill and become a member of the nursing staff of Hyden Hospital. I shall always remember that memorable ride up the hill in Sammy's Model "A." The poor little Ford chugged and moaned, and her whole body pulsated vibrantly. If she got us up that hill I vowed I would stroke her radiator cap. We did arrive at the top of the hill and without any mishap. Being much too interested in my new surroundings I failed to keep my vow. (Frankly, I don't think Sammy's Ford has a radiator cap.)

The following morning I found myself among the small group that listened to the night nurse give the hospital report, which sounded most unfamiliar. Then the new hospital routine grew familiar and I was shifted about from day duty to afternoon duty to night duty. I assisted with emergency clinic cases, awakened the midwives in the wee hours of the night for deliveries, and stoked the furnace. Sometime in November my traveling orders arrived. Wendover was the destination. There I was to learn how to ride horses and drive a jeep in preparation for district nursing. The driving lessons began the very next day when Jean asked me to drive in from the mouth of the Muncie. We arrived intact at Pig Alley after having stalled some fifteen plus times. The horses all disliked me at first and at every opportunity tried taking a bite of me. We soon became friends after getting better acquainted. Both lessons progressed fairly well. I can now back up a jeep, and retain a sitting position on any horse in the Wendover stable.

Two weeks passed before I was informed that I would remain at Wendover to be broken in to district nursing. Mac, the Wendover district nurse-midwife, proved herself to be an

excellent instructor. We made pre-natal visits, postpartum calls, and sick and health calls. We held weekly clinics at Wendover.

December came and with it came the tonsil clinic. Several of us were shipped back to the hospital to help during the rush of the clinic. When the children were sent home we returned to our centers. A week or so passed and district work continued to be interesting and enjoyable. Then several days ago someone asked me if I could type. I innocently replied, "yes." At lunch that day I was told that Lucy, the medical director's secretary, must return to her home for a week and would I mind pinch-hitting for her?

Lucy orientated me to the duties which I am to execute this week. Her instructions were short and explicit. Anything that does not already have a place of its own is put in File 13. File 13 is the waste-paper basket. I spent half my day of orientation pulling and putting records in the files. At this rate I should have a good case of "flitis" before the week is ended.

I think Lucy best described these past three months with the F.N.S. when she greeted me by saying, "You take temperatures, pitch manure, and now you're here to take dictation." It's true, grass just doesn't have a chance to grow under the feet of an F.N.S. member.

HISTORY AND HOPE

The march of Providence is so slow and our desires so impatient, the work of Providence is so immense and our means of aiding it so feeble, the life of humanity is so long and that of the individual so brief, that we often see only the advancing wave and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope.

—Robert E. Lee

In Memoriam

MRS. SALLIE MORGAN, across the river from Wendover, Kentucky
Died June 27, 1947—Friday of the Great Rains

"Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her."

—*Pilgrim's Progress*, Bunyan

This dear neighbor and friend, widow of Taylor Morgan, mother of daughters and sons who have meant much to the Frontier Nursing Service over the years, died just at the time of the great rains and floods of late June. It is our wish to leave a record in our annals of what a great lady she was. In the twenty-two years in which we had lived near her and had known her well, she never once broke the code that governs the conduct of the gently born. She was always courteous, charitable, free from slander and malice, considerate, kind. We pray God that we may be her neighbors again some day on the other side.

MR. ALBERT H. CORDES, Cincinnati, Ohio
Died August 11, 1947

At last when the day's long silence shall break,
And the darkness rolls away,
The eyes that were weeping shall see when they wake,
Death with the face of Day.

—Arthur St. John Adcock

When we gather together the names of those to whom the Frontier Nursing Service was dear, those who have crossed the Great Divide since we wrote our last memorials, we turn with lingering affection to this quiet man who had lived the good life always. "Be a good man, my dear," said Sir Walter Scott to his son-in-law when Sir Walter lay dying, "Nothing else matters when you come to lie like this." There was about Albert Cordes a serenity covering a strength unbreakable. No one who knew him but was the better for his friendship. Although our

hearts go out to his wife in the long loneliness upon which she has entered, we do believe that she will not pass through this darkness unaided. Not only is the daybreak sure, but gleams of light will penetrate her consciousness from time to time. May these sustain her until she meets "Death with the face of Day."

MRS. DRUCILLA LEWIS, Hyden, Kentucky

Died October 25, 1947

And even to your old age I am he; and even to
hoar hairs will I carry you . . . they shall obtain glad-
ness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

—*Isaiah XLVI, 4 and LI, 11.*

In looking back over the long years since we established our first nursing center at Hyden, there is no more loving face in our memories than that of Mrs. Lewis. In common with all who knew her well, and in deep affection, we called her "Aunt Cilla." Her husband, the late Judge Theophilus G. Lewis, was a distinguished member of the local bar. In 1915 he and she built the Lewis Hotel, of local stone, and there they entertained people and their horses who travelled in from over a wide area. Aunt Cilla was probably the best known woman in Eastern Kentucky. Her fairness, her great kindness, her good manners, and pleasant ways endeared her to the hundreds of people with whom she came in constant contact. The years made her an old woman, but they did not change the innate beauty of her heart and life. She died, after a long illness, at the home of a daughter in Lexington, but her body was brought back to be buried by the side of her husband in the family graveyard on the farm where she was born and reared.

Our sympathy went out to her son and daughters, but she herself has all our loving good wishes for the life she has taken up again, with her husband, on the other side.

MR. CHARLES F. WILSON, Washington, D. C.

Died November 3, 1947

Love the inmate, not the room
The wearer, not the garb;—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
That kept him from the splendid stars.

—Sir Edwin Arnold

This gallant gentleman not only meant a great deal to the Frontier Nursing Service in himself, but he was the husband of one of our Washington Committee members, and the father of Mary (Mrs. Samuel Neel)—one of the best and dearest couriers we ever had. Our hearts go out with peculiar tenderness to the wife and daughter in these sad months of their great grief. We are so convinced of the continuity of life that we face the fact of death, as a part of it, without flinching. Surely the greater good into which the loved one has entered is large enough to embrace those of us who must bide our time in this transitory world.

MRS. ARTHUR TERRY, Short Hills, New Jersey

Died November 8, 1947

"Light, more Light"

—Goethe

Mrs. Terry died at the age of eighty after having provided "New Eyes for the Needy" for more than fourteen years. Readers of this Bulletin will be familiar with her name because our old people in the Kentucky mountains were among the twenty thousand or more persons to whom she gave sight. When an old man can't see to drive a nail, or an old woman can't see to thread a needle it is a divine gift of light to provide them with glasses that magnify and that enable them to carry on as though they were young.

Mrs. Terry did her work with no overhead, no red tape, no paid helpers, no committees, no appeals for funds. She asked people for their old discarded eye glasses, and the Junior League of Short Hills sorted them for her. "The gold frames were sold in bulk to a Newark refinery, which returned 97 per cent of their value in cash. Old tortoise-shell frames were sent to the Seamen's Institute for re-use, new ones to a co-operating optician. . . . All unscratched lenses, with one exception, were turned over to an optician to be reground according to the prescriptions of the needy. The exception was any magnifying lens, which was sent to the Frontier Nursing Service for distribution among old folk. . . ." Friends of Mrs. Terry have taken up and will continue her beneficial enterprise.

Mrs. Terry brought "Light, more Light" to those with defective sight and to the aged who could not afford to go out of the hills to be fitted with glasses. Now "Light, more Light" has come to her.

DR. LOUIS S. GREENE, Washington, D. C.

Died November 12, 1947

I feel in myself the future life. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens with the dawn.

—Victor Hugo

This distinguished and charming member of our National Medical Council has finished his day's work but his life, thank God, is not finished nor ever will be. We do not know into what broad fields of usefulness he has entered now, but we do know that he was prepared to enter them. A life like his, shot through with kindness, shot through with compassion, service, achievement, such a life would be checked not at all by the interruption of death. While our hearts go out with tenderest sympathy to the wife and daughter who were all in all to him, we know that they will share in his high adventure. We know they are sharing it now.

MRS. CHARLES HENRY BABCOCK, Rochester, New York

Died November 16, 1947

The radiant morn has passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on, once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

—Godfrey Thring

For the past eighteen years this gracious lady generously supported the Frontier Nursing Service and carried its needs in her kindly heart. She was a gentlewoman of the old school, and a leader in her community of all worthwhile things. Even

down to her old age she remembered that the personal word of encouragement and faith helps as much as the money in the support of a charity. In her last illness—only a few weeks before her death—she wrote us a little personal letter in sending her check. Like all she ever wrote us, it was characteristic of her alone. The next world will be a better place because she has entered it.

DR. MARGARET DALE, Seattle, Washington

Died January 31, 1948

The soul so high-destined, reaches
Its highest through death.

—*A Litany of Pain,*
By Margaret J. Preston.

Our readers will remember that Dr. Dale was our Medical Director for a few months a year ago and that her distinguished medical services saved more than one critically ill mother. They will remember that our work was too hard for her, and she left us to go to the West. She died from a coronary embolus after several days of intense suffering, but quietly and in peace at the end. One of her two beloved sisters was able to reach her by airplane before her death. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to these two sisters. We never knew a sisterhood more utterly devoted to one another than these three. Now the dear ties are broken in this world. Now the gallant physician whom we knew and loved, has taken up her life and her work on the other side of death.

DR. WILLIAM THOMPSON BRIGGS, Lexington, Kentucky

Died February 1, 1948

Beyond the shores of death we do not go into a
strange country; it is still our Father's house. . . .

—*Memoir of Alexander Ewing, D.C.L.* (1814-1873)
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her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John A. Caldwell, at Burlington, Kentucky, near Cincinnati. Then she made a visit to our Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Coffman at Georgetown, Kentucky. Mrs. Coffman gave her a tea where Betty spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service to a group of leading Scott County women.

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Your Frontier Nursing Service director had the honor of entertaining on the evening of December 11th at the Idle Hour Country Club near Lexington nearly all of the physicians on the Medical Advisory Committee of the National Medical Council of the Frontier Nursing Service. The dinner was in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Maurice O. Barney. Dorothy Buck came, also, from the Frontier Nursing Service, and the attendance of the dear doctors included all but six who were away or in bed with flu-ish things. It was a source of deep satisfaction to Dr. Barney, Buck and me to be able to bring some of our special medical problems before this wise and kind advisory group.

While your director was in and around Lexington, she also spoke, with colored slides, to a delightful group of women at Winchester, Kentucky; she attended a luncheon of the Altrusan Club in Lexington; she spoke to the Lexington, Kentucky, Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the University of Kentucky.

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Honors are frequently showered on the heads of the trustees and the members of the Medical Council of the Frontier Nursing Service. We were tremendously bucked to learn that Dr. John Rock, distinguished man of Boston, director of the Fertility and Endocrine Clinic at Free Hospital for Women, Brookline, Massachusetts, had been given the Lasker Foundation Award in New York by the Planned Parenthood Federation.

Dr. John A. Caldwell, another distinguished man and surgeon on our National Medical Council, was honored at a dinner given for him at the Camargo Country Club on January twenty-fourth on the occasion of his retirement as Professor of Clinical Surgery at the College of Medicine of the University of Cincinnati and Director of the Fracture Service at the Cincinnati General Hospital. One of Dr. Caldwell's responsibilities as Professor

of Surgery has been the instruction of post-graduate students and, since the foundation of this course, sixty-one men have gone through the post-graduate Surgical School on his service. Of this number, forty-one came to pay tribute to Dr. Caldwell, many from great distances. The high point of the evening was the gift to Dr. Caldwell of two registered Brown Swiss heifers of outstanding pedigrees, bred to freshen this spring, to be added to the herd of registered Brown Swiss cattle which Dr. Caldwell has assembled since moving to his home at Burlington, Kentucky.

Our treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, has been given an inscribed silver pitcher by the Lexington Optimist Club as "the outstanding citizen of his community for 1947." Among the things said on this occasion, three sentences move us most deeply. They are:

The man we honor today is trusted because his word is as good as gold. He is admired because he is morally upright. He is loved because he never lets you down.

The trustees of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit have arranged a reception for Friday the twentieth of February in honor of Miss E. Charlotte Waddell on the occasion of her twentieth anniversary as administrator. We were proud to receive an invitation to this, and regret that we cannot find time to attend.

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Another thing to which we were invited and would have loved attending was the Sesquicentennial Celebration of the University of Louisville on February ninth and tenth. As part of the program, Dr. John Wilkinson Taylor was inaugurated as President of the University.

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A wedding of special interest to the Frontier Nursing Service took place on January ninth, when Mary Katherine, daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Emmet Earle Stidham, was married at Corinth, Mississippi, to Mr. Walter Winton Enloe, Jr. Mary Katherine is the granddaughter of the late Mrs. Sally Morgan, who was our dear neighbor and friend across the river from Wendover.

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The winter number of *To Digma*, magazine of the Alpha

Omicron Pi National Sorority, has a delightful account of the visit at Hyden and Wendover last summer of fourteen members of the Alpha Phi Chapter—a visit we remember in here with great pleasure.

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Miss Betty Lester spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service to the members of the Pilot Club in Lexington, Kentucky, at a dinner meeting on the evening of February seventeenth. Miss Louise Griggs invited Betty to come down and tell the whole story of the Frontier Nursing Service from the beginning. Florence Moore (Joker), a volunteer worker in our statistical department, drove down to Lexington with Betty. Miss Hazel Brittain presided at the meeting, and Miss Pearl Warford introduced the speaker. The members of the Pilot Club, and their guests, asked lots of intelligent questions when Betty's talk was over.

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It is many years since Mrs. Eleanor J. Horsley of Bradford in England visited us in the Kentucky mountains. We still hear from her, and she is still affected by news of us as we are by news of her. In her last letter she wrote of her regret upon reading in the Bulletin of the death of Mr. Elmer Huff, chairman of our committee at Confluence. Mrs. Horsley tells us that on her seventieth birthday she was given a party attended by ten members of the Bradford Branch of the Royal College of Midwives. Their combined ages amounted to over seven hundred years, and the number of births that they had attended came to just over thirty thousand.

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Dr. Rowland W. Leiby, Jr., who was loaned to us last year for several months by Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Professor of obstetrics and gynecology, at the University of Rochester, N. Y., spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service and his experience with it, at a monthly obstetrical meeting in Rochester last autumn. In addition to the obstetricians, the Obs.-Gyn. House Staff of the Strong Memorial Hospital, attended the meeting as well as some of the nurses. Dr. Leiby's talk proved of such interest that he was kept on his feet for an hour and a half.

We should like to quote from a letter we have just received from a lady in Great Britain.

A friend and near neighbor of mine goes weekly to Yarmouth, or some other port, to welcome Displaced Persons and shepherd them to their camps or hostels. At present there are mostly Latvians coming—before that Poles—and more to follow. There is a large camp of children who have no parents and no homes anywhere.

An editorial in the *Courier-Journal* of February 25, 1948, on Czechoslovakia gives a resumé of the story of this freedom-loving country. The *Courier-Journal* reminds us that under Hitler's rule a quarter of a million Czechs were executed; two million were forced into slave labor camps; and the nation became a prison. Now to the Czechs has come "Operation Iron Curtain," and "Winston Churchill's words uttered in Parliament on October 5, 1938, echo grimly in our ears: 'All is over. Silent, mournful, and broken, Czechoslovakia recedes into the darkness.'"

TOWN AND TRAIN

On Monday afternoon, January twelfth, I left Wendover for an absence of one month, lacking one day. I reached Wilmington, Delaware, in the early afternoon of Tuesday, and was met at the station by Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain and our sweet old Fanny, courier of many times over many years. At their country place near Downingtown, Pennsylvania, I had an evening and morning of pure refreshment such as I have more than once enjoyed when in that part of the world. There were the grandchildren, Bonnie and Sandy, the three large police dogs strolling around like amiable wolves, the hunters, the birds gathering around their winter feeding place, Mrs. Gibson McIlvain in for a game of bridge in the evening, and the younger Mrs. Gibson McIlvain in and out for fragments of delightful conversation.

On the Wednesday afternoon we had our big Philadelphia meeting, with new colored slides, in the ballroom of the Barclay Hotel, followed by tea. Loads of people were there although the blustery winter weather—inseparable from my whole tour—was under way in and around Philadelphia. There is never time

to name many names, but I met again friends who are dear to me among the older generation as well as some of our couriers.

This is a good place in which to announce that the Philadelphia Committee will put over a spring Benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service. We hope you will buy tickets, those of you who live near enough to Philadelphia to attend. Unfortunately we do not know the nature of the Benefit, or the date, as we go to press. However, you will all of you receive a communication direct from the Philadelphia Committee.

On Thursday morning I took the train at Wilmington, Delaware, for Washington where I was to spend the next two nights with Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (old courier Marion Shouse). That afternoon we had a well attended meeting of the Washington Committee in the drawing room of its chairman, Mrs. Lawrence Groner. Preliminary discussion and arrangements took place for our John Mason Brown Benefit to be held early in May this year at the Mayflower Hotel. Since Mrs. Groner was leaving shortly with Judge Groner for the Southwest and would be gone a long while, Mrs. John Davidge was so kind as to take the chairmanship of the Benefit Committee. Many eager offers of help have been given her, and we know that those of you who always attend the Washington Benefit, and receive notices well in advance, will not miss this one.

In Washington again I saw many old friends including some of our couriers. I wish there were time and space to name them all. On Friday, Mrs. Groner had a few of those who had been unable to attend the meeting to lunch with me at the Sulgrave Club.

On Saturday I reached the Cosmopolitan Club in New York in time to have my sister and her husband, Colonel George Warren Dunn, who had returned from the Army of Occupation in Germany, to dinner with me. I must confess that that evening and Sunday, January eighteenth, were given over to personal pleasure. On the Sunday morning I attended divine services at "The Little Church Around the Corner"—Transfiguration—one of my two favorite churches in the whole world. The other is St. Martin's in the Fields in London.

I had "Pebble" Stone and Jo Grimaldi to lunch with me on Sunday. Jo, the sister of our British nurse, Peggy Brown, is over here on a visitor's visa to see something of Peggy who is responsible for importing her, and to share in the courier work of the Frontier Nursing Service. That afternoon my cousins, Mrs. John C. Breckinridge and Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, had a gathering of my family connections in and around New York to meet me. That evening I dined at the Colony Club with Mrs. Breckinridge and other cousins.

On Monday, the nineteenth, my work in New York began most delightfully with a drive out to Riverdale through the snow to lunch with that most charming of all elderly ladies, Mrs. Cleveland H. Dodge. We held a meeting of our Riverdale Committee—one of the first and therefore one of the oldest of all our Committees—in the afternoon at the home of Mrs. Cleveland E. Dodge. This Committee has supported a nurse for the Frontier Nursing Service for nearly 20 years.

Tuesday we had a delightful meeting of the New York Committee at the home of Mrs. Walter Binger. There were other activities through the rest of the day, but I haven't time to chronicle them. That night I dined with some old American Committee for Devastated France friends, and others, at the home of Mrs. Arthur Ellis Hamm. Miss Elizabeth Perkins was visiting her so that I slew these two people, with whom I have so many happy memories, with one stone.

Wednesday afternoon, the twenty-first, we had our big New York Annual Meeting in the Ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club—with colored slides. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, presided with her accustomed grace. In my long experience I have never known a better chairman. Other officers of the Committee gave their year's reports—Mrs. Herman F. Stone as treasurer of the New York Committee, Mrs. Thomas L. Clarke as treasurer of the Bargain Box, Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland as chairman of the Bargain Box Committee. Our share in the Bargain Box brought us, in the last fiscal year, seven thousand dollars, net, here in Kentucky. Elsewhere in this Bulletin you will find full directions for sending your superfluities to this remarkable thrift shop.

That night I dined at a restaurant with our own Vanda

Summers and our own Alice Ford who, because they worked lovingly for years in the Frontier Nursing Service, remain a part of it forever. Thursday and Friday were filled with those extra engagements of which there are too many to chronicle, but Thursday afternoon I drove with Mrs. Roger D. Mellick to Far Hills, New Jersey, where I had a fascinating program. Heavens, but the snow and ice were deep out in the Somerset Hills! We made our way through them, guided by a remarkable chauffeur, to the home of our former courier, Catherine Mellick, now Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin. There we had tea, and I had my chief delight of the day—making the acquaintance of Cath's boy and girl. They are adorable children. With Cath's husband added to our group, but minus the babies, we then drove to the Mellick's place, "Middlebrook," for dinner. Our group was further enlarged by our delightful host, Mr. Roger D. Mellick, by the young Mellick daughter, Betty, by Jean Hollins' brother, Mr. Harry Hollins, and by Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Look.

The officers and Board of Trustees of the Visiting Nurses Association of Somerset Hills had honored me by asking me to speak at the Annual Meeting of the Association, founded more than forty years ago. Before making my talk I had the rare pleasure of listening not only to the report of the last year's work of this remarkable Visiting Nurses Association, but to reports about the work some forty years ago, when it began with one devoted nurse wearing the trailing garments of those days. Refreshments followed the meeting, and then the Mellicks sent me back to New York through the snow drifts in a big car with a good chauffeur.

I did do some work on Saturday morning, the twenty-fourth, but I must confess that I went to lunch with my cousin, Madame Boncompagni, at the Colony Club and had an afternoon with her given over to personal pleasure. With Madame Boncompagni and other cousins, the Preston Johnstons from Lexington, I saw *The Winslow Boy*, a good play. Sunday, again, was an off duty program—with services at the "Little Church Around the Corner," a visit to my young Alexander cousins, and dinner with my sister and her husband who were still in New York, and with Kate Breckinridge from Vassar.

On Monday, January the twenty-sixth, I went to Boston for most of that week. The snow in New York wasn't a patch on what I found in Boston. I suppose that when the Boston City Fathers read that it cost New York six million dollars to clear away its great blizzard, they practically died. Except on the main thoroughfares, almost nothing was cleared away: I kept getting horrifying reports of the weather in the Kentucky mountains but for once I felt that I had met its match. Just to keep out of snow drifts took scientific driving. The home in Chestnut Hill of my young Grandin cousins looked, in their own words, like an Eskimo igloo. The narrow path I covered to their door was so banked by snow on both sides that had I been on horseback I still could not have seen over the rim of either side.

I stayed in Boston at a hotel of which I am particularly fond, the Lincolnshire on Charles Street, where I learned to my real distress that the manager, Carl O. Nelson, is leaving after twenty years. In the disposition of one of the Codman estates, the hotel has changed hands. Will it lose its flavor, that of a private club, I wonder?

Our Annual Meeting in Boston, followed by tea, took place again this year in the large drawing room at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter. Mrs. Joseph T. Walker risked her life to drive me out there. A special traffic policeman had been assigned to steer the cars into snowdrifts so that passageway would be left for any other venturesome traffic. People had been asked to double up on cars so as to make as few as possible to handle. Even so, since about one hundred and thirty people came to the meeting, they used a lot of cars—and the traffic policeman looked harassed beyond words.

With Mrs. Mixter and the Boston Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, and other members of the Boston Committee as hostesses, everyone was well received once they got inside, and well nourished before they left. As always at these meetings, there was a sprinkling of men—especially doctors. Among the latter was one whom I met for the first time, Dr. Keith Merrill, Jr., who is completing his preparation as a pediatric surgeon. His mother is a member of our Washington Committee . . . thus do these Committees link up with one another. After the Boston meeting I was driven to the home of my old friends, Mrs. Charles

Moss and her son, Mr. James Moss, for a lovely evening of dinner and bridge with two of their old friends.

The next day in Boston Mrs. E. A. Codman, our honorary chairman, gave me a luncheon at her home on Beacon Street where I had the great pleasure of meeting several delightful people I did not know and some that I already knew and liked. Here as well as at the Annual Meeting, some of the old couriers turned up. In one way or another many manage to get to see me when I am in their towns. On the other hand there are always some who are prevented by family cares from getting in, and whose babies I do not get to see. Such were Sheila Clark Page who lives out of Philadelphia, and Mardi Bemis Perry who lives out of Boston.

Wednesday afternoon was filled with people. In the first place my friend, Winifred Rand, had come up to Boston from Frankestown, New Hampshire, to stop at my hotel for my visit. Consequently we had all of our odd moments of leisure together, including bits that afternoon. Then my young cousins, the Waller Carsons (he went to the Pacific from Princeton and is now struggling in something at Harvard) brought their two months' old baby to see me. He is a nice baby, of good quality. Then Edward Danson (Ned), son of one of my closest friends, came to call. Ned also went through campaigns in the Pacific and he too is now struggling (in archeology) at Harvard. In the middle of all this Zaydee de Jong (Mrs. Mason Harris), up from Fitchburg, came in to ask me to have tea with her and her cousin, Mrs. Sam Crocker, and one of Mrs. Crocker's sons, just around the corner. So Ned and I walked over to Chestnut Street for a delightful tea. After that Ned took me up to Louisburg Square, a short walk but of a ploughing nature because of the snowdrifts, where I had dinner and bridge with another friend, Mrs. Otis Russell, and two charming Boston men she had invited for the evening. These men kindly ploughed down with me through the snowdrifts, to get me back at the Lincolnshire that night. Those familiar with Louisburg Square will recall that you go up and up and then back down and down.

On Thursday I went to Marblehead to spend the day with Mrs. I. H. Jones, who, as Edith Richie, was at boarding school with me in Switzerland in the nineties. She had had one of those

heart attacks that are plaguing millions of people nowadays, but was convalescing. With her and her husband and their daughter, Mrs. Peter Vosburg, and an adorable grandbaby, I had a quiet and very happy day. The Frontier Nursing Service has many friends in Marblehead, and in other years there was always a party at which I could see them. Since this was not possible now, I had to content myself with telephoning that especially dear old friend of the Service, Mrs. Charles Thornton Davis.

On Friday, January thirtieth, I returned to the Cosmopolitan Club in New York. I spent a wonderful week end with Mrs. Herman F. Stone and "Pebble" on Long Island. They had several old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service in for lunch on Sunday. That same evening I met a number of other friends at a rather large party. Best of all, I had hours of dear companionship in a snowbound country house with two of my best friends.

I remained through the first week of February in New York. There were no major speaking engagements, but even so I had many appointments and much work to do. The outcome of some of these things will appear in future issues of this Quarterly Bulletin. Among the pleasant happenings of this last week was running into Miss Helen Rogers of Rochester. Since she is not only a warm personal friend of mine, but chairman of our Rochester Committee as well, we managed one lunch together and got talked up on a hundred things. At these New York clubs one constantly runs into old friends. At the Colony Club I saw Mrs. Gammell Cross from Providence. This was a particular pleasure as I had not time to get to Providence this year. Nor had I time to go to Princeton, but our Princeton chairman, Mrs. Howard Russell Butler, Jr., got into New York to our Annual Meeting there.

Our Detroit chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, stopped off in New York on her way to visit a niece in Barbados. I had dinner with her and she took me to see Maurice Evans in *MAN AND SUPERMAN*—an enchanting evening. I had lunch with my old chief of the American Committee for Devastated France days, Miss Anne Morgan, and found her nearly recovered from her illness of last fall—and so buoyant. We reveled in talks of old

times. Another friend of those far off days, and of later years as well, of whom I saw something was Miss Jessie Carson. I had tea alone with Mrs. Henry James, the first time I had seen her since the loss of her distinguished husband. She means much to me as a friend as well as a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was a rare pleasure to go to a lecture, and exhibit, on Lowestoft porcelain at the house of the Colonial Dames of New York, upon the invitation of Mrs. Russell Carter, and with Mrs. Stone. I could not find time to see the tapestries on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum, but nearly everyone I met told me what I was missing.

One thing I did not miss was my annual visit to the Bargain Box Thrift Shop on one of the days when members of our own New York Committee were pricing and selling. It is always a pleasure to drop into that busy little shop on Third Avenue to see the wonderful volunteer work by New Yorkers which brings in so much money annually to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Aside from numerous meetings with members of our New York Committee, I had the great pleasure of dining with Miss Mary Roberts, Editor of the American Journal of Nursing, and with Miss Florence Johnson, Director of the Nursing Service of the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross. I also had an evening with Professor Lillian Hudson of the Department of Nursing, Teachers College, Columbia University. It means a lot to us in the Frontier Nursing Service to get in touch with distinguished nurses in the national fields of work.

Since I could not get to Pittsburgh this year, and our dear chairman there, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, has been ill for months, I took advantage of being in New York to have a satisfactory conversation with her by telephone. Her many friends will rejoice with me to know that she is really better and is hoping to attend the wedding of her granddaughter and namesake, Norah Oliver Weeks, in New York on March eighteenth. Nonnie was to have been one of our couriers, and she is only now nineteen. Her fiancé, William Preston, has the same name as my great, great, great grandmother, who was Letitia Preston of Virginia. I should like to think I could claim kinship with

this gallant young man. He was badly wounded in the Battle of the Bulge and had to make a hard comeback.

Time and space already too much consumed deny me the happiness of continuing to name the people I met and the things I did during those last days in New York.

The first of the next week I left for Lexington where I had arranged to stop for two days before going back to the hills. When I was told to call the Hazard operator, my heart stood still. I knew no one from home would try to get me through that difficult telephone connection unless there was bad news. It was our Sammie's death. Jean and Brownie came down for me and took me back to Hyden Hospital where Sammie's mother and brother had already arrived. The rest of that evening is told in our memorial to Sammie.

M. B.

TWIG-LESS WATER DIVINER

In Derbyshire more than thirty years ago I met a water diviner who used no twig, but with hands outspread before him, palms downward, traced the course of an underground stream, and calculated the depth and quantity of water to be got in three places. Bore-holes were sunk in all of them, and water was found within a reasonable margin of his figures. He told me he could not divine in rubber-soled shoes, and that too frequent use of his faculties reduced him to a nervous wreck. I could get no response from the twig he cut for me until he held my wrists, when the twig reacted at once. The farm bailiff, an avowed sceptic, held the twig, while the diviner, with hands on his wrists, exhorted him to stop the twig moving. The outstanding muscles of the bailiff's forearm bore witness to his vain efforts to do so.—*J. G. Tate.*

The Countryman, England, Summer, 1947.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary
frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?

The waters are laid as with a stone, and the face
of the deep is frozen.

—*Book of Job*

This is the last week of February and snow is again falling. Was there ever such a winter as the one whose closing days still find us with snow on the mountains and ice below the cliffs? From my window at Wendover I look out on the hills and the rushing Middle Fork of the Kentucky River—a landscape dearer to me with each passing year and best loved in its somber dress. In the window are pots of hyacinths and lilies-of-the-valley. These were home grown for me by the old Bucket while I was away. I have indoor spring with outdoor winter.

I have been hanging around the East. As one of our New York Committee members justly observed, "That sounds like the morning star." My mail from home was of a fragmentary nature. It got out of the mountains belatedly and with difficulty. Here are samples:

"Enclosing *Christianity and Crisis* because second class mail not going out. . . . Roads impassable—No mail—No groceries—No laundry—No nothing. . . . Inty drives in from Chicago!"

"We are blanketed in snow and the thermometer ten below zero last night! But, today, it got up to 15° above!"

"'This is an old timey winter,' was the greeting that met us on the streets in Hyden today when we carried the mail on our backs to the mouth of Muncie and jeeped into town from there. . . . No sitting hens yet."

"This snow is driving all the birds in for food. I never saw such a crowd. I have started a lunch tray on the rail of the cabin and there they eat twice as much dog-meal mash a day as Penny does, besides numerous pieces of bread and a bit of chicken grain. I have real wild bird grain coming, but not yet come. We found a dead chipping sparrow by the bull pen. He probably froze, but I guess he was too feeble from lack of food to find shelter. His craw was empty. I wonder he had'nt heard of the Wendover free lunch!"

When Wendover grew really short of supplies Mr. Roy Huffman of Hyden came to the rescue. He collected a group of men and girls who announced gaily that they were off on "an

errand of mercy." About nine or ten of them, helped by five or six of the hospital crowd, packed huge boxes of food all the way from the mouth of Muncie over the icy swinging bridge and up a trail deep in snowdrifts. Other friends, living around the outpost nursing centers, helped the outpost nurse-midwives to carry on. Shoeing trips by the Wendover blacksmith, escorted by Jean Hollins, got through eventually, although sometimes two or three attempts had to be made before success. We can't let the horses down. The nurse-midwives depend on them in all weather, night as well as day, to reach women in childbirth, and sick people.

We have had fewer casualties among the staff than we did before the heavy winter set in. There had been a broken toe and a broken thumb earlier, but the only one to suffer a bad enough fall, as a direct result of the ice, to need Dr. Barney's care was Lucile Hodges. No bones were broken, fortunately.

. . . .

The biggest event in the Frontier Nursing Service before real winter set in was the tonsil clinic the first few days of the second week of December. In Sammie's last story, which she sent over to me as a Christmas present, and which is printed at the beginning of this Bulletin, she describes this clinic. It was marvelous to have Dr. F. W. Urton, brilliant member of our National Medical Council, come up again from Louisville to give his time. With him came that great anesthetist, Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, and young Dr. McClure. With them came the Wheat sisters to visit a friend in Hyden. They are both operating room nurses from Louisville, and they too gave their time to help us with the tonsillectomies. Thirty-three children and one of our staff, Cecilia Lucas, had their tonsils removed. Dr. Urton and Dr. Dollar could have cared for more children than that, but we had to turn down twelve at the last minute because of colds and sore throats. We could not take any of the children from the Beech Fork area because of an epidemic of chicken pox.

These operations, all of them, were terribly needed and cost the children nothing. The physicians, as always, gave their services and the Frontier Nursing Service gave hospital and nursing care.

In December another wonderful thing was done for us. We had had so much difficulty in locating a blood donor for a rather rare type that it was necessary to type over sixty people before finding the right one. Friends always give their blood for our patients, but when you want blood in a hurry it does take time to type donors.

There is at Hyden a lodge of Veterans of Foreign Wars. These young men learned of our difficulties in getting blood on short notice, so they made a suggestion to Brownie, the Hospital Superintendent, and to Dr. Barney, that was as intelligent as it was kind. They said they would all of them (some fifty or sixty) come up to the hospital and get themselves typed. After that a list of prospective donors with the type of blood he had to offer could be kept at Rutherford Campbell's Drug Store. This has been done and it works perfectly. If Mr. Campbell can't locate, quickly, one veteran of a type we need, he can always find another. We have been using their blood since then, and our patients have cause to bless them.

In another part of this Bulletin, Carolyn Booth, volunteer Christmas Secretary, has described her activities. It is a pleasure to be able to say that she really could not have handled the Christmas shipments this year but for the extra help she got from Mrs. Louise Hickman of Louisville. Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., and Mrs. Frazer LeBus of Lexington, Kentucky, with Mr. James W. White at the wheel, drove Mrs. Hickman up to Hyden the last of November for volunteer December service. She spent hours every day in unpacking, sorting, and repacking for the outpost nursing centers, the thousands of toys and the clothing that you-on-the-outside sent down to us. Mrs. Hickman was wonderful.

We have no guests when winter weather once sets in, but we had a welcome visit from Miss Margaret Gage of Delanson, New York, and Los Angeles, California, shortly before Christmas. She is one of our warmest friends and had not been to see us for several years. We also welcomed back for an all too short stay Mrs. Frank Coates who, as Ruth Waterbury, was a valued member of our staff at Wendover years ago.

While the trails were still open, we had calls—on two successive afternoons—from members of the staffs of the hospitals at Oneida and Hazard. People who live forty or fifty miles away are neighbors in the country. It was a joy to welcome Dr. V. E. Masters from the fine Maternity Hospital maintained by the State Board of Health of Kentucky at Oneida; and five of the sisters, with Father Anthony Kraff, from Mount Mary Hospital at Hazard. Both groups of hospital friends had tea with us.

In the Autumn Bulletin we mentioned our need for a Deep Freeze at the Hyden Hospital in the hope that some one of our friends would be able to give it to us. To our amazement and joy, money for the Deep Freeze was received from four different friends. The one from Newark, Delaware, actually gave the Deep Freeze. We asked the ones from Louisville, Kentucky; Concord, Massachusetts; and New York City for permission to use their money in other ways for other things that were terribly needed. The Louisville donor had her own suggestion. Those from Massachusetts and New York consented to allow us to apply their gifts on the winter uniforms—riding breeches, jackets, and caps—which we had just ordered for the outdoor staff. We literally did not know where to turn for the money to pay the bill for these uniforms, so these two kind extra Deep Freeze donors consented to let us pay this bill with their gifts. We are punctilious about never using a penny of funds, given for a specific purpose, for anything else without permission from the givers.

The Deep Freeze is installed at the Hyden Hospital and will be in operation as soon as we can get the electrical supplies and an electrician to connect it up. This will be possible when we have open weather.

Our readers will remember how desperately ill was a little Belgian bride, Mrs. Monique Turner, with the birth and death of her first baby at our Hyden Hospital over a year ago. We wrote the story up fully in the Autumn, 1946, Bulletin—and told how Dr. Dale's wonderful medical care had saved Monique's life. We are happy to announce that Monique has given birth at our Hyden Hospital to a fine baby boy. We had the care of her

through the months before the baby came, and there were no complications of any kind.

Jean Hollins has been breaking in some of the new nurses to riding and jeep driving. Those who have become good couriers under her guidance, and therefore fit for district work, are Gwendolyn Buchanan, Gertrude Isaacs, Betty Scott, Maxine Thornton and Alice Young. Gwendolyn Buchanan has spent the winter as an extra to Cherry and Anna May at Possum Bend, Gertrude Isaacs has been at Bowlingtown with Inty, and with Lydia Thompson during Inty's vacation. Betty Scott and Alice Young are carrying the Hyden District for everything but midwifery since Dorothy Frazer left us to go overseas and get married. There will be more about her wedding in a later issue of the Bulletin. Other new nurses who came in the early Autumn are Nancy Newcomb, in charge of the doctor's clinic at Hyden Hospital; and Shirley Kierkegaard and Francetta Goodin, who have been working in the Hyden Hospital.

Louise Chapman ("Chappy"), the senior nurse-midwife in charge of the Beech Fork center, has been at her home in Ovid, New York, since early January. She returns to us for a while again this spring. In Vera Chadwell we welcome a British nurse-midwife, who came to us soon after Christmas. Fortunately she was a good horsewoman and was able to keep going during the winter. We have with us also Mrs. A. B. Grimaldi (Jo), sister of Peggy Brown—over from England to see her sister and do volunteer work in the courier department. She rides and drives well and is a great help to Jean.

To our joy we welcomed Bertha Bloomer back in the Frontier Nursing Service in early February. She has been working for her degree at Simmons College, Boston. She received the degree in January.

January 1, 1948, was the twentieth anniversary of Dorothy Buck's coming to the Frontier Nursing Service. The Bucket mentioned it casually. You can imagine her surprise that night at supper when a chocolate cake, with white icing and twenty pink candles placed to form the numeral "20," was set down in front of her. The whole Wendover crowd sang "Happy Anni-

versary to You" and then demolished the chocolate cake with ice cream.

Betty Lester, an assistant director, is in charge of our social service work again for the time being. We have not had a regular Social Service Secretary since Louise Fink went to the University of North Carolina, but Betty is accustomed to handling this vital department and does it extremely well. Since she has to combine field supervisory duties with the social service work, she has the part time assistance of Carolyn Booth. The rest of Carolyn's time is given to Agnes Lewis. This arrangement is satisfactory to the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority until we can get just the right full time social worker.

Miss Mildred E. Neff, Supervisor of Nutrition Services, Division of Maternal and Child Health, Kentucky State Board of Health, came to Hyden again to give the lectures on nutrition to the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. With her was Miss Jean Koch, Consultant in Nutrition with the State Department of Health, who has her headquarters at the Oneida Hospital. We feel that our students in the Graduate School get the best possible instruction in nutrition—thanks to the courtesy of the Kentucky State Board of Health.

The cover picture on this number of the Bulletin was taken on the road in front of our Hospital at Hyden. The children are young neighbors. The dog is Bruno, our Ebony retriever. Don't ask what an Ebony retriever is—just look at Bruno.

The picture we used in our memorial to Sammie is one that came out in the Autumn Bulletin of 1941, to illustrate an article by Sammie called "Me and My Horse." The horse was Captain Pat. This article is one of the best things Sammie ever wrote for us. We have a few copies of this old issue of the Bulletin and would be glad to send it to you without charge, at your request, so long as the available supply lasts. There was a many-sidedness about Sammie which cannot be described in a memorial notice. She wrote well. She was a wide reader, and had a tenacious memory for what she read. She was a remark-

ably good needlewoman. The cretonne sofa and chair slip covers in the nurses' living room at Hyden were made by Sammie. There are things about her all through this Bulletin. We can, none of us, yet get used to the idea that Sammie is with us no more.

POSTAL CHESS

The hobbies of our staff are various and intriguing. One of the latest is Postal Chess. Mrs. Greenwald (Luckey) and Carolyn Booth have been playing chess together for months. They have now carried their games far afield as the following account by Luckey will show:

In the middle of January Carolyn and I entered one of the Postal Chess Tournaments conducted by the magazine CHESS REVIEW, who assigned six postal opponents to each of us. This means that most every day we receive from one to three cards showing the move made by our opponents, and we always try to answer by return mail. We have albums in which we record each move, and which contain cardboard chess sets whose men are held securely in place because they are inserted in little slots and lie flat in the book.

At the end of each game a play-by-play record is sent in to CHESS REVIEW who then adjusts each player's rating according to whether he won or lost, taking into account the strength or weakness of his opponent. In entering this tournament, our applications were made for the lowest (or beginning) class.

We manage in a month to put through about six moves on each game, and estimate six months to a year as the average length of a game.

As far as CHESS REVIEW is concerned, these postal tournaments are commercial enterprises that anyone can enter by paying a small fee. Quite a few doctors and ministers are listed for the tournaments. Several of Carolyn's opponents are college students. I have no idea as to the occupation or social status of mine . . . who are located in Cincinnati; Chicago; Cleveland; Rockford, Illinois; and Grand Island, Nebraska. A large number of wounded veterans and other hospitalized people are enrolled—judging from items I have read. One crippled veteran appears on the way to becoming a professional chess player.

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 Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Haven Emerson, New York
 Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago
 Dr. A. W. Freeman, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Gavin Fulton, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio
 Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco
 Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb.
 Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C.
 Dr. Frederick C. Irving, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.
 Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York
 Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn.
 Dr. Clifford B. Lull, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. W. T. McConnell, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. J. R. McCord, Atlanta, Ga.
 Dr. Arthur E. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
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 Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio
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 Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich.
 Dr. Thomas Parran, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City
 Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio
 Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass.
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 Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va.
 Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. James E. Thompson, New York
 Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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 Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa.
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 Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York
 Dr. Carnes Weeks, New York
 Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio
 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. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Charles Kavanaugh, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.

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 Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky.
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 Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky.
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AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

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

Secretary to Director
Mrs. Hortense Luckey Greenwald

First Assistant Director and Dean
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S.C.M., M.A.

Assistant Director and Field Supervisor
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Research Director
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.

Bookkeeper
Mrs. Lenore M. Rhine, LL.B.

Statistician
Miss Mary K. MacMillan, B.A.

Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and
Postal Clerk
Miss Cecilia Lucas

Resident Wendover Nurse
Miss Margaret McCracken, R.N., C.M.

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Maurice O. Barney, M.D.

Hospital Superintendent
Assistant Director
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

Hospital Head Midwife
Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.

Instructor
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

Supervisor
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Doris Reid, R.N., C.M.

Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Position open

Alternate Resident Couriers
Miss Fredericka Holdship
Miss Jean Hollins
Miss Helen Stone

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss Louisa Chapman, B.A., R.N., C.M.; Miss Ruth Alexander, B.A., R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)
Miss Beatrice Miller, B.S., R.N., C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Helen Marie Fedde, R.N., C.M.; Miss Reva Rubin, B.A., R.N., C.M.

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

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



BARN ON ASHER'S BRANCH IN JANUARY, 1948
Thelma Blackburn, R.N.; Francetta Goodin, R.N.

The three cover pictures were taken by Eleanor Wechtel, R.N.

