

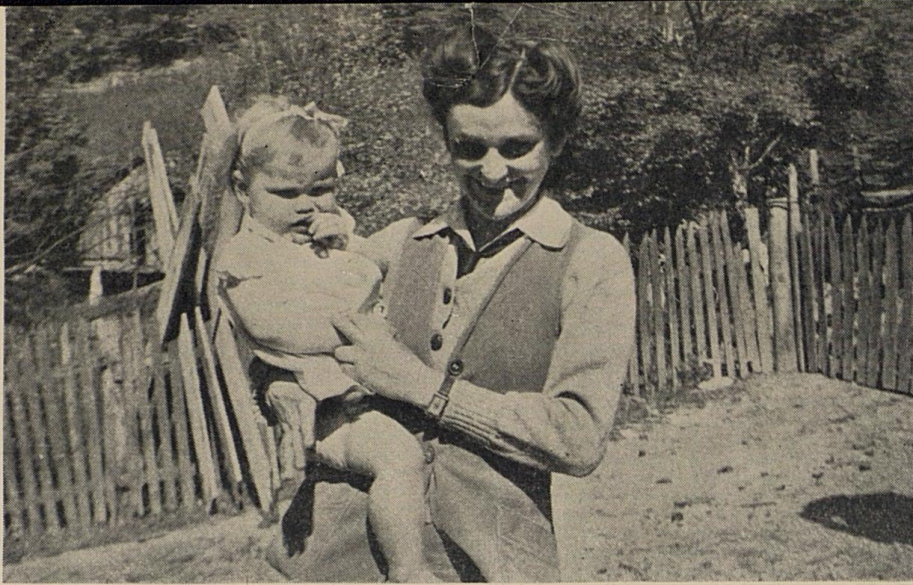
The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 22

WINTER, 1947

NUMBER 3





ODETTE PRUNET
French Fellowship Nurse
and
Kentucky Child
(For the Story See Page 3)

THE COVER PICTURE OF HELL-FER-SARTAIN CREEK, IN THE CONFLUENCE DISTRICT COVERED BY THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, WAS TAKEN BY MR. WILL BOWERS OF CAUFIELD AND SHOOK, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. IT IS USED WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF MR. BOWERS AND CAUFIELD AND SHOOK, INC.

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A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

by
SIDNEY LANIER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

—Baltimore, November, 1880
With kind permission of the
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A FRENCH FELLOWSHIP NURSE
with
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

by
ODETTE PRUNET

Graduate of the Florence Nightingale School at Bordeaux

The Frontier Nursing! With what an interest and what a pleasure I used to enjoy the news it gave in the Quarterly Bulletins, which Mrs. Breckinridge was regularly sending us to France, before 1940!

Then came five years of darkness, during the hateful occupation. We were not allowed any more to get news from outside. The only wish in every French heart was to be given back to freedom. This wish was fulfilled owing to the help of the Allied Forces including the American soldiers, to whom we are forever grateful. We came out from this unbearable slavery and, with the Liberation, the dear Quarterly Bulletin appeared again on the suffering soil of France.

Again this gave me an acute desire to know this work, sister of ours in Soissons; since both nursing groups were organized by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. My director in Soissons, Miss Elizabeth Rouffiac, who knew Mrs. Breckinridge and had worked with her, gave me a wonderful surprise, and managed with her a stay for me in her splendid work in Kentucky mountains. So the dream was becoming a reality! I was going to know a new and different aspect of the nurse's life and the work she can accomplish in the remote mountain area.

At the beginning of last summer, I came over to America. The travel was easy owing to the assistance of kind people: Miss Johnson of the American Red Cross Nursing Service in New York, who so nicely met me when landing; at Winchester, the McCready family who helped me change trains. The arrival at Wendover was made in car with Pebble and Pamela.

The spot of Wendover was immediately attractive to me. But what a surprise! Wendover is not a town as I expected it was. But it is much better, a chalet of fairy tale, located in the

quiet mountains amidst lovely, big, and thick trees and near a charming river, the Middle Fork, which we have to ford with the jeep, at my great amazement, to reach the Frontier Nursing Service headquarters. But so far in the mountains, the houses of Wendover have all the comfort of those of the big cities and immediately, I like the comfortable living room where we have every day at tea-time a pleasant meeting. In the huge fireplace a beautiful log fire is burning when the weather is cool. The dining room with its long table where everybody gathers for meals, has every day a Christmas looking with its six red candles.

Immediately I am happy in this warm, family atmosphere where Mrs. Breckinridge and everybody welcomes me; making me feel at home. Though it takes me a few days to learn everybody's name I am quickly familiar with the appearance of the staff without forgetting Margaret, the jolly, large laundry woman who every morning arrives to Wendover perched on a horse and the faithful watchman, Jinx, who symbolizes the mountaineer with a well tempered mind. I am introduced to the horses, chickens, cows, the geese, the dogs and cats; all of them marvelously installed in suitable buildings where I am amazed not to see any fly or flea, for everything has been DDTed by Pebble.

The second day of my arrival Thumper finds me a riding suit and I am taught by Pebble and Pamela to get on the blessed placid Cameron, who will give me my first riding lesson. I get accustomed to this living-motor whose reactions are sometimes a bit surprising. Now I am allowed to follow the nurse and under the care of Bertha Bloomer, first class nurse and nice friend, I am broken in to the district work.

Bertha presents to me the saddle bags with their numerous colored bags for each outfit which, with the horse, are the indispensable instruments of the nurse enabling her to face any eventuality (except for a delivery there is a special bag).

My first visit is to Ellen and her so cute ten days old baby, Sybil. I give the baby a bath while Bertha is taking care of the mother. This young woman, who has been working at Wendover, is clever and full of the desire to raise the child well and she avidly listens to the advises which Bertha is pleased to give her. She reads from cover to cover the booklet on child care

which Bertha gives her. And baby Sybil instead of sleeping with her mother as usually babies do here, has her own crib, a bureau drawer, where she is as clean and happy as a queen.

We have, also, several prenatal care weekly visits paid to the expectant mothers, who are watched very carefully by the nurse in order to diagnose abnormalities and to secure a delivery in the best conditions for the mothers and the babies. I admire in my nursing visits the cleanliness in these homes. Many times they are poor, without any conveniences, the housekeeper has to get the water out of the spring or creek, many yards away, but always the beds are made, covered with these so lovely quilt bedspreads and the rooms are neat and tidy with hundreds of canned goods supply for the winter. For several weeks we concentrate our energy on giving the preventive vaccinations against Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, and Typhoid in every part of the district. A central house is chosen as an appointment place and all the neighbors up the creek gather there at the designated time. They are used to these shots, the importance of which has been emphasized by their nurse and I admire particularly the courage of the children; not even a tear or a sound! Everything takes place quietly and in good order owing to the authority and the encouragements of Bertha. At the schools, we measure and weigh the children; examine the eyes, tonsils, teeth and the abnormalities will be seen at Hyden clinic or Hazard and treated accordingly.

One day we are invited to Patty's birthday party. She is the cutest little girl, cotched last year by Bertha and we have in her honor a big charming meeting of the parents, neighbors and the nurses around a good dinner and a wonderful birthday cake with one candle which Patty blows out with one puff.

October brings back the committee meetings at the various centers and Mrs. Breckinridge gives me the great privilege of attending them. It is an occasion for me to travel through all the territory of the Frontier Nursing Service, to enjoy as we are riding on our horses the gorgeous landscape of the mountains, the forest, the creek, and the bright colors of this beautiful fall. I visit the six nice centers where we are welcomed by the nurses and we have the opportunity of meeting the members of the committees. At Beech Fork we enjoy having Mrs. Breck-

inridge with us, presiding over the committee but her health unables her to attend the others. Although, we are missing her inspiration, Betty Lester, who has much experience of every center, leads the committees very well. After a delicious dinner the reports and suggestions about the co-operation between the Frontier Nursing Service and the members of the committee are most interesting and encouraging.

To get a complete survey of the Service I spend several weeks at the Hyden Hospital. On night duty, specializing a very sick G. I.'s Bride from Belgium; then on the general, midwifery wards and in the clinic, where I got the usual and unusual experience in all fields. The babies coming thick and fast, the beds never empty, the patients in and out; the Hospital is a real beehive with the nurses flying about! Over all this is the watchful eye of the Medical Director.

Soon it is Christmas and it is fun to prepare the Christmas bags for every child of each family. Each gets a piece of clothes, toys, games and candy. The Christmas Party will be a beautiful day for everybody; grownups and children. The inspiring love of Christmas will surround them because they do know that love only has inspired this wonderful work, joyously accomplished by the Frontier Nursing Service.

"God gave us memories," said Sir James M. Barrie, "so that we might have roses in December."

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Our hospital cook: "Yes, I'll work Thanksgiving. Likely you'll need a good dinner. Seems like you always have to work holidays and Sundays too."

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JUST JOKES

George: "Who are you writing to, Marge?"

Marge: "I'm writing to Bill; he's serving on an island in the Pacific."

George: "Which island?"

Marge: "Alcatraz."

—Henry F. Troester in Dawn Patrol

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Dinner was a little late, so the hostess played the piano. She finished, but there was still an interval of waiting. In the grim silence, she turned to her guest and asked, "Would you like a Sonata before dinner?"

He gave a start of surprise and pleasure. "Why, yes, thank you, I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could stand another."

—Horizon of Mills Industries

A STORY FOR LENT AND EASTERTIDE

Most of us begin to understand the power of the risen Christ only when we see it at work in men and women. There are many unwritten lives of the saints, and this war has added to their number.

Elizabeth Pilenko came from a wealthy land-owning family in the south of Russia. She went to the Women's University of St. Petersburg and began at the age of eighteen, while still a student, to teach in the evening courses at the great Putilov factory. She published two books of poems and was a close friend of some of the best-known younger Russian poets.

She became a keen socialist revolutionary and during the years 1914-1917 her life was taken up with revolutionary activities. After the October Revolution she worked with extraordinary skill and audacity in rescuing victims from the Terror. Later she became Mayor of her own home town, working for justice between the Whites and the Reds, both of whom had resorted to violence against their opponents. She was denounced as a Bolshevist, tried and acquitted.

In 1923 she came to Paris. The excesses of the Revolution as it developed revolted her, though she remained to her death a staunch advocate of its principles. She found her way back to religious faith largely under the influence of Serge Bulgakov, who had been a Marxist. She presented herself to the authorities of the Russian Church in Paris and announced that she wished to become a religious, "beginning at once, today," and to found a monastery. She had her way, but she was not the traditional Russian Orthodox religious. She was accused by some of neglecting the long services and the traditional contemplation. "I must go my way," she said, "I am for the suffering people." In the early morning she was at the markets buying cheap food for the people she fed, bringing it back in a sack on her back. She was a familiar figure in the slum, in her poor black habit and her worn-out men's shoes.

The many Russian refugees in France in those days were stateless persons, many of them poverty-stricken, without privi-

lege, without claim on any of the services which the country provided for the poor. Mother Maria worked among the poorest. She discovered that Russians who contracted tuberculosis were lying in a filthy hovel on the banks of the Seine into which the Paris police used to throw those syphilitic wrecks which they picked up along the riverside. With ten francs in her pocket she bought a chateau and opened a sanatorium.

Then she found that there were hundreds of Russians in lunatic asylums all over France. They had just "disappeared" into these institutions, where no questions were asked about them. She raised a public outcry and got many of them released. In those days the Russian congregations in and around Paris were living examples of what the early apostolic communities must have been. They were real homes for the poor and the unwanted. Russians living in tenements could find there comfort and friendship. The Churches had their own labour exchanges, clinics and many other services, and the convent, over which Mother Maria presided, was central to their life.

When the German occupation took place Mother Maria summoned her chaplain and told him that she felt that her particular duty was to render all possible assistance to persecuted Jews. She knew that this would mean imprisonment and probably death, and she gave him the option of leaving. He refused. For a month the convent was a haven for Jews. Women and children were hidden within its walls. Money poured in to enable them to escape from France and hundreds were got away. At the end of a month the Gestapo came. Mother Maria was arrested and sent to the concentration camp at Ravensbrueck. Her chaplain was sent to Buchenwald, where he died of starvation and overwork.

The story of her life in the camp is only now being pieced together. She was known even to the guards as "that wonderful Russian nun," and it is doubtful whether they had any intention of killing her. She had been there two and a half years when a new block of buildings was erected in the camp, and the prisoners were told that these were to be hot baths. A day came when a few dozen prisoners from the women's quarters were lined up outside the buildings. One girl became hysterical. Mother Maria,

who had not been selected, came up to her, "Don't be frightened," she said, "look, I shall take your turn," and in line with the rest, she passed through the doors. It was Good Friday, 1945.

—*The Christian News-Letter*,
London, England, 17th April, 1946

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MARCH

by
MAUD MALLET

March leaps blindly from the sky,
The dust around him whirls,
He whistles as he races by,
And roughs the children's curls.
He takes their kites, their caps, their scarves—
He romps along the lane,
And counts his lambs, his pigs, and calves—
He makes earth young again.

The gusts of March are keen, though brief,
For he has lots to do,
To finish off all winter's grief
And see some nestlings through.
But ere he flies to lands afar
He flares his torch: the sun,
To show you where primroses are,
And whispers—"Spring's begun."

—*The People's Friend*, England
March 6, 1943

MY HAT IS OFF TO THEM

by

MARGARET M. FIELD, R.N., Hyden Hospital

We have the finest patients in the world. I have always thought so and when I come to accumulate specific instances I am more than ever convinced. They are loyal, patient, co-operative, and appreciative.

One of our patients was so ill that for some weeks some member of his family stayed at the hospital every night. Usually it was two male relatives who changed shifts in the middle of the night. One of these young men was particularly helpful. It was he who called me when somebody in that ward needed me and I couldn't hear because I was busy in the other ward, who offered to shovel coal whenever necessary and who helped me lift up in bed an elderly woman who was perfectly helpless. It was this same young man who helped with the last rites when this woman died at five o'clock one morning and there was no second nurse to assist in turning her. Everything was done in a spirit of quiet dignity and respect, the underlying motive being pure neighborly friendliness, both to the other patient and to the nurse.

A prenatal who stayed with us a long time used to go into the general ward in the evening to read and talk to a little girl, very lonely and homesick because away from her mother for the first time in her life. Edith offered toys to the child and talked to her in the nicest possible way, thus helping to make the transition from home to hospital more bearable.

Numerous other prenatals, or even mothers staying over night with their own sick children, have likewise made themselves useful in the early morning. Everything comes due at six o'clock and the night nurse could never finish her work some days if it were not for the friendly and efficient help of these women. Some of them have "adopted" babies who were in the hospital a long time because they were malnourished and who needed their morning feeding just when the nurse was busiest.

Particularly outstanding is the spirit of sharing among the patients. Seldom does one have anything that he does not share

with at least one patient, probably several. It may be only an orange or a stick of chewing gum, or it may be a whole chicken dinner brought in by his own family. Whatever it is, happiness is brought to another by the simple act of sharing.

Sometimes we are inclined to think our patients fail to express their gratitude and appreciation in words. Some do fail, it is true, but others are so surprisingly articulate in this respect that an unexpected lump has risen in my throat and I've been made to feel ashamed and humble by the things for which patients are grateful. Some women never forget to say, "Thank you," for a pan of wash water in the afternoon or for an extra blanket when it's time to go to sleep at night. Some, after a long, hard labor, look up at the nurse and say, simply but very expressively, "Thank you for being so good to me. It helped the pain." And the nurse, not conscious that she has been "good" but only that she has done her job, smiles back in surprise. One recent patient had a labor that continued for hours and hours. After she had been given a sedative close to midnight she said to the student midwife, "Now I'm going to try to be quiet so you can rest. You must be plumb tired out—you've been with me all day."

One young mother said to the night nurse, "I can't explain what I mean, but somehow you're so patient. And when my baby's here with you I feel just as safe as if my mother had him." Another mother expressed it thus: "I sleep better in the hospital than at home because I don't have to worry about the baby a bit. I know you're here."

Another woman, trying to urge a mother to leave her sick baby here till the doctor discharged him, said, "We're lucky to have a doctor and a hospital. I wouldn't take my baby out of here till the doctor says so. I wouldn't have lost my first two babies if I'd been able to bring them to the hospital."

Women who have had other experiences at the time of childbirth are probably the most grateful for what the Frontier Nursing Service does. Said one woman, mother of several children, "I never got along so well having a baby. I'm sure glad to be in the hospital." Another one, who had been outside and who had expected to be delivered in a city hospital but was able to come back to Hyden after all, remarked, "My, I'm glad

to be here instead of there! You may not get the private rooms and the fancy trays here, but you get good care and you're among friends."

Two of our young patients had an interesting conversation. Joe, aged twelve, had been with us a long time because of a bad burn; Oscar, six years old, had been here only a few days. Oscar liked neither the hospital nor anything connected with it and had no inhibitions about saying so in forcible (and not always complimentary) language. Joe tried both to defend the hospital and to express his own opinion. "If you tell me why you *don't* like it," he said emphatically but patiently, "I'll tell you why I *do* like it."

Children are notoriously difficult to care for in a hospital situation. I dreaded Tonsil Clinic with a consuming dread, because of the necessarily crowded conditions, the heat, and the inevitable homesickness of the young patients, all coupled with the discomfort they would suffer from their tonsillectomies. I had one of the happiest surprises of my life! The children behaved very well and were so patient I could have cried. Through the intense heat, the smells, and the pain of their sore throats most of them were quiet and co-operative. Whenever I think of the courage and cheerfulness of children under trying circumstances, I shall always remember my first Tonsil Clinic at Hyden Hospital.

So the patients come and the patients go, a great crowd of them in the course of a year. From them I have learned patience and persistence under difficulties, unquenchable optimism, family loyalty, and the faith that triumphs over all obstacles. Do you wonder that I like and admire them? My hat is off to them all—our patients!

JUST JOKES

A man rushed into a drugstore and asked the pharmacist what to do to stop hiccups. His answer was a slap in the face.

Shocked and angry, the stranger demanded the reason for such action.

"Well," replied the pharmacist grinning, "you haven't any hiccups now, have you?"

"No, but my wife still has them out there in the car."

—Charlie Streit in Dawn Patrol

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
SALLY MacMILLAN
Secretary to Dorothy F. Buck

Thanksgiving Day Reunion, Regent Palace Hotel, London,
England—November 28, 1946.

Those Present

of the

Frontier Nursing Service

OLD STAFF

were

Mac (Annie P. MacKinnon)

Peggy (Peggy Brown)

Mickle Major (Ethel Mickle)

Ellie (Annie Ellison)

Holly (Mary Hollins)

Macdonald (Elizabeth
Macdonald)

Dougall (Isabella Dougall
Marraine)

Mickle Minor (Edith Mickle)

May V. Green

We had our Thanksgiving
Dinner at the same time as
you all.

Diner

Hors d'Oeuvre Exquis
Consommé Vermicelle
Crème Faubonne

Omelette Chasseur
Supreme de Cabillaud
St. Germain

Jambon Braisé Florentine
Epinards au Jus
Pommes Chateau
Salade de Saison

Profiterole au Chocolat
Coupe Glacée Claudia

THE MEALS IN ESTABLISH- MENTS ORDER, 1946

Under the provisions of the
above Order there may not be
served to any person and no
person may obtain or consume
at any one meal more than
three courses. The supply of
bread at main meals, except at
specific request of the customer,
is prohibited and bread so sup-
plied ranks as a course.

Visitors are respectfully in-
formed that not more than one
dish from each of the above
courses will be served.

From Sybil Holmes Barton in the British West Indies—

October 10, 1946

Guy and I got here two weeks ago today. We had one week's notice to sail! He's Assistant Colonial Secretary to His Majesty's Government, a three-year appointment.

We are house hunting and what a job. Like in the U. S. A., here the cost of living has leaped up and rents are really unbelievable. It is a lovely little island but too overcrowded.

From Grace Dennis in India—November 1, 1946

I'm not in Calcutta now though I was for the great Calcutta killing of August, and honestly it frightened me. If that's what happens when the British only half hand over the Government goodness knows what will happen when Indians have it all to themselves.

I was home on sixty-one days leave from April to June and had a whiz of a time, the first sight of home for six years! I met Holly looking very fit, helping her married sister who has been ill and doing lots of gardening in the intervals. She was driving a truck for (I think) U.N.R.R.A. for a while in Italy. I also met Doubleday still at her Public Health job near Windsor and also looking very fit in spite of being in a Target Area all the war and having some near misses from bombs. I keep meeting Army personnel who knew the Mickles in the Middle East, but haven't met anyone else actually from the F. N. S.

I'll be a year yet in the Army as I'm a deferred volunteer, but hope very much for a transfer as India is such an insoluble problem that it has finally gotten on my nerves.

From Madge Tait in England—November 25, 1946

You know, of course, that Wattie (Margaret Watson) and I were both demobilized at the end of last year. She came to the British Overseas Airways Corporation in December and I followed her in February. We worked together at this station until June when she was posted to Bovingdon in Herts and I remained here. We still cherish a secret hope that we will link up again, either at this station or at hers.

I am so pleased that Betty Holmes Rodman is at last settled in a wee place of her own in Edinburgh. She and her husband hope to come down to London just after Christmas and I am hoping they will come and spend a couple of days with me in my wee army hut on the edge of a drome!

John and I are planning to get wedded next spring. We have negotiations afoot for a piece of land upon which we hope to have a house built. Oh! Dear me! What with controls, docketts, and priority I fear it will have to be a hen house or a tent!

Thank you for the Bulletin which I greatly enjoy. It's nice to catch up with people and know where they are and what they are doing.

Give my good wishes to all for Christmas and the New Year. I often think of you all.

.

From Mary Hollins (Holly) in England—November 26, 1946

In two days' time I shall be in London for the night to go to the Thanksgiving day reunion. We shall all be thinking of Wendover wishing how much, that if things were not as they are, we were back with you. I hope this will be a better Christmas for the mountain children. I have often wondered if the war brought any more wealth to the mountains.

My dear mother died in February. I still have two unmarried brothers serving overseas but when they come home it will rather depend on them what I feel I must do.

In December of 1944 we had to leave Ethiopia, closing the hospital as our funds were expended. I'm glad to know it has since been opened by a Swedish team. We came overland to Cairo where I spent six weeks in various desert camps waiting to go to the Balkans and meantime driving UNRRA and army stores about the Delta in a three-tonner! I also found Margaret Watson and Madge Tait in the 63rd B.G.H. near Cairo and we had a great time. In February 1945 I got to Italy and spent the remaining months till the end in various refugee (Italian) and D.P. Camps; and, after the collapse, was in Austria during June. I was given the job of collecting all the Allied National girls from the German Military hospitals and getting them re-

patriated or put to help as nurses in the D.P. Camp-Hospitals.

I came home in July last year, as my sister had just had a serious operation and, with her children, was moving from their war-time home at Harly on Thames back to London. She had to spend most of the winter in the hospital and I found myself being the complete housewife, cook, cleaner and everything. My only salvation was that the children had dinner at school!

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**From Louise Mowbray (Charlie) in Springfield,
Massachusetts—November 28, 1946**

As the doctors who were responsible for anesthesiology here had all returned by the end of last summer and were ready to give twenty-four hour service, I resigned my anaesthesia job. I returned after vacation to have charge of the Delivery and Operating Room Department and give formal practical instruction to the students. I am enjoying the work immensely. It seems, however, as if the times are even more strenuous than during the duration for we are having some two hundred and fifty deliveries a month and the scarcity of nurses is as appalling as ever.

.

From Doris Park (Parkie) in England—November 29, 1946

[Her first letter since her bad accident.]

Here I am doing a spot of work and I do all my head will let me do—it gets all muddled and dizzy otherwise. I'm ever so well but my head being so muddled makes me all double. Anyway, I feel I've got a lot to be thankful for in being well. The doctors see me every week and all say I shall be a year recovering so I'm in my second six months now.

I thought about you such a lot yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, but I couldn't go up with Mac. I can't see enough to travel, but I gave you all lots of thoughts.

We are terribly busy here and I love doing the mothers and babies but one day when I am well I am going back to my own district.

From Nora K. Kelly in England—December 1, 1946

We had our Annual Frontier Nursing Service dinner at 6:45 p.m. on Thursday. I am enclosing the menu which we all signed. Naturally the talk was of old times—roads, houses, incidents, et cetera. We started our meal at 6:45 p.m. and finished at 9:15 p.m. but the actual eating was the least important part of it. Everyone feels this is our worst time since the war began and of course everyone is very weary of rationing. However, everyone was in good form. It was very nice to have Margaret, Dougall, and Ellison with us this year, also a letter from Batten and Dunston with good wishes. I hope we may keep this up for many years—perhaps some day you may be in England and will join us.

I hope all goes well with you and the Frontier Nursing Service. Midwifery over here is booming as there seems to be a great rise in the birth rate. We still have a great shortage of beds, so we are not keeping patients in hospital more than eight or nine days unless it is absolutely necessary. It means we all work at much higher pressure. Otherwise life goes on much as usual.

.

From Grace Reeder in New York—December 2, 1946

Had a letter from Dr. Woodyard who says she is coming up at Christmas time. It is wonderful.

I saw Vanda the other day and had lunch with her. We had a grand time visiting while I related my fall experiences. She enjoyed them too.

In running off my pictures the other night I sure did feel homesick for Rex. Could almost feel myself riding again. However, I have made application to the Red Cross. The work will be different, but will be enjoyable and interesting. It doesn't seem possible that it is nearly Christmas. I will miss all of you.

.

From Mary Brohan in Malta—December 6, 1946

The Bulletin still reaches me regularly and I enjoy every word of it. America does not seem such a long way off but Kentucky seems another world. When I think of the most im-

pressive place I have ever seen, I think of the view from the hill above Hyden Hospital in Autumn, miles and miles of forest and such wonderful colors, and my most wonderful experience, but more like a dream now than a reality, riding through the woods near Brutus on any night in summer with the strange shadows, smell of plants, noise of frogs, and haze of fireflies.

I'm well on in my third year with the army and have about eight months more to do before I am free, but I gather that being a civilian in Britain today does not mean a very large measure of freedom.

My first year with the army was with a Yugoslav Hospital in Italy, mostly soldiers but some women and children described as Partisans. Over a year ago I was drafter here as Labour Ward Sister. The hospital is run for families of the three services, British and Maltese, also families of some civilians in employment of British Government. We are kept very busy and do one month's night duty in three. Although I did not expect to have to do midwifery or nurse sick children when I joined the army I must confess I like the job very much more than looking after the men.

We are very well off in Malta. I should think there are few places in Europe today as fortunate. Our position is good as regards shipping and every ship that calls seems to leave us something. Goods are expensive but service people are always only too willing to part with their salaries. We benefit by Britain's export trade and can freely buy goods that have not been on the home market for years. A large percentage of these are bought up by service people and re-shipped to friends in Britain. Not a profitable method, as these items come very dear. Although there is no direct collection of income tax in Malta, such as our earnings are subjected to, there is a heavy tax on all goods for sale.

I have been able to pay three trips to Sicily and Italy in the past year, and have just returned from Reggio. Things have changed a good deal in Italy. Previously the shops were empty, now they are stacked with every luxury except food. They are still very poor and hungry, with trade at a very low ebb. They feel there can be no respite until the tourist trade opens up again. They have plenty of goods ready for sale and they cer-

tainly have put all the skill and talent they have got into producing them. I have never seen more beautiful china, glass, pure silks, hand needle work, et cetera, and very cheap at our present rate of exchange of 900 lire to the pound.

From Laura Noodel in Hillsdale, Michigan—December 9, 1946

I'm back at the University of Michigan studying Public Health. Hope to get my degree this time. This semester I am doing the Field Work in Hillsdale County. I still love the rural life and feel far more contented to make home calls where you have to shoo chickens off the steps and can pat a dog or two on the head before reaching the door.

From Ethel Mickle (Mickle Major) in England—

December 10, 1946

I have settled in a lovely Sussex district, and have a very comfortable little bungalow, a car, and a widely scattered area. When I first came and before I knew my way around, I was very much reminded of Kentucky days. I many times wandered through woods and over field tracks for ages before I could even find a cottage at which to make enquiries. The country is lovely all the time but especially so in the summer.

It is nice having one's own home and being able to have one's friends to stay. I do not have many weekends alone. My sister (*Mickle Minor*) is staying with me just now whilst she is on holiday and two weeks ago Margaret Watson spent the weekend here. We talked much of old times. Then we all met again on Thanksgiving Day as you will have already heard. It is difficult to get in all one wants to say to so many different people knowing that it will be a year before one sees many of them again.

From Dr. Henry S. Waters in the Philippines—

December 15, 1946

We have now been here almost six weeks. Our trip across on the Marine Lynx was in good company but bad accommodations. We had a fine time in Hong Kong while they fixed the

engine—for six days we drove around, went up the Peak for a picnic party, window-shopped, went swimming on the beach, visited old friends from Camp. In Manila we worked hard getting alien registration, doctor and nurse license (many old friends in that office helped us royally), getting a license for my shotgun, and then flying down to Iloilo.

It was truly heart-warming the reception the people here gave us at the airport, then at receptions day after day. It took me about four days to get into the hospital and hard at work. At first I had all the hopeless cases in town that other doctors have been carrying along, but now it is beginning to settle down to regular practice. I must have had about twelve major operations already.

We found the hospital much damaged, but really better than we had expected. The nurses are living in temporary army-built tin shacks in the yard, as the nurses' home had a bomb right through the roof, blowing out two walls. The class room of the hospital had a shell hole, but it was repaired. The tile floor of the lobby is blackened by fire, but the main part of the hospital with the operating and delivery rooms, with the sterilizing and scrub rooms between them, are all right; our lovely Scamlan-Morris operating light is gone—smashed by the Japs,—and the operating and X-Ray are destroyed. We are using army field equipment for the time being and carrying on a full program. There are eight graduate nurses and seventy-five student nurses in training. We have space for about eighty beds against the one hundred before the war, and are running an average daily census of about fifty-five to sixty. We have about four typhoids in the house at present, one tetanus, several dysenteries, and a lot of surgicals.

Our house is bamboo and palm and really cool and attractive with plenty of room in it. We have one bathroom with running water and a shower and modern plumbing so we feel very well off. Of course the house is over-run with lizards, and spiders but they just help keep down the mosquitos. We sleep under nets all the year around, but there is no real malaria here in Iloilo. Our station wagon has not yet arrived, but the Mission said they did have promise of a delivery on one within six weeks—the rest depends on freight and strikes. In the mean-

time it is not too bad because there are dozens of little converted jeeps running as busses between here and the city. We live about one mile from the hospital on the college campus. We have electricity too but no telephone!

There is a lot to be done outside of medical work too in the re-organization of the mission work. We have bought and paid for a fifty-bed army surplus hospital outfit for each of our hospitals here but have been *badly* disappointed in each case by about thirty percent delivery only with much of the best items missing or with parts lacking that make them useless. That is the usual situation in surplus purchases out here, so nearly everyone is leary of them now. Most of our old nurses are still with the hospital, a fine group that are a pleasure and inspiration to work with. The doctor who formerly worked with me had the place open and running in a commendable way considering the shortness of funds and equipment.

The children write interestingly and you can imagine how eager we are to get their letters. Even Mary-Alice can now write, or rather print her name. The young lady who looks after her writes to her dictation. Bill and sometimes George write their own letters. We had a radiogram two days ago from Dad saying that Mother died December 8th in the hospital after a three-day illness with broncho-pneumonia. That was a blow to us, but how much more to Dad. They had their 45th anniversary last May!

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From Ethel Broughall Miller in Santee, California—

December 15, 1946

Frank arrived December 4th in San Francisco. I drove up and met him on the Pier and he was a wonderful sight after two years and three months of waiting. We are building on our "Four Acres"—the well goes in the day after Christmas and we have a cow with which to start our farm. If I had Pinafore I would ask for no more. How is she?

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From Gladys Moberg Gay in Norwood, Ohio—December 20, 1946

I think of you folks often but don't get much time to write a line. Trying to keep the city smoke out of the house and keep

a young son well cared for is a full-time job, but at least by the weight gain of the son I know he gets enough to eat. He weighs nineteen pounds and is twenty-eight inches long and has two teeth. Although he is a full-time job, he is also a day's entertainment so we're well repaid.

Greeley continues to go to school and keeps a part-time job too. Would love to visit you and breathe some of your good clean mountain air and see something besides brick buildings. That day will come!

. . . .

From Mary Jane Pattie Polsgrove in Georgetown,

Kentucky—January 4, 1947

Naturally, we think our little girl is "the berries." She has been a good thing so far. We haven't taken any pictures yet because the weather hasn't been permissible, but you can rest assured that we'll send some when we do get some made. It was kind of you folks to have her birth published in the Autumn 1946 Quarterly Bulletin.

NEWSY BITS

Janet Coleman is now senior nurse and health visitor at Evesham. She has charge of the administration and health visiting of the center which she shares with three other nurses—two doing midwifery and one general nursing. Janet is Hon. Secretary of the Worcestershire Branch of the Queens Nurses' League and a committee member of the Worcestershire Branch of the College of Midwives.

Margaret Eileen, daughter of **Catharine Pond Minear**, arrived on October 17th. We hope to have more news of her later on.

We extend our warmest good wishes to **Martha Jane Hulse**, formerly a member of our hospital staff, who was married to Arthur Sabin Davis on Saturday afternoon January 18th, 1947 at The Cheshire Congregational Church in Connecticut.

ALUMNAE NEWS**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery****From Mae Rohlf in China—November 17, 1946**

China is in a "mess" right now in more ways than one! Re-establishing our medical work here has not been easy. So much "wreckage" both in material things as well as in lives. The war has cost China a lot and is still costing. It has been difficult for us to readjust ourselves to this "New China."

The nursing problem is critical here. CNRRA (China National Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) has set the standards for salaries so high that no one else can compete. Our own nurses, except for a few, are married or in other parts of the country. Our only solution was to open a Nurses' Training School which we did and admitted nine student nurses on August 15th.

It has been difficult to obtain equipment and supplies both for the hospital as well as the Nurses' Training School. We have promises from UNRRA but to date have received very little, and we have little hope of receiving sufficient to supply our needs. So we must again turn to our friends at home for help.

I think of you all often and wish I were again enjoying the freedom of Kentucky. The picture here is dark and discouraging and unless an agreement with the Communist Party is soon made, we can only expect years of civil war.

From Rhoda Lenhert in New York—December 12, 1946

I had hoped to manage some way to get back before I left for Africa, but that has been impossible. The group—seven adults and two children—are leaving the twelfth of December at one a.m. We are going on a Lockheed Constellation on the Pan American Airways via Newfoundland, Azores, Lisbon, Dakar, Liberia (Monrovia) and Leopoldville. I am not sure if we can fly further than that or not. If not, we go by river boat to Elizabethville and then by train to Bulawayo.

Remember me to all the rest at Wendover and tell them I wish them all a Merry Christmas. I will try to write once in a while.

From Elizabeth Walton in India—December 16, 1946

The last Bulletin surely brought back mental pictures! Such typical expressions, familiar names of people and places and all. How I wish I could ride out and spend the weekend at Flat Creek. I think a little of the peace and quiet would do me good right about now!

Had a baby a couple of weeks ago besides the one in November. The first one was a hurry-up affair—no lamp lit, the room was windowless and the cold, damp breeze was blowing in from the rain outside as the mother lay on the floor in the draft between two doors. I was able to speak only a little Marathi and they were all speaking only Hindu! The last delivery was better—Edie Kurtz was able to talk Hindu to the woman during the three and one-half hours we waited for the baby. She did a good job of comforting, explaining, back-rubbing, et cetera. The woman left everything up to us—no Indian midwife present—so I really enjoyed it even though it was all done on the floor. Newspapers supplied the “sterile” field in contrast with the mud floor. Just like in the other two deliveries I’ve seen here, she suddenly had one good pain and there was the baby!

. . . .

From Beulah Arnold in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—

December 17, 1946

Well, I have not gone to India yet. Our African Missionaries left by plane from New York. I should have gone along but my permit to enter India has not been received. We will be leaving as soon as the permits arrive.

I have been engaged in maternity work all summer at the Harrisburg Hospital. My course at the F. N. S. came in handy.

. . . .

From Lilia Ramos in Puerto Rico—January 10, 1947

I have had a few “cases” though am not working for a salary yet. Did you have a good Christmas? I hope so. Am happy at home, but I think of you all very, very often.

THE SHANGRI-LA CURE

by

LUCY RATLIFF

Frontier Nursing Service Hospital Secretary

Advice to the Poor LOL:

If you are a city secretary and life has lost its zest; if today seems just like yesterday, and you know very well that tomorrow will be just like today—you need change, you need variety. Perhaps you have worked and waited until the war was over, hoping that there would be enough menfolk to go around, only to find that you are an LOL (left-over lady). Don't put it down as postwar nerves; you need not despair; go to Shangri-la. Now the story goes that Shangri-la is a place high in the mountains where people never grow old, but it may be anywhere at all, and only you alone can find it.

The cure is simple—just follow these instructions: First of all you quit your job. The next thing you do is make all contacts possible; answer want ads in the newspapers, if you care to, but only the interesting and unusual ones. Don't take the first offer, but take as much time as your stomach will allow. When you find you must eat, select the most intriguing of those jobs which you were offered (we assume that you will be offered at least one); and there you are—we hope. It may give you courage if you knew what happened to a veteran LOL. Here's my story:

A-Hunting I Did Go:

I followed my own instructions, girls, and one hot summer day I found myself on my way to a new job. I thought the bus would never get there. The road was narrow and wound itself around and around like a boa constrictor ever winding itself about its prey. At long last the bus driver said, "Well, this is it."

"This is it, indeed," I mumbled softly to myself, "This is the end of the world."

Suddenly out of nowhere a girl with a beaming face and a mop of reddish hair tapped me on the shoulder and said, "The jeep's over here." To my question of how in the world she knew me, since she had never seen me before in her life, she merely

answered, "Oh, that's easy. I could tell you were brought on."

So I climbed into the waiting jeep and away we went to the unknown—Wendover. We were going along nicely when suddenly I was sure my driver had either lost control of the jeep or had lost her mind, for she turned off the road and ran right into a creek. She seemed perfectly sane and calm, however, so I figured it was some sort of psychological test she was giving me, or maybe she was just initiating me, so I just acted as though I rode up creeks every day of my life, but I kept an eye on her.

To my horror a few minutes later she turned from the creek right smack into the river without blinking an eye. This was too much. If she was playing a joke, I didn't mind a little creek, but a river was carrying a joke too far,—or was she joking? Perhaps she was a mental case, so I said to her as calmly and as gently as I could, "Do you do this often?"

"Yes," she said, "two or three times a day."

"Don't you have roads down here?" I ventured.

"This is the road," she answered with the same calmness as before.

I decided right then and there that life down here was not going to be dull. After we pulled out of the river we drove in two deep ruts which she still insisted was a "road." Finally we arrived at Wendover—a charming place where the Frontier Nursing Service has its headquarters and where most of the staff members live. It is lovely—all nestled in the mountains like a baby in a crib—and the trip was worth it!

I Meets the Mainspring:

Every person alive has a hero or heroine whom he wants more than anyone else in the world to meet. For many years I had wanted to meet the originator of the Frontier Nursing Service, and tonight perhaps, I might get to see her. I had the sort of feeling a little boy has when he peeps through a fence hole breathlessly waiting to see his favorite baseball player. I stood in the living room of her home at Wendover toying in my mind how I would act and what I would say when I actually met her. Suddenly a charming and gracious lady took my hand as though she had been eager to meet *me*—and it was she, the woman I had always wanted to meet—the originator of the Frontier Nursing Service.

The Pigs and I

I spent the night at Wendover and the next morning I put on my best business dress, high heels, and hat with a white gardenia, for I was going to be taken to Hyden Hospital where my new job would be, and I did so want to make a good impression. The courier, who was to take me had to pump up a tire before we could get started. Then finally I climbed into an open jeep alongside of the driver as she paused to name over the various errands she had to do while on this trip. As the engine started several staff members called from the upstairs windows of the Garden House to give their last-minute orders.

"Get me some saccharin," called one.

"Ice cream for me," came another request.

"Don't forget the pigs, and tell Hobart to come up here to cut my hair as soon as he catches the pigs," said another.

These people were delightful, thought I. They were putting on this little sketch just to amuse me because I was a visitor; but when Hobart put the pigs in the jeep with me and started toward the house to do the hair cutting, I realized they were perfectly serious about the whole thing.

The courier, the squealing pigs, and I did not get very far before we were blocked by a lumber truck. The "road" was too narrow for us to pass it and we could not turn around, so we sat there and waited for an hour. In due time another jeep coming from the other side of the truck agreed to take us on, so we walked through the mud carrying pigs and luggage, placed them in the other jeep and continued our journey. It began to rain and I was forced to open my umbrella, since this jeep had no top. Two hands were not enough to hold my umbrella over me, keep my blowing skirts down and my hair out of my eyes. Pigs, I discovered, smell less like honeysuckle when they get wet. The jeep and its cargo separated like parts of a puzzle everytime we hit a bump. Five miles we rode in this fashion (I was sure then it was fifty) and finally we arrived, windblown, drenched, muddy and smelly—but happy.

I Gits Acquainted:

The spirit of the nurses at the Hospital completely captivated me. It was easy to see that everybody loved it here. They were a group of healthy, happy, hardworking girls who were

here because they wanted to be here more than anywhere else in this whole world. To see this sort of thing is more stimulating than a good book or a symphony.

At first, however, I was at a loss to know whom or what the girls were talking about as they chatted merrily, for everything has a name. In due time, I learned that Janie and Charlie run on wheels, Lizzy and Stinky bark. Jeff and Ranger run on four feet and live in the barn, while Billy and Teddy run on two and live at the Hospital, and that Bucket is not a can with a handle, but the Assistant Director of the FNS. Oh, dear, there was so much to learn.

My New Job Takes Me Over:

I mean that it did just that—this job of being Secretary to the Medical Director of the FNS. The doctor, my new boss, is a woman with a sense of humor—thank heavens. It made things a lot easier.

On clinic days I sit at my desk and meet the folks as they come in to see the doctor. I try to gather as much information as I can before the patient is sent in to the doctor. Often, I have to rely on an interpreter to help me out, and sometimes my attempts to gather information are futile. Sometimes I think it would be nice if I could have a victrola recording of some of the mountain expressions that I stumbled on at first.

One day while I sat at my desk and was rather perturbed because one patient did not know how to spell her name—said she wasn't much of a hand at spellin'—and another couldn't remember how old he was—said he never did much countin', but reckoned he was about the same age as John Jones,—one of the midwifery students came in with her saddlebags after making a home call.

“Just discovered a new way to count,” she said.

“Good,” says I, being glad that somebody knew how, “how's that?”

“Well, I just asked a woman how many children she has and she said, ‘Wal, I gots one lapun, one porchun, one yardun, and one creekun.’”

On another day I asked a woman if she wanted to see the doctor.

“I jest came to git rested up,” she said.

I thought, this is an emergency hospital, not a rest home, and as I was trying to think of some answer the clinic nurse laughingly came to my assistance.

"This woman is a prenatal and wants to be **registered** for prenatal care," she informed me.

On another occasion I asked a woman if she wanted to see the doctor, and the answer was, "I don't ker to."

"You came to see someone else?" I asked.

"I'm a wantin' to see the doctor," was the reply.

Again the clinic nurse came to my rescue and told me that "I don't ker to," means "I don't mind if I do."

Recently a woman who had a baby at Hyden Hospital came back for a postpartum checkup. She had not seen me for six weeks and greeted me with, "My, you sure look natural."

Monday is prenatal clinic day, so on that day I sit in the doctor's office and take down her remarks as she examines each patient. Mondays are never dull. Last Monday a woman rode into the clinic for a prenatal visit (she was not due for another month). However, when the doctor examined her, she discovered that the woman was ready to deliver; she was rushed to the delivery room. The doctor then turned to me and said, "Would you like to see a delivery?" I was so excited that I could hardly wait to get into the white gown, cap and mask which everyone must wear when observing a delivery. This was the first delivery I had ever seen; I hope to see others.

There are many off-the-record notes in my Monday clinic notebook, but I think the prize bit of conversation is as follows.

"What, you say your baby is 14 months old. Well, why don't you wean him?" asked the doctor as she examined a woman.

"I can't wean him, doctor," was the answer. "Everytime I try to he throws rock at me."

These people are delightfully uninhibited; they are honest, kind, and friendly and have a profound respect and love for the FNS and everyone in it.

The Doctor Makes Her Rounds:

When the new Medical Director came to Hyden Hospital in September she decided to make regular visits to outlying centers (There are six of these outlying centers, not counting Wendover

and Hyden.) for the purpose of holding clinic. In this way she is able to make her services available to a greater number of people, and to reach those people who are unable to get into community centers for medical aid. The doctor takes me along on these trips to keep records. The weather has been nice this fall, so we have been able to make all of the center visits in a jeep; in the spring we may have to go by horse.

The first center visit we made without a guide was at Brutus. We lost our way several times, but the last time we got lost it was beginning to get dark, and I had no desire to be lost in the mountains after dark because the mountainfolk go to bed as soon as it gets dark, so there would be no lights in the cabins to guide us. So I decided to make sure where we were going, for we had no time to lose. I got out of the jeep, crossed a creek and inquired at a cabin which way to the Brutus nurses. Coming back across the creek I slipped and fell in and was soaking wet to the waist. I just put on my rain coat and climbed back into the jeep, and we made it before dark.

Our last visit was to Confluence, the most isolated of the centers. The river was up, so we had to leave the jeep on one side and ford the river on horseback. After that jeep ride I was glad to see a good old comfortable horse, even if I am afraid of horses.

The Worm and I:

The Frontier Nursing Service from time to time takes mountain children, who need special medical attention, out of the mountains to either Louisville or to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. The FNS social worker learns of these children through the Medical Director. She then makes arrangements with the families and the Hospital where they are to be taken; the children are collected and taken by her to the appointed place. The last group of children were taken to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, and I was permitted to go along. One of these children, a little girl of eleven, proved to be a very interesting case. During the trip she became car sick and vomited several times. The car was stopped and as I cleaned up the mess I noticed a worm about six inches long. "How did this worm get in this car?" I asked. Then the truth dawned upon me. The worm had come from the child's throat. After

working for the Medical Director here I was well aware that mountain children have worms—pin worms, hookworms, roundworms,—but I was not really on speaking terms with any particular kind of worm; so I felt Mr. Worm should be identified. So I wrapped him up nicely in a piece of magazine and placed him carefully in a bucket. When we arrived at the Children's Hospital, Louise Fink, the Social Secretary, took two of the children to be admitted to the Hospital and I took our little eleven-year-old by the hand and with my other hand I clutched the worm and in this fashion marched into the clinic at the Children's Hospital. The worm was put on display in the Laboratory and admired by members of the Hospital staff—it was a round worm.

Ruthie (who gave birth to this worm) was given a very thorough examination and it was discovered that she had a scalp disease called "Favus," which is unknown in this country, it seems, except in this area of the Kentucky mountains. Next, they began to notice the purple mottling on Ruthie's legs which might mean pellagra and began to inquire about her diet. I remembered that the FNS Medical Director had discovered that many people down here get this purple mottling on their legs from standing in front of open fireplaces in the wintertime, so I volunteered this information. I was real proud that I, just a secretary, could give them information of any value in this case. Ruthie was kept at the Children's Hospital for treatment and study.

I Seek No More:

After the children were registered and admitted to the Children's Hospital, Louise and I went to my home in Cincinnati for the night. We had left Hyden Hospital at 6:00 a.m. (having had breakfast at 5:30 a.m.) and now it was 6:00 p.m. and we had not had anything to eat since breakfast, so we were starved.

My family were amazed that the mountains should hold such fascination for me. "Don't you miss the city; the gay life; the theater?" they inquired.

"No," I answered, "life there is never dull. You see, the Frontier Nursing Service is modeling for the whole world, and we are all part of that drama. The spirit of this organization will never grow old. I have found my Shangri-la."

LETTER FROM A GUEST

Ovid, N. Y.
Jan. 15, 1947

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I am back in New York State after a most enjoyable visit with Chappy [*her daughter*] and Jane Sanders, the other nurse-midwife stationed at Beech Fork, and I wanted you to know how impressed I was with my experiences while visiting your Frontier Nursing Service.

About midnight, the day after my arrival, Corky, the little red cocker, nearly raised the roof. It was a delivery call for Chappy. I quickly dressed and set off with her in the jeep, as this case could be reached by jeep.

It was indeed an education, and a privilege, to see what the Frontier Nursing Service calls a saddlebag delivery in a mountain home. Chappy decked me out in apron, cap and mask so I wouldn't contaminate her patient, she said, and used me as her assistant as she delivered a nine-pound baby boy.

It was Emerson who said, "If you write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or build a better mouse trap than your neighbor, the world will make a beaten path to your door, though it be in the woods." I know why the home addresses of the students in the midwifery course read Alaska, China, India, South Africa and the far corners of the earth. Though you are hidden in the Kentucky mountains the world has beaten a path there to learn the technique of the Frontier Nursing Service.

We got home from our "birthday party" the next afternoon at 3:30 having enjoyed the kind of heart-warming hospitality in that home, which mountain people seem to have a talent for showing a guest.

Ginny Frederick took me riding up Trace in a furious snow-storm one day to see a patient for Jane. Mounted on Chappy's white Bobbin and dressed in a ski trooper's white parka, I sure resembled a haunt. Ginny let me wear the parka the other side out on the ride home.

When the snow melted it produced a tide and we were marooned for three days. When the tide went down we took to

the horses again and Commando took me through the ford with the water splashing my stirrups.

I thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon and evening at Wendoover. The walk around the mountain and over the swinging bridge was so beautiful in the moonlight. The conversation of the nurse-midwives that afternoon around your fireside deeply interested me.

We enjoyed another delightful meal and afternoon at Dr. Dale's fireside. Upon returning to Beech Fork that afternoon from Hyden, Jane met us with the news that one of her pre-natals must go to the Hyden Hospital at once. Jane had discovered her with a condition of edema and a mounting blood pressure that afternoon and Dr. Dale had ordered her to be hospitalized. Chappy was left at the center and I went with Jane in the jeep to the mouth of Trace, where we left the jeep and started on foot up the creek with our flashlights. Luckily we met two mountaineers going our way and they took us a short cut over the mountain. They proved to be nephews of our patient and when they learned of our errand they volunteered to round up six more men to help carry Mossie the two miles down the creek to the jeep. However, when the considerate Mossie learned of the plan, she allowed it was too much trouble and she was sure she was able to ride a gentle mule if Walter led it. A neighbor's gentle mule was soon produced and our little party started down the creekbed. I thought of a similar cavalcade winding slowly down the Judean hills toward Bethlehem on a winter's night long ago, when another anxious husband led a patient beast upon which rode a sweet faced woman great with child. I wouldn't have been the least surprised to have heard voices from the hills around me burst into song "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Two brothers of the pair who accompanied us up the trail acted as our escorts going down, one afoot and one riding a mule. Part way down the trail, the mounted one gallantly dismounted and offered to let us ladies ride double on the mule. Jane wasn't interested in the proposition but I told him I had never had a chance to ride a mule and I should be delighted. Henceforth I shall have great respect for mules, Freddy in particular, for my safe transportation to the mouth of Trace.

After I got on he told me Freddy had never been ridden much.

Mossie was soon transported the fourteen remaining miles to the Hyden Hospital in the jeep. There Dr. Dale awaited us and went into immediate action.

Often as I rode up mountain trails and creekbeds the girls pointed out various cabins where they had delivered babies. You blazed the trail for those lonely vigils on the mountain tops where oft times only the skill of your trained nurse-midwives has stayed the grim reaper. He who climbs high must climb alone is true of your followers, especially those in the one-nurse centers. Any girl who wears the insignia of your Frontier Nursing Service has indeed climbed high in the nursing profession. Please give my regards to them all. They are a gallant crew and they certainly showed me a wonderful time.

Most sincerely,

LAURA B. CHAPMAN

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

by

Theda Fetterman, R.N.

The war is over and I am safe and happy with the Frontier Nursing Service, but there are times when some incident will draw me back into the past and I linger in memories.

I remember so well our embarrassment June 22, 1944. We were in Normandie and had just moved into a new area and set up our tent hospital. There were five of us in a tent. All night long our boys sent the Twentieth Century Specials over and Jerry greeted them with the Whistling Hyenas. How terribly frightened we were as we tried so hard to be brave! It was about five o'clock in the morning when Jerry decided to go to bed and rest up for the next night. We all breathed a sigh of relief as we slowly and quietly crawled into bed to get "forty winks" before time to go on duty. All was peaceful when Mac suddenly awakened with a scream that we had been hit and our tent was falling in. We cautiously made our way from under the debris, only to learn that our tent pole had broken. None of us could blame Jerry for that.

I found myself in a similar situation here at Hyden Hospital while on night duty. I was busily feeding a baby when I realized there was a peculiar sound issuing forth from downstairs. Not being a very brave person, I wandered in to the Superintendent of the Hospital, and asked her to go downstairs with me to investigate an odd racket I had heard. Imagine my red face when we discovered Cricket, the cat, jumping in and out of the garbage can!

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Pamela (Pam) Dunn, Ansbach, Germany—

November 21, 1946

Now for a report from the Dunns in Germany. We have been here a week and two days. Mom and I are delighted with the community and with our house, which is very comfortable and modern. We are the only Americans in this vicinity of Ansbach and, therefore, have a guard to guard our house. Ansbach is lovely and practically whole. There are a few bombed-out places around the railroad.

Nurnburg is a pitiful sight of destruction. Sometimes you see a building that can be seen through and a room up at the top with curtains in the windows. It is the only room left in the whole building.

—December 10, 1946.

We have been here a month. We aren't the freest people in the world and sometimes it gets a bit dull not being able to go where and when we please. Driving around with Dad on his business trips, I've seen a lot of bombed-out places. It's very depressing. Dad has a Russian Camp in an old castle not far from Ansbach. The castle is five hundred years old and has a moat around it. It's colder inside than out; and even if they tried to build a fire in every room, it would seem impossible to heat it. The Russian Major is attractive, friendly, and humorous. He bows, clicks his heels, and shakes your hand all at once. I'm always much impressed.

From Anne Pratt, Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont

—November 23, 1946

I am getting at college this year a strange mixture of knowledge. For two hours a week I delve into the past and steep myself in seventeenth and eighteenth century literature. From that I am thrown bodily into the intenseness of chemistry where I writhe dismally but with unfailing courage. Next I hop lightly

with joyful heart to music, and play on my flute until breathless. My aesthetic nature being temporarily appeased, I rush back to botany and once more my mind settles into the classified and things-as-they-are channel. It is a changeable and varied existence but I am having a good time of it. I'm applying to Cornell Veterinary College in the hopes of being admitted in 1948.

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**From Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt), Westport Point,
Massachusetts—November 24, 1946**

We are all fine and love to have a wee one in the house again. Lisa helps take care of the baby, cat, dog and pony, and we keep busy. George is at school, a country one here and enjoys his first days of reading. Andy [*her husband*] is in Baltimore at Johns Hopkins for this year and if he stays on, we'll make arrangements to move down; but this year it seemed best to stay in this spot. It is where we go summers, but we've made over a house and it's comfy for winter too. We have a grand barn!

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From Marian Lee, Tucson, Arizona—December 6, 1946

Please don't think I have deserted my beautiful Douglas [*her Golden Retriever*]. He is still as beautiful and sweet as ever but I just couldn't bring him out here to this altitude and dry climate. It would ruin his health and coat. Since I couldn't get along without a dog, I got a six weeks old Pointer. She is a very fine dog and I've named her Lillie. She is beautifully marked and has lots of dark distinct spots.

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**From Harriet Morley Wendell's Mother, Cleveland, Ohio—
December 18, 1946**

Harriet has bought a 125-year-old farm house near New York. While her husband was away for two months this summer, she tended a vegetable garden, a goat, and her three boys. Also, she had the house full of roofers, masons, etc. She also painted several pictures. Oh! I forgot the dog and cat. She did her own inside painting and is now starting on hooked rugs.

From Mrs. Betsy Parsons Warner, Boston, Massachusetts—

December 20, 1946

The annual Warner bulletin is here for you again. We have just arrived from Maine and settled ourselves for the winter in a large, warm, comfy old apartment. The children are flourishing, doing well in good schools, especially my son, Mark. I am busy working again on stories after a year's inability to do anything. That's the sum of our news.

I remember the muddy days of Christmas when I was there in my prime. What ages ago it was and how different it must be there now; but no doubt the horses still have scratches and the smoke of the coal fires must smell the same. Maybe Mary Graver Littauer and I will come and see you some day.

From Kirby Coleman, Winnetka, Illinois—December 26, 1946

I certainly miss you all and those Kentucky mountains. I hated to leave and I'm looking forward to coming back next fall. I don't know when I've enjoyed a month more. It just flew by.

From Lil Middleton's Mother, Rochester, New York—

January 8, 1947

A week or so before Christmas Lill helped a boy and two or three other young people on a project to make money to aid the American Farm School in Greece. It was their own idea (the boy is going back to Greece after serving there). They wrote a lot of the young people asking them to contribute the money they would spend on corsages to this cause and, in return, the donor was given a small evergreen with a made-up grape hyacinth and silver ribbon to wear as a token of their gift. They collected almost \$800.00. It meant lots of work, but was satisfying.

**From Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown), Cleveland,
Ohio—January 10, 1947**

Kit Taylor Bughman and her husband were in Cleveland for the Air Races in September. They came to our house for dinner one evening and it was such fun seeing her again. Her

husband and my brother were prisoners of war together. It was the first time I had seen Kit since we said goodbye at Wendover.

I certainly look forward to the Bulletin and once it comes, no one can find me until I have read it from cover to cover. There must be an entirely new group of faces since I was down there. I can't believe that it has been six years already, but there never will be another as wonderful experience as that for me. I'll never forget it.

My older son, Bobbie, is almost three now. He's more fun but keeps me hopping. He is intrigued with his baby brother but I have quite a time explaining why Johnnie is not quite ready for football just yet.

From Mrs. Graham T. Webster (Mardi Bole), Cleveland,

Ohio—January 23, 1947

I am moving to St. Louis next week and will be gone for six or eight months. Gray is doing some special work there in enzyme chemistry. We finally found a place to live, after looking for over a year. We have a darling little six months old boy named David Graham Webster and what a complete joy he is.

From Mrs. John F. Perkins, Jr. (Frances Williams),

Brookline, Massachusetts—January 31, 1947

I have just come back from the Mixters' reception for Mrs. Breckinridge and as always she left everybody inspired and proud. Every year she reviews the picture that we all know so well for the people who are new and then she goes on to tell so many new and fascinating things. I was particularly struck this time by the comparison in equipment between what our obstetricians take for granted and what you can get along with.

Molly, our pride and joy, is a gay and happy child. Johnny teaches and does research in physiology at the Harvard Medical School. These fellows live, breathe and sleep on "how things work." I wished I could understand more of it, and so this autumn, in self defense, I went to Simmons College to try to take physiology. First I must take chemistry and biology, so I am doing that this year and enjoying it immensely.

From Pat Perrin, Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts—

February 6, 1947

It was good to see Mrs. Breckinridge again. She made a superb speech at Boston University. She showed slides and at the sight of Wendover and all of you I longed to be back. Mother, Dad and my aunt came with me. I was so glad they did for I felt they really got a clear picture of life with the Frontier Nursing Service. I know I am just one of many when I say I certainly am honored to have worked with such a superb organization.

From Mrs. Raymond Joseph Kelly, Jr. (Pat Pettit), Racine,

Wisconsin—February 7, 1947

I was delighted to get the bits of Wendover news. As always, you are all very close to my heart and I think of Wendover more often than seems possible. We are all fine though it has been a rather grim winter, what with being snowed in for days at a time. The last storm left drifts too high for the horses to get through, and now it's well below zero.

My husband has started his own business which keeps us very closely at home. We sold our thoroughbred colt, "Sly Fox," and his mamma last fall. Now have only two colts, "Secret Mist" and "Spring Flight." Flight doesn't mind our severe winters; but poor Misty, having come from the Ray Firestones' in Memphis, hates the cold. Kathy loves the horses and it's all I can do to keep her out of their stalls. She came in the other day and told me she'd been talking with "Misty." How do I know? Maybe she had been.

In all the hustle and bustle and push and hurry of living, I love to think of the peace of Wendover; and I can almost hear the sound of the Middle Fork and see the mountains. I really get so homesick for the place sometimes, I think I'll jump on a train and come back for a visit.

From Catherine Troxel, Tiffin, Ohio—February 13, 1947

A month ago today I arrived home after eleven wonderful months working in Red Cross clubs in northern Japan, where

the 11th Airborne Division is stationed. I think I was pretty lucky to have assignments in fairly remote places, where there were never more than two other girls besides myself running a club. But we often wished for about fifty more girls to help keep the G. I.'s amused. I wish I could begin to tell you what a fascinating year it was. I am seriously considering going to Europe in May if Red Cross is still in operation over there by that time.

I received the Bulletin while I was overseas and it was one thing I definitely took time out to read every bit of.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

A friend in Evanston, Illinois, has written us:

"You may be interested to know where one hears of the Frontier Nursing Service. Way over in Norway one year (1937) when I had five months in Norway and Sweden, I met Mr. and Mrs. Bray of Leeds, England. It was out in the terrace at Balesstrand, where they had gone to take their last look, and we to take our first, of the marvelous scenery. We only had about two hours together but they told me of their daughter, Alison, planning to go to Kentucky in the spring of 1938 to be with the Frontier Nursing Service. Of course I was much interested and told them I hoped to get in touch with the daughter while she was here, and hoped she could come to us before returning. And so it worked out. Alison was good enough to arrange to come by Chicago and Evanston, and such a joy it was to meet her—the fresh, wholesome young English person that she was! How proud we all are of her splendid work during the war! I trust she can come back some day to be with you again. Her enthusiasm for your work, and her share in it, was delightful."

Elizabeth (Biz) Campbell is studying under the G. I. Bill of Rights at the University of Arizona. She finds the peace and quiet of the mountains and desert a delightful contrast to the life in an army barracks.

Gertrude Lanman is loving her work as a laboratory technician at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston.

Peggy Black Richardson is teaching the first grade at Shady Hill School, Cambridge, while her husband, after eight years in the British Service, is studying at Harvard.

Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Mary Lib Rogan (Mrs. Joseph T. Callaway of Selma, Alabama) in the loss of her father.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Edith Welch of Edgartown, Massachusetts, to Mr. Robert Potter of Brookline, Massachusetts. The wedding will take place sometime in June. Mr. Potter plans to continue his studies at Harvard next fall and Edo will get her degree at Radcliffe.

Miss Suzanne Eckert of High Mowing, Remsen, New York, to Mr. John Underhill of Long Island.

These lucky men have wrecked our senior courier schedule for this summer!

WEDDINGS

Miss Louise Lewis of New Haven, Connecticut, and Mr. Osgood Bradley Wood on September 30, 1946.

Miss Frances Prescott Baker and Mr. William Russell MacAusland, Jr. on Saturday the first of February, 1947, in Brookline, Massachusetts. Mr. MacAusland will graduate from Harvard Medical School in June and then be at Strong Memorial Hospital.

Our loving good wishes go to Louise and Franny; and to Mr. Wood and Mr. MacAusland; we send a thousand congratulations.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dotty Newman) a daughter, Lavinia, on June 4, 1946, in Dover, Massachusetts. Dotty writes:

"I meant to write you long before now to tell you of the second prospective courier in our family—our third child and second daughter. We call her Vinie. She is very cute and extremely good."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rocke Robertson III (Betty Thorn) of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, a boy, sometime early in November, 1946.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williamson Nevin (Ellie George) of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, a son, Hugh Williamson Nevin, Jr., on December 9, 1946. We received the following telegram:

"Weighed in at seven pounds, 5:00 p.m. Family fit."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown) of Cleveland, Ohio, a son, John Taylor II, on December 14, 1946. Barbara wrote us:

"Our big news is that we are very proud parents of another son, weighing 10 pounds and 3 ounces. We have named him after Bob's father who died just two days before Johnnie was born; so we are more than happy to have had a boy. However, I don't seem to be doing much to further the Courier Service. Maybe we will have a girl someday!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Holter (Neville Atkinson) of Ripon, Wisconsin, a daughter, Neville Dulany, on February 8, 1947. Weight 7 pounds and 14 ounces.

We congratulate these parents and wish their fortunate babies long, happy and useful lives.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Elda, calling to give care to Ruth and her new baby girl, asked, "What are you going to name her?"

"I think I'll give her Helen's name," replied Ruth.

Her niece, five-year-old Helen, beginning to cry, said, "Then what will I do for a name?"

INSTANTANEOUS TAX RELIEF

"Brank Stomach Powders—effective for all disorders, including Purchase Tax—1s.

—Advertisement

Punch, January 1, 1947

A Red Cross worker on a remote Pacific Island called the Army command to report a disease. "We have a case of beri-beri here. What shall we do?"

Came the answer: "Give it to the Sea Bees. They'll drink anything."

—Contributed by E. Kirkwood

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

As all of this column must be personally written, I have decided to let my name go under it in this issue of the Bulletin and write it in the first person. It is as your representative in the Frontier Nursing Service that I have to tell you of the tragic loss to the Service during the winter months of four of our trustees, all of whom were my personal friends, and three of whom were officers of the Frontier Nursing Service. In the spring number of the Bulletin I shall express as well as I can something of the deep affection the Frontier Nursing Service had for these trustees, but I never can express what they meant to me personally. The four names are those of Miss Mattie Norton of Louisville and Mr. Roger K. Rogan of Cincinnati, both vice-chairmen; Mrs. William L. Harkness of New York, a trustee; and Mr. C. N. Manning of Lexington, Kentucky, our treasurer and the only treasurer we have ever had in our nearly twenty-two years of existence. His name is as familiar to all of you as my own, and I think that each one of you will feel his death as a personal loss. The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, which has all the powers of the Board when it is not in session, elected as Mr. Manning's successor, Mr. Edward S. Dabney who succeeded Mr. Manning as president of the Security Trust Company in Lexington nearly two years ago. Mr. Dabney was so gracious and so kind as to accept this post of vital importance and considerable work. He has been a trustee for several years, and he and his wife are both warm friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and of mine.

Difficult as it was for me to leave Kentucky for the first time in nine months, and in January at that, I had a duty to go to groups of friends in some of the cities where we have Committees and where these Committees wanted meetings. I haven't time to write up this tour in much detail and still get the copy to our printer before the end of the winter, when it is due. I do want to outline my trip briefly.

I had two meetings in Lexington before I left Kentucky, one at the home of our trustee, Mrs. F. H. Wright, where I spoke

to members of our Blue Grass Committee and other friends; and one to the Optimist Club where our new treasurer, Mr. Dabney, introduced me and where I met with the kindest welcome. I reached New York on the eighteenth of January and our courier, Helen Stone, met my train. She also took me on the twenty-first by car to Princeton for a delightful gathering there under the auspices of our Princeton Chairman, Mrs. H. Russell Butler and our Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Caspar F. Goodrich. The next afternoon we had a large meeting at the Cosmopolitan Club under the auspices of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service and of its Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, who presided with her accustomed grace. During this same week I attended a business meeting of the New York Committee and had many meetings with friends, more than I can begin to describe. There were three people from outside New York who came to see me there, not only as friends, but to discuss the business of their Committees. One was Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr., of Washington, D. C., daughter of our Washington Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner. We arranged for the John Mason Brown annual benefit lecture for the middle of April in Washington. Another was Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, our Philadelphia Chairman, who went over with me the details of the benefits the Philadelphia Committee had conducted in the fall. The third was our Pittsburgh Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, who timed her visit to include our annual meeting in New York. We are planning a meeting in the fall at Pittsburgh, if it is possible for me to leave the work here at that time. Mrs. Shoemaker says that our old friends there, including the couriers, want a report on the Service. Certainly they are entitled to it because we have no more loyal ones anywhere. The long illness of Mrs. Shoemaker's husband, followed by the tragedy of his death, has prevented her from arranging a meeting during the past three years.

On Sunday the twenty-sixth I went to Farmington, Connecticut, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. H. Bissell Carey over night. I spoke and showed slides that evening at Miss Porter's School, a school that has furnished us some of our best couriers over the years. On Monday noon, the twenty-seventh, Mrs. Carey had those of our old couriers who were in Hartford to come

over and lunch with me. These three dear girls were Mrs. Joseph Morse Smith (Bobby Glazier), Mrs. Edgar Butler (Sally Taylor), and Mrs. Herbert Wells, Jr. (Eleanor Field). My only regret was that I didn't get to Hartford to see Sally's and Eleanor's babies. In the afternoon I spoke again and showed slides to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Congregational Church in Farmington, and to other guests including some from Hartford. Then Mrs. Carey motored me to New Haven where I could catch a train for Providence. I spent that night with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Armstrong.

On Tuesday the twenty-eighth our Providence Chairman, Mrs. Leonard B. Colt, had several former chairmen and friends to meet me at luncheon at the Handicraft Club. I spoke that afternoon at her house to the Providence group, which included couriers Lucy Pitts (Mrs. Wm. Grovesnor, Jr.) and Sally Colt. I visited Lucy's lovely baby. I went on to Boston that night.

On Wednesday the twenty-ninth I spoke and showed slides in the Boston University auditorium to a large group consisting of the Board, doctors, nurses, and medical students of the University School. Dean Anderson introduced me delightfully. On Thursday the thirtieth we had our annual Boston meeting under the auspices of the Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick and the Committee, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter. Their large room was crowded with friends, including several of the Boston physicians who sponsor us, and many couriers, married and single, including Mrs. John Putnam (Susan Morse) and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), who had come all the way from Concord. Dr. Mixter introduced me at this meeting in words so moving that I cannot write them. He coupled his introduction with mention of the visit he and his wife had made last spring to the Frontier Nursing Service and spoke of the high opinion he had of the work from having seen it, as well as of his friendship for me. I had dinner that evening with my young cousins, the John L. Grandins, Jr., and there I saw another medical and personal friend, Dr. John Rock. My last speaking engagement in Boston was the evening of Friday the thirty-first where I spoke to the greater Boston Alumnae Chapter of that dear Sorority, the Alpha Omicron Pi. Saturday, February first, I returned to New York.

I spoke, with slides, the evening of Monday the third, at the Ethel Walker School at Simsbury, Connecticut, with much appreciation of the privilege of being there again. On Tuesday evening, the fourth, I spoke with slides to the Alumnae and some students of my own hospital training school of St. Luke's. On the evening of Wednesday the fifth, I spoke at The Bennett Junior College at Millbrook with slides. Bennett is an old friend.

It will be seen from the above schedule that I had nine speaking engagements in eleven days at six different places, but I am making no attempt to describe all of the other business I had and all of the people I met and talked with. Finally I returned to Wendover by way of Lexington where I had to stop for three days before arriving at our own dear Hospital at Hyden for my first night home. The fact that I could carry such a heavy tour with nothing but normal fatigue easily restored each night by sleep, on a mattress with a plank underneath, shows all of you how strong I am again.

Friends of the Frontier Nursing Service beyond the mountains carry some of the speaking for me, bless them. Earlier in 1946 Mrs. Morris B. Belknap spoke to the private duty section of the Jefferson County Nursing Association in Louisville. Our former nurse and dear friend, Nola Blair, spoke at the December meeting of the Women's Society Christian Service in Middleton, Michigan. Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, spoke twice this winter for us, once to the Main Line Needlework Guild and once to the King's Daughters.

We have had delightful reports of the speech of our courier, Lill Middleton, to the Chatterbox Club in Rochester on January 7th. Her mother wrote us about it, and our Chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, wrote, "She could not have been better! She did a perfect job,—factual, dramatic, and immensely humorous. As I introduced her dozens of people who heard her are still telling me how much they enjoyed her, how much they learned, and how interested they were."

You will remember the visit we received from Miss Leopoldina Gonzalez of Paraguay and you will be glad of the following news from her:

"Just two months ago I got home. I don't know if I told you that I returned from Chicago to Washington in August. I was in Washington four more weeks. Then I started in September my return trip through New Orleans, then in boat for the Atlantic Ocean through Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and then Asuncion. It was a long trip almost during two months too.

"I will let you know about my work here a little later because I will start from the first of January.

"Thanks very much for the Bulletin. I should like get always."

You, all of you, know that Helen Browne (Brownie) and I took our graduate training in midwifery at the famous British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London. You also know that this dear place was bombed early in the war but that Sister Gregory and Sister Maud Cashmore, the Matron, stuck by it all through the war. They only retired to the country together when danger was over. They had looked forward to some years of quiet companionship, but Sister Gregory died suddenly on November 8, 1946, in her eightieth year. Thus an heroic life, which began as a baby in the deanery of St. Paul's in London, reached its tranquil close.

I have two recent letters from French friends from which I want to quote briefly. One is from a lady who lives in the high Alps with her invalid husband. She says, "Life is a little easier. We have enough of potatoes, etc., and this year never feel hungry. But the poor people cannot afford to pay actual prices. Life is exceedingly dear. To give an example, we paid 30,000 francs for this winter's firewood,—we have one room well heated."

The other letter, written in French, is from a French peasant whom I knew well after the last war and whose daughter is my godchild. I venture to give a translation of something she wrote just as she wrote it: "I was happy one evening to hear over the radio about your work. It was a report on your work. But I was troubled in listening to it because nothing was said of the admirable work you had accomplished for us long ago in our beautiful and poor country. Here you went through so many fatigues and you left a souvenir of kindness under the name of Madame Marie. Few of us knew the name of Mrs. Breckinridge, but that would not alter our gratitude."

BUSY MONDAYS

by

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

Instructor, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Our Monday prenatal clinic, the day before Christmas in 1945, had been a busy one. Each prospective mother received Christmas gifts for the "least 'un" which was on its way, and everyone was happy. Next came Monday, December 31st, another clinic day, but very cold, with lots of snow and ice on the roads, making travel dangerous. So only the few prenatals who lived nearby, or could get a truck to bring them up the hill to the Hospital, dared venture out.

"Next Monday will surely be a nice day," we figured. But no, another icy, cold winter's day presented itself to us on January 7th, so again only a few could get to the clinic. Several mothers, anxious to have us know they would be back to see us as soon as the weather permitted, wrote letters or cards saying so. At the close of that clinic, we again said, "Surely *next* Monday will be a nice day so that those who have not been able to get here the past few weeks, can come."

What a day it was to be, we didn't even suspect. For me, the day started at 3:30 a.m. when Catherine, the student on call, came to my room to report the arrival of two prenatals in labor. Nora, the first to arrive, was already in the delivery room, since all available ward beds were filled with other patients. This we thought would be satisfactory for the rest of the night and until Brownie, the Hospital Superintendent of Midwifery, could have an extra bed put up in the morning. But we hadn't taken into consideration the arrival of Haley, a primigravida, who was also in labor, and for whom there was no bed, not even the delivery bed. So, as a temporary measure, we sent Iva (another patient) to finish the night on the clinic bed and prepared Iva's bed for Haley, who was, by this time, glad to get into bed. After these arrangements were completed I went to my room at 5:00 a.m. for a little more rest, leaving Catherine to care for the two patients, whose deliveries we did not expect immediately.

We usually have five midwifery students assisting in the

prenatal clinics, but today, not so, as only three were available. Catherine was sent off to bed by Brownie to get some rest before she would be needed later in the day for Nora and Haley; another student, Beulah, was at Beech Fork district and not available. This left Ruth in the Laboratory, Margaret alone in the midwifery room (there are usually two students here) and Bea for the doctor's room. Our supervisor and I in turn (between supervising the students in the examinations of the patients) carried on in the "middle room," the room to which all patients first come to be sent either to the midwives or to the doctor as the case may be.

Today *was* a nice day, bright and sunny and not slippery under foot, and really quite warm for a winter's day. Our expectations were fulfilled and the patients did come, from far and near, not only the prenatal patients but six postpartum patients with their five to six weeks old babies. Such lovely babies as they were, too, all dressed up in their prettiest clothes from our layettes, with blue or pink buntings and blankets to keep out the cold. We urge all our mothers to come back when the babies are this old, to receive the Medical Director's necessary health examination, for both mother and baby. We were glad to see so many today.

The morning hours flew by as we cared for our many patients, and soon the lunch bell rang. We always hate to leave patients unfinished and go to lunch, but hospital routine for serving meals must go on. So we hurriedly had lunch and returned to the waiting patients and any others who had arrived during the time we had been gone from the clinic.

Just after we returned today, a man came into the clinic saying he had a labor case out in his car. The Medical Director and I went out to see the patient, an unregistered prenatal, and found her to be in labor. We brought her into the clinic, for we never turn a patient, who is in labor, away from the Hospital even though she has not registered with us for delivery. An examination by the doctor revealed the fact she was soon to have her baby, and there was no time to be wasted.

Nora was still on the delivery room bed and no beds were available in the ward, so the only thing to do was to set up a "delivery room" in the clinic treatment room. The clinic nurse

and I hurriedly helped Ruth, the student who was to deliver the patient under supervision, get everything ready. First the regular clinic patients had to be dispersed to another room and furniture rearranged to place the "set-up" table in the most convenient place. In almost less time than it takes to tell it, all was ready, even to the hot water bottle in the baby bed. Michael, a husky fellow, made his appearance about forty-five minutes after his mother had arrived at the Hospital, and everyone was happy she got there in time.

But the question now came up as to where we were to put this mother and new baby, for she could not remain in the clinic, and the Hospital had already been stretched beyond capacity by extra beds. In talking to the patient we found she could go to her mother's home, which was only ten miles away, where her mother could give her and the baby the necessary care. So Jean Hollins was pressed into service, and the station wagon converted into an ambulance, to take our patients to the mother's home.

In the meantime, Margaret and Bea had finished with the regular clinic patients and we all started to bring order out of chaos in the three clinic rooms. By the time the dinner bell rang at 5:30 we were all finished except for some records. On our way to dinner we saw Catherine and she hurriedly said to us, "I'm going to catch a baby soon,—it's Iva's." (Nora's and Haley's babies arrived in due time.) And so we go on and on "catching babies" in and out of clinic hours.

ADVANCE NOTICE

ANNUAL MEETING OF TRUSTEES AND MEMBERS

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF TRUSTEES AND MEMBERS OF THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE WILL TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 28TH, 1947, AT THE LEXINGTON COUNTRY CLUB NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. THE MEETING WILL BE PRECEDED BY A LUNCHEON AT 2:30 P. M. FRIENDS OF MEMBERS ARE WELCOME.

FIELD NOTES

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

The world is that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once, and of suffering, where even the worst ills are checkered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them a necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.

—Sir Walter Scott, *The Pirate*

It is a hard winter. We don't refer only to the ice and snow which have held back the coming-in and out-going mails. For us in the Frontier Nursing Service times have been more difficult in the months past than they were in the war years. We know this has been true with other charities also, but we want our friends to know the facts as regards us.

The heaviest blow that has come to us is the illness for nearly three weeks and an operation in Lexington of our Assistant Director, Dorothy F. Buck. Jean Hollins and I were with her in Lexington for her operation by Dr. Francis Massie, with her medical attendant, Dr. Carl Fortune, present; and she came out in good condition. Her recovery has been uneventful so far. We expect to be able to bring her back to Wendover the first of March, weather permitting. She has been so gallant a person, always available for everything everywhere at any time, that having her out of the running for several weeks has strained our slender resources to such a degree that we need "something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds." I am doing my best to help the field nurses, who formerly had Buck and a Field Supervisor at their disposal. They are a gallant crew but they do need help and occasional relief. The only relief nurse-midwife we had, Margaret MacCracken, became ill and had to go to Lexington for medical consultations. She is back and nearly all right again. We are running the districts, on a slim margin. Our courier, Fredericka Holdship, who is also an experienced Nurse's Aide, is at Possum Bend for a month's relief with Cherry. This is an area normally carried by two nurse-midwives and now Cherry has to take all of the maternity cases for the two districts. The other Confluence nurse-midwife,

Anna May January, is holding the Wendover District until Margaret MacCracken can take it over. Bertha Bloomer, the marvelous Wendover nurse, is studying at Simmons College until summer when she returns to us for awhile. These are just a few of the many shifts we are having to make. I haven't time to begin to write of all of them.

At the Hospital we have fared better this winter than on the districts. St. Paul said somewhere that God comforted him by the sending of Titus. Our Titus has been two volunteers who have made it possible for us to be fully staffed in the Hospital during the winter months. One, Miss Hope McCowan, was a graduate in 1923 of St. Luke's Hospital in New York. She lives with her sister at Ashland, Kentucky, and hadn't done any nursing work for years. But "once a nurse, always a nurse." She has given us her time on the hospital wards for the month of February. The other volunteer was our Glendale, Ohio, courier Jean Sawyer, now a graduate nurse, who came in January for several weeks. These volunteers will be leaving us as we go to press.

We have received with open arms two excellent new hospital nurses, Miss Dorothy Hutson of Harlan, Kentucky, and Miss Eleanor Wechtel of Maumee, Ohio.

We have been under-staffed with couriers too this winter, and Jean Hollins has had to be away part of the time. Pat Mickle of Centreville, Maryland, who came the first of January has stayed on and has been marvelous. Those members of the secretarial staff who have lived here for some time helped out on the courier duties. Many of them have worked extra hours to see that the animals were cared for, and to handle transport.

We have been fortunate in securing the services in the post office and secretarial department of Cecilia Lucas of Middletown, Ohio.

Another joy during this troubled winter was a visit from Ruth Davis. It will be remembered that she was sent to us by the State of Georgia to take the course at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We have never had a student more uni-

versally liked. She returned to Georgia to fulfill her contract, but as she was a reservist in the Navy, she was called to active service. When the Navy found that Ruth was a nurse-midwife they assigned her to teach midwifery to nurses on the Island of Guam. Later she was demobilized and returned to Georgia. The State authorities agreed with Ruth that a little refresher work with the Frontier Nursing Service would be a good idea. She came back to stay awhile at the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence with Cherry and Anna May January. Upon leaving she wrote,

"I would like to tell you how much it means to me to be back with The Frontier Nursing Service, but words just do not express it for me. It is such a wonderful experience to be able to be here at this season of the year.

"I would like to extend my thanks to you and your staff."

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As you will have noted in the Beyond the Mountains column we have had to face the severe blows of the loss of friends. One dear friend here in the mountains, Mr. Albert Hoskins, Chairman of our Beech Fork Committee, has also died. We will write something of what he meant to us in our spring Bulletin.

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There isn't time in this issue to tell of all the kind things people have done for us and given to us during this terrible winter. We just want to mention the gift of two wonderful new Buena Vista saddles from that warm friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Emmet Elam of Hyden. We needed the saddles badly and could not afford to buy them. They were sumptuous gifts.

One thing that makes it difficult for me to carry the strain of the extra field work at the present time is the fact that I must give thought always to the monthly bills. It cost us over \$30,000.00 more to run the Service last year than in 1940, and our salary list was lower because we had fewer people. Some things like hay for horses had risen over 300%. When I broke my back years ago, Mac gave me a plaque that reads, "Just about the time you think you can make ends meet, someone moves the ends." How true! I want to thank you all for the renewal of your subscriptions. Some of you even sent a little more than usual. God bless you.

Just a few words about Christmas. We older ones staggered through the Season, but the children had everything just as it always was. Thanks to you, our friends, each child got his bag of candy and his toy and those that needed it got clothing as well. Our thousands of children had their trees and their Santa Claus at various points, and the Wendover children again gave a Nativity Play. A brief report from one of the Outpost Centers, the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus, must suffice as a picture of what went on at all the Centers. It shows also the help the nurses had from their Committee members.

Our Christmas party is now over here at Brutus. Santa Claus came and entertained the children. We had many children in spite of the cold rain. The very small ones were all left at home but the older ones were very much on hand.

Mr. Jasper Peters came and enjoyed himself as Santa, and Mrs. Peters helped us also by serving cocoa in the living room. It was a happy arrangement and almost 200 persons were served.

We had a lovely cedar tree that Mr. Jim Davidson went to get for us. Our maid, Lulu Hudson, put most of the decorations on. It was the second tree she had ever helped trim and she enjoyed it too.

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Our nearest Wendover neighbor, Mrs. Sallie Morgan across the river, was so unfortunate as to break her leg during the worst February weather. Our nurse, Anna May January, got splints on it and got an order from the Medical Director for suitable sedatives. We visited her every day. It was impossible to move her to that excellent bone surgeon, Dr. James E. Hagan at the Hazard mining hospital for days. Finally the move took place, the first part of it by boat, the last part in our station wagon ambulance. Her son, Edward Morgan, took charge of the boat part and our courier, Pat Mickle, took charge of the ambulance part. She was accompanied by Odette Prunet. We were tremendously thrilled when Dr. Hagan said that the bone had been held in exactly the right position by the splints. Mrs. Morgan's many friends will be glad to hear that she stood the trip to Hazard well, snow and ice notwithstanding, and that she is making a normal recovery.

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One of the most prolonged blizzards we ever remember in

here, during which the mail hasn't been able to get in or out half the time, has delayed our sending copy for this Bulletin to Lexington and getting back the proofs. We now have to add to the strains and stresses in our field of work the additional blow that has befallen us in the loss of our Medical Director, Dr. Margaret L. Dale. She is one of the best doctors we have ever known but she has not been equal to our work. I want to mention, in bidding her farewell, that among the living memorials she has left behind her are three women who would probably have died but for her. I have in mind Monique Turner, the Belgian bride of one of our soldiers, of whose critical illness I wrote in our Autumn Bulletin. I have never seen anyone recover who was so near death as Monique. The cases of two other women on the districts stand out during this awful winter. One was in the area served by the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center in Perry County. She had a miscarriage with a bad hemorrhage and considerable shock. Dr. Dale had to walk a long distance over ice to reach her cabin. There, with the assistance of Chappy, the nurse-midwife, and with a flashlight as her only illumination, she did a dilatation and curettage. This gave back the woman her life. The other case was in the area served by the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center in Leslie County. This woman was a complicated maternity case who could not be moved to the Hospital because of the weather. To reach her Dr. Dale had to ford the icy waters of Stinnett Creek well above her waist. This patient too is alive and well because Dr. Dale reached her in time. Living memorials are good things to leave behind you.

As we finally go to press we have a telegram from Dr. Karl M. Wilson of the School of Medicine of the University of Rochester, New York, that he is sending us Dr. R. W. Leiby, due to arrive at any time. There will be more about him in the spring Bulletin.

JUST JOKES

Father: "Mabel, that young man stays too late when he calls. Hasn't your mother said something to you about it?"

Mabel: "Yes, Daddy; Mother says men haven't changed a bit."

—Sea Bog

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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.

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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-widwives 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,
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Lexington 15, Kentucky



CABINS AT WENDOVER, IN WINTER

