

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 23

SUMMER, 1947

NUMBER 1



WENDOVER PASTURES IN THE JUNE FLASH FLOODS



BRIDGE STREET AND THE CAUSEWAY AT HYDEN TOWN



APPROACH TO HYDEN, BRIDGE OVER THE MIDDLE FORK  
IN THE JUNE FLASH FLOODS

Pictures by Louise Fink

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
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HIFNER AND FORTUNE  
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Directors,  
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,  
Lexington, Kentucky.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1947, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting schedules.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

Your operations for the year result in a net loss of \$17,317.09, due, in the main, to the payment of old salary claims amounting to \$14,837.42. In order to satisfy these old claims, it was necessary to borrow \$14,448.30, and it is respectfully suggested the loans be repaid out of future unrestricted gifts and bequests.

Your records, found in their usual perfect order, are in accord with this report.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) HIFNER AND FORTUNE  
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky,  
May Fifteen,  
Nineteen Forty-seven.

ANNUAL REPORT  
of the  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
May 1, 1946 to April 30, 1947

PREFACE

In presenting the report of our twenty-second fiscal year, which closed April 30, 1947, we ask our trustees, members and subscribers to read it attentively. In our early years we printed annually our audit in full, and complete tabulations of all our statistics. This took up a whole issue of the Bulletin even then, when our work was in its infancy, and it cost a lot of money. We found upon inquiry that few people read these masses of figures. We then adopted the method we still use, of giving significant figures only with brief explanations of them. This method attracts many readers. In the report which follows we have tried to give our readers a clear picture of our fiscal affairs and of our work.

I  
FISCAL REPORT

The fiscal statements in this annual report are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit which was duly made by Hifner and Fortune, certified public accountants; and the figures in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

RECEIPTS

Our receipts this year from all sources for running expenses and new endowment were \$137,252.73 (Exhibit B of the audit). Of this total, the sum of \$5,923.51 is new endowment.

The total gifts and contributions to the Service for running expenses were \$85,453.43 inclusive of \$2,979.69 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and its chapters for Social Service. Our investment income from endowment for the year was \$17,966.19. Scholarships and partial scholarships for students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery received under

the G. I. Bill of Rights and from other sources, such as churches, amounted to \$3,280.00. The income from the Wendover Post Office was \$1,447.01. The revenue from benefits and from the Bargain Box in New York was \$9,082.80. The total receipts from medical, hospital, nursing fees, and the sale of clinic supplies at cost, were \$13,343.30. These are the main sources of income for the past fiscal year. (Schedule B-1 of the audit.)

#### EXPENDITURES

In operating the work of the Frontier Nursing Service this past fiscal year we spent \$133,808.89. Our total receipts for running expenses were \$131,329.22. This means an excess of expenditures over receipts of \$2,479.67. At the close of the previous fiscal year in 1946 we had spent \$3,101.19 in excess of revenue received. This, therefore, makes the second consecutive fiscal year in which we have used our small reserves to balance our budget. We now have no reserves left.

Time was when we could make a budget of \$104,000.00 annually and find that our expenditures had come within a few hundred dollars of it. We are doing exactly the same things we did in 1940 when our budget was \$104,000.00, but it is costing us nearly \$30,000.00 more annually to do them. Costs of everything we have to buy are staggering and our operations are large. We spent last year \$71,754.60 for salaries and wages alone,—and our salaries and wages are so low that only the devotion of our staff to the work we do keeps them with us. On page 14 a detailed analysis of our actual expenditures for last year (taken from the audit) runs parallel with the estimated budget for the current year. This will show our subscribers the reasonableness of the proposed budget.

#### CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks and petty cash funds was only \$6,123.24.

#### INDEBTEDNESS

The Service assumed a bank indebtedness of \$12,000.00 in order to pay in full the salaries on a two-thirds basis due certain members of our old staff who had stayed with us for prac-

tically nothing during the depression years in the early thirties. This is of course just a transference of the debt from one category to another. We carried this obligation as a legal indebtedness on our books and in every audit. We made mention of it in every annual report. We had reduced it by many thousands over the years. We felt the time had come when we should repay what remained of this indebtedness even though we had to take out a bank note in order to cover it.

In the letter with which our auditors prefaced the audit they mentioned \$14,438.30 as the sum we borrowed, but our bank note is for only \$12,000.00. The reason for this discrepancy lies in the fact that two members of our old staff, two who have remained with the Frontier Nursing Service throughout the years, refused to take their money, because they knew the Frontier Nursing Service had a need for it at the present time. They want to give this money to the Service—but we have taken it as a loan without interest.

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT  
(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$268,713.46, all without lien.

INVENTORY

An inventory is taken every spring of the property of the Service. Among its major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and the frame Annex, a Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cottage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; two water tanks; two tenant cottages; and out-buildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forge, engine house, fire hose house, and the Wee Stone House.

**Wendover**

Three log houses, as follows: the Old House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"); the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and the Lower Shelf; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the heifer barn, horse hospital barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, engine house, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

**Georgia Wright Clearing**

A caretaker's cottage and barns; extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade.

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; water tank and engine house; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**  
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; pump and tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Log building and oak barn with electricity; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank and fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.



**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

**Subsidiary Clinics**

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

**Livestock**

Twenty-four horses; two mules; thirteen cows; five heifers; one bull; over three hundred chickens; pigs.

**Equipment**

Equipment includes: five jeeps; one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; one half-ton truck; one old Chevrolet; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishing in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

**II**

**REPORT OF OPERATIONS**

**MEDICAL AND SURGICAL**

It was not until after the close of the fiscal year that we secured in Dr. Maurice O. Barney a permanent Medical Director. Under Field Notes in this Bulletin we tell about him, but so far as the past fiscal year is concerned he does not come into the report. We had three different Medical Directors and there were periods in which we had no Medical Director. Dr. Howard M. Freas came to us first. He was one of the finest men we ever knew, but he was not physically equal to our work. After that Dr. Margaret L. Dale came to us. She was an excellent physician, but she too was not equal to our work and left us in February. Through the great kindness of a member of our National Medical Council, Dr. Karl M. Wilson of the University of Rochester,

New York, we had on loan Dr. Rowland W. Leiby until the middle of May when Dr. Leiby returned to Rochester to continue his residency in obstetrics. That it was possible for us to carry on during such a difficult year, when at various times we had no Medical Director at all, was due to the kindness and the devotion of Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard and his assistants. They gave us standing orders for emergency cases to carry out before we relayed them to the Hazard Hospital. They came on call whenever we sent for them. Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. Cooley Combs gave the medical lectures to the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. For none of these courtesies and kindnesses would they charge us anything. There are no words in which we can express our gratitude and that of those patients whose lives they saved.

It was early in the past fiscal year, in June, that Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville came to us for his tonsillectomy clinic. With him came Dr. D. M. Dollar to give the anesthetic. It was late in the fiscal year, in April, that Dr. Francis Massie with his assistant, Dr. Eugene Todd, came for the general surgical clinic he gives us annually. All of these dear men gave their time to our patients and to us.

#### HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Hospital at Hyden was occupied 7,095 days last year by 799 patients with a daily average of 20.0 patients. When you stop to think that our Hospital has only 18 ward beds and one isolation bed (in the Wee Stone House) and eight bassinets for the new-born, you can easily see the dangerous overcrowding represented by a daily average of 20.0 patients.

Of the 799 patients cared for during the fiscal year, 121 were sick adults, 309 were obstetrical patients, 156 were children, and 213 were newborn. There were 17 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which nine were newborn, and none were obstetrical. Seventy-six operations were performed. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital there was a total of 5,865 visits received during the past fiscal year.

## DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts carried by the Frontier Nursing Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 8,567 people in 1,866 families. Of these, 4,476 were children including 2,161 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 15,887 visits and received 17,119 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 598 sick people of whom 22 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 5,540 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 2,063 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include the midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives along with their district nursing. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

## MIDWIFERY

## Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) delivered 456 women in childbirth, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. There were 454 live births and 8 stillbirths. There were 6 deliveries of twins. There were 412 new cases admitted and 447 closed after postpartum care. There was 1 miscarriage and there were no maternal deaths.

## Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the nurse-midwives and midwifery students of the Graduate School were called in for 35 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 15 live births, 1 stillbirth, and 19 emergency miscarriages (13 early and 6 late). They also gave postpartum care to 16 other mothers. There was 1 delivery of twins. There were no maternal deaths.

### Outside-Area Cases

There were 185 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these 46 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside area patients move into our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 6 such patients of 6 live babies in their own homes.

### FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has two classes annually, each of six months duration, which start on October 15th and April 15th. During the past year twelve registered nurses were graduated from the School. The fourteenth class since the School opened in 1939 is now in attendance. When its work is completed on October 15th the School will have sent sixty nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to serve quite literally all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, in Puerto Rico and Alaska, and in various parts of Africa, China, India, and South America. A catalogue of the School will be sent to anyone interested in receiving further information.

### GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 90 overnight guests who stayed 299 days. In addition Wendover entertained for meals 111 guests for 420 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 99 days, and day guests for 843 meals. Meals served to patients totaled 21,862.

Guests of the Frontier Nursing Service during the past year have included not only Americans but persons from the following lands:—Belgium, Canada (several), China (several), France, India, Korea (two), Paraguay, and South Africa (several).

## VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-one couriers and fourteen other volunteers worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1,271 days. Of these days, 100 were spent as nurse's aides to the Hospital in Hyden and 83 with the district nurses.

Six volunteer nurses gave a total of 93 days' work in the Hospital.

During the time the volunteers were with the Service they lived at Wendover, Hyden, and the Outpost Centers.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Services and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases:

Aid and care to 4 dependent children who are placed in private homes.

Aid and care to 8 families of widows or men unable to work.

Emergency aid to 3 families who were burned out.

Acted as Committee for family receiving Idiot's Claim.

Garden Seed Assistance to 5 families.

Sent 8 patients to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati.

Sent 4 patients to The Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission in Louisville.

Sent 3 patients to other Hospitals for treatment, and helped meet the cost.

Transported 19 patients to Hazard to oculists and dentists.

Transported 10 patients to Hazard to The Kentucky Crippled Children's Clinic.

Aided 4 patients in purchase of complete dentures.

Aided in securing fitting and purchase of Hearing Aid for 1 patient.

Paid expenses of 2 prenatal patients in Hyden while Hospital filled.

Transported 43 patients to outside physicians and hospitals by car or on passes given for them and their attendants by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

Transported 13 children to and from Boarding School. Distributed hundreds of articles of clothing, books, etc. Helped with preparations for Christmas Celebrations. Held Easter Egg Hunt.

Helped with local Red Cross Drive.

Service and time given in a number of other cases of miscellaneous nature in co-operation with county welfare and health departments, the county judges, the F. N. S. district nurses and hospital staff.

#### CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas and clothing to those that needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous responses of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

### III

#### TWENTY-TWO YEAR TOTALS

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole twenty-two-year period of our work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	30,926
Babies and toddlers.....	12,656
School children.....	6,422
Total children.....	19,078
Adults .....	11,848
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	6,809
Inoculations .....	149,244
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	8,757
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	85,308

\* For 18 years and 6 months. The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

IV  
ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service at the close of the fiscal year are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Crib.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,118.87
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown .....	1,000.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36
William Nelson Fant, Jr. Memorial.....	78,349.52
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	500.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	3,250.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial Fund.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	10,000.00
Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....	12,120.00
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and Its Endowment.....	37,457.11
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00
Richard D. McMahan Legacy.....	17,265.00
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford's Fund in Memory of her two children.....	1,000.00
Cassius Clay Shackelford (a boy)	
Rodes Clay Shackelford (a girl)	
Total .....	\$491,042.39

## V

## BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1947-1948

HYDEN HOSPITAL and FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY:		EXPENDITURES BUDGET		
		1946-1947	1947-1948	
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 19,624.73	\$ 20,000.00		
2. Running Costs (food, cows, elec- tricity, fuel, laundry, freight, haulage; et cetera).....	11,366.57	11,000.00		
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 1).....	7,861.04	8,000.00		
4. Medical Director (Note 2).....	3,102.18	3,000.00		
	<u>\$ 41,954.52</u>	<u>\$ 42,000.00</u>		\$ 42,000.00
DISTRICTS (Wendover and Six Nursing Centers):				
1. Salaries and Wages (Note 3).....	\$ 26,675.55	\$ 27,000.00		
2. Feed and Care of Horses (Hos- pital, Graduate School, Wendover, and 12 districts).....	9,481.70	10,000.00		
3. Cars, Jeeps, Truck, Station- Wagon-Ambulance (Ditto).....	2,666.13	3,000.00		
4. Running Costs (food, minus board of residents; cows, fuel, kerosene, candles, laundry, freight, haul- age) .....	8,771.57	9,000.00		
	<u>\$ 47,594.95</u>	<u>\$ 49,000.00</u>		\$ 49,000.00
ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSES:				
Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, printing, telephone, telegraph, postage, et cetera (Note 3).....	\$ 17,403.74	\$ 17,000.00		\$ 17,000.00
GENERAL EXPENSES:				
1. Social Service.....	\$ 3,370.85	\$ 3,300.00		
2. Insurance (Fire—\$209,000.00 cov- erage, Employer's Liability, full coverage on station wagon, truck, car, and jeeps).....	3,554.33	3,200.00		
3. Quarterly Bulletins (covered by subscriptions, with small surplus)	3,091.32	3,100.00		
4. Statistics and Research (Note 3)..	3,005.83	3,000.00		
5. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors, nurses, and cadets for study and observation.....	1,671.58	1,600.00		
6. Uniforms .....		2,000.00		
7. Miscellaneous Promotional Ex- penses Beyond the Mountains.....	493.95	500.00		
	<u>\$ 15,187.86</u>	<u>\$ 16,700.00</u>		\$ 16,700.00
8. Maintenance of Properties and Replacement of Equipment and Livestock (Auditor's Valuation: \$268,713.46) .....	\$ 11,667.82	\$ 5,300.00		\$ 5,300.00
	<u>\$133,808.89</u>	<u>\$130,000.00</u>		\$130,000.00

Note 1: Approximately one-third of supplies relayed to districts.

Note 2: Approximately one-fourth of his time spent on districts.

Note 3: Audit shows larger expenditures, due exclusively to repayment of remaining two-thirds on old salaries and in settlement of old claim.



## CONCLUSION

It is obvious from our report that we have suffered the hardships of staff shortages and an income inadequate to meet the increased cost of living. The work we do is unique in that there is no other in the United States which combines a vast demonstration field of remotely rural medical, nursing, midwifery, hospital and social service work with a training field where nurses are taught to carry our frontier methods to other outposts all over the world. We have reason to think that we are approaching a period in which we shall not suffer from staff shortages, or at least such extreme shortages as we have had since 1940 when twelve of our staff went off to the war. We like to think that we shall not be so crippled by financial shortages in the current year as in the one just past. If our thousands of subscribers, who make our work possible, will enlist the support of new friends, then the increase in supporters will offset the increase in the cost of everything we have to buy.

Your attention is called to our list of endowments and to the income we receive from them annually. We urge those of you who are able to add to our endowment funds. As soon as the cost of building ceases to be prohibitive we need to enlarge our hospital plant. These endowment and building suggestions are especially for those interested persons who have means, but we want to assure our *annual subscribers*, whether they give the basic two dollars a year membership only or give larger amounts, that they are the backbone of the Frontier Nursing Service. We could not carry on without you all, each and every one.

As always at the close of each year of our accountability we extend our deeply grateful thanks to our hard-working committees inside and outside the mountains, to our membership, to those physicians and hospitals who give free care to our patients, to our devoted staff and the volunteers who have helped them, and to our thousands of patients.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

## OLD COURIER NEWS

During the summer there have been engagements, marriages, babies to report under OLD COURIER NEWS, but Agnes Lewis, who compiles and arranges this column, is off on a long-deferred vacation. We know that all the Old Couriers will be so glad to learn about her vacation, which began and will end with family weddings, that they won't mind waiting until the autumn number of the Bulletin to get news of one another. Meanwhile, good luck to all of you.

Editor

---

### WHERE, OH WHERE, HAS OUR LITTLE COW GONE?

by  
JANE BURT

It was a lovely sunny morning when our milkmaid came running in from the barn with the report that Lily, our cow at Brutus, was gone—just vanished. As we started looking for her, terrifying thoughts went through my head. Where might she be? In the clover? Down in a creek? Caught in a fence? We checked the gates first. They were closed tight. Next, we walked along the fence to see if we could find signs of Lily's having gone over or under it. No trace of her there. Finally, as we were sadly returning to the house for a council on what to do next, we heard a mournful moo. It came from under the house! Goodness, she just couldn't be in the woodshed! But we looked just the same—And there, in the far corner, was our little Lily, stuck between the dirt floor and the rafters. She couldn't turn around or back up without hanging her backbone on a rafter, and it hadn't occurred to her to get down on her knees and turn around. We tried to talk her into this, but without success. So we got a spade and dug the floor down. Then we carefully ushered a very grateful little cow out backwards. She looked up at us as though to say, "thank you," and then hurried to the barn for her breakfast.

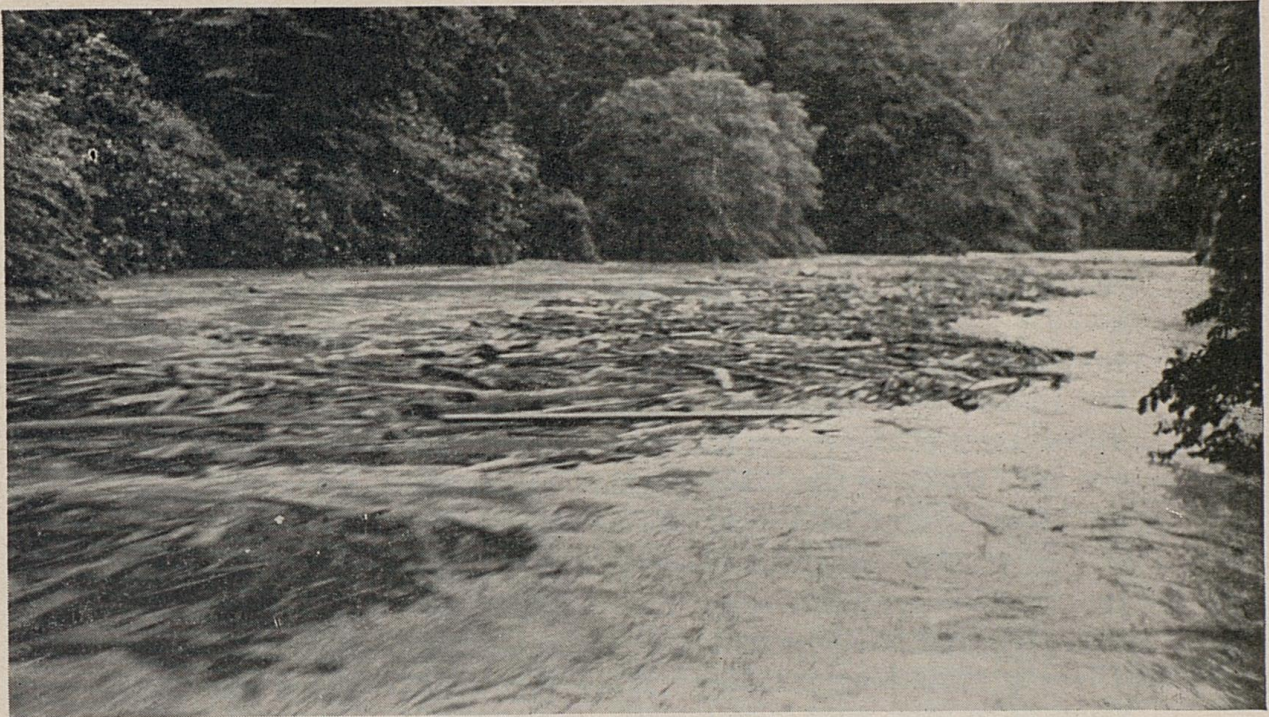
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### FROM A READER IN FLORIDA

"Such a dear day when the Bulletin comes! In my half-invalid way it means so much. I too go on the hurried calls and help all I can. Lovely! My best wishes for all the stalwart ones."

## FLASH FLOODS I

A Report by Mary Breckinridge



LOOKING DOWN RIVER FROM WENDOVER SWINGING BRIDGE  
Taken by "Pebble" Stone on the bridge before the flooring was knocked out.

They came upon me as a wide breaking in of waters;  
in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me.

—*Book of Job XXX, 14*

On the night of June 27th there were torrential rains on the headwaters of both the Middle Fork River and the Red Bird River. Early on the morning of the 28th it was apparent that flash floods of enormous size were coming down both rivers. Since all of the Frontier Nursing Service people were marooned at their several centers or caught on baby calls, and since communications were impossible, none of us knew for days the full

extent of the damage anywhere else. Our battery radio mentioned only the flash floods on the Cumberland on the other side of Pine Mountain. News from our section couldn't reach the outside. The damage was heavy around Manchester and Oneida, but because of broken bridges direct communications were impossible in that direction for some days, or in the direction of Harlan over Pine Mountain. As we began to get the facts together we found that our people had suffered more heavily than we had thought credible. These are much the highest floods that have ever come in here, much higher than the one that came in the thirties. In the upper Middle Fork above our Beech Fork center at Asher many homes were washed away, schools, stores and a post office. Many homes were washed away on Red Bird River. Hundreds of people lost everything they possessed because their houses were inundated to and over the rooftops. Thousands lost their gardens and crops. On the upper parts of the rivers the very soil was washed away leaving the bare rock; on the lower parts of the rivers the good bottom land was covered with sand and muck.

In view of the great floods that come along the Mississippi this problem may not seem one of magnitude, but disaster for those affected has been as severe in proportion to their numbers. There is something peculiarly cruel about a flash flood because there is so little time. That is why many people lost their cows and chickens as well as all their household possessions.

As to accidents, no lives were lost which is almost incredible on the upper rivers. Yet one can reflect that high ground in here is only a few yards from any place. If people ran fast enough they were able to get out of their homes but were able to take nothing with them except the babies.

It is impossible even now to estimate accurately the losses of our people in food and cattle. One of our weekly mountain papers, *The Manchester Enterprise* in Clay County, writes that the floods were

“of such a disastrous effect that the crops of every sort have been made a total loss. What fields and even hill-sides whether in cultivation or not, that were not washed away were covered with sediment varying in depth from six inches to two and three feet.”

Another of our weekly papers, *The Thousandsticks* in Leslie

County, estimates the damage in the Leslie-Clay area as running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. This paper writes

"Inasmuch as this is the heavy farming season, practically all gardens and croplands in the river valleys were flooded causing large losses and making it practically impossible to reclaim any crops which had been under cultivation."

For several days after the floods communications continued to be practically nonexistent because many bridges had been washed out or badly damaged and there were so many breaks and slides in the roads. As soon as it was possible to get in, representatives of the American Red Cross were on hand for disaster relief. There are no words in which one could describe the blessing it has been to have them or how efficient and kind they have all been. It has been delightful to co-operate with them, and to have frequent visits from them at Wendover and at some of our outpost centers. All Americans were conscious of the beneficence of the Red Cross during the war years. Not all Americans realize how essential the Red Cross is for disaster relief in peace as in war. When the enemy is a raging flood and devastation is appalling, then that one agency, and that alone, has people trained in disaster relief to meet the crisis and funds on hand to prevent suffering.

Our own local Red Cross chairmen had started effective work even before the official representatives could get in. Mr. David Steele, the chairman at Hyden, with generous co-operation from the merchants, commandeered at once all of the available supplies in the Hyden stores. At his suggestion the Red Cross got Army tents for those of the homeless people who needed them. Mattresses and beds as well as food and clothing were gotten to areas as remote as Jack's Creek and the upper parts of the Middle Fork and Red Bird rivers in a remarkably short space of time. Fortunately we had a good deal of clothing on hand and were able to get it out to our most affected areas in a few days. Around our Flat Creek center, an area hard hit, people received clothes and mattresses from the home church of Mr. Rohrer, minister of the local Church of the Brethren. We have been holding winter clothing to give out in late September. One of the hardest things to bear has been the rain. For weeks after the floods, all through July, it rained almost incessantly. When people could get the foul river water washed out of their

houses and their quilts washed—then nothing would dry out.

Everybody pitched in and started to salvage everything possible. Our Social Service Department took Mason jars to families who could save a little of their garden stuff. The School Board has started rebuilding its schools. The Highway Department made a survey early in July and started work at once on the roads and bridges. Those families who could restore some of their land to productivity for late crops started work almost as soon as the waters receded. To them the Red Cross gave late hybrid seed corn and soy bean seeds, in the hope that they would mature before the frosts. For the families who have lost all of their corn and fodder the Red Cross has made arrangements to have cow feed given regularly from the first of October until the end of March. Otherwise these families would have to sell their cows and the children would be without milk.

I hesitate to mention telephone communications because everybody who has ever visited in here knows how difficult they are at best. Since the floods, they are practically nonexistent. We are not even able to telephone telegrams out of Hyden through Hazard—or to get Dr. Collins for a major surgical operation except by going over after him. There aren't any telephone connections with Beech Fork, Confluence, or the Red Bird centers. The connection between Hyden and Wendover has not been fully restored and it is rarely possible to telephone between the two points at the time this report is written—the third week of August.

Our own losses seem small in comparison with those of our people but it is costing us several thousand dollars to handle them. We are more deeply grateful than we can express to those of you who have heard about the situation and who have sent in money to help. Our main buildings are too high above the rivers to be touched by the floods but we lost a lot of fencing and good pasture land. Our road at the Flat Creek center was demolished, as was the garden at Beech Fork. Our well at the Red Bird center, now being restored through the generosity of the donor, had its well house, pump, and motor washed away and lost and the well flooded with foul river water.

The two bridges leading to Wendover—the small foot bridge over Muncie Creek and the high swinging bridge over Middle

Fork River—are essential to any communication with the outside world. The Muncie Bridge was washed away and the swinging bridge had its flooring battered out, but the cables held. Meanwhile hundreds of oak staves that were washed down the river had landed in the flooded Wendover orchards. There was no way of knowing to whom they belonged, so they were treasure trove. With them we re-floored the two bridges. So rapidly did the men work—those of our own who could reach us and others who volunteered—that although the bridges were washed out on the morning of Saturday, June 28th, they were restored and passable on the following Wednesday.

The Friday of the great rains was a sad time for us. Our dear neighbor across the river, Mrs. Sallie Morgan, died. In a later issue of the Bulletin we will have something more to say about her because we loved her dearly. Her daughter, Grayce Turnbow, who had worked in the Wendover office for years before her marriage, had come home when she knew her mother was dying. Friday evening Agnes Lewis and Lucile Hodges went over the swinging bridge and up to the Morgan place to bring Grayce back to us for the night. Saturday morning her brothers came after her. The river was then within a few feet of the bridge. Masses of huge logs and broken houses were tearing down in the turbulent stream. The Morgan men hurried their sister across and warned her friends to get off the bridge, which broke in the middle not long after. When Mrs. Sallie Morgan was buried on Sunday we could not get over the river to be with her family. Her body could not be moved out to a graveyard. It seemed fitting that her own sons dug her grave on the mountainside above her place, and that the body of this old pioneer lies forever near the home she founded long ago as a bride.

An odd situation came up as a result of the floods. We were expecting seventeen members of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority to stop off on their way by car from Montana to the convention at Roanoke, Virginia. The schedule arranged was for them to arrive at our Red Bird center for a picnic lunch and then visit the Hospital and Wendover. Dr. Ella Woodyard, Louise Fink, the Social Service worker, and Ann Württele, a junior courier, were to take the lunch over from Wendover. Soon after

the break of day on Saturday, June 28th, they hurried off—escorted by the Wendover foreman, Hobart Cornett, and couriers “Pebble” Stone, Nancy Dammann, and Ann Snow—with the picnic lunch packed on horseback. In her story of the flood “Pebble” describes how they had to swim their horses through the backwater in the road. My story is to tell what happened to Dr. Woodyard, Louise Fink, and Ann Wurtele. They got over the swinging bridge before it broke and into Dr. Woodyard’s car, which had been left in the tin garage at Elihu Mosley’s, but after they had driven up the Rock House road and crossed over the gap they came down on an amazing sight. The whole village of Big Creek was flooded. We afterwards learned that Frank Bowling’s house, which stood at the right of the road as one approaches Red Bird, was swept down the main road for about a hundred yards and came to rest kitty-cornered across the road. The little school house on the way to the Ford Company’s headquarters on Red Bird was left half filled with mud—desks and benches tumbled about every which way and the building itself turned half way round on its foundation. Dr. Woodyard, Louise Fink, and Ann Wurtele knew at once that they could go no further so they decided to return to Wendover. Before they got back to Muncie Creek they learned that the bridge there had gone and the way to Wendover gone with it. They then decided they would go to the Hospital. When they reached the causeway at Hyden Town they found it flooded with twelve feet of water and their way to the Hospital completely blocked. At this point it came over them that they were hungry and had enough food for twenty people. They stopped right there and had some of the abundant lunch. They knew that none of the Montana friends would ever arrive over bridgeless roads to eat it. When the water on the causeway had gone down to about four feet they crossed by boat and climbed up to the Hospital for the night. Twenty-four hours later when the water in Hurricane Creek had gone down, they drove to the head of Hurricane and scrambled down the creek trail, and cut across the hills to Wendover. The mouth of Hurricane was mired so deep that a man on horseback would have sunk in going through it.

Such were our June flash floods. But for the American Red



Cross there would have been near starvation and unspeakable suffering. Even as it is our people will be a long time in making a full recovery.



LOOKING DOWN RIVER FROM THE HYDEN-HAZARD  
HIGHWAY BRIDGE

Picture taken by Louise Fink

## FLASH FLOODS II

A Report by "Pebble" Stone  
Chief courier at Wendover

Friday night, June 27th, we had a good downpour but I turned in not expecting anything unusual by morning. Apparently there was lots of rain. On my way over to breakfast the river sounded and looked very full and on my way back I saw the water was over the road below Wendover and that we could not get the jeep out the big gate and around. So we saddled horses to take Miss Woodyard, Louise Fink, and Ann Wurtele, a junior courier, to the swinging bridge, on their way to Red Bird.

Just outside the lower gate the water already was over the road; in fact it was well up the horses' legs. A dip in the road just above the swinging bridge was full of flowing water. One of the junior couriers, Ann Snow, crawled along the bank and I took the senior courier, Nancy Dammann, on the back of my horse. The party for Red Bird got off across the bridge and I started back leading one horse. By the time I got back to the lower gate, the water had risen so it came well up my horse's belly. I put the horse I was leading away, ran to my room for my camera and started down the hill on the other horse toward the already inundated road. Much to my surprise, just after stepping through the gate, my horse was swimming! I headed for high ground and took a picture of Ann Snow who had followed me out,—the picture on the inside back cover of this Bulletin.

We went on down the road, more of which was under water than before, as I wanted to get some pictures by the swinging bridge as it was a good place to show the height of the water. In the aforementioned dip, the water was really flowing with quite a bit of force. At this point I have neglected to mention that there was all manner of stuff floating down—trees, logs, barrel staves, 50-gallon drums, parts of buildings, and whatnot! We decided the current in the road was too swift to swim the horses back so left them at The Clearing where there is a cow barn.

I went out to the middle of the bridge to take pictures up and down the river. When I saw a tree heading for the middle of the bridge I figured it would probably hit, so ran back. It did hit and buckled the flooring a little, and glad I was that I had retreated. I went back and got my pictures however.

The horses we had, had not had their breakfast as some of the men could not come to work due to the high water up the creeks, so I walked back to Wendover over the hillside because I could not make it on the road. Got the feed and a bottle of cough medicine, a syringe and halter as one of the horses was being treated. By the time I got back to the bridge, I could not make it the rest of the way by road to the horses, so had to follow a fence up and around the mountain above The Clearing. We fed the horses and gave the medicine and were debating about moving them up the hill as the water was creeping up to the barn in which they were. We decided they would have time to eat and still be moved safely. By the time we got back to the bridge, about 20 or 30 feet of the flooring had been swept away. The wire cables did not give way. That was the crest, about 11:50 in the morning, and then the water began falling rapidly. It was an anxious and exciting morning I must say!

The water had been up in all three of our pastures and, after lunch, I went down to our first one. I thought I would start floating out some of the debris as I figured it would be easier to get rid of it that way than to have to haul it out after the water receded. I found myself up to my waist on the upper edge of the pasture and could not get near any of the stuff then. About two o'clock I went back and started. There were three bad jams of logs, lumber, etc. Soon I was joined by Nancy Dammann and Ann Snow and we got some of the mess floated down. Trying to push heavy things when you are standing neck deep in water is not the easiest thing I have tried to do. Working on the lower side of the jam or in the middle of it does not give a secure feeling. One never knew when things might really start flowing and where or how one might end up—down the river or just pulp. There still is a section of paling and a rocking chair in one of the trees about 15 feet above the ground.



WENDOVER SWINGING BRIDGE BEFORE THE CREST  
River rose another foot or more after this picture was taken by "Pebble" Stone



WENDOVER SWINGING BRIDGE WHEN FLOORING BEGAN TO BREAK



WENDOVER SWINGING BRIDGE AFTER FLOORING HAD GONE



WALTER BEGLEY'S SWINGING BRIDGE A WEEK AFTER THE FLOODS  
For the story of it see pages 29 and 30

## FLASH FLOODS III

A Report by Marjorie Wood

Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, at Hyden

The rain hit the earth with a thud, as if it had been poured out of a bucket from the black clouds. The thunder resounded all around the earth, while the lightning illumined the sleeping town. Mother Nature seemed to be pouring down her wrath, and drove me in from the porch for the rest of the night.

The rain had stopped by daylight but the creek in back of the student midwives Quarters was rushing pell mell down the hill, sounding like the mighty waters of Niagara. We were ready for the district. Doris piled us into the jeep and we went down the hill to view the conditions and see whether we could go out on the district or not.

Amazement crossed our faces as we saw Rockhouse Creek rising higher and higher, and the waters of the Middle Fork carrying mud and debris in a great hurry down the river. A boat had already been launched to get out from an old barn some pathetic looking chickens, very wet and half drowned. The furniture in the second hand store was bobbing around like apples in a tub of water. We watched the waters rise on the Begley house with much concern. Leaving the scene we drove down the river road and saw the havoc already being played. The swinging bridge at Owl's Nest was beginning to break in the center, and the people in the house across the river were starting to move out. We could not go very far down the road, for a landslide had already made it impassable. Driving back to town we could see the waters rising, and more and more logs and lumber being carried swiftly in the current.

The water had crossed the road, but some were defying it by driving through. A canoe and boat were being used to rescue things from the lovely white house, now deeper in the water. We thought of the beautiful garden by the river, its neat clean-cut rows, and healthy looking plants, now completely buried. We went back to the Hospital for others to be released from duty so they could see the appalling sight. I got my camera,

and we raced back down the hill. The water over the road was quite deep, but a few cars managed to plough through it.

We went down the river road again, and saw that the river was still rising, for it was close to the old shack on the other side, which we had pointed out for a landmark. A house with a rock foundation was in greater danger, and a man wading through the water was trying to rescue what probably was a chicken house, now on its side, and almost drowned. The Owl's Nest swinging bridge had rolled on its side, and was partly submerged beneath the raging torrent descending upon it. The cables were straining at their moorings, as the debris in the rushing waters knocked against the bridge. Finally with a loud crack, the bridge broke: another crack—the bridge was torn from the bank. It became part of the destruction racing down the river to wreck all in its path. The house on the other side was now partly submerged, the people seeking safety on the bank above.

Driving farther down the road, we saw another lovely white house being attacked; the fence marked the high water line. A horse was taken to safety from a barn, while the occupants of the nearby house sat on their porch, viewing their pathetic looking garden.

Walter Begley's swinging bridge was still firm. Logs flowed under, and with each protruding branch we held our breaths as it hit, hoping the bridge would not crack. Suddenly we saw a man dashing across the swaying bridge and racing against the pile of logs traveling down the river. He reached the other side safely.

A huge pile of timber approached the bridge; a large branch stuck up in the air. With bated breaths we saw the bridge swing upward, and then jerk back into position. Innumerable times this happened. We watched with eyes riveted, not daring to look in another direction, fearing to miss one second of the moving spectacle before us. Each time that the bridge swung back into position, we almost cheered. The owner was trying desperately to get co-operation from those on the other side to go out on the bridge, and hack away the center, in order to save the cables. But the river was rising higher, and the pile of debris was getting larger, so that the onlookers gave no encouragement

to the dangerous task. It seemed hours as we watched, when suddenly moving rapidly down the muddy waters, a huge pile of wood and logs descended on the bridge, leaving in its wake some timber which caught and would not let go. The bridge sagged; the water ran over it. Finally, weakening with the continual knocking and banging of caught pieces of wood, the bridge broke in several places. The cables held.

It was nearing noon, so we wended our way back to the Midwives' Quarters, our minds filled with the scenes we had witnessed. As we approached the town, the waters covered the lower street leading to the Hospital, so we took the upper road.

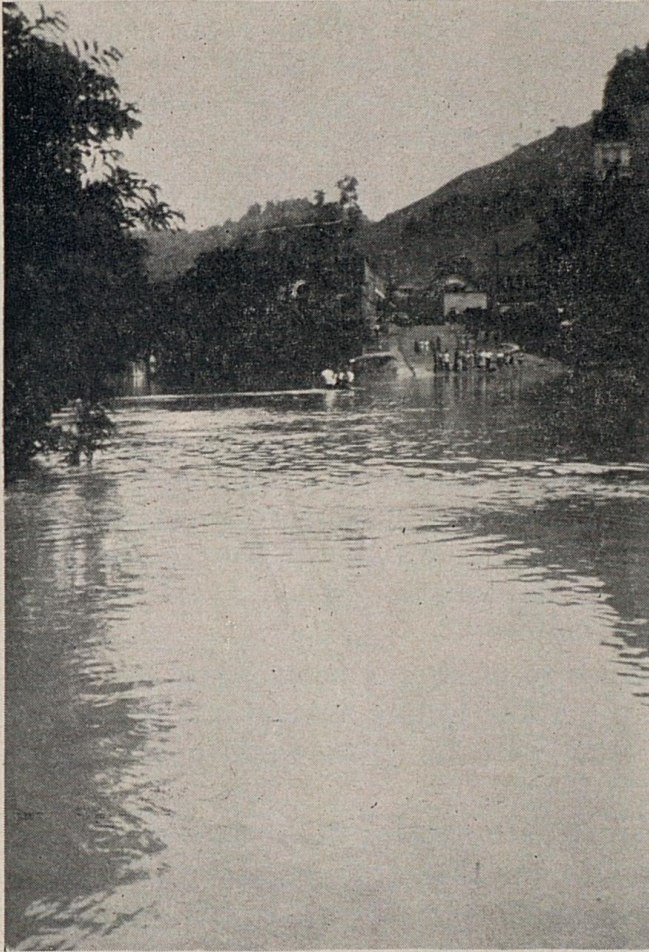
I was on first call, and was chafing a wee bit under the order to stay close to home, for the sun had come out, and I was anxious to return to the town and perhaps take more pictures. But I reconciled myself, knowing there was an expectant mother on our district who was overdue, and settled down to some personal tasks. For some unknown reason I did not take off the hot riding clothes, although my boots, cleaned, were leaning against the window to dry out. Two long rings and I was at the telephone. I learned that a call had come for a patient in the Beech Fork district, and to hurry. In less than five minutes I was at the Hospital; others got the midwifery bags, and soon Doris and Norry were on the spot, and we climbed into the jeep. We learned later that the Harlan road had been washed out at one place, meaning all connections with Beech Fork nurses were cut off.

A boat was waiting for us at the edge of the water over the road. A small crowd stood around, as we swung into the boat, lifting the heavy bags before us. Someone said, "that fellow is the one who came for you." A shy, nice looking boy stepped into the boat. I wondered later if he would have made himself known, if someone had not spoken. We circled around in the water first, but finally the paddler managed to get the boat on its straight course, and we landed safely on the other side. The boy took the bags, and we walked up to the truck waiting at the top of the road. We three girls climbed into the cab, I having a nice perch on Norry's knees.

We drove as quickly as possible up the road towards Har-



lan, looking with wonder and amazement at the sight we saw. A small house just off the road was covered up to the eaves with water. Bedding, dishes, chairs, stood pathetically on the



Nurses in boat on Causeway at Hyden Town

Picture taken by Mrs. Rutherford Campbell

highway. Trees had blown so that we could see the Wendover bridge, cut through the middle as if a saw had done the trick. We had thought it would be too high for the flood to reach.

Several miles up the road mud had piled up. Only a one way track had been made through it. There the flood had crossed the road, covering the gardens on the other side, and holding up traffic. The boys had started out at 9 that morning to get us, but had gone back twice, before being successful. It was now 2:30 in the afternoon.

Coming to Hoskins' lumber camp, we jumped out of the truck. The piles of lumber had been washed away, leaving mud and destruction behind. One of the boys shouldered the bags. We carried our handy cloth bag with stethoscope and sphygmomanometer, and the three flashlights we had grabbed in a hurry. We started off through the muddy field, excitement in our voices and determination in our steps.

"Oh, my boots!" I exclaimed, stepping into thick, oozing mud. "Just been saddle-soaped, only to get muddy again!" We laughed, and turned our attention to the hike ahead.

Along the narrow ledge we walked carefully, lest it fall away with our heavy step. On wider ground roots protruded and Doris, encumbered with large rubber boots, fell flat, the flashlights in her cloth bag banging alarmingly together. She quickly got up, and we proceeded to the next problem.

Coming to the creek, we debated which course to take for the mire looked deep and the water high. The boy who was carrying the bags went ahead to a likely looking path near the bank, and immediately went up to his hips in the thick, clutching mire. Doris climbed onto the side of the bank, hanging onto overhanging branches, to relieve him of the bags while he tried to pull himself out.

Laughing, he said, "This is the worst mess I've ever been in." We all laughed with him, and even more when we later found that he had been on Guam. Walking lightly on the mud, the same boy was heard to remark, "When I get married, remind me to live on the highway."

Soon we had a chance to clean our boots when we waded across the deep creek, the water hitting against our boots, and running down inside. Mine were far from water-proof. What would this wading do to them!

We now took to a small path running up through the woods. It slid on the narrow incline and then dropped back to the creek again. Jumping over the rocks, we found again the path along the other side. The water was deep at the next point, so it seemed sensible to climb the rail fence. One of the boys lifted off the top bar, making it easier for us to go over. We crossed a muddy, water-soaked field. I looked at Norry and Doris, and began to get weak from laughter. Their hair was flying, their beet-red faces dripping with perspiration! We looked back often at the boys trailing shortly behind, and each time they grinned broadly. They were enjoying the trip as much as we—probably getting great fun out of watching us! They were so good natured, and helpful, in spite of having made the trip four times that day!

As we slid down the slight hill, we came to a wide ditch, and with a running jump leapt across it. We saw a small house in the distance and hoped that was it. However, we went right through the yard without stopping. Here a man was waiting for us and, greeting us briefly, fell behind to walk with his boy.

The sun was hot but as we walked through the shady woods we felt a cool breeze and exclaimed at the beauty of the evening sun striking through the trees onto the creek below. The water was flowing rapidly down the creek bed to fall in a mighty torrent over a high jutting rock. Across the fields and up a steep path we saw the roof of a house. Could this be it? Yes, our travel was about to end. The final gulf lay across the narrow tributary of the larger creek. The water was deep, so we balanced on a pointed foot log thrown down over the rocks and reached the safety of a path.

Along the way we were betting on whether it would be a boy or a girl, for the patient had been "punishing" since the night before and we expected the baby to be born. What great relief surged through us as we walked in the door, exactly one half hour after leaving the truck, to find the patient rather calmly sitting on the bed!

The house was spacious with its four great rooms. We were treated so cordially, fed well, and we enjoyed the quiet friendliness of the large family.

A little before ten that night I began to set up for the delivery. Shortly before eleven another boy was added to the family of six. We were glad for Norry to help us, so it did not take long to make the mother comfortable and the baby ready for bed.

Our work completed, we stepped outside for a breath of fresh air. The clouds had covered the bright moon which earlier had cast its light on the glorious hills, so quiet and peaceful. The roar of the creek was the only sound we heard. Our patient was so kind as to let us sleep on one of the three double beds in the room she was in. I was glad we didn't have to make that long trek back to the road in the dark.

When dawn lit in the hills a daughter of the house was called to get up to prepare breakfast. We had such a good one,

filling us to the hilt! After caring for our patient and her baby, we started off down the creek. The boy who had come for us the day before went with us, carrying the bags. Later his brother caught up and helped.

We could now follow the creek practically all the way down, having to cut over the fields only once. The hike back didn't seem as long this time. It was fun jumping onto the rocks, fording through the creek, and wending our way down in the early morning.

One of the boys went ahead as we neared the road to get the owner of the truck. We sat on a log near the road waiting patiently but, as time went on, more or less impatiently. Water dripping from the high rocks near by was a great temptation. We had had no water since the afternoon before, except in black coffee. After awhile the truck came. Doris and Norry climbed on the back, suggesting that I get into the cab. The truck was ornery that early in the morning, for the motor was soaked. We wondered if the boys would get it to run more than a few hundred yards at a time. Finally it purred and we went over the road, the exhaust booming as we rode swiftly down the hills.

We arrived at the Hospital in time for breakfast, safe, sound, and very happy from our exciting adventure.

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#### SATISFIED

A man appeared at the office of the county judge the other day and said: "My wife and I have been married about a year and we're getting along pretty well. I want to renew my license for another year."

—Contributed.

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#### SEASON'S GREETINGS

The church was crowded for the Easter service. The minister, recalling many Sundays when there had been few worshippers, smiled at his congregation and said:

"I realize that there are many here who will not be with us again until next Easter time. I take this opportunity of wishing them a Merry Christmas."

—*Good Business.*

## OLD STAFF NEWS

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

Compiled and Arranged by  
DOROTHY F. BUCK

### **From Aileen Murphy in Tennessee—May 2, 1947**

I believe I am located here permanently. Since finishing school in August my whereabouts have been indefinite. I tried a job with the Veterans Administration in Alabama, but quit because it was all psychiatry. Then I gave Birmingham Health Department a fling. Veterans Administration kept asking me to accept their offer, so I came here March 1st as Cadet Director. I like it fine so far, except that the hospital is so huge and young in organization, things are unorganized. I live at home with relatives which is very nice.

### **From Catherine Uhl in Alaska—May 11, 1947**

I was in the States for over four months last summer and went to summer school at Teachers College of Columbia to begin work on my master's degree. I wanted to be where there were a lot of people and didn't care to just loiter around, so combined work and pleasure. That was the first time I had been to the States since coming up here in November, 1943.

### **From Elisabeth Holmes Rodman (Betty) in Scotland—**

May 21, 1947

We are so happy with our little girl. I never realized how much fun babies could be. "Deborah" is a name we both liked and "Loft" is a family name on John's side. At eleven weeks she is a pretty lassie—brown hair, big blue eyes, and a real Scottish complexion, acquired, we think, from spending the days in her pram in the garden. She was christened in a ceremony at New College and wore for the occasion a long, heirloom christening gown lent by one of the professor's wives.

I was lucky in having an excellent obstetrician (as I had a little toxemia), and in being at Simpson which, as you know, is a top place for midwifery. It seemed quite natural to be sur-

rounded by midwives, and I love the custom here of allowing the babies to stay in the mothers' rooms—quite different from the remote, glassed-in nurseries in American hospitals.

Although we've tried since November, we've been unable to get steamship reservations of any kind for September, so Debbie and I will fly to Washington, and poor John will have to come on what *Time* aptly calls a "floating flophouse" with the luggage, on September 1st. It's been a wonderful year here, but I'm getting anxious to get home and settle down in a place of our own.

. . . . .

**From Grace Dennis (Denny) in India—June 3, 1947**

My goodness, it's hot here just now! Over 100° every day, though we are supposed to be a semi-hill station, whatever that may be. Actually we're low enough to get the heat, but high enough to get the most fierce dust or thunder storms or even occasional cyclones.

Yes, I've seen a lot of the war; but what you gain in experience one way, you lose in another. In the army we have to spend too much time and energy filling in forms and grappling with water supply that fails, electricity that goes phut, laundry that doesn't turn up, rations that pass from hand to hand and kind of vanish before they reach the ward, etc.; and all the people who come to put these things right talk a foreign language and have a mysterious viewpoint which I don't believe we'll ever fathom!

. . . . .

**From Dr. Dale "in flight"—June 7, 1947**

I am on my way to Alaska—flying all the way to Juneau—and looking down on the sunrise over snow-capped mountains. Elegant day and smooth sailing at the moment.

I have the appointment as Field Physician Senior for the Territory of Alaska—will be on the hospital boat "Hygiene" for the summer. It's handsomely equipped, they tell me, with X-ray unit for TB surveys, clinic, laboratory, etc. We sail up and down the coast stopping at islands and towns, do what needs to be done, and move on to the next place. The boat has a crew of 8 including the cook and a staff of 6 with yours present the only

M. D. Being the landlubber I am, it will all be a new and interesting experience.

**From Lois Harris Kroll in Alaska—June 7, 1947**

This is a hurried note because we are about ready to pull out of town for the summer and I'm trying to get all the important mail caught up tonight. We go out on our scow to can salmon—going across Cook's Inlet to a place called Square Head Cove where red salmon are splendid. Both babies go along and we have three employees this year—two native girls and a drunken Norwegian called "Wildcat Albert." Wildcat will not be able to get his drinks where we will be—and he knows all about gill netting and nets and can help Hank a lot.

**From Margery Tait (Madge) in England—June 13, 1947**

I am so sorry I forgot to give you the name of my husband-to-be. You must have thought I was about to wed a myth! Let me assure you, he very definitely is a being—6 feet odd of it! His name is John Burton, and he is skinny and very fair and works amongst leather and boots and shoes and things. At the present moment his mind doesn't seem to function beyond housing plans, garden, fruit trees, cabbage plants and such-which.

I travelled North on Monday, June 2nd, and whom should I meet on the train—in the dining car—but Mac! La Grand Dame, Herself! Gosh, I was so pleased to see her that I almost stuttered! How we talked and talked and talked!

All is set for July 2nd at 10:30 a.m. at All Saints Church, Gosforth, and afterwards at a reception at the Gosforth Assembly Rooms. It will be a very homely, cosy wedding as 99% of the guests will be life-long friends. I want it all very simple and friendly. My bridesmaid is my niece, aged 17, who will wear a full length pink dress, whilst I will wear blue. One brother gives me away and the other is best man. I am still hoping that Margaret Watson will get up for the ceremony. Give my love to everyone please.

**From Mae Rohlfs in China—June 23, 1947**

We are keeping busy here—more babies than we ever had

before. And—believe it or not—we are getting the mothers to come in for prenatal care. Many of them don't come until just a few weeks before delivery; but they do come, which is more than they ever did before. Since I returned, we made a rule that no obstetrical patient would be admitted without a prenatal examination. Of course we don't hold to that—when they come we admit them. But the threat has helped. Last Saturday we had ten new cases come in for examination, all due within a few weeks, so we shall have some busy days ahead. We are having an average of 2 to 3 babies a day. I am anxious for someone to come and relieve me in the administration work and open a midwifery school in one of our suburbs here, where we now have a small obstetrical hospital. We do mostly home deliveries in this section—about 30 to 40 a month.

I am awaiting the arrival of Miss Evelyn Coovert and the Rev. and Mrs. Whetstone who are now in Shanghai and waiting for transportation to Tsingtao. Mrs. Whetstone, then Olen Boyer, was a cadet at Wendover while I was at Hyden. Miss Coovert is a nurse from my home church. Now isn't that something! Of course I am thrilled to be having help—however, they will have to go on to Peking this fall, if the situation permits, for language study. They have brought with them a hospital station wagon which we need badly. Rickshas are going "out" and transportation is difficult.

This is a changed China—and what the future holds for this country and her people, one can't tell. One's heart aches for them—such suffering—such hunger and want. In the back of our hospital compound we are feeding over a thousand nursing and pregnant mothers and children under six. UNRRA is supplying the food. I am in charge of the dispensing. It is quite a job; and yet but a drop in the bucket of what should be done. As one sees these parcels of humanity come into the gate, one wonders that they are really human beings. Greetings to all my friends there.

. . . . .

**From Kathleen Doggett Gardiner (Kay) in Canada—**

June 24, 1947

Guess you must be wondering whether we have a "wee one." Yes, we do, and she's a beautiful little girl, Sylvia Jean, and



just as fat as butter although she weighed only 6 lbs. 7 oz. when born. She arrived about 11:30 p.m. April 2nd, although she wasn't supposed to until the 17th—but such is the way of babies. She has quite a lot of brown hair, gray-blue eyes, and “two chins.” No one seems to know whom she resembles, but she is awfully cute anyway. I'm feeling fine now. Felt awful for the first four days—there were a lot of adhesions from the last caesarean.

. . . . .  
**From Audrey Collins Beardsworth in Alabama—July 7, 1947**

You should see my little girl, Sharon. She is getting quite a young lady. They grow so fast! She talks all the time, so I never get lonesome. Her favorite playthings are nails, hammer, and screw driver.

. . . . .  
**From Elizabeth Walton in India—August 5, 1947**

It looks as though my dreams were beginning to come true. Not only am I responsible for my Suttanand, the uncared-for 8 months old baby boy; but it seems that I have a prenatal clinic started. In the last week I have discovered that 3 mission cooks' wives (including my own), an evangelist's wife, and two or three village women are all expecting their babies in the next 2 to 6 months. Two village women have died in childbirth in the last three weeks, so when a village woman, who is thinking of becoming a Christian, had abdominal pains, she came to me for care—at her husband's instigation, evidently. Last Sunday after church she had her examination and my clinic began officially.

The problems involved in such an undertaking are tremendous. I have to start from scratch and, being practically only a student still (have delivered only four babies since leaving Kentucky), I surely feel the responsibility. It's awful that I came so poorly equipped. I was thinking of finding everything in the hospital here. Instead of that, the Doctor is away at language school, there is no hospital, and all my patients have malaria, anemia, hookworm, dysentery, malnutrition, and little hope of getting rid of them for any period of time. Besides that, they are bashful and, when I do get them to talk, I can't under-

stand them for medical vocabulary doesn't come in our Marathi readers! We have other nurses in our mission, but I'm the only one speaking Marathi and the only midwife!

**About Olen Boyer Whetstone's trip to China, written  
by her husband—July 20, 1947**

The S. S. General Meigs sailed Friday afternoon, May 16th, 4 p.m., with whistles blowing and colored streamers flying. Fourteen hundred passengers, including Olen and myself, were crowding the decks for a last sight of the States and the Golden Gate Bridge. The first night out proved to be the roughest of the whole voyage, though experienced sailors would probably laugh at us calling that rough. Our ship was destined to make headlines in the Honolulu papers, though you people back East were probably not aware of the little drama we participated in at sea. After three days out at sea, the General Meigs was ordered to go back and take a very sick man off a Coast Guard cutter whose medical facilities were not equal to ours. All of us were puzzled at first when we found ourselves heading back home and many different stories circulated before the true one became established. For 22 hours we headed back toward San Francisco. The morning we were supposed to meet the cutter, we had some other excitement when one of the Japanese being deported to Japan from America jumped overboard. Prompt action on the part of the boat crew saved him from drowning. An hour later we were able to watch them transferring the sick man from the Coast Guard Cutter to our ship. These two rescues provided a lot of unusual excitement for us that morning, and kept all amateur photographers busy. Because of these diversions from our course, we were two days late arriving in Honolulu. What a great value is given to human life in peace time, that a large passenger boat will go two days off its schedule to try to save one life! These extra days cost the ship \$30,000. If we could only have that much regard for life at all times, peace on earth would be more of a reality.

On June 5th we sailed up the Whangpoo River and docked at Shanghai. Our big passenger boat had to make its way through hundreds of little boats that filled the river. This was the beginning of our feeling that has lasted until now, that China

is the most "over-crowded" country in the world. Always there seem to be too many people for the facilities available, whether it be the street-cars of Shanghai that are almost always jammed tight, or the one-room Chinese homes and shops that always seem to have too many people.

The first view of Tsingtao is one of red-tiled roofs stretching in a half-circle around a beautiful blue bay. The only break in the pattern of red roofs is that of the green trees that line almost all of the streets. There is a beautiful range of mountains just outside the city, so the first sight of Tsingtao is always an encouraging one. The city was built by the Germans during the first part of the 1900's, so here in Tsingtao you find many buildings of Western style. Another feature of Tsingtao is its hills, one right after another.

Civil war has not yet reached Tsingtao, though it is right at the doors. The other day while on a ride to one of our stations at Tsimo, 30 miles from Tsingtao, we saw stretchers being carried along the road by people that looked like farmers, not soldiers. These stretchers were filled with wounded soldiers being carried back for medical attention. We saw other bands of soldiers marching through fields. At our school in Tsimo, which was occupied during the war by the Japanese army, and then by the Communists, we saw at first hand the destruction that civil war and fighting can bring. Windows are out, holes are in the wall, and dirt is everywhere. But the work of the church carries on in spite of these difficulties. This Fall that school is expected to open with 400 students in it, more than ever before. Let us all pray that peace may come to this land, and to the people who have suffered so much, and that the Prince of Peace may rule in every heart.

. . . . .

**From Nola Blair in Detroit—August 23, 1947**

We soon start our fourth month in anesthesia. It is hard to realize I have been so long at this business of putting people to sleep and finding out the reasons why. We are getting almost lethal dosages of theory in chemistry and pharmacology not to mention anatomy and physiology. It is a good course and I should have a good idea what goes on in the human body under anesthesia and sans same.

I dreaded my first OB anesthetic here because I had seen obstetrics as I like it for so long, I wasn't sure how anything in me was going to react to "keeping the patient under" for the arrival of the doctor. Well, it came. I went to OB and, believe me, I could have wept when the first sound from the patient was: "Oh Lordy." Yes, she was from the hills and I don't even know her name. I wanted to have a nice long talk with her, but I was there for the anesthesia and nothing else. I have had many patients since, but not one in the "Oh Lordy stage," and I miss it.

I am able to go home about every third week end and that is agreeable with all the big Blairs and the little Blairs.

#### NEWSY BITS

**Elda Barry** was scheduled to sail on May 23rd—by way of Honolulu, Hong Kong, Singapore, Manila, and Madras—and to arrive at Bombay on June 28th.

Belatedly we learn that **Gladys Kraybill Feese** has a son who at five months weighs 20 lbs. and has two lower teeth.

**Marilyn Herb Hackim** is back in Detroit after a pleasant stay in California. At present she is working on the OB floor at Henry Ford Hospital.

**Sally MacMillan** is enjoying her work with the State Department of Education in Knoxville. She is in the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation.

We all send our best wishes to **Annie MacKinnon (Mac)** who has been called home because of the serious illness of her sister. Her address: 20 Murray Cottage, Corstorphine, Mid-Lothian, Scotland.

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#### CLOTHING

"Human dignity," asserts the *Winchester Star*, "is not something to be acquired in a clothing store." Maybe so, but try going without any of the things acquired in a clothing store and see how much dignity you have left.

*The Roanoke Times*, July 4, 1947

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

More than a hundred trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service attended the Twenty-third Annual Meeting at the Lexington Country Club on Wednesday, May twenty-eighth. The Blue Grass Chairman, Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., and vice-chairman, Mrs. F. L. Wright, had made such satisfactory arrangements in advance of the meeting that everything went through without a jarring note. The Country Club in its green setting was a charming place for a meeting. The flowers in the dining hall and lounges were so freshly gathered that not one blossom drooped. The motor service planned for out-of-state guests proved efficient and apparently effortless. Members of the Blue Grass Committee were at the Country Club early to welcome everybody.

The business of the meeting began immediately after the luncheon, with the Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett, presiding. Just before the meeting began, Mr. W. A. Hifner, Jr., the senior member of Hifner and Fortune, our auditors, told us he had something to say, and might he be placed on the agenda. As soon as the Treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, had made his annual report from the audit, Mr. Jouett called on Mr. Hifner to speak. In tones that showed how deeply moved he was, Mr. Hifner got up and said that a group of business men from in and around Lexington who preferred to remain anonymous wished to express their appreciation of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. They had written a check which they asked Mr. Hifner to present to us on the occasion of the Annual Meeting. The check was for ten thousand dollars.

Over and over, those of us who believe in the Divine have found it to be true that God never lets us down. Before this very meeting began Mr. Jouett, Mr. Dabney, and I, the editor of this report, had had a conference about the finances of the Frontier Nursing Service. We had decided we would run short of money before the end of the summer, a period of our heaviest expenditures because all of our repairs can only be carried out in good weather. We had decided that the only thing left for us to do was to ask permission of the trustees at this meeting to

borrow the money needed to see us through the summer months. The sum we had decided that we would have to borrow was exactly ten thousand dollars.

When Mr. Hifner had finished speaking and had presented me with the check, I was too much moved to reply. Mr. Jouett was immediately on his feet and with his customary grace and ease of manner he said everything that was suitable and grateful and right. I was not the only person at the meeting to be overcome. Other friends told me afterwards that there had been an immense searching for handkerchiefs.

One of the greatest women in the nursing world, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick of England, died on March 13, 1947, aged ninety years. It was our pleasure not only to have known her, but to have seen something of her more than once in the offices of the *British Journal of Nursing*, of which she was editor; in the lovely building of the British College of Nurses which she founded and which her husband had endowed; and in her own charming house tucked away behind Westminster Abbey. It was characteristic of Mrs. Fenwick that she had encouragement to give all nurses younger than herself in whatever difficult field of work they undertook. When I first knew her I was the volunteer director of District Nursing and Child Hygiene in the American Committee for Devastated France. After we had begun the Frontier Nursing Service I had the privilege of talking over many of the Kentucky problems with her, even as I had talked over the problems in France. Her intellect was as keen, up until the end, as it had been during her great fighting years. It was she who led the long fight to get State registration in 1919 for British nurses. She was herself Number One on the State Register of Nurses. She was the Founder and first President of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and the Founder of the International Council of Nurses throughout the world. Her genius brought into being the Royal British Nurses Association, and in obtaining its Royal Charter she thus secured the first Royal Charter ever given to a women's professional organization in Great Britain. In *The Nursing Record*, now *The British Journal of Nursing*, she created the first professional organ of nursing in the world. Our sympathy goes

out not only to the nurses in Great Britain in the loss of such a leader, but to nurses the wide world over. Perhaps sympathy is not the correct word to use. We should rather be glad that Mrs. Bedford Fenwick lived and served us for ninety years.

"And now, for the moment we must leave her. May she rest peacefully from her labours, and may her reward be fitting. May her name and her deeds remain forever enshrined in the hearts of grateful nurses, as they will most assuredly gleam and glow like beacons in the pages of history."

We American nurses who, in the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service, went over to Great Britain for our graduate training in midwifery, have kept our memberships in what used to be the Midwives Institute of London. Several years ago the Institute changed its name to the College of Midwives. In June we received the following communication:

It is with great pleasure that we inform you that His Majesty the King has graciously commanded that the College shall add the prefix "Royal" to its title and that henceforth, it shall be known as the "Royal College of Midwives."

We in the Frontier Nursing Service, like the majority of all American nurses all over the country, have made struggles to understand the Rich Report on Structure Study. As one of the nurses who had made a small contribution towards this study and as one who follows with deep interest all the developments in the nursing field, I hied me to Louisville for an all-day meeting on Structure Study at the Kentucky Hotel on Wednesday, June 25th. Miss Janet Geister was guest chairman of the meeting, called by Miss Marion B. Sprague, the Executive Secretary of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses. I have been for years an admirer of Miss Geister's, and of her intellectual grasp of difficult subjects. I think she convinced the more than one hundred Kentucky nurses who attended the meeting that the Rich recommendations in either of the two forms they suggested needed a lot more study and thought in order to put them on a simpler and more practical basis. We so voted in giving our instructions to the Kentucky delegates for the meeting of the House of Delegates in September.

In order to have the whole day at the Kentucky Hotel,

I spent the preceding night at Mrs. Morris B. Belknap's lovely place on the River Road. It gave Mrs. Belknap and me our first opportunity in a long time for a talk about the things of mutual interest to us, and about the affairs of the Frontier Nursing Service of which she is first vice-chairman. Mrs. Belknap told me that after investigating a number of possibilities the Louisville Committee had decided on the Benefit they wanted to give for the Frontier Nursing Service this autumn. Mrs. A. J. Pharr kindly consented to be chairman of the Benefit Committee, the members of which she has herself appointed.

For the Benefit the Louisville Committee has engaged Teresita and Emilio Osta, a charming dancer and artist-accompanist, who will appear at the Woman's Club Auditorium on Thursday evening, November 20th.

The *Quarterly Bulletin* joins with Mrs. Belknap and Mrs. Pharr and the Louisville Committee in hoping that all of you in and near Louisville "will do all in your power to help make our Benefit a great success."

The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, which has supported the Social Service work of the Frontier Nursing Service as its national charity for many years, held a convention at the Hotel Roanoke, Roanoke, Virginia, in early July. They asked Louise Fink, the Social Service Worker, and me to be the guest speakers at a dinner Thursday evening, July 3rd. They particularly asked us to come in the new jeep that had just been given to the Frontier Nursing Service social work. When we accepted we could have no foreknowledge of the appalling floods that were to come. As we have written elsewhere, the rains came the night of June 27th, and the floods came the early morning of Saturday, June 28th. It has long been my rule to keep an engagement if I made it. The only time I have broken engagements was when I broke my back. I *had* to get to Roanoke.

Saturday morning, June 28th—devastating floods. Wednesday morning, July 2nd—the dead-line when Louise and I would have to leave Wendover for Roanoke. The distance is 282 miles, a lot of it over winding mountain roads. By Wednesday morning early, the men working on the swinging bridge over the Middle Fork at Wendover had laid down enough planking to



enable us to get across. The bridge had not been rebuilt over Muncy's Creek, but the creek had gone down to a mere trickle. We got over that on footlogs and stepping stones. "Leo," the new A. O. Pi jeep, could not be gotten through the mire at the gates of Wendover, let alone across the river, so we borrowed "Willie" from the Hospital. "Willie," except for color, is a twin brother of "Leo." We got to the Hotel Roanoke between eight and nine Wednesday night.

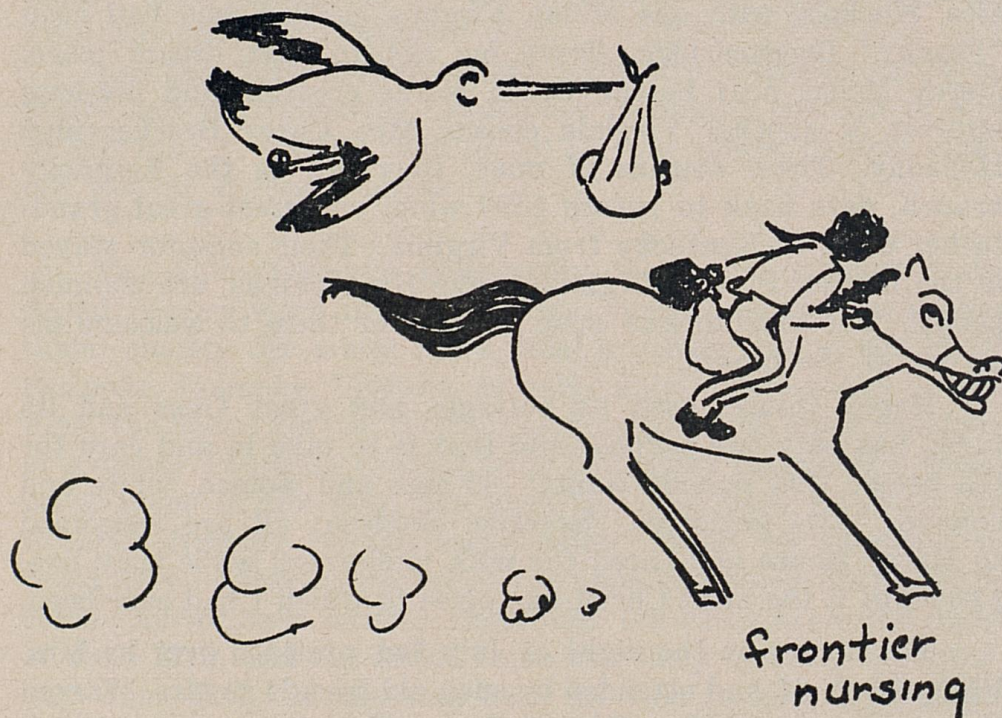
Thursday was the only day we had in Roanoke, and a busy one. There were numerous old friends among the A. O. Pi delegates to talk to and lunch with,—a full and very happy day. In the afternoon I had two free hours. An old family friend, Mrs. Nuckels, with one of my Virginia cousins who had been "Peachy" Breckenridge, drove me out to that dream place, Mercy House near Salem, which is the creation and life-long interest of another Virginia cousin, Mrs. Carey Breckenridge Holladay. These cousins of mine, they call us the Kentucky branch, date back to before 1790 when my great-great-grandfather came to Kentucky from Virginia. Their ancestor stayed in the mother State. Virginians, like Kentuckians, are clannish people. The kinship was close enough for them to welcome me as one of the family.

Mercy House, with its cottages and great trees and its farm, has only one purpose and that is to take in and care for the people that nobody wants: old men and women, white and colored; little neglected, defective children; all are welcomed to Mercy House and cared for with tenderness while they live. I thought it the most Christ-like place to which I had ever been.

The dinner on the night of July 3rd, presided over by Mrs. Philip W. Wolf, and attended by such old friends as Mrs. Warren C. Drummond and Mrs. Edgard Franco-Ferreira, was delightful. The various speakers and singers were sometimes witty, sometimes tender, and always interesting. It was a thrilling thing to representatives of the Frontier Nursing Service to listen to the reports of A. O. Pi Chapters from the West Coast to New England; from the Middle West to the Far South.

Early on the Friday morning, Fourth of July, Louise and I started back in "Willie" the jeep. Since a lot of the roads we

had to travel were under construction, we were not troubled by Fourth of July speed fiends. We got back to our own hospital at Hyden between eight and nine that night. I attended a Red Cross Committee meeting for flood sufferers in Hyden the next day.



Drawn by Miss Shizuka Fukuda, an American of Japanese ancestry, who is a recent graduate of the Harper Hospital School of Nursing in Detroit. Used through the courtesy of *Reflections of 1947*, which is the yearbook of the Harper Hospital School.

### ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPOTTED FEVER

Excerpts from an article in *Bulletin*, Kentucky Department of Health,  
June 1945

Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever is acquired by man from the bite of an infected tick. This insect, in the eastern part of the United States, has been given the name of *Dermacentor Variabilis*, more commonly known as "dog tick." This tick, we are informed, passes through four stages to reach maturity; and, if infected, can transmit the infection while in any one of them. The adult female deposits some 2,000 to 7,000 eggs, which hatch larvae. The larvae attach themselves to and feed on the blood of small rodents. After a period of growth, the larvae drop to the ground, shed their skins and develop into nymphs. The nymphs also feed upon small rodents, finally molt into adult ticks and attach themselves to large animals and to man. . . .

The symptoms of this disease are somewhat similar to those of typhus fever. The onset, which occurs from 4 to 12 days after the person has been bitten by the tick, comes suddenly—often with a chill, a rapid rise in temperature and a severe headache. The patient should go to bed immediately and call a physician. Within three or four days after the beginning of the fever, an eruption appears, which is flat, pinkish in color, small and distinct, and is usually first noticed around the ankles and wrists. It may later appear over the entire body, even on the face, soles of the feet and palms of the hands. . . .

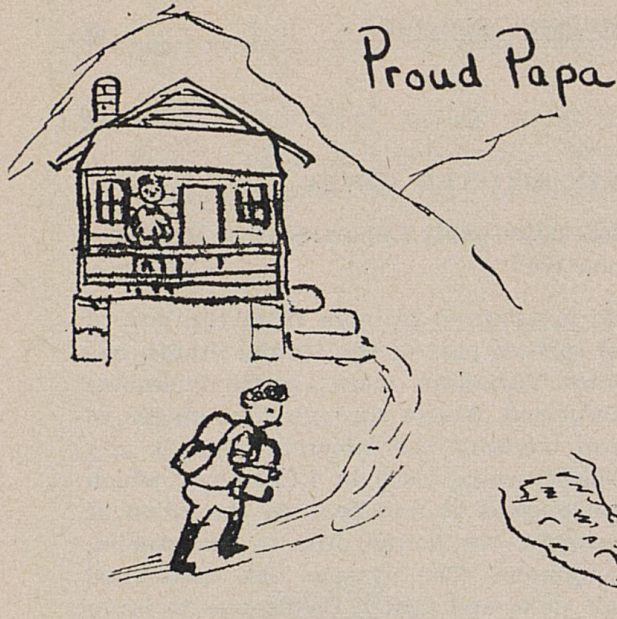
A tick has to feed from four to six hours before there is much danger of acquiring the infection. Prompt removal of the insect, therefore, is one of the most practical and effective means of preventing infection with the Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever virus. Of course, all persons to whom ticks become attached do not develop the infection. . . .

It is important to bear in mind that the safest way to remove ticks from the body is by the use of forceps or a small piece of paper or cotton. It is dangerous to use the bare hand, and care should always be taken not to crush the tick when it is pulled off. After removal of tick, the site of the bite should immediately be painted with an antiseptic and the forceps or finger tips be dipped in alcohol or thoroughly washed with soap and water.

Dogs, of course, are apt to bring the insects into the home, and should, therefore, be inspected from time to time and any ticks found removed.

# PROUD PAPA

by  
BERTHA BLOOMER, R.N., C.M.



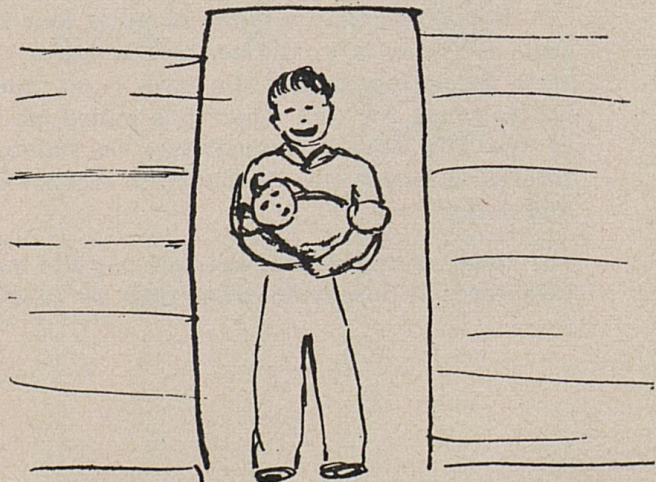
1. Nurse-Midwife arrives for daily visit to mother and new baby.

2. Next day—Papa is down by the creek washing the clothes.



3. Next day—he is indoors heating water for Mama's and baby's baths.

4. Every day he cleans the house, makes Mama's bed as neat as a pin, and lays out baby's clean clothes.



5. He watches as nurse bathes baby.

6. Next day—Papa meets the nurse at the door, grinning from ear to ear. "Don't reckon you'll have much work to do today, nurse!" Papa had bathed and dressed the baby!

## FIELD NOTES

We are happy to announce that Dr. Maurice O. Barney came to us on Friday, July 25th to fill the post of Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Barney and Susan, aged three, came with him to make their home at Joy House. The donor of this lovely residence for the Medical Director had gone over the place herself on her visit up here the last of May and had arranged to have everything gotten in tip-top condition. She even ordered and sent on additional things like electric lamps to add to the comfort of the doctor and his family.

Dr. Barney is extremely well equipped for the wide variety of services that must be carried by the Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. He was brought up in the country in New England and began to ride a pony at the age of five. He was lately demobilized from the U. S. Army Medical Corps and knows a lot about jeeps. All of this means that transport in the Kentucky Mountains is no problem to him. He took his B. S. degree at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine and his medical degree at the Tufts College School of Medicine in Boston. In addition to his internships Dr. Barney had a residency of six months in obstetrics at the Evangeline Booth Hospital in Boston and residencies in general medicine, in pediatrics and surgery (he does minor surgery only) at the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston. During this period he gave lectures to the nurses in training at the Hospital. All of this was before he went into the Army Medical Corps. Dr. Barney was twenty-nine years old last June.

When the near arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Barney was made known to the members of the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service at a well attended dinner meeting at the Hospital the evening of July 22nd, these Committee members planned a party for the evening of Tuesday, July 29th, at Joy House. All of the members who were free to attend that evening came bearing loads of welcome gifts. They brought home-canned stuff, bought canned stuff, butter, sausage meat, fresh vegetables, bread, a chicken, even soap.

The Social Service work has received from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority the most wonderful and useful gift in the form of a new civilian jeep which we have christened "Leo" in honor of Mrs. Philip W. Wolf. It is a fetching jeep—black with red trim and red leather seats. Since "Leo" came after the close of our fiscal year, she is not listed in our annual inventory of jeeps. Our readers may have noticed that we now have only twenty-four horses. Time was when we kept more than forty. It costs us more to feed the twenty-four now than it used to cost us to feed the forty. To supplement the horses where travel permits we have, counting "Leo," six jeeps. In addition to that our nurse at the Flat Creek Center, Beatrice Miller, has her own jeep which she can use in getting to Hyden, although her district work is still done on horseback. Then our statistician, Kay MacMillan, has her own jeep. She is most generous about using it to take Dorothy Buck, the Assistant Director, to such outpost centers as can be reached by jeep. We could do with a seventh jeep. Although the nursing work at Brutus is still all horseback, it is possible to get patients from Brutus to Hyden in jeeps. With no phone connection it is impossible for Brutus to arrange for a courier to go after these patients. We are in a curious mixed-up condition at the present time as regards transport because we have miles of old horseback trails and, piercing through our country at several points, are new roads and old ones made passable for jeeps in favorable weather.

We are constant recipients of gifts from members of our local Committees and other friends. Weeks ago Mrs. Charlie Woods up on Bull Creek gave the lumber for a new porch floor for our Bull Creek Clinic and everything needed for mending the fence. Our friends outside the mountains send us things so constantly that we can never list all of them. We do want to make special mention, however, of the gift of seven lovely feather pillows, made with new ticking from an old feather bed by that beloved member of our Lexington group, Dr. Josephine D. Hunt.

In our article on Flash Floods we mentioned that we had

sustained damages from the floods which, though small in comparison with our people's, had been hard for us to meet. Friends from everywhere are helping us meet these costs.

We have another terrific emergency expense which will run close to three thousand dollars. The electric repairs at the Hospital had been estimated as costing only five hundred dollars, but when the electrical engineers, the first we have been able to get since the war, started in on the repairs, they found that the whole system needed replacing.

A word of explanation in regard to this electrical work seems indicated. When the Mary Ballard Morton and the Mary Parker Gill wings of the Hyden Hospital were built there was no public utility at Hyden. We had a two-engine Kohler plant given us to use in generating our own electricity. Many years later the public utilities connected up with Hyden and we connected up with them. In order to do so we had to have transformers installed to change our electricity from D. C. to A. C. With the much greater power we derived from the public utilities we put in a large X-ray plant, additional sterilizers, refrigerators, and large lights given us for use in the operating room and delivery room, as well as an electric pump for the two-hundred-foot well that had been operated by gasoline. We have had constant trouble with circuits. We even had a fire at the barn which was put out by an alert milkmaid with her buckets of milk. We immediately disconnected the barn and have made use of it in the old-fashioned way, with flashlights. The electrical engineer tells us that the situation is one of extreme gravity. The whole system was dangerously overloaded and unsuitable for anything but the kind of private engine plant, with a light load, for which it was originally planned. In addition to all of this the wiring is now twenty years old and is not in metal conduit pipes, the system now required for all public buildings. We would have been trifling with the lives of our patients if we had not authorized the work now in progress on the Hospital as soon as we had been told of its desperate need. One of our Louisville trustees and one of our New York trustees have each given us five hundred dollars on this electric bill. We need not say how grateful we shall be for additional gifts, small as well as large, to help us meet the balance due.

After our Annual Meeting in late May in Lexington two of our trustees, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit and Mrs. Herman F. Stone of New York, came back up to the mountains with us for the visit we count on receiving from them every year. It is a great help to a staff to have its trustees so interested in the details of the work that they make an effort, and it is a big effort, to visit it from time to time. Mrs. Joy and Mrs. Stone, chauffeured by Pebble, left by way of Berea College. They and I, your editor, were guests of the College and Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Hutchins for the Commencement Exercises on the second of June and for lunch at the President's house. These exercises were deeply moving, as is everything connected with Berea College, for us to whom the College and its traditions are dear. We were rarely fortunate in listening to the commencement address made by Mr. Paul Porter. I was honored, and felt it to be one of the greatest honors of my life, to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from the trustees of Berea College. Dr. John W. Armstrong presented me, and the President of Berea conferred the degree with the following citation:

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, REALIST, WHO SAW AND RECOGNIZED THE NEEDS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN REMOTE VALLEYS OF THE SOUTH; HUMANITARIAN, WHO HAS GIVEN FULLY OF HER LIFE THAT THESE NEEDS MAY BE MET THAT LIFE MIGHT BE SAFER AND BETTER; EDUCATOR, WHO PLANNED AND ESTABLISHED A PROGRAM FOR THE PREPARATION OF MIDWIVES FOR RURAL PRACTICE, THE DEGREE OF

DOCTOR OF LAWS

GIVEN IN THE CITY OF BEREA, IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, ON THE SECOND DAY OF JUNE, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN.

. . . . .

Since Dr. Yeh Shih Chin left us we have had other guests from overseas. One was another delightful Chinese physician, Dr. Erh-Feng Chow. A charming Hindu physician, Dr. Hannah Rajamanikkam was with us at the same time that we had a visit from a most interesting Finnish nurse, Miss Ebba Lauri. Lucille Knechtly took this picture of them standing together before the stone fireplace at Wendover.





INDIA AND FINLAND

We were fortunate in having a visit from Dr. Ella L. Peters of Winnipeg, Canada, while she was on a fellowship for travel and observation and study in the United States.

The latest of our guests from outside the Continental United States was Miss Kathryn L. Dixon of Piggs Peak, Swaziland, South Africa. We have been in correspondence with her for so many years that she seemed like an old friend. We were truly honored to have her make the effort to stop by and see us before sailing from New Orleans for Durban.

Among our American guests was Dr. Thomas P. Strittmatter, Jr., a young veterinarian who had judged horses at one of our county fairs years ago. With him came his charming bride. A great many friends dropped in to lunch or tea while motoring through, so many that we cannot give the names, but we do want to make special mention of some of the American Red Cross people who have been in and out during their long task of disaster relief. Among them were Mr. Ralph Bain who was in charge of the whole relief area, Mr. A. L. Baer, Director Leslie County Flood Relief, Miss Marian Blitz, Miss Naomi Cal-

vert, and Mrs. Florence W. Turner. We were so glad to have also Corporal James M. Cole and Corporal Billy Joe Lumpkin who drove the jeeps.

This season has brought us the happiness of several of our own beloved old crowd back on visits to us again. Marion Ross came down to us from Toronto, her first visit since she left us to return to Canada so many years ago. It seemed so normal and so right to have her back at Wendover that we could hardly believe she had not come back to stay.

Next to come were Vanda Summers and Marion Shouse Lewis. They went everywhere and did everything. Marion took up courier duties as she always does when she comes back, and Vanda helped in a hundred ways. She even went over for the night to our Brutus Center to relieve for Jane Sanders Burt so that she could get out for medical attention.

Lastly Dr. Marcia Hays, a wonderful member of our staff off and on in the early years, came back for her first visit since 1934. We saw no changes in Marcia, who has grown to be a top person in the Public Health Field, except that she was even nicer than ever; but Marcia found an amazing amount of changes in the Kentucky mountains.

One of the kindest things among the many kind ones ever done for us by a physician from Beyond the Mountains was the visit of Dr. Charles N. Kavanaugh of Lexington, Kentucky, to our Hospital on Saturday, August 16th, to see a child critically ill from a heart condition that followed an attack of rheumatic fever. Dr. Barney had written the details of the case to Dr. Kavanaugh and asked for his advice. Since Dr. Kavanaugh could not telephone or telegraph us he decided to come on to Hyden to see the child. And, she is improving. But she should have a year in bed. The tormenting question is, where? Her cabin home on Bowen's Creek cannot give her the prolonged rest and care she needs and we have so few beds at our Hospital that we can't keep her there for more than a few weeks. Some day perhaps we can build and maintain a place for such children. It is desperately needed. But then, even more needed is more hospital space.

You will have noticed in our Annual Report how much time had been given us by volunteer nurses during the past fiscal year. Three nurses have given two weeks each of time this summer at the Hyden Hospital in vacation relief. They were Mrs. T. W. Keemle of New York, Mrs. May Greenaway of Chicago and Miss Carolyn A. Greer who has been working with the Chicago Maternity Center. We are deeply grateful for so much help from our own profession.

We have had with us for several months Miss Edna Owens, R. N., of the Mississippi State Board of Health. After a period of six weeks in the Hyden Hospital she was taught to ride horseback by the couriers, and has been placed under the nurse-midwives at outpost centers for training and experience in rural district nursing. She is to enter the Graduate School October 15th. After she has completed the course and is a nurse-midwife she returns to Mississippi.

We have also had with us Miss Adelheid Mueller, R. N., who was lately demobilized from the Army Nurse Corps. She is to enter the Graduate School on October 15th. When she is a full-fledged nurse-midwife she plans to go out to China under the auspices of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

A new nurse who is also a midwife, Miss Lydia Thompson, has come to us from England. She has graduate training and experience with the famed Queen's Nurses. Since she is also a delightful person, she is a very real addition to our staff.

We have been fortunate in having Bertha Bloomer back with us for the summer months. She and the recent graduates of the School have enabled us to work in some vacations among the district nurses.

Jane Sanders, who completed the training in the Graduate School in October of last year, got married to a friend of long standing when she was on her vacation in Texas. Since we had counted on her to take over the nursing center at Brutus we couldn't give her up on such short notice. She agreed to stay with us until the middle of September when we could relieve her, and she has done a first-class piece of work during the summer months at Brutus. She also has reimbursed the Frontier Nursing Service for that part of her scholarship in the Graduate School

not met under the terms of her contract. When she leaves us she goes with a fine reputation as an honorable person and a faithful worker, and with our best wishes for her future happiness, as Mrs. James E. Burt.

The Frontier Nursing Service has had the joy of welcoming back from England our senior nurse-midwife, Peggy Brown. Peggy left us during the war and she has been sorely missed. She returned by air and liked it. Ever since her return we have been using her for vacation relief in the top levels, but she will be assigned to a regular responsible post before the end of the year.

Rose Evans, "Cherry," for so many years in charge of the Confluence Nursing Center, has gone home to England for a holiday. Our staff is getting air-minded in a large way. Cherry wrote us that the trip over the Atlantic on the "Clipper Hotspur" was pleasant and uneventful and some of her own people met her at the airport when she came down in London. Aside from seeing her own family Cherry is making a visit to that warm friend of hers and of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mrs. Frederick Watson, in Devon. Meanwhile Anna May January is carrying the work at Confluence with the help of Thelma Blackburn who has become, under our teaching and with experience, an excellent district nurse. She and Lila Hull complete their Cadet period with us at the end of August. Thelma will remain with the Frontier Nursing Service, and enter the Graduate School on October 15th. Lila will return to her own hospital until her marriage later in the year.

In June we were happy to receive into our administrative group at Wendover Mrs. Hortense Luckey Greenwald (Luckey). Although she is definitely assigned to my office at Wendover she has gone to Hyden to relieve for the vacation of Lucy Ratliff, secretary to the Medical Director.

Before we drop the subject of vacations, it is good to recall that Betty Lester had four delightful weeks visiting "Sister Hope" at Ashland, Kentucky, the early part of the summer.

We grieve to say that we shall be losing our Social Worker, Louise Fink, the first of September. She has been given a schol-

arship by the Colonial Dames of America for graduate study at the University of North Carolina. We are pleased and proud that she has been chosen for this honor, and has been given this opportunity, but her place is a hard one to fill. We are in correspondence now with young women qualified for the post. Meanwhile we are fortunate in having back with us for a month Mrs. George Lawrence who, as Edith Anderson, was our Social Worker for three years before her marriage. She has a job with Vassar Brothers Hospital at Poughkeepsie, and she and her husband live at Carmel. We owe her presence with us in this crisis to the kindness of Mrs. Vasilike Foster, the Director of the Medical Social Service of Vassar Brothers Hospital, who granted her a leave of absence to come to us. Aside from our need of her, it is a pure joy to have Andy back with us for a month again.

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One evening around six o'clock in the middle of July a man came to our Jessie Preston Draper Center ((Beech Fork) fairly doubled up with acute pain. We had no Medical Director because Dr. Barney had not yet arrived at Hyden. Telephone lines were down in all directions. Travel had only just been restored on the Harlan road following the floods. Beech Fork is nearer Harlan than it is to any other outside point. Therefore Bertha Bloomer, who was relieving for Chappy's vacation, assisted by Odette Prunet, put the man in the back of the jeep sideways, supported with thin mattresses, and took him to the Harlan Hospital. Fortunately Dr. R. S. Howard was at the hospital and operated almost at once. He was kind enough to allow Bertha and Odette to put on masks and gowns and watch the operation. The condition, Dr. Howard found, was a ruptured peptic ulcer. Prompt attention and expert surgery saved the man's life.

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Our couriers this summer have been highly satisfactory. Pebble Stone has stayed on in Jean Hollins' absence as Chief Courier. Until the middle of August we had Nancy Dammann of Chicago as Senior Courier, and there is none better. Juniors the first part of the summer were Ann Wurtele of Minneapolis, and Ann Snow of Tucson, Arizona. The latter part of the sum-

mer, until September 15th, we have Eleanor Lloyd of New Canaan, Connecticut, and Mary Wright of Hastings-on-Hudson. All of these juniors have done excellent work with us. Ann Wurtele is a nurse's aide as well as a courier. She stayed at Bowlingtown with Inty during a part of her time with us, and was an immense help on a busy district.

Your editor had the pleasure of speaking at Hyden to the Berea Teachers Workshop, Friday morning, June 20th. One of the finest things Berea does is to send its experts out to the County High Schools for special summer work with the county school teachers. Mr. Luther M. Ambrose presided at this meeting, and the audience consisted of a fine group of teachers from all over Leslie County.

On August 12th we entertained at Wendover at a buffet supper the Registered Nurses of District No. 12 of Kentucky. All those who could manage to get to us from in and near Hazard came for the meeting. Dr. Rajamanikkam and Miss Lauri were visiting us at the time, and each made talks on the nursing situations in their respective countries, India and Finland. Dr. Hays spoke on the situation in California. Several of the American nurses gave brief talks. Altogether it was a most interesting meeting.

On Saturday, August 30th, after this Bulletin has gone to press, the Frontier Nursing Service will be hostess to a luncheon meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives at Wendover. This organization was incorporated in Kentucky in 1929 by the nurse-midwives of the Frontier Nursing Service, the only nurses practicing midwifery in the United States at that time. Its seal is the Kentucky Cardinal and his mate, and its motto is "Life is the Gift of God." Almost from the beginning other American nurses, who were midwives, joined the organization such as Miss Verda Hickox of New York and Miss Charlotte Waddell, Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit. There is now a large membership not only in the United States, but in Europe, Africa, Asia. Nurse-midwives who come to the

Annual Meeting on August 30th from a distance are invited to remain over the week-end with the Frontier Nursing Service.

We have had several rather bad accidents in the staff and among the animals of the Frontier Nursing Service this summer. Two of the nurses, Beatrice Miller at Flat Creek, and Doris Reid, Supervisor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, had bad falls from their horses at a time when we had no Medical Director. Both were gotten in to Hazard to see Dr. J. E. Hagan who pronounced no bones broken and promised complete recovery from sprains and bruises.

#### BELOVED BEASTS

Among the animals loved in the Frontier Nursing Service who have been ill or met with accidents, there has been only one with a happy ending. In August Buck's golden retriever, Wendover Ursula, called Penny, was scrambling up Breckinridge Branch high above the spring with Lucile Hodges and Paddy, Thumper's collie. Suddenly there came a singing sound and Penny was bitten on the nose by a huge rattle snake. Lucile saw the snake coiled even as she heard its rattle. She scrambled down the mountain with the dogs, and everything at Wendover went into action at once. One of us gave the anti-venim serum; another slashed the two places where the fangs had struck, to make them bleed more freely; a third put hot compresses on the nose. Penny was out of danger in a few hours. Aside from local swelling, she seemed quite well in a day or so.

At the time of the heavy rains that preceded the floods one of our beasts met with an accident that did prove fatal. The lovely mare, Kelpie, slipped on wet ground and fell many feet, breaking her back. At first the Confluence nurses made every effort to save her life and gave her heavy doses of morphine to ease her suffering. When it was found that she was fatally injured one of the neighbors put her to sleep. Kelpie was the horse assigned to Anna May January. The district nurses love their horses, horses which carry them at all hours of day and night and in all weather, horses which are their only

companions on lonely trails. After Kelpie was killed we received this letter from Anna May:

"Enclosed is a small check which I would like to give to the F.N.S. in memory of my beloved Kelpie. I wish that it could be a million times more.

"I feel that so much of what I have been able to accomplish here is due in a very great measure to Kelpie, and I shall forever be grateful for the privilege of having had her for my own the past year and a half."

Horses and dogs are dear to us, and so are our cats when they too have become personal friends. The Hospital has lost Cricket, an entrancing cat whose joy was to play with Bruno, the great dog, as though they had been of a size. Chappy has lost Up-and-at-em, one of Pitty-Pat's rare kittens, and a dear companion to his mistress. When Chappy was transferred to the Beech Fork Nursing Center from the Flat Creek Nursing Center, she rode the ten miles over the trails between the two centers with Up-and-at-em sitting on the pommel of her saddle. A cat like that doesn't need to be carried in a basket. He rides on the horse with his mistress because he is a happy part of her daily life.

At Wendover I have lost Pitty-Pat, a friend for eleven years. Following the birth of a dead kitten everything went wrong with her. Upon the advice of a veterinarian for small animals in Lexington she was given pituitrin and then penicillin. For forty-eight hours Dorothy Buck and Margaret McCracken took turn-about giving her penicillin day and night. Lucile Hodges combed the earth for things to tempt her appetite, cans of fish, livers, and lights. She even set traps to catch fresh mice for her. At times Pitty Pat seemed better, and went through the motions of the old games she played with me, quiet games she had invented, suitable for two old ladies. She even felt well enough to growl when something was not to her liking, and she purred when her friends soothed her after the hypodermics. To those who have not known a cat well, it is hard to explain how much they give in their rare friendships. But they are wilderness creatures in their hearts, and the wilderness calls them at the last. Pitty-Pat had always been a forest-loving cat; sometimes she spent days out in the mountains. She used to return with a funny little chirp that was her special greeting.



When the end came, she slipped away from us in the night and went back in the mountains to die alone.

The author of *Florian*, a book about a horse, says that the barrier between man and beast is never removed no matter how hard each tries to break it down. My little black cat responded in the end not to the friendship of a human being but to the instinct of her kind. To me it seems an heroic thing for so small a creature to leave the loving care of tested friends and go off in the wilderness to die alone. To Pitty-Pat it must have been her answer to an immemorial call.

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#### JUST JOKES—FINAL

Training Supervisor: "You can't sleep in this class!"

Trainee: "I know it. I've been trying for half an hour."

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A shy lad wanted to marry a girl, but he felt he would choke if he tried to mention the words "marry" or "marriage" to her. So, after giving much thought to the problem, he asked her in a whisper one evening, "Julia, how would you like to be buried with my people?"

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The club members were bidding farewell to one who was leaving for India. In the course of the conversation a friend said: "It gets pretty hot in India at times. Aren't you afraid the climate might disagree with your wife?"

The sorely tried man looked at his friend reproachfully, and said: "It wouldn't dare."

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A cub reporter was told to cut his stories to the bare essentials. He submitted the following:

John Smith looked up the elevator shaft to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. He would have been 45 this April.

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#### JUST JOKES—MILITARY

A private in an army chapel was seen to bow slightly whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met him and asked him to explain.

"Well," replied the private, "politeness costs nothing—and you never know."

A squadron commander in the war was called in by his commanding officer after an air raid and asked whether he had been nervous during the attack.

"No, sir," the soldier replied, "I was as cool as a cucumber."

"Swell," the CO answered, "I was afraid you might have been a bit rattled when you called in that there were 27,000 bombers coming in at eighteen feet."

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Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

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

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

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)  
Mrs. Jane Burt, R.N., C.M.

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

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

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

**Its object:**

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-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.

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**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

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

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

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**Gifts of money should be made payable to  
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.  
and sent to the treasurer,**

**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,  
Security Trust Company,  
Lexington 15, Kentucky**



COURIER IN BACKWATERS OF FLASH FLOODS  
Ann Snow of Tucson, Arizona, and Lennox, Massachusetts, swimming  
her mare, Maud, down the flooded road at Wendover  
June 28, 1947.

This picture and the cover picture were taken by "Pebble" Stone

