

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 29

Autumn, 1953

Number 2



BABBETTE — In the Winter of Old Age

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

. . . . .

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?





BOUNCE—Our last military jeep

On the Wendover Road  
In the Winter of Old Age

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
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## WELSH CAROL

Awake were they only, those shepherds so lonely,  
On guard in that silence profound:  
When colour had faded, when night-time had shaded  
Their senses from sight and from sound,  
Lo, then broke a wonder, then drifted asunder  
The veils from the splendour of God,  
When light from the Holy came down to the lowly,  
And heaven to the earth that they trod.

May light now enfold us, O Lord, for behold us  
Like shepherds, from tumult withdrawn,  
Nor hearing, nor seeing, all other care fleeing,  
We wait the ineffable dawn.  
O Spirit all-knowing, thou source overflowing,  
O move in the darkness around,  
That sight may be in us, true hearing to win us  
Glad tidings where Christ may be found.

Pr. K. E. Roberts, *The Oxford Book of Carols*  
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## GIANTS IN THE SKY

by

HOPE MUNCY

(Secretary to the Medical Director at Hyden Hospital)

One day it was snug and warm inside the house. Fires were in all the fireplaces and the coals glowed with warmth—just right for popping corn. Outside the wind whistled around the corner of the house and caused the gate to bang back and forth in a wild sort of frenzy. It was much too cold for playing outside, and the children had to content themselves with forms of inside entertainment.

When they were completely filled with apples and popcorn, and a little bored by paper dolls, they went to the window and gazed out on a frozen world. A sparrow, unfortunate enough to be out on such a windy day, was wafted from one place to another at a speed to which his wings were unaccustomed. At times a pale, frozen sun sent a shaft of light through the dark clouds, changing the icicles on the eaves to diamonds. Soon it started snowing a fine, hard snow which rattled against the windowpanes. Then the children said:

“The old giant in the sky has taken his corn to the mill. He rides a gray horse across the sky and because there is a hole in the meal-sack, he is losing all the freshly ground meal.”

Another day—and it was snowing again. This time it was not quite so cold, and the clouds were soft and gray. The birds were not discouraged by snow such as this, and the children could often see the scarlet cardinals flying through the soft, white flakes. This was the snow for the children to play in, and when the down-like flakes fell on their rough coats they laughed and called to each other:

“The giant woman in the sky is making feather-beds from the down of her snow-white geese.”



### MAC'S MEMORIAL

It was the wish of those who knew and loved Ann MacKinnon to have her memorial take the form of a drug room in Hyden Hospital—something she needed and wanted so much that it will be a sorrow to us always that it wasn't built during her lifetime.

At first we thought, as announced in an earlier Bulletin, that we could build a drug room inside the hospital in one of its larger rooms. We are convinced that such a drug room will not be big enough. Our plan is to build a new room, onto the ground floor of the hospital, opening off what is now a window, at the site of the laundry chute. This will take only a bit off the parking lot. We can move the laundry chute. Oscar Bowling will do this work this winter.

From some of Mac's friends we have already received nearly \$600.00 for her memorial. To do the drug room on this larger scale will require more money. This is written so that other friends, who have asked us to tell more about our plans, may send in their donations at their convenience in the course of the next two months.

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### HOLLY TREE VANDALISM

The holly tree is the glory of the Kentucky mountains in the winter. It takes many years for such a tree to grow to maturity. It can be wrecked in a few minutes by human vandalism. Only the other day the holly grove on the property of one of our Beech Fork Committee members was visited, in his absence, by a truck load of marauders who chopped off and carried away branches of his large trees, and tops of the small ones. He said that his trees looked like wounded children.

This practice is encouraged by some city people who send clothes in repayment for holly shipped to them. Most of the holly so sent away is taken with no by-your-leave from the boundaries of its rightful owners. To accept holly with no questions asked is to foster depredation upon the property of others.

Our country is mountainous and rough without the bright lights that illuminate, for better or for worse, the cities at Christmas. Please leave us our holly which is the Christmas glory of the forest.



## TOO MUCH PIG

by

KATE IRELAND, Cleveland Courier

Illustrated by Kitty Biddle, Long Island, N. Y., Courier

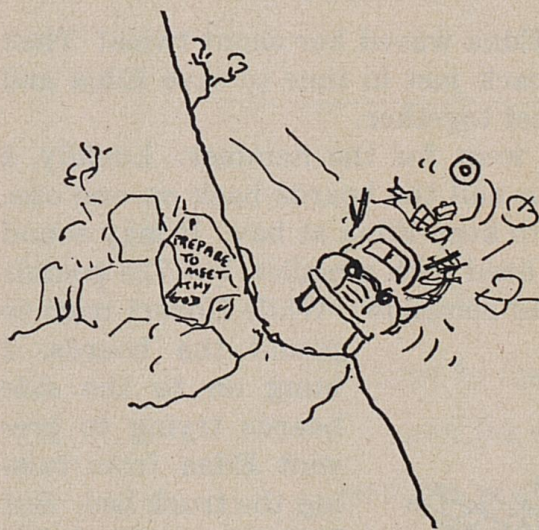
If you think Betty Lester's story about Louise, the two-month-old pig, was good wait 'til you hear this one. Hobert Cornett and I had to take the 725-pound Duroc sow—Edna, Duchess of Wendover—to Lexington to market. We took a departing guest with us and had to put all of her luggage on a platform over Edna's head. This definitely aggravated Edna, who spent the first half-hour trying to dislodge the platform and remove all the luggage, but luckily in vain. Then she discovered that the platform provided a good shade, so she sought other games to play. The spare tire was tied by a heavy rope to the back of the cab. By the time we reached Manchester, Edna had severed the rope, and from Manchester to Tyner she

played football with the tire. This made the driving for Hobert very easy! Only 725 pounds running around in the back of the truck, and she always scored a goal as we were going around a curve!

After all this exertion, Edna settled down for a nap. She couldn't have been quieter until we got to Lexington. But, she being a country sow, the city noises were strange to her and

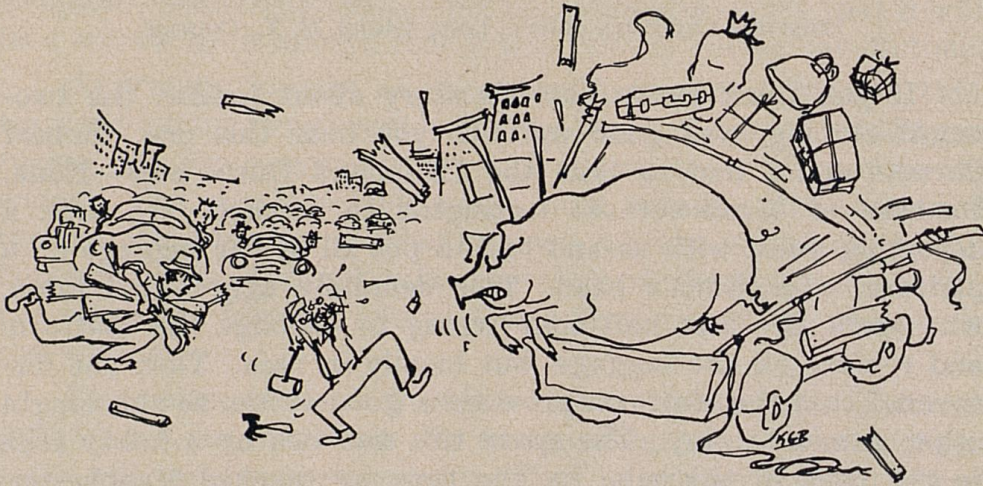
she woke up to observe the changes. First we had to go to the railroad station to unload the luggage of the guest. By this time it was noon and Edna's sunshade was not much help so, after a half-hour of driving around Lexington, Edna decided to unload herself.

Just as we were turning off Main Street, Edna knocked the extra boards off the back of the tail gate. Immediately Hobert





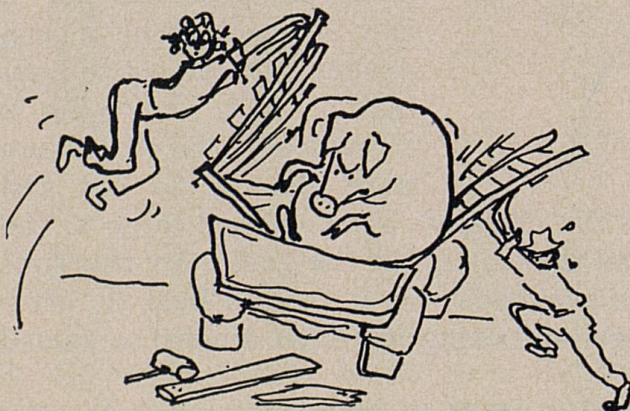
leapt out of the cab to the back of the truck to keep Edna in, while I made a 500-foot dash down Main Street to retrieve the lost boards.



Hobert said, "Keep her away from the tail gate while I get the hammer."

I waved my arms once. Edna waved her snout twice! Then I yelled for Hobert. He got back just in time to save Edna and me from rolling down the street together.

After this it was I who went for the hammer. Luckily, I found two—one with which to nail the boards back on and one, a wooden mallet, with which to keep Edna at bay. It may sound inhumane to hit a pig on the head with a mallet, but 725 pounds of mad pig has to be controlled somehow. While Hobert tried to



pound the boards, I hung on to the side boards trying to prevent Edna from raising the truck bed. But Edna's weight being greater than mine, I found myself being lifted three or four feet into the air. An amusing spectacle it must have been for the onlookers! After fifteen minutes of holding up all the Lex-



ington traffic we got the boards nailed on after a fashion. But Hobert had to ride in the back with Edna to keep her from tearing up the truck bed. We got her safely to market where she sold for the highest price of any pig this summer! That made our trip worthwhile.

Hobert and I didn't really care if we never saw another pig, but arrangements had been made for us to bring home a new Edna from the University of Kentucky Experiment Station. Mr. Spurrier at the Experiment Station insisted on showing us all his experiments in pig raising, so we found ourselves in the middle of a pasture with fifteen pigs rubbing against our legs. The new Edna, a Hampshire, weighing only 265 pounds, was so well-mannered and friendly that she renewed our faith in pigs. But still we were very happy when she was unloaded and in her own pen at Wendover.

When I went to the kitchen for my late supper what did I find but pork chops!

---

COW, SOW, and MOW

Look to the cow,  
and the sow,  
and the wheat-mow,  
and all will be well enow.

*English Proverb*



## TAKING OVER A CENTER

by

BETTY ANN BRADBURY, R.N., C.M.

Relief Nurse-Midwife at Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center  
Bowlingtown, Kentucky

People have often asked me why I wanted to leave my "comfortable" city-bred life to come to Kentucky; wild and unsettled, rough and remote; to endure the hardships that living and working in an area so "uncivilized" must necessitate. It always amuses me when someone asks this question, because I never know whether to tell them the truth, or to make up a fantastic tale. I confess, I most frequently have an uncontrollable urge to make up a fantastic tale—not only because it gives me sadistic pleasure to see incredulous people become even more incredulous, but really because the truth is dear to me and is so rarely understood by these well-meaning, but certainly curious individuals. Frequently I find the attitude: "Well, I certainly admire you for the work you do, but I could never do it myself"—or, "Don't you miss the social and cultural advantages of the city? Don't you get lonely and bored?!" And, of course, there's always the feeling: "You must be crazy—throwing your life away in those hills!" But what makes up for all these misguided attitudes, is the more frequently than one would suppose one: "I've *always* wanted to do what you are doing! Please tell me about it, I'm so interested!" And then I give vent to my stored-up beautiful truth, forgetting entirely, at least for the moment, any thought of a fantastic tale.

Bowlingtown is the loveliest of all centers! This is true, naturally, because for the present, I am the nurse here, and I think so. The house (including my living quarters and clinic) and the barn and chicken houses all sit on a hillside, looking down on the road, and beyond the road rolling cornfields and pasture land and beyond this, the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, which, in spite of the dryest spell Old Aunt Leona (thinks she's in her 80's "somewhar") has ever seen, still has water in it. Behind and above the house and out-buildings is the pasture where Missy and Lacey (horses), Flossie (cow), and Caliband (mule) graze and frolic. The rise is rather steep and the hill goes up several hundred feet beyond the pasture before it levels off and goes down again. I thought the view of the



countryside from the house was magnificent, but from the water tank in the upper corner of the pasture, the view is breath-taking. I was up at the water tank the other day with Matt Barger, checking on my water supply (fortunately have plenty), and seeing about fixing the water pipes for winter so they won't freeze (that's another story in itself!)—and Matt noticed my exclamation at the view—"Mrs. Breckinridge almost had the center built up here," he said, "but she thought it'd be too hard on the mothers to pack their children up this hill." So the center is lower down for the convenience of the mothers. (I wonder if the mothers realize this!)

Catastrophic happenings of earth-shaking importance seem to happen every day and "What do I do now?" has become my most often repeated phrase. (It is said with resignation, more like a phrase than a question!)—I never realized I was so ignorant—it was a shock. So that the greatest "hardship" (if such must be the case) I must endure, is that of my own maddening ignorance. And gradually but slowly, I'm learning wonderful new things—about woodstoves on which to cook, about barns and horses and bott flies, about dogs (2), cats (5), cow, mule, rabbit (just one) and the parrot. The nurse for whom I am relieving while she is on her vacation, loves collecting animals. As a friend told me just recently, "This is the nearest thing to a zoo I've yet seen." Especially is this apparent at feeding time when the parrot is squawking, the dogs barking, the cats meowing and the other animals making their customary noises. Only Mabel, dear Mabel (the rabbit) remains quiet.

I am learning about oil lamps when the electricity fails, about spark plugs, thermostats, distributors, radiators and stubborn jacks—three times, so far, I've had to change "flats;" about priming the water pump when the pressure fails due to lack of electricity; about cow feed and horse feed, cow hay and horse hay, et cetera, et cetera. Think of the vast store of knowledge I'll have acquired by the time I leave here!! (I have been in charge of the Bowlingtown Center exactly three weeks, and it appals me to think of the time when I shall know "what to do" in the instances of my frequent emergencies.) My mother recently wrote me that a friend of hers had a postpartum inversion of the uterus and very nearly lost her life. "It worries me so to



think that you might be faced with such a problem," my mother wrote; but I hastily answered that she should immediately cease worrying about my handling of *humans*; my emergencies occur when anything goes wrong with animals or things! (I didn't tell her that uterine inversion happens only rarely, and that it's the least of my worries at present.)

Last week, my maid, Molly, ran to tell me that Flossie had got one of her horns stuck in a chain on our fence gate, and had torn her horn badly. "What do I do now?" Matt Barger (who was fixing the sawdust bin that day) and I found Flossie with her horn indeed torn, actually an irreparable mess. (Something that I have learned: cow's horns have blood vessels and nerves that run almost to the tip of them.) Poor Flossie. Realizing that something must be done, I looked at Matt. "They'll have to come off," said he. Should I call Wendover and talk to Jean about it first? But I can't—there's no phone—but Matt seems to know what he's doing and certainly we can't leave Flossie in that condition. "Will it hurt her, Matt?"—"It'll hurt her worse, sure, to leave them on."

"Will she bleed much, Matt?"

"Right smart!"

"They have to come off?"

"Yep, fer as I can tell."

So—we got another man and Ford Barger's clippers—and Matt clipped her horns while the other man held her. While I frantically tried to find the pressure points behind her ears, the other man poured flour on the stumps. I was worried.

"H'aint never see'd a cow die yit from clippin' her horns," he said. "Yes, but there's always a first time," I thought. How dreadful it would be for Jean to come out and find Flossie dead; or for Olive to come home and find Flossie gone. What would I do?! And, besides, I'd become awfully fond of dear Flossie, too, as well as of her milk and butter.

"Don't ye worry about 'er—she'll be alright," they kept telling me. So I watched Flossie go off to the pasture when we let her go, looking quite sad and hurt, as if unable to understand why we had done such a thing to her. I tried to clean off the stumps with peroxide, but Flossie wouldn't let me. So I watched her for a few days and saw that the stumps were healing well



and were not infected. And, now Flossie's as fine as ever—only she looks a little out of character without her horns and is giving less milk.

The other day, I foolishly left the barn gates open—I shall never do that again, because it is embarrassing for a nurse to be left standing stupefied in the dust wake of her horses as they go gaily galloping down the road, thoroughly enjoying their prank and their unaccustomed freedom! Not knowing exactly what to do, I started impulsively to run after them, but sagely saw the futility of that. Then as I started toward the barn instead, to get a rope and a bucket of oats—(not knowing exactly what to do with them, either) I gratefully heard the neighbors shout, "Don't you worry honey, we'll git 'em for ye!"—and then as an afterthought, "That poor little new nurse . . ."

Sure enough, one kind man went after Missy and Lacey and headed them back towards the center—and when they came near enough to me, I lured them back in with the oats and quickly secured the gate behind me. I had a moment's shock when I looked up in the pasture and could not find Flossie or Caliband. Visions of wandering about the countryside, looking for a stray mule and cow, danced through my muddled brain,—one more thing to add to my embarrassment. But, upon closer scrutinization, I found Flossie and Caliband in the far corner of the pasture, completely unaware of my anxiety and even more unconcerned.

My life, however, is not entirely devoted to animals, garden, jeep and household affairs, as one might suppose. Occasionally I am called upon to minister to the sick, bolster up the healthy, and "catch" new babies—and this, I must confess, is mainly why I am here. Bowlingtown district covers a large area, lots of it navigable by jeep, but some of it definitely requiring a horse—and of course the weather has a great deal to do with one's mode of transportation. If the river is up and a jeep cannot cross, then it's by horse or by boat and foot, as the case may be. So far, transportation has been no problem for me, since it is so dry, with practically no water in the river and creeks. But there are still many "hollers" and mountain trails that must be taken by horse, although it is amazing where jeeps can go and what they can do.



Midwifery is my first responsibility and a delivery call takes precedence over anything else. So far, since I've been at Bowlingtown, I have not been fortunate enough to catch a baby—but I have four prospective mothers due now and I am looking forward to attending them. They are all normal, healthy mothers—one a primipara—and have all had successful, encouraging reports from our Medical Director, upon their one doctor's examination, required of all our expectant mothers at some time during their prenatal period. Olive gave these women thorough prenatal examinations once a month until the seventh month, then every two weeks until their ninth month, and I have been checking them weekly. I have visited their homes and have found, for the most part, satisfactory conditions for delivery. Mostly all I need is a table for my equipment, a bed for the mother, a fire in the stove and some water! It is rare that one does not find at least this much in a home, but I suppose I could manage without the table or the bed! These mothers-to-be are all living within the boundaries of my district and so will be seen every day for ten days, following delivery, then once a week until the baby is a month old. Then at six weeks the mother and baby see our Medical Director for their six weeks examination. Following this the baby is seen at regular intervals to insure good follow-up care.

When there is little sickness to occupy my time (which has, unfortunately not been the case since my arrival) I make health visits to each family with children, in order to check their general condition and to check whether the tiny ones have had their diphtheria-pertussis—tetanus inoculations and the older ones their typhoid "shots." The nurse usually takes care of the older children and their typhoid series in the schools and in that way can give inoculations en masse. However, I've been very busy with "colds," mumps, whooping cough, measles, cuts and abrasions, sprained appendages and numerous other complaints, so that the health visits will have to be put off for a while. I have really been concerned about the fact that hardly anyone seems healthy in my district now! (I took a jeep load of my neighbors with me to Hazard during a Red Cross Blood Bank drive, to give blood, and I ended up by being the only one eligible to give!



I hold a general clinic here at the center once a week, on Wednesday, and another clinic, in a home on Gay's Creek, for any out-of-district patients who wish to see me, on Fridays. Our out-of-district prenatal patients are booked for hospital confinement, but they come to the district nurse for their prenatal visits until time for them to go to the FNS Hyden Hospital for delivery. Of course any abnormal patient, whether in or out of district is sent to the hospital where they can be near to the doctor for delivery.

On the other days in the week, I answer the many sick calls that come in and make the rounds of my district, going in different directions each day. One of my favorite spots is a lonely trail along Turkey Branch—and I know the few families who live along there are tired of seeing me for I go up there often, on the slightest excuse! It is unbelievably beautiful. The trees are truly magnificent—tall stately beeches and graceful maples with evergreens, mostly spruces, sprinkled here and there. Very little logging has been done in this section, and the homes are sparsely scattered. It is like a state park, yet unmarred by human attempts at improvement.

As I was riding along Turkey Branch the other day, I was delighted to see a huge bird spread its enormous wings and fly from one tall beech to another. As it settled I saw that it was an owl, and a grand-daddy, if ever there was one! He looked wise and unflustered as Missy and I rode by, and seemed somewhat superior as if he knew his home were more beautiful than ours, and his life far more peaceful. But, I felt that he did not mind our intrusion because we appreciated his home as he did, and sensed the peace that he felt.

One of my neighbors told me, off handedly, today that my chickens were roosting in a tree outside the chicken yard. I merely said, "Oh," not knowing about the roosting habits of chickens. She looked at me, queerly, and said, "Well, aren't you going to clip 'em?"—"Oh, no," I thought, "Don't tell me something else has to be clipped!!" And so I learned tonight that one must clip the wings of chickens if one expects them to roost in one's chicken house.

And who knows what is in store for me to learn tomorrow?



## NEW EYES FOR THE NEEDY

by  
MARY ANN QUARLES

### **Jess:**

Jess was first reported to our social service department about four years ago by the Wendover district nurse. He was nine at the time and had severely crossed eyes. He was only in the second grade at school and could not advance any further because of his poor eyesight.

Right after his case was reported to us, *New Eyes for the Needy, Inc.*, sent the social service department a fund to provide glasses for those children in our area who needed them. Jess was one of the very first to profit from this fund. He was taken to the oculist in Hazard where his eyes were examined. Glasses were given him that corrected his vision close to normal. He was able to go to school regularly and keep up with the other boys and girls. He goes back to the oculist for a re-check every year, and now his eyes can be corrected to 20/20 vision. He continues to go to school and is looking forward to going to high school in another two years.

### **Ray:**

Ray is fifteen now and has always been the studious member of his family. His father is dead, so his mother has had to keep the family going on their State Welfare Aid. There has been no money for extras.

Ray's eyes have always been badly crossed which, of course, has hindered him in school. The social service department, through *New Eyes for the Needy, Inc.*, has been providing Ray with glasses and regular yearly check-ups at the oculist. This has enabled him to do the thing he most wants—go on in school. Next year he will start his sophomore year in high school and he is hoping to continue until he finishes.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

### **From Celia Coit, Pacific Palisades, California**

—September 16, 1953

Coit-Lane, the store, is no more. We had a big closing-out sale which was an enormous success—we never had to advertise at all, just sent out 400 cards to old customers. One week later when the stock was really depleted, a very nice couple from Montreal asked about buying the business. We were so delighted not to have to clean up the tag ends and not to be stuck with our lease which ran another year that I said it's yours. Now I've moved down the coast to Pacific Palisades. This is near Santa Monica and the most attractive spot in the Los Angeles area I think. I've moved in with an old friend from Winnetka, and right now I'm just plain loafing and am loving it. I'm quite sold on California and intend to stay here.

. . . . .

### **From Katherine G. Biddle (Kitty), Mycenae, Greece**

—September 18, 1953

Here they are—the cartoons. I must say it was terribly flattering to have Peg's letter chase me all the way to Mycenae. Just got it today and these were done in a hurry so they can be mailed by a Swedish girl in Corinth tomorrow.

I am working with archeologists at Mycenae—a peasant village—and Greece is perfectly heavenly. Am living at the Belle Helene Hotel run by three brothers. Will be through here soon and then will travel a bit and be home in mid-November.

. . . . .

### **From Joan Henning, Louisville, Kentucky**

—September 21, 1953

I shall never be able to express my appreciation for everything that I gained and learned being a courier. Being with the FNS helped me make a very big decision. I have been thinking about going into nursing for quite awhile, as well as social work and teaching, but I have now decided to go into nurse's training.



**From Mrs. James W. Henning (Jo Yandell), Louisville,  
Kentucky—September 23, 1953**

I can't begin to tell you what fun it was to see everyone again at Wendover and to be there with two of my children. Joan simply loved her six weeks in the mountains. Beth (age 3) still talks about the jeeps and her ride on Babbette. She has asked several times when we can go and visit "Joan's house again." I promise to be back before another twenty-three years!

. . . .

**From Anne Dexter Smith, New York, New York  
September 23, 1953**

As much as I would like to come to Kentucky this fall to help you out, I fear it is impossible because I am "one foot" in the publishing business. I have been out west for three months working first on a dude ranch and then on a cattle ranch. Wrangling dudes was fun, but not so interesting as "working" cattle. For the past two weeks I have been herding cattle, cow cutting, branding and dehorning. The experience was fabulous and well worthwhile. However, I am now in a period of readjustment and find it difficult to transfer my ranching experience to the four walls of New York City.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr. (Diana  
Morgan), Hopewell, New Jersey—September 23, 1953**

Townsend is a good baby but time-consuming. He weighed 8 pounds and 10 ounces at birth and has since gained till he now tips in at 14 pounds and one-fourth ounce. He's still got blue eyes and it's hard to tell whether they'll change or not, and his hair (such as it is) might be termed reddish brown. Due to cereal, meat and vegetables et cetera he's on three meals a day which is a tremendous help and was especially nice during our recent vacation, as it gave me a chance to go sailing with Van in Maine and golfing (though my efforts in that line hardly deserve the name) in Vermont. We enjoyed ourselves greatly and both sets of grandparents had a great time with the baby. We've named him for his great uncle, Charles Townsend Olcott, who has no children and of whom we are very fond.

I hope on your next swing in this direction that the Prince-



ton group will have a meeting and then I can show you my pride and joy.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Paul B. Magnuson, Jr. ("Tips" Stevenson),**

**Dundee, Illinois—October 8, 1953**

With summer over, and the kids all back in school, I can settle down to some of the things I've been putting off for months! Alicia is back at Farmington for her senior year, and Peter is at Kent, also in Connecticut, for his first year and is just loving it. It seems strange to have only Dave at home, and I can't say I like it. I don't know if we'll get to the ranch at all this winter. I may go for a couple of weeks and let it go at that. So, it looks as though I'll just keep right on doing what I've been doing for some time now—tending the home fires and "mindin' the pigs."

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. H. W. Conant (Lucy's mother), Southampton,**

**Massachusetts—October 13, 1953**

I thought that you would be interested to know what Lucy is doing this year. After two and a half years of Public Health Nursing in Ann Arbor, Michigan, she left in June with another girl for a summer of travel. She is remaining in England and doing similar work in the Three Town Nursing Association with headquarters in Plymouth, England. Her summer spent with you while she was a student at Radcliffe started her interest in this line of work.

. . . . .  
**From Sue McIntosh, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York**

**—October 26, 1953**

I've just finished reading the Quarterly Bulletin for the second time and got to thinking for the "I-don't-know-whatt" time about this summer. College is certainly a far cry from the FNS sometimes—especially as far as the people who make up both places go. One thing they have in common though: they are both plenty busy.

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**From Fanny B. McIlvain, Downingtown, Pennsylvania**

**—October, 1953**

I am busy house training and obedience training a six-



month-old Shepherd belonging to a blind woman in Philadelphia. Evidently, the pup is a terror at home and I am supposed to correct all of its bad habits. It is very interesting but, as you can imagine, very time-consuming. On the side, I have a couple of three and a half month old pups of my own to work with!

. . . . .

**From Sally Foreman, Pomona College, Claremont,  
California—October, 1953**

I have once again become homesick for Wendover and do wish I could have gotten down there this summer but as you probably know I was working with the Child Guidance Home in Cincinnati, taking care of emotionally unbalanced children. The job was wonderful and the kids, though little devils, were dear. I grew very attached to each and it was so comforting seeing the psychiatric treatment help.

. . . . .

**From Polly Pearse, Scottsville, New York**  
—November 15, 1953

Val [her fiancé] is due home the middle of December, and as his return comes closer the days are filled with increasing preparations and excitement. We hope to be married January 2nd, unless the Air Force interferes in some way. He has two more years in the Air Force so we won't be settling permanently for a while, but eventually we'll be living near Suffield, Connecticut.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Alison Bray** has been on tour in South Africa with Lady Ogilvie, former dean of women students at Leeds University and Principal-elect of St. Anne's College, Oxford. We quote from **Cape Times**, Cape Town, Union of South Africa, September 4, 1953:

From the Kentucky Mountains to Cape Town is a long way, but English visitor, Miss Alison Bray, who is accompanying Lady Ogilvie as secretary-travelling companion on her two months' tour, hopes to return to both one day.

"I love South Africa, especially the kindness and friendliness of the people here," she said, "and I definitely want to return next time for a longer period."

But Miss Bray has another dream-trip planned, as well.



She wants to leave her home in Leeds once more and return to the Kentucky Mountains, to her work as "courier" with the Frontier Nursing Service there.

She first heard of this unusual band of women from her aunt, who was at school with the founder, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, who is still, at the age of 70, the director of the movement. Just before the war, when she had completed a B.Sc. degree at London University, her chance came. From a long waiting-list she was chosen for the sought-after job of courier in the service; voluntary work lasting for only two months at a time. She returned again in 1948 for another two months, and later worked for the social service there for three months.

"My job was to look after the horses and jeeps, meet any visitors at the nearest town, 120 miles away from our headquarters, sometimes accompany on horseback nurses called up into the mountains in the middle of the night and be a general maid-of-all-work. There were only three of us among six outpost centres miles away from each other so we were kept pretty busy."

### ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Anne R. Harris (Toni) of Rochester, New York, to the Reverend David A. Crump of Brockport, New York. The wedding will take place next summer. Toni writes:

I'm announcing my engagement on November first to David A. Crump. David is an Episcopal minister in Brockport, New York (21 miles from Rochester). He is tall, twenty-six, brown eyed, black hair, and straight from Heaven.

How happy I am that I decided to come back to my native land this summer! Strangely enough, he was ordained at the church at the end of the street the day I flew in from Paris! We met on July ninth and I think we were engaged on the tenth! One of those incredible "love at first sight" jobs—but I know it can happen!

We are not being married until June 26th for he is terribly busy. The Bishop has given him this parish all alone and so he does have a lot on his shoulders. I am back at Wells with high hopes of a degree in June. They are keeping me well occupied with three French seminars, art, music, and marriage-and-the-family (I may as well take one course that will fit in a rectory!). I do find my mind wandering down the center aisle a bit too often, but that is to be expected, I think. It doesn't seem as though June will ever come! *La patience est un vertu!*

Miss Jan McMillan of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, to Mr. Charles L. Palms. The wedding will take place early in the New Year. Jan writes:

Things are pretty busy around here, as I'm still involved in the advertising business. Between law and copywriting I shall be well occupied in Detroit for some time.



### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Channing Howe ("Fifi" Long), a son, William Bowditch, on October 23, 1953, weighing 6 pounds and 14 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Chatham (Anna Hanes) of Boston, Massachusetts, a baby girl, on November 16, 1953. Weight 7 pounds and 9 ounces. As yet we do not know the name of this little future courier.

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### HOWLERS

"There were no Christians among the early Gauls, they were mostly lawyers."

"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean and this is known as Pilgrim's Progress."

"Henry VIII was very fat, besides being a non-conformist."

"The Puritans drove Roger Williams out of Massachusetts because he would talk about God."

"The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain."

"Algebra was the wife of Euclid."

"Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about."

"Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels."

"A vacuum is a large, empty place where the Pope lives."

"The climate is caused by hot and cold weather."

"A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

—From *The American Child*

Contributed by Mrs. Charles H. Moorman from her clippings of twenty-five years ago.

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### NOW WE KNOW

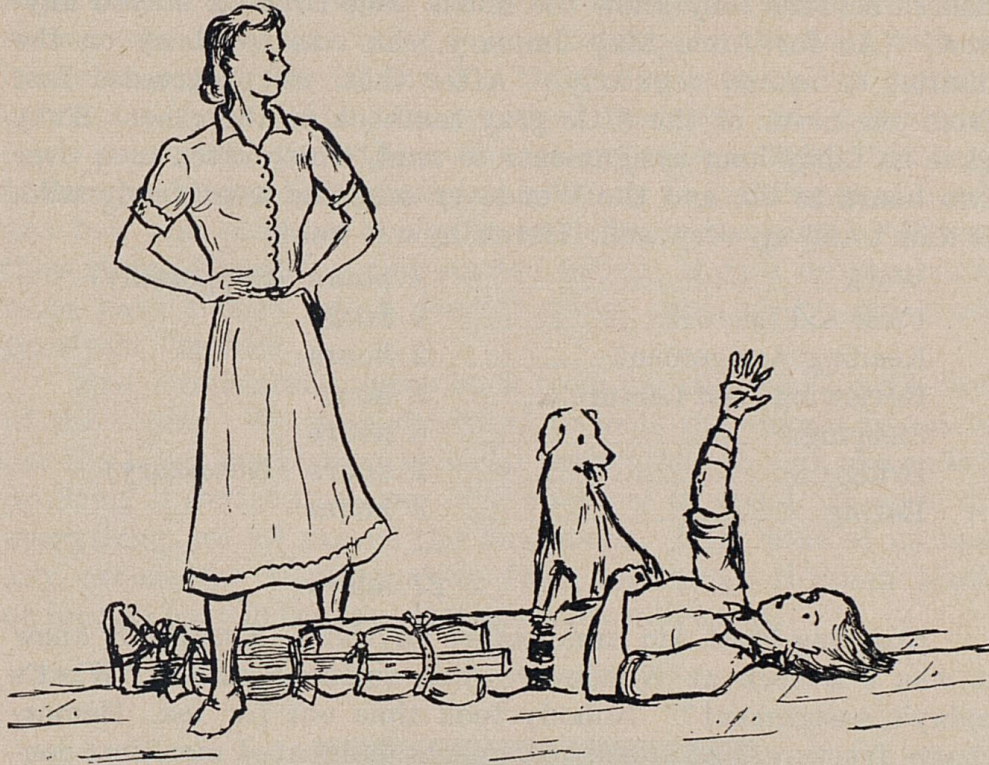
Death is the term applied to an injury involving the loss of life of the injured.

From the Bureau of Labor Statistics Bulletin No. 667



## FIRST AID AT WENDOVER

by  
SUE McINTOSH, New York and New England Courier



I hope that not too many people take one look at this picture, decide that the Wendover folk have taken to beating each other up as a way of settling differences, and skip this article on the assumption that it is an unpleasant description of FNS brand of rough-housing. It's not that the article is any good, but the picture has to be explained. The week of August 23 was not an ordinary one at Wendover. First of all, Mrs. Breckinridge was on vacation, and with her gone, nothing seemed very ordinary anyhow. What made the whole week special, however, was that somebody had realized that it was about time for the medically unskilled and some of the medically skilled to take a Red Cross First Aid course, and had enlisted Kitty Macdonald as instructor to come over from Beech Fork every evening for a week.



The first evening, we all (Katy, Brownie, Thumper, Lucile, Agnes, Mary LaMotte, Juanetta, Peggy, Mary Jo and myself) learned that First Aid is the Immediate and Temporary Care of the Sick and Injured, and that nurses make the worst First Aiders because they know too much. But Brownie stayed anyhow. (As for Anna May January, she was too busy on the district to attend regularly.) After that, we progressed fast from one cover of the little gray textbook to the other. Kitty gave us fairly long assignments to read, which often took over two hours to do, and the Wendover schedule went fairly wild. It didn't add up very well. Here's how it went:

|                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Work.....                   | 8 hours (Supposedly) |
| First Aid Lecture.....      | 3 hours              |
| Reading Assignment.....     | 2 hours              |
| Reviewing Last Lecture..... | 1 hour               |
| Sleeping.....               | 8 hours              |
| Bridge.....                 | 2 hours (Necessary)  |
| Eating.....                 | 3 hours              |
| —                           |                      |
|                             | 27 hours             |

Studying First Aid came before anything. Everybody knew it was 4 o'clock at Wendover when someone called, "What's today's assignment?" Nobody took time out for tea. Hemorrhage, fracture, and shock treatments dominated mealtime conversation, and somebody said that Agnes was getting up at 5 a.m. to study her lessons.

Tuesday evening was artificial respiration, and Kitty had us sprawled all over the hall of the Garden House practising on each other. We learned to chant "Out goes the **bad** air—in comes the **good** air" in fine rhythm and tried to learn how to switch operators without breaking that rhythm so that the victim wouldn't be able to detect the switch. But at this last we weren't very successful, thanks to the Wendover Courier service at the time. Brownie, a victim brought back to life by Anna May's proper thirty pounds of hand pressure on her back, was killed again by Katy's eighty pounds, and Lucile said she could feel her ribs grinding together under my sixty. At least we were eager students, and Kitty was encouraging.

On fracture night we paired up, each partner having re-



cently acquired a fracture of some sort from Kitty. After a victim had been bandaged, splinted, and treated for shock, the First Aider had to explain cause, nature of injury, and treatment to the rest of the class. Brownie had found Katy in the woods with a neck broken while she was hunting, and this was the reason why Katy was lying so comfortably on the floor with a bottle of ginger ale and her dog Martini to keep up her morale (very important). We also practised "carries," and got along fairly well until the "three-man carry" where Mary (with a broken back) was to be picked up by Mary Jo and Peggy at head and foot and someone not quite so hefty in the middle. When they stopped laughing and started lifting, Mary's broken back must have turned into a fearful spinal cord injury and total paralysis, I'm sure.

Mrs. Breckinridge came back from vacation the fourth day of the course. We were delighted to have the chance to teach her the latest methods of artificial respiration, though she ended up doing it better than any of the rest of us could. In spite of everything, we all passed the final exam. Now none of us has any excuse for running away from anything—H-Bomb blast or foreign body in the eye. It was a week well-spent.



DAVID, JOHN, PEGGY, KENNETH and WINIFRED MINEAR

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin D. Minear  
(Former A O Pi Social Service Secretary, Catharine Pond)



## OBSTETRICIAN STRESSES NEED FOR MORE NURSE-MIDWIVES

by  
JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON

. . . More nurse midwives were called for by Dr. N. J. Eastman, obstetrician in chief at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, at an afternoon meeting. [At the Convention of the National League for Nursing.]

Dr. Eastman said one of the shortcomings on maternal care in the United States was caused by lack of time by medical physicians. Most obstetricians handle 300 cases a year and some as many as 750, so they do not have sufficient time to devote to individual patients, he pointed out.

He said he was convinced that the painstaking type of maternal care that could be given by nurse-midwives deserved encouragement. He described studies at Johns Hopkins Hospital in which 25 random, prenatal cases were assigned to each of two nurse-midwives.

These two women were said to have answered the mother's questions more satisfactorily than doctors had, to have stayed with the patients throughout labor "without sneaking off and sleeping" and to have come through with such a satisfactory performance that, in letters afterwards, a number of patients volunteered that they preferred nurse-midwives to doctors.

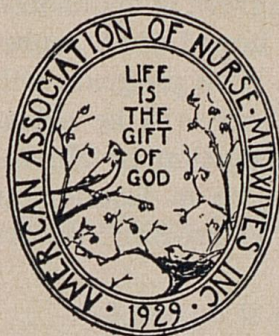
But it was found that, while an intern might deliver 500 mothers a year, giving the amount of care customary in hospitals, the nurse-midwives who gave meticulous care to each case could handle only 75 cases a year.

Dr. Eastman said the transcendent importance of emotional support of a woman in pregnancy was emphasized at the last Geneva conference and comparison was made between the ease of childbirth in eastern countries and the difficulty in the western part of the world.

Part of the difficulty was attributed to hospital environment. "It is not my intention to recommend a return to the home," Dr. Eastman said, "but that every effort be made to bring to the hospital the salutary circumstances attendant to home deliveries."

*Cleveland Plain Dealer, June 1953*





## AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover on Thursday, October 29, 1953. Agnes Lewis, with the help of the Wendover crowd, had arranged a delicious buffet luncheon to which all members were invited. The Frontier Nursing Service was glad to entertain, as overnight guests, Doris Reid from Burt Lake, Michigan, Eleanor Wechtel Denk of Dayton, Ohio, Esther Bacon on furlough from Liberia and Jane Pierson from Berea College Hospital. Approximately thirty nurse-midwives, and the students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, attended the meeting this year.

The distinguished Lexington obstetrician, Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, had honored the Association by consenting to address the meeting. He called his talk "Hash," and we heartedly commend him as a "hash-maker"! He gave a most interesting talk which included many of the subjects near to the heart of the nurse-midwife. Following his address, he led a discussion which included such things as difficult deliveries in the wilds of Liberia and the importance of adequate oxygen supply for the prevention of cerebral palsy in the newborn. We were sorry that Dr. Whitehouse could not stay longer at Wendover, but are immensely grateful to him for sparing a day out of his busy life to attend the meeting, and for his excellent address. The Association now has a membership of just over two hundred, scattered all over the world. To each member will go a copy of the minutes of the annual meeting and of the address of the guest speaker.

At the meeting the President made an announcement which will be of great interest to all of our readers who are midwives. There is to be an International Congress of Midwives in London,



England, from September 4-11, 1954. The Congress is sponsored by the Royal College of Midwives and it is hoped that representatives from all over the world will attend. The program will include lectures from eminent experts and there will be social activities of many kinds. The American Association of Nurse-Midwives hopes that one of its members will be in London at the time of the Congress so that we may have a first-hand report of this great gathering of midwives.

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### ODDMENTS

#### On the Use of the Mind

"It ain't people's ignorance that causes all the trouble. It's their knowing so much that ain't so."

—Ascribed to Josh Billings by H. B. S.

*The Washington Post*, Tuesday, July 22, 1952

From such examples as of this and that,  
We all are taught to know I know not what.

—Lovegirlo in *The Covent Garden Tragedy*  
by Henry Fielding, May 1732

". . . The finest powers man is gifted with are those which enable him to infer from what he sees what he *can't* see."

—Letter from Florence Nightingale to Benjamin Jowett, October 3, 1871

Have the courage to make use of your own understanding.

—Immanuel Kant, 1724-1804

In God's name I beg you to *think*.

—Demosthenes, B.C. 384?-322



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

**From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Dewsbury, Yorkshire,  
England—September, 1953**

Although it is such a long time since I wrote you, you are so very often in my thoughts. I was very grateful to you for telling me all about Mac. I hope all goes well with the Service. As you will see I have a new address. We have had to come right up North to get a suitable house. We (my two sisters and I) are very happy in the one we have at last managed to find. We have come from a lovely little spot on the river Deben right into the middle of the industrial section in Yorkshire, but fortunately we are right on top of the hills and can look over the factory chimneys without seeing them. I have a lovely bay window which curves around to the East and West, so in spite of being on the North side of the house, I get lots of sun and my room is very bright. I get a lovely view from this big window. We lived in this district when we were children so its fun reminiscing over past history. I shall try to go to the Reunion this year. Give my love to Mrs. Breckinridge—how I should love to see her again.

. . . .

**From Rose Evans (Cherry) in Santa Fe, New Mexico  
—September, 1953**

I am very happy here—folk have been so good to me. There are so many places to see and so many interesting things and events that I have not seen before. I have just been appointed Director of the Santa Fe Maternal Health Center and take over next month. The weather here is beautiful with hot sunny days and nippy nights. The leaves are just beginning to turn and then the colors will be indescribable. Peggy and I are looking for a house with a little garden—I miss that very much. It must be near Peggy's place of work because of night calls. My love to all.



**From Joan Court on furlough from WHO in London,  
England—September, 1953**

I think and talk of you and Kentucky so often. The Frontier Nursing Service is quite the most interesting job I've ever been in. The whole atmosphere of it stays on in my mind vividly. Barbara Clemons is here for a few week's holiday and we have many "Flat Creek" talks, as you can imagine. I am so glad you enjoyed the story of Kaneez—she certainly is a character. I expect there will be many like her in Karachi. I sent that story to the BBC and on the strength of it was asked to help as technical adviser during the preparation of a script on the work of UNICEF. I had several happy days working on the dialogue and later on being present at the studio rehearsals. The action was centered around clinic care and a home delivery, so you can imagine the fun I had coaching the "patient" to groan in the second stage and finding the right sound for a delicate baby cry and so on. After October 31, my address in Pakistan will be: WHO/UNICEF, Taj Hotel, Karachi.

. . . . .

**From Dr. and Mrs. Howard Freas in the Belgian Congo  
—September, 1953**

It is over four months since we left the U. S. A. in April on the "Queen Mary." We had a pleasant voyage over, delightful visits in London and Brussels, and a marvelous flight over the Alps. A royal welcome awaited us here at Sona Bata when we arrived late on a Saturday evening. It is taking us an unusually long time to get settled as we had to plunge right into medical work. The latter part of July the annual conference of our whole mission was held here for a week, when beds and meals had to be provided for over fifty guests.

Howard is standing up to the work extremely well, including two or three days a week of surgery. He rides his bicycle to and from the hospital, only a hundred yards from our bungalow, and uses the car or motor bike for long distances.

. . . . .

**From Joyce Stephens in Seattle, Washington—October, 1953**

We have all been wondering how the Committee Meetings are coming off, and hope the attendances have been good. It is



strange, and sad, to have October come without facing the question of what to feed one's Committee! Thank you very much for the Bulletin. As you can well imagine, we were all looking forward to getting a copy, and have read it through from A to Z. I still cannot believe Lydia and I are in that dreadful category of ex-FNS; and will never really accept the fact until the U. S. fades into the horizon. There seems to be quite a large FNS colony springing up here in Seattle. The first week-end we were here, Susan Spencer and Mary Wright came to supper. Then there are the den Dulks and we hear Dodie is back. The den Dulks are all very well and settled in their new home.

Lydia and I are enjoying working at Doctors' Hospital. It is about five years old and has 250 beds. We are both working in the labor ward, and as there are about 150 doctors on the OB staff, we see many different points of view as to sedation, etc. The nursing staff includes several Canadians and everyone is very friendly. No one could have been kinder than the den Dulks when we first arrived. They fed and housed us and the doctor arranged an appointment at the Hospital for us, and was a veritable bureau of information on our behalf. Our apartment is very pleasant, being the lower floor of a large ultra-modern house. It has a large empty lot behind, a large lawn, bordered by trees and a noisy little creek to one side. It is so nice to hear water running, and without looking, it sounds like Flat Creek—but there the similarity ends!

It has rained more than not, since we came and I cannot help wishing we could share the rain with you in Kentucky. I do hope the folk in the hills have not suffered too much. We were lucky to have a beautiful day to go and see Mount Rainier. The mountain looked magnificent in a glistening coat of new snow and the fall colors were so beautiful. We all enjoyed our American tour very much indeed, and I am sure we will never run out of memories. We traveled about 6,500 miles. The Canadian Rockies were just wonderful. We drove from Lake Louise to Jasper through magnificent scenery. We saw so many bears that we did not even focus our cameras on them in the end.

. . . . .

**From Nola Blair in Pontiac, Michigan—October, 1953**

Thank you so very much for getting the slides to me in



such a hurry, on such short notice. I am so glad I wired you for them as they got here just in time. I showed them at a nurses' meeting last Thursday night, here in Pontiac. I have taken the liberty of placing the slides in some carriers that I use, as you will see when you receive them. It makes a nice way to store them and I shall be happy if you can use them. In taking an inventory, you will see that the number of slides has increased by several—these being duplicates of the ones I took when Norma and I stopped down there to see you all. That was such wonderful joy. For such a short time, it seemed that I had never left my beloved FNS.

. . . .

**From Grace Nelson in the Belgian Congo—October, 1953**

I have just been transferred and will stay at this station until the end of my contract—two years. The dispensary is an attractive whitewashed building, well equipped for these parts. At present I have only one aide-infirmier and two flunkies as we have sent three fellows to the government training school. Attendance at the weekly prenatal clinic runs from twenty to thirty. Because in this area there are three tribes, most of the women speak Lingala, the trade language, which makes it much easier for me. I am happy for the smaller clinics as we can get to know each patient. After delivery here, the baby receives two gowns and two blankets, and the mother a piece of material like blue denim. The baby and children's clinics are well attended. The mother receives clothes for the children after every twenty visits, soap at each visit, two tablespoons of salt if the child is free from the "itch" and two tablespoons of sugar if the clothes are clean.

I was out hunting with another girl this afternoon. We hiked out to the place where she and two of the men shot an elephant a week ago. They estimated that he weighed about six tons. It took a hundred men to carry the meat out, and it was enough for a good portion of six hundred of the mission people. The ears were four feet across and the heart filled a sixteen-quart pail! The meat is good though rather tough, and the fat when rendered is just like lard. Today, with great expectations, we mounted each anthill, careful not to make a sound, but all we saw in the big game line was tracks of antelope



and buffalo and the signs of elephants; so we contented ourselves with shooting at guinea hen.

I look forward to each issue of the Bulletin. When furlough comes, I hope to visit the mountains again. Please give my greetings to all.

. . . . .

**From Marie Bowen Bonia in St. John's, Newfoundland**

—October, 1953

So many things have happened since I left the FNS. I had a bouncing eight and three quarter pound boy on July 3rd. I am very boastful of the fact that I had a natural delivery—somewhat rare in St. John's—a short labour and all went well. I was shocked to read of Mac's death; you must miss her so much. I keep remembering how gay she was—singing "Ye Banks and Braes" on New Year's Eve. Perhaps you have heard from Mickey (Mary Finn). Right now she is working in one of our Cottage Hospitals at Springdale which is one of the newest and beautifully located. She was married earlier in the year. I am back to work with the Department of Health Nursing Service. My sister is looking after John for me until I finish my contract next year. Do give my regards to all at Wendover—especially Mrs. Breckinridge. Her book is still in big demand among my friends here. They think it is wonderful, and I love to talk about FNS and to show my pictures. I had a most wonderful experience at Hyden and Wendover. My best wishes to you all.

. . . . .

**From Dr. James M. Fraser in Grand Lake, Colorado**

—October, 1953

We have never been able to return to Hyden area since leaving there in 1945, but our thoughts go there often, in good wishes to the many exceptionally worthwhile people who are helping and have helped in the work you are doing there. We read your book with great interest and pleasure, and are glad you were able to get the book out, what with all the activities you are in the middle of, most of the time.

We have seen very few FNS-ers in the past 8 years, occasionally Penny, Eva Gilbert to be here today for a short while,



no others I can recall off hand. But on the other hand, we are always happy to have as guests any FNS staff who are fortunate enough to be able to take a trip to the Rocky Mt. Natl. Park, Grand Lake area. We are settled here in a beautiful mountain-lake area, high in the pines, with pine-scented trails and spruce-laden hills at this 8,000 ft. altitude. This is a summer paradise, and our door is always open to FNS personnel.

Sometime in the next few years we will surely be able to visit with you in Wendover, and meantime we welcome you for a rest in our beautiful hills.

**From Lt. Kathryn I. Brown (Katie) in San Antonio, Texas**

—November, 1953

I have enjoyed my year in the Air Force very much, and I am still doing OB—I work in the delivery room, and as we are so busy, I manage to get some deliveries myself. Last month we had 226 deliveries, and one time we had 15 in twenty-four hours. After Christmas, I shall be going to Flight School for six weeks in Alabama. I had the opportunity to go to Japan, but refused it as I was due home on leave; and now after Flight School I expect to be going to Europe.

Although I was only with the FNS for one year, I enjoyed the work very much and I am glad to have news. Please give my regards to all I know.

**From Lt. Vera Chadwell in Hong Kong—November, 1953**

I am due home a year from January and will finish my time with the Army in May 1955. So far we have not been "hit" by a typhoon, but it has been very close a couple of times and it was very wild indeed. One keeps wondering and hoping it will change its course—which it did eventually. I am back on district work! The Sister who does health visiting and holds clinics for the military families is sick, so I am relieving her. I am in a village on the mainland. I have a Chinese driver and a Land-rover in which to travel on my district. I travel to several of the outlying districts to care for European families. The coast line is very pretty. It is cooler here now and does not go above ninety indoors; but is still very humid.



**From Jane Sanders Burt in Guyman, Oklahoma**

—November, 1953

This is our permanent address now—we moved in June. We have another trailer which we would not trade for a twenty thousand dollar house. It is completely equipped and modern, and so easy to keep. We live only two blocks from the hospital where I work. I enjoyed reading the article in *Grit*, with the pictures of Mrs. Breckinridge. I have to drive seventy miles to the nurses' district meeting tonight. Say "hello" to everyone I know up there.

. . . .

**From Mary Jo Clark in Syracuse, New York—November, 1953**

I wonder whether you had any snow this week-end. It came as quite a surprise here, and the night before almost half the campus was planning to migrate about 50 miles south for the Syracuse-Cornell football game. The roads were terrific and every other car was in the ditch. The team and band were late, and lots of people were turned back because of accidents blocking the road. I felt sorry for the players slipping and sliding in the snow, but it was a good game—needless to say, we won! I'd sure like to be on the Upper Shelf right now, with a cozy fire and a popcorn popper! My room here is a good size and has four windows which I like, but they are more like sieves than windows and my radiator is on the other side of the room—so while the rest of the house suffocates, I wrap up in a blanket and dream of my old open fireplace! All of a sudden we are realizing that already the semester is half over, and there is so much to do! Among other things, I have to give a 15-minute speech the first part of December on "Boy-Girl Relations."

## NEWSY BITS

**Sybil Holmes Barton** writes that she has given talks on the FNS to the Barbados Nursing Association, the Barbados General Hospital Nursing Staff and for the Antigua Red Cross Drive.

. . . .

**Edna Metcalfe (Neddy)** writes from Malaya: "You will be intrigued to hear that yesterday I found your book in the library



of the U. S. Information Service, here in Kuala Lumpur, and got it out for the Local Health Matron to read. *Wide Neighborhoods* indeed."

. . . . .

**Dr. and Mrs. Rowland Leiby, Jr.**, announce the birth of Susan Kathleen Leiby on October 8, 1953. Dr. Leiby writes, "We moved from Rochester, New York out here to La Crosse, Wisconsin 3 months ago. I am practising obstetrics and gynecology. We appreciate and enjoy the Bulletin which is sent to us. We are all excited about our beautiful new daughter."

. . . . .

Our love and deepest sympathy go to **Margaret Field** on the death of her mother in August 1953; and to **Dorothy (Dodi) Helwig** for the tragic loss of her mother and father, within a few weeks of each other, following an accident in October of this year.

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### THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE

The people of these mountains are of wonderfully fine physique and often of noble appearance. The conditions in which they live, their habits of the blood-feud, sheep stealing and smuggling and their custom of keeping open house to the stranger reminded me of accounts of the Highlanders of Scotland as they lived over a century and a half ago. The manners of the people fit their appearance. Except for an occasional communal wireless set (usually presented by the American D.C.A.) there are no modernities, no roads, no sanitation, no inns.

I am deeply grateful to have been helped to visit this most remarkable corner of Europe which, combining as it does landscapes of sea, mountains, and forests of the wildest and most romantic loveliness, is the most beautiful and interesting country that it has been my very good fortune to visit.

—REPORT ON A MISSION TO CRETE  
by Hugh Farmar  
*ORYX*, London, England, Vol. 1, No. 7



## FOREST FIRES

by

BILL DEMPSEY  
Soil Conservationist

We must give some serious thought to our problem of **FOREST FIRES**. Let us first consider the damage done by fires in the woods. The damage is not restricted to the trees alone, the whole balance of nature is upset! Trees are destroyed, game is burned up, the ground cover of leaf mold, young tree seedlings and even organic soil, in a dry time, is burned up, resulting in greater run off of rain water, and what does this water do? In the first place it leaves us in a hurry, so the water table drops, wells must be deeper, springs become a trickle. This water also carries gravel and sand into our streams. This covers up spawning grounds of fish, makes deposits of sand and gravel on bottom land, fills up stream beds, causing floods which results in destruction of property and loss of human lives, on streams below. I know you have picked up your morning paper and read such headlines as "Flood Emergency—National Guard Called Out." Dead expected to run into hundreds, "Thousands Homeless," "Millions in property damage." **EVERY FOREST FIRE** contributes to this. The person who carelessly drops a cigarette butt or lighted match and causes a fire is just as guilty of killing people as if he shot them with a gun!

What is the damage to the trees? It is two-fold, mechanical and biological. The mechanical damage is obvious, trees burned up, seedlings killed, bark and limbs burned off, things that we can see immediately. The biological damage is far greater and much more important. The tree's natural resistance is lowered, so insects and diseases have a field day! A tree's bark has the same function as the skin on your bodies, that is, protection. If this "skin" is broken, disease organisms enter and the tree becomes sick, and often dies and at best becomes unthrifty and fails to make proper growth. Our foresters tell us that the damage done by fire, in the fall of 1952 in the woods of Leslie County, can still be seen and felt 50 years from now, or even longer.

What can we do about this destruction? Be especially care-



ful with cigarettes and matches, don't set unauthorized backfires, don't use fire to "smoke out" game, from hollow trees; in other words, don't let fires start. If you see a fire do something QUICKLY. A small fire may be beaten out with a brush in a few minutes, by a man. If it's too big for you, call a Ranger at Peabody exchange, or the warden in your neighborhood, or notify the nearest member of the *Frontier Nursing Service*. They assure us they will relay the message, or even fight fire, if necessary, as they have so valiantly done in the past. Let us, all of us do our part in the protection of our timber.

*The Thousandsticks*, August 13, 1953

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## THE WORLD CALENDAR

by  
ELISABETH ACHELIS

Adoption of the solar calendar by the Egyptians in 4236 B.C., forerunner of the present Gregorian, is given high praise among historians and scientists as "the earliest dated intellectual event in human history." . . . Like the Egyptian solar calendar the acceptance of The World Calendar in our age and era will be looked upon as one of man's outstanding achievements, a signal event of human endeavor promulgated when conditions were confused, uncertain, and humanity everywhere laboring under terrific economic, physical and mental stress and strain.

The United Nations, before which the calendar is under consideration, is the one established organization to deal effectively with the revision of the calendar on an international basis. . . . The World Calendar can be put into operation when both the old and the new calendars coincide on Sunday 1 January 1956.

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## OUR MAIL BAG

From California—

I had six weeks of bronchitis, and in the words of a dear New England friend—"well did I know that my strength had been spent, for my get-up-and-go has got up and went."



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Though times may change and fashions fade,  
Old customs still remain,  
And friend greets friend for old time's sake  
As Christmas comes again.

—J. Arthur Dixon, Isle of Wight, MXM—2784

This holiday message carries my Christmas greetings to all of you, my friends, in and out of the mountains. For many years I have not had the time to send personal cards to anyone during this busiest season of the year for the Frontier Nursing Service. But I do find the time—before daybreak in the morning and at the edge of dark—to hold my friends in grateful remembrance. Freedom and friendship have both descended to us from the same root in the ancient Sanskrit tongue. Our friends are ours forever when we leave them free of selfish demands from us, clear down to the depths of our hearts. And how grateful we are for the freedom they extend to us!

. . . . .

We are proud to tell the world that two charter members of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Edward S. Jouett, Chairman Emeritus, and Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Vice-Chairman since we began to be—that these two men each celebrated a ninetieth birthday in the year just ending. Mr. Jouett, who spent the summer with his daughter in France, turned up at a meeting of our Executive Committee the other day looking more fit than any of the other people at the table in the private dining room of the Pendennis Club in Louisville. To Judge O'Rear, who had just prepared a long legal document for this meeting, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* paid a most moving tribute in its issue of Sunday, September 6th. The writer, Paul Hughes, called it *Prototype of a Kentucky Gentleman—That's Edward Clay O'Rear at 90*.

. . . . .

Another source of pride to the Frontier Nursing Service lies in the fact that our good friend and associate on our National Medical Council, Dr. Fred W. Rankin, was made President of the American College of Surgeons this fall. His reputa-



tion is so vast that we could not begin to cover it here, but we do want to mention that he is one of only three people in medical history to be elected to the presidency of the American Medical Association; the American Surgical Association; and the American College of Surgeons. The other two men were Dr. William J. Mayo and Dr. Charles H. Mayo.

Dr. Rankin has said that high ethical standards, "honesty, integrity and the stoutness of character to which we give the old-fashioned name of uprightness," are "still the spiritual values which men should live by."

. . . . .

Our English trustee, Mrs. Arthur Bray, flew to America in the early autumn for a visit of three or four weeks with us in Kentucky. Although she came over to see us three times before the Second World War, this was to be her first visit in many years. All looked forward to her coming with delighted anticipation. But I, who went to school with her in Switzerland in the 90's, was positively hungry to see her again. None of this was to be. Mrs. Bray fell ill in New York after the flight over. Her doctor would not allow her to go farther than the Shenandoah Valley where she stayed with my sister-in-law, who is devoted to her. I was able to get up there in late October for a long weekend—but none of the crowd in here had the happiness of seeing her. She even had to forego a visit to Marblehead, Massachusetts, to see another old schoolmate. She flew back to England, where she arrived none the worse for this second flight.

. . . . .

My January engagements beyond the mountains are shaping up. I shall be in Detroit from Tuesday morning the 12th until Friday evening the 15th, speaking in two private homes, to the student nurses of the Detroit schools of nursing, to a group of A O Pi Alumnae, and *et cetera*—which is piling up.

Our big New York Annual Meeting will be at the Cosmopolitan Club on the afternoon of Thursday, January 21st. We are going to show *The Forgotten Frontier* again after more than twenty years. This moving picture, as some of you will remember, was made for us by Marvin Breckinridge when she was



with us in her girlhood as our first courier. We have been told by professionals that this is as good as the best of the moving pictures of the silent picture era. It is now of unique value historically.

On Friday, January 22nd, comes a meeting at Princeton, New Jersey, under the auspices of our Princeton Committee.

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On the evening of October 13th the Boston Committee of the FNS (under the chairmanship of Mrs. Frederick Weed and the vice-chairmanships of Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., and Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr.) put over a benefit in our behalf. They made \$1,075.00 which the Boston treasurer, Mr. Charles Jackson, sent down to Mr. Dabney. The feature was John Mason Brown. The place was the big music room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dane (old courier Jane Ewell). In addition to giving their house, the Danes gave a delightful party after the lecture. So impressed was John Mason Brown by the wonder of it all that he wrote to an officer of our Boston Committee:

How you successfully wheedled or coerced that many charming and intelligent Bostonians to part with five smackers and, worse still, squander an evening listening to this particular dullard, I will never know. But you did it. . . . My one hope is that the audience you collected has not stoned you for the suffering you brought upon them.

. . . . .

Our Chicago Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, has continued throughout the autumn with the remarkable program it has undertaken in our behalf. Mrs. Boyd and other members of her Committee are showing her FNS moving pictures to groups of people in various parts of the Chicago area. The charming brochures, which were a royal gift to us from the printing house, have been widely circulated at these meetings. One result has been a number of new subscribers to the FNS.

While we are on the subject of Chicago (an inexhaustible subject) we want to say that Edward Arpee—husband of our old courier, Katherine Trowbridge, who is volunteer secretary of the Chicago Committee—has written a remarkable book called FROM FRIGATES TO FLAT-TOPS. It tells the story of the life and achievements of Rear Admiral William Adger



Moffett, U.S.N., "The Father of Naval Aviation." The book is a work of art in its format, with illustrations of high historical value. We have read it with such interest that we suggest that some of you write Edward Arpee at Lake Forest, Illinois, for copies of the brochure about it.

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All of our readers know that Mr. W. H. Hifner, Jr., of the firm Hifner, Fortune and Potter, Lexington, Kentucky, has been the FNS auditor from our very first year. Mr. Hifner's daughter, Helen H. Fortune (wife of Dr. Carl Fortune) has left the firm in order to do a unique piece of work. Mrs. Fortune, a certified public accountant, has established offices in the Wellington Arms in Lexington for consultation, research and writing related to her profession. She can be seen by appointment only.

. . . . .

The Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority will celebrate Founders Day on December 5th, after this Bulletin is in the presses, with a luncheon at the Barbizon Hotel in New York. Those of us to whom this sorority is particularly dear will regret that we can attend this luncheon in spirit only.

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Our Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, spoke for the Frontier Nursing Service to the Schwenksville Branch of The Needlework Guild of America at their meeting in October. As the result of her talk, the FNS at Wendover received the following letter from the chairman of this group:

It gives me great pleasure to tell you how much we enjoyed having Mrs. Walter McIlvain speak to us on FNS at our ingathering. The talk was informal and very interesting and the ladies very enthusiastic about the topic and the delightful personality of Mrs. McIlvain.

In the box of garments sent FNS we included a layette as a tribute to our speaker. I had the pleasure of packing your box and kept visualizing the little mountain girls in the pretty little dresses. I trust everything was in good shape upon arrival. Our postage budget is limited; therefore, we really cannot send as much as we would all like to, after hearing Mrs. McIlvain.

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The County Judge of Leslie County, Judge Elmer Begley, was invited to appear on Fred Allen's TV program JUDGE FOR



YOURSELF in late September. From several people we have heard that he did extremely well. Mr. Ed Farmer and Mr. Rutheford Campbell of Hyden accompanied him to New York, where the three men attended the World Series. This means they had a good time.

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*Wide Neighborhoods* was reviewed on October 16, 1953, before the Decatur, Alabama, Women's Chamber of Commerce, by Lina H. McClendon, sister of our own Lucile Hodges. Although the book has been reviewed many times by many groups, this is the first time that we have received a complete copy of the reviewer's talk. We are grateful to Mrs. McClendon for the accuracy as well as for the kindness in all that she said.

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A subscription to our Quarterly Bulletin for one year is a bargain Christmas present at only \$1.00. We have attractive greeting cards to send the recipients of your gifts, in your name. We venture to tell you that among regular readers of the Quarterly Bulletin are Admiral Nimitz and General Omar Bradley.

. . . . .

I began this column with a Christmas greeting. I shall end it with an old message that reaches into the heart of Christmas. It was written by William Tyndale in 1525 in the prologue to his translation of the New Testament.

Evangelio (that we cal Gospel) is a greke word, and signyfyth good, mery, glad and joyful tidings, and maketh a mannes heart glad, and maketh hymn synge, daunce and leep for joye.

Mary Breckinridge

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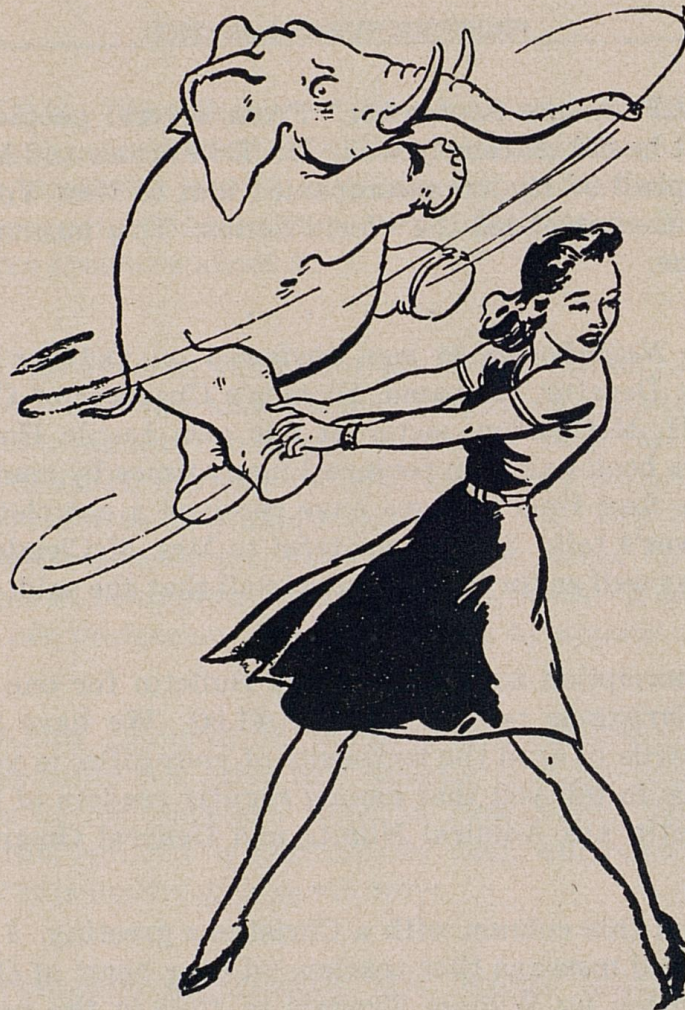
### A FARMER'S RUMINATIONS

Good farming is inextricably bound up with finance. It is useless to set us ordinary farmers an example, unless we know that we can afford to follow it.

—Clyde Higgs, *The Countryman*, Autumn 1952  
Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire, England



## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE  
1175 Third Avenue  
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.



## FIELD NOTES

Compiled and Edited by  
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

Packages and gifts of money have been coming in the mails to us since the first of November from our friends beyond the mountains—packages and gifts which enable us to prepare once again for the Christmas parties for our thousands of children. But—if it does not rain or snow soon, Santa will have a difficult time finding his way to our parties because of the pall of smoke under which we are living. As most of you will know, we are in the midst of a drought-stricken, fire-ridden area. Forest fires have plagued us since the beginning of October. One started in the wilderness on the mountain just back of Wendover, but the Fire Wardens, under the direction of Mr. Maynard Marcum, and our men and neighbor men fought diligently. They got and kept it under control. None have come dangerously close to the Hospital or to the outposts this autumn, as they did last. Our neighbors everywhere have fought hard to save their buildings and rail fences. We have not heard of any buildings being lost, but hundreds and hundreds of feet of rail fencing have been burned—a real loss. The sap is down in the trees this time of year, the woodsmen tell us, and this autumn, as last, the damage to most of the great forest trees is not immediate. Of course, the lovely evergreens are destroyed completely wherever they have burned. Mrs. Breckinridge remarked the other day that the autumn used to be her favorite season in here, but after two successive autumns with fires, she is growing to hate the fall.

. . . . .

Peggy Elmore, who left in September to be with her father again in Iowa, has come back to take charge of the Christmas preparations. Her aides are Social Service Secretary, Anne Cartmell, and the two Keuka College girls working under Anne for their field period in Social Service. They are Barbara Hunt and Judith Kirkman. This is Barbara's second term with us. We are grateful to Keuka College for sending us both of these grand girls. They are willing and competent helpers wherever they are.



We welcome to our staff, Miss Eve Chetwynd, who applied for a leave of absence from her post of District Tutor and Superintendent of Midwives at the Watford Maternity Hospital, Watford, England, in order that she might come to work with the Frontier Nursing Service. She is well qualified for the post she has accepted with us—that of Dean and Instructor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. She holds the Midwife Teachers Diploma of the Central Midwives Board of England, for which Board she is an examiner.

Jane Furnas, who carried so ably the post of Dean and Instructor during the past year, has taken over the duties of Field Supervisor. She is eagerly looking forward to visits at the outpost centers to discuss problems and advise the nurses on the various aspects of their work.

The twenty-seventh class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on October 15th, 1953. The students in the present class are Ruth Brown and Georgia Hibberd who have worked with the FNS during the summer months; Edith Chaney, Lillian Huisken and Joan Peckinpough, on furlough from the foreign mission field, and Sarah McIntosh who came to Kentucky from the Visiting Nurse Service in Seattle, Washington. Two graduates from the last class are remaining with the FNS, as district nurse-midwives. They are Ninalei Bader and Betty Ann Bradbury. Their first assignments were to relieve Bridget Gallagher and Olive Bunce at Brutus and Bowlingtown centers for their long awaited vacations. Betty Ann's experiences as a relief nurse may be read elsewhere in this Bulletin.

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On Sunday, October 11th the entire FNS staff were invited by Betty Lester to Haggin Quarters at Hyden for a buffet luncheon. Everyone who could leave her post attended. It was a wonderful get-together in honor of a lot of things: Miss Chetwynd's arrival; the students who were entering the October 15th class of the Graduate School of Midwifery; the students graduating from the School on October 14th; Dr. Zoekler's mother and her three friends (Mrs. Amie Wilber, Miss Mary Knox, and Miss Phoebe Haskell); and Geraldine Chappel's mother. Everyone had such a good time that we hope such a get-together will



become a Hospital tradition and will happen every six months at the time of the class changeovers.

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Dr. Francis Massie came from Lexington for his annual autumn surgical clinic on Wednesday, November 4th, bringing with him Miss Louise Griggs, Mrs. Mabel Johnson ("Oliver") and Dr. Hubert Jones—the latter of Berea, Kentucky. The huge crowd of patients waiting to be examined on the Wednesday were very grateful for the sandwiches provided by members of the Women's Auxiliary to Hyden Hospital, and for the milk provided by the FNS. Mrs. John D. Begley, Mrs. Augustus Cornett, Mrs. Rex Farmer and Mrs. Shelby Napier were in charge of the canteen.

Two ex-FNS nurses, Evelyn Mottram from Pippapass, Kentucky, and Pauline Kennedy Keen from Lexington, came to help. Betty Lester reports that all the staff enjoyed the three days, even though there was a lot of work to do, and that the patients who had operations all made good and quick recoveries.

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When the American Red Cross Bloodmobile came to Hyden this autumn, they were delighted indeed with the coöperation given them. One hundred and six potential donors went to them. They took 68 pints of blood. The merchants of Hyden each donated something for a door prize. At the end of the day little Barbara Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, drew names from a hat and those whose names she drew were recipients of beautiful and useful gifts.

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While Jean Hollins was at home with her family this summer, Katie Ireland came to us as resident courier. When Katie had to leave, before Jean could return, Lila Caner of Boston came down and did a super job as senior courier, with Candace Dornblazer of Minneapolis and Elizabeth Bigelow of Boston as juniors. Liz leaves us on Thanksgiving Day, but Candy stays on until March. Linda Branch will come back to us for her two weeks' vacation at Christmastime from Iowa State Teacher's College to help in the Courier Department.



Before Kitty Macdonald left the Beech Fork Nursing Center, the people who live near the Stinnett Clinic helped Kitty put it in repair. They did the work, and footed the bills. The log building was creosoted, the inside painted. New concrete steps were put in. And last, but not least, after the grown-ups had repaired the paling fence, it was whitewashed by the children.

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Haggin Quarters for Nurses received from our friends, Mrs. J. M. Elam & Sons in Hyden, three beautiful aluminum pitchers. The Hospital has received from them 24 salt and pepper shaker sets. Nurses and patients alike are grateful.

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Our Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence received as a gift from Mr. Roy Sizemore of Confluence, 60 locust posts. Their clinic at Grassy is now equipped with a fine new stove—the gift of Mrs. Snowden Huff. Mrs. Huff has also given wallpaper for the clinic, and the neighbors are doing the papering.

. . . . .

From our friends beyond the mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. C. Smith of Germantown, Pennsylvania, we have received the gift of a cross-cut, motor-run saw. It is the pride of our foreman, Hobert Cornett.

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To Mrs. Jefferson Patterson and Mrs. Abbot Moffat of Washington, D. C., we are grateful for the gift of a beautiful bay mare, Flicka, whose running walk delights all who ride her.

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If any of our readers have a good portable typewriter sitting in a corner catching dust—the Frontier Nursing Service could make good use of it. One is needed for typing records and inter-service communications at our Red Bird Nursing Center.

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Pine Mountain Settlement School celebrated its fortieth anniversary with a memorial service in honor of its founders on Saturday afternoon, October 31st. It was the privilege of several members of the Frontier Nursing Service, including Mrs.



Breckinridge, to attend this celebration which was a deeply moving one. Pine Mountain's lovely Chapel was filled with people from near and far. Mr. Burton Rogers, the Director of the School, presided and introduced the speakers who gave brief sketches of the Creeches, Kate Pettit, and Ethel deLong Zande. Dr. Francis S. Hutchins spoke of the future of the School in affiliation with Berea.

After this memorial service all of the guests went over to the dedication of the Pine Mountain Community Hospital. Then all were delightfully entertained at tea in the big refectory.

. . . .

Mrs. Breckinridge has been making her usual rounds of the outpost nursing centers this fall, as time and forest fires permit. To this we might add, as drought permits. The Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center on Flat Creek was completely without water for weeks when its spring went dry. A wonderful new well has now been drilled, and the Committee in that neighborhood will gather for their dinner meeting on December 11th—with plenty of water for hot coffee!

The first of the outpost center committee meetings took place at the Clara Ford Nursing Center at Red Bird on Saturday, September 12th, with both an old FNS nurse, Margaret McCracken (back with us for the summer from Army Service in Korea) and a new FNS nurse, Monica Hayes, in attendance to give their reports. Our trustee, Mr. Chris Queen, was elected chairman to succeed the late Mr. T. L. Adams. Mrs. Cleveland Marcum reported that her Sewing Circle had made 66 baby gowns and were ready to start in on a new bolt of goods as soon as we sent it to them. Mrs. Floyd Bowling's minutes of the last meeting showed how comprehensively this Committee meets and carries its responsibilities. Another responsibility that the ladies on this Committee assumed again this year was that of providing the entire committee dinner themselves. They came laden with dishes full of fried chicken, beans, greens, hot rolls, deviled eggs, cole slaw, pickles, tomatoes, and strawberry shortcake. It was a Kentucky feast at its best.

The next committee meeting did not come until October 3rd at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus



on Bullskin. This center is in charge of Bridget (Bridie) Gallagher. The superb committee handling our affairs in this area had decided that we must have a rally again this year and that in spite of the drought the neighbors would bring enough food to feed everyone. They certainly did! There was fried chicken in abundance and more vegetables than we would have expected after such dry weather—as well as plenty of cakes and all kinds of bread. Mr. Jim Davidson contributed an entire sheep to which the FNS added another sheep, both of which were barbecued. Some 300 people attended this rally. After the business and the eating of the day, Mrs. Breckinridge gathered the children around her on the grass for one of her famous giant stories, the hero of which was a talking pony called Kickaboo.

The only sad thing in all of this occasion was that the chairman, Mr. Jasper Peters, was not well enough to attend. At the committee meeting in the morning, Mr. Leonard Daniel was elected secretary.

One more Committee meeting came in October, on Tuesday, October 6th at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown where Olive Bunce is in charge. There was a large attendance of the representative men and women on this committee over which the chairman, Mr. Will Gay, presided. Mrs. Will Gay came early and helped Mrs. Lettie Bowling with the dinner. Mrs. Gay contributed her wonderful specialty—the dumplings for the chicken-and-dumplings.

The two November committee meetings were those at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center of Possum Bend at Confluence, where Mary Hewat (nurse-midwife) and Nancy Boyle (nurse) are in charge; and at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork, with Barbara Yeich and Ruth Vander Meulen in charge. Both these meetings were well attended by the committee members who carry their responsibility in many helpful ways throughout each year.

Beech Fork has elected Mr. John Asher as its new chairman to succeed Mr. Lewis Howard who has moved to Dayton. The secretary at Possum Bend, Mrs. Earl Sizemore, and the one at Beech Fork, Mrs. Carl Hoskins, read minutes of the previous meetings that were models in clarity and comprehensiveness. Arrangements were made, with many members volunteering,



to help with the hauling of the children to the Christmas parties, and in handling the parties.

The Hazard Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service has again invited all of our staff who can leave their posts to a pre-Christmas dinner party on December 5th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Stiles, where a collection of toys will be given for our children's Christmas parties.

Another treat is in store for the FNS in December. Mr. Walter Lewis of Hyden has arranged for a special matinee showing at the Palace Theatre in Hyden of *A QUEEN IS CROWNED*—a matinee for Mrs. Breckinridge's convenience, and for the convenience of those nurse-midwives stationed at our outposts who could not possibly come to an evening performance.

Since our summer Quarterly Bulletin went to press, in early September, 87 people have signed in the Wendover guest book—and try as we do, sometimes guests slip away without our getting their signatures. We wish we could write of them every one—friends and relatives of staff members and of the couriers; the two groups of Hazard friends who came over for tea; the professional guests.

Our two foreign guests were Miss Cissy Cooray of Ceylon and Miss Susheela Pai of India. Miss Cooray, one of the two women Senators in Ceylon, has worked for years to improve conditions for the people of her country. She came to us through the auspices of the Women's Bureau in Washington. In telling of her experiences when she returned to Washington, Miss Cooray said, "Those nurses go alone through the jungles of Kentucky." Miss Pai, who was brought to us by Mrs. Violet Stansell of the Department of Economic Security, Frankfort, is the Secretary of the Kasturba Gandhi National Memorial Trust—an organization established for the purpose of improving rural society, particularly the conditions of women and children in the villages of India.

Almost the last to sign in our guest book before this Bulletin goes to press were Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson and Mrs. Abbot Moffat of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Patterson is the Chairman of our Washington Committee. Before her marriage she was Marvin Breckinridge—the very first FNS courier. It is



she who, twenty-odd years ago, took the historical movie, **THE FORGOTTEN FRONTIER**. Marvin and Mrs. Moffatt (now affectionately called "Miss Muffet" by all of us) have been fast friends since their girlhood days together at Milton. Marvin had great fun acquainting "Jeff" and "Miss Muffet" with the FNS.

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Thanksgiving Day was truly a day of gathering-in at Wendover this year. The weather and the babies coöperated to such an extent that 42 of our 49 staff members attended. Betty Hillman (Hilly) had just returned from a tour of the U. S., for which she took a leave of absence. Olive Bunce and Bridget Gallagher (Bridie) had just returned from their holiday in the West. These three had met, quite by accident, in the Grand Canyon! Olive and Bridie were in a party coming up from the bottom of the canyon, and Hilly with a party on the way down. Each group halted their mules on the precipice while the FNSers exchanged greetings.

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*P.S. As we go to press*—Rain and snow have come! Not enough to put much water in the streams, but enough to free us from the plague of forest fires.

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#### FLO'S LETTER

"Dear God: The baby you brought us  
Is awful nice and sweet,  
But 'cause you forgot his toofies  
The poor little thing can't eat.  
That's why I'm writing this letter,  
A purpose to let you know,  
Please come and finish the baby.  
That's all. From

—"Little Flo." by Eben E. Rexford  
Found in a scrapbook of the last century.



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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' examination 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 Department of Health examination and is authorized by this Department 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 give, devise and bequeath the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.

2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.

3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.

4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.

5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.

6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

. . . . .

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



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

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

**Its object:**

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

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

**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

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

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

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

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



### A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

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### Statement of Ownership

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN  
of Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1953.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.  
Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.  
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(4) Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1953.

LUCILLE KNECHTLY, Notary Public,  
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires March 8, 1955.)



CHRISTMAS NATIVITY PLAY AT WENDOVER



Three of the Angels



Three of the Shepherds



