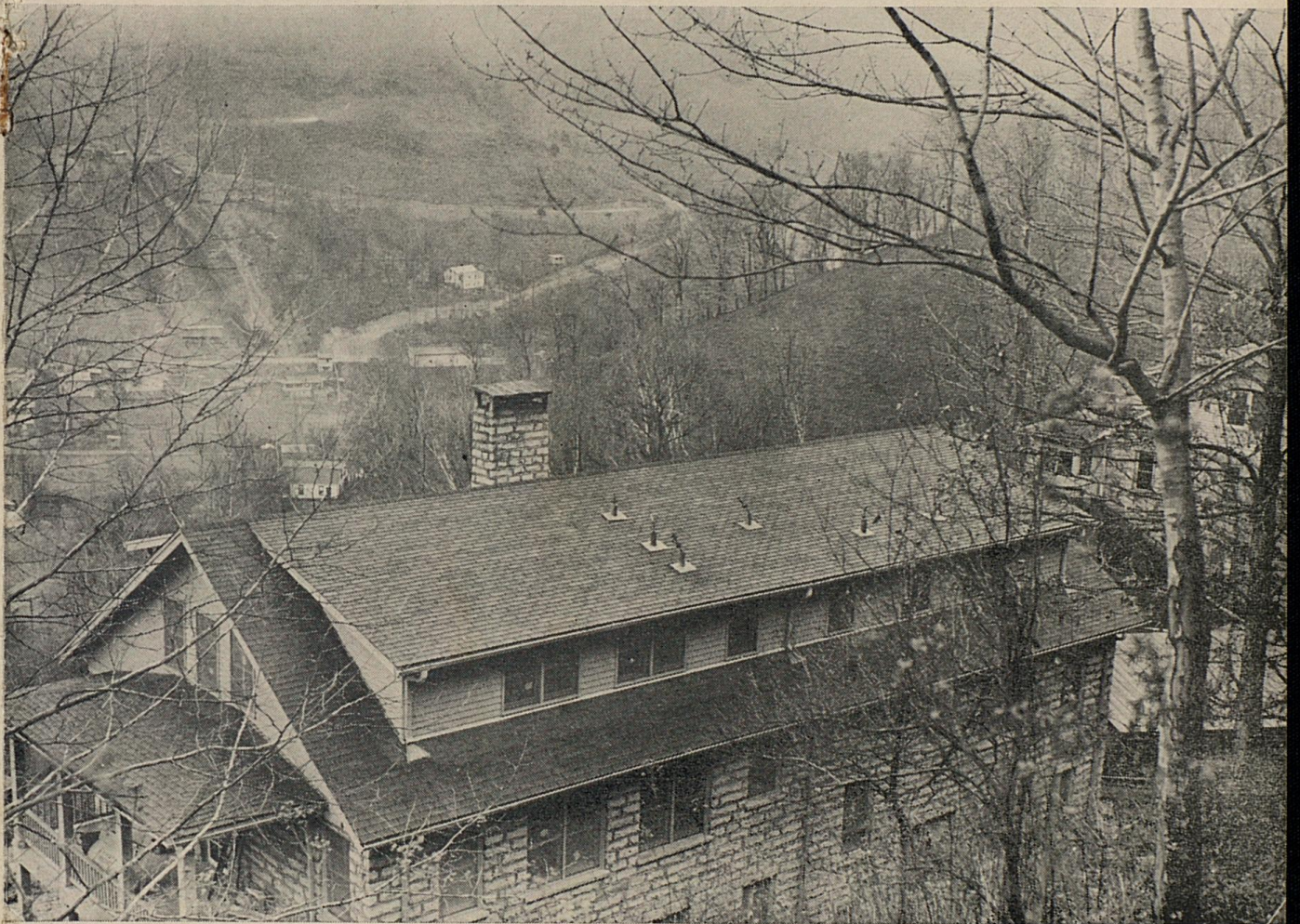


The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 25

SPRING, 1950

NUMBER 4



Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses  
Taken from the back  
A corner of Hyden Hospital at right

Photograph by Carroll Luhr



MAIL TIME AT WENDOVER  
Courier, Polly Thayer of Philadelphia

This photograph, and the one of the Hyden Hospital buildings  
on inside back cover, were taken by Nancy Dammann

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
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AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;

And even when you find them,

It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,

And look for the virtue behind them;

For the cloudiest night has a tint of light

Somewhere in its shadows hiding;

It is better by far to look for a star,

Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself

To suit your whims to the letter;

Some things go wrong your whole life long,

And the sooner you know it the better.

—Contributed, source unknown

## WE ARE OUR OWN CONTRACTORS

by

AGNES LEWIS, B.A.

Executive Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service

### THE A. B. C. OF IT

The hospital staff have been in The Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses for over a month now; but we still can't believe that this lovely, comfortable and long-wished-for building is real and not just the dream house we have talked about for over twenty years.

When I first came to the Frontier Nursing Service—twenty years ago this coming August—Mrs. Breckinridge told me that the nurses were temporarily living in part of one wing of the Hospital but in time we would have a house for them. I thought, "How nice." If at that time she had told me that I would so much as have to look at blueprints or order a nail I would have said firmly, "I can't," and I am afraid I might even have said, "I won't." But that was twenty years ago. It didn't take me many months to realize a pattern was laid in the F.N.S., that all things had a place in this pattern, and all people—the staff, our patients, the local citizens, friends beyond the mountains, even our guests—each had his small or great bit to do in the whole scheme of things. This fact I faced along with the grim truth that I was a round peg in a square hole—my hope was that it would not always be so!

The first time Mrs. Breckinridge handed me a pencil drawing of a house we were to build—the old Garden House here at Wendover—and began explaining to me what should be done in her absence—all so simple to her—I turned white, cold perspiration broke out on my forehead (mercifully she did not notice it) and I was speechless. She assumed that I was intelligent and that I was "taking in" her instructions. In so far as I was concerned, she spoke a language totally unfamiliar to me. Fortunately, Rosalie Edmondson, who was here at the time, did have a working knowledge of construction, building materials, et cetera; and what was more important, she had a yen for building a house. I quickly suggested that Rosalie take over

this project—fascinating to her but appalling to me. She did. I was free!

Soon I was to learn that my saying that I did not have a mechanical mind or a visual mind or a mathematical mind saved me not a bit from rubbing the circumference of my round peg against the corners of my square hole. It just didn't work that way in the F.N.S. One did what needed doing, did it willingly, and if possible, cheerfully. If one put her best into it, fate would stand by and somehow the result would not be too bad. Maintenance and construction did come under my department and, if I stayed here, I had to live with two-by-fours, number sixteen common nails, sleepers, joists, sills, and the like.

The first few years we kept to repairs mostly. Then one day in 1939 Mrs. Breckinridge began lining up the building of a new barn—Aunt Hattie's Barn—at Hyden. On that I learned the first letters of the alphabet in building. In rapid succession, as we built Joy House and Midwives Quarters, I learned a few more letters. The war stopped all construction, until the Garden House fire. There was no alternative. War or no war we had to rebuild early in 1942. The new office building had to be much larger than the old Garden House, and again I felt most inadequate. But, we were already running on a depleted nursing and secretarial staff and I couldn't desert my post. I was comforted by the thought that this would probably be our last building until we started the nurses' quarters; and when that was built it would be so large that we would have to have a contractor. Ignorance is indeed bliss!

Somehow, with the help of priorities (because we are a charity) and the help of many kind people, the new Garden House was completed. Mrs. Breckinridge had kept her reason and her sense of humor; and at last I felt I was familiar with the A. B. C.'s in the language of carpenters, stonemasons, plumbers, electricians and the like. I relaxed, and felt grateful for Mrs. Breckinridge's tolerance and patience with my limited abilities.

#### "THEY'RE OFF"

Then, last winter a year ago, the wonderful news that work was to start on the Haggin Quarters for Nurses at once, sent my spirits to the heights one minute, and to the depths of de-

spondency the next. I now knew that no contractor would take on a building contract at Hyden, with all of the building hazards that make it a gamble, unless he took it at a price that would be prohibitive for us. Mrs. Breckinridge had learned this years ago. I also knew better than ever before that one never learns enough about building a house. One keeps an eagle eye out for the things one knows from sad experience may happen; but one cannot anticipate things which never have happened before!

As we began to line things up for Haggin Quarters, we had a brain wave. Mr. Chris G. Queen, chief engineer at the Ford Motor Company headquarters on Red Bird River, and a trustee, had designed the retaining wall behind the new Garden House and supervised the construction of it. Mrs. Breckinridge asked him to make a survey of the site for our new building to determine how much dirt and rock had to be excavated, whether or not there was solid rock on which to build foundations, and all that sort of data. To our immense relief, he not only agreed to do this but offered to serve as our consulting engineer for the entire building. A heavy load rolled off our shoulders. We were also grateful to the Combs Lumber Company at Lexington for again letting their architect, Mr. Clarence Smith, draw up plans for blueprints, and make as many trips to Hyden as were necessary for conferences. Furthermore, Mr. Oscar Bowling and his crew of carpenters had given up work elsewhere to be ready to start on our new building as soon as the final plans were ready.

Mrs. Breckinridge had built the hospital nearly twenty-five years ago under circumstances which, to anyone else would have been insurmountable. For her, all of our buildings since then had been child's play in comparison. She knew every pitfall of building in the mountains. Mr. Queen was an engineer, long experienced in the kind of problems with which we would have to grapple. Mr. Smith was a veteran in designing our buildings. Mr. Bowling was a master builder, and so recognized here in the mountains and by construction authorities in Lexington and Louisville. With these four in command, a well-constructed building was assured. Being in on their conferences and having a very minor part in Haggin Quarters was going to be fun.

## WORK AND WOE

The excavation was the first step. Mr. Queen knew a reliable man with a dump truck, a high loader—in my language it would be a tractor with a small shovel attached—and an air compressor. This light equipment was just what we needed as there was not much space for heavy equipment to operate on the Hospital hill. What was incredible to us was the fact that Mr. Johnson's charges were reasonable and he could do the work, starting any time we were ready for him. He and Mr. Queen looked the site over, estimated the yardage of dirt and rock to be removed. Mr. Johnson thought the excavation would take about three days—we allowed one week. We were off to a good start!

Then, those unexpected things began to happen. A dump truck went over the precipice. No one was hurt, but the truck had to be repaired. Another truck caught on fire. The "high loader" reared up too high in the air, toppled over, threw Mr. Johnson out, and broke his arm. All of this happened in a period of twenty-four hours. The rains set in—wet weather springs bubbled out of the hillside and up from the ground. It was a wet, muddy, slippery mess. Everything was slowed down. In this dark horizon we looked for a silver lining and found one. We now knew where the wet weather springs were and could more intelligently lay drain tile to control them. The excavation was completed on May 11, 1949. It had taken three weeks, instead of three days! We began to doubt our completing the building in six months. Our woes had just began.

Neighbors had kindly offered to give us the stone for Haggin Quarters. There was beautiful rock in the same quarry from which the stone for the Hospital had been given. What could be nicer than getting it there, not more than half a mile from the Hospital! The head stonemason went to look at it. It was a lovely idea but under his contract (payment on a yardage basis) he could not afford to haul the stone from that quarry. When the Hospital was built it had been quite a different matter. All of the stone was hauled then by strong mules and sleds. We were geared to that sort of thing. Now it was different. A truck couldn't get to the quarry without a road being cut, and that was too expensive for the stonemason.



Other friends offered stone but it was either not to the stonemason's liking or it was inaccessible. With stone every place around us it was ironical that we ended up by hauling it from an adjoining county—at the stonemason's expense, not ours. We thought of how often friends had said to us, "How nice to have stone right at your door for building!"

We could get cement cheaper in carload lots. We wrote the Portland Cement Company in Louisville and asked if we could buy direct from them and have freight cars loaded at their doors. They said that the cement would have to be shipped through their nearest dealer, but here was a check to help out. We wrote the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company to know if they would give us a 50% rebate in freight on carload lots of cement, as they had done on the cement for the Hospital when it was built. The president himself wrote back to say that they had had to discontinue this service to charities, but here was a check to make it up to us. All of that was a huge help.

By the end of May we were ready to lay the foundations. A concrete footing had to be poured. Mr. E. K. Harris of the Ritter Lumber Company gave us the thousand feet of lumber we needed for the forms. Mr. W. E. Davis of the Old King Mining Company gave us all of the old mine rails we needed as reinforcing steel. These gifts were godsend. We began to see real progress.

The first load of building materials from the Combs Lumber Company was brought from Lexington by Walter Begley on June first. We had no qualms about the carpentry work. Mr. Bowling and his men are real craftsmen. We knew they would do their work well and rapidly; and with deep satisfaction.

By the middle of August the stonemasons had the walls of the building completed almost to the top of the second story. The carpenters were right behind them with the inside partition walls. We began to push specifications and contracts for wiring the house, the painting, plumbing, heating, et cetera. Everything was clicking. After all, we would be in the new house by Christmas. Again we revelled in this comfortable optimism. And then — — —

## CRISIS AND CRASH

August eleventh, our bubble burst. Over the week-end the stonemason who had our contract was mixed up in a shooting affray. At tea Sunday afternoon someone casually remarked that two men had been killed but no one knew who was involved. On Monday morning a skeleton crew of stonemasons were working—their guns by their sides. The carpenters, all unarmed, worked furiously and tensely. The faster they worked the more they “studied.” Would the relatives of the victims try “to get” the brothers of the head stonemason who had already been taken to an adjoining county for safe keeping? If they did, the heavily wooded mountain above the building would make a perfect ambush. How would they be able to sort out the stonemasons from the carpenters when they started shooting? Four o’clock—quitting time—brought great relief. A good night’s sleep brought a firm decision: something had to be settled before they resumed work. Before our breakfast on Tuesday morning, Mr. Bowling and his son, Elmer, were outside my office. We had a crisis and Mrs. Breckinridge was not here. In any case, this was a matter for men and not women. I called Mr. Queen. He and Mr. Bowling decided to stop all work for a day or two until they could see the stonemason and his brothers and work out our next move. There were many conferences. The stonemason said that he had never failed to meet a contract and he didn’t “aim to fail us.” He asked his brothers to complete the stone work on his contract; and by the end of the week the crisis was over and work was resumed.

Soon the roof was on. The plumbing and heating and wiring were being roughed-in. The building assumed the appearance of a beehive. Everybody was in everybody’s way, or so it seemed to me. The carpenters were putting up the inside walls. At last the blueprints began to make sense. There were almost hourly adjustments to make and everyone took them in his stride with a sense of humor and a courtesy that I shall never forget. Once more we were making progress. We would be in soon after Christmas!

December thirteenth (and not a Friday either!) brought us down to earth again with a bang. Heavy rains for days had left the hillsides soaked, with springs pouring from every direc-

tion. A huge boulder on the mountain above our new building was loosed from its bed and down it came in the middle of the night, with mud and muck, right against the back wall of our building. This was the end! That was my first reaction when, before seven o'clock in the morning, the telephone woke me and Mr. Bowling told me the bad news. After a cup of strong coffee, things didn't look quite so grim. The men in rubber boots, with shovels and picks, removed the débris in wheelbarrows to a corner of the building. The Conley Morgan Coal Company let one of their drivers park a dump truck as close to the building as possible, and the rock and mud were emptied into it. Each time the truck was loaded, the driver left his post at the Conley Morgan mine and came to carry off and dump the contents of the truck, parked it again, and went back to the mine. This was done as a courtesy and at no charge whatever to the Frontier Nursing Service. The cost of the truck and driver on full pay while we loaded the truck by hand would have been prohibitive for us.

#### "SEPTIC" AND SANITARY

Before plans were drawn up for the building, Mrs. Breckinridge personally talked with the State Sanitary Engineer in regard to the sewage system and he gave her the specifications for it. She saw to it that those specifications were met at every point. This was not easy. A specified number of feet of drain tile had to be laid; and the only conceivable place to lay it was under the paddock in front of the barn. By moving the hitching rails from one side of the paddock to the other, the horses would not stand over the network of tile; and by moving a calf shed to one side, there was room for the septic tank. But, there was a wet weather spring right where it had to be placed; as fast as the men shoveled out dirt, the water came in. They put on rubber boots and worked out a system: with the garden hose one man siphoned out water, another dipped, and a third shoveled. A fourth worked at diverting the spring so that it could be caught in tile and turned into a culvert. What do people in a city have to worry about when the city takes care of their sewage problems? We cannot help but wonder!

The main construction of the building was now nearly fin-

ished. As the electricians, two able men from the Allen-Harper Electrical Engineering Corporation in Lexington, moved out, the painters moved in. Plumbers from our old friends—the Harlan Plumbing and Heating Company—were setting fixtures. The tubs were uncrated and our hearts sank. The factory could not furnish “closed end” tubs for another six to eight weeks and they had substituted “open end” tubs. These were designed for efficiency apartments where one end of the tub was set flush with one wall and the other end flush against the opposite wall. We could set one unfinished end against the wall where the pipes were connected; but what could we do with the other unfinished end? Our bathrooms were long and narrow because they had to be that way! The ends of those bathtubs assumed gigantic proportions. We could send the tubs back and wait for the factory to make and ship the right ones. But would they be delivered in eight weeks or even in ten weeks? The delay would hold up all of the work and postpone our getting into the building. We could have the unfinished ends closed with pieces of plywood, paint them white and forget it! Our feminine souls yearned to wait for the tubs with the properly finished ends; our common sense told us to accept the “open end” tubs and forget them. Few outsiders would notice the ends! This we finally did.

#### FURNITURE FITS

With the building nearly ready, it was time to order the furnishings. These were to be simple. The bedrooms, like all in the F.N.S., would each have a metal bed—comfortable mattress and springs but no head boards (they are cheaper and all that matters is that the bed be comfortable)—an unpainted chest of drawers with a mirror above it; a combination desk-table; a straight chair; a comfortable boudoir chair; pin-up lamps; gooseneck lamp for the desk; a bedside rug; and dotted Swiss curtains. Friends were furnishing these rooms, some as memorials, and a small plaque was to be mounted above the door showing in whose name each was furnished. We selected bedroom items from one of the mail order houses which, because we are a charity, gives us a discount. The list was submitted to the nurses for final approval. My idea of a comfortable boudoir

chair was at the opposite pole from their idea. But the chairs they wanted cost exactly the same price; so we ordered their platform rockers!

We almost reached our Waterloo when it came to furnishing the lounge. This was to be a memorial to our Bucket. She really cared about the comfort of the nurses in their off-duty hours—she thought nothing of her own comfort during any hours. Her old friends were furnishing this lounge and we wanted it to be bright and cheerful, comfortable, attractive and informal. It was to be a room to be lived in every day. In the center of this great room, set between double windows looking far off over the mountains, is a huge stone fireplace with a hand-hewn buckeye mantel. The walls were pale green, the woodwork walnut. One side of the room was filled with bookcases finished like the woodwork. Mr. Bowling made a large library table out of a black walnut tree cut down in our pasture when the Power Company cleared the right of way for their lines while electrifying Wendover. This was a "must" in Bucket's room. Because of the heavy outside-to-inside traffic in to our buildings, in all kinds of weather, we uniformly throughout the Service use in the living rooms Olson rugs in Early American patterns. These show traffic marks much less than the solid color rugs; and it is a marvelous way to use up our old rugs and all woolen scraps that we can save. We had to send the material for our new rug for the lounge to the factory early in the fall to insure that the rug would be on hand when we were ready for it. At that time there were only three Early American patterns listed as available. We had to make our selection. We chose a reddish brown background with an indefinite pattern. With the walls, the woodwork, the table and the rug as fixed factors, we settled down to complete the décor of this room. We could almost hear Bucket chuckle over our dilemma! We settled the question of the heavier furniture—we would have one large sofa, two small ones, and two large chairs. All were to come covered in domestic and we would have two sets of washable slip covers made for them. The maddening thing was the selection of draperies and slip covers for that many items of furniture in one room: to harmonize with one another, the walls and the rug! It wasn't as though we could go down

town and browse through drapery departments, find something we thought would be suitable, take it to the lounge and see what the effect was, go back and find something else and, finally, arrive at what was wanted.

By this time we knew we could not order for this room by mail. Mac and I went down to Lexington and, with Mrs. Waring Wilson's help, selected the furniture, the lamps, and odds and ends of things that we had not found in the catalogues. Then we put our minds completely on the remaining two items—draperies and slip covers. The longer we looked and the more weary we became, the more impossible our problem seemed. Finally we collected a set of samples for the slip covers and for the draperies and came home. The next afternoon a few of us took the samples to the lounge and tried to visualize our room. The effect of the sample of material for the draperies was, to put it mildly, startling! So startling, in fact, that everyone began to have very definite and constructive ideas of what the room needed and that meant real progress. Furthermore, Mrs. Waring Wilson in Lexington had insisted that she would be glad to shop around and find other samples for us if the ones we brought home would not do. We accepted her generous offer. She found the perfect material for the draperies—a gold background with a very small floral design in warm colors which blended well with everything in the room.

The dining room table, moved over from the old staff dining room in the Hospital, was of solid black walnut, made by Mr. Bowling some years ago. We had our hearts set on his making two solid walnut sideboards to match the table: one large one for dishes and silverware; one smaller one to be used for linens and as a serving table. They had to be made to fit certain wall spaces. We had no more walnut. We could find none in Hazard. Lexington might have it but by the time the walnut was shipped to Hazard, and we had it hauled to Hyden, it would be very expensive. Once more we called on Mr. Harris of the Ritter Lumber Company in Hyden. He would know where to get black walnut lumber and how much we would have to pay for a grade of lumber that would do for furniture. He took my breath away by saying that they had the logs, he would have them sawed, take them to their dry kiln at Daisy, Kentucky;

and when they were seasoned, pick them up and deliver them to us. The price? He didn't know just what it would be but he promised that it would not break us up and it would be cheaper to us than to anyone else. What more could we ask? We knew he would see to it that it was good walnut, and we placed the order.

Mr. Bowling now began to figure out how to make the sideboards and what he would need. He asked if we wanted "flush" doors or "over-lap" doors. Apparently it made a difference in the kind of hinges to order. From Mr. Bowling's point of view, this was a basic point to settle. Another thing that had to be settled before he went to Hazard to have the Home Lumber Company plane our lumber and cut it to measurements was the exact dimensions of the sideboards. The catalogues we had at the Garden House had many kinds but were no help with the measurements. Then I had a happy thought. Dr. Woodyard would be able to draw to scale the type of sideboards we wanted and Mr. Bowling could adjust his measurements to the drawings. How many times, late at night, Dr. Woodyard has helped me out on just such problems, only she and I know. This time it was late, but she was out of bed and at her desk in a flash. Almost as quickly as I can write it down, she had the designs on my desk. Jean Hollins and I were at Hyden by seven o'clock the next morning with the precious drawings. They were just what Mr. Bowling needed.

He much preferred to make the "over-lap" doors. Would that be all right? We thought it would. He told me what to call for in placing the order. How was I to know that "flush" hinges were easily obtainable and that "over-lap" hinges were not? We wrote various sources of supply and among them there was one firm which had the exact hinge we wanted—or so it was stated in black and white. We placed the order. In the meantime, the sideboards were finished except for putting on the doors when the hinges came. They were truly fine pieces of craftsmanship and we were delighted with them. Then came a letter—not the hinges. An error had been made. They did not have "over-lap" hinges. They could furnish "flush" hinges. The blow was crushing. We rallied. We had tried various firms

in Lexington, but Jean was going down again and we asked her to try once more. She found them, and we relaxed.

At the house-warming the end of April (see Field Notes) we proudly showed Mr. Harris the sideboards—he had sent us flawless lumber—and we casually asked that he send us the bill. With a broad grin and a twinkle in his eye he said, “We are giving the walnut to you—it is our bit.”

### WE BOW OUT

Now the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses is finished and furnished. The staff moved in before the house-warming. Our gratitude for this beautiful building is unbounded. The pangs of construction begin to recede with the joy of completion. The long months spent on excavation, the landslide, the septic tank and drainage system, the stone masonry, the carpentry, plumbing, heating, electricity, painting, roofing, gutters, and finally the furnishings given by individual friends—these long months have been gloriously worthwhile.

Our hearts are full of appreciation to all who helped in multifarious ways with its construction and with its furnishings. Their names are too many to mention here but their kindnesses we shall never forget.

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### OUR MAIL BAG

#### From Wisconsin

“If a stranger can get so much joy from the reading of the Bulletin, how very much it must mean to those who have been identified with the Service.”

#### From Saint Louis

“I have often thought I would like to write and thank you for the Bulletin—for bringing the knowledge of so much kindness, courage, and helpfulness. I wonder if you can possibly know what an inspiration your workers have been to so many of us who are privileged to receive it.”



## URGENT NEEDS

There are an awful lot of urgent needs this spring. Many of them are terribly urgent. Some of you have already made extra gifts to the Frontier Nursing Service to celebrate our Silver Anniversary year. Perhaps the rest of you will be so kind as to read over this long list and select something that you can give as a Silver Anniversary year special. Those who long to do the expensive things but cannot afford it will find all sorts of needed small items, as low as wire cutters at \$1.79.

Now here is a special thing we must get right away and for which we will gladly accept small as well as large gifts. Our six-year-old truck has had hard duty and is going to pieces after the manner of the famous One-Horse Shay. A new one, with such things added as chains, overload springs, 4-Speed Transmission, costs \$1,735.10. From this there are deductions as the following table will show:

New truck .....	\$1,735.10	
Less .....	330.10	(Allowance on old truck)
	\$1,405.00	
Less .....	500.00	(Donation from a courier to help out on a new one)
	Remaining Cost \$ 905.00	

We have a problem in connection with electricity at Outpost Centers. The Clara Ford Center at Red Bird was given electricity by the donor even before transmission lines came in. The Sibley family gave the electricity for the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center at Bowlingtown. A relative of the donor has just given us the money to install the electricity at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork. A legacy from a member of the Hughitt family gave all that is needed to install electricity at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus. This leaves only two Outpost Centers unsupplied, and transmission lines have reached them both. Fortunately we have money on hand for approximately half the costs of each. The donor of the Possum Bend Center at Confluence sent us a special gift at Christmas that will be used towards the electricity at that

Center. The Louisville Committee raised among its members some Silver Anniversary money which will be used towards electricity at the Caroline Atwood Butler Memorial Center at Flat Creek. For Possum Bend and Flat Creek, we will need five or six hundred dollars more each, to complete the electrification. We shall know the exact amount when all bids are in.

From the depth of grateful hearts we shall try to find words in which to express our thanks to each one of you who helps us out on any of our urgent needs.

#### HYDEN HOSPITAL

Pressure Dressing Sterilizer, Cylindrical Type.....	\$1,565.00
Bedside Chairs (Metal) for Wards, 12 at \$7.95 each.....	95.40
Bedside Tables, 8 at \$28.80 each.....	230.40
Duplex Bedside Table for Cardiac Cases, 1 at \$59.50.....	59.50
Covered Pitchers for Use in Delivery Room, 2 at \$5.75 each.....	11.50
Mechanically Operated Hospital Beds—U. S. Navy Surplus, 12 at \$19.95 each.....	239.40
Felt Mattresses (New), U. S. Navy Surplus for Above Beds, 12 at \$10.00 each.....	120.00
Uterine Biopsy Forcep.....	11.25
Eye Forcep with Mouse Tooth (for Plastic Work).....	4.50
Centrifuge for Sedimentation Rates.....	70.50
Ether and Suction Pump.....	162.00
Electric Fan for Delivery Room.....	9.50
Bedside Curtains for Wards, 2 dozen at \$36.00 per dozen.....	72.00
Bathrobes for Patients:	
1 Dozen Corduroy at \$54.00.....	54.00
1 Dozen Seersucker at \$47.00.....	47.00
Operator's Stool for Delivery Room.....	11.95
Muslin Sheets for Wards, 6 dozen at \$25.72 per dozen.....	154.32
Pillow Cases for Wards, 9 dozen at \$5.58 per dozen.....	50.22
Bedspreads, White, Crinkled, 3 dozen at \$2.65 each.....	95.40
Mattress Covers, 2 dozen at \$24.00 per dozen.....	48.00
Steel Files for District Nurses' Records:	
3 — 2 Drawer Sections for 6 x 9 Cards at \$15.50 each.....	46.50
2 — 2 Drawer Sections for 5 x 8 Cards at \$12.50 each.....	25.00
Can Opener, Heavy Duty to Open 1-Gallon Cans.....	7.79
Carving Knives, 2 at \$1.89 each.....	3.78
Large Coffee Pot for Serving.....	2.29
Fruit Juicer—Hand Operated.....	4.98
Large Baking Casserole.....	3.20
Rubber Door Mats, 2 at \$1.39 each.....	2.78
Pig Pen, House and Runway—Materials and Labor.....	304.11

#### MIDWIVES QUARTERS AT HOSPITAL

Sheets—1 Dozen.....	\$ 25.72
Pillow Cases—1 Dozen.....	5.58
Dishes—Service for Twelve.....	29.95
Bedspreads—6 at \$5.82.....	34.92
Plated Silverware (Knives, Forks, Spoons) to Supplement Pattern in use.....	24.95
Paint for Kitchen and Bathroom—3 gallons at \$5.25 (Nurses will do the painting).....	15.75

**JOY HOUSE**

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

**WENDOVER**

<b>Renovating Old Buildings</b> —including New Board Roofs:	
Horse Hospital Barn.....	\$ 230.65
Old Mule Barn.....	323.68
Chicken House (Sing-Sing).....	178.38
<b>New Pull-gate</b> (Rough Lumber), and Labor.....	17.10
<b>Lower Cistern Repaired:</b> Crack caulked and cemented; walls reinforced—Materials and Labor.....	59.08
<b>Cupboards</b> , for office supplies—Big House—Materials and Labor.....	76.87
<b>Curtain Material</b> for Living Room—9 yards at 75c.....	6.75
<b>Sheets</b> —3 Dozen at \$25.72 per dozen.....	77.16
<b>Pillow Cases</b> —3 Dozen at \$5.58.....	16.74
<b>Bedspreads</b> —6 at \$5.82.....	34.92
<b>Milk Containers</b> with Lids for Refrigerator.....	5.40
<b>Basket Grates</b> for Staff Room, one Bedroom, Cabin Guest Room, and Post Office—4 at \$7.25.....	29.00
<b>Plane</b> .....	5.00
<b>Replacing worn-out Eave Troughs</b> —Big House.....	23.55

**BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER****Jessie Preston Draper Memorial**

<b>Curtain Material</b> for Living Room and Kitchen (5 windows).....	\$ 12.57
<b>Slip Covers</b> for Chairs—3 at \$11.98 each.....	35.94
<b>Sheets</b> —6 at \$25.72 per dozen.....	12.86
<b>Pillow Cases</b> —6.....	2.79
<b>Kitchen Range Repaired</b> —New parts and Labor.....	27.17
<b>Washboiler</b> (copper).....	5.00
<b>Door Mats</b> (rubber)—2 at \$1.39.....	2.78
<b>Linoleum</b> (Battleship) for Clinic and Bathroom—Installed—Estimate.....	75.00
<b>Re-roofing Old Part of Center</b> —Materials and Labor—Estimate.....	250.00
<b>Sewage System Repairs:</b> New Top to Septic Tank and Broken Tile Replaced.....	36.72
<b>Aluminum Top For Jeep</b> to Replace Worn-out Canvas Top, installed.....	124.25
<b>Steel Files</b> for 6 x 9 Cards—4-Sections (2-drawers each) at \$15.50.....	62.00
<b>Hand Saw</b> .....	6.25

**BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER****Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial**

<b>Re-roofing Center</b> —Materials and Labor—Estimate.....	\$ 500.00
<b>Painting Outside of Center</b> —on contract.....	311.00
<b>Pasture Fence</b> (20 years old) Replaced in Part: Locust Posts, New Wire and Labor.....	253.25
<b>Calf Pen and Chicken House</b> —Estimate.....	75.00
<b>New Screen Wire on Front Porch</b> —Estimate.....	50.00
<b>Cross-Cut Saw</b> .....	7.19
<b>Wire Cutters</b> .....	1.79
<b>Pruning Shears</b> , long handled.....	3.29
<b>Wheelbarrow</b> —metal.....	11.30
<b>Material for Curtains</b> —14 yards at \$0.49.....	6.86
<b>Dishes</b> —Replacements.....	11.42

**BRUTUS NURSING CENTER****Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial**

Connecting Spring with Abandoned Mine to Supplement Water Supply in Summer—Estimate.....	\$ 75.00
Replacing Pasture Fence, Destroyed by Forest Fire—Locust Posts and Labor—Contract.....	105.00
Manure Bent Repairs, Floor and One Side—Lumber, Nails, Labor	27.50
Replacing Screen Wire on Front Porch.....	50.00
Reseeding Pasture—Lime, Phosphate, Seed, Labor.....	56.48
Linoleum (Battleship) for Clinic and Clinic Waiting Room (Materials and Labor)—Estimate.....	150.00
Dishes—Replacements .....	14.95
Wing Chair, Repairs and Slip Cover—Estimate.....	15.00
Bedside Rugs, Cotton, 3 at \$2.69 each.....	8.07
Bedside Tables, Unpainted, 3 at \$4.98 each.....	14.94
Wastepaper Cans, Large Size, 2 at \$0.98 each.....	1.96
Can Opener, Wall Type.....	2.95
Infant Scales for Clinic.....	5.95
Portable Clinic Scales.....	7.95

**FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER****Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial**

New Kitchen Range—Coal Fired.....	\$ 99.95
Replacing Posts and Rails in Pasture Fence.....	155.15
Re-roofing Center—Materials and Labor—Estimate.....	500.00
Replacing Guttering—Materials and Labor—Estimate.....	150.00
New Commode and Seat for Clinic Bathroom, Installed—Estimate	80.00
Linoleum for Clinic, Waiting Room, and Bathroom, Installed—Estimate .....	175.00
Bedspreads—3 at \$5.82.....	17.46

**POSSUM BEND****Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

Dishes, Blue Willow Ware—20 Piece Set.....	\$ 4.95
Silverplate—1 Set 26 pieces.....	4.39
Bedspreads, 2 at \$5.38.....	10.76
Mattress Covers, Unbleached Muslin, 6 at \$2.00.....	12.00
Replacing Screen Wire on Front Porch.....	34.85
Pull Gate Repaired and Set Back Off New Road.....	10.50
Firescreen for Hell-For-Certain Clinic.....	3.25
Portable Clinic Scales for Use on District.....	7.95
Sheets, 6 at \$25.72 per Dozen.....	12.96
Pillow Cases, 6 at \$5.58 per Dozen.....	2.79

**RED BIRD****Clara Ford Nursing Center**

The repairs and replacements at this center are met by the donor.

**FORM TELEGRAMS**

And then there is our friend who used form telegrams, and so mixed his numbers that he found he had wired a bride, "Many happy returns of the day."

## A PURE PET

by

REVA RUBIN, R.N., C.M., M.N.

Doc is just a horse. But he is possessed of such a charming manner, one tends to pamper him.

And that is just what I was doing: pampering him. I suspected it. The people knew it.

"Why don't you ride your horse up the hollow to Cindy's house, 'stead of walking all the way and climbing over all those fences? It's a good road up thar."

"Yes, but the road's so overgrown, and he's so tall (he's about 17 hands), and I'm tall, too."

"Well, we get our mule up thar."

That did it. As senseless as it was, I was not going to permit a mule to outdo Doc. So up the hollow we rode, Doc and I.

The hollow was badly overgrown; Doc and I had to bend our heads low to get through. The shade of the overgrown weeds and bushes gave an eerie coolness. The silence was broken only by the snapping of twigs as we brushed past. There was something weird about the silence, the overgrown path. I was relieved when we arrived safely at the foot of the knoll at Cindy's house and I could hitch Doc safely.

When I returned from Cindy's house, Doc was gone.

There at the tree were Doc's reins. "Dear-Reva-I-was-here-but-couldn't-wait—yours-in-haste-Doc."

Reins in hands, saddlebags over shoulder, I ran down the hollow looking for Doc's hoofprints. I was ashamed of Doc, but I was concerned about his welfare. It was such a spooky hollow one couldn't blame Doc for wanting to leave.

At the clearing at the mouth of the hollow, a man came running up to me and excitedly said: "I tried to stop your horse, but he reared up at me. No one can catch that horse. He'll kill anyone who tries."

I felt sick. That didn't sound like Doc. Doc never reared. But even if he did . . . was I to lose my horse? I hurried down the hollow to the creek.

Along the creek, I received reports:

"He went that away."

"What a traveler!"

"That away."

I was wet. I couldn't hear anything but my heart beating in my ears. It was several minutes before I realized that a little old lady was calling to me:

"Did you lose your horse?"

I was in no mood for light conversation. I liked my horse. He was sure footed, safe, a good traveler, and a good companion. I wanted him back. I didn't want casual conversation.

I looked at the old lady, a black apron over her dress, her face wrinkling under her sunbonnet, her frail, stooped body. I paused. Two minutes more or less wouldn't bring Doc nearer. I answered briefly.

"Wal, I reckon you can have him. He's up in my barn."

Sure enough, there he was, eating fodder as though he'd been there all day.

"Who caught him?" I asked, as I tied my saddlebags on.

"Why, I did," the little old lady answered. "He's a pure pet."

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### TO MARVIN

by  
IVALLEAN CAUDILL, R.N.

It was during my Wendover stay  
That I met this pretty mare,  
And I know you will think I am quare,  
To lose my heart in this way  
To Marvin, a horse.

She's really a beautiful thing  
So loving, shiny and black,  
That right into my heart she went smack  
And with it she took a fling  
That Marvin, a horse.

## HURRAH FOR EYEGLASSES

by

MARY ANN QUARLES, B.A.  
Social Service Secretary  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

"I have a child who needs glasses." That is a statement which I heard many times over whether it was from a parent, a school teacher, or one of our own district nurses.

Glasses are an expensive item when you think of providing them for a great many children who need them but whose families cannot afford them. So my reply to the above statement always was, "I hope soon that we shall have some money for the glasses, but I don't see how we can do anything about it now."

We have a favorite saying here at Wendover which is, "Fate will take care of everything," and it did not fail us on the glasses. On my summer vacation last year I met a woman from Short Hills, New Jersey, who was connected with "New Eyes for the Needy." When she heard that I was from the Frontier Nursing Service, she asked if we really used the old age glasses they send us. Old age glasses are the ones that have a magnifying lens which help old people who have trouble reading, sewing, or driving a nail. I assured her that we had good use for them. I remembered how many we had given out just before the primaries when the old folks flocked to the centers for old age glasses so they could read the ballot. She asked me if we had any other needs in the way of glasses as they had just started to establish a fund and might be able to help us. I mentioned glasses for children and she took note of it. Then, it being the very first of my vacation, I forgot the matter until I returned again to Wendover and received a generous letter from "New Eyes for the Needy."

I went to see our oculist in Hazard, Dr. C. L. Combs, who had helped us many times before with some of our patients. He most generously offered to do the examining of the children without charge and to give us the glasses at cost.

When I wrote this to "New Eyes for the Needy," they offered to pay a part of the cost of the glasses for children

who need them. At just about this same time Fate came across again in the form of a large contribution for the social service fund from a friend in New York. By using part of this money, and adding to it the money given us by "New Eyes for the Needy," we had enough to give glasses to fifty children.

I asked all of the district nurses to round up the children in their districts who needed glasses. The nurses have eye charts to take around to the schools with them. In this way they screened the children for defective eyesight.

Now I am having the fun of going around to each center, filling my jeep with children, and taking them to Dr. Combs. And it is really great fun for some of the children have never been outside their own hollows and, on our way to Hazard, we discover many new things in the way of trains and busses.

Usually Dr. Combs has to put drops in the children's eyes so that he can examine them more easily. This requires a two-hour wait and the children get extremely restless. One time I left them for a few minutes and returned to find them all gone. It did not take long to round them up again from various stores along Main Street.

The greatest joy of all comes on the final examination when Dr. Combs tries on the different lenses to see which give the children the best vision. It never ceases to amaze me to hear the children read off a line of small print with the proper lenses when at first some of them could read only the largest letters.

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### TRUE TALES

While assisting the Medical Director with a patient who had been given ether for a forceps delivery of a first baby, the hospital midwife noticed with consternation that the patient's pupils were very unequal; one being very small, and the other considerably dilated—

So she spoke up saying:—"Doctor, this woman's pupils are very unequal! . . . There was a pause of a few seconds,—then the patient in a sleepy voice replied:—

"I have an artificial eye! !"

—P. B.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

### **From Isabelle Payne (Diz), Boston, Massachusetts**

—February 20, 1950

Nella Lloyd just came back to the hospital a few days ago. She had been down at The Bahamas and she looks marvelous—brown as a berry.

It was so good to see Mrs. Breckinridge in Boston, when she came for The Ruth Draper Performance on January sixth. She had a crowd of people around her all the time.

The Children's Hospital is a very wonderful place. So far we have done no work on the wards. We work on dummy dolls, and treat them just as if they were human. Most of our time is taken up with courses at Simmons College. They include: anatomy and physiology, microbiology, psychology, home economics, nutrition, chemistry, as well as principles and practices of nursing, pharmacology, hygiene, professional adjustments, and sociology at the hospital. We are busy, but I do love it.

. . . . .

### **From Dora Mae Law (Dodie) in Naples, Italy—March 4, 1950**

When I returned to Chicago, I started checking available passage for Europe and really all in the immediate future to be had was the Conte Biancamano, which sailed ten days hence. It's probably the best way to go—completely on the spur of the moment—but difficult to pack for a five months' trip in ten days.

So now I find myself in Naples, after a very rough voyage, with a room overlooking the bay and a fifteenth century fortress and Capri with Vesuvius to my left and the Varenno Hills to my right, and for the first time am catching my breath after leaving you in Kentucky.

As wonderful as my trip sounds, I doubt very much that I will enjoy it half so much as those two months at Wendover. I am very sincere when I say that as far as I can remember, they were the most rewarding and happy months I've spent and quite unconsciously and purely through enthusiasm I am becoming a world agent for the F. N. S. Every little girl I see from one

month on is definite courier material to me, and I intend to harass them until they grow up and are convinced of the idea themselves.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Mercer Carter Blanchard (Betsy Pagon),  
Columbus, Georgia—March 8, 1950**

The children are all fine and growing like weeds. We're starting them early on their way to the F. N. S. Some friends of ours have a pony and Betsy and Belle Carter ride quite frequently. As soon as Peggy gets a wee bit bigger, she'll join the gang. I think you have all three of the girls entered for the Courier Service but if you haven't, let me know and I'll send the necessary information.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. John V. Underhill (Suzanne Eckert), Remsen,  
New York—March 13, 1950**

I have thought of you so many times—honestly don't know where the time goes, although I guess a good bit of mine goes toward raising two prospective couriers, namely, Judy, born August 22, 1948, and Debbie, born December 1, 1949. They really manage to keep me hopping.

Certainly would love to see the new Nurses Quarters. In fact, I would give anything to see the F. N. S. again! I was deeply saddened by Bucket's and Sammy's deaths, I shall never forget them.

. . . . .

**From Alison Bray, Adel near Leeds, England—March 28, 1950**

We had a visit from Pebble last month which we all enjoyed so much. She stayed about ten days and we were hoping to see her again but she could not manage it. It was lovely to have her and hear all about everybody. I would love to see the new Nurses' Quarters.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Sidney Wilson Clark (Virginia Watson), in  
Bogota, Colombia, S. A.—April 15, 1950**

Wilson (my husband) came here first as Industrial Rela-

tions Manager to an American oil company, then switched back to his first love—the Foreign Service of the U. S.—and we were sent to Cartagena, Colombia, where he was in charge of the Consulate. As the government decided to close the Consulate a few months later, we were transferred to the American Embassy in Bogota, where we are now, and thus we happened to return to this city about half a year after we had left it.

This time we were lucky and found a house after only a few weeks' search. This was especially appreciated, as during the previous fifteen months I had established a record of living in nine different places counting from a few months before I was married. Finding a house in Bogota is no easy chore, especially when one's knowledge of Spanish is very limited and when many others are engaged in the same pursuit. Our house is a pleasant one, located in the residential district called Chapinero.

Bogota is on a savanna surrounded by mountains, but much closer to the mountains on the east side. The streets run right up to them. When it is a beautiful day, the cloud effects are beautiful, but on a grey day, the clouds overhang the mountains and city in a threatening and depressing manner, and provide a mood and setting fit for an Edgar Allan Poe story.

Although the city is only about four degrees north of the equator, it is so high (approximately 8700 feet) that the cold is penetrating at times for there is no central heating in any of the buildings. This year it has rained almost daily, even during the so-called dry season. Of course to people with babies as small as Cary this has been a boon for sometimes the water shortage has been critical at this time of year.

Wood being very scarce here, most of the houses in Bogota are built of brick—pinkish in color, although there are also a good many of pastel-colored plaster or stucco; all have tile roofs. Many are built in rows, but in an interesting way, with gables and sometimes balconies, so that it is hard to tell where one ends and another begins. One of the most distinctive features is the beautiful and varied grillwork over the downstairs windows and doors. In houses where this is not used, the windows are made with small panes separated by metal strips, in order to make it more difficult for thieves to break in, and even upstairs the windows are padlocked except for a small pane at

the top. For the same reason, there are no alleys and few back entrances.

All the houses have either walls or hedges or both around the yards, and most of them have patios. Everyone, no matter how diminutive his yard, has a gardener to keep it immaculate, and to tend the flowers which grow in profusion. Most of the kinds we have at home are found here, and geraniums grow oversize as in California. Flowers, including orchids, are very inexpensive here compared to the States. In Medellin we saw orchids growing even in big trees downtown. Imagine my thrill over Wilson's bringing with him three dozen orchids when he flew up from South America to be married—enough for all the women at our bridal dinner!

Colombia is composed mainly of two classes of people—the rich and the very poor. There are few who belong to the middle class. As there are no compulsory education or child labor laws in the country, the majority of the people have little education, but the upper class is cultured and charming. Many of them have been educated in Europe or the United States and speak several languages. Some of the people, who lack all worldly advantages, possess an innate kindness, loyalty and genuine refinement which is outstanding. One of the interesting features of living here is our opportunity of meeting people of many nationalities, who are in this capital representing their respective governments. It is somewhat like traveling all over the world while staying in one place.

I thought you might be interested to know that the coming method of keeping newborn babies by the beds of their mothers has already arrived here. I loved it and am spoiled for having a baby any other way.

. . . . .

**From Elizabeth Brown (Betsy), in Europe—April 18, 1950**

Where will I ever begin? So much has gone on for me in the last three months it's too incredible and fascinating for words. But before getting involved with Europe, let me tell you how I heard all the latest F.N.S. news. It just so happened that while I was in Florence I met Dodie Law through her step-sister, Alice Barnes. It was a quick "How-do-you-do" conversation in the middle of the street, but later on when I found out

she had just been down to Wendover I called her on the 'phone immediately and had an hour's conversation about the F.N.S. with her. It was such fun catching up on all the news and getting a most enthusiastic report of her two months with you all. In the three months I've been over in Europe now, I can truthfully say that the only time I've yearned to get back to The States was during the conversation with Dodie. Really I can't tell you how much it meant to me to hear all the F.N.S. news as of January and February. I hope to meet up with Dodie in London next June.

My trip to Europe started January 17th, sailing from New York on The America. I'm with a group of nine other girls (one being Kate Ireland) and a chaperon. We started off with two weeks of skiing in Austria—in a small, quaint town, St. Anton. It was a most enjoyable two weeks not only for the joy of skiing but for the opportunity of meeting some of those healthy, wholesome Austrian people. From Austria we flew down to Sicily and spent the next ten days traveling from Palermo to Taormina. In that length of time we were able to get a vivid impression of the countryside with all the fruit trees bearing their lemons and oranges and the almond trees in full blossom. Ever since we left Sicily we have been traveling through Italy, taking in those beautiful cities of Sorrento, Ravello and Capri, staying in Rome three weeks, motoring through the hilltowns, stopping at Florence for two weeks and Venice five days. We're now in the Lake country and start off for a week of Switzerland tomorrow, then to the French Riviera for a few days before heading on to Spain, Portugal, France and England. On July 4th the end of the trip will come and homeward bound. These past three months have been filled with endless numbers of unforgettable experiences and impressions.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison)—April 19, 1950**

I don't know how many months it is since you wrote me about our baby, Elizabeth, who died a year ago. I have been meaning to write you ever since—and now it is so long that I don't know whether you ever heard of the arrival of Jonathan Otis Kerlin on January 30th of last year. He is now big enough

to be walking around helping himself to desirable objects off the tops of tables. Time flies so fast!

I am at the moment taking a week's vacation (Lake Lure, North Carolina) preparatory to plunging into the renovation of an old house in Riverdale where we expect to move this summer.

Being so close to the Kentucky mountains and seeing so much that reminds me of Wendover and its country around has brought to mind the wonderful summer I spent with you—now that I think of it—almost twenty years ago! I can hardly wait for Nicky (Sarah), now almost eight, to have the same fascinating experience that I did.

. . . . .

We extend our loving sympathy to **Betsy Parsons Warner** in the loss of her mother.

#### WEDDINGS

Miss Ann Lindley Wurtele of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Mr. Carteret Lawrence of New York, on March 3, 1950, in New York. Ann is attending Yale School of Nursing and Mr. Lawrence is attending Yale Medical School. Due to their studies they had to postpone their wedding trip to South America until summer.

Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt Hare of Radnor, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Henry Howard Houston Meigs of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 10, 1950, in Radnor, Pennsylvania.

Our loving good wishes go to these young brides; and our warmest congratulations to the lucky men.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John V. Underhill (Suzanne Eckert), of Remsen, New York, a daughter, Debbie, on December 1, 1949.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall Robinson, Jr. (Ann Young), of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, a son, Benjamin, on January 23, 1950.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James C. Henning (Jo Yandell), of Louisville, Kentucky, a daughter, Elizabeth Hosford (Beth), on

February 28, 1950—their fifth child and a third little courier for us.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lee Colvocoresses (Jo Rice), in West Norfolk, Virginia, a son, Harold Lee, Jr., their first child, on April 18, 1950.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Baylor Van Meter, Jr. (Bobbie McDowell), of Kermit, Texas, a daughter, Alice, in April, 1950.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), of Concord, Massachusetts, a daughter, Penelope (Penny), on April 26, 1950.

#### NEWS FOR NEW ENGLAND COURIERS

Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence (Pat Perrin) has taken over the chairmanship of the New England Courier Committee. She succeeds Mrs. Reginald Stuart Ward (Roddy Rust) who has held this office for a number of years.

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#### EPITAPH ON A CHILTERN POACHER KILLED IN ACTION

You lived too ill for Heaven,  
and died too well for Hell;  
so where you are at present  
not even God can tell.

*The Countryman*, England  
—J. H. B. Peel

. . . . .

There once was a person of Beenin,  
Who wore clothes not fit to be seen in  
When told that he shouldn't,  
He replied, "Gumscrumrudent!"  
A word of inscrutable meanin'.

## WHO SAYS THAT RABBITS DON'T LAY EGGS?



There *was* an Easter Bunny at Wendover.

And the Easter Bunny did lay eggs—all over the knoll down by the river below the Big House. On Good Friday evening, she had many helpers, and the big friendly Wendover kitchen was filled with activity and laughter. Fifteen dozen bunny eggs were colored, pictured, and printed with appropriate greetings. On Saturday morning, very early, the neighborhood children started coming, and by noontime over fifty were gathered in the Garden House basement waiting hopefully for Bunny Rabbit to come and lead the way to the Annual Easter Egg Hunt. B. Rabbit came—in due time. She simply appeared suddenly at one of the windows. Unfortunately, one wee tot was overcome by the closeness of B. Rabbit, but B. Rabbit's friendliness soon won him over.

Only a very lively bunny could have kept ahead of that crowd and kept them behind her until the signal was given for all to start hunting. Everyone found at least one egg. There were prizes for the big girl and big boy who found the most; for the small girl and small boy who found the most; and con-



solation prizes for those who found only one egg.

While the hunt was in progress B. Rabbit's helpers had appeared on the knoll with a table, cold drinks, cookies, and candy. After refreshments B. Rabbit played games with the little ones, and ball with the older boys. Everybody had fun.

Yes-sir! There *was* a Wendover Easter Bunny.

A mighty fine fellow was she.

And B. Rabbit *does* lay eggs—so Karen Pagon will tell you.

Reported by Thumper

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### SPIRITS OF BREAD AND WATER

In a review of a book entitled *A Sheaf of Memories* by the veteran war correspondent Mr. Frank Scudamore, the reviewer quotes the following anecdote:—

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood told the author the following story which he considered displayed “a religious belief of a very high order”:—

In the Ashanti war (he said) I was riding one night through just such a place as this [the Nile], with broken shards, which had once held water and bread, beside every grave. My guide was a Fanti tribesman, intelligent and pious.

“What,” I asked him, “is the meaning of these water-jars and bread-platters?”

“Lord,” he replied, “we place in them water and cakes for our lost ones.”

“But do your dead rise and eat foods of the living?” asked Sir Evelyn.

The tribesman laughed. “Of course not,” he said, “The birds and the sun consume the water—and the wild dogs and jackals the food.”

“Then I cannot understand your purpose.”

Again the Fanti laughed.

“Your Excellency does not understand?” he said. “The spirit of the dead eats the spirit of the bread and drinks the spirit of the water.”



Some of us have Horses,  
 Some of us have Jeeps,  
 With oats + gas + much resource  
 Who can make it  
 Jeep or Horse?



Some of us are Drivers,  
 Some of us are Riders,  
 The race is on with M<sup>r</sup> Stork  
 Who can make it  
 Jeep or Horse?



Some of us are Swimmers,  
 Some of us are Sinkers,  
 The rivers up + off its course,  
 Who can make it  
 Jeep or Horse?



Some of us are Skaters,  
 Some of us are Skidders,  
 The ice + snow is like a Sauce  
 Who can make it  
 Jeep or Horse?



Now to all our Jeeps + Horses  
 Some boost Jeeps,  
 Some boost Horses,  
 So I leave it up to you  
 To give to each their Merit due.



## ON TURNING ONESELF INSIDE OUT

A Book Review of  
PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS  
Edited by Gerald Heard  
Harper & Bros.—Price \$2.00

It seems to this reviewer that the quality of life after death is inside out (all creation perhaps) and that is why we travel inward to touch the fringes of it now. "The beyond that is within," said Boutroux. The process of traveling inward is so complete a reversal of our normal processes that one might call it turning oneself inside out.

In the first section of *Prayers and Meditations*, the one on Adherence, comes this quotation from Albertus Magnus, "To mount to God is to enter into oneself. For he who so mounts and enters and goes beyond himself, he truly mounts up to God." In the last section, the one on Eternity, comes this prayer: "O eternal Reality . . . that our prayer may move steadily inward beyond ourselves toward Thee, O timeless and spaceless Being."

From the beginning to the end of this collection of *Prayers and Meditations*, arranged in a thirty-one-day pattern, we find signposts and milestones to serve as landmarks in the training of those persons who travel inward. The greater part of the meditations were written by the hand of a master. Some were composed by others who, under his guidance, made an experiment in group living designed for prayer. There is matter in them for all travelers at all levels, for all of us who are "scattered by distance and hurried by time." Even the skeptic is asked only to make "the choice of the nobler hypothesis," namely: That the universe has meaning and means well by us and that every possible experience may be fitted "in that vast framework of meaning called the will of God."

The theme underlying all of the thirty-one meditations and prayers is that of deliverance from "the separateness of our selfhood" by the will of God "in whose hold our fractured wills are knit."

"Grant, that we being continually re-created by this Thy love, may henceforth live no longer in the false life of self-love, but in Thee, and through Thee in all Thy creatures."

The skeptic who is willing to embrace "the nobler hypothesis," the novice who is honestly trying to turn inside out, the seasoned traveler who has gone far along that interior road that leads from self-will to God's will, any one of these persons may begin where he is and find, in *Prayers and Meditations*, a hand reached out to clasp his. But—this is no easy road.

Under Persistence, it is said, "Few things frustrate religion more nowadays than the general mistake as to religion's end and aim. When it is approved at all, it is approved as a therapy (Sanctity without Strain) . . . But if religion's aim—as it has always claimed—is to produce in us a complete change of consciousness, to bring us through the death of our ego into another 'world,' then we should not be surprised that the process is both painful and lengthy." In reading *Prayers and Meditations* one must accept the fact that they are designed to help us kill the ego, to transmute our self-centered persons into God-centered persons.

A second fact we must accept is that this process follows the laws of growth just as any other process does.

Under Patience, we read this: "All work has its rhythm: Wine, wood, stone, all have their tempo, the time they take to season, to mature. And most of all, our souls."

Under Goodness, we read this: "The main trouble about goodness springs from the fact that those who are active generally disregard the fact that they have to grow. They therefore try to alter things by violence in the belief that changed circumstances make changed men. On the other hand, just abstaining from violence is not enough." Goodness is a growth word. We shall never attain to wholeness, given, under Holiness, as from the same root, "unless we are prepared first to strive simply to be good." "In this world every living thing has always to be making good—or it will go bad, putrify."

A third fact we should recognize is that in prayer we are not asking for things for ourselves or for anyone else, even for the best things—we are going where they are. "Our prayer life is largely confused, as is the rest of our life, because our notion of how we behave is the clean contrary of how in fact we do." We think we begin by thoughts and that afterwards we speak and that finally we act. The reverse is what actually happens. We

are always doing things because that is easiest. Words are more difficult. "Thought, the controlled power of abstract attention," is supremely difficult. "All living creatures ceaselessly act: of those myriads a very few can find any words: of those, again, few, very few can order their thoughts." Prayer, real prayer, is, therefore, "the supreme mental activity of man."

Oddly enough the effect of following the cycle of these *Prayers and Meditations* is encouraging. It does not put one off. It helps one to a fresh start. On that long, inward path one is conscious first of all, as the section on Purity explains, of "the monstrous constructions of the ego." That is the negative aspect and is essential to get the traveler's feet "on the bedrock foundation of humility." Humble opinions of ourselves are true ones. We can't even make a beginning unless we start there. But pre-occupation with ourselves is not what we are working for, and no sensible person who is aiming at God lingers longer than need be on his own imperfections. He seeks deliverance from self through trust in God. The simplest act of adoration is cleansing. In his true opinion of himself, which needs must be a humble one, the traveler soon learns that he cannot hope to interpret and obey God's will, except as he has exposed himself to God's love. He learns, under Obedience, that God teaches us "far more often by asking us questions than by giving us orders." This will lead him to strive for "a great patience and promptitude." The book reminds us that we do have two universal commandments, as Christ said, and that they are to love God, and to love one's neighbor as oneself. It is in the application of these two commandments that the questions arise and each has to be answered every time as though it were new.

In the section on Forgiveness we are reminded of a Law, not a law imposed by authority—but a Law that is inherent. We are not forgiven unless we forgive. Christ made that plain in His immortal Prayer, and elsewhere. However, we do not forgive in order to be forgiven because that would be another kind of self-seeking. The act of forgiving is embraced by the act of loving.

In practice, forgiving brings freedom both to the one forgiving and the one forgiven. When you forgive anyone, in your heart, you release him from your indignation and discover that

your indignation has been cured. You set him free and you are now freed from him. Your indignation had grafted him onto you. Since we are all the children of one Father, we are bound together as a family and none of our wrongs are one-sided. We have injured him who injured us. Let the bonds that unite us all be the kindly ties of kindred that leave all of us loose and free; not hard, tautened ropes that hold us in angry consanguinity.

If one section meant more to this reviewer than any other, it was the one on Gratitude, a virtue so rarely recognized for the heroic thing it is. There is nothing that Christ said of God more haunting in its sublimity than the sentence: "He is kind to the unthankful."

This reviewer has been constrained in an analysis of *Prayers and Meditations* by her own limitations from which some who read the book will be happily free. It is not possible for her to understand fully the words of those who are already turned inside-out, now, as of this world and in this life. When, in the negative language used so often by the mystics, they write of the Deity as "imageless," as well as spaceless and timeless, then this baffling use of words conveys nothing to one who travels in and through and on with the help of many symbols. Nor can she honestly pray that she "may henceforth contemplate and reflect only those things which are eternal." The temporal is very dear to this reviewer. Nor does her soul feel so "utterly worthless" that "its annihilation seems of no significance even to itself." She knows, indubitably, that she, like other weaklings, is beloved by her Creator—and that gives her soul significance "even to itself."

A book review of many times this length could not convey the depth of meaning in *Prayers and Meditations* or its practical helpfulness for all who want to be inside-out people, from the skeptic who accepts "the nobler hypothesis" on to the mystic who has already arrived somewhere. But, most of all, the book is useful to the common wayfarer trying out the inward road amid the strains and stresses of his outer life.

Since this review has concerned itself mainly with the meditations, let us close it with the prayers. They are all short. The modern ones were written by members of the group whose ex-

periment in community living designed for prayer, led to the whole collection. Some of these are profound in significance and beauty. The two that conclude the section on Truth could be lived with everyday.

The opening prayer in all the sections is an adaptation in Collect form of some of the work of the mysterious Dionysius, the Areopagite—that supreme mystic and master of adoration. We shall conclude with selections from these.

### DIONYSIAN PRAYERS

Divine Life, all life and movement come from Thee who art beyond all life and beyond every principle of all life. Hence have our souls their indestructible quality, and all animals and plants possess their life as a far-off reflection of Thy Life.

. . . . .

Thou only Good, teach us concerning the Goodness of Thy all-transcendent Godhead, that It reaches from the highest and most perfect forms unto the lowest, and still is beyond them, ever remaining superior to those above and retaining those below in its embrace, and so creates and vitalizes and maintains and perfects them all. Whatever living creatures cleave the air, or tread the earth, or crawl upon the ground, and those which live buried and covered in the earth; all these are endowed with soul and life because the Good exists. And all plants derive from the Good that life which gives them nourishment and motion. And even whatsoever has no life or soul comes into the estate of being through the Good.

. . . . .

Grant us grace to love Thee in full measure and to persevere in our search for Thee, since Thou, the Creator of all things, Thyself lovingly yearneth after all things, perfecting all things, conserving all things, attracting all things back unto Thyself through nothing but excess of Goodness. For the yearning Love which createth all the goodness of the world being pre-existent abundantly in Thee, the Good Creator, allowed Thee not to remain unfruitful in Thyself, but moved Thee to exert the abundance of Thy powers in the production of the universe.

## THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE REVISITED

by

ELIZABETH VAN METER HUTCHINSON

Mrs. Breckinridge very graciously asked me to visit her the early part of March this year. Mother loaned me her car and I drove via Jackson to the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden. Mac, the superintendent of the Hospital, met me and we renewed our friendship after twenty-one years. They fixed me a delicious lunch and I enjoyed meeting the new staff and poking around the Hospital. I found the new quarters for nurses particularly fascinating because my cousin Martha Prewitt Breckinridge was furnishing a room in memory of her sister Kitty Prewitt Dabney. She had asked me to choose some of the furnishings. Kitty was not only a cousin but my closest childhood friend. It was with her I first went to Wendover when we were couriers in the Service.

Jean, the resident courier, came to take me to Wendover. We stopped in Hyden to pick up the bread and meet a new courier from Baltimore on the three-thirty bus. We traveled in a tired jeep but I am glad to say Jean wasn't tired. We arrived in Wendover in time for tea and my pleasure in seeing Mrs. Breckinridge and in meeting her household was unbounded. We sat around the fire with our tea and had a pleasant time.

Mrs. B. took me to my room and a more pleasant one I have never seen. Double windows overlooking the Middle Fork River, a luscious fire, comfortable desk, and the bed perfect! Supper at six and such a fine one with gay conversation. Three of the staff played Canasta with me after supper.

Friday morning Betty Lester (a friend of twenty-one years) took me in charge. We toured by jeep (a less tired one) plus a courier to Confluence. The road was mostly good but horrid in spots. We got there in time for lunch and the two English nurses were delightful. Back to Wendover for another freshening up and supper, then Canasta, and a grand game we had. Bed, and an early morning broadcast in Mrs. Breckinridge's room. That wretched coal strike was foremost in all of our minds.

Saturday morning Betty and I plus Nancy set out for Beech



Fork and to pay a call on a mountain home, still by the less tired jeep. It was a marvelous warm, sunny day and we had fun all the way and back. I love Beech Fork and the mountain family was charming. The mother-in-law, daughter, and I, plus a large fat Rhode Island Red hen, sat down before the fire to chat. Mrs. Mother-in-law showed me her quilting and it was lovely. Back to Beech Fork and thence on to Wendover. More tea, another clean up, a full bath this time, and supper. Mrs. Breckinridge and I played bridge after supper. Brownie and Jean beat us badly.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny. This day Betty took Karen (the new courier) and me to Flat Creek and Red Bird. Flat Creek was entirely new to me and a fascinating spot, neat and tidy with a grand nurse. The yard was a mass of enchanting daffodils. We had lunch here, picked some daffodils for Mrs. Breckinridge and turned towards Red Bird. We only paused at Red Bird and then turned our jeepie back to Wendover. Arrived for tea. Then to the tiny Chapel for Vespers.

Monday Anna May, a nurse-midwife and a Texan, and I set out for Lexington. We came down by way of Manchester, a shorter but less scenic route to the Blue Grass.

I love Mrs. Breckinridge and the F.N.S. Although I saw many physical changes, the basic idea of service to all and to each other is uppermost in all of their minds—this after all is what really counts.

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#### JUST JOKES—PESTS

A New Yorker went to the mountains for the first time. He left the hotel one morning to view the countryside. In a few minutes he returned, his clothes torn, his face and arms bleeding.

"What happened to you?" the hotel clerk inquired.

"A little black snake chased me!" the man cried breathlessly.

"But that little snake isn't poisonous!"

"Listen," the man replied, "if he can make you jump off a 60-foot cliff, he doesn't have to be."

. . . . .

Jackson and his wife were doing a little fly hunting about the house.

"How many have you caught?" she asked after a while.

"Six," replied her husband, "three males and three females."

"How absurd!" his wife sniffed. "How could you tell if they were males or females?"

"Easy, my dear," he retorted. "Three were on the sugar and three were on the mirror."

## A PISCATORIAL EPISODE

by

GWENDOLEN JELLEYMAN, R.N., S.C.M.

Perhaps it was the fact that I was born under the sign of the Zodiak—Pisces—which determined my fate. I had planned to go over to Flackey to visit some babies. The day seemed auspicious for the occasion, with bright March sunshine. What a wonderful day it was to be! No need to take a raincoat—not a cloud in sight!

I was offered Lacey for the day; rather a nervous horse that I had only ridden once before. We set off and, after a rather exhausting battle of wills, we left the down river road, crossed the Middle Fork River and started up Owl's Nest. Lacey surely had the district horse instinct inborn. We stopped at several log homes on the way, which I did not want to visit at all that day but which Lacey was convinced should be made definite ports of call. She even insisted on stopping at an empty barn. What a mercy that no true horsewoman could see me being bullied by Lacey in this humiliating fashion.

But the day was so "pretty" as the people say around here, that it was impossible not to enjoy oneself. Lacey settled down into a nice running walk, and I sang little snatches of song on the way, and so we reached Cutshin Creek. What an idyllic place, I thought to myself, this curve of the stream with its deep pools and overhanging trees, with the mountains behind and the level corn fields in front—in short it was my Shangri-La!

At a nearby house three women were sitting on the porch in the sun. I shouted a greeting and said, "Is it all right to cross here?" pointing rather vaguely at the creek. I was told, "Yes, just go right across." This was followed by some further instructions to go a bit farther downstream. Meanwhile, Lacey had other ideas. She walked firmly into the creek there and then without so much as a backward glance. Of course, I could see this was the wrong place to ford the creek, but could I get Lacey to agree with me? No! The women "hollered" at me, but I could neither stop Lacey, nor turn her aside. She just went relentlessly on. The water deepened quickly. I decided it would be best just to get on with it. This was no time or place for argument or cajolery. The water was waist level by now.

Then Lacey was swimming! I thought of my mother, home, and England. Thank heavens they couldn't see me now! I remembered words of wisdom from the "old timers" in the F.N.S., who had said, "Whatever you do, don't pull on the horse's head or down he'll go!" So I didn't. I had also been told—"Don't worry, your horse will get you across." This was all very well, but I had never been given practical instructions in swimming a horse! We seemed so low in the water, not a bit as I had imagined. Lacey was up to her neck, and me up to the armpits. I thought of the weight of the saddlebags too—an extra 30 lbs. (dry) and me, 130 lbs. (also dry). So I just slipped off Lacey's back and swam beside her, just keeping a hold of the reins in case she decided to leave me behind. We climbed out rather wetly on to the opposite bank of the creek. I looked back—there were now only two women—the third had either gone away for help, or else had succumbed to a "spell" in sheer horror.

Then I laughed. There was no alternative. Lacey shook herself and laughed too. I'm sure she had enjoyed her swim. Two boys now appeared. They had heard the "hollering" and had come to investigate. I stood on the bank and took off my boots and socks—with thoughts of hookworm and bare feet flittering through my mind—emptied the former and wrung out the latter, while the boys held Lacey. I went on to their home which was quite near, hitched Lacey to the fence in the sun, and was greeted at the door by Sarah, a good wife and mother. She beamed all over her kind face as she said, "I heard the boys say there was a nurse swimming in the creek, so I poked up a good fire for you." She had. It was lovely. I gave her my breeches to wring out of the door, while I stood on the hearth and wrung out my shirt tails. She shouted, rather unnecessarily, at her husband and children not to come in because the nurse had got her breeches off! I put them on again, a wise move I felt, and more dignified. Then I discussed the state of the crops and the state of the baby, standing with my back to the fire to dry the seat of my pants.

Well, I went on towards my next home. Suddenly I felt hungry and rooted for my cheese sandwiches in the saddlebags. They were just like sponges. I took one bite—still thinking of

worms—and gave the rest to Lacey, who got them mixed up with her gums at the first mouthful. She also gave up the idea!

It was too chilly to loiter but all right if we kept on the move, so, after emptying all the water I could out of the saddlebags, we got going again and finished the visits. I began to dry in places and things were not too bad. I got off Lacey and walked up the hills so as to keep warm. The sun was getting low when we headed for home. Ah, that nice hot bath and change of clothes I was to get! Lacey also was in a hurry—for her oats.

We got to Owl's Nest and were just half-way down a steep hill when a dog rushed out of a house and barked at us. Lacey shot down the rest of the hill, taking off under a plum tree. I thank my lucky stars there were no low branches or I might have been in the same predicament as the English king who hung from a tree by his hair while out hunting.

All might have been well had not two more dogs at a nearby house, worked into a frenzy of excitement by the pounding hoofs, rushed at us, barking furiously. This was too much for Lacey. She bolted down the trail which was particularly uneven here, what with winding around fruit trees and large boulders. My feet slipped out of the stirrups and I found myself sitting on Lacey's neck. I had my arms around her neck too. We must have looked odd. I was expecting to fall off at any moment and, believe me, I was scared.

What luck! I had forgotten the gate through which we had to pass on this particular path. It was shut. Lacey had to stop. I jumped off. We walked serenely on to the next bit of level ground and I remounted. The rest of the journey was uneventful. I wanted my supper; Lacey wanted hers. We forded the Middle Fork River and headed for home.

The dismal end of this story was cleaning out the saddlebags afterwards. Everything was soggy and horrid; even the pills in their bottles were wet.

Maybe all was a judgment on me. I had always been curious to know what it was like to swim on horseback, and had secretly hoped I would have the opportunity to do so, but had never given much thought to the suddenness and inconvenience involved. Next time a swim suit, water wings, and no saddlebags!

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete) in Nassau**

—March 15, 1950

Just a brief note, but I do want to tell you that Eric and I have a perfectly adorable daughter. Heather Anne was born Monday evening, and weighed in at eight pounds and two ounces. You and the F.N.S. have been in our thoughts so much of late and I wanted you to know how very much you helped us to have a quick and not too unpleasant delivery. I still haven't forgotten how excited I was with the one delivery I saw, and how impressed I was by the Hyden Hospital with the bassinets by the mothers' beds. Lucille sent me Dr. Read's book on "Child-birth Without Fear" which Eric and I both studied. Heather has long dark hair and a funny little round face, and long limbs and body I am told and is very sweet. She is by my side in a little wooden crib and is making cute faces—but not a sound. I do wish you could see her. Could I list her as a courier, please?

. . . . .

### **From Odette Prunet in France (a translation)—March 24, 1950**

It is two years since I left Kentucky, and I would love to have a chat with you so that I can catch up with everything you are doing. At the present I am very busy with the student nurses who are preparing for their state examinations and graduation in May. I dread it for them as it is very difficult. When I have my eight days vacation I am going to see the twins and their father who is soon to marry again. I am very happy about this for the twins and for my brother. I saw Jim, Judy and Julie in Paris last month. They are very well. Greetings to everyone.

. . . . .

### **From Ruth Jolliffe Michaelis (Jolly) in Berlin, Wisconsin**

—April 10, 1950

After leaving Wendover I worked as a research statistician for Bell Aircraft in Buffalo, and then went to an Army position

in Richmond, Virginia. While in Richmond I met my husband, Harold Michaelis. We were married in August 1944. When he was moved I was able to get transferred to Norfolk and Rhode Island. We now have three lovely children, healthy and happy. William George (Bill) born in 1946 in Baltimore, April Ruth was born in April in Milwaukee in 1948, and James Bruce (Jim) arrived last November in Berlin. Two years ago we bought a poultry ranch in Berlin. We named it T N T Poultry Ranch, specializing in tender and tasty broilers and fryers. The year in Kentucky certainly helped a lot in my adjustment to the outdoor farm life which my husband likes. I hope some day I shall be able to visit Wendover with my family. Right now, between babies and chickens we don't do much travelling.

. . . . .

**From Dorothy Frazer Martt (Dotty) in Cincinnati, Ohio**

—April 17, 1950

Jack is finding his work here at the TB hospital most interesting and instructive. As for myself I continue to enjoy being with Children's Clinic, and working in Children's Hospital as well. I remember dear little Walter Collins and how all of us loved him in the months he spent with us this winter. In fact the entire staff here seem especially to enjoy having your Kentucky children with them.

**NEWSY BITS**

The Frontier Nursing Service welcomes four new babies, born to old staff members:

Walter Hugh was born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Whitlock (Chappy) on January 24th, 1950.

Kenneth Lee was born to Mr. and Mrs. Willard Bowling (Ginny) on February 24th, 1950. Ginny writes, "Our baby came prematurely, but both of us are doing fine now. I fell off the back steps; we are both so thankful that our baby is alive."

Heather Anne was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson (Pete) on March 13th, 1950.

Loretta Kay was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bowers (Gladys) on April 18th, 1950.

## PARAPHRASE

by

GEORGIANA SIBLEY

This paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of St. Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians was given by Mrs. Harper Sibley at the annual meeting of the World Service Council, December 6, 1949, at the River Club, New York, and is printed with her permission.

Though America speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and does not care, she is become as sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And though she have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge—even to the cracking of the atom—and though she have all faith, so that she could remove mountains, and does not care, she is nothing.

And though America bestow all her goods to feed the poor—one hundred million bushels of wheat to Europe—ten billion dollars for recovery—and though she give her body to be burned—and her sons to die—and does not care, it profiteth her nothing.

To care means to suffer long, and to be very kind; not to envy, not to be proud or puffed up, not to behave unseemly, not to seek her own, not to be easily provoked—even with those with whom we disagree at the United Nations.

Caring rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the Truth.

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Caring never fails: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When America was a child, she spake as a child, she thought as a child—and she put up tariff walls like the sides of a playpen

to protect her infant industries, 'til they were strong; and she created a Monroe Doctrine to protect her continent, while she grew—but now that she is of age—a giant among the nations of the world, she must put away childish things.

Then she saw through a glass darkly; now face to face; then she knew in part; now must she know even as also she is known, and will be judged by God himself.

And now abideth faith, which we must have; and hope, which we needs must have; and caring; these three; but the greatest of these is to care.

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### ALL THINGS NEW-BORN

by  
LESLIE SAVAGE CLARK

Be gentle, spring, to new-born things,  
Small rabbits cowering in fern,  
And fledgling wings so brief and frail  
That hesitate to learn  
The ways of space, to lamb and foal  
And fawn that, trembling, press  
Wide-eyed against their mothers' flanks,—  
Protect their littleness!

—*The Christian Science Monitor*

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### CUCKOO SONG

Summer is icumen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu!  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
And springeth the wood nu.

—13th Century



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Members and Trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service is held this year on Wednesday, May 31st at the Louisville Country Club on the Upper River Road. It will all be over when you read this Bulletin. A report cannot be given until our summer Bulletin because these pages are in the printers' presses at the time of the Annual Meeting.

Our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, is giving a report of her Silver Anniversary Fund at the Annual Meeting. She has received kind letters and generous responses from many trustees as well as a number of pledges. The checks sent her range from the gifts of \$25.00 (not all of our trustees are well off by a long way and these checks represent great generosity) to gifts of as much as \$5,000 and \$10,000. One trustee sent a block of stock. Trustees in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati personally solicited their friends and obtained considerable sums of money. Others have plans afoot for the summer and autumn months. Mrs. Belknap is presenting all the money that has come in to her to the Director at the Annual Meeting. The treasurer will send his formal receipt to every donor in June.

Mrs. Belknap wishes it stated that she will be delighted to hear from trustees who have not yet responded, and from any other friends who wish to contribute to this Fund, at any time before December 1st. An announcement of the total returns from her letter will be printed in a subsequent issue of the Bulletin.

Mrs. Belknap has authorized her letter, personally addressed by her to each trustee, and personally signed, printed herewith, and it follows in this Bulletin:

Dear Mrs. Blank:

As you may already know, this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Frontier Nursing Service, an event that will be commemorated at the Annual Meeting in May.

In the last quarter century, Mrs. Breckinridge, through her work, has brought human hope not only to mountain people but, through the workers the F. N. S. has trained, to thousands of people all over the world. The inspiration of her personality

has always led the fund-raising efforts which financed the work of the Service.

In this, our twenty-fifth year, an unusual opportunity has come to us.

A leading firm of publishers, Harper and Brothers, has asked Mrs. Breckinridge to write the story of the Frontier Nursing Service. She has agreed to undertake the task, and has signed a contract with Harper and Brothers. She has also signed a legal conveyance giving all royalties and subsidiary rights (radio, motion picture, et cetera) to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Here is a chance not only for direct financial return, but also for valuable publicity that is accurate.

In order to do the job, Mrs. Breckinridge will have to devote five or six entire months to it. These months will have to be taken from the time that she generally devotes to very effective fund-raising activities.

This means that something special will have to be done to meet current operating budgets during the period that the book is being written and edited. The scope and character of the Service cannot be allowed to suffer.

Because it is our twenty-fifth year, and because the long-range return from the book can prove immensely valuable, your Executive Committee has decided to call upon you, as a Trustee, for special help on this important occasion. In the history of the Service, the Trustees have never before been asked to do something as a group.

It is estimated that \$50,000 will be needed to substitute for Mrs. Breckinridge's time and effort but it is earnestly hoped that the sum raised will be substantially greater than that, so that the surplus may be used to increase the Endowment Fund—a matter that is so near to Mrs. Breckinridge's heart.

Will you give what you can, and also interest others (individuals, groups or Funds) in contributing to this Silver Anniversary Commemoration?

Sincerely yours,

(Signed by) Marion S. Belknap  
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap  
National Chairman.

Checks or pledges payable by (or before) December first, should be made to

Silver Anniversary Fund, Frontier Nursing Service

and sent to

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Upper River Road  
R. R. 1, Louisville Kentucky

. . . . .

Our Committee members are celebrating our quarter century in various effective ways.

We were thrilled with the results of a Silver Anniversary Tea given by a trustee, Mrs. William H. Coffman, and the wife of a trustee, Mrs. H. Church Ford. The Tea was held in the Ford home in Georgetown, Kentucky, on March 17th. The center of attraction was a quaint little crib (which belonged to Mr. Rhodes Thomas) placed in front of the fireplace in the huge living room. In it was a beautiful doll, dressed in Mrs. Ford's own baby dress and cap. Presiding over the crib was Mrs. Jack Lucker in her nurse's uniform. At the foot of the crib stood a basket into which everyone placed their silver gifts which had been brought in attractive little cardboard saddlebags fashioned for this purpose by the hostesses. These gifts amounted to \$119.00—and will provide care in childbirth for many mountain mothers.

Mrs. Coffman gave a brief talk about the Service. Miss Mary Hambrick accompanied by Mrs. Kenneth M. Fortune (Catherine Ford) gave a violin solo. The tea table was beautifully decorated with spring flowers from the gardens of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Rhodes Thomas. The delicious sandwiches and cakes were homemade, and everything was most enjoyable.

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The New York Committee held a Silver Anniversary Tea at the place of its vice-chairman and trustee, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, on Thursday, May 4th. Charming invitations went out printed on silver with the dates featured—1925-1950. All who attended were told to bring rummage to be sold at the Bargain Box on behalf of the Service, with special emphasis this year on articles of silver as rummage. Silver, bric-a-brac, costume jewelry and *objets d'art* were brought. Prizes were awarded to

everyone's satisfaction for the best rummage. The sale of so many lovely things will bring many hundreds of dollars to the Frontier Nursing Service.

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The Philadelphia Committee has voted to collect rummage for the New York Bargain Box as its special bit of work this year. Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, 249 Merion Road, Merion, Pennsylvania has been kind enough to say that things collected can be stored at her house. From there the Committee has a means of trucking to New York. The Philadelphia collections will have a different tag from the New York collections and the Philadelphia Committee will get credit for all of its articles sold at the Bargain Box.

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The Louisville Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, voted to ask each member to raise the sum of \$20.00, preferably through her own work. A number of the members sent checks, but several did actually raise the money. Mrs. Belknap, for example, sold some of her home cured Kentucky hams; Mrs. Moss gave a Silver Anniversary Tea; Mrs. Moorman sold some of the late Judge Moorman's law books for \$125.00. Mrs. Bullitt gave a Canasta supper to which all of the guests were asked to bring \$1.00—Mrs. Bullitt herself having spent much more than that on the supper! All of these members produced through their own unaided efforts considerably more than the \$20.00 requested. Here is an interesting family touch—Judge Moorman's law books were bought by young John and Scott Breckinridge, sons of the late Dr. Scott Breckinridge. John and Scottie sent us word that they were delighted the money they paid for the books was coming home to roost in the Frontier Nursing Service, and that free legal advice would be gladly added thereto.

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The Cincinnati Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, with that utterly charming Mrs. Claude M. Lotspeich as Acting Chairman, held a huge meeting for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Queen City Club Friday afternoon, April 28th, followed by

delectable refreshments for which the members of the Cincinnati Committee paid. The big hall of the Queen City Club was crowded with around three hundred people, both men and women. The Vice-Chairmen of the meeting were Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, widow of a former Chairman, and Mrs. Marston Allen. Your editor attended this meeting to make her report and show for the last time this fiscal year, the colored slides. The Cincinnati Committee is admirably reorganized with enthusiastic old members and an excellent group of new members. Our former courier, Miss Dorothy Caldwell, has consented to serve as volunteer secretary. It was lots of fun to meet many old friends at this large gathering, and to make the acquaintance of other charming people. I stayed with Mrs. Rogan before the meeting, and took a train afterwards for Louisville where Mrs. Belknap's chauffeur, Floyd, met me. I had a long, restful weekend with Mrs. Belknap, and also a rare treat. I was privileged to visit the studio of Mr. Morris B. Belknap, Jr. and see several of his fascinating modern paintings. The picture he has painted of the atom bomb—a symbolic thing in which the bomb is rising like a gigantic flower out of the desert—has haunted me ever since. Below the bomb lies a huge heap of rocks and, under the rocks, a man bowed completely over, but not broken. In one corner of the picture is a bit of life in the form of some white flowers. I wish this picture could be on exhibit all over the world.

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It will be remembered that our very first Medical Director was Dr. H. C. Capps who went back to Waverly, Tennessee in 1931 to enter private practice. We were very fond of him and of his wife, Jean, and learned with interest of the birth of two sons. We are thrilled to receive an invitation to his graduation exercises at Battle Ground Academy on May 26th, from Walter Capps.

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The Lexington Herald of Tuesday morning, March 14th, carried an intensely interesting story, illustrated, on Dr. Robert Sory and the Irvine-McDowell Hospital, the U. S. Public Health Service Trachoma Unit in Richmond, Kentucky. Here is another thing that carries us back over a long period of time. Dr. Sory

used to come in to our territory in our early years to hold trachoma clinics. Many is the time that we have routed him long distances by horseback to meet the patients Dr. Capps had screened for him to see.

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We are greatly moved to read of the dedication of the Memorial Coliseum of the University of Kentucky on Memorial Day. Our representative at this celebration will be Helen Marie Fedde (Hem), our fellowship nurse who gets her Master's Degree at the University of Kentucky this year. We print herewith the first page of the dedication brochure.

MEMORIAL COLISEUM  
HERE IN STONE AND STEEL IS RAISED  
A MEMORIAL TO  
MORE THAN NINE THOUSAND SONS AND DAUGHTERS  
OF THE  
STATE OF KENTUCKY  
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN BATTLE  
THAT WE MIGHT LIVE IN PEACE  
ERECT AND STRONG AND FREE  
WORLD WAR II 1941-45

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them."

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Members of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, those with us now and those who have been with us in other years, are constant in their willingness to make talks about the Service. We keep a case of slides for them to use. These have traveled lately from Massachusetts to Texas; from Texas to Connecticut; from Connecticut to Pennsylvania; from Pennsylvania to Michigan. Jane Sanders (Mrs. James E. Burt) gave several talks with the slides in Texas. Nellie Davis (Mrs. Herbert Grube) gave talks once again in Connecticut; Martha Morrison, while on vacation, gave four talks with the slides in Massachusetts. Dr. John H. Kooser, beloved second Medical Director for many of our early years, spoke to the nurses at the Irwin, Pennsylvania Hospital and showed the slides. They are now in Michigan with Nola Blair who is using them in June.

We were sorry that the slides were elsewhere and we could not send them to Iowa when they were needed by Miss Phyllis A. Roberts. However, she spoke so effectively that the Greene County, Iowa nurses have just collected and sent us five boxes of clothing, books and toys.

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Our readers know how extremely fond we became of Eleni Angelopoulou of Greece when she visited us over here. It rejoices us to know that Marvin Breckinridge, whose distinguished husband, Jefferson Patterson, is the U. S. representative on the United Nations Balkan Commission with headquarters in Athens, is in contact with "Angel" and can keep the old friendship going. Marvin has had sent us from her bookseller in this country Mrs. Mark Ethridge's book *It's Greek to Me*, because there is so much about "Angel" in it. It is also a delightful book for anyone to read even if they haven't the good fortune to know "Angel".

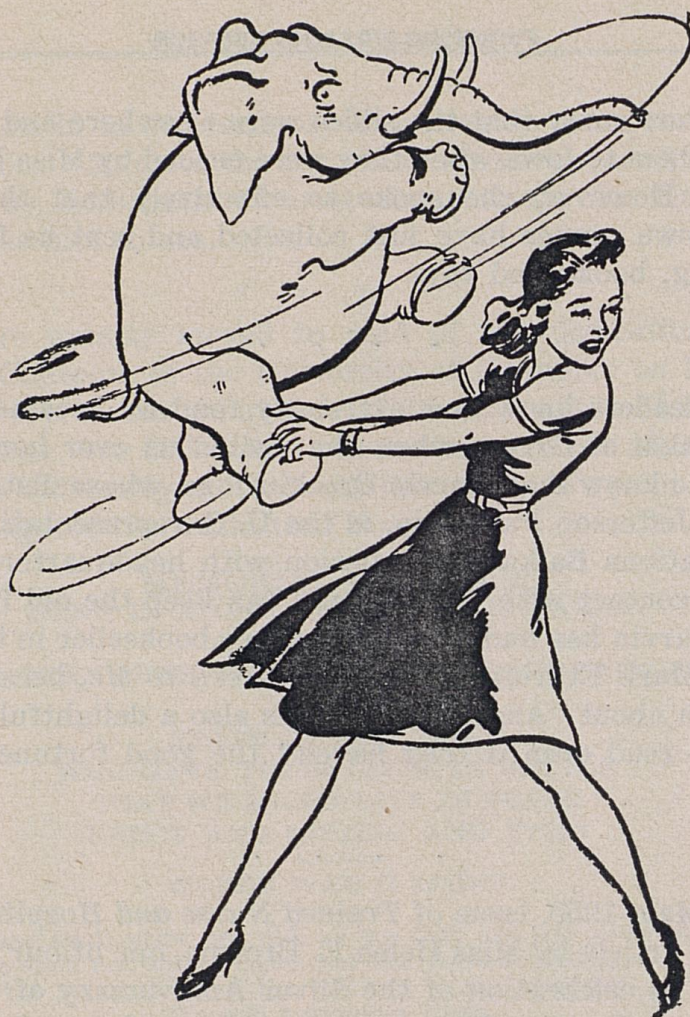
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The May, 1950, issue of *Trained Nurse and Hospital Review* carries an article by Miss Helen E. Browne, one of our Assistant Directors, in celebration of the Silver Anniversary of the Frontier Nursing Service. This story has three of our photographs by way of illustration, and the editors have been so kind as to put a fourth photograph on the cover page.

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Our auditors, Hifner and Fortune, have given us a copy of *The New York Certified Public Accountant* of February, 1950. Under "Correspondence" on the last page we find that the eminent certified public accountant, Mr. A. S. Fedde, has quoted verbatim the letter with which Mr. Hifner prefaced our audit of 1949. Mr. Fedde who is, by the way, the uncle of our Miss Fedde (Hem) supplied this footnote to Mr. Hifner's letter: "This is not sent in a mood of criticism but in admiring wonder that, in a class of reporting that is usually completely financial in character, the accountants accepted the urge to include poetic expressions of warmth and a lofty spirit."

## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue

New York 21, New York

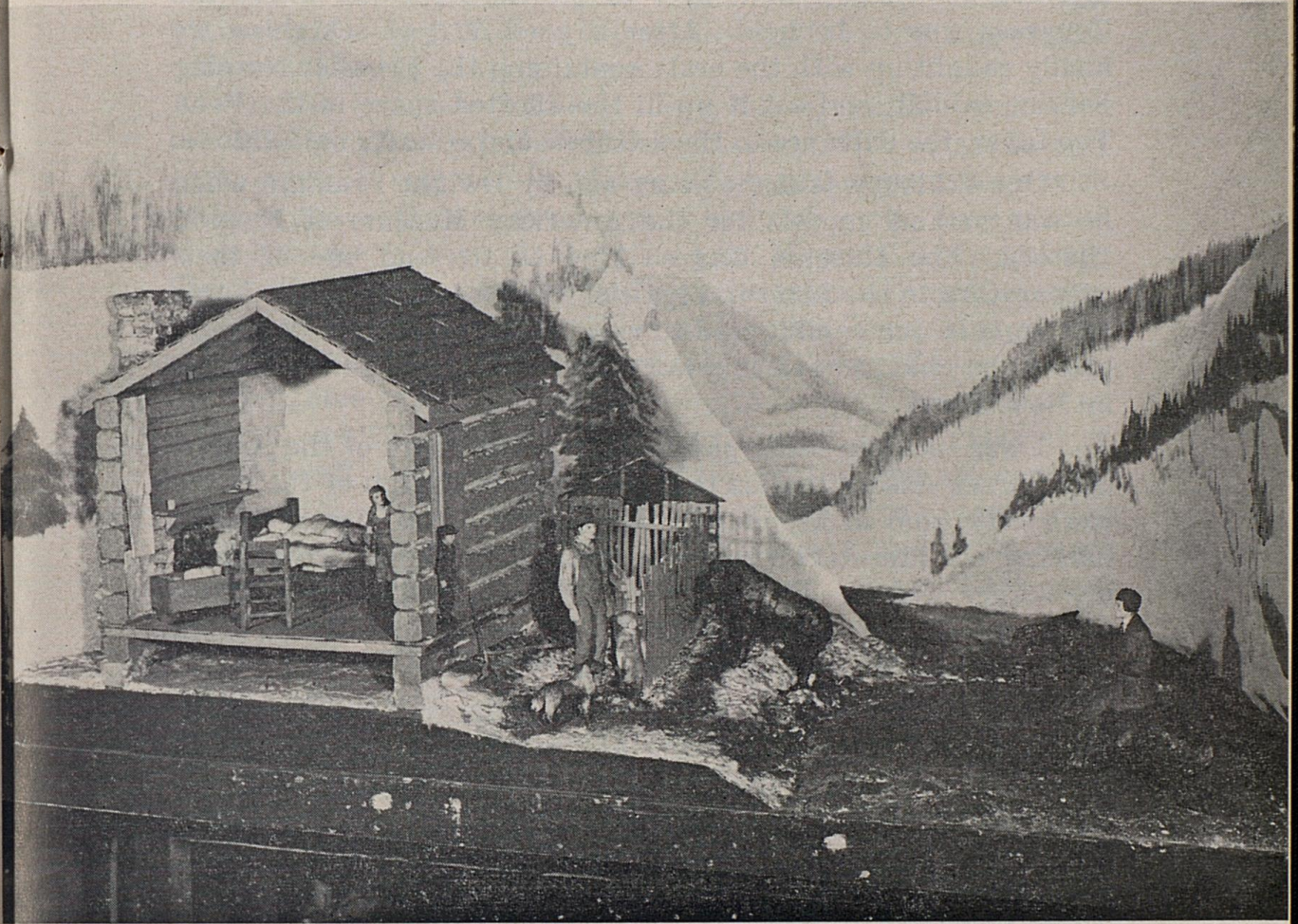
We shall be much obliged to you.



## CONGRESS IN NEW YORK

by

HELEN E. BROWNE, R.N., S.C.M.  
Assistant Director of the Frontier Nursing Service



Frontier Nursing Service Exhibit

The International and Fourth American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology was the most interesting gathering of professional men and women that I have ever had the privilege of attending. It was the first international meeting of specialists in obstetrics and gynecology ever to be held in the United States. There were present doctors and nurses from all over the world as well as representatives from most of the states.

Jean Hollins and I drove from Wendover to New York in her car, arriving on Saturday, May 13th. Jean was spending the week with her family, and I stayed as the guest of Vanda Summers at the New York Hospital Nurses' Residence. On Sunday morning Jean and I went over to the Statler Hotel where the Congress was to be held. After a good deal of searching we finally caught up with the crate containing the Frontier Nursing Service exhibit, and set it up in the allotted space in the Penn Top foyer, the entrance to the scientific and educational exhibits.

Our exhibit was made years ago by Dwight Franklin when he was making models for the American Museum of Natural History. The Museum was so kind as to send one of their preparators to the hotel to repair several fractures in the horse and mule in our exhibit, and to repaint the creek bed. We were glad to be able to have this work done while we had the exhibit in New York.

I was lucky in being placed near to the booth of the American Nurses Association as the two ladies in charge of the booth were very kind in keeping an eye on the F.N.S. booth, and in handing out literature when I was not there. Right across from my corner was Dr. Philip Levine with the exhibit "Ten Years of the Rh Factor" from the Ortho Research Foundation, from which I gleaned some useful information.

Miss Margaret Losty and her committee are to be congratulated on some excellent nursing programs. The one that interested me most was the program entitled "Preparation for Maternity Nursing." We heard reports from two university hospitals and a rural nurse-midwifery program in this country. A matron of a maternity hospital in England gave an excellent account of the preparation and training of the British midwife and her position in the obstetrical team under the new health scheme in Britain today. We then heard from Finland and her well organized system of expert maternity care for all, regardless of the economic status of the patient. A doctor from Holland gave a short talk on the preparation of the Dutch midwife. Such meetings as these make one realize how much we can learn from one another, if we will just take the time to study and understand how other programs work. Naturally I made a special effort to attend as many of the nursing sessions as I

could, and in between times I heard some of the speakers at the general sessions held in the large ballroom. All of this was most interesting and stimulating. There was a large attendance at the Congress, over two thousand persons having registered during the five days. It is to be hoped that the American Committee on Maternal Welfare will see its way to sponsoring similar congresses in the years to come.

In the intervals between the sessions, while I was with our exhibit, I had interesting conversations with many doctors and nurses. It was a great pleasure to renew acquaintance with some of the leaders in the world of obstetrics who have visited us in Kentucky: such nice people as Dr. Edwin C. Dailey of the Children's Bureau, Miss Hattie Hemschemeyer of the Maternity Center Association in New York and Sister Theophane of the Catholic Maternity Institute in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I was also delighted to have the opportunity to meet Dr. Fred Adair of Chicago and Dr. John Parks of Washington, D. C. Several of our old staff members attended the Congress and we met for lunch on occasion. Hannah Mitchell and Marion Cadwallader from Georgia, and Jean Kay who is office nurse for a busy obstetrician in New York and I had a good time chatting over our experiences in our various fields of work. Helen Stone (Pebble) dropped by for a short visit one afternoon, and Jean Hollins and Vanda Summers dropped by whenever they could spare a minute. They would stay with the exhibit and hand out our literature and answer questions while I attended a meeting. For all their help I am most grateful. Vanda was off duty at the weekend so we had time for a real visit. She is flying to England next month and very excited at the prospect of visiting her family after nearly thirteen years. Jean and I left New York on Monday and had a delightful visit with Mrs. James C. Breckinridge in the Shenandoah Valley on the way down. She took us to meet her sisters at their lovely old family home—Hawthorne. On the Tuesday morning we went on a "Washington pilgrimage" and saw many of the old Washington family places in the valley. That is beautiful country and we loved our visit.

## FIELD NOTES

Our lovely new building, the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses, held its house warming on Tuesday, April 25th. Everything went off well, due more than anything else to the activities of our Hyden and Red Bird Committees. The women of the Hyden Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. D. Begley, and those of the Red Bird Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Floyd Bowling, furnished all the home-made cakes and cookies for more than 150 guests. In addition to that the members of our Hyden Committee supplied all of the ice cream. Members of these committees and our Bowlingtown Chairman, Mr. Will Gay, and Mrs. Gay, acted as hosts and hostesses with us from three in the afternoon until nine at night. The Frontier Nursing Service provided coffee, cocoa, fruit juice and ham sandwiches. There was more than enough food because we had fewer people than we expected. A terrible downpour of rain in the afternoon kept a great many of our friends away, to our real sorrow. However, carloads of doctors and their wives and other friends got over from Hazard and Harlan, and there were sprinklings of people from beyond Hyden and Big Creek. Everybody who came was taken over the new building by members of the Committees and the staff, and all admired everything immensely. It was pleasant to note that the women took special interest in the closets and linen rooms, and the men in the boiler room in the basement. From top to bottom, they all went everywhere.

The long lounge for the nurses' recreation hours has been completely furnished by donations from old friends of Dorothy F. Buck. It is a charming as well as a restful room. Eleven of the nurses' rooms have been furnished by friends from various parts of the country, and two more have been pledged. We are deeply moved that Mrs. L. D. Lewis of Hyden is furnishing one of these rooms in memory of our beloved "Judge Lew," Chairman until his death of the Hyden Committee and an honored trustee. If anyone else wants to furnish one of these rooms, there are three bedrooms for nurses, and a guest room for which furnishings have not been given or pledged.

The next big piece of work ahead of us lies in converting the hospital wing which was partly occupied by nurses, for exclusive hospital use. Mr. Emmitt Elam, chairman of the Citizens Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, starts his drive early in June to raise all of the money needed by soliciting donations from friends in and around the territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service. A fine gift of \$1,000.00 from one of the large coal operators in our section has been a wonderful send-off for the drive. Funds will be deposited in the Hyden Citizens Bank, and Mr. L. F. Brashear, President of the Bank, is treasurer. We are so proud and happy that we are doing this ourselves.

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On Friday evening, April 21st, at 7:00 p.m. two of us attended the Junior-Senior banquet of the Hyden High School and were profoundly impressed by the setting and the program. The whole evening had been planned with a garden as the motif. The High School boys made a charming, ornamental fence from wood donated by the Ritter Lumber Company. This encircled the tables. Vines trailed over the fence. The junior girls did an act called "Fashioning a Bouquet" in which they all wore long, pretty dresses they had made themselves. The senior class had an act called "Cutting the Blossoms." Your editor was the principal speaker and chose Landscape Gardening as her theme. Supper was delicious, served on tables lit with candles. There were a number of speeches of thanks and many jokes cracked, particularly by the boys. The class colors of blue and white covered the programs made by the young people themselves. We older ones were proud of the whole occasion and just a little wistful, as one always is when one sees young things faring forth in the world as it is today.

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On Tuesday, March 21st, came the dedication of the Mudlick Clinic by the Reverend F. C. Rohrer. This two-room building—waiting room and an examining and treatment room—was fully furnished even to the window curtains of bright, flowered material. It stands in a beautiful spot not far from the county road at the head of Rocky Fork, Mudlick, and Martin's Creek

on the fringes of the territory covered by our Flat Creek Nursing Center. The area is enclosed by a fence. There are dogwood, sourwood and pines. Flowers will be planted in the enclosure, and seats made so that those who come to the clinic can sit around and visit with each other. The land for the Mudlick Clinic was given by Burley and Mandy Smith. No less than 38 local citizens gave all the work on the building, and some of them money besides. Friends of the Reverend and Mrs. F. C. Rohrer raised and sent in nearly \$300.00 in addition. The waiting room has a heating stove and chairs, and the treatment room has a sink and fittings.

Our representative at the dedication was Miss Betty Lester. She reported that "quite a number of children, grown-ups, babies and dogs attended." The services started with enthusiastic singing. Mr. Rohrer made the prayer of dedication, and gave a short address. Betty spoke on behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service. Miss Mary Ann Quarles told everybody that Social Service would be glad to be of assistance. The Flat Creek nurse, Miss Joyce Stephens, answered questions about the clinic day and hours. After that everybody talked, except "Stevie" who saw patients and booked three pre-natals.

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The Lila Buyers Chapel, erected by her friends in loving memory of the years of service Miss Lila gave to the Presbyterian girls' dormitory at Hyden and to everyone everywhere around, was dedicated Sunday afternoon, May 21st. The Chapel has been built on land given by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Keen, midway between Hyden and Dryhill. Miss Jean Tolk and Miss Zilpha Roberts of Dryhill will have Sunday School classes and Chapel Services there every Sunday afternoon. The Frontier Nursing Service was represented at the dedication by Miss Eva Gilbert, and others of the Hyden group.

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Our friends, Gillous and Leona Morgan, met with a terrible disaster this spring, in the complete destruction by fire of their home on the highway at the head of Hurts Creek. Doctor Dodds saw the flames in the distance and he and two of the Hyden nurses hurried over there. They brought Gillous, Leona and the

four children back to Joy House where they have been since the fire. Mercifully for us, our present medical director is a bachelor and uses only one bedroom, a bath and the study. It gives us such happiness to be able to offer hospitality in that large place to the Morgan family while their new home is being built. The old staff will remember that Leona was for many years one of our hospital nurses. She will forever be a part of us.

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Doctor Dodds has had a busy spring. He has done such fine work, and we are all so attached to him that we hate to think he has to return this summer to the University of Rochester to complete his residency in obstetrics and gynecology. In addition to all the regular hospital work, his visits to the out-post centers and to some of the sick people in their homes, Doctor Dodds has had a number of clinics. On Wednesday the 19th of April, that dear Lexington crew, Dr. Massie, Dr. Todd, Miss Oliver and Miss Griggs, came up for their big surgical clinic. On Wednesday they examined all the patients Dr. Dodds had already screened, and operated Thursday, Friday, and Saturday morning. Fifteen patients were freed from surgical disabilities that hampered them greatly. We, all of us, enjoyed the Lexington crowd as much as they said they enjoyed us.

On Saturday, May 6th, Dr. and Mrs. Keith Merrill arrived for a week's stay that was pure joy to all of us, and meant a lot of work for him. He gave us three pediatric clinics, one at Brutus, one at Flat Creek, and a large one at Hyden. We now have a string of children amply diagnosed and all being handled as Dr. Merrill said they should be. Mrs. Merrill, except for a visit to the Hospital and to the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River, was at Wendover the whole of the week, and how we hated to give her up! She fitted into our group as though she had been cemented there, and gave us hours of service in the offices. In addition to all that, Dr. Merrill, who had thoughtfully brought a projector, showed us his Kodachrome slides of their trips in Alaska and in a part of the Caribbean.

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District No. 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses held the spring meeting at the Midwives Quarters

of Hyden Hospital on Thursday, April 13th. Members were invited to a buffet luncheon before the meeting, and were glad to welcome the guest speakers, Mrs. Helen Elrod, Assistant Executive Secretary of the American Nurses Association and Miss Cynthia J. Neel, the Executive Secretary of our own State Association. Miss Eva Gilbert presided. Miss Alice Young read an excellent report, sent in by the Secretary, Miss Helen Fedde, of the Annual Meeting of the K.S.A.R.N., which Miss Fedde attended as the representative of District 13. The meeting was then turned over to Miss Neel who spoke briefly about the Nurses' Bill recently passed by the Kentucky State Legislature. Miss Neel then introduced Mrs. Elrod, who explained the platform of the A.N.A. for the Biennial in San Francisco, and the Economic Security Program of the American Nurses Association.

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We have not had as many guests this spring as we did last, perhaps because it was rather a raw, cold spring until well into May. Aside from the Massie crowd and the Merrills, who were hard workers as well as guests, we had a visit from Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson, Jr., of Philadelphia who more than twenty years ago, as Elizabeth Van Meter, was one of our early couriers. She has written her own impressions of the Frontier Nursing Service Revisited elsewhere in this Bulletin. In Miss Mary Spooner we had an English nurse for a week's observation. We had a Brazilian in Mr. Eduardo Lessa. Miss Edith Coleman, Mrs. Hosmer Stone, Miss Barbara Sykes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cook and John Cook were all Americans who came for varied lengths of time in April. The Cooks represent the family of one of our own nurses, "Cookie."

In early May we had a visit from Mrs. Ridgley, and from three young friends of Mary Jo Clark. Eva Gilbert at Midwives Quarters had a welcome visit from two of her friends, Mrs. Christine H. Kuhn and Miss Grace Jacobson. Later in May came Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, who is generally known to our readers as a highly valued member of the New York Committee. To one of us in here, she is a beloved kinswoman and the mother of Brooke Alexander, part and parcel of the Frontier Nursing Service in its earliest years. It was enchanting to have Mary



Kirkland and to give her a chance to see a little something of work she has backed since its beginning. With her came our Mrs. Waring Wilson from Lexington. Her custom of doing volunteer work in here is so rooted in her that she was hardly out of the jeep before she began making a green salad.

The station wagon that took Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Kirkland back to Lexington brought up Mrs. Harper Sibley, one of the most charming guests ever to come on these premises. She was only here one full day and two nights. On her one day we sent her to the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center given by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hiram Sibley, nineteen years ago and lately electrified by members of the Sibley family. She had time to go over Wendover; to lunch at the Hospital and see the plant there; to root herself completely in the affections of all who met her. Dr. and Mrs. Theodore E. Tetreault, with Harvey aged three years, and Jeffrey aged six weeks, spent a night with us in late May as they were motoring through the countryside.

Our latest guests before we go to press are our old friend, Earl Palmer, and his friend, Frank Shelton—also an enthusiastic photographer. They gave themselves in full measure to taking photographs of various buildings and scenes that we can use as slides, as cuts in the Bulletin, and in the book that Harper & Bros. are going to bring out.

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Our hospital superintendent, Miss Ann P. MacKinnon, "Mac" had a bit of a holiday with a beloved American niece, after the house-warming. She returned to Lexington on Saturday, May 13th, to stay with Dr. Josephine D. Hunt until Tuesday the 16th. She had such a happy visit with Dr. Josie that it was almost miraculous, with lovely parties given by such friends as Mr. and Mrs. David Prewitt and Mrs. Preston Johnston.

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We extend our grateful thanks to the Ritter Lumber Company for the gift of enough black walnut of the highest quality to make the sideboards for the dining room in the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters, and four tea tables for the long lounge. Oscar Bowling has done some of his finest handicraft

in the making of these beautiful pieces of furniture. The Ritter Lumber Company, through Mr. Harris, has also given us the hand-hewn buckeye mantelpieces for the two great fireplaces at Haggin House.

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Couriers during the spring months have been Jean Hollins as Resident, in charge of all animals and jeeps; Fredericka Holdship, "Freddie," with Jean and as her relief during a two-weeks absence; Susan Spencer as senior courier; Karen Pagon of Baltimore, and Kitty Palmer of Los Angeles, as juniors. It is needless to add that the courier work has moved along smoothly and with the highest efficiency. Although Kitty comes from California she is a niece of the David Prewitts in Lexington. Karen is the cousin of our fine courier of years ago, Betsy Pagon Blanchard.

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The twentieth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery completed the six-months' course in mid-April. All passed their examinations, conducted for us by the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, with high ratings—all over ninety. Each member of this class has received the diploma of the Graduate School. One of the six, Betty Scott of Detroit, was on a Frontier Nursing Service scholarship and remains with the Service under contract for the next two years. The others are scattering to the ends of the earth.

The twenty-first class began work on April 15th. Of these six young women, one, Mrs. Iris Inman Rolfe from California, is a veteran under the G.I. Bill of Rights; another, Miss Anna Bet Lachin, is a Persian from Iran, a graduate of the J. P. Cochran Memorial Hospital in Rezehea. Three others, Miss Dorothy G. Finkbiner, Miss Odessa Ramsey, Miss Edna Marie Ash are paying their own fees. Miss Ivallean Caudill is on a Frontier Nursing Service scholarship. Mrs. Rolfe and Miss Finkbiner hold B. S. degrees in Public Health Nursing.

Miss Lachin speaks much better English than we speak Persian, but even so she is a source of amusement to her associates. For example, the other day she asked if it wasn't time

to irrigate the horses. It took a few minutes before her friends realized she thought the horses should be watered.

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We have given up Miss Peggy Brown, head Hospital Midwife, with great regret, and we hope not forever. After visits to Dr. Howe in New Mexico and "Sister Hope" at Ashland, Kentucky, she sails for her home in England in June for a long leave of absence. She is an outstanding nurse-midwife, a splendid person, and has been a member of our staff off and on for the past eleven years. Since she left, the post has been filled admirably by Alice Young.

We were very sorry to see Miss Thelma Blackburn go at the termination of her two-year contract with the Frontier Nursing Service. She had taken her midwifery at the Frontier Graduate School and had done fine work as a district nurse-midwife thereafter. Her last post was at Brutus. We shall hope to have her back with us again some day. A former nurse-midwife, who has just returned for a few days' visit with Vera Chadwell at Bowlingtown, is Maxine Thornton. She brought her mother with her. It was lovely to meet her mother and to see Maxine again at Hyden and Wendover.

We welcome back to the Frontier Nursing Service, with open arms, Della Int-Hout ("Inty") who left us some time ago to live with her sister-in-law in the desert. Inty belongs in our very early days. After years of work as a splendid district nurse-midwife, she left the first time because she was "saddle sore." This makes her third return to us, and she will stay until the autumn at least. She is such a superior horticulturist that we had her spend her first few days back in the F.N.S. on the shrubbery, trees, garden and lawn of Joy House, with a man assisting her. She got all of that in good order. Then she took over the Hospital for Mac's vacation. Now she is in charge of Hyden Districts I and III. Our hearts have gone out to her very especially this spring because of the recent loss of a beloved sister.

We are happy to announce that Dorothy Hutson is now clinic nurse at Hyden Hospital.

We welcome at Hyden Hospital three new nurses who came in April to replace Marie Ash, Ivallean Caudill and Odessa Ram-

sey in our rotating system. They are Anne Te Kampe from the Michael Reese Hospital School of Nursing in Chicago, Barbara Clemons from the Jewish Hospital School of Nursing in Cincinnati, and Clara Louise Meyer from the Harrisburg Hospital School of Nursing in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

You, all of you who work from "Beyond the Mountains" for the Frontier Nursing Service, will be delighted to know that we are now making a little extra money quite on our own. We have signed a lease with Gillous Morgan and Wesley Conley for mining the coal in the ridge that belongs to us, above our hospital buildings, where we have approximately twenty coal acres. There is no opening nor ever will be on our own land because Gillous Morgan and his partner are using the opening on the adjacent land belonging to Mr. Nick Lewis, whose coal they have been mining for some time. These operations take place from 50 to 100 feet below the surface. We went into this matter very carefully and with the advice of two Federal geologists who were making a study of the rocks and coal in this section of Eastern Kentucky. The lease was drawn up under the advice of our trustee, Judge E. C. O'Rear of Frankfort who is familiar with coal mining operations. Morgan and Conley give us 25c a ton royalty. The lease is to run for ten years. The royalties to date are as follows:

November, 1949.....	\$ 8.25
December, 1949.....	164.82
January, 1950.....	321.43
February, 1950.....	586.83
March, 1950.....	683.02
April, 1950.....	743.84
May, 1950.....	792.10
Total.....	<u>\$3,300.29</u>

These Quarterly Bulletins do always get to press in the third month of each quarter and the galley proofs are corrected by the end of the quarter. However, the page proof has still to be corrected, the Bulletin must be run through the presses, stuffed in the envelopes, and carted by the printers over to the Lexington Post Office. This means that a Bulletin like this

spring one is not actually in the mails until near the middle of June.

About the time you are reading this your editor will be off on a three weeks' vacation and her secretary, Lucille Knechtly ("Thumper") will be handling her mail. The point of this whole dissertation is to tell you that we, the editor and I, Mary Breckinridge (the editorial "we" always abashes us) will not be able to answer "our" mail, even after my return from this holiday. I shall read all your letters but Thumper will answer them for me. I have got to get going on that book for Harper & Brothers, full-time, full-tilt, no later than early July. I worked on it in March, and then dropped it completely to get through the vast accountability of the closing of our twenty-fifth fiscal year, and its annual meeting of members and trustees. From now on the book comes first, although I shall find a week each quarter in which to push the Bulletin to the printers. Goodbye, everybody! I shall be writing letters to you again in the spring of 1951.

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### SIR OLIVER LODGE

A remarkable tribute to Sir Oliver Lodge was paid by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, writing in the *Sunday Graphic* last month, and discussing the men who in his view had, during the past half-century, "made the greatest contribution to the world's life." First on his list comes the Rev. Arthur Stanton, curate of St. Albans, Holborn, for about 40 years. Then comes the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard, who is compared with Stanton, followed by Smuts, Churchill and Lloyd George. Many other names, says Mr. Elliott, must be left unwritten; he will mention just one more. And he adds: "I have a feeling that history, in its unfolding, may yet prove him the greatest of them all—Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Why," he continues, "Science should have shown little or no interest in the profound discoveries of so great a mind, and in his spiritual interpretation of the Universe, I cannot imagine. But some day the scientists, and all of us, in this world or the next, will know him as the fearless pioneer who first pierced through to the great realities. It is far, far better, I think, to have the trumpets sounding on the other side than on this."

—*Light*, London—February, 1950

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

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



## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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



HYDEN HOSPITAL AND HEALTH CENTER

	Annex		
	Employees Quarters		
Wee House			Employees Cabin
Isolation			
	Hospital	Margaret Voorhies Haggin	
Morton Wing — Gill Wing		Quarters for Nurses	
			Mardi Cottage
			Student Midwives Quarters
		Aunt Hattie's Barn	
			Employees Cabin
		Joy House	
		Medical Directors House	

Water is pumped from a 200-ft. driven well below Joy House up to a cedar tank (left) and a stone cistern (right) high on the mountain.  
 Septic tanks and drainage fields handle sewage disposal.  
 Hyden Hospital boundaries include 35.46 acres.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

