

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 22

SPRING, 1947

NUMBER 4



SPRING GARDEN

As seen from a window at Wendover



WENDOVER BARN

Photograph by Earl Palmer

THE COVER PICTURE OF THE SPRING GARDEN AS SEEN FROM A WINDOW AT WENDOVER WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. A. J. HANNAH OF TORONTO, CANADA, WHEN ON A VISIT TO WENDOVER IN THE SPRING OF 1946.

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

VOLUME 22

SPRING, 1947

NUMBER 4

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

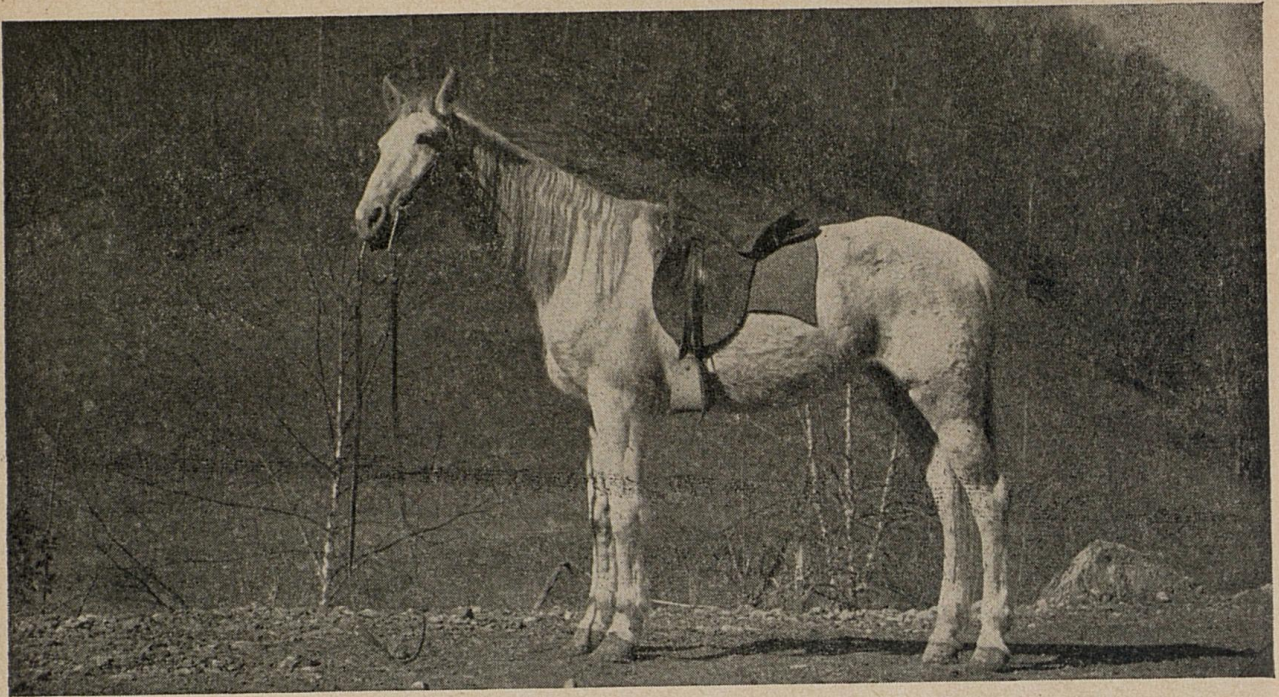
Copyright, 1947, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
An Ambition Fulfilled	<i>Martha Jane Hulse</i>	32
Beyond the Mountains		60
Field Notes		62
Hail to Hyden Hospital	<i>Hope McCown</i>	7
Her Coldest Night	<i>Bobbie McDowell</i>	29
In Memoriam		39
Night Call to Jones Branch		
Part I—Left Behind	<i>Helen Fedde</i>	56
Part II—Brave Mothers!	<i>Elda Barry</i>	58
Nursing Care in Chronic Diseases (Book Review)	<i>E. L. Marsh</i>	34
Old Courier News		49
Old Staff News		11
The Horse's Prayer		2
The Sargins That Come in the Spring	<i>Lucy Ratliff</i>	3
Urgent Needs		36, 37

BRIEF BITS

A Prayer Found in Chester Cathedral		67
A Walton County Service	<i>Georgia's Health</i>	61
Before Woman's Suffrage		10
Her Dairy	<i>Peter Newell</i>	31
I Sneezed a Sneeze	<i>Georgia's Health</i>	38
Just Jokes—Fiscal		6
Just Jokes—Social		35
Kentucky Dietetic Association		38
Recipe for Melancholy	<i>Sidney Smith</i>	6
"The First Time He Ever Saw Me Play"	<i>Light, London</i>	35
There Once Was a Man		31
Was It That Bad in 1918?		33
Wild Flowers	<i>Peter Newell</i>	31



The Horse's Prayer

TO THEE, MY MASTER, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O MY MASTER, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a Stable. Amen.

THE SARGINS WHO COME IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA—HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CASE

by
LUCY RATLIFF

HIT'S SPRING:

Hit's spring in these here mountains and hit's a sight—a very lovely sight. Everything seems to be in full bloom—trees, flowers, love, appendices and gall bladders. Spring here means many things—it means that after the long winter months the ice has melted on the streams and the creeks are no longer swollen; folks who have been isolated all winter can now come into community centers to shop and obtain medical attention; the little gardens on the mountainsides are producing green things, giving relief from the monotonous long winter diet of hog, corn pone, and molasses. It means also that Dr. Francis Massie, wonderful surgeon and old friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, will come to Hyden Hospital to do surgery. Now the folks who have been saving up their old appendices and gall bladders (which have been thriving on the winter diet) are able to come into surgical clinic and have an examination for a house cleaning.

THE SARGINS ARE COMIN':

The date of Dr. Massie's arrival at Hyden Hospital is announced to the six outlying nursing centers and the nurses in turn relay the news to the people. The mountain grapevine takes up the news at the centers and wherever folks meet the news is passed along—at the streams where they fetch water and do their washing, by local Paul Reveres on mule back who may pass by a cabin and call, "If you still got that punishin' in your belly you had awhile back, the sargins are coming to Hyden Hospital." So the mountain folk wend their way down from the mountainsides and from the creek beds and come to Surgical Clinic.

IF:

Preparations for surgical clinic were just a matter of ifs. If something was set right something else went wrong. I am

sure that more than one member of the hospital staff mumbled softly to herself the first lines of Rudyard Kipling's well-known poem—"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs . . .," but no one, of course, lost her head and, at last, the little Hospital at Hyden, which Dr. Massie calls a "Pullman Car" because it is so small and overcrowded, was made ready for the surgical cases. We were so crowded that the waiting room had to be closed and two beds placed in this room. On Friday evening one of these beds was occupied by a varicose vein case, but the next morning, much to the surprise of our Medical Director, the other bed also was occupied. When he questioned the unknown woman she merely answered that she had come into the Hospital very early in the morning with a pain in her side, saw the vacant bed in the waiting room and quietly put herself into it. She said she had appendicitis. It turned out she was right, and the appendix was removed.

"If someone can administer the anesthesia we will operate," came the request. At present the FNS has no anesthetist, so the Hospital Superintendent, with the tradition of a frontier nurse able to rise to any occasion, stepped in to fill the place, and did it well. "If we had some type 'B' blood we could give a transfusion and operate on this woman," came another request. The little town of Hyden was scoured for type "B" blood donors, and the FNS Hyden district nurse typed 31 persons in a vain attempt to find a donor. Finally, Dr. Todd volunteered to give some of his type "B" blood so that the surgery might be carried on. If you can do all the things you know you can do, and a few things you think you can't do, seemed to be the spirit which carried us through Surgical Clinic. It was surprising how well everything went off after the confusion of preparation. This was largely because our biggest if of all, where we would get the extra nurses needed, was solved by five volunteer nurses. Miss McCown from Ashland, Kentucky (we call her Sister Hope) came back to help Betty Lester run the Hospital. Jeannie Sawyer, courier and nurse, returned for ward duty. Sally Ann Tyler (Timmy) came up from Lexington with two excellent surgical nurses, Eileen and Mary Kearney, who all donated their services over the rush period. Timmy had been with us when she was a senior cadet, and she is a whiz.

WE HOLD A WEEDIN'

Dr. Massie and his able assistant Dr. Todd, also of Lexington, and Miss Griggs (Dr. Massie's nurse) arrived early Wednesday morning. Dr. Massie brought all his own surgical equipment. The waiting room was filled with mountain folk waiting for an examination. Since this day is an event in Hyden, some folks just come in to visit. One woman, who had already had six operations and who evidently liked the chummy atmosphere of a hospital, said "I ain't been able to git out all winter and I thought I'd drop around and git me another operation." When asked what kind of surgery she needed she looked puzzled and said, "Well, I don't know exactly, just some kind of operation," rather as though she had come to buy a new spring hat. No surgery was done that day except a few imaginectomies. Most of the folks, however, had been sent in by the nurses at the centers and had been checked by Dr. Leiby. They really needed surgery, it was found, when the surgeons examined the patients that day.

SPRING CLEANING IS OVER:

On Wednesday Dr. Massie and Dr. Todd selected the cases



DR. FRANCIS MASSIE
In the living room at Wendover

and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday these skilled and kindly men gave their entire time to the surgery—for which they volunteered each year. They did not come to the mountains in the springtime to fish, or gather wild flowers, but along with a beautiful bouquet of appendices they gathered the profound admiration and love of both the mountain folk and the Frontier Nursing Service.

As we stood in the doorway of the Hospital and watched Dr. Massie's car disappear down Hospital Hill on its way back to Lexington we all said a little prayer in our hearts—

In the world of tomorrow, please, dear God,
Send more men like Doctors Massie and Todd.

RECIPE FOR MELANCHOLY

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty recipes against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher or more exalted objects; that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.

—Sydney Smith, 1771-1845

JUST JOKES—FISCAL

Husband: "I'm glad, dear, that you're impressed by all the explanations I have been giving about banking and currency."

Wife: "Yes, darling. It seemed wonderful that anyone could know as much as you do about money without having any."

Discouraged man: "Well, I started to find the opening the world held for me."

His friend: "Did you find it?"

"I guess so. I'm certainly in a hole now."

"Do you mean to tell me," the judge said sternly, "that you murdered that poor old lady for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three dollars here and three dollars there—it soon mounts up."

HAIL TO HYDEN HOSPITAL!

by
HOPE McCOWN, R.N.

February in Kentucky is usually a drab and dreary month—a sort of hangover from winter with little of winter's frosty grace, and yet no softening touch of springtime's ferny lace. But not so February of 1947! This "Titus," as I was called in the Winter Bulletin, blew in to do her "stint" on the hospital wards practically in the teeth of storms and blizzards that lasted, off and on, the entire month. There was nothing colorless about this February—it was a vivid virago. It shrieked, it whistled, it howled, it flamed across its twenty-eight days. I having gotten in, to live through it seemed fearful and wonderful. I having gotten out, it is something to look back upon and remember.

Snow was a fairy blanket that flung its fluffy folds across the wounds Man had dealt to Nature. Where there was foundation for beauty, it multiplied it a hundredfold. The little town of Hyden, under its mantle of cotton, nestled like a Christmas scene within the protective arms of the everlasting hills. The mountains themselves in their white gowns, stretched in sheer majesty row upon row in all directions so far as the eye could reach. Hills have meant balm for souls since David's day, and they will doubtless continue to give balm until atomic energy flattens hills and civilization alike.

This then was the back drop for the little Frontier Nursing Service Hospital, perched high on a mountainside with the Middle Fork and Rockhouse Creek, now active and chattering volubly, winding around its base—a scene of snow and ice, with bitter winter's chilling fingers reaching up every creek and hollow in the district.

It was with mixed emotions that I took my place with the other nurses at the desk to listen to a report that sounded like so much Greek to me. It had been long, rather terribly long I was thinking, since I had done any nursing; and what I had done was identified with a hospital in a large city. This was definitely not a city and it hardly seemed like a hospital,—more

like a house where the sick were guests with names and personalities, not case numbers. Would I be able to help? Plainly I would have to change my thinking and that in a hurry.

At the supervisor's suggestion a gracious little nurse escorted me over the wards, explaining things as she went. There are, as most of you doubtless know, two small wards with two glassed in and heated verandahs off of them. The obstetrical ward is for mothers and babies. The small general ward is for sick children, but it has to accommodate emergency cases of men and women as well, with the help of its glassed-in verandah. There is a combination bath and utility room for each ward and, in addition, a small operating room for emergency work. These, with the delivery room, which also doubles as a nursery for premature infants, comprise the main Hospital,—a space all too small for the prodigious amount of work done therein. I was shortly to acquire a profound respect for both the quantity and quality of the work done in that small space.

As we walked along, I'm afraid my mind was more concerned with adjusting itself to my own problems than it was to remembering where this and that supply was kept. Here was no glass-walled nursery with the air filtered through ultra-violet rays, with the babies kept in separate cubicles and taken care of by a nurse in a mask and sterile gown. Here, I found, the babies were kept in the ward with their mothers, in their own little cribs to be sure but placed alongside their mothers' beds. Here they were nursed at their mothers' breasts until satisfied and then held and cuddled and enjoyed until the nurse had time to put them back in their cribs. This was change for me and revolution. Occasionally I had read that a few hospitals and pediatricians were inclined to go back to older, more natural ways but it seems that the Director of our Service had long since pioneered in this line. She has always maintained, and put into practice, that all babies were entitled to breast feeding whenever possible, and the right to be cuddled and loved by their mothers. She also feels that they should be allowed to fix their own feeding schedules, but of course in a hospital this is not always possible. How well her methods have succeeded is now a matter of record.

Love for the pretermatures was abundantly supplied by the

nurses. At this time there were two little scraps of humanity, the smaller remnants of twins whose mothers had gone home, each with her bigger twin, and left them behind. In handling them we did wear masks. We fairly fought to feed them and sometimes even sank to subterfuge to be there first at meal time. They amused and entertained us endlessly, and we dreaded the day when their parents would come to claim them. One, we called "Grand-Dad." Such tiny creatures they were to wind their little fingers so tightly around our heart strings.

On the general ward, there were several cases of pneumonia among small children, who seemed to develop it easily in their poorly heated homes. The drug, penicillin, was new since my nursing days and I was interested to see it work its miracle of healing. These children would come in so sick and feverish with temperatures of 104 and 105 degrees—a few thousand units of penicillin, twenty-four hours, and they were sitting up playing, apparently as well as ever. This was a pleasure and a satisfaction.

All the time I was amazed at the simplicity of the nursing technique used not only in the care of the mothers and babies, but also in the care of the sick. The nurses seemed to make adjustments so easily and quickly. If a piece of equipment were in use or not available, something was substituted that did as well. I was constantly impressed by their ingenuity and adaptability. Then, too, the patients were taught to do many things for themselves. If a well mother brought in her baby for treatment she took all ordinary care of her child, leaving only the technical care to the nurses. This arrangement helped both mothers and nurse. I was reminded that one had always to remember that these patients belong to a sturdy race, living for the most part close to nature, the hard way. They were so cared for and instructed that the transition could easily be bridged, when they went home to care for themselves.

During the severe weather we were for many days without water. In a hospital this is a real hardship, for water is truly a prime necessity. The pumps were inactive, and the water was turned on from the reserve tanks for only a few minutes each day to allow tubs and basins to be filled for storage. Here again, everyone rose to the occasion. We may not have been

so clean, but our spirits were not dampened. It's amazing what one can do with a teacup of water, figuratively speaking.

In a recent Bulletin, there was an article by one of the nurses about the patients and what she had learned from them. It was a lovely thing,—but I want to speak a word of appreciation for the nurses and what they meant to me. From the superintendent down, from the youngest nurse up, their loyalty, their devotion to duty, their co-operation, their generosity were a never failing source of inspiration to me. One never heard your work or my work, but all worked together for the common good. Nor did one hear any talk of unions or collective bargaining or overtime. These girls seem to honor their profession above commercial value. They were wonderful to me,—an older nurse and an outsider. To work with them was both a pleasure and a pride.

And what did I do about my thoughts and personal problems that first morning on the wards? I chucked them out the window and went to work.

BEFORE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

The campaign is all over for at least another year, and we have all heard enough of suffrage arguments pro and con; yet it were a shame to let vanish the amusing parody that has been going the rounds of the press from the pen of Alice Duer Miller—a jibe at the chief “anti” reasons why women should not vote. It gives us four excellent reasons why women should not pray. Is it too much to suppose that, if women never had prayed, but had always let men do it for them, some such reasons against any attempt on their part to perform that office for themselves would be seriously proposed? Miss Miller's reasons are:

1. Because a wife's prayers would either nullify or duplicate her husband's.
2. Because praying would distract a mother from her natural duty of teaching her children to pray.
3. Because the conditions of a woman's life are such that she can not know what it is wise to pray for. She might pray for rain when fair weather was needed or for fair weather when the crops required rain.
4. Because women already pray indirectly through their sons, husbands, and brothers.

—Source and Date Unknown

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Gladys Peacock in New Haven—December 12, 1946

It is such fun to be over here again after over six years away. I came by air—on a Constellation, a wonderful trip, but had great difficulty in getting my visa as my re-entry permit was lost at the American Embassy in London. Finally, thanks to Dr. Winslow and a medley of senators, congressmen, and Yale professors, I got over here.

.

From Jean White Byrne (Jerry) in Knoxville—February 8, 1947

We're living together, Art's sister and her husband and the two of us. We have a nice, light, large, airy apartment which feels very much like home. Looks it, too. Shavings and sawdust spread periodically from one room to another. Parke has made us each a dressing table and a desk for himself. Art has been doing odd jobs and refinishing an old desk. Ann and I are sewing and unpacking and storing away.

March 2, 1947

I have started work with Dr. Herbert Acuff. He is Treasurer of the International College of Surgeons and is President of the United States Chapter. As for the rest of his titles, I can't begin to remember them. At any rate I'm to be his organization and private secretary. Oh boy! I have made out statements, addressed envelopes for the notices to his patients of his change of address, and have begun to write checks for the I. C. S.

The Acuff Clinic is starting out in a new building in another week or so—as soon as they can get the doors made and find some locks. It's really going to be wonderful to see the machinery for the clinic get into motion, especially after being acquainted with the present crowded setup. I have taken just a bit of dictation, a few medical terms, and find that I haven't forgotten as much as I had thought. Monday my job starts in earnest. I think I'm supposed to be at work by 7:30—will get off at five. Long day if you ask me, but as long as the work is interesting, I shan't complain.

March 3, 1947

Just had a grand day in the office. Time flew by, and I didn't even know when it was time to eat! Almost didn't know when it came time to quit either. Took dictation from four different people here and there, and had a lot of fun doing it.

From Bertha Bloomer at Simmons College—February 9, 1947

Emma Morgan and I traveled all the way to Washington together and had lots of fun. At Richmond we stood at the bus station and watched the bus, full to the door with standees, pull out. We were wondering if we'd make our train by taking the next bus, when a pleasant faced man came up and asked us if we were going to Lexington. We said yes, and he answered that he and his wife were just leaving for there and would be very glad to take us. They were extremely nice, so we accepted, told our names and where we were from. When I mentioned the F. N. S. the man said he and his wife were interested in the Service and gave a donation each year. The name was Ferris and they live in Richmond, I think. We had a very comfortable ride to Lexington, and were delivered right to the train station. Most kind people, they were.

To get my full year of required residence, I'll have to come back in September for the fall semester. The regular college does not have a summer school, so I can't take that semester during the summer as I had hoped. Actually I'm glad, since it means that I'll be able to come back to Wendover for the summer.

May 4, 1947

College is very interesting and lots of fun, but examinations come around with just too much regularity to suit me. On top of two exams this week my physiology professor asked me to give my paper on the Physiology of the Placenta before the Biology Conference of Eastern New England Colleges yesterday. It was an interesting experience and I think it went all right, but it did take up quite a lot of extra time.

From Nora Kelly in England—April 10, 1947

I find I have less and less time for personal things as time

goes on. It seems to be something which can't be helped and yet when I find other people keeping up with books, letters, plays, etc., I feel I must be a poor manager somehow.

I was pleased to have 100% passes with my March examination candidates. I was thankful, as my last two or three results had not been quite as good.

At present we are struggling with the Government—the ministry of Supplies—to allow us to open up another 30 to 40 beds. We have bought a large, old house, but it was blitzed badly and has to have a lot of work done on it. Fortunately it is only five minutes from the hospital so I should be able to run it from here easily.

We have had the worst winter here in living memory. Only yesterday and today has it stopped raining and we have no real spring sunshine. Yesterday evening I got on the underground and went to Regent Park for a walk along the river; and very nice it was. I had had a busy day. In the morning, 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., the antenatal clinic of 75 patients, all over 32 weeks pregnant. Workers: 1 medical officer (a good one), 2 pupils, 1 staff midwife, and myself. 12:30 p.m.—Caesarian Section for disproportion. I received the baby. 1:15—Lunch. 1:30—Urgent district S.O.S. for forceps. No doctors were about and all district people busy, so I went out with the M.O. and gave the anaesthetic. Got back in time for huge baby clinic at 2:30 p.m. I quite enjoyed the district case. It was in a little flat over some mews. As the doctor said, "I suppose you think you are back in Kentucky." Lots of love to all.

From Alice Pierce Crawford in Massachusetts—

February 10, 1947

Duncan now weighs 16½ pounds and is almost 4½ months old. He is a jolly little guy and we have lots of fun with him. He didn't do so well the first three months as he had pyloric spasms but he outgrew those. He's very active, creeps around his play pen, and stands on his head and his toes. No wonder his food has had trouble staying down! He loves to eat and is gaining at least a half a pound a week now. Two-year-old clothes fit him but they won't for long. He has the shoulders of a football

player with the padding built on. In other words, we think he's wonderful!

From Hannah Mitchell (Mitch) in Georgia—February 13, 1947

We had one baby in January and there had been no publicity before January 7th. This month we have had two already and five more are scheduled.

Penny is in the State being oriented this month. After she comes here the first of March, I shall remain part of the month, then on to start another type of nurse-midwife service in the southern part of the State.

Ruth Davis is doing a good piece of work and I'm awfully happy she is here to start off the program. Penny looks fine and seems anxious to get her hand back into baby catching again. The girls have delightful living quarters and I'm going to regret leaving Monroe when I start over the State on the jump again. They have a big fireplace, big closet, private bath and private telephone.

Give my love to all the girls.

From Ruth Peninger (Penny) in Georgia—March 1, 1947

Our program here is only for hospital cases. The patients come into the hospital for three days, go home in an ambulance, and we see them once or twice before the first ten days are over and then once a week until a month is up. They pay fifteen dollars for their three days in the hospital and two dollars and fifty cents for the ambulance anywhere in the county. They must have been seen three times in the clinic and have a card signed by a doctor saying it is all right for us to take care of them. Anytime they become abnormal they must have a doctor's advice and, if necessary, a delivery by the doctor. We have our own routine orders (quite similar to our F. N. S. ones) which have been approved by the State Board of Health here in Georgia. Besides our own cases, we watch all doctors' cases during labor and assist with the delivery if they don't come off at the time we are having one of our own. We give daily care to all postpartums except on Fridays, our clinic day at the Health Office, and on Sundays. On these two days postpartum care is

supposed to be done by the nurses at the hospital. We are on call on Sundays for deliveries.

This is the place where Jean Stout was for awhile, so we have gotten a foothold sooner than we might have done, had the program been entirely new. However, there are many problems many of which will be smoothed out soon. The Hospital has only three graduate nurses and the rest of the work is done by a practical staff.

I just had a call from Mitch saying maybe I'd get my car this week. I do hope so. Mitch left her car for me to use while she is gone this week.

From Marian Cadwallader in Ohio—March 1, 1947

My talk on the F. N. S. was received with a great deal of interest, but I had far too short a time. The literature was fine, and people were disappointed that I didn't have enough for the whole class. However, it was put where everyone would get a chance to read it and there were enough copies for any who might be really interested.

From Thelma Hood in Ohio—March 4, 1947

My brother died of a cerebral hemorrhage last July 3rd. Mother is well, but still a bit bewildered as he died very suddenly.

I'm doing public health work here in Wayne County. Today, while calling on a new baby, I was greeted by "Take a cheer." I immediately asked the mamma if she was from the mountains, and she was—from Breathitt County. After she found out I'd been in Hyden, she insisted I have coffee. I loved my visit with her.

From Sybil Holmes Barton in the British West Indies—

March 7, 1947

I'm taking it that you heard of our daughter's arrival. She is a darling. We are having her baptized on Saturday the 15th—Deirdre Jean Rosalind. The 15th is our wedding anniversary. I'm sending Freddy (*Frederica Holdship*), her godmother, an enlarged snap of her. Needless to say her fond parents think she's a pretty baby. She was six weeks old on the 4th.

Barbados is a lovely place for babies. Deirdre sleeps on a gallery with three large windows and in the day is under a flamboyant tree until bed time, except when it's wet. Then she is on the porch. I'm on the lawn now, being guarded by Tish, our fox terrier pup. There is a high wind so I'm in difficulty, but it is lovely for Deirdre. We've rented a charming old plantation house five miles out of Bridgetown—the deep country for this little island! The house is much too big for us really and not half furnished as we had to furnish it ourselves, but we love it. We did buy a pair of Morris chairs—mahogany—and have another on order.

March 20, 1947

The christening party was a success I think (judging by the noise the guests made!). The cake was really lovely: Deirdre on the top tier done in white icing with her name in pink, with pink and white rose buds—ten pounds. The top tier we are packing up to send home. Fruit cake with icing is a thing of the past at home. The daughter behaved beautifully and looked so sweet. She is getting fat now.

Give my love to all the folks I know.

From Wilhelmina Raymond (Billy) in Washington, D. C.—

March 8, 1947

I have a good job. This hospital is super-deluxe and the patients pay for it. I am doing night duty so I can see something of the District during the day. I have been to several shows: "The Jolson Story," "'Til the Clouds Roll By," "Blue Skies," "Humoresque," "Lady in the Lake," and "Song of the South." I am doing my sight seeing in sections. Now I am going through the many divisions of the Smithsonian Institute. Some parts are particularly dull, but others are amazing. Comes warmer weather and I plan to see the zoo.

From Dorothy Gressman Hamel in Pennsylvania—

March 13, 1947

Since a year ago last January I have been living in town with an elderly woman who was living alone. I have several furnished rooms but would like to have something larger. My

husband works on the farm and goes back and forth every day. We are trying to buy a piece of ground near the farm to build on. I like the country as I like to plant a garden. I had a small one last summer but not nearly as large a one as I should have liked. I also want to have a few chickens.

During the last year I have done a little nursing. In June my father had to go to the Eye and Ear Hospital in Pittsburg for an esophagoscopy. I stayed with him and was glad I did as he went bad before he came out of the anesthetic. In July, I was with my niece for her T. and A. In January, I took care of a neighbor with pneumonia. In February, my two sisters-in-law had babies so I was at the hospital with them. Then the hospital staff was overworked so I was asked to work for several nights which I did.

Now a little about my son. Randall was two years old in December. He started saying his first words this time last year and now puts them together. He will soon be talking a blue streak. I am sending you a picture of him taken several weeks ago. His hair is very light and his eyes are a pretty blue. He is a sweet boy if I do say so.

.

From Ellen Halsall in Florida—March 28, 1947

I was unable to attend the last midwives meeting. I happened to be in Florida at the time. I hadn't been feeling well for so long, I decided on staying in Florida for the winter and maybe longer. We have had a grand season. These last two weeks have been a little chilly, but then no slush or snow to contend with.

.

From Marjorie Jackson (Jacko) in England—April 2, 1947

I am staying in the army and have just come home from Italy. After spending the winter of '46 in Vienna, I had my own small hospital of 150 beds in Rome and was fortunate enough to stay there until now. My four years overseas are now completed and I am going to serve in Aldershot for awhile.

In Rome I had my first midwifery since 1940 as we had quite a number of families out there. I started out with a good old postpartum eclamptic!

May Green seems to be very happy in her Devonshire village. She rang me up a short while ago, and it was good to hear her voice again. I've not been able to attend any reunions in town as, of course, I have been abroad each time.

I met Mary Brohan in Venice one fine day—just like that. I also saw a picture of Madge Tait and Margaret Watson in some airliner nursing service, but other than that I have not seen or heard of anyone. Please remember me to anyone who would know me.

.

From Ada Worcester in Hants, England—April 6, 1947

I've signed the agreement to take this post. It is supposed to be a very easy district, so I have to relieve two others for off duty and holidays. Strangely enough, ever since I came it has been fairly busy, and I have great difficulty in getting through in time to go to my midday meal. I get my lunch in the village.

Mickle, Wally, and I had a meeting three weeks ago. Mickle has a district only about ten miles away, and I was able to go to tea, doing evening visits on my way home. Mickle has a young collie pup who is nicely trained and she loves having him. Wally was visiting her, looking for a cottage to retire into. She's got a hope! Everyone has some relative looking for a home and it's a pretty hopeless business.

.

From Trudis Belding Corum in Cincinnati—April 9, 1947

My mother is here taking care of the children while I am in the Hospital. We have a lady whom I think will be very good who is to come when I go home. We just hated to have an outsider take care of them while I am away.

We are pleased that we have a son. He has so much long black hair that he could easily pass as an Indian. My mother says he's the prettiest one we've had. Both the girls are fine. Luann still isn't walking. I'm afraid she will start while I'm in the Hospital. How I should hate to miss that first step! Marclon is a big help with her. I'm just afraid she will be too good to her little brother. I'll have to keep an eagle eye on her.

From Ethel Gonzalez (Gonnie) in Indiana—April 16, 1947

I tell Bonnie (*her Cocker*) that if you were here you could tell us if she's to have pups. She is keeping her secret well. We hope she is, but she's such a fat little thing that I can't tell.

We have some ducks. One of them is setting and that old drake sure tells the world about it. We have nearly 300 chicks, three weeks old. Are they ever wild! Cute though. Bonnie and Rippy simply are crazy about them. They torment us to take them out to the brooder house.

Our laying flock is doing quite well. Rather small, but makes a profit. We have anconas in this flock. The babies are all white rocks. They are headed for the frying pan in about seven weeks' time. Mother tells us that by the time they are big enough to sell that we'll say let's keep these and sell the next lot. This is the most dilapidated of modern farms, only 45 miles from Louisville. We usually make a trip a week.

From Doctor Kooser in Pennsylvania—April 22, 1947

I do not have the office in the home. I am on Main Street some four blocks away. I have a large waiting room, and a large inner room with two examining rooms, rather cubicles. For the past two months I have been on the go from nine to midnight, but I had been doing some work for one of the medicos who was ill. I delivered twins two weeks ago. Both were boys. Both came vertex, so all was well.

From Clara-Louise Schiefer (Pete) in Rochester,**New York—April 24, 1947**

I have been intending to write to you and tell you about my Easter vacation in Washington. Five of us flew down for a few days and stayed at the Willard. First thing I saw in the lobby that quite impressed me was a poster about a benefit for the F. N. S. to be held the following week. I was so hoping that Mrs. Breckinridge would be in Washington and that maybe I'd be able to see her there. I called Marion Lewis and she had just had a letter from her.

Marion invited me and my four friends to lunch at the Sulgrave Club and then took us to her pretty home and for a sight-

seeing drive past the embassies and lovely big homes. She was so wonderful—isn't she the most generous person ever! I never knew her so very well and for her to do all that for me—much less for five of us—was just amazing. Of course we talked F. N. S. the whole time, and she even showed us her remarkable picture book of Wendover, et cetera. What a shame that the benefit wasn't a week earlier for our sakes. I trust it was a wonderful success.

Did you know that Franny Baker is going to be living across the street from me this summer! When she sent me a wedding invitation, she also wrote a letter because she'd been so amazed to learn of my address.

Yesterday I had some rather nice news when a lady from one of the chapters of our church telephoned to say they were sending a donation to the F. N. S. I showed them my slides about a month ago, but then I have shown my slides ever so many times and as far as I know this is the first time anything has come from them. Will keep on trying though.

The spring flowers remind me of Wendover and I'm rather homesick for all of you. My best wishes for all of the staff.

.

From Madge Tait in England—April 27, 1947

I am still Madge Tait but am leaving B. O. A. C. on May 31st and going home for a month and am being married from there, on July 2nd at ten-thirty a.m. in the church I was baptized and confirmed in and by the Rector who baptized me. We are then going on to Loch Lomond for our honeymoon.

I met Margaret Watson in town yesterday afternoon and we had a rare gossip over tea, and then went to see "Black Narcissus," and then more gossip over supper. She was in fine fettle and seems happily settled at Bovingdon Airport.

My love to everyone please. I'd like to think you were all sparing me a few thoughts on my wedding day.

Tea time! And how we do love tea!

.

From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Utah—April 28, 1947

Emma seems to be enjoying her new work. As you know,

she is stationed at the cavalry headquarters and has permission to ride the horses. She sent me an S. O. S. for a riding habit, so I sent her an English jacket and a beautifully tailored pair of jodhpurs and a derby hat.

Emma Jean is the cutest thing ever. I took her to clinic last month. She was twenty months old that day and was thirty-four inches tall and weighed twenty-six pounds. She can name the parts of her body and each garment she wears. As I dress her she says: "Pants," "Shirt," "Dress" or whatever I put on her. She can put her snow suit on, but comes to me to fasten it. She puts her little rubber boots on alone and when she comes in from play she takes them off and puts them away. I never pick up her clothes for her, as she puts them away the minute she is through with them. Whenever we have company, Emma Jean always seems to know when they are leaving. She stands at the front door as the guests go out and says "Bye-bye" and throws each one a kiss. If anyone comes in and shakes hands Emma Jean falls right in line, says "Hello," and shakes hands too.

.

From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—April 31, 1947

I heard from Peggy Brown about two weeks ago. She was thrilled in looking forward to being in those quiet Kentucky hills again. How I wish it were me! My mother is more or less of an invalid now, and every time I go home she says she just counts the days and lives to see me. She is very fragile and most of the time in bed. I would not want to be so far away from her.

I have had a very busy winter and spring. We had a terrific snow blizzard at the end of March and had to walk for about two weeks to get around to the patients. I wanted a horse badly! In December I had 13 babies. I had hoped one would be a Christmas Day baby, but no luck. One did arrive Christmas Eve and another on Boxing Day. I had a case of twins in March. My two sets of Kentucky twins will be in Arnett School now—the Pearl Bowlings: Joe and Chloe, Merdia and Minnie.

.

From Rose McNaught in New York City—May 3, 1947

After fifteen years we are closing the Lobenstine Branch and transferring all our activities to our Berwind Branch. It

makes me rather sad, but it is really best, as the Berwind building is so much better for our work. We will still maintain the name Lobenstine as none of us who started it can bear to give up all memory of it.

I keep up with the F. N. S. through the Bulletin which I read from cover to cover when it comes. Peacock telephoned me once, but I have heard nothing since. Jean Kay is still with us. Remember me to all the F. N. S.-ers whom I know.

From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Knoxville—May 4, 1947

I'm enclosing a snap of our darling brat who gets more adorable every day. She has a tooth! She talks! "Da-Da, Da, Da"—enormous vocabulary!

We've just gotten a combination clothes washer and dishwasher and gotten rid of the maid. I'm making lots of clothes for myself and Ellen these days. They aren't looking quite so homemade now. Ellen is growing so fast, she won't stay in hers for long—25 pounds!

From May Green in South Devon, England—May 7, 1947

I have moved into a little bungalow and like it very much. It is grand having a place to call my own. I feel I'm on board ship as I'm right on the cliff and have a lovely view of Slapton Sands—the coast right out to Start Point where the lighthouse is. The sea gulls abound all along the coast and so my house is called "The Gulls." Do not forget there is a warm welcome awaiting any of you who come this way. Give my love to all I know.

From Lois Harris Kroll in Seldonia, Alaska—May 9, 1947

Have you heard we have a "Herbie" now? Herbert Harris Kroll, named for my father, was born December 19, 1946, and weighed eight pounds and four ounces, baldheaded with big blue eyes. He is a very good baby and weighed fifteen pounds at four months. Little Henry was three in February and is very fond of Herbie—good to him also, but they keep me busy.

We are getting ready for the salmon season now which opens May 25th. Of course everything and everybody are on

strike. Even the steamers cannot carry cannery supplies, but I imagine things will be more or less settled by the time the salmon run starts.

Our home on the scow is up high and dry now on the grid-iron. The bottom has to be scrubbed and copper painted, also the scow painted. We have a gangplank leading down to the beach. Little Henry is outdoors most of his waking hours, wears boots and a life preserver when the tide comes in. He assembles all sorts of gadgets and calls them engines and makes different noises for each; talks about generators, spark plugs and carburetors like an old hand. He's a live wire.

Alaskan scenery is just beginning to get springlike—trees are beginning to bud. I saw an Alaskan robin yesterday. We had a rugged winter, very little snow but below zero weather for days and much, much ice. Hank was "outside" for the coldest part, selling fish and getting our supplies. When the ice began to break up I moved off the scow and stayed with some friends, and a friend of Hank's moved in and fought the ice for me. I had visions of being swept out to sea in an ice flow, but nothing serious happened and I got some more grey hairs for nothing.

I guess you know Frances Fell is also in Alaska at Haines and Skagway. I would like to see her, but no can do.

NEWSY BITS

Mabel Derflinger Humphreys is working in Kanakanak Hospital, Kanakanak, Alaska.

We hear that **Doctor and Mrs. Fraser** have a new son, Robin Bruce, born February 10, 1947. The Frasers took a short vacation in Miami, Florida, this winter.

Elisabeth Holmes Rodman (Betty) has a daughter, Deborah Loft Rodman. She was born in the Simpson Royal Maternity Pavilion in Edinburgh on March 6, 1947. Weight 7 lbs. 3 oz.

Sybil Holmes Barton's first born, Deirdre Jean Rosalind Barton, was born in the General Hospital, Barbados, B.W.I., on January 21, 1947, and weighed 8 lbs. 2 oz.

Trudis Belding Corum (Trudy) is now the mother of three

children. Her son, James Leslie II was born on April 7, 1947, and weighed 8 lbs. 11 oz.

Myrtle Onsrud is taking some courses at Marquette University College of Nursing in Milwaukee and is working part time at Mount Sinai Hospital.

Doctor Margaret Dale has finished a Public Health course given for physicians by the U.S.P.H.S. at Topeka, Kansas.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Gladys Kraybill Feese in Knifley, Kentucky—

October 1, 1946

By this time I know you have heard of my marriage to Mr. George Edward Feese of Knifley, Kentucky, on March 2, 1946. Will you please change my name on your records to the same?

Midwifery is not rushing around here just now. Just enough to make life interesting. Since June I have not had charge of the Knifley clinic work, but I am still doing midwifery. I wish you all a big time at the midwives' meeting.

From Helen Callon in Wisconsin—January 12, 1947

I am a consultant in Hospital Technics for the Bureau of Maternal and Child Health. Ninety-one percent of all deliveries in this state are in hospitals. I visit all the hospitals, discuss the care they give mothers and babies, and try to point out the places in which they might have trouble. The only thing I don't like about the job so far is that I don't do any nursing myself. I should love to get in there and help.

I went home Christmas. The kids kept begging me to come so I drove the 383 miles from 12 noon to 7 p.m. I had Rickie's (*her nephew*) tonsils out last Monday. He may get over some of his asthma, or at least we are hoping he will. You see I am just an old maid with a family. My love to all.

From Rhoda Lenhert in N. Rhodesia—February 13, 1947

We do not have a hospital here yet, but they are building

a venereal disease unit. That is what we need most just now. Many patients come from quite a distance, some walking for several days. Some came last evening and brought their blankets and slept outside. This morning was the time for their shots. You can understand that they would hardly come every week to get a full series. We think if there is a place for them to stay, we will have more success with the treatments.

We are planning to have a hospital some day. I don't know whether they will come in for deliveries or not. They are quite slow to do that here. I will probably get nothing but the unusual.

It would be interesting to try the vitamin B experiment here. The diet is inadequate and the children are all slow. We think that the children who have been raised in Christian homes, where we have tried to teach better food habits and how to garden, are a bit smarter. Perhaps that is a bit of imagination on our part. The largest part of their diet is made up of corn meal cooked thick and served with peanut gravy. They do put some greens in the gravy when they have them. Some of the boys in school are taught gardening on a very small scale. They are quite proud of their little plots and are saving seed (such as lettuce, spinach, and tomatoes), to take home for their gardens there. They have learned to like carrots, too, but these are a bit harder to raise here.

We are having language class three times a week. It still seems like a bunch of jabbering to me yet. The native do enjoy hearing us try to speak. So far we can say good morning, good afternoon, and good bye. Also, yes, no, and come. Those are necessary things to know. The boy who helps me in the dispensary may quit soon. If he does, I shall have to learn the language.

Remember me to any who were there when I was.

From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—March 13, 1947

I'm sick with a cold now, but can't let that stop me. Last Friday night while it was sleeting, I took a dose of medicine and went to bed. Twenty minutes later I was called out for the night. At 4 a.m. I took another dose of medicine and went back to bed. An hour later I was called out again—a false alarm.

With so much to do I couldn't get back to bed until night, so dosed up and tried it the third time. This time I did stay down for three hours, but had to go back and finish that false alarm. Monday's clinic—21 patients—all but floored me, but those patients had to be seen afterwards and Tuesday I made 11 home visits, hoping to ease up the remainder of the week. Instead I didn't even get to bed Tuesday night until after I caught another baby. Now I feel like a greasy dishrag without a head, but sure with a wringy nose. Everybody has a cold—even the two doctors—so I can't use that for an excuse.

January topped the list for me—I cut 14 cords (not of wood either) that month and a 15th got cut in the hospital. February took up the day January left off and I cut 6 others before I left for a few days in Cola. Miss Hobbs (*Minnie Hobbs*) caught one baby while I was gone. I have one more primipara for this month before I go back to Cola for our Maternity Institute.

.

From Elizabeth Walton in India—April 7, 1947

I still get homesick for Kentucky, especially while we are here in the hills for language study. Nearly every Saturday we go on a hike somewhere and the winding roads; steep, rough paths; hills; and all remind me much of all the wonderful rides around Hyden.

Here at language school I have met Geraldine Chappell and have discovered that she is not only interested in the F. N. S. midwifery course, but that she had Dr. Waters as her doctor for months when they were all in the same camp in Manila. She praises him highly as a doctor and was much interested in the news about their return to the Philippines as published in the last Bulletin. This is surely a small world! Give my greetings to any who might remember me.

.

From Elda Barry in Kansas—April 17, 1947

We had all kinds of experience driving back to Topeka, about 900 miles. The winding mountain roads, the rain, and lots of trucks on the highway kept us back; but even so we had a good trip.

What a privilege it was for me to have been in the Graduate

School there. It's surely a great service to the people. I learned a lot and am going to keep on learning more. As I return to India soon, I shall often remember Kentucky and "how it was done there." It was almost like leaving home. My address will be: Creghton Freeman Hospital, Brindaban, India. I do want to keep in touch with the work and what you are all doing.

From Lilia Ramos in Puerto Rico—April 22, 1947

I have been at the Monte Flores Hospital for a couple of months, but I'll be free again in two more weeks. The Director and owner of this new forty-bed hospital for obstetrics and surgery, needed nurses to help him organize it and asked me to work here for a couple of months. He knows I hate to work in a private hospital—even if it is a small one—but I have been helping and am glad. I had a few prenatals in my home town who were due in April and couldn't afford to pay hospital expenses, so I'll go back to them for a while. We have a nice "crop" every day of the year in this small island, but we need institutions like the Frontier Nursing Service—and I hope to have something like it some day.

I have been reading and re-reading the Bulletin. Everything is so familiar—and so dear. I wouldn't miss a word—a joke or the news. Odette's article is wonderful. Best wishes to all the girls.

OUR FORMER CADETS

From Olen Boyer Whetstone in Pennsylvania—

January 12, 1947

Yes, we're still here—mostly because of lack of transportation. Now that the strikes are over for a while (we hope) there is more of a chance for us again. We were back at school this Fall, came back at Christmas and plan to stay here now until they tell us to put on our high water boots. They said it would be February, so we're packing up in hopes that it won't be long.

I had a letter from Mae Rolfs. She does sound as if the going were pretty tough. How I chafe at my bit to be sitting around here and waiting when she needs someone to at least

take off some of the load. Another nurse is going out to China with us. I don't know whether they'll put her to work immediately or whether they'll send her off for more language school.

You make me wish I could get down to the F. N. S. when you talk about it. I never think of you but I get something akin to butterflies inside of me. Not that I regret what I am doing. I wouldn't give it up. But I do get homesick for Wendover.

From Marilyn Herb Hackim in California—March 20, 1947

The Quarterly Bulletin arrived yesterday and it seemed like an old friend had stopped in for a visit. The article by Odette Prunet especially appealed to me. I, too, started my riding days at Wendover on dear old Cameron. I knew and had helped care for the mothers and children she mentioned in her article.

Al and I were married January 25, 1947, at St. Paul's Cathedral in Detroit. We drove to California on our honeymoon, driving cross country via the southern route to San Diego and then up the coast to San Jose. This is a growing town and we like it. My husband is limiting his practice to obstetrics and gynecology.

**From Harriet Derbyshire Luce (Darby) in Syracuse,
New York—May 18, 1947**

In the last few months we have been moving from flat to apartment and back again. We finally have an apartment, but it's very expensive and has numerous disadvantages. We are considering moving out to the university trailer camp, but it's not definite so far.

I worked in the delivery room at Memorial Hospital until I got worn down to skin and bones. I was working a month of night duty every other month and in between alternating 7-3:30 and 2:30-11. It got to the point where Paul and I met coming in and going out only, and I discovered I had lost fifteen pounds.

I am now working in one of the obstetrician's offices and loving it. The doctor is there very little so I do all the prenatal work and enjoy it very much.

Please give my regards to everyone. I think of the Service and you all and miss you.

HER COLDEST NIGHT

As told by
LOUISA CHAPMAN
to
BOBBIE McDOWELL

Louisa Chapman, known to all as "Chappie," and I were lounging, cat-fashion, in front of a lustrous open fire after a hard day's work in the bitter cold. Our setting was the Jessie Preston Draper Center in the Beech Fork districts.

Our conversation wandered like mercury on a polished floor. Apropos of nothing in particular, I asked Chappie when in her life she had been closest to freezing. The story that followed, I shall remember for a long time.

She was relieving at the Bowlingtown District, as the nurse regularly assigned there was on vacation. The second night she was there, a man knocked at the door, saying that he needed the nurse. His wife was "bad off." Chappie wiggled into all the clothes she could, grabbed a set of bags, and fled out the back door to saddle her horse. The man waited on his mule to show her the way, as she didn't know the District too well and he lived in a remote hollow about four miles distant. By the time Chappie got to the cabin, she was a pale, slate blue, and her eyebrows were frozen into a permanent expression of amazement from a vain attempt to keep her eyes open against a razor-blade wind.

Upon arrival at the cabin, and after seeing her patient, she poked up the last gallant little flame in the open fire, which was fighting to burn, and took one thank-heaven lunge at the coal pile in the corner of the room. This done, she began a more thorough examination of the patient. It didn't take her long to find that the woman was critically ill. Chappie needed the Medical Director at Hyden probably as badly at that moment as she had ever needed anything, but there was no feasible way to get the doctor before morning. The telephone was nine miles away and the exchange was closed for the night. It would have taken the man all night and then some to get to Hyden on a mule.

That meant work—fast and hard. Chappie started by put-

ting a skillet and a basin of water on the hearth to heat. She then returned to the patient to give her treatment and to try to find a few more covers for her, as she was blue from the cold and in a severe case of shock. Where lack of cover stopped and shock began she couldn't quite tell, but some remedy was essential. Having resurrected a few additional covers, she returned to her basins. They were frozen solid, and were sitting only a few feet from the fire itself. By this time Chappie was beside herself, but she started over again, putting the basins IN the fire this time.

After untold amounts of work with the patient during the night, the woman began to improve and was out of danger at least momentarily. Chappie was at the point of total exhaustion by the time she knew that her patient was improving, but there was no place for her to lay her head, except two straight-backed chairs. She was tired enough for them to look good so she poked the fire again, used the last of the coal to replenish it, arranged her anatomy in the shape of the put-together chairs, and dozed.

In an hour or so dawn broke, and Chappie was up. One look at the cabin in daylight told her why she was one solid mass of frozen rigidity, and why it had been so hard to warm her patient earlier in the night. The cabin was riddled with streamers of light between every wall board. The fire was nearly out so she called to the husband who was sitting out in back of the cabin. He came, and Chappie asked if there was any more coal. He assured her there was plenty. Then he went to the corner of the room, pulled out a miner's hat, put it on, lit the miner's lamp, collected the coal box and said, "I'll be back in a spell." Chappie was speechless. The coal had to be dug out of the back yard.

True to his promise, the husband returned with the coal box filled. By that time, Chappie had conceived an idea. She asked if he had any paper. He said they had a seed catalogue that she could have. She took it, thanked him, and told him he had better start for the nearest telephone, nine miles away, and call the doctor to come from Hyden.

Having gotten him off on his mule, Chappie retired to the not-quite connected lean-to which was the kitchen. She found some flour and water, started a fire in the stove, and began making paste. When the substance was sufficiently glue-like,

she returned to the other room and her patient. Armed with the seed catalogue and a pan containing the concoction of paste, Chappie wallpapered the entire room. Her deduction that the descriptive literature on everything from petunias to parsnips would keep out the cold, if applied to the walls, was quite correct. The only thing she failed to realize was that once the room was papered, she would be plunged into total darkness. There was no window in the room. Having finished her job, Chappie decided that warmth was preferable to light so she left it. Meanwhile, the children had wakened and the oldest girl got coffee ready on Chappie's fire, corn bread and gravy.

Some hours later the husband returned and brought the doctor up the frozen creek with him. After an examination of the patient, the doctor rendered the verdict that the patient couldn't be moved and must have an operation then and there.

With the aid of a flashlight, the operation was performed successfully. Soon thereafter the patient was in good condition and Chappie could at long last turn homeward.

I was suffering so badly from sympathetic reaction by the time the story was finished that my teeth sounded like an active pair of castanets. For Chappie's sake, I was terribly glad she could refer to the experience as one in the past with a happy ending.

WILD FLOWERS

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher.

"Oh, sir! the flowers, they are wild," replied the timid creature.

—Peter Newell

HER DAIRY

"A milkweed, and a buttercup, and cowslip," said sweet Mary,

"Are growing in my garden-plot, and this I call my dairy."

—Peter Newell

Pictures and Rhymes, Harper & Brothers, 1900

.

There once was a man who said, "How
Shall I manage to carry my cow?"

For if I should ask it

To get in my basket,

'Twould make such a terrible row."

—Anonymous

AN AMBITION FULFILLED; ANOTHER IN FULFILLMENT

Written at the close of 1946

by

MARTHA JANE HULSE, R.N.

Most of us when young dream about what we want to be when we grow up. As little girls we play with dolls. When we are asked what we're going to be, we say we want to be actresses, teachers or nurses, but all of us, whether we admit it or not, want to be mothers.

I was one of those who wanted to be a nurse from the time I was five, when I was very ill and spent a lengthy time in a hospital. When I approached adolescence friends and the family tried to discourage me by saying, "nursing is a dirty job, it's self-sacrificing, it nets a poor income"; but my convictions were too deep-rooted and too strong for me to change my mind. I was determined to enter upon a career about which I had always day-dreamed. During my high-school period I read Ernest Poole's book, "Nurses on Horseback," and stored up the idea that one day I wanted to become a part of the Frontier Nursing Service.

I entered training much against the advice of all those who had known my early desires and, upon graduation in the midst of war, entered a large city Visiting Nurse Association to do Public Health Nursing. The organization, like all others, was badly understaffed during the war and for some time afterward. I continued to dream of the day when I could feel it fair to leave them to become acquainted with the nurse-midwives in Kentucky. After V-J Day, when nurses began to come back, I felt I was no longer obligated to my previous position, but could attain my goal. I applied to the Frontier Nursing Service, contemplating the day I might enter the Graduate School of Midwifery. It was one of the greatest days of my life when I received a letter of acceptance to the Service, almost as great a day as when I actually arrived.

The four months I have worked here were short months, but filled with the realization of the dreams I had stored up. I've had the chance to learn the essentials of horsemanship, to visit a center, to become friends with finer women than I've ever met before, to absorb some of the remoteness of the country and the customs of its people, and, yes, even to become a student nurse-midwife for two weeks. Then my other dream came true.

There will always be the memories of rides on "Tommy," who seemed more than human in his understanding when it came to taking the right path home, and who was so cautious on treacherous trails; of hearing "Corky" bark in the dead of night at a knock on the door and hearing a man say, "Miss Chapman, she's hurtin' right bad"; of my first attempt at milking a cow, "Radiant Nancy"; of riding and driving "Janie," the jeep, up a rocky, bumpy creek-bed after the rains; of "catchin'" my first and only baby with the Supervisor; of Mother Nature's art at turning the mountainsides into color in the autumn and preparing them for winter; of Thanksgiving at Wendover and Christmas at Hyden Hospital; of the kindness and understanding everyone showed me, I who was little more than a city girl on arrival in the country; of the patients the Service serves, patients who have retained the fineness and customs of the American home and family, which in our present day world are so seldom seen; and last, but not least, of the truly humanitarian atmosphere which exists throughout the Frontier Nursing Service.

The past four months, up to now when I am leaving, have been the greatest months of my life. I feel I have gained much to take into my future as a wife and mother. With the dawning of a New Year, my resolutions will be those which I have been able to make from having learned so much as a part of the Frontier Nursing Service.

WAS IT THAT BAD IN 1918?

My Tuesdays are meatless; my Wednesdays are wheatless; I am getting more eat-less each day; my home it is heatless; my bed is sheetless; they're all sent to the Y. M. C. A. The barrooms are treat-less; my coffee is sweet-less; each day I get poorer and wiser. My stockings are feetless; my trousers are seatless; my God, how I do hate the kaiser.

Source and Date Unknown

NURSING CARE IN CHRONIC DISEASES

by

EDITH L. MARSH, R.N., S.C.M.

Reviewed by Ella Woodyard

Miss Marsh, a former member of the Frontier Nursing Service staff, is now Superintendent of the Cuyahoga County Nursing Home, Cleveland, Ohio. She has written an admirable book of 237 pages on the general and specific principles of nursing care of those suffering from presumably incurable diseases.

The patients in her hospital are indigent persons, who but for it would necessarily be sent to public general hospitals or to public homes for the impoverished. How good the care at the Cuyahoga Home is may be indicated by the fact that, during its five or thereabouts years of service, from 850 patients admitted, approximately 50 were sufficiently rehabilitated to support themselves at regular work at the time her book was written, though all had been entered with the diagnosis "hopelessly disabled."

The plan of the book is simple:—a chapter each deals with persons afflicted with senile disability, cancer, heart disease, arthritis, multiple sclerosis or muscular dystrophy, paralysis, or nerve or luetic ailments. Disabled ex-service men, and mentally disturbed persons not truly insane are dealt with in additional chapters. Diet for these persons, physical and occupational therapy suitable for their rehabilitation, and final recommendations occupy the remaining chapters.

On the whole, with but few lapses, Miss Marsh's style is simple, clear and precise. In each chapter she discusses the particular care needed for the type of patient under consideration, suitable diet, the inevitable course of the disease, the possibility of improvement and methods of attaining it when possible. All the pertinent data for one type of patient are to be found within the chapter. Necessarily that treatment involves some repetition from chapter to chapter, but it makes the text easy to use for reference. An excellent index makes the book still more useful. In addition, each chapter contains one or more case his-

tories which clarify the material for the general reader and, one judges, help the student nurse to remember that her major concern is people not diseases.

In each chapter, Miss Marsh's fine attitude toward the helpless folk under care shows clearly. Every ameliorative device and recreative procedure that is known to the profession is exploited; and a helpful, unirritable, interested, optimistic attitude on the part of the nurse is stressed.

In her final discussion, Miss Marsh urges special training for all under-graduate nurses in the techniques of nursing patients who are geriatric or incapacitated by hopeless illness, and recommends special hospitals of the type of the Cuyahoga Home wherever there is a population sufficiently concentrated to furnish a suitable number of patients so afflicted. Humane professional care rather than neglect, unkind treatment or ignorant malpractice can do much to alleviate if not to cure their pitiable condition. It is a good book for all who are entrusted by their communities with the care of those who are public charges.

The F. N. S. is proud of its ex-staff member.

JUST JOKES—SOCIAL

"Bridget, if that's Mrs. Gabber, I'm not in."

Bridget returning: "It was Mrs. Gabber, and she was very glad to hear it."

. . . .

Miss Snook—"Did Mr. Borer sing a popular song at the concert?"

Miss Brook—"Well, it had been popular before he sang it."

. . . .

Woman: "What can I do to have soft, beautiful hands?"

Beauty specialist: "Nothing, madam, and do it all day long."

Readers may enjoy the following story as repeated by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, of a famous cricketer who lost his sight.

"He had a boy who, like himself, was a fine bat, but the father could never watch him at the wicket—a grief to them both.

"A day came when the old cricketer died, just as the boy, still at school, was going out for his innings. He carried on bravely and got his hundred—one of his very best, too. But that evening one of the masters did say this to the boy: 'Well, Jack, that was a great innings, but I can't understand how you could have done it with that telegram in your pocket.'

"The boy looked up in sudden surprise. 'You knew that my father was blind, sir? So today was **the first time that he ever saw me play.**'"

—*Light*, London

URGENT NEEDS

COST OF FEED ONLY, FOR 27 HORSES

"There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint."
—The White King to Alice,
in *Through the Looking Glass*

1 Freight carload of hay delivered to Hazard.....	\$396.82
Haulage to our barns.....	120.25 \$ 517.07
6 Carloads of hay consumed annually by our horses.....	3,102.42
1 Bale of hay delivered to our barns.....	2.37
1 100-lb. bag of oats (wholesale) delivered to barns.....	4.52
1 100-lb. bag of corn (wholesale) delivered to barns.....	4.15
1 100-lb. bag of bran (wholesale) delivered to barns.....	4.20

COST OF FEED, BARN CARE, AND SHOEING OF HORSES

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse both corn and beans,
And this is far beyond my means. . . .

For 27 horses for 1 year (a rise in 4 years of over 300% in costs).....	\$9,481.70
For 27 horses for 1 month.....	790.14
For 27 horses for 1 week.....	197.53

OR

For 1 horse for 1 year.....	351.17
For 1 horse for 1 month.....	29.26
For 1 horse for 1 week.....	7.32

OPERATING COSTS MOTOR TRANSPORT

TO KEEP
A JEEP
WE NEED
ITS FEED

GAS-AN'-OIL FOR—

5 Jeeps	}	For 1 year.....	\$2,666.13*
1 Station-Wagon-Ambulance		For 1 month.....	222.17*
1 Pick-up Truck		For 1 week.....	55.54*
1 Car			

* Not including the insurance coverage.

PLEASE HELP. WE CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET.

URGENT NEEDS

SEWAGE SYSTEM AT MIDWIVES QUARTERS, HYDEN HOSPITAL

"The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril."
—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*

New Drainage Field and Pipes to stop "trapping," grease trap, et
cetera. Work couldn't be delayed. Is in progress now.

Estimated costs, including labor and material.....\$300.00

NURSES' SUMMER UNIFORMS

"This is the cow with the crumpled horn
THAT CHASED THE NURSE ALL TATTERED AND TORN."
—*The House That Jack Built*

It is nearly as bad as that. Since 1942 we have not been able to get
our uniform color cloth. We have patched until the skin shows
through, and substituted with ragtags and bobtails. NOW, we
can get our own uniforms again, to be delivered in June, paid
for in July.

One uniform (jacket and riding breeches).....\$19.75

Four dozen uniforms.....\$948.00

HOSPITAL ELECTRIC WIRING REPAIRS

Most urgent—condition dangerous

Testing all circuits, putting in new switch boxes, replacing some of
the wire, outlets and light switches; wiring barn with conduit
pipe:

Estimate for material, electrician and labor.....\$500.00

MISCELLANEOUS REPAIRS TO ALL F. N. S. PROPERTIES

Indispensable

With a heighly gaily gamberaly
Higgledy piggedly niggledy niggledy
Gallop a dreary dun.
—*Old Nursery Rhyme*

Rough lumber (bought).....\$ 432.00

Assorted hardware from stove pipes to nails and
bushings (est.)..... 300.00

Brought-on plumbers (est.)..... 1,000.00

Local labor, rebuilding walls and drains, felling trees,
riving boards, moving stone, sawing and ham-
mering (est.)..... 400.00

Cement (est.)..... 50.00

Small gifts to apply on all of these things will be thankfully received.

PLEASE HELP. WE CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET.

THE KENTUCKY DIETETIC ASSOCIATION

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Kentucky Dietetic Association convened in the Home Economics Building of the University of Kentucky on Friday and Saturday, March 21 and 22, 1947.

The character of the program was uniformly high and the details of the management excellent. Luncheon was served in the building on Friday, dinner was provided in the Gold Room of the Hotel Lafayette Friday evening, and after the public sessions, luncheon at the Phoenix Hotel made a pleasant ending on Saturday.

The group was honored by the attendance of the President-elect of the American Dietetic Association, Dr. Helen Hunscher, Western Reserve University, whose discussion of the reaches of the national organization oriented the Kentucky group with the wider field of work.

Notable papers were read by Miss Janet Cameron, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, on "Making Nutrition Practical"; by Mr. Clark Kizzia, General Foods Corporation, on "When We Work with Other People"; by Miss Mildred Kaucher, Children's Fund of Michigan, on "Infant Feeding"; and by Dr. Joseph Warkany, Children's Hospital, Cincinnati, on "Congenital Malformations Induced by Maternal Nutritional Deficiencies." Each of these papers was scholarly and they were in general firsthand reports of experimental work of impressive quality and laborious, long-time extent. Other papers of more local interest were presented, and a most useful report, given on Friday morning, related to a survey of conditions with reference to sanitation and nutrition in Kentucky Hospitals, as revealed by a state-wide sampling in the fall of 1945.

To one like the present reporter from another field of experimentation, the entire session was provocative of thought and highly stimulating. The professional attitude evidenced, the respect for scientific methods and for the results of their use, the friendly, hospitable atmosphere of the arrangements, the comfort of the University quarters, all made a happy impression.

In addition to the formal program, exhibits of interest to dietitians were on view in various parts of the building. They appeared to be well patronized by those in attendance, the display rooms being crowded when the convention was in recess.

To Miss Emily Bennett, Central Dairy Council, Louisville, President of the Association, praise and thanks are due for the admirable planning of the meeting through her able committees. Seldom does one sense so little creaking of the wheels of management. Each session proceeded with dignity, but without pressure or delay. One recalls a sense of hard work, long-range objectives, competent leadership, and genial fellowship.

—Reported by Ella Woodyard, Ph.D.,
Research Director, Frontier Nursing Service

I sneezed a sneeze into the air.
It fell to earth, I know just where
By the frozen look of my lady, fair.

—*Georgia's Health*, February, 1947

In Memoriam

MISS MATTIE NORTON, Louisville, Kentucky

Died November 21, 1946

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace.

—Proverbs 3, 17

Few friends of the Frontier Nursing Service lived as close to its heart as this beloved trustee. She became a member of our Executive Committee in May, 1932. She was elected a vice-chairman in May, 1935, and held this office until her death.

With Miss Mattie, to hold an office meant to carry the burdens attached to it. The minutes of our Executive Committee are filled with suggestions she made, resolutions she sponsored, decisions she influenced. Along with her liberal annual support of the Frontier Nursing Service she gave her time in and out of season, she gave the keenness of her intellect, she gave her loyal heart.

Year after year when I went to Louisville for meetings of the Executive Committee, I stayed at Gardencourt, Miss Mattie's home. At first Miss Lucie presided over the beauty of this place with her sister. When Miss Lucie died, and Miss Mattie's life was quite broken in two, one had the feeling constantly of Miss Lucie's presence at Gardencourt. I used to talk to Miss Mattie of it. I called the place "a haunt of ancient peace." What Gardencourt meant to me in the turmoil of my burdened life perhaps only Miss Mattie and Miss Lucie could fully comprehend.

Now Miss Mattie has gone to a country where "soul by soul and silently the shining bounds increase," a country whose ways, like hers, are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace.

MISS MARY BEARD, R.N., Westport, Connecticut

Died December 5, 1946

"Don't you love your life? Mine is very
peaceful and quiet and dear."

—Written before her last illness

Since her retirement as head of the Red Cross Nursing

Service Mary Beard had lived with members of her family in a quiet Connecticut village, but she was a citizen of the world. I knew her first when she was head of the Instructive District Nursing Association of Boston. I met her off and on over the years in France, in London, in Washington, in New York. Her interest in nursing education had taken her to China, Japan, the Philippines, Siam, Burma, India, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey and Greece while she was with the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation as Associate Director. She gave the last years of her active life, through the American Red Cross, to the duty of recruiting the nurses needed for the Armed Forces during the war.

Mary Beard was on the National Nursing Council of the Frontier Nursing Service, where her presence was no idle gesture. I often consulted her and never failed to get her help in problems connected with our nursing field. She was also my warm personal friend, and as such I mourn her.

In the same letter where she wrote me that her life was "very peaceful and quiet and dear" she said a few words that I now say to her,

"My love to you, Mary, and God bless you."

MR. R. C. BALLARD THRUSTON, Louisville, Kentucky

Died December 30, 1946

Our material bodies are troublesome: troublesome to put on; troublesome to shake off; troublesome to deal with in many ways. They are not really ourselves: they are an instrument to be used for a time—a short time.

Matter does not last for ever; it is only we who last for ever. The psychic, the spiritual, the mental, all that goes on, advancing, progressing . . . We have got to get rid of the body, but do not make too much fuss about that; that is only scrapping the machinery that is worn out.

—Sir Oliver Lodge, 1927, in an address to London Clergy.

Published in the *Church of England Newspaper*

As I went over the names of the dear friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who have died in the last few months, I noted that, with one or two exceptions, they were all in their seventies or eighties. Mr. Ballard Thruston was eighty-eight, the oldest of all of them.

Despite his age his death was a shock to us because, less than ten days before, we received a charming letter from him with his Christmas and New Years wishes and his generous annual check.

This is not the place in which to tell of his leadership in historical research, but only to tell what he meant to the Frontier Nursing Service. In one of his last letters he wrote me that he remembered very well the trip he took on horseback from Hazard to Hyden for the dedication of our Hospital. In the same letter he spoke of the mountain children, and he wrote,

"Somehow or other I have a sort of feeling for them and their welfare that few others possess. It has been a pleasure to me to help you in the good work which you have done and are doing in our mountain section."

Mr. Ballard Thruston kept the entire file of the Quarterly Bulletins of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Filson Club at Louisville. He considered them an historical record.

We shall miss him and his letters. He truly was, to use a phrase more often abused than not, a gentleman of the old school. His manner had the distinction of his mind.

MR. CHARLES N. MANNING, Lexington, Kentucky

Died January 12, 1947

He had "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." He might have expected many more years of happiness and usefulness.

At such a time it seems to our finite minds both wasteful and cruel to remove him from "this bourne of time and place." "His withdrawal from their companionship must be a grief to those who hold him dear, against which no philosophy can for the moment avail them. The measure and the permanence of this sorrow must, indeed, be somewhat proportionate to the measure of his right living."

Christianity, however, is a failure if we cannot draw from it consolation for such a sorrow. I take it that the death of one dearly loved is the truest test of Christian faith. As we stand by the open grave the eternal Why will not be silenced. Do we really believe that "Death is swallowed up in victory?" . . .

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why;

He thinks he was not made to die;

And thou hast made him: thou art just."

The statements of Socrates: "There is great reason to hope that death is a good," and "No evil can happen to a good man, either in life or in death," are for calmer moments; the true Christian gets his assurances from the Bible and particularly from the promises of Jesus: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

And so there comes the consciousness that love is stronger than death; our departed loved ones are closer to us than they were in life; and the peace that passeth all understanding heals our bruised hearts.

So may it be with you and with all who loved your brother.

“He parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him.”

—Parts of a letter written by Charles N. Manning to Mary Breckinridge on Sunday, March 8, 1942, after the death of her brother, General J. C. Breckinridge.

Mr. Manning revealed himself so fully in this personal letter, seen until now by only a few members of my family and close friends, that I have decided to let parts of it be printed. More than anything I can write about him, this letter tells the manner of man he was, and why his friends loved him so much. His compassionate heart, his familiarity with great thinkers of all times, his faith as a Christian, his friendship and kindness, there is something of all of that in this letter. Those of us who knew him well were conscious of his many sidedness. We cherish every remembrance of it.

What Mr. Manning meant to the Frontier Nursing Service is known by all who have loved and supported the Service over its difficult years. He was one of the original incorporators. He was the only treasurer we ever had until his death.

He came in to see us more than once in the days when travel was on horseback and hard. He wrote many letters to our old subscribers and friends in his own uniquely charming style. He gave hours and hours of his valuable financial time to the fiscal affairs of the Frontier Nursing Service.

In going back over the memories of him I find one that stands out with the clearness of an etching. I was on a Bradford frame with a broken back, and broken hopes for the months of work ahead of me, months so carefully planned. Mr. Manning came and stood at my bedside to show me a letter he had written. He was sending it out to ask a special effort on the part of our friends for money to carry on the work of the Frontier Nursing Service while I was laid by. He and Mrs. Thruston Ballard, our chairman then, and Mrs. A. J. A. Alexander, widow of our first chairman, had headed the subscribers' list, each with a gift of five thousand dollars. Mr. Manning told me that he and other

friends would carry my burden for me until I could pick it up again.

Now this old friend of ours has moved on from this world to the reality of the next world, where the wife of fifty years' companionship awaited him.

"He parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him."

MRS. WILLIAM L. HARKNESS, New York, New York

Died January 14, 1947

She is a portion of the loveliness
Which once she made more lovely.

—*Adonais*, Shelley

This dear trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service was not only lovely in her life, her mind and heart, but she created loveliness in her surroundings and in her friends. It was characteristic of her that she enjoyed nothing she did not share. She never seemed so happy as when she had friends with her, to whom she could communicate some of the joy she radiated in abounding measure. It would have been impossible to have known her well and not loved her. To the Frontier Nursing Service Mrs. Harkness was a generous trustee, supporting a nurse and her horse for the care of lonely outpost children and mothers she would never meet. She loved children, not just her own grandchildren but all children whose lives were barren in opportunity. Her grandchildren called her "Gay." This helps explain how much she herself had kept the limpid and candid heart of a little child. Unspoiled by fortune, loyal in friendship, sweet natured, kind, she was all of that and more, because she helped create these qualities in those around her. The next world is a brighter place now she has entered it.

MR. ROGER K. ROGAN, Cincinnati, Ohio

Died January 28, 1947

And thus he bore without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman.

—*In Memoriam*, Tennyson

In the death of Roger K. Rogan we have lost not only a trustee but one of the vice-chairmen of the Frontier Nursing Service. We have lost also one of the closest and dearest of all

our friends. His loving interest in the Service extended over a long period of years. He twice visited the work in the Kentucky mountains. He attended a great many meetings of the trustees and of the Executive Committee. He contributed to the support of the Service not only in money but in time, and for years acted as chairman of its Cincinnati Committee. Above all, he threw into the work of the Service much of his warm, friendly, intelligent character. To those who knew and loved him in his daily life, his wife, his children, his troops of friends, to these he was a tower of strength and a fount of unfailing courtesy. He only knew one way to do things, the right way. He had only one manner for high and low, the gentle manner of the gentleman. This world is a better place because he lived in it, and the next world a more welcome place because he has gone there to await our coming.

MR. ALBERT N. HOSKINS, Stinnett, Kentucky

Died January 9, 1947

MR. WASH MOSLEY, Asher, Kentucky

Died March 20, 1947

MR. GEORGE A. SIZEMORE, Hyden, Kentucky

Died April 9, 1947

MR. ANCE ROBERTS, Essie, Kentucky

Died April 10, 1947

O Strength and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever does Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation,
From hour to hour through all its changes guide.

Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending,
With dawning glories of th' eternal day.

—Offertory, Thiman

The passing of the months has marked the deaths of as many friends in the territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service as of friends from beyond the mountains. The ranks of our older committee members and neighbors are sadly depleted now. MR. ALBERT N. HOSKINS was not only the chairman of our Beech Fork Committee, but one of the most active, one of

the kindest, and ablest of our supporters. MR. WASH MOSLEY lived only a short distance from our Beech Fork Nursing Center. He and his late wife were on the Committee for this Center from its inception. Until he became old and feeble he never missed a Committee Meeting. After he was confined to his fire-side I never missed stopping off to sit and talk with him for an hour. We would relive together the days of the long past. MR. GEORGE A. SIZEMORE, a member of our Hyden Committee, gave his service to us in the years of his active life, when he was one of the most useful citizens in our part of the world. MR. ANCE ROBERTS lived in a territory that even now is only reachable on horseback. His house was not only open to our nurses day or night, but he set aside a room in it for one of our out-lying clinics. This enabled the mothers and their babies to see the nurses weekly without long hours of horseback travel. He took a personal interest in everyone of the nurses stationed near him, and kept up a correspondence with those who had gone back to Great Britain during the war. His wife had died only a few days before his own death.

We shall hold all of these friends in continual remembrance. They are forever part and parcel of the work, the hard work, of our early years. They have entered now upon another life which will be the better because they share it.

DR. WILLIAM BARNETT OWEN, Louisville, Kentucky

Died February 23, 1947

DR. HENRY H. M. LYLE, New York, New York

Died March 11, 1947

Life everywhere, perfect, and always life,
Is sole redemption from this haunting death.

Then love shall wake and be its own high life
For the high good of the eternal dear . . .

—*The Diary of an Old Soul*

George MacDonald, 1824-1905

These two distinguished surgeons probably never met. They had in common the high quality of work they gave to their profession, and the fact that both of them loved and served the Frontier Nursing Service. Both had honored us by becoming members of our National Medical Council. DR. BARNETT

OWEN'S death will be felt by the crippled children of Kentucky, to the care and cure of whom he gave endless hours of his distinguished life. "Yet crippled children, including the yet unborn, will face the future less hopelessly," thanks to the labors of Dr. Owen.

DR. HENRY LYLE was not only one of the great surgeons of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, but one of my close personal friends. His family and mine had islands not far apart in the Muskoka Lakes in Canada for many years. I knew him as a neighbor and friend. I knew him when I took my training as a nurse at St. Luke's. His character, like his work, was beyond all praise.

When men like these two physicians die, there is a gap in the world. There is a welcome on the other side as wide as all Heaven.

MR. HENRY FORD, Dearborn, Michigan

Died April 7, 1947

His name is History's now and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

—Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790-1867

When a great man dies the press is filled with columns about his achievements, but little is said about the kind of man he was. When we write our memorials to lay on the graves of those who have been kind to us we are not concerned with what they did in the outside world. We are only concerned with them as people and as friends of ours.

Mr. Ford was a member of our Detroit Committee from the time that it was formed, and he was the husband of one of our trustees. I knew him in his home and in the homes of his friends, where he was always so courteous, deferential and kind. I knew something of the happiness of his family life, and of what he meant to his companion in marriage over the long years. I cannot but believe that the deepest affections of human beings are deepened after death. We become not less but more than we were, and our dear ones matter more and not less to us. Although one's heart goes out to Mrs. Ford in her great sorrow, one knows that she is not bearing it without the help of her husband.

Mr. Ford made the lives of countless people happier in this world by producing for them something they needed at a price they could afford to pay. Up until his death he still worked for humanity in the field of research, through his technical school, his hospital, in a wide variety of ways. We know that his keen mind, his character of absolute integrity will be put to good use on the other side.

JUDGE L. D. LEWIS, Hyden, Kentucky

Died April 18, 1947

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. ii

This trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, this chairman of one of its oldest committees, that at Hyden, had one of the most vigorous intellects I have ever known. During the eight years he served as Circuit Judge his decisions were so clear, so correct, that they were rarely ever set aside if taken to the Court of Appeals. It is the happy fortune of America still to make and to keep great men in the little towns. Judge Lewis was not only an able attorney, he was one also of incorruptibility. Our local paper, *The Thousandsticks*, has this to say of him:

He was not interested in the big side or the little side of any question; the thing that was important to him was to find the right side. When he was convinced of what was right, the strength of his mind, the force of his personality and the power of his convictions were all set to work fighting.

Another phase of Judge Lewis' mind was its immense erudition in Kentucky history. He knew it, he knew the names and lives of pioneers connected with it, in a way that was unequaled by anyone else that I ever met.

In looking back upon the years in which I knew "Judge Lew," as we affectionately called him, the thing that I remember best is his unfailing kindness to me and to the Frontier Nursing Service. There was quite literally nothing he wouldn't do to serve his friends. His family life with his loving wife, his children and grandchildren, was a happy one, marked on his side by solicitude for all of them always. When I heard that he was dying I went at once to his home and had the privilege of closing his eyes, when the spirit left his body. Almost at once I saw

that change come over his old face, that change that I have seen at other death beds of good people, when the lines of suffering pass away and the expression becomes one of serenity and peace. With Judge Lew, the impression left was of a man who had marked his earthly frame with more than eighty years of heroic living.

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Edward Arpee (Katherine Trowbridge),
Lake Forest, Illinois—February 20, 1947**

I can't believe it was fifteen years ago that I had the privilege of being a volunteer in the F. N. S. (I hesitate to say "courier" in the light of the qualifications necessary nowadays.) Believe it or not, during the last four weeks I have suddenly been asked to speak twice on the F. N. S.! I tried in both cases to get Barbara McClurg or Celia Coit to do it, but they were unable to get here. Mrs. David Dangler spoke too, telling of her contact with the beginning of the work. She and I enjoyed reminiscing about the first time Mrs. Breckinridge came to Lake Forest in 1927 (according to my "Line-a-Day").

The first occasion when we spoke was quite informal, before the women of the Lake Forest College faculty. It is the "Campus Circle" group which has packed a box every year since 1927, I believe. To prepare for it, I dug up my old notes and read Bulletin after Bulletin. I felt so out of touch, but gradually the trail to Wendover from the Head of Hurricane grew more and more vivid to me; the road to Hyden; going on rounds with you way to Beverly (where with Sybil Johnson we attended prayer meeting); and riding on Charming Billy with Dougall on Dixie; to say nothing of the fun at meals in the bay window—not the dogtrot—and sitting around the fire and playing bridge with Mrs. Breckinridge who was still in bed recovering from her accident; Ed's visit one misty day—remember he tried to fix the radio in the Old Garden House?

The second occasion was at Ferry Hall where we spoke to the student body of one hundred and sixty-five. They were a darling group of girls and after getting started, I really enjoyed what I thought would be an ordeal. They became very interested and some of the girls may be prospective couriers. Of course, they are too young at the moment.

From Kirby Coleman, Winnetka, Illinois—February 24, 1947

By this time you have no doubt almost forgotten the courier who breezed in and out a month before Christmas. I am sorry my stay was so short, but despite its shortness, it was one of the richest months I have ever spent. It's an experience I wish everyone could have. Besides the pleasure of it, the work didn't seem like work, and it takes one so completely out of oneself. I am certainly looking forward to coming back next fall for a longer stay.

From Celia Coit, Winnetka, Illinois—February 25, 1947

I have had a change of plans since I found out at the last minute that the course for Medical Records Librarians had been cancelled, due to overcrowding. So, for awhile I was pretty disturbed but maybe all is for the best because I heard of an opening at St. Joseph's Hospital for training under Dr. Wm. Anapach, a prominent roentgenologist, to learn X-ray photography technique. So, I am in my fourth week now and like it more all the time.

The Hospital provides me with a teeny, tiny room, in a house across from the Hospital, and with meals. Since the hours are eight to five (that is, theoretically, but actually we stay much later), I am fortunate to get a room in town as commuting from Winnetka would be terrific. Until I am eligible to be on call for occasional nights and week-ends, I get only one one-half day off in the week; but it's surprising how fast time goes. The one thing that bothers me is that I have forgotten all the physics I ever learned and there is no organized schedule of instruction for apprentices (they only take one at a time); so all I learn is from observation, asking questions, and two very technical books. However, I can run the therapy machine—a real beauty; think I could take a chest; and I have done lots of the developing in the dark room. I should be qualified in a year's time to take the State Board examinations and thus be a certified technician.

**From Mrs. Howard Paul Serrell (Migi Noble), Greenwich,
Connecticut—February 25, 1947**

I have not corresponded with the F. N. S. in many years.

I have talked about it enough though locally and it seems to be one of the few things I ever did in my life of which I am extremely proud; and which presents most pleasant memories.

We have three children now, the last one a boy born in October. It keeps me hoeing a very narrow row.

—March 20, 1947

It was such fun to have news of the F. N. S. This mechanical age is really creeping down into the "hills". The horses did a super job in my day and I'd hate like everything to think of grooming a jeep instead! Oh well! progress first.

I have kept up my riding and for the past five years have been master of the hounds here. It is no chore to go out with the hounds twice a week and I seem to have acquired lots of horses in various ways. I have a very busy M. D. as a husband. He was overseas two years and the dear Lord must have taken special care of him. He did some wonderful things—things I find out now long after and not from him at all!

.
**From Mrs. Herman Houston Tuck (Linda Hardon), Tucson,
Arizona—March 25, 1947**

While I wait for my little man (*see babies*) to wake up and announce very decidedly that he hasn't had anything to eat for at least a week, I'll scribble a few lines.

I guess you remember that I always wanted to live out west and marry a cowboy. Well, I did both. Right now we're living in Tucson, but some day we hope to get a place away out and have a few cattle and horses. We have now one milk cow and calf, two horses, with my mare expecting momentarily. Just hope she has a stud colt.

.
From Jolly Cunningham, Hartford, Connecticut

—April 15, 1947

Just wrote withdrawing my name from the courier list this summer, so I won't be down to see you as I'd planned and hoped for so long. I'm going out to tame the wild "Injuns" in Arizona if they don't scalp me first! Will be at the Good Shepherd Mission in Fort Defiance doing recreation work and possibly physiotherapy at the hospital nearby. We have to be prepared to live

with forty orphan children, do housekeeping, camp out near isolated Indian homes, teach vacation school, et cetera. It sounds like a busy place, but full of interesting work and experiences.

**From Mrs. Samuel A. Galpin (Virginia Morse), New Haven,
Connecticut—April 15, 1947**

I am writing from the hospital because my third child was born only yesterday. We now have three sons—Samuel, Henry Morse, and now George Mixter. They are three little towheads. In addition to the three boys, we have also a Norwegian elk-hound puppy, now seven and one-half months old, named Geoffrie. He and the children are inseparable companions. He's a beautiful dog and exceptionally intelligent. From so much you will appreciate that I have become a thoroughly domesticated person, typical housewife and mother.

However, thanks to the really superb and unusual English woman who works for us (cooks, cleans, does the washing and often functions as nurse) I do get out occasionally to work a bit in the community—chiefly as a board member of the N. H. Visiting Nurse Association and of the N. H. Mental Hygiene Society, Inc.

My husband, as you probably know, is a lawyer here and seems to be pretty well established now in an independent practice. I am very proud of him. His most recent contribution to our house is a big mural over the stairs depicting the trial of the Knave of Hearts (who stole the tarts) from *Alice in Wonderland*. It is enchanting—the fifth mural he has done. He likes to do them because the children are his most appreciative critics. The other murals include the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, the Animals' Picnic from *The Wind in the Willows*, and the Walrus and the Carpenter. All are done in bright colors which the children love; and I love them because they add personality and flavor to our house.

**From Mrs. Alexander Rocke Robertson IV (Betty Thorne),
Clayton, Missouri—April 24, 1947**

We are lucky enough to have a new apartment in Clayton, which is just outside of St. Louis and only five minutes from the hospital where Rocke is in a residency in Ob. and Gyn. He

had one year before the war and now has one and a half to go, having started this in September. Robbie and I moved out here in January, it having taken Rocke three months to find a place to live. The people here are the friendliest I've ever run into.

**From Mrs. John Winslow Putnam (Susan Morse), Concord,
Massachusetts—April 28, 1947**

Mardi Bemis Perry and I went to hear Mrs. Breckinridge speak this winter when she was in Boston, and were impressed more than ever with her personality and her accomplishments. She is remarkable and so is your organization.

Our daughter, Eleanor (aged six), might become a courier someday. Her equestrian accomplishments are not extensive so far and she'll need much more practice before she can pass as a courier.

We have had real estate problems like everyone else and are being forced to move out of our present house in June. We'll live in and out of a suitcase all summer and in September we hope to establish ourselves in a rented house nearby for a year or so. Eventually we hope to build on a lovely spot of ground which we bought a year and a half ago. Prices are so awful now we are going to wait awhile.

From Lucy Conant, Cambridge, Massachusetts—

May 14, 1947

I was glad to get your letter and catch up on the F. N. S. news. I'm sure I shall be wistfully longing to be in the Kentucky mountains this summer instead of studying here at college. I will be through about the first of September and will have a month off before going to Yale School of Nursing. My thesis is on local Public Health Organization in Massachusetts, the same subject on which I wrote a long term paper for one of my courses this spring. I had a wonderful time doing it—it didn't seem like work at all. I spent a lot of time in the State House; and my search for information (there was very little written down in books) led me all the way from the State House to a cow barn where we discussed the subject while a man milked his cow! It's more fun to decide how the State and the towns should organize the local health services!

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Bubbles Cuddy (Mrs. E. T. Moore) and her husband have solved the housing problem by converting a barn into a house; and from Bubbles' letters we infer that they have had lots of fun doing it. The last we heard, they were hoping to move in this month.

Barbara Miller is spending most of the summer in Washington working for an architect, doing various things but mainly drafting. Bobbie is delighted with this job because she is majoring in mathematics at Vassar and it will give her practical experience in that field. It also prevents her coming back to Wendover this summer!

Betsy Parsons Warner's book of short stories, *An Afternoon*, has been read with much interest by one of our trustees, Mrs. Edward B. Danson of Glendale, Ohio, who wrote us,

"I want you to know that I found Elizabeth Parsons' 'An Afternoon' very interesting and unusual in that she leaves it to you to finish each tale."

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Alice D. Pitcher (Pitch) to Mr. Thomas Sikkle, both of Vermont. Pitch writes us that they plan to live in New York for several years and after that they hope to live in Vermont. Mr. Sikkle has bought a wonderful old farmhouse which they are going to work on during the summer. The wedding will probably be in August.

Miss Harriet Louise (Weezie) Taylor of Hartford, Connecticut, to Mr. George Watts of New York. This wedding will take place sometime in June. Weezie holds a very special place in the F. N. S. She was one of the first couriers to come in the winter, in the early days when life was really "rugged". She had the true pioneer spirit and is part and parcel of "the good old days"!

WEDDINGS

Miss Patricia Ferneding and Mr. Emmett J. Manion, Jr., both of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in April. Mr. Manion was a major in the army during the war and served in the European theatre.

The happy couple have promised to "drop in" at Wendover this summer and we assure them of a warm welcome.

Miss Mary Clark Gellatly of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Alexander Edward Walker, Junior, on Saturday, the seventeenth of May, 1947, in Pittsburgh.

For these young people we wish all the good things of life; and hope that their lives together will be richer and fuller with each passing year.

BABIES

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Howard Paul Serrell of Greenwich, Connecticut, a son, Jonathan David Serrell, on October 10, 1946, in Greenwich.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Houston Tuck (Linda Hardon) of Tucson, Arizona, a son, Lawrence Dorr Tuck, on February 18, 1947, in Tucson. Linda writes:

"Larry is perfect, but then I could be prejudiced. He's very good and we're trying not to spoil him; but once in awhile he demands some attention, so we have to let him cry it out."

Born to Captain and Mrs. H. Henry Weisengreen (Ruth Chase) of Mill Valley, California, a daughter, Ethel Weisengreen, on March 25, 1947. Weight seven pounds and fourteen ounces. Her mother asks,

"Can you use a good courier in about nineteen years? She seems husky enough and looks as if she should sit a horse nicely. Otherwise, she resembles a squirrel with too many nuts hidden in each cheek; and perplexed to know what to do about it!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Virgil Downs (Barbara Boyd) of Seligman, Arizona, a son, Michael Boyd Downs, on April 7, 1947. His grandfather wrote us:

"This is just a hurried line to tell you that Barbara has a son, Michael Boyd Downs, who was born April 7th. He arrived as a fine, husky, well-formed boy weighing seven pounds, ten ounces, and the last I heard both Barbara and the youngster were getting along in fine shape. As Barbara had set her mind so much on a boy, it is a very delightful experience for her, and we are all very happy with her and for her."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Galpin of New Haven, Connecticut, a son, George Mixter Galpin, on April 14, 1947. Ginny hoped he would arrive on April 11th to celebrate the third birthday of her eldest child, Samuel; but George would not accommodate!

NIGHT CALL TO JONES BRANCH

PART I—LEFT BEHIND

by

HELEN FEDDE ("Hem"), R.N.

Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Doris and Elda have gone "Baby Catching."

The tail-end of our telephone ring wafted its way into my dreams. I zipped to the 'phone in no time flat before I had even half waked up. (Getting there before Elda does has almost become a point of honor.)

"Midwives Quarters." (It's fun to be able to say that. It still sounds like something out of a book.)

"District call up Asher's Branch. Better get whoever is on call out in a hurry." That was Billy on night duty in the Hospital. Her tone sounded crisp and urgent.

Of course Elda was at my elbow by this time, her voice full of energy and her face full of sleep. It was her turn to go.

"When do I begin?" "Is it hot?" "Is it cold?" "What do I put on first?" "Have I time to take the pins out of my hair?—Guess not!" "Help me get this other sock on." "I can't get my tie clasp on." "Do I have a pencil?" "Where is my watch?" Sweater, jacket, gloves, and her flashlight and she was off. I pushed her out of the house and crawled into my nice warm bed. In two minutes she was back. She was really gathering momentum by this time. She whipped into and out of the house.

"Forgot the Saddle Room keys," floated after her.

I lay in bed, telling myself two or three times that I was glad I could sleep tonight. Then I got up, threw on a couple of miscellaneous things, grabbed my flashlight and headed for the barn. How could I sleep with all this excitement going on? It was twenty to two and the moon was hazy but almost full. It wasn't one of those crystal-clear nights. The stars were all there, but pale. It was quite mild.

Down in the barn Doris and Elda were hurriedly saddling

Camp with the help of Sadie's man, Marcus. Out in the court Marcus' friend was saddling Jeff. The men had come across the hills on foot to fetch the nurses for Sadie, who lived up Jones Branch off Asher's Branch.

This was the call we have all fervently prayed would come during the day. The trail was, without a doubt, the roughest and steepest of any we would encounter all winter. We had joked about it for weeks.

Graphic pictures had been drawn of the impending trip. You followed the Down River Road to Walter Begley's store and turned left up Asher's Branch. After following Asher's Branch for quite a piece you turned up Jones Branch. Here the trail takes you straight up the side of the mountain.

"When you reach the top you must remember to dismount and lead your horse because the trail goes straight down the other side." You do this in reverse coming home.

And now the call had come.

"Stand still, Camp!" "Easy Boy!" The urgent hurry in the voice of Doris, the swinging lights in the dark barn and the feisty horses added to the general feeling of excitement.

The saddlebags were thrown over Jeff's saddle. Doris lighted the miners' Carborundum light she had on her cap. Then she and Elda were off down the hill and into the night.

"Take care of my little dog. She's up with Billy in the Hospital," Doris called back after her.

The men started back over the hills on foot. I locked the saddle room and closed the barn. On my way up to the Hospital I heard the lower gate clang open and then clang shut. Little Stinky was under the nurse's desk. We said "Good Night" to Billy and left.

When we got back outside we could still hear the horses' hoofs way below the Hospital. Stinky heard them and, for a moment, I thought the girls would have a little dog at their delivery, but we just stood at the top of the hill and listened. Dogs in the valley would bark as they were disturbed by the passing clop, clop, clop of the horses' hoofs.

We felt left behind.

NIGHT CALL TO JONES BRANCH

PART II—BRAVE MOTHERS!

by

ELDA M. BARRY, R.N.

Student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

I was on first call at Midwives' Quarters but even so had settled down for a long winter's nap, when two long rings from the telephone seemed to weave their way into my dreams. "Hem" was there first and, sure enough, it was a call from the Hospital to go to Sadie up on Jones Branch. It took me awhile to "get going" but finally, with the help of "Hem," I was on my way to the barn. Ranger kept turning his heels as I tried to get into his stall and, as he's quite a kicker, Doris Reid, my supervisor, suggested that I take Camp instead. Soon, she on Jeff and I on Camp, we were on our way down past the doctor's house, through town and up the river road toward Asher's Branch, which leads into Jones Branch. It was about 1:30 A. M. How quiet and sleepy the town was, all except the dogs! They ran out to bark and to nip at our horses' heels, which of course made the horses more jumpy and spry than usual. The stars tried in vain to shine through the fog that hovered around us in the cold, crisp night.

"Follow me," said Doris, "and try to ride by my light so as to save your flashlight. You'll need it later." She rode on ahead with the miner's carbide light on her cap trying its best to penetrate the fog. Clop, clop! went the horses' hoofs as we raced with the stork down the river road. "Better make time while we can," called Doris over her shoulder, "I'm so afraid it will be a B.B.A." (Born before arrival of nurse.)

As we raced along the lonely road I tried to keep within sight of Doris' light. At an occasional house several dogs bounded out, barking furiously. Our horses kicked, shied away, and ran faster. All the time I didn't know whether I'd be able to stick on Camp's back or not. So, like the little boy whistling in the dark to keep up his courage, I kept thinking of us, "Brave nurses, brave nurses!"

"Keep your horse in the stream," said Doris, as we started

up Asher's Branch. It was rough and rocky and we were going up. "This is the beginning of Jones Branch," she announced as we turned and started up higher. "Stand up in your stirrups, hold on to Camp's mane, and lean forward."

How rough and steep the trail was! We had to stop often and rest our horses. At last we reached the top. What a relief! Then on a narrow path at the edge of a corn field we started down on the other side. I thought we must be at Sadie's place, but we weren't.

"Duck your head, that limb is very low," instructed Doris as we went down the narrow trail. When we reached a rail fence Doris said, "You tie Camp here and I'll take Jeff to the other side." And I thought, "Brave mothers, to live in such remote places, in homes so far away from help!"

Again we were greeted by dogs barking as we approached a log cabin with a faint light shining from the window. It was a huge relief to find we had won the race. Sadie was sitting near a warm fire, but she was "punishin' right bad" and we had to get things ready in a hurry.

Sadie's husband, Marcus, who had walked across the mountains to call us and then back again, arrived soon after we did. Amid protests and cries he took little Hallie and John out of their warm beds and hied them off to a neighbor's house.

About 5:30 that morning everybody was happy when a lovely fat boy began to cry, and nobody happier than I. What a wonderful Christmas gift for the children!

The neighbor woman, who was busy in the kitchen during that time, invited us out to have breakfast just at the break of day: fried chicken, biscuits, and coffee. So, warmed and sustained, we started back. We rode up the ridge to the top and began to walk down the real hill—what a hill! It was a good thing I couldn't see, on our way up in the dark, that rough, narrow, muddy trail with steep precipices on each side. Again I thought, "Brave nurses, but braver mothers!"

After traveling over that rough terrain I feel really initiated into the Frontier Nursing Service, and if my heart and soul were not in my work in India I would wish to be in the Service here.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.

—Duke of Wellington in a Despatch, 1815

If that could be said of a battle, how much more could it be said of a war today. As our thought ranges beyond the mountains and girdles the globe we are shocked by the hunger and disorder almost everywhere. Upon the victors, and especially ourselves in these United States, lies a burden that is melancholy indeed. It is also inescapable. If we pick it up and carry it gallantly then it lies in our power to save the world from chaos and despair. Our first steps in this direction are tentative and tottering, like the first steps of an infant, but we are taking those first steps.

.

To forget the world and all its ways for one long week-end, we hied ourselves to a wedding in the Episcopal Church at Chapel Hill, North Carolina on May 10th. The bridegroom was your editor's nephew, young Jim Breckinridge, a Lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps, lately back from China, and stationed at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina. The bride was young Julia (Judy) Harrison of Little Rock, Arkansas. It was a white wedding, with the young Marines in white uniforms and the bridesmaids in white chiffon. Although no member of either family lived in Chapel Hill, old friends there rallied around, and other friends came from places as far away as New York and Savannah. There were plenty of kith as well as kin, and a toast was drunk to the kith at one of the dinners. Look up the meaning of kith in your dictionary and save me the trouble of writing out the definition!

.

The Annual Meeting of Trustees, Members and Friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place while this Bulletin is in press—on Wednesday, May 28th, at the Lexington Country Club.

This Bulletin goes to press at the end of each quarter, but the presses in Lexington are small and it takes time to run the

copy through, and proofs have to be corrected. That is why it is always the beginning of the next quarter in which you receive your Bulletin.

We have received delightful reports of the John Mason Brown Benefit lecture in the Mayflower Hotel on April 16th under the auspices of the Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. The financial returns have not been received as we go to press.

The New York Committee had as a Spring Benefit, on April 24th, an exhibit of contemporary art with a lecture by Mr. Roland McKinney. A bundle of rummage for sale at the Bargain Box or a two-dollar ticket was the price of admission. Of this Benefit too we are getting enthusiastic reports.

A WALTON COUNTY SERVICE

Nurse-midwife delivery service is being offered mothers in Monroe and Walton County who are unable to afford a physician in attendance at the birth of their babies. The deliveries will be made in the Walton County Hospital by nurse-midwives employed by the County Health Department, under supervision of the State Health Department. The service will be without charge to the mothers, except for hospitalization and ambulance fee.

Doctors of Monroe and Walton County have approved the nurse-midwife delivery service for patients who would otherwise have an untrained midwife in attendance. The County Medical Society devoted an entire session to formulating and approving the detailed plans which are under the supervision of the Commissioner of Health.

Mothers who take advantage of the nurse-midwife delivery facilities will receive better care than has heretofore been possible—their babies will be born in a hospital with all the advantages this service provides. The hospital has approved

plans whereby the nurse-midwife service can be supplied for the same money that would ordinarily have to be paid the untrained "granny-woman."

The nurse-midwives who will attend the hospital deliveries are graduate nurses licensed by the State to practice their profession. They have had specialized training in obstetrical skill for the normal delivery. Walton County physicians have offered their services, should emergencies occur that the nurse-midwives are unable to handle. The nurse-midwives received their training in the midwifery school and their experience with the famed FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE IN KENTUCKY. The excellence of this school has national recognition.

Nurse-midwife patients will be required to attend the Health Department's prenatal clinic and only those examined at the clinic can be served. This requirement is for the protection of the mother and child.

— *Georgia's Health*
February, 1947

FIELD NOTES

Spring this year in the Kentucky Mountains was exactly three weeks late. How do we know? In my day book of special dates I put down every year the date of the first rose at Wendover. In 1925 the first rose opened its bud on April 22nd; in 1946 the date was April 21st; this year the first rose came on May 12th.

Brother Lawrence has fallen. All of you who have ever been at Wendover will remember the gigantic beech that stood by the Big House on the side next the cabin. In the big wind-storm this spring the forks split. The one nearest the cabin came down with a terrific crash in the night. It broke up the stone walk. It broke through the septic tank yards below. It crashed through and killed the three dogwoods whose bloom is on the cover of this very Bulletin. The danger from the remaining fork, spread way out over the roof of the Big House, was so great that we had to have the whole tree removed at once. If anyone wants to know why this stately old beech was named Brother Lawrence, let him read the story of the conversion of the real Brother Lawrence in medieval times.

The many friends of Dorothy F. Buck, my assistant director, have showered her with letters since they read of her illness and operation in the Winter Bulletin. She went on duty April 23rd, but she is not allowed to work the endless hours she was working before her illness. We are still helping her in the field. In fact, everyone is eager to help her in every way. She is looking well.

We have had some lovely gifts of supplies and service lately. When the Stop-Over Station was closed in Lexington, after its magnificent war job had been carried long beyond V-J Day, we received from Mrs. Desha Breckinridge sixty-three sheets for our Hospital at Hyden, all in usable condition. She was one of the many ladies who had donated sheets to the Station.

Mr. Nicholas, superintendent of the Ritter Lumber Company at Hyden, has just had our red truck, Strongmore, re-

floored and painted for us as a gift to the Frontier Nursing Service. He put a good substantial new bed in the truck and did a beautiful job of painting.

Mrs. Walter Hoskins, wife of our trustee of many years in Hyden, has been doing a lot of sewing for our babies. She made this winter fifty pairs of bootees, fifty dresses, twelve gertrudes and seven baby blankets, bless her.

Mr. Robert Johnson, London Hatchery, at London, Laurel County, presented us at Wendover with one hundred sturdy, baby chicks. This was a most welcome gift.

We are particularly grateful for another shipment of old-age glasses from Mrs. Arthur Terry, Far Hills, New Jersey. Our nurse at Flat Creek, Beatrice Miller, wrote:

"About two weeks ago I took what glasses I have on hand to Aunt Fadie on Little Creek. I felt extremely happy when she said, after picking out a pair, 'Now I can see around in the yard.'

"Those glasses will mean that she can see spring come."

The six students who completed their course in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on April 14th all passed their examinations successfully. Miss Ruth Alexander, veteran, remained with the Frontier Nursing Service, as did Reva Rubin and Helen Fedde (Hem). The fourth student, Wilma Rose, also a veteran, went elsewhere. The remaining two, Elda Berry and Rita Preddice, are missionary nurses and are leaving almost immediately for the Far East.

The six new students who entered the April 15th class are as follows: Odette Prunet, our French Fellowship nurse; Marjorie Wood and Helene Newman, missionary nurses, the one for Africa and the other on furlough from Siam, with us through the Board of Foreign Missions of the Northern Presbyterian Church; Theda Fetterman (Teddy), a veteran and former clinic nurse at our Hospital at Hyden; Virginia Frederick, also with the Frontier Nursing Service; Virginia Lamb, sent us by the State Board of Health of Mississippi where she returns upon graduation.

In the late winter and early spring we were in desperate need of couriers. As soon as they found this out, Margaret McDowell (Bobbie) and Edith Rankin (Missy) came up to us

from Lexington and carried on magnificently. Bobbie is a nurse's aide with Army and Red Cross experience in this country and overseas. She helped the busy Beech Fork nurses on their busy districts. She can also do stenography and she helped us in the office at Wendover. Missy went for part of her stay at Bowlingtown to go out on the district with Inty.

Jean Sawyer of Glendale, Ohio, came to us again as courier part of the time and as nurse in the Hospital over the clinic period.

We had three dear Lexington nurses over this period, also as volunteers, Eileen and Mary Kearney, and our own Timmy (Sally Ann Tyler). We also had our incomparable "Sister Hope."

Among the seasoned couriers, Jean Hollins was here as chief, and has just lately gone home to Long Island on a visit. Fredericka Holdship (Freddy) of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, after helping as nurse's aide on the Confluence districts, came back and worked as a courier with headquarters at Wendover. As we go to press we have Helen Stone (Pebble) back again in charge of the courier and transport field.

We have two excellent juniors in Louise Divine of Rochester, New York, and Margaret Watkins (Margie) of Detroit.

The Hospital is rejoicing in the presence of Margaret Gay (Pog) of Wellesley, Massachusetts. She is a nurse's aide who has had special experience in the handling of sick children, and she is a joy.

We have with us for experience in our field, a young graduate nurse, Edna Owens, sent under the auspices of the Mississippi State Board of Health. She is doing fine work.

We have with us two first-class Cadet nurses, Thelma Blackburn, who is stationed at our Confluence District, and Lila Hull, who has been stationed first at the Bowlingtown District and now at Brutus. They have come here, to learn district nursing, from the Jewish Hospital School of Nursing in Cincinnati. We are glad they are so good, because they are the last Cadets we will have as we have discontinued the Cadet program.

Miss Florence Moore of New Mexico has just come to our Wendover group, where Mrs. Lenore Rhine has been for several weeks.

Dr. Rowland W. Leiby, who came to us from the University of Rochester, New York, in February, will be leaving us the middle of June. Up until this time of writing, we have not located a physician to succeed him. Dr. Leiby has done most able and conscientious work with us.

We are glad to report that he has also had two extremely nice trips. Mrs. Morris B. Belknap invited him to spend a long week-end with her in Louisville over the Derby, and Dr. Francis Massie invited him to spend a long week-end with him in Lexington. If ever a man earned a good time on these trips, Dr. Leiby has earned it because of the high quality of his faithful work with us.

A few of us have done some speaking in the mountains, and not far beyond, during the past weeks. Dr. Leiby and Betty Lester spoke to the Perry County Medical Association in Hazard on Monday night, March 10th. Dr. Leiby talked about his war experiences in the Pacific, and Betty talked about the F. N. S.

Betty Lester and Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) had an enchanting time at Dayton, Ohio, where Betty was asked to address the Sigma Beta Sorority at the Biltmore Hotel on Sunday, March 16th, on the Frontier Nursing Service. There was a wonderful group of women, presidents of the various chapters from all over the country, at this meeting and they were most kind to Betty and Thumper. Following the speaking they asked most intelligent questions about the Frontier Nursing Service.

Your editor had the joy of making the address at the Junior and Senior Banquet at the Leslie County High School on Thursday evening, April 3rd. She has kept, and cherishes, the program and menu of the banquet, with the signatures of the boys who sat nearest her. She loved every bit of the evening.

Some of the guests who came to see us this spring were kin to members of our staff. Cecilia's mother, Mrs. Lucas, came with a friend, Miss Bond; The Reverend and Mrs. Arthur M. Wood brought Marjorie to enter the Graduate School; Mr. and Mrs. James K. Watkins brought Margaret down to start her term as a courier; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rhine and their little girl, Darry,

came to see Mrs. Rhine; Miss Mary Cutler, superintendent of the Jewish Hospital, with Miss Wainscott and Miss Hilda Blackburn, came down soon after Thelma Blackburn and Lila Hull had reached us. Unfortunately Lila was stationed at too inaccessible a point for them to get to see her. We all enjoyed the visits of all of these people immensely.

Our old friend, Mrs. Vashti Duvall, was with us again for a visit this spring. Fanny McIlvain came down for a few days from Philadelphia, and brought with her her twelve-year-old niece, Bonnie, an expert horsewoman.

We had a visit of one night from Mr. Ross Sloniker, our trustee from Cincinnati, and Mrs. Sloniker. Two most delightful ladies from Buffalo, old friends connected with old friends of mine, came to see us in April. They were Mrs. John G. Rodgers and Miss Caroline Adams.

It was enchanting to get a visit again from Mrs. Mary D. Drummond of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority. She came in to see us often in the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service, but we had not had a visit from her in years. She is an immense favorite here in the F. N. S. Another charming A. O. Pi Sorority woman, its third vice-president, Mrs. Philip Wolf, came at the same time. This was her first visit, but we hope with all our hearts that it is only the first of many.

We have been rarely fortunate in having with us for a period of something over two weeks, Dr. Yeh Shih Chin of Shanghai, China. Dr. Yeh is fearfully keen on the training of nurses as midwives in China. She wanted so much to see some of the district work that the couriers taught her to ride. With a courier as escort, she was able to follow the Wendover nurse-midwife, Margaret McCracken, to a delivery on Hurricane Creek. She also observed several deliveries in the Graduate School at the Hospital, and on the districts. In this way she got practical illustrations of the teaching given the graduate nurse students. She has been tremendously plucky in speeding up her riding in order to get to district cases on horseback trails.

Dr. Yeh has written us a letter, as she is leaving, that humbles us, but that we appreciate so much as to print it here.

May 18, 1947

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service:

Isn't it a wonderful opportunity for me to spend two weeks with you? According to Chinese saying, "One seeing is better than a hundred hearing." Now I am here enjoying the privilege in observing your generous and unbending courage for your noble enterprise which makes this fairy land the beauty of the world.

Aside from the tumult of the world, on remote Kentucky mountains amidst gigantic trees and charming rivers, the nurse-midwives are both angels and saviors to the mountaineers. They endure fatigue and hardship in taking care of the sick and wounded; and help the mothers to have their children well born. The service is given freely, gladly, and with profound devotion. This record of daring achievement will brighten the medical field not only in the United States but all throughout the world.

For people with cosmic view, mankind includes all men, women and children whether they are white, yellow or black; and wherever they may be found on this globe they are members of one family. Therefore, "We are not divided, all one body we." We are going to partake of your great career in China, and work toward the same purpose for the betterment of the human race and for peace of the world.

Many thanks for your inspiration and hospitality, I remain

Yours very sincerely,

Signed: YEH SHIH CHIN, M.D.

A PRAYER FOUND IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord;
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman

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

Vice-Chairmen

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.

Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.
Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Treasurer

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

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.
Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Thruston B. Morton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio
Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York

AUDITORS

Hifner and Fortune, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. Walter R. Agard, Madison, Wis.
Dr. A. J. Alexander, Spring Station, Ky.
Mrs. Charles Allen, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Walter S. Ball, Providence, R. I.
Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.
Madame Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Henry S. Booth, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England
Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York
Mr. George P. Brett, New York
Mrs. William E. Brigham, Providence, R. I.
Major-General Preston Brown, Vineyard Haven, Mass.
Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.
Judge Francis G. Caffey, New York
Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Chicago
Mrs. George Chase Christian, Minneapolis
Mr. George H. Clapp, Sewickley, Pa.
Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Ky.
Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass.
Miss Judith Colston, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Albert H. Cordes, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, Chicago
Mr. Malcolm Donald, Boston, Mass.
Miss Naomi Donnelly, Chicago
Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York
Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York
Mr. Rex Farmer, Hyden, Ky.
Mr. W. E. Faulkner, Hazard, Ky.
Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.
Mrs. Henry Ford, Dearborn, Mich.
Mrs. Edgard C. Franco-Ferreira, Philadelphia
Mrs. Charles S. Frost, Lake Forest, Ill.
Miss Margaret Gage, New York
Mr. A. R. Glancy, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.
Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago
Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.
Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Samuel H. Halley, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio
Judge Roy Helm, Hazard, Ky.
Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb, U.S.M.C.
Mr. C. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.
Dr. William J. Hutchins, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Henry James, New York
Mrs. Edward Jastram, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Paul M. Justice, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Clarence L. Kerr, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
Mrs. Polk Laffoon, Covington, Ky.
Mrs. Clarence LeBus Jr., Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Eugene W. Lewis, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
Mrs. Francis C. McMath, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. J. Wm. McMillan, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. Frank L. McVey, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Cleveland Marcum, Big Creek, Ky.
Mrs. Milward W. Martin, New York
Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
Mrs. Roger D. Mellick, Far Hills, N. J.
Miss Anne Morgan, New York
Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. George W. Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Cairo, Egypt
Mrs. Guido Perera, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Henry Harvey Pike, Jr., New York
Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
Mr. Gustavus D. Pope, Detroit, Mich.
Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. John W. Price, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Mr. Chris Queen, Peabody, Ky.
Miss Louisa Rawle, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Ray Roberts, Hyden, Ky.
Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere, New York
Mrs. Frederic M. Sackett, Louisville, Ky.
Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite, New York
Mrs. John Sherwin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Norman M. Smith, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Thomas D. Thacker, New York
Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Chicago
Mrs. Warren Thorpe, New York

BOARD OF TRUSTEES (Continued)

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mrs. Owen J. Toland, Philadelphia, Pa. | Mrs. Edwin D. White, St. Paul, Minn. |
| Miss A. E. Trumbull, Hartford, Conn. | Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Milton, Mass. |
| Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago | Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky. |
| The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England | Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington, Ky. |
| Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New Canaan, Conn. | Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, New Haven, Conn. |
| Mrs. Henry Matson Waite, Washington, D. C. | Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C. |
| Mrs. Frederic Watson, Dorsetshire, England | Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Irvin Abell, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich. |
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Chicago | Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago |
| Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, Rochester, Minn. | Dr. W. Jason Mixer, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. P. E. Blackerby, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich. |
| Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Thomas Parran, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Charles B. Crawford, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Washington, D. C. | Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City |
| Dr. L. E. Daniels, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio |
| Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, Boston, Mass. | Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Sterling Ruffin, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. Haven Emerson, New York | Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago | Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. A. W. Freeman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. Gavin Fulton, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Louis S. Greene, Washington, D. C. | Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C. | Dr. F. W. Urton, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Frederick C. Irving, Boston, Mass. | Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Charles E. Kiely, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., Baltimore, Md. | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa. | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Iloilo, Philippines |
| Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York |
| Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn. | Dr. Carnes Weeks, New York |
| Dr. Clifford B. Lull, Philadelphia, Pa. | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. W. T. McConnell, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y. |
| Dr. J. R. McCord, Atlanta, Ga. | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y. |

Inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Charles Kavanaugh, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Miss Lyda Anderson, De Kalb, Ill. | Miss Winifred Rand, Frankestown, N. H. |
| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Katharine Read, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Ida F. Butler, Hartford, Conn. | Miss Ruth Riley, Fayetteville, Ark. |
| Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago | Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York | Miss Emilie Y. Robson, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, Washington, D. C. | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York | Major Julia C. Stimson, New York |
| Miss Margaret L. East, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Effie J. Taylor, New Haven, Conn. |
| Col. Julia O. Flikke, Washington, D. C. | Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I. | Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass. | Miss Marguerite A. Wales, Battle Creek, Mich. |
| Miss Annie W. Goodrich, New Haven, Conn. | Mrs. Abbie R. Weaver, Atlanta, Ga. |
| Miss Lillian Hudson, New York | Miss Mary E. Westfall, Chicago |
| Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va. |
| Miss Sally Johnson, Boston, Mass. | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md. |
| Miss Honor Murphy, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Louise Zazriskie, New York |

FIELD WORKERS

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

Director

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

Secretary to Director
Miss Lucille Knechtly

Assistant Director and Dean

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S.C.M., M.A.

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Research Director
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.

Bookkeeper
Miss Lucile Hodges

Statistician
Miss Mary K. MacMillan, B.A.

Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and
Postal Clerk
Miss Amy Poston

Resident Wendover Nurse
Miss Bertha Bloomer, R.N., C.M.

Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Miss Louise Fink, B.A.

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director

Rowland W. Leiby, M.D.

Hospital Superintendent
and

Second Assistant Director
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Superintendent of Midwifery
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

Alternate Resident Couriers

Miss Fredericka Holdship
Miss Jean Hollins
Miss Fanny McIlvain
Miss Helen Stone

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Louisa Chapman, B.A., R.N., C.M.; Miss Ruth Alexander, B.A., R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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

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

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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

Miss Beatrice Miller, R.N., C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

Mrs. Catherine Cirves, B.A., R.N., C.M.; Mrs. Jane Sanders, 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.

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



A MEETING OF THE OLD AND THE NEW

The mare, Heather, is ridden by Bertha Bloomer. Standing by the jeep is Betty Lester. The scene is at the Mouth of Muncy's Creek where it flows into the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, about one and one-half miles from Wendover.

Photograph by J. H. Welsh,
Associate Photographers,
Louisville, Kentucky

