

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 23

AUTUMN, 1947

NUMBER 2



WENDOVER OUTGOING MAIL



MAURICE O. BARNEY, M.D.

Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service

See page 3

This photograph was taken by Mrs. George Lawrence. The cover photograph was taken by Lucille Knechtly. The girls and horses on the cover are Cecilia Lucas, assistant Wendover postmaster on Commando, and Patricia Mickle, Maryland courier on Puck.

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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NUMBER 2

"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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A CHRISTMAS CAROL

by

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1848)

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moorland dreary—
"Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing so
cheery.

How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells
be cheery."

Then arose a joyous clamor from the wild-fowl on the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing,
And a voice within cried—"Listen!—Christmas carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and
snows are singing.

Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing,
Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels
singing."

A PIECE OF GRACE — TWICE A YEAR

by

MAURICE O. BARNEY, M.D.

1.

"Hyden, Hyden," mumbled I to myself, "now just where is this little place?" I scanned my map carefully, but to no avail. I had heard much about the Kentucky Mountains and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge and her staff of excellent nurses (called the Frontier Nursing Service) which has been giving nursing care and delivering babies in this section of the country since 1925. It must really be a fine organization, thought I, to have reduced the mortality rate from childbirth; to have made the people there aware of the menace of typhoid and helped them stamp it out. Here is an organization which offers health to the people with no strings attached, not even financial strings; the cost of medical service here is so low that even the poorest can afford it. Women are given the very best prenatal and postpartum care and delivered, all for the sum of \$10; children are given medical care absolutely free. This organization stands on its own two feet, refusing to be identified with any political group, or any one religious sect. Unique, indeed! Finally, I obtained a pictorial map of Kentucky, and sure enough, there was a picture of a nurse in blue-gray riding habit with a horse, painted right at a tiny spot called "Hyden." So well has this fine organization identified itself with this territory for the past twenty-two years that now it is considered a part of these Kentucky mountains. Visitors from all over the world come here to see what makes this organization tick and just how it operates. I wondered about that at first, later I found out.

2.

Little did I suspect then, when I was a captain in the Army, and even while I peered at this map that I would some day be Medical Director of this organization, but here I am. I have been here for only a few short, busy months, and I have learned much about the mountain folk, the organization of the F. N. S., and the nurses who make up this service. At first I wondered if the mountain people were like the songs and stories I had

heard about—"restless mountain boys," who were always "feuding and fighting." The mountain folks I have met have all been kind, honest people; even the uneducated are innately polite and gentle—a more peaceful people I have never met anywhere. These people live at a slower pace than people in most sections of the United States; they always take time to be kind to their neighbors and friends. In the while I have been here I have never seen a case of a nervous breakdown, and I don't think I am very likely to encounter it. There is no keeping up with the Joneses here, but one thing that puzzles me is the little game they seem to play to see who can build his home in the most inaccessible place.

3.

Confidentially, I was a bit anxious to see these Frontier nurses—the fearless Amazons of such fame, who don the picturesque blue-gray riding habit and courageously go out to their patients in jeeps, on horseback, and by foot, any time of day or night, rain or shine, in boiling sun or ice and snow; who go whenever and wherever there is need for them. I found them a fine lot of women, from the best nursing schools all over the United States, Canada, and England.

The pattern of the organization is a splendid one—the only one of its kind anywhere in the United States—or the world, for that matter. The world would certainly be a better place to live in if there were other organizations of this kind. The faith of those who know this organization for what it has done in the past is the thing that keeps this organization going—the faith of such men as that excellent surgeon, Dr. Francis Massie, of Lexington, Kentucky. Twice a year Dr. Massie, his assistant Dr. Todd, and surgical nurse, Miss Griggs, have come down here to perform surgery on Frontier Nursing Service patients. This year he brought with him another staff member—Miss Oliver, anesthetist. The coming of Dr. Massie and his staff reminds me of a story I am told about a primipara who delivered here at the Hospital. While in the second stage of labor she said, "Oh Lord, get me out of this shape, and pin a piece of grace on my soul." So it is that twice a year Dr. Massie pins a piece of grace on the Frontier Nursing Service.

4.

There is a definite shortage of medical care here, due of course to the poor economic condition of this territory; there is always far more demand for medical care than we have trained personnel to meet, but we do our best. We try to cover as much territory as possible with the limited personnel we have. I make visits to the six outlying nursing centers and hold clinic at each center; in this way I am able to reach those people who would never be able to get into town for medical attention. I hold clinic at the Hospital three days a week, lecture at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery twice a week, make emergency visits to homes, trips to centers, do minor surgery, take care of necessary correspondence and hospital records in my "spare" time. I am on call seven days a week, 24 hours a day; I am the only doctor in the organization and the only man. When I first came it was "the new doctor this, and the new doctor that." Consequently, I began to feel like a rather important person—that is until we received news that Dr. Massie and his staff were coming up for a "spell." From then on the table conversation, the coffee-time conversation, in fact almost all conversation was about Dr. Massie and Dr. Todd. It was obvious that the nurses looked upon this as a gala occasion—a kind of circus. Oh, well, I would have menfolk to talk to, I rationalized. Miss Hope McCowan (better known as Sister Hope) came down from Ashland, Kentucky, for the occasion and served as volunteer housekeeper and kept the group entertained. Miss McCowan was in nurse's training at St. Luke's Hospital in New York when Dr. Massie was a blushing intern there.

Surgical clinic meant an added duty for me; it meant that I had to do some screening to select for surgery those who were in the greatest need of it and those who could not possibly afford it elsewhere. During this screening process I learned many of the ills peculiar to this section of the country. Perhaps the most prevalent thing here is worms—hookworms, round worms, pin worms; in some families every member of the family has worms with the exception perhaps of the nursing baby. Many of the women have bad varicose veins of the legs due to multiple pregnancies and hard domestic labor necessary to raise

a large family, such as carrying coal, wood, and water. Gall bladder disease is also very prevalent because the folks down here are fond of foods fried in grease, also they eat quite a bit of pork. There is quite a bit of thyroid disease. Then, of course, the tuberculosis rate is high, due to the fact that many of these people live in crowded quarters; I have even seen some cabin homes without windows. Episiotomies, I found, are necessary only in rare cases here, due to the fact that the women marry early and have large families.

5.

The gala day for the arrival of the surgeons from Lexington rolled around. Everyone was in high spirits; even the mountains wore their brightest Indian Summer robes. Early the morning of their arrival I peered out upon the parking lot behind the Hospital and saw mules, horses, jeeps, cars, taxis, and even folks on foot waiting to see the "sargins." That day we did a final screening and needless to say we selected a few varicose vein cases and a few gall bladder cases. After the screening was completed we had 12 persons selected for surgery. On the next two and a half days Dr. Massie and Dr. Todd performed surgery on these twelve people. We had at least one very interesting case—a woman with a double uterus.

It is faith in the Frontier Nursing Service that brings the surgeons from Lexington back twice a year to "pin a piece of grace" on us. It has been a precious privilege to meet and work with Dr. Massie and his excellent staff. We hope they will return again in the springtime.

REFLECTIONS FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG LADY

To illustrate the wasting of the moments that make up the year, Sydney Smith (1771-1845) remarked to a young lady, "Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is passed in the following manner:—Twenty-seven years sleeping; nine years dressing; nine years at table; six years playing with children; nine years walking, drawing, and visiting; six years shopping, and three years quarrelling."

—*Bon-Mots*

J. M. Dent and Company, London, 1893

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AND PARTY

by

LOUISE FINK, B.A.

Social Service Secretary (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)



The day before the Christmas party at Wendover last year the rain poured down outside while we, cozy on the inside, watched the river rise higher as our hopes of a large attendance at the Wendover Party sank lower. The Wendover Nurse had finished packing the bags for the families in the district.

That night the secretaries, couriers, maids, and the night-watchman decorated the recreation room which also serves as the drying room of the laundry on week days. Its bare rock walls and painted round iron supports were decked with Holiday finery—red crepe paper streamers, silver tinsel, red bells, and hemlock bows which had been trimmed from the huge Christmas tree that filled a corner of the room.

There were only a few scattered clouds overhead the morn-

ing of the party. By nine o'clock many of the children and several of the parents had found some way to cross the swollen creeks,—maybe a firmly anchored foot log or stepping stones—and were gathering in the recreation room.

The first children to arrive were those who were to take part in the Nativity Pageant which has become a tradition at Wendover. Weeks before Christmas the children come asking when the first practice will be held. There are the three angels, the cutest and most unpredictable. This year only two were visible to the audience but the third was on the stage. There are the three wisemen who are always having difficulty keeping their sashes and crowns in the proper place. There are the three shepherds, Joseph and Mary, and the baby (a doll) in the manger.

The children who took part in the pageant were costumed in one of the offices and stood waiting their turn to appear on the stage. Suddenly, who should appear among them but SANTA CLAUS—fifteen minutes early! There were devastating effects as the wisemen and shepherds forgot their dignity and burst forth with giggles. Finally, calm was restored and they marched on the stage with almost the proper gravity.

The star of Bethlehem moved across the stage on a string pulley operated by one of the older boys from behind the door. Something happened to the string and the star dropped lower and lower as it crossed the stage almost falling into the manger.

The story of the Nativity is always read by Mrs. Breckinridge as the children portray it on the stage. The pageant is interspersed with the appropriate carols sung by a chorus of young folk who have come to Wendover many Saturday afternoons before the party to rehearse the carols.

After the pageant there was an expectant hush. Then, in the hall came Santa with a pack on his back, and bells jingling. The audience burst forth enthusiastically with "Jingle Bells." Santa made the important announcement that there was something for every child up in the clinic waiting room, and that there were refreshments for everyone before going upstairs. The cocoa and cookies were served by the couriers and secretaries from the railing of the furnace room. Warmed with the

cocoa and excitement the children lined up more or less alphabetically and waited on the porch of the first floor of the Garden House for their family name to be called. There were the Ashers, the Bowlings, the Muncies, Morgans, Woods, et cetera.

They waited their turn, faces glowing with joyous anticipation. One small, sweet-faced girl looked up and said, "I hope Santa has a doll for me." I fervently hoped that she would be one of the lucky little girls who would find a doll in her Christmas Bag, but I knew there hadn't been enough dolls to go around, and that the nurse had tried to give the dolls to the little girls who had never owned a doll of their own.

There are some 300 children in Wendover District. All 300 of them were not at the party, of course, but some member of most every family attended and carried the Christmas Bag home to other members of the family. You could never predict what a child would do when he got his bag filled with gifts for all the children in the family. Sometimes he would go through the door quickly and once outside open everything in the bag. Others would still be holding their bags tightly and proudly shut as they went through the Wendover gate on their way home.

As the last of the children disappeared down "Pig Alley" that day, Santa, the nurse, couriers, and secretaries breathed a very weary but happy sigh. The whole affair was discussed and chuckled over at a belated lunch table, and we wondered who had enjoyed it most—the children or the staff at Wendover.

Reprinted from *To Dragma*
Fall 1947 issue

THE ANCIENTS WERE BUSY TOO!

We are so fond of asserting that we are busy. "Life is so complicated nowadays," is constantly heard. Will the people of the present day be prepared to believe that this has been the cry all down the corridors of time? Yet many proofs can be given. Isocrates, the great Greek orator, presenting a case before the Athenian citizens twenty-five centuries ago, apologized at the outset in these words: "I know, O men of Athens, that this is like to be a long and tedious case. So taking into consideration the fact that the times have become so busy and complicated that you cannot be expected to give your time to all the details, I have summarized the great body of evidence and present you only with the salient points."

—*Light*, London



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

Two Generations of Babies She Has Brought into the World

Nineteen years ago Betty attended the birth of the young woman shown in this picture with her husband. In Betty's arms is their baby boy, also attended at birth by Betty, at whom she is looking with a most understandable glance of affection. Betty says that now she is really and truly a Granny-Midwife.

THE INCENTIVE TO WORK

By T. M. Heron

Put a healthy new-born baby to its mother's breast and straightway it begins to work for its living. Maroon an able-bodied man on an uninhabited island and without much ado he will set his wits and energies to work to provide his body with the food and shelter it requires. God has endowed each of His creatures with an instinctive will to labour for the sake of its own survival. And He has set them in a world which always provides natural inducements and compulsions to ensure survival by stimulating appropriate activity. This activity we call WORK.

—*Christian News-Letter*, London

A FRONTIER NURSE'S LETTERS HOME

by

EVA M. GILBERT, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

(Helen Draper Ayer Memorial Nurse)

Written in 1939 from the Margaret Durbin Harper Nursing Center
Bowlingtown, Perry County, Kentucky

A WEEK

Sunday, January 15, 1939

Dearest folks:

So much has happened this week that it seems a month. On Monday I arrived home from my pleasant and refreshing week-end at Wendover. On Tuesday Miss Fox, the relief nurse, went on to Brutus where she was to relieve another nurse for a week, while I started out on my day's work.

I had two very sick cases to see, one a young man of twenty-two years who was having severe nose bleeds and a very sore throat. I had urged the family to take him to see a specialist at Hazard but no, they must wait to see if he became better. He kept getting worse and finally the family came for me at midnight Thursday. They said Ted was begging to be taken to Hazard and would I come over and help get him ready for the trip, which was to be made to Chavies by car and then by train to Hazard. Of course I went and didn't get back to bed until 4:15 A.M. Ted became steadily worse and died Friday about 5 P.M.

On the same Tuesday I had a sick call to Mark, a five-year-old boy who had all the symptoms of severe pneumonia. His temperature was 104.6 degrees the first time I saw him. I have paid him a daily nursing visit (twice one day) and his temperature has been up to 105.6 degrees. I do not see how he has continued to live with such a high fever for six days. We got the doctor Friday morning and he said it was pneumonia for sure. I have kept thinking Mark would have a crisis each night. Yesterday he seemed a little worse and then this morning a little better. So I do not know what tomorrow will bring.*

* A subsequent letter told how Mark did get well. How different the course of pneumonia today, 1947, with penicillin available!

Two couriers came down the trail from Brutus Thursday evening. They expected to go on the next day to Wendover, but a rain raised the river and it was past fording till today, so they had to stay on here. However, I did not give them an idle moment during Friday and Saturday. When the doctor went to see Mark Friday I had to go along, of course, and the couriers wanted to go too so, with Mrs. Will Gay, we all set out for Turkey Branch.

We were taken across the high water of the river in a row-boat, getting a mule on the other side for the doctor to ride while the rest of us walked. It was raining and Turkey Branch, usually quiet, was rushing madly. We had a bad time getting across the creek at several places and so finally, we just walked right through it, as our boots were already soaked. On the way home I slipped and fell into the cold water and, in doing so, lost my sweater which I had taken off. I called for Betsy to catch the sweater as it went past her. Then she herself slipped and fell into a hole. The result was that we were both soaked to the waist, but walking soon warmed us enough so we did not feel cold. After we got back at the center we spent the rest of the day getting three outfits of clothes dry before the open fireplaces. The soaked boots had to be dried gradually or they would be too stiff to put on.

On Saturday the couriers and I walked over the same trail to see Mark. By this time the rain had stopped and the creek, no longer swift and deep, was low enough to be crossed on stepping stones.

Today has been as busy as any week day, for of course I had to see Mark again, as well as another child who had been reported to be "bad off." I found this three-year-old with no fever or increase in pulse rate and with a history of having had a "fit." I suspected it was caused by worm infestation, as he had been vomiting all night and morning. Instructions were left for the mother to worm the child as soon as possible. By today the river had gone down enough for the couriers to ford at Elkhorn on their way to Confluence. After lunch I went with them to point out the best place to ford the river, and then on to Shoal where I picked up a package containing nineteen pounds of beef which one of the Confluence nurses had been able to buy

for me. I am very glad indeed to have it and will can as much as possible so as to have it when I am unable to get fresh meat. That often happens when one lives so far from a meat market.

Always yours,
EVA

ANOTHER WEEK

Sunday, October 15, 1939

Dear folks,

This has been a busy week, with something happening almost every day. On Monday I had a long day of travel on the district, getting back about 4 P.M. I was here hardly five minutes when I received a call to a patient who was having a miscarriage. After seeing her I found it necessary to take her to Hyden Hospital and our Medical Director as soon as possible. After I had the patient ready, we started for the nursing center here at Bowlingtown. We arrived about 6 P.M. to find I had four guests. I could stop only long enough to change my clothes, as I was to ride in the back of an open truck and needed warm, dry things on. I also called the doctor at our Hospital to report the patient's condition and tell about when we expected to arrive.* Etna put some supper in a pie tin for me to eat on the way. I knew I couldn't wait to eat, for even thirty minutes might make a lot of difference to the patient.

At the center we put the patient on one of our cots and placed it in the back of the truck. I sat in the back with her and, while it was quite cold, we had plenty of blankets so kept warm. We arrived at Hyden Hospital in two and one-half hours (40 miles). After helping the patient to bed I went to the living room where Madge Tait brought me coffee and scones. I enjoyed them while the driver of the truck was repairing an inner tube which had caused trouble, by a slow leak, on the way in. We left Hyden at 10 P.M., arriving home at 11:50, very tired but resting in the knowledge that the woman was now under the expert care of Dr. Kooser and the hospital nurses.

The next morning at the nursing center I had breakfast with the guests. After getting them off I left for Leatherwood

* There was telephone connection between Hyden and Bowlingtown in 1939.

school, where I was to give a large number of people their second typhoid inoculations.

The week before I had broken a hypodermic syringe and had neglected to replace it because I happened to have no other except those in the midwifery bags. I started the shots with the one syringe, but after I had given about one-third of the necessary shots the end of the syringe broke off in the middle. So there I was with about sixty shots still to be given and no syringe! Also, I was four miles from the center and too tired and hurried to ride back. On the other hand, it was necessary to finish the shots that day or all would have to start over again. This was the last chance for the people to get their shots this week, since the school was closing for the teachers' convention. I just sat down and wondered what to do.

Finally Grace Campbell, the teacher, found a man who said he would go back to the center for another syringe. Soon I had him on his way. In the meantime I made two home visits near by. After about forty-five minutes the man was back with the syringe and I finally finished the inoculations about 1 P. M. Never again will I go with but one syringe! I gave a total of ninety-seven shots that day.

I arrived home to find Mrs. Breckinridge and Nora Kelly there, as the annual district rally was to be held the next day. After dinner we all went to bed early, being very tired from working and riding.

Wednesday morning I had quite a number of patients at clinic. This, with talking to Mrs. Breckinridge and doing a few things for her, besides helping get ready for the afternoon meeting, kept me busy all morning. We had lunch early as the people began coming soon after twelve for the one o'clock meeting. I counted about 260 people there. They all sat or stood around on the lawn and Mrs. Breckinridge stood near the steps while she spoke to them. We then served coffee, grape juice, and apples to all. You never saw the way those children could drink grape juice! I filled their cups as many times as they came back for more. The guests left about three and Mrs. Breckinridge and Nora Kelly soon started for Confluence, where they would hold a similar rally the next day for the people of that district. They had been at Brutus the day before coming to Bowlingtown.

The report is that they arrived home safely and that Mrs. Breckinridge was not too tired and that she had enjoyed it all immensely. This was the first time in eighteen months that she had been "on rounds" to the centers—not since she went away for the operation on her back. I always enjoy having her here, as she is so appreciative of everything and does enjoy it so.

Thursday I was so tired I did not go on district at all, especially since there was nothing pressing to be done. I remained here doing some necessary clinic work and rested in the afternoon. That evening Dr. Kooser and his nurse, Flora Bennellack ("Ben"), arrived to spend the night, as we expected to have a big clinic the next morning. I will not take time now to describe that except to say it was a large and very successful clinic. At the end of clinic the doctor and nurse started the twenty-mile horseback ride to Hyden, all of which made a full day for them.

No more tonight as I must get to bed for that needed rest, for who knows what the next week holds for me?

Love to all,
EVA.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND BIG BEN

All through this hour,
Lord be my guide,
And by Thy power
No foot shall slide.

Original words of Big Ben's message set to the
tune of the quarter chimes.

Our hearts went out to the Princess Elizabeth and her husband on their wedding day not only with the affectionate good will that one feels for all brides, but with a recognition of the responsibility that must be faced and carried over the years by this royal bride and her mate. To us in America Big Ben is a symbol of the gallantry of our British allies throughout their aerial bombardments during the war. That is why our message to Princess Elizabeth is given in the words of Big Ben.

SHEEP-DOG'S "RETURN"

The story of how a dead sheep-dog "returned" and saved his master's flock was told in the London *Evening News* by W. R. Watt, Limited Barns, Marham, King's Lynn, Norfolk, as follows:

"A severe north-east storm had been raging all day. The sheep had been gathered in to shelter. Dogs and men had been pushed to the extremity of endurance, but after a "dram" and change of clothing things had not appeared so bad.

"Barely had we settled down to comfort when the howling of a dog from without was heard above the din of the storm. On investigation, no sign of a dog could be seen. Someone remarked that the howl was like that of old 'Corrie,' who had died the previous summer and been buried up the glen. A sudden lull in the storm appeared ominous, and when once more the howl was heard, uneasiness began to be felt.

"It was suddenly realised, when the storm recommenced, that the wind was from a different direction—in fact, from the south-west. On going out we were met by a whirl of driving snow and sleet. This was serious, as the sheep had been left sheltered from the north-east, and the new direction of the wind would drive them into the precipitous banks of a wild, rushing mountain torrent. It was necessary to have the sheep turned from this deadly torrent without a moment's delay. Could it be done? It had to be tried, and men and dogs set off in a blinding blizzard for the head of the glen.

"In the thick falling snow we could only see a yard or so, and went by the hillman's natural guidance, and progress was extremely slow. As the moments slipped by, and the storm increased, hope of saving the flock vanished.

"The storm began to ease up a little as we reached the glen in which we had left the sheep. The moon appeared, but the sheep could not be found where they had been left. Their marks in the snow led to the death-trap in the burn's banks. Following up, we found the marks wheeled sharply to the west, and there, in a sheltered hollow, stood the sheep. On the ridge above them ran a dog; his bark could be heard. Three of us stood and watched him—there was no doubt in our minds that it was the old dog, 'Corrie.' We knew him by his movements, and as he came near the sheep wheeled away from him. He looked our way, barked, and vanished. He had done his job.

"We are religious men, we hillmen, and do not know anything of the occult; but we do know that 'Corrie,' whom we buried in the previous summer, herded and saved our flock on that Perthshire hill on a night that spelt nigh ruin to many a Scottish flockmaster."

— *Light*, London, February 7, 1935

CHRISTMAS A YEAR AGO AT HYDEN HOSPITAL

From a Letter by
MARGARET FIELD, R.N., A.B., M.N.

Written after Christmas 1946

Hyden is fast having its face lifted. It has always seemed much bigger than its 300 or so inhabitants would lead one to expect, probably because it is a county seat and is the only town even that big for a number of miles. First of all, the road up the hill to the hospital was improved. Only those who have plowed through the mud of several winters and springs can really appreciate that change. Now it has been graveled and black-topped and is good. This improvement will make it much easier for patients to get to the hospital in a hurry. The next change was the building of a beautiful new causeway over Rockhouse Creek, which separates the two parts of town. Two huge culverts were installed and a road built over them, and later the old narrow bridge was removed. The hill (very treacherous in slippery weather) that led from the bridge up to the drug store has been leveled off, and there is now a fine wide road leading from one side of town to the other. Last but not least, a big stone building is being erected which will soon house the drug store and a bus station. Don't talk to me about "small town stuff!"

The stork surely doesn't believe in a Christmas vacation, at least in these parts. So many babies were born last week that we knew we'd be busy over Christmas, even if no more patients came in. At one point we had twelve newborns, which really breaks all the records. We've talked jokingly about putting babies in bureau drawers, but never came so close to doing it before. We actually borrowed a drawer from the superintendent's room and lined it with soft blankets, ready to receive the next wee newcomer. There wasn't another crib available in the hospital, attic, or storehouse. I was almost disappointed that no baby was born that night and two went home the next day, leaving us two cribs.

Last Saturday night two patients were admitted in labor and delivered during the night. I was so intent on getting Prudie

to the delivery room in time that I never thought where I would put her afterward. It made no difference, however, for we are obliged to admit patients in labor whether we have room for them or not. It was a patient who made me stop in my tracks in horror as she said, "Do you have a bed for Prudie?" I didn't—and by that time Maultie was in the clinic. She had ridden double on a mule with her mother six miles over the mountains, and had had her baby so quickly that we were barely able to bring her upstairs. While Prudie was having her baby in the delivery room, another mother delivered in her bed in the ward. She had her baby without a single sound, screened only by our white curtains. As you can guess, we had to set up some extra cots in the ward when daylight came.

Right now we have four babies under five pounds, including a set of twin girls. The little twins are ten days old and doing very well, so perhaps we shall be able to save them.

This has been a children's winter and a pneumonia winter. By the first of December I think we'd already had more pneumonia this year than I remember in both my previous winters combined. One of these babies surely owes his life to penicillin and the recovery of the others has been greatly hastened by the prompt use of that drug. On top of pneumonia one of the youngsters had impetigo and was on strict isolation, and another broke out with measles shortly after her admission for pneumonia. And one of the new mothers came down with mumps on Christmas Day!

This was a lovely, lovely Christmas. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed it or how much its peace and beauty stole into my heart with special warmth. Isn't it strange that, though Christmas is as old as our own experience (and of course much older), it is still always new? It is new and wonderful wherever there are children and laughter, wherever there are lights and carols, the stars shining on new-fallen snow, and the spirit of love and sharing. If those are the things that make Christmas, we surely had it in abundant measure.

All of us were invited to the midwives' quarters Christmas Eve to sing carols around the tree and to have refreshments. I was on duty till midnight but somebody relieved me for a few minutes so I could go over. When I returned I learned that a

group of carolers from the two local churches had been here to sing for the patients. The hospital seemed peaceful at that moment, quite in the spirit of Christmas. With only nine babies, I felt strangely at ease. Then Dr. Dale came in, after an absence of several hours. We had kept in the clinic waiting for her a fourteen-year-old girl with acute St. Vitus dance. The first sedative we gave did a good job but by the time the doctor came, at 9:30, Maimie was extremely restless. If the parents hadn't both been here I could never have managed, for she threw herself all over the bed and simply couldn't keep still. Dr. Dale instituted treatment and, in between feeding the premies, I ran up and down stairs helping her. The doctor did what she could, left orders for the night, and then departed, after explaining carefully that the child mustn't be moved upstairs to the wards because it would be so much quieter downstairs and quiet was what Maimie needed most of all.

I was just preparing the hypo which would clinch the soothing effect of the quiet clinic when a man burst into the treatment room. White-faced and panting, he blurted out, "There's just been a shooting. Two men are bad off and I think the third is dead already."

Fortunately Dr. Dale hadn't got away in her jeep and of course came right back to give emergency treatment. Sure enough, one man (the deputy sheriff, a fine man with nine children) didn't respond at all to the stimulant that was given. The other two were mere boys, one sixteen and one eighteen, one shot through the chest and the other through the knee. I really had nothing to do with these patients because I was more than busy with the hospital full of mothers and babies. However, practically everybody in the house was up working a good share of the night. One of the first things we had to do was to get the law on the spot and also some able-bodied men to remove the corpse. Shattered and gone were the peace and quiet Dr. Dale had wanted for Mamie. Next morning, "peace on earth, good will to men" seemed more of a dream than a reality, with nurses moving quietly and deftly about caring for the three very sick patients and weeping relatives pacing the floor of the waiting room in frightened silence. The two men spent the night in the doctor's office, partly because they were too ill to be moved and

also because we had no room for them in the wards. The ending of the story is that the boys were transferred over to Hazard Hospital on Christmas Day. One probably needed surgery and both a type of care that we were scarcely prepared to give, even if we hadn't been so frightfully crowded.

In spite of the sadness in our hearts because of the shooting and the serious condition of the girl, we went ahead with our own Christmas celebration as naturally as possible. We opened our gifts in the living room after breakfast. Then I spent the rest of the morning helping set the table for the big dinner at noon, arranging place cards, dishes of olives, nuts, celery, candy, fruit. Mrs. Breckinridge and some others came from Wendover and Dr. Dale had her sister from Kansas visiting her. The dinner itself left nothing to be desired, from the tomato juice and canapes in the living room to Mattie's incomparable mince pie and coffee in the candle-lit dining room. The patients' Christmas dinner included the things they like best. The wards were gay with Christmas "pretties," and to the sick children went our choicest toys.

FROM A GUEST AT HYDEN HOSPITAL

"I've been talking Frontier Nursing Service ever since my return! . . . I never in my whole life spent as exciting a 4 plus days as that week—just having **natural** things happen and take their course. . . . I was thinking of those children especially, and the beautiful babies, and also of walking through the clinic one day and having a little girl recognize me from the one visit of the day before . . . and she was such a sweet faced little girl . . . and the children had talked intelligently to me . . . and at the home this little girl—with possible T.B.—had been so very courteous, in spite of having little to offer. . . . She welcomed us, asked us to 'Won't you please come in?', 'Won't you please be seated?', . . . yet it was a mountain shack, and we had had to leave the jeep because we couldn't reach the house in it, and we had had to climb two fences, and detour around a fallen tree, and then climb some more, . . . I was impressed everywhere I went with the friendliness toward the Service by the people . . . their attention to what was being told to them, and in many cases, their efforts to follow the advice . . . in spite of difficulties that you knew were there. . . ."

NURSING AS A CAREER

by
B. RISTORI

Reviewed by Hope McCown, R.N.

In her booklet, *Nursing as a Career*, which the author has dedicated to Mrs. Breckinridge of the Frontier Nursing Service with whom she worked in former years and for whom she has the deepest admiration, Miss Ristori writes for prospective nurses primarily in New Zealand, where she lives; but in her own words, the fundamentals of nursing are international and applicable the world over. Her hope is that her book may encourage young women to enter the profession, and by relating her own experiences, help them to avoid some of the pitfalls into which she herself has fallen.

After the first chapter, which discusses what nursing means as a vocation, and lists some of the challenges and rewards of the profession—the book proceeds to give the requirements and qualifications, both necessary and desirable, needed by the applicant; suggestions about filling in the time advantageously between application and acceptance to the training school; how to choose a training school; and what the applicant will need to take with her, once she has been accepted by that school.

Then the student is started on her new adventure with advice about personal appearance and behavior; how to correlate theory and practice of nursing; how to get the utmost from her training; how to live congenially with her sister nurses. The four years' training, which seems to be common in the British Empire, in contrast to our three years, takes up the smallest portion of the book. From here on it is concerned with the graduate nurse.

Miss Ristori goes very thoroughly into the positions available to nurses, both in government and private and special hospitals, listing the salaries of those positions in her own country of New Zealand; takes up the subjects of district nursing and midwifery; private duty and hourly nursing; Public Health and Child Welfare; and then goes on to Nursing Abroad, by which

general term, she means "in another country." There are no boundaries for nursing. There is apparently no end to the number of positions available throughout Great Britain, its Dominions and its Colonies—the author names them and gives suggestions on how to obtain them.

"There are two nursing positions of outstanding merit and interest—jobs that are worth while doing, and whose staff of nurses are recruited from all over the world. These are the Frontier Nursing Service of Kentucky and the Grenfell Mission of Labrador. So high are the ideals of these Services that they might be called Medical Missions, but for the fact that nurses of all denominations are accepted, and there are no obligations laid upon them to preach any particular gospel."

Thus the author speaks of our own Frontier Nursing Service.

The book closes with a chapter on the little things that make all the difference to the patient. The author's prayer, origin unknown,

"Heavenly Father, as I set out on this new adventure, and begin to take up this work which is so infinitely worth while, grant that I may have the vision of the worker in the work, strength to meet every fresh demand on me, courage to go forward cheerfully even when I am afraid of what lies ahead, and in infinite compassion and understanding of the feelings of those with whom I come in contact."

Editor's Footnote: Miss B. Ristori is the wife of Dr. W. Vincent Tohill. The Frontier Nursing Service will order copies of her book to sell to American nurses at the price of \$1.00 each, if the Service receives requests for the book. Anyone may order a copy direct from Miss Ristori. Send \$1.00 to

Mrs. W. Vincent Tohill
Box 62
Russell, New Zealand

THOSE WHO REFUSE

Those who refuse to choose between live alternatives in the political world because none offers an ideal line of action are likely to find themselves doing nothing effective at all. This is real futility, however ambitious its hopes. If a situation somewhere in the world demands attention, the only meaningful plans are those which will have an effect in that place.

—Roger L. Shinn, *Christianity and Crisis*, May 12, 1947

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

Katherine Trowbridge (Mrs. Edward Arpee) of Lake Forest, Illinois, who has for many years served as chairman of our Chicago Courier Committee, is now secretary to the Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. Even during the war when any volunteer work was difficult because of gasoline rationing and the acute servant problem, Katherine carried her duties as chairman with gracious willingness. Her fair, unbiased and comprehensive recommendations, after personal interviews with girls interested in the Courier Service, were invaluable. We are fortunate in having as her successor, Barbara McClurg of Lake Shore Drive, one of our outstanding couriers and in every way eminently suited to take over the chairmanship from Katherine.

Tips Stevenson (Mrs. Paul Magnuson, Jr.) and her husband have a partnership in a small ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and run it on a semi-dude basis. Tips and the children spend six months of each year—during the spring and summer—out there, raising and training horses; and Mr. Magnuson commutes by plane from their winter home in Dundee, Illinois. It sounds like a hectic life but Tips assures us that they love it!

Susie Hays, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, was riding in a horse race at Rolling Rock recently and came in second. We understand that it was a very close race and most exciting.

Sylvia Bowditch, who for a number of years has been operating an electro-encephalograph machine at the University of California, used for research on infantile paralysis, has had her name put on several reports in connection with the joint work she has done with Dr. Robert Aird. She has bought a little piece of land in San Francisco—near where she built her "Shackeau"—and hopes to build again when prices go down.

We extend our loving sympathy to Mary Wilson Neel and to Louise Devine in the recent loss of their fathers: Mr. Fred Wilson of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Adrian G. Devine of Rochester, New York.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Patricia (Pat) Perrin to Mr. Robert Ashton Lawrence of Brookline, Massachusetts. Pat was one of our ablest junior couriers last fall. Mr. Lawrence was graduated from Yale University in the naval training program this past June.

Miss Patricia Mickle to Mr. Howard P. Ingels, Jr., both of Centerville, Maryland. Plans are being made for a June wedding. Pat came down the middle of September expecting to be a senior courier for two months. When she arrived we had not found a social worker to replace Louise Fink and so, in the best courier tradition, she agreed to help out where she was most needed. She has been perfectly splendid in "filling in" as social service secretary while we are finding the right person for the permanent post. Mr. Ingels is completing a course in Petroleum Engineering at the University of Tulsa, where he and Pat will make their home after June.

We are not superstitious, but could it be that there is something very special in the name "Patricia" that is responsible for these two "Pats" being so altogether charming, so able, and two of our outstanding couriers! Be that as it may, we congratulate Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Ingels on winning two of the loveliest young women we have ever had in our Courier Service.

WEDDINGS

Miss Edith (Edo) Welch of Edgartown, Massachusetts, and Mr. Robert Potter of Brookline, Massachusetts, on June 7, 1947. Mr. Potter is continuing his studies at Harvard this fall and Edo is getting her degree at Radcliffe.

Miss Harriet Louise (Weezy) Taylor of West Hartford, Connecticut, and Mr. George Mumford Watts of New York City, on June 26, 1947, in West Hartford.

Miss Suzanne Yates Eckert of Utica, New York, and Mr. John Vincent Underhill, on July 5, 1947, in Utica. Suzanne writes that they are installed in Hanover, New Hampshire, until next June, as Mr. Underhill has another year of graduate school at Dartmouth.

Miss Pamela Dunn and First Lt. Walter Graham Ellis of the United States Army, on August 20, 1947, in Ansbach, Germany. The ceremony was performed by an army chaplain in the Lutheran Cathedral. The bride's father and mother, Colonel and Mrs. George Warren Dunn, and her uncle and aunt, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge, were present, with twenty or more army friends and "twice that many curious Germans." This wedding is of very special interest to us because Pam is not only one of our dearest and best couriers, but is the niece of our Director. Lt. Ellis is with the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Miss Mary Tylor Burton of Glendale, Ohio, and Mr. Robert Dennis Garrison, Jr., of Bloming Grove, Texas, on August 23, 1947, at Shadow Lawn, the home of the bride's grandmother, in Glendale. Jean Sawyer, another one of our couriers, was one of the bridesmaids. From all reports there has never been a lovelier bride than Mary. The young couple are residing in Dallas, Texas, where Mr. Garrison is continuing his studies at Southern Methodist University.

Miss Alice Dennis Pitcher of Londonderry, Vermont, and Mr. Thomas Reilly Dibble, also of Vermont, on August 29, 1947, in Londonderry. Mr. Dibble is an artist and "a very good one," we are told. He and Pitch are now living in New York but their dream is to return eventually to Vermont.

Miss Patton (Patsy) FitzGerald of Milwaukee, and Mr. Lucien Gianella Osborne on August 30, 1947, in Milwaukee.

Miss Louise Worthington Pugh of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Clifford Arthur Worthing, of Northeast Carey, Maine, on September 16, 1947, in Cincinnati. These young people will reside in Orono, Maine, where the groom is attending law school at the University of Maine.

Miss Virginia Fairfield Watson of Evanston, Illinois, and Mr. Sidney Wilson Clark of Bogota, Colombia, on November 1, 1947, in Evanston. For the past two years Virginia has been studying voice under Andres de Seguirolas in Hollywood. Mr. Clark, a graduate of Leland Stanford University, was vice-consul and acting consul in Valparaiso, Chile, and in Barranquilla, Colombia. He is now Industrial Relations Manager for the Gulf

Oil Company in Bogota, where they will make their home. Virginia hopes to pursue her vocal studies in "The Athens of South America."

Miss Elizabeth Ann Campbell of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Lewis DeWitt Hall of Balboa Island, California, on November 5, 1947, in Tucson, Arizona. The ceremony took place at the ranch of T. Graham Bell, cousin of the bride, with only the immediate families present.

We wish for each and all of these young couples a full measure of happiness, and all of the rich blessings of this life.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Sterling S. McMillan (Elizabeth Mather) of Cleveland, Ohio, a daughter, Katharine, on June 12, 1947. This is their fourth child and their third daughter, all three of whom are entered in the Courier Service.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Townsend Moore (Bubbles Cuddy) of Darling, Pennsylvania, a daughter—their first child—Linda, on June 30, 1947.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morse Smith (Bobbie Glazier) of West Hartford, Connecticut, a son, Stuart Alfred, weight 6 lbs. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz., on August 5, 1947.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (Catherine Mellick) of Far Hills, New Jersey, a daughter, on September 18, 1947—their second child and first baby girl, and a courier for us in 1966.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Proxmire (Elsie Rockefeller) of New York, a son, Theodore Stanley Proxmire II, weight 7 lbs. 7 oz., on October 6, 1947.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Moore Skinner (Eleanor Stineman) of St. Paul, Minnesota, a son, Howard Noble, on November 8, 1947.

We hear by the "grapevine" that Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Richards, Jr. (Gussie Jones), of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, have a baby born some time in the summer. We want so much to know whether it's a boy or a girl, the name, and when the baby arrived.

OLD STAFF NEWS

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

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Rhoda Lenhert in North Rhodesia—August 8, 1947

Since school closed in June, I have not been quite so busy at the dispensary. Having one hundred less boys makes a difference. The community people have to try you out before they have much confidence in you. You are at a disadvantage, too, when you do not know the language.

Midwifery cases are certainly scarce. They come in to the hospital for treatment of sores and then want to go home when their "time comes." I have had one call since the first one. The woman's husband died on Easter Sunday. When the oldest son of her husband came for me, he didn't know anything about what was going on. He just wanted me to send some medicine to make the baby come. I refused that, but consented to go see what I could do. By the time we reached the village the baby had come. The old granny said they couldn't understand why the baby hadn't come before as the mother had prayed and confessed all her sins.

Since we are the closest dispensary to the Zambezi Valley we get quite a few cases of yaws. That is something I knew nothing about, but with the aid of a good book on tropical medicine and seeing the patients, I am learning some things. Some of the people travel five days to get here so must bring their blankets and food and, many times, they must bring all the children.

This week school is starting. With the return to the boys comes treatment for "liweele" or itch. That starts tonight and I hope with intensive treatment will be checked right away. One village woman came wanting an "injection" for itch. She had had the itch for a year and now wanted the quick cure of a shot.

From Elizabeth Macdonald in Yorkshire, England—

August 31, 1947

It is four years this Christmas since I fell in the hospital

grounds during a blackout and injured my left leg. I spent one year and nine months in the hospital as a patient trying to get it well, but it flares up about every three or four months and then I have to come off my "midda" cases and often lie up for a week or two. In between I manage quite well. I do private "midda" in London when my leg lets me and take a general case if my leg is too bad for "midda."

On Wednesday I visited Wendover, Bucks, England. It is not quite hilly enough for Wendover, Kentucky. Kind regards to Mrs. Breckinridge and all the F.N.S.

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From Catherine Cirves in Wisconsin—September 6, 1947

I received letters from several different people saying they supposed I'd heard about the flood. I finally learned how serious it was.

As soon as Mother and I got business settled and she left for California in June, Miss Fletcher asked me to relieve for vacations. I couldn't refuse. I can't believe tomorrow is my last day at the hospital. I am now going to be a home maker though I haven't yet collected my belongings from kinfolks' attics and am somewhat disorganized as a result.

Thank you again for all you gave me—my midwifery and the privilege of being one of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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From Annie Ellison (Ellie) in England—September 9, 1947

Thirteen weeks ago today I went off duty suddenly having somehow got acute pleural effusion. The doctors think I must have been going around with pneumonia, but how could I and not know it? I had a month in the hospital where I was well nursed by Roman Catholic sisters. Out of the hospital I felt dreadful and have taken a long time to recuperate. I am better now and hope to be back at work in another fortnight.

I went up to the F.N.S. Thanksgiving Day reunion last November and enjoyed seeing Kelly, the Mickles, and Holly, Mac, Margaret Watson and others I had only known by name. It was great fun.

Vi (*Violet Clark*) and I are still working together in Combe Down and still like our cottage. One of the assistants from the

County has taken over the work and the cottage while we are away.

We were very pleased to receive the last Bulletin, but so very sorry to read of the deaths of Mr. Manning at Lexington and Ance and Mrs. Roberts of Essie. We have had cards from Ance ever since we came back to England. He was a grand fellow and so very kind about the clinic held at his house. We do not like to think of the creek without those two. We feel we have lost friends.

We have had a very good holiday in Switzerland. It has been nice having a holiday together. We cannot do that in the ordinary way as one of us has to remain behind to run the district. This is an exception on account of my illness.

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From Louise Fink at the University of North Carolina—

October 3, 1947

The work here is interesting, and I think that I am going to enjoy it. From Monday through Wednesday I do practical field work with a Family and Child Service Agency. Wednesday night I return 80 miles to the University, have classes on Thursday and Friday, then have Saturday and Sunday free. We are given assignments which take up most of the supposedly free time if done thoroughly.

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From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Utah—October 11, 1947

I am sure you have heard about the arrival of our son, William Lynn, born October 5th, weighing 7 lb. 7 oz. He has dark hair and dark blue eyes and a good voice. He'll probably be able to sing duets with his Dad.

I wish you could see Emma Jean. She is so cute. She is now two years and two months. She can't talk in sentences, but we usually get what she means because she acts out her conversation.

Emma's wedding [*in Japan*] sounded wonderful. They had a M.P. escort with the C.O. giving them away. The military trains gave them a compartment on the trains to and from their honeymoon at Nikko.

From Elsie Nora Kelly (Nellie) in Surrey, England—

October 28, 1947

Charlie and I have had a very exciting two years together. We lived in a caravan for our first six months, then we built a wooden hut; one room twelve by eight and a lean-to kitchen. We lined the inside with cardboard and papered over in best Kentucky style (but we distempered over the paper). We had an iron combustion stove, an oil cooker and a traditional table with buckets of water.

In the middle of our dreadful winter, with ice and snow banked up everywhere, I had to go into a nursing home and came home with a baby son (February 1, 1947, Charles Corbett Suckley II). He is now nine months old, is walking, and has six teeth, and he is utterly adorable.

We lived in the hut for a year and in July moved into this bungalow, which I had bought in 1938. We are having fun decorating and trying to furnish it. Such things as painting the fire-guard a gay green, and going to work on the overmantel with sandpaper to clean off the soiled French polish and bring up the natural wood, give us endless joy. I have painted my kitchen table green too, so we can use it with mats and save table cloths which are a danger and temptation to Charles the Second.

I enjoy housekeeping although catering is difficult. Charles come in to mid-day dinner and high tea. We manage by having small helpings well stretched with vegetables. For instance, for breakfast we eke out our bacon by having half a small streaky rasher each morning with either fried potatoes or tomatoes or fried bread. It is enough to flavour. Now the ration is cut we are using cheese instead of bacon every other week. I make a tin of stewed steak do four meat meals for the two of us—that is for eight portions. I make a pie with half of it—spread pastry in a sandwich tin and, after stirring the steak up a bit, I spread it on the pastry, then cover with more pastry. This cuts into four good sized helpings and does for two meals. Half of the remaining steak I heat up with onion, tomatoes, and carrots with added gravy for another meal, and the rest of the steak usually becomes rissoles or a shepherd's pie.

Then I get half a pound of sausages once a week. Fish is

plentiful and quite adaptable. Eggs are very scarce, one every two weeks on an average.

You don't mention Pal [*her horse*]. Although I search the Bulletins for news of him, he is never mentioned. He will be quite a staid old man now. He was such a playful, puppydog kind of a horse.

From Esther Thompson Corum (Tommy) in Indiana—

November 3, 1947

Grace Reeder is in Syracuse. She has a larger, more active territory now and enjoys it a great deal. She covers the western two-thirds of the state. We thoroughly enjoyed the week-end several months ago when she, Gladys Gay and family were here.

We expected to hear from Gladys (*Gladys Moberg Gay*) after they arrived in Tucson, Arizona, but we haven't as yet. They stopped here on their way so we saw their lovely trailer.

Bill is a husky lad; he can't walk alone yet. We think our Judy is a bit of sunshine. She's changing very rapidly now and is acquiring new activities. How she loves the outdoors! The puppy and the tomcat are beside her all the while she's out, and can they vie for her attention!

From Ada Worcester in Hants, England—September 25, 1947

Wallie (*Bessie Waller*) comes to me for next week end. She is coming on Thursday to spend the first day with the two Mickles. Edith is at Stidham for her leave, but returns Friday.

November 4, 1947

I had tea with the Mickles on Sunday. We hoped Kelly would be there but she wasn't. Mickle lost her lovely collie pup. He was never well after her return from holidays (he had been in a kennel) and he died shortly after. I was so sorry; she did love him. Mickle brough Robbie (*Catherine Robertson*) to see me and I did like her. Last time I was home, I called on Madge Tait Burton. It seemed as though I had always known her.

I've an adorable puppy. She is a black cocker spaniel and a great comfort and joy to me. She eats most of my meat ration, but she is worth it! She has those long floppy ears (and a wonderful pedigree, too).

From Eva Delaney VanOver in Wooton, Kentucky—

November 6, 1947

We are neighbors now; Earl is working for the Cutshin Coal Company as a carpenter, and we are going to build a home here in Wooton. At the moment we are with mom and dad VanOver. Our new house is to be just below them.

Niana has begun to toddle and, I think, gets more beautiful every day. Earl Delaney gets much fun out of all the doings on the farm! The other night he came flying to me with the announcement that he had just seen a "bell with a cow hooked to it."

NEWSY BITS

Charlotte Conaway (Sherry) was married to Dr. Edwin Leroy Scott on September 15th. We wish them much joy.

We are glad to welcome William Lynn, who was born to **Grayce Morgan Turnbow** on October 5th.

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Nov. 17 1947

Dear Sinta Clause,

I will write you a few lines to let you know what I want for Christmas. I want a doll and if you do not have a doll I want some apples. I wish you would come down here if they are not too much snow. Thank you for your trouble. Pinto wants a truck if you do not have the truck he wants some apples. I have a Baby sister. I like it good. It is a good baby. I have a big brother and a big sister. I go to school. I am in the 4th grade, and I have had one test and past on it. Try to come. If you will come I will kill you a chicken for supper. I am going to hang my stocking up. I wish you to have good luck. I know how you travel you travel with a sled and two rain deers. Good-by. I will see you. I am 7.

Nellie Appleby

Editor's Footnote—This letter is printed exactly as written. The writing of it was suggested by one of our district nurses and it was given her to mail. Names are not the real ones. Santa will give Nellie her doll and Pinto his little toy truck because you, our readers, are Santa Claus.

FREDDY'S WORM SPELL

by

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

As I rode my horse to the post office one day, after making several calls on district, a young mother called to me and said, "Miss Reid, please come in and see my boy. He's sure been right sick!" So I hitched my horse to the fence and went into the home.

Freddy was standing by the fireplace, looking a bit peaked and tired. I sat down on a chair and invited Freddy, aged four, to sit on my lap and to tell me all about his sickness. He made many gestures as he spoke and this is the gist of what he told me:

"Why, nurse, I liked to a-died, I felt so awful all over. I sweated somethin' awful—I couldn't git my breath at all—my stomich hurt so bad—and I sure thought I was goin' to die just right now. I cried and cried and wanted to die. I feel better now, but I hain't no stomich to eat—I just feel kinda puny like. Can you give some pills so I'll feel a heap better soon like? Hit's nigh on to Christmas time—I can't be sick."

This was my chance to ask the boy if he had seen any worms.

"Why, yes nurse, way back a spell I seen some."

"How long ago, Freddy?"

"Wal, nurse, I recollect it war before fodderin' time."

"Did you take some worm medicine then or did they just come?"

"Oh, my grandma give me some store-bought worm medicine and then she made me take a dose of black draught. Hit war after that I seen them worms."

"What did the worms look like that came from you?"

"Jest little worms like my ma calls stomich worms, and some big ones like fishin' worms."

"How many came from you?"

"I reckon there war a heap of them little ones and some big ones."

After I had checked the boy's temperature, looked at his

tongue and completed an abdominal examination, and had found no pain, rigidity, tenderness or any elevation of temperature, it seemed evident to me that he had had a "worm spell" and was now over the worst of it. I discussed diet with the family, and then sanitary problems such as a good well instead of an open spring and a deep toilet instead of none. I gave the mother the worm pills authorized by our Medical Routine (santonin and calomel) for her to give Freddy, with instructions as to how and when to give them.

The question is, will Freddy have another "worm spell" after he gets his Christmas candy?

During the twenty-seven days following last Christmas I answered eleven sick calls for "worm spells." Let's worm the youngsters twice a year, and work harder for sanitation.

DID YOU KNOW?

That Eastern Area Nursing staff members assigned to the recent Kentucky flood disaster had the opportunity of meeting and working closely with Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, director of the Frontier Nursing Service, and her staff? This well known rural public health nursing service operates in the part of Kentucky affected by the flash floods which created such widespread destruction of homes and property last month. Mrs. Breckinridge graciously offered the services of her staff and facilities to assist the Red Cross in meeting the needs of the many victims made homeless and isolated by the heavy debris swept onto roads and mountain paths by the rushing waters. In some instances, contact with the marooned families could only be made by persons skilled in the ways of riding a horse in the rugged hill country. The "nurses on horseback" made a splendid contribution to this disaster operation by assisting in the health service program and contacting isolated families needing Red Cross assistance during the flood emergency. It is with great admiration that we express our appreciation for the co-operation given us by the Frontier Nursing Service and for the opportunity of learning more about the complete rural public health program conducted in this area.

—*Nursing News Service Sheet*
American Red Cross, Eastern Area, Alexandria, Virginia.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

From the Act of Horodlo, 1413 A. D.

Inspired by the Queen Badwiga of Poland

"Nor can that endure which has not its foundation upon love. For love alone diminishes not, but shines with its own light; makes an end of discord, softens the fires of hate, restores peace in the world, brings together the sundered, redresses wrongs, aids all and injures none; and who so invokes its aid will find peace and safety and have no fear of future ill."

M. Werten, No. 70

With the approach again this year of the Christmas season we shall be brought nearer in spirit to the meaning of that love about which we talk and write so much and which we practice so little. The quotation we have used is from Poland, torn and tortured, but not lacking in gallant men who are willing to risk all for the freedom of their brothers and in women who suffer in silence "the fires of hate."

In reading Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History* this summer, we were profoundly impressed by his description of differentiation as the mark of growth and standardization as the mark of disintegration. It takes thinking over. With standardization one has uniformity. With differentiation one has diversity. From the leaves of our forests at Wendover to communities of men and women all over the world we find no equality,—no thing or person, as turned out by the Creator, that is exactly like any other created thing or person. The freedom we want for others as well as for ourselves is the freedom to be different. To impose ideas and modes of life upon other people is a negation of that love which came down at Christmas to set men free.

What can we as persons do to clear a path for love at Christmas? We can hold the intolerant and the cruel, whether people or nations, up to God in our prayer. He can reach them through us if we keep our own channels clear of grudges. We can be tolerant and gentle to the persons with whom we disagree. To snub the odd ideas of even one person is to differ from "totalitarianism" (what a word!) in degree, yes, but not in kind.

Since all men are brothers, we are the kin, perforce, of all intolerant and cruel men. We find their taint to be ours, too, if we look honestly into our own hearts. "To make an end of discord, to restore peace in the world," is so terribly hard because of the discord and restlessness in ourselves. Only the love that "shines with its own light" can set us free; only those who have freedom can liberate other men.

Our Research Director, Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph.D., was the representative of the Frontier Nursing Service at the Third American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology in St. Louis in September. She reported back to us on a number of interesting talks and discussions.

We are happy to announce the birth of Voris Robert Wells at Priest River in Idaho. Mrs. Robert Wells is the daughter of our trustee, Mr. Walter Hoskins of Hyden, and Mrs. Hoskins. We have known her since she was a little girl and we followed her career in the Waves with deep interest. We send our congratulations to her and to her husband.

One of our New York trustees, Federal Judge Francis G. Caffey of the Southern District of New York, has retired at the age of seventy years. Judge Caffey had been on the Federal bench for eighteen years and prior to his appointment as district judge he had held other public positions of trust. Since Judge Caffey is not only one of our trustees but one of our friends as well we feel a warm glow in recalling the details of his distinguished career. We hope that in his retirement we shall have the visit from him here in the mountains that he has hitherto been too busy to make.

Another one of our trustees, Dr. Charles Hagyard of Lexington, Kentucky, has been written up fully in *The Saturday Evening Post* of September 20, 1947. The title of the article is "Blue Grass Vet" and it is by Hambla Bauer. The illustrations are charming. A great many lovely things are said about Dr. Hagyard and his father, but nothing ever said about either of

them is too good to be true. Dr. Hagyard has meant more to the horses of the Frontier Nursing Service than we could begin to express. He has given free service in examinations and advice to us over and over again. When we had horse influenza at Wendover Dr. Hagyard sent one of his assistants up as a courtesy to stay overnight and advise the couriers on the treatment of the sick horses. Dr. Hagyard is not only a great veterinarian but a charming man as well.

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Two of our nurses have spoken about the Frontier Nursing Service on their vacations this year. Eva Gilbert, instructor of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, spoke to two separate groups in Iowa. Doris Reid, supervisor at the Graduate School, made so effective a talk to a group of twenty-four ladies at Burt Lake in Michigan that they took up a collection and sent us down fifty dollars to be used for the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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The Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service sponsored a Benefit for the Service on Thursday evening, November twentieth, in the auditorium of the Woman's Club. Teresita and Emilio Osta appeared in a program featuring the music and dance idiom of Spain and Latin-America. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance and the entertainment has been voted delightful according to the reports which are coming in to us as we go to press. Special features of the evening were a bevy of Junior League girls to give out the programs and two of our former Louisville couriers, Mrs. Walter N. Haldeman (Jane Norton) and Mrs. James C. Henning (Josephine Yandell), who wore riding clothes and handed out leaflets about the Frontier Nursing Service from saddle bags swung over their shoulders in traditional fashion.

We extend our warmest thanks to all who helped to make this Benefit the financial success, as well as the charming occasion, that it was. In particular we would thank our Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap; the Chairman of the Benefit, Mrs. Alexander J. Pharr; and the Assistant Chairmen, Mrs. William C. Tyler and Mrs. John Walker Moore. We are grateful also

to the more than forty patronesses who, in sponsoring the Benefit, made substantial gifts of money towards its success.

Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, spoke about the Frontier Nursing Service in November to the Saturday Club of Wayne, Pennsylvania. She did the job so thoroughly that repercussions are coming to us in the Kentucky mountains in the form of "a fascinating tale" and "one of the finest programs we have had."

The first of our winter meetings in the East this year will be held at the Barclay Hotel in Philadelphia on Wednesday, January fourteenth. The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service has again selected the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom as the place for its annual meeting this year and the date is Wednesday, January twenty-first. Will those of you living in and around Philadelphia or New York please put these dates down on your new 1948 calendars?

TOWN AND TRAIN

We had a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at the Pendennis Club in Louisville on Saturday, October 25th, with the chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett, presiding. It was a well attended meeting. Mrs. Henry B. Joy came down from Detroit on one night train and returned on another the next night. Mrs. Roger K. Rogan drove over from Cincinnati and I went back with her for a lovely, long week-end. I reached Chicago Wednesday morning, October 29th, and plunged into a heavy schedule shot through with enchanting moments spent with old friends. My speaking engagement that first night was in a private dining room at a restaurant with the Chicago Chapter of the Lutheran Medical Missionary Society. Two of the graduate nurses under the Lutheran Synod, Miss Adelheid Mueller and Miss Norma Lenschow, are attending the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in preparation for their work in China. Adelheid Mueller (Heidi) has been several months with the Frontier Nursing Service in order to get a first-hand acquaintance with all of our methods of operation. I take

a profound interest in the graduate training of these missionary nurses and in their work subsequently far overseas. It was a joy to me to attend the Lutheran dinner with Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Wagner, to meet the splendid group of doctors, nurses, ministers, and lay people who are backing the mission in China, and to explain the methods we use in our own remotely rural work. I enjoyed every minute of the evening.

My next speaking engagement was on the afternoon of Thursday in the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority House at Northwestern University in Evanston. Our trustee, Mrs. Donald McLennan, sent her car to take me to Evanston and to bring me back to the Drake Hotel where I always stop in Chicago. At the sorority house meeting there were not only the young things attending the University and initiated, or being initiated, into the Alpha Omicron Pi, but many of the Chapter members as well, including friends like Mrs. W. C. Drummond and Mrs. Philip W. Wolf. From the beginning of the afternoon until the end of the tea hour the whole occasion was delightful.

My speaking engagement Friday evening was the biggest and most important of all. I really had made the trip to Chicago because of it. I spoke in the ballroom of the Sheraton Hotel, with colored slides, to about twelve hundred nurses under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Student Nurses. This is an amazing organization to me. In the days long ago when I took my training as a nurse, and for many years after that, we had no such thing as an association of student nurses. The president of the Association, Miss Joyce Cox of the Michael Reese Hospital, presided at the meeting with poise and charm. The president of the Illinois State Nurses' Association, Miss Mary I. Bogardus, and other representatives of the registered nurses were guests of honor of the students. This was an especially moving thing about the whole occasion, because it showed how warmly the registered nurses were standing ready to welcome the younger group who would soon be joining their ranks. I was told that many graduate nurses had volunteered to take the students' night duties in the hospitals of Chicago in order to enable almost all of the students to attend the meeting. Other graduate nurses attended also—among them that nice person, Mrs. May Greenaway, who had endeared herself to us in the

Frontier Nursing Service in her two weeks' volunteer work at the Hyden Hospital last summer. The student association had even invited a number of senior high school girls to attend the meeting.

My only difficulty in speaking with my slides lay in the fact that the ballroom was more suited for dancing than speaking. It had a gallery packed with people and people were packed under the gallery. In order to get an elevation sufficient to throw my voice from an overworked diaphragm to the outer fringes of the auditorium I climbed on a table in the dark and spoke for nearly an hour on my knees. One resorts to all sorts of dodges to meet situations like that in the effort to avoid mechanisms. It is practically impossible to show slides and speak through a microphone at the same time.

Of course three days in Chicago did not mean three speaking engagements only. I saw something of our chairman, Miss Naomi Donnelley, and with her called on that delightful man, Dr. Malcom T. MacEachern, of the American College of Surgeons. I saw my friend, Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, who was so dear as to spare me a few hours from the bedside of a sick husband. I had a whole morning with the secretary of the Chicago Committee, Mrs. Edward Arpee (our former courier, Katherine Trowbridge) and went over with her many of the endless details that go with her volunteer work. Then I lunched with her and with Celia Coit. I attended a press conference arranged by Mrs. Corena McCallum, public relations representative of the Illinois State Nurses' Association, where Miss Joyce Cox and I were both interviewed. With Mrs. Charles W. Dempster I went to a tea at the Casino Club given by the English Speaking Union in honor of Mr. Harlowe, the new British Consul General in Chicago, and Mrs. Harlowe.

Saturday morning was November 1st, All Saints Day. After I had gone to early Communion at St. Chrysostom's Church I took a train for Madison, Wisconsin. I stayed until Sunday afternoon with my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond Agard. Then I took a train to Milwaukee and stayed Sunday night with my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carson. These visits were pure joy. On Monday, November 3rd, I took a plane on the Northwest Airlines to Minneapolis. In less than two hours

after leaving Milwaukee we came down on that wonderful airport where planes take off for remote places like Shanghai. There my friend, Mrs. George Chase Christian, met me and we drove to her home. The night in Minneapolis was another period of pure pleasure in the seeing of old friends. Miss Caroline Crosby came to tea. I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon King. Mrs. King, as Betty Washburn, had done volunteer nursing work in the Frontier Nursing Service years ago. She had invited special friends to meet me and the whole evening was a delight.

I returned to Chicago by train on Tuesday for the meeting sponsored by the Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at the Casino Club Wednesday afternoon. Our former chairman, Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, introduced me. Here again I showed colored slides to a large group of friendly people. One of our trustees, Mrs. James Ward Thorne, gave me a luncheon at the Club before the meeting. Mrs. Donald McLennan entertained everyone at tea afterwards. Then a group of old couriers and I got together for a little private meeting of our own. When the Club began to close down we moved over to Barbara McClurg's place in the neighborhood, which was fitting as Barbara is Chairman of the Courier Committee in Chicago. I love so these meetings with the old couriers, because they seem like my own young sisters.

Wednesday night I dined with my cousin, Mrs. John A. Carpenter, and her husband. I lunched Thursday, November 6th, with Miss Donnelley at the Fortnightly Club where I saw Mrs. John Pirie, Mrs. Kenneth Boyd, and again Mrs. Dempster. Since I am a Dickens lover, Mrs. Dempster insisted on taking me that afternoon to see "Great Expectations." I got a through sleeper that night for Corbin, Kentucky, where I arrived in the early afternoon of Friday, November 7th. Jean Hollins met me and drove me the sixty miles to our Hospital at Hyden. Late in the afternoon, in that period we in the mountains call "the edge of dark," I went on by jeep to Wendover. The towns and the trains, the big cars and the airplanes, all fell back into the past, but not the memory of the friends and the cousins who had given me so much joy on my tour.

M. B.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

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

—Martin Rinkart, c. 1636;
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

These are the verses that we in the Frontier Nursing Service sing at our annual reunion on Thanksgiving day. A whole group of traditions have grown up around this day for us. It is the only time in the year when all of us who can be spared from the care of patients gather at Wendover for dinner and general jubilation. For so many years have we sung these verses that they seem as though they belonged to the Frontier Nursing Service. After singing, we remember in silence for a moment all those who have ever been a part of the Frontier Nursing Service, wherever they are "in this world and the next."

For several years now the members of the old staff in England have met for dinner on Thanksgiving day at the Regent Palace Hotel in London. They always send us their menu card with their signatures and write, "We had such a happy time." Ten of them were able to meet in 1945 and nine in 1946. They will be meeting this year again.

When we read over the menus they send us, our first reaction is delight that they can enjoy so good a dinner. Our second reaction, after we have read THE MEALS IN ESTABLISH-

MENTS ORDER, always printed on the menu, is one of sadness that so little of the good dinner may be ordered by the customers. The exemptions and reductions pile up so that we finally wonder what anybody ate at last. A customer is allowed only one main dish, which means that if he takes meat or fish he cannot have dessert. He is only allowed two "subsidiary dishes," which means that if he takes soup and one vegetable he cannot have salad. If he takes two vegetables he cannot have soup or salad. If he asks for bread he is told that it counts as a main course.

We here in Kentucky who sit down to an abundant meal, which includes turkey and dessert as well as many "subsidiary dishes," find our hearts going out to those darlings in London who will write us that they had "such a happy time" when their mouths must have watered over the list of things on the menu which they were not allowed to eat.

Members of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service rode again this year in the Leslie County Fair. Virginia Frederick (Ginny) won first-prize money for Camp in the Riding Contest, and Doris Reid (Red) won second-prize money for Jeff. We extend our thanks to Camp and Jeff for presenting the Frontier Nursing Service with their ten-dollar and five-dollar prize money awards.

Our staff is becoming more air minded every year. We think nothing of flying the Atlantic. Rose Evans (Cherry) flew home for her holiday this summer and in three months flew back again. She did so enjoy seeing her people and that dear friend of hers and of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Frederic Watson at Delcombe Manor, Milton Abbas. Cherry says that Mrs. Watson's pony, "Mrs. Jogg," is full of life in spite of her thirty-one years. All during the war Mrs. Jogg carried her mistress in a governess cart to the nearest market town.

Since Dr. Barney has written up the surgical clinic Dr. Massie and Dr. Todd gave us again this autumn, we shall not attempt a description of it here. We want to say, however, that our wonderful Dr. Urton, with wonderful Dr. Dollar as anesthetist, is coming up for a tonsillectomy clinic after this Bulletin is

in the mails. We have the children lined up for operations on the 8th and 9th of December. All of the cots in the attic will be brought down and put to use then. We shall write this clinic up in the Winter Bulletin.

My rounds to the outpost centers and the meetings of the local Committees for dinners were particularly precious to me this year. In September I went by jeep to Brutus where we had a most satisfactory Committee meeting, presided over by our chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters, and well attended. In September I went again by jeep to Beech Fork. Here too there was an excellent attendance. Since we had lost our chairman, Mr. Albert Hoskins, by death, the Committee elected Mr. Isaac Wells to take over the chairmanship. He is an old friend and I was most happy over their choice.

The Red Bird Committee Meeting was on October 1st and the Flat Creek Meeting on October 2nd. Our chairman, Mr. T. L. Adams, presided over the first and our chairman, Mr. Bascomb Bowling, over the one at Flat Creek. The groups of friends who attended these meetings gladdened one's heart to see.

Needless to say, at all these meetings there was much discussion of the flash floods and the terrible damage they had done to so many people. At Flat Creek and at Red Bird several ladies of the Committee consented to receive truck loads of the clothing people had sent down to us, and to attend to the distribution of the garments. We had already sent truck loads of clothing to these centers, but the need now was for winter things. Fortunately a great many had been sent us.

Later in October we held our Committee Meetings at Confluence and Bowlingtown. From Dryhill to Confluence, and the next day across the mountain to Bowlingtown, I rode my mare Babette and was escorted by one of the junior couriers. The feel of a horse again between one's knees, the smell of saddle leather, the old rough trails, how many memories of how many years come back when one is riding! Some day I shall have taken my last ride, but I shall not know it is my last one and so I shall get the old joy out of riding that even the pain in my broken back has not been able to subdue.

At Confluence our chairman, Mrs. Elmer Huff, presided over

our meeting, and at Bowlingtown our chairman, Mr. Will Gay. There were many things to discuss and talk over and I received as always from the members of our Committees more help and encouragement than I can begin to express. Nor can I describe the happiness I get from staying with our nurses and listening to them tell about their patients and their work. These rounds are unforgettable to me.

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Kind things are always being done for us by our mountain friends. Seven of our men in the Brutus area met at the Clay County-Owsley County boundary line on September 20th for a working to clear the trail from Bullskin Creek to Buffalo Creek for the nurses' horses. Three men from the Owsley side under Mr. Jim Spurlock, and four from the Clay side under Mr. Jim Davidson, with cross saws and axes, cleared the trail of fallen logs and overhanging branches and made it passable for horse-back travel. The Brutus nurses, Helen Fedde (Hem) and Reva Rubin, with Vanda, the dear girl who is the Brutus maid, carried a substantial lunch to the men who gave the working.

The Grassy Creek Clinic in the Confluence area has been re-roofed at a working organized by Green Baker and John Wooton. A number of men assisted them and their labor was all given, as was the material for the roofing.

The Bull Creek Clinic has needed a great deal of repair this fall, including a new roof, for which we have received many donations from local citizens. Mrs. Charlie Woods and Mr. Cash Keen each gave a roll of roofing, Mr. Hiram Woods, one half roll of roofing. Mr. Cash Keen, Mr. Philip Keen, and Mr. Woodrow Woods gave one and one half days' labor each and the use of a small handsaw attached to Woodrow's jeep. Mr. Farmer Couch got lumber for us at cost. The following citizens gave one dollar each in money:

Miss Lagervelt (Missionary)
Gillie and Pearlie Osborne
Sheridan Osborne
Albert and Mollie Sizemore
Beulah Woods
Jaley Sizemore
Chester Bailey
Dewey and Polly Stubblefield
Ruck and Bertie Woods

Pearl Osborne
Charlie Keen
Keen Sizemore
Ira Begley
Golden Osborne
Cash Keen
Woodrow Woods
Jimmy Woods
Shelby Napier

The women as well as the men in our various neighborhoods have been helping us. Mr. Rohrer's church at Flat Creek has a Ladies' Aid, and like those dear women of our Red Bird Committee, they too have been sewing for our people. Here is the latest list of their accomplishments through the summer months:

- 31 Baby Gowns
 - 35 Baby Slips
 - 26 Bags for the Nurses' Saddle Bags
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The Hospital has received a most welcome gift from our trustee, Mrs. Herman F. Stone. It is a safe, badly needed and put to immediate use. Mrs. Stone has had framed for Wendover the two eighteenth century Chinese pictures given us by Dr. Yeh Shih Chin. They are embroidered on rice paper, and the oriental house in New York which framed them said that they were as valuable as they are lovely. We have hung them in the living room of the Big House at Wendover where they will remind us always of one of the dearest of all the guests to come to us.

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We have had only two foreign guests this fall. One was Dr. Alejandro C. Blandon from Nicaragua who came to us through the Institute of Inter-American Affairs. The other was a most enchanting Greek, Mrs. Eleni Angelopoulou who is travelling in America under the auspices of the Near East Foundation. She had been assigned only two days with the Frontier Nursing Service, but we were so mutually attracted that she prolonged her visit a week longer. We were soon calling her "Angelo" and listening in rapture to the tales she told us of her experiences with the Greek Red Cross.

Angelo was so energetic and wanted to see so much that we had her out in jeeps and on horses nearly all of every day. She seemed to be profoundly interested in rural America. We venture to quote bits from a letter she wrote after she left us,

"The nine days I stayed with you, are important for me. . . . I found always in my country, that everybody forgets the people of the mountains, from where I believe most of us come from.

"My heart is in Wendover and I shall never forget the days I spent with you all. . . . As it is not possible for me to write

to everybody, I like to ask you to give them my love and thanks. I shall never forget the hospitality, the kindness, the spirit I found there, and above all, my respect and admiration will be for everybody who works in the Frontier Nursing Service for ever."

We were delighted to receive a visit from our friends Mr. and Mrs. Hertel M. Saugman of Racine, Wisconsin. When people have stood behind a work as long as these two have stood behind the Frontier Nursing Service it is good to have them come down to get acquainted.

We had brief visits also from Miss Ella Woodyard's cousins, Mrs. McFarren Davis of Paris, Illinois and Miss Mary L. Woodyard of Ridgefarm, Illinois; and from Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips and their young son from Trotwood, Ohio. Miss Elizabeth Kirkwood of New Haven drove by on her way to California. She had with her a charming English nurse, Miss Olive Bradbury. These guests took tea at Wendover and spent the night at our Hyden Hospital. Miss Ann Asbury of the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission was a welcome week-end guest.

Members of the old staff who dropped in on us for a few days included our courier Dorothy Caldwell, her brother Jack and his bride. It had been years since Dorothy and Jack came in to see us and it was great fun to have them return and bring with them the lovely girl Jack has annexed. Clara Louise Schiefer of Rochester, former social service secretary, never stays as long as a year without a visit to us—for which we are thankful. She was back again in the early autumn. We had the joy of a visit, also, from Jerry (Mrs. Arthur Byrne) who left her husband long enough to come to us. Jerry was our statistician for years and one of the most satisfactory members of the Wendover family.

Now that we are more accessible to the outside world a good many people come by to lunch or have tea with us and then travel on to their night's resting places. Among those who came this autumn were our trustee, Mr. Ross Sloniker of Cincinnati, and his wife. They brought with them Dr. and Mrs. William J. Graf, two delightful people. Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford of Paris and her friends, Mrs. Rugg, Mrs. Wooton, and Mrs. Woods, have made visits to the Hyden Hospital during

the autumn with many packages of clothing they had collected for those of our people who lost clothing in the floods.

The largest group of people who stopped off to see us were twenty-four members of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, who left their chartered bus at the mouth of Muncie Creek and came to lunch at Wendover on October 13th. Miss Florence Goodell, office director of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, wrote that the enthusiasm among the members from Berea College had been so marked that some of the younger women on the faculty asked her to bring them to Wendover in November. They had eaten a picnic lunch before they arrived so we could serve them only milk and cookies, but it was a pleasure to have them.

Occasionally we have a patient at the Hospital who becomes more like a guest than a patient. Way off in the Mud Lick area a crippled old man named Uncle Garret came down with erysipelas. He had no place to go, no one to take care of him, no money. Mr. Rohrer brought him to us and we put him in the Wee Stone House on the Hospital grounds, the place we use for isolation. We gave him a special night nurse so that he could get the penicillin Dr. Barney had ordered every two hours. This was weeks ago. The erysipelas cleared up in due time, but the old man is still not able to fend for himself. He is in a bed on the glassed-in porch off the children's ward. The morning Sister Hope left us, after Dr. Massie's Clinic, she went to say good-bye to him. She said, "How are you this morning, Uncle Garret?" "Fine," he answered, "I am just lying here, being happy."

Among the patients taken care of at Dr. Massie's Clinic was our old friend, Mrs. Belle Morgan of Camp Creek. As all will remember who ever stayed at Wendover in the early years, she and her husband Jayhugh lived in the cabin and helped us in running the place. We are thankful to let all of you know that, after her gallstones were removed, she could not have done better.

We want to express our gratitude to those friends who have sent so many and such generous checks to repair the damages

caused the Frontier Nursing Service's properties by the late June flash floods, and to meet the bills for electrical repairs at the Hospital. To all of you we have written personally, but we want to say publicly that your generosity has enabled us to get by, and to meet even such appalling sums as, for example, the more-than-five-hundred dollars it cost to rebuild the demolished road leading to the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at Flat Creek. We had to hire "brought-on" drills for blasting, among other items. We are grateful to Mr. Caleb Stacey for reducing the charge for his hammer drill and operator from \$5.00 to \$3.50 an hour. We are more than grateful to the subcommittee of men on our Flat Creek Committee who volunteered their time to organize the work. These men were Mr. Bascomb C. Bowling, Mr. F. C. Rohrer, Mr. Charles W. Smith, and Mr. Monroe Sizemore. We want to thank the engineer, Mr. Roy White, who so kindly assisted with his advice. Our Flat Creek chairman, Mr. Bascomb Bowling, gave us permission to tear out all of the hillside that needed to be removed where the road passes his land. We blasted and shovelled and piled up and beat down until we got a road of sorts. Our red truck can get over it and so can the jeeps. Just so it doesn't turn into deep mud this winter and there aren't any landslides!

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Another gift we could not have done without has come to us in the form of a new yellow civilian jeep for our Medical Director. This was given us by our trustee, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, in memory of the late Mr. Rogan, beloved vice-chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service. The jeep Dr. Barney was using has gone to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and the Hospital, which had only one jeep between them and desperately needed two.

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If anybody has any extra money in these frightfully expensive days, and thinks the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden a worthy place on which to spend his money, we could do with a Deep Freeze. Both at the Hospital and at Wendover we keep hogs to eat our swill, so that nothing is wasted. Edna, the brood sow at Wendover, is the matriarch of all such hogs. In order further to cut down prices we have taken to eating our

old cows. In other years when an old cow had to be shot she was buried where she fell. When we shoot old cows now, we have the meat butchered for us and for our patients. There is a snag in this, however. An old cow is not edible until she has been frozen rather a long time.

We have been renting Deep Freeze units at Hazard for the Hyden Hospital and for Wendover. These rented units cost a lot of money, are not adequate in size, and it is difficult to go thirty miles for your meat. There is in stock right now at Hyden a thirty-cubic-foot size Deep Freeze, of the shelf type, with a capacity for about seventeen hundred pounds of meat. The price not including the moving or installation is \$549.50 (special discount to us). Have one of you got the sum of \$549.50, plus about 30 extra dollars for moving and installation, to give to the Frontier Nursing Service for that Deep Freeze?

Since our last Bulletin was printed Thumper has left us. Under her real name of Lucille Knechtly she has been my personal secretary for so long, and she is such a dear girl, that all of us miss her greatly every day and at every turn. She is staying this fall and early winter with a beloved aunt and an uncle who is critically ill. Further news of her in future Bulletins will be carried under Old Staff News.

Mrs. Hortense Luckey Greenwald, whom we call Luckey and whose arrival in the Frontier Nursing Service was announced in the Summer Bulletin, is now my secretary. You will get familiar with her name as the days go by because many of you will be receiving letters from her. We still have no permanent social service secretary. After Louise Fink went to the University of North Carolina we had sweet old Andy (Mrs. George Lawrence) back for one month. With all the searching we and the Alpha Omicron Pi's have been doing we still have no social service secretary. Have some of you suggestions? Until December 1st the social work is carried by Patricia Mickle, one of our top couriers, but she is an engaged girl and cannot linger long.

We suddenly find ourselves short of couriers. The two juniors who had been accepted for November and December had to withdraw for marriage and such. We have no junior courier in

sight until January. This is particularly distressing because we are having to break in a number of new nurses for riding and jeep driving. Jean Hollins has only such help as Pat Mickle can find time to give her. Fredericka Holdship (Freddie) was back for about two weeks and that eased the strain. We have, thank God, in Carolyn Booth of Bridgeport, Connecticut, an A-1 volunteer Christmas secretary. Until the Christmas things began pouring in she was able to help with the courier duties. Hers is another name with which hundreds of you will soon be familiar when she writes you letters of thanks for your gifts.

We have a few more announcements of importance to make. Helen Browne (Brownie) was made an assistant director of the Frontier Nursing Service at the last meeting of the Executive Committee. She is now superintendent of the Hyden Hospital. Betty Lester, another assistant director who has been running the Hospital during the past year, will take on the field supervision when she returns from vacation after this Bulletin has gone to press. Peggy Brown (Peggy) is now in charge of midwifery at the Hospital. Dorothy F. Buck, our first assistant director, has so well recovered from her serious operation of last winter that she is able to re-assume her full duties. This bit is added for her many friends all over the world to read. Lucile Hodges, so many of whose years are woven into the fiber of Frontier Nursing Service life, had to go to her home in Alabama to be with her mother. She has returned to us at Wendover in advance of Thanksgiving on a sort of roving assignment because she may be called home again. On almost any assignment she is more welcome and more useful than we can begin to tell.

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There is one field of work in which we are so fully staffed that we cannot accept another applicant before April. This is the field of general nursing. We had so many first class applications from young nurses this autumn that we could not resist accepting nine of them. We always need new nurses for October and April, because those are the periods in which the new classes open in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. A number of the non-midwife nurses, who have been working with the Frontier Nursing Service, wish to take the graduate training in

midwifery and qualify for the work of district nurse-midwives. This means that twice each year our ranks of nurses are depleted automatically. For the first time since the beginning of the war we have had more applications than we could accept. Some of these new nurses are on temporary assignments of less than a year. The majority are on regular assignments. One came to us in August, three in September, three in October, and two in November. They are rotated in the Hospital and on the districts where they assist the nurse-midwives. In this way they get, even those on temporary assignments of six months or so, an insight into the remotely rural methods of the Frontier Nursing Service. The names of these new young nurses, in alphabetical order, are:

Buchanan, Gwendolyn
Frazer, Dorothy A.
Goodin, Francetta M.
Isaacs, Gertrude
Kierkegaard, Shirley I.
Newcomb, Nancy R.
Scott, Betty Ruth
Thornton, Maxine
Young, Alice M.

The Fourteenth Class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery completed their course on October 14th. Their examinations were conducted, as always, under the auspices of the Kentucky State Board of Health. The written examinations were made out by the Kentucky State Board of Health and sent back to Louisville. The oral and practical examinations were conducted by Dr. M. Frances Clark at the Maternity Hospital run under the auspices of the State Board of Health at Oneida. All six of these nurses passed extremely good examinations with high ratings. One of those at the very top was our French Fellowship nurse, Odette Prunet. The other nurses were Helene Newman who returns within the year to Siam, Marjorie Wood who will probably be sent to China—both of them missionary nurses under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Northern Presbyterian Church; Virginia Lamb, who returns to the State Board of Health of Mississippi; Theda Fetterman (Teddy) and

Virginia Frederick (Ginny) who remain with the Frontier Nursing Service.

The Fifteenth Class opened October 15th with the following registered nurses as students: Thelma Blackburn of Cincinnati; Edna Owens from the State Board of Health of Mississippi; Eleanor Wechtel, former clinic nurse with the Frontier Nursing Service; Evelyn Mottram, veteran; Adelheid Mueller and Norma Lenschow, missionary nurses under the Lutheran Church.

We have lost another of our oldest and best friends in the Kentucky mountains, Mrs. Drucilla Lewis, widow of Theophilus G. Lewis, who died on October twenty-fifth. She was known as "Aunt Cilla" to her hundreds of friends, and she was dear to us in the Frontier Nursing Service. We shall write more fully of her in our memorial notices later, but now we only note her passing.

Another old friend, Aunt Judy Howard, died in the early morning of November seventeenth at the great age of ninety-two. She was the beloved mother of Mrs. Becky Jane Morgan, wife of our caretaker, Lewis Morgan, at The Clearing. The Reverend William B. Buyers came over from Hyden to conduct her funeral services on the afternoon of the eighteenth. Her burial was in the old graveyard on Hurricane Creek. We are always moved by the preparations for a mountain burial. The body of the loved one is handled only by loving hands. Friends and neighbors among the women gather at the house to make the shroud and the "bleach" under garments. Friends among the men make the coffin and cover it with suitable material. Friends sit up with the family and the body until it is buried. These customs are deeply reverential.

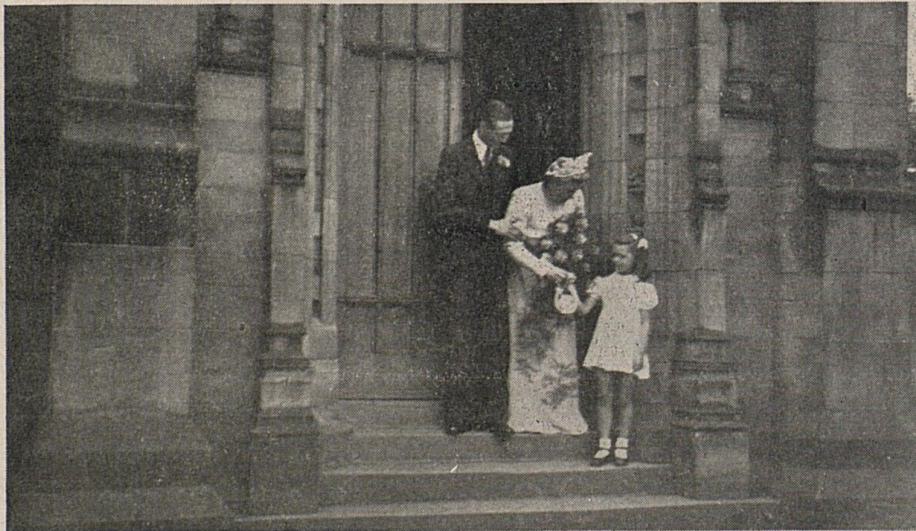
We began this column with Thanksgiving. We shall close it with Christmas. Your gifts are pouring in from the railroads, pouring in by the truck load. Our young volunteer Christmas secretary has now no time for anything else. When you receive this Bulletin we shall all of us be helping her. The parcels and boxes and barrels are being opened, the contents listed and the notes written to the donors. Then the toys and the clothing are

sorted so that things destined for boys or girls, little or big, or for babies, are put together each with its own kind. Soon we shall be loading the trucks for the outpost centers. We send first to the centers which can only be reached while the rivers are low. With every truck load of toys and clothing, there goes enough candy to give each child its own bag. It is the busiest time of the whole year for us in the Frontier Nursing Service, and the happiest.

Late on Christmas Eve we at Wendover shall, as always, light a candle and place it out on the stone terrace in front of the Big House to guide the feet of the Christ Child when He comes again to visit His world.

Yet though I see no star I'll grope my way
Until with outstretched hand I touch the hay
That fills the manger where in slumber lies
The Child whose touch can open all blind eyes.

—Eric Van Hagen



MR. AND MRS. JOHN BURTON
ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, JULY 2, 1947
All Saints Church
Gosforth, England
Mrs. Burton was Madge Tait

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1947.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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

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

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mr. E. S. Jouett, Chairman, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Morris B. Belnap, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1947.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
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(My commission expires January 25, 1951.)

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

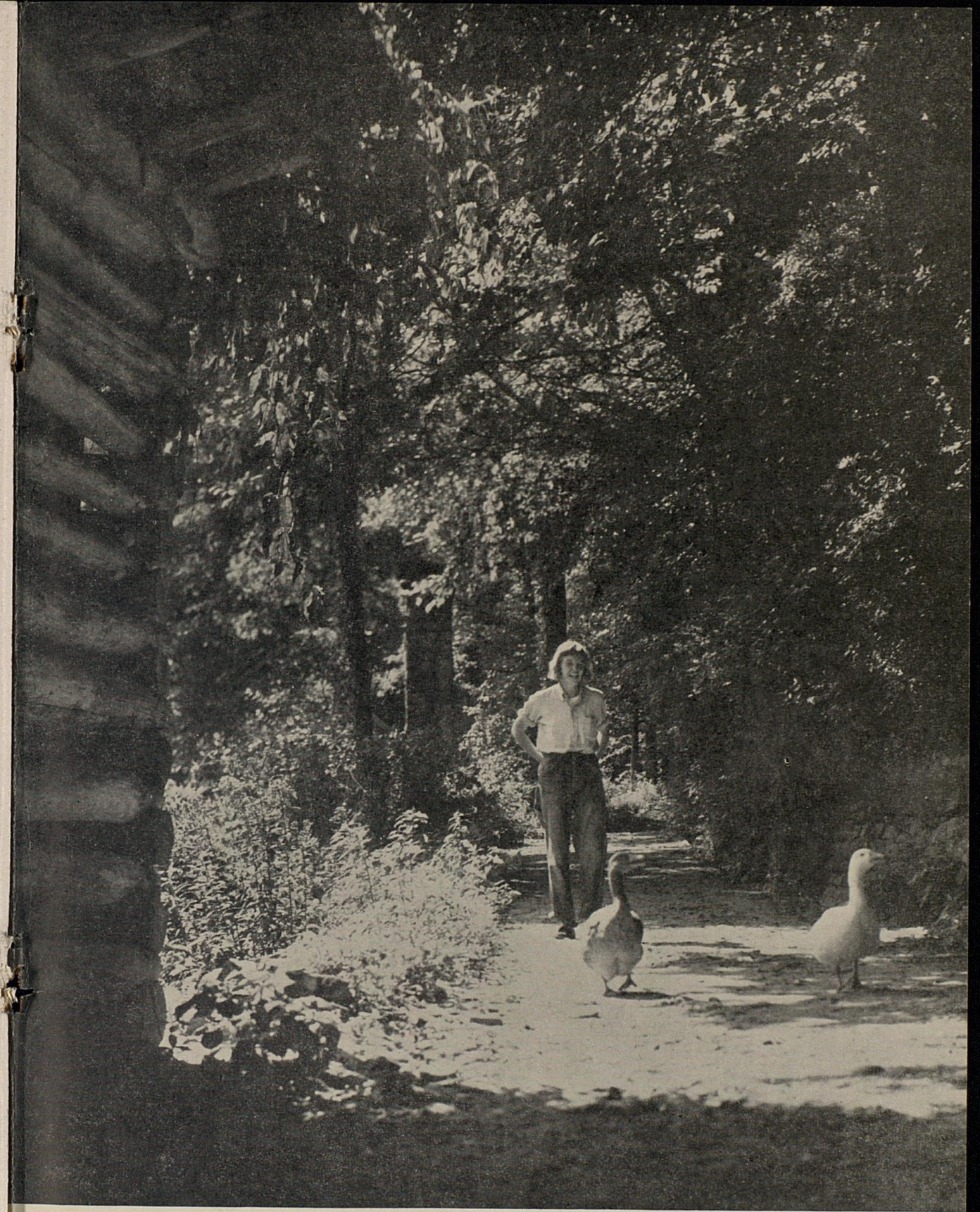
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



WENDOVER

ELEANOR LLOYD (NELLA) — NEW YORK COURIER

CAROLYN GOOSE MR. SALTINA

Photograph by Clyde Burke

