

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

Volume 32

Autumn, 1956

Number 2



Little Girl of 1888



BABETTE AND JINNY (Left)—CAMP AND JEAN (Right)
Taken in the Winter of 1956

Photograph by Lucille Knechtly

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

VOLUME 32

AUTUMN, 1956

NUMBER 2

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

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark, Hark, to God the chorus breaks.
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

—Henry Kirke White, 1785-1806

A BIT OF KENTUCKIANA

About "The Star of Bethlehem"

This little-known poem, or hymn, was written by an Englishman who died at the age of twenty-one. It has a special interest for Kentuckians, because of its association with George W. Johnson, the "Provisional Governor of Kentucky under the Confederacy."

Governor Johnson, a member of one of Kentucky's distinguished families, was the grandfather of the Frontier Nursing Service's recording secretary, Mrs. William H. Coffman. Through her courtesy and that of the Kentucky State Historical Society we have permission to print data from *The Register* of October 1942.

When the Union Army took possession of Kentucky in 1862, Governor Johnson left Bowling Green for Tennessee, taking with him the records of his office. In his *History of First Kentucky Brigade* (Confederate), Ed Porter Thompson writes of Governor Johnson, at the battle of Shiloh, as follows:

"Upon the 6th day of April, he went into battle as a volunteer aid to General Breckinridge, desiring to share with the troops of his state the result of the contest. When the Kentucky Brigade was separated from General Breckinridge, he accompanied it as volunteer aid to Colonel Trabue. Shortly after his horse was killed, and he entered the ranks of Captain Ben Monroe's company, with which he fought the remainder of the day. That night after the conflict ceased, he announced his determination to participate next day; and, causing the oath of a private soldier to be administered to him, he enrolled as a member of Company E, Fourth Kentucky Infantry."

He was mortally wounded the afternoon of April 7. He lay on the ground until April 8, when he was discovered by Brigadier General A. McDowell McCook of the United States Army, who recognized him.

"With the tenderness and magnanimity which so generally marked the soldiers of both armies when met in battle," General McCook had Governor Johnson given every care. The following excerpts are taken from a letter written by General McCook to H. V. Johnson in 1894:

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. . . "Upon the edge of the little swamp, I saw lying, a tall man dressed in Kentucky Jeans clothes, approaching him I found him alive. . . .

"At this moment Col. James Jackson, 3rd U. S. Ky. Calvary, rode to where we were; dismounting, he exclaimed, 'Why, that is George W. Johnson of Kentucky!' . . .

"An ambulance being at my call, we tenderly placed Gov. Johnson in it and the attendants were directed to take him by the smoothest roads to a Hospital boat near the landing on the Tennessee River. He was placed in a comfortable bed on the after-upper-deck of the steamboat Hannibal. I also ordered a Chaplain to attend. From the first Gov. Johnson knew that his wound would prove mortal, and but a few minutes before he died he asked the Chaplain to sing, Kirk White's beautiful hymn,

"Then marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestuds the sky, etc.'

"The Chaplain reported to me, that Gov. Johnson died before the ending of the last verse." . . .

KITTY KELLEY'S PRAYER

(About the time of her 4th birthday)

O God, you are 'way up there in the sky, with all the stars. You made them all, and you made me, too. That is why you love me. And I love you, too. You are my friend.

A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY

by
HOPE MUNCY

There was great excitement at our house. We were going again this year to Hyden to spend Christmas with my grandparents. In those days there was a great deal more to traveling this short distance from Vicco to Hyden than it is today. Then it was a two-day journey packed with all the adventures a child could desire, now it can be done in less than two hours. The preparation and anticipation of the trip lent new glamour to our lives.

At last the big day had arrived and we were waiting for the train to chug up to the little station at Vicco. My sister had not been allowed to wear her new fawn-colored coat with the King Tut buttons and she wasn't too happy. It was pointed out that the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River was probably up, which wasn't unusual in the winter, and that part of our trip would be by horseback. It just wouldn't do to wear a new fawn-colored coat with King Tut buttons on such a trip. I thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and, if it were mine, I would want to wear it all the time. Even today, when I see pictures of Egyptian tombs with the colors still vibrant after centuries, I can see my sister lifting her new coat out of its box, and I can see again the glowing turquoise, orange and tawny brown of those celluloid buttons. Everything was King Tut then; the papers were full of the news of the excavations and the curse that could kill. I worried for fear these little imitations of Egyptian splendor would include my sister in the curse.

We were soon aboard our train and settled upon the hard, green plush seats which smelled of disinfectant and were sticky from spilled ice cream and pop. We didn't stay in our seats very long but made frequent trips to the drinking fountain, stopping along the way to become acquainted with the other children on the train. We were allowed to buy one treat from the news butch, a wonderful person who was probably related to Santa Claus, and this was a bag of pink popcorn, prize enclosed, called Monkey Bizness—that was just the way it was spelled. My father soon went to a car they called a smoker, and my two brothers got to

tag along. Here the men gathered to talk over the topics of the day. There was no war and no threat of war, but people still talked about the one which was fought to end all wars. Then it seemed as if this were so; it was a period of peace and prosperity and people felt that the Millennium had begun.

My sister and I were installed in a seat facing my mother where we looked out of the window and counted off the stations—Happy, Scuddy, Jeff, Glowmar, Stormking, Lothair. We didn't clip along as briskly as it seems, for we had a great many fifteen-minute, unaccountable stops between all these stations while our little engine hooted, threatened and spat out smoke and fire. After arriving at Hazard, we had to disembark through the smoke and conversation-laden coach where the men were gathered.

At Hazard, we had our lunch and my father made arrangements to get us to Wooton. We were able to take the mail hack, a sort of covered wagon drawn by two sturdy mules, which took us up Blue Grass Hollow and across Town Mountain. We came out on MacIntosh Creek and wound along the muddy county road to Wooton. Here we stayed with my Aunt Molly and my Uncle Felix. It wasn't hard for us to eat, with appetite, the good, hot, wholesome food set before us by my Aunt Molly. Heaped upon all these pleasures and excitements was a party at the Wooton Community House to which we went with our cousins.

Next morning we had to take horses from Wooton to Hyden because, as we knew it would be, the river was up. We all got on our hired beasts and were soon on our way up Pound Mill and through the gap. Along with the man who was to take the horses back to Wooton, we made a little caravan all our own. My older brother and sister had horses, or mules, to themselves, but my younger brother rode behind my father on his horse, and I rode in front of my mother on her horse. The distance to the ground from where I sat on the horse seemed very great, so I closed my eyes and listened to the rhythm of the horse's hoofs like the tick-tocking of my grandfather's clock. I have often gone to sleep to the tick-tocking of this old clock, dreaming I was riding a horse through the creek beds with the horse's hoofs striking against the rocky bottoms.

We were soon going down into the river to the ford. I

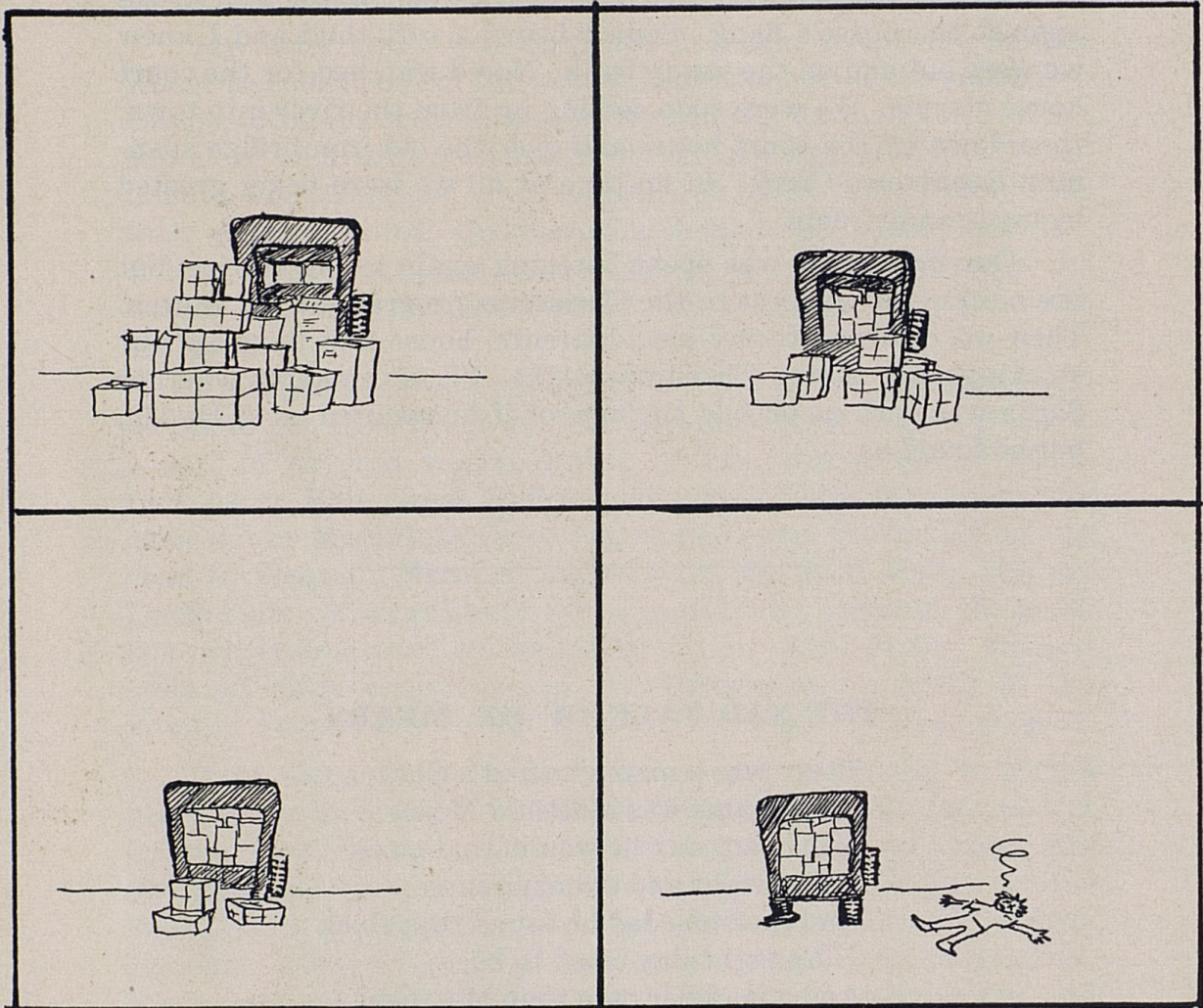
opened my eyes in order to see the cliff with its great columns of icicles. In the spring clumps of bluets grew around its edge and under its eaves. It was frightening to see the horse go down into the murky, blue-green, foam-flecked water, and I closed my eyes again. I could hear the swish of the swift water as it broke against the horse's flank. Soon I heard a soft thud and I knew we were out and on the sandy bank. Now I watched for the court house steeple. We were soon coming up from the river into town, then down by the court house and over the old iron bridge spanning Rockhouse Creek. In no time at all we were being greeted by my grandparents.

Our first night was spent listening again to old stories, but the next night we went to the Christmas program at the church. Then we returned to my grandparents' house and hung up our stockings, for it was Christmas night. I'll never know whether Santa was with us on our journey, or if he awaited us at Hyden, but he found us.

THE SAD TALE OF MR. MEARS

There was a man who had a clock,
His name was Matthew Mears:
And every day he wound that clock
For eight and twenty years.
And then one day he found that clock
An eight-day clock to be,
And a maddler man than Matthew
Mears
You would not wish to see.

Anonymous



VOLUNTEER CHRISTMAS SECRETARY

Cartoons by Kitty Biddle

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO THE KENTUCKY HILLS

by

MARY PETERSON

(Recipient of the Alpha Omicron Pi 1956 Summer Scholarship)

"All aboard!"

These were the words I heard as I boarded the train at Livingston, Montana, in the heart of the rugged Rockies, headed for a summer full of experiences in the beautiful mountains of Kentucky.

I had read about our Alpha Omicron Pi philanthropic project but not until I actually saw the Frontier Nursing Service at work did I realize what a tremendous job we are doing in Kentucky. As I trudged over the hills visiting families, I often wished there were some way to bring each Alpha Omicron Pi into the Kentucky mountains so she might have the opportunity of seeing her sorority at work. It would make her even more proud to be a member.

During my six weeks with the Frontier Nursing Service I lived in the nurses' quarters at the Hyden Hospital. The Hospital is located on the bench of Thousandsticks Mountain with a steep winding road leading up to it. I have often heard the saying, "I feel like I'm on the top of the world." When I stood on the hospital hill and looked down over the town of Hyden, I did feel like I was on the top of the world.

Barbara Hunt was the social service secretary when I arrived, but she left during the middle of August and Noel Smith took her place. Noel and I were both inexperienced but through necessity we learned fast. By the time I left, Noel was bouncing over the hills like an old timer.

Although horses are still used on their districts by the nurse-midwives, jeeps were our main source of transportation around the mountains; and, after seeing the roads, I certainly was thankful for the jeep. There were roads of every variety! Apple Pi, the social service jeep, carried us over rough roads, muddy roads, slick-rock creekbeds, up steep inclines, and on the two paved highways. With Apple Pi in four wheel, or tractor drive, we could travel any road. I really became quite attached to her

before the end of the summer. I don't mind rough roads but, when it comes to rocky creek beds, I grit my teeth and bear it. As we bounced along I'd hang on for dear life hoping not to bounce through the ceiling or out the door, but I wouldn't have missed those experiences for the world.

The first visit I made while I was in the mountains was up Bull Creek. Bobbie Hunt, driving Apple Pi, took us up a rocky creek bed to visit a family. Coming from Montana I had been over many rough roads but when Bobbie started up this creek bed I discovered it was the roughest road I had ever traveled. This was a real initiation into the Kentucky Mountains.

It was interesting to meet and visit with the people in the mountains. They were all so cordial and they always made us feel like part of the family. These people didn't have sterling on their tables, but there was a certain purity and honesty about them that gave an atmosphere of sterling. I can truthfully say that every home gave us a cheerful greeting and made us feel welcome.

One of the main jobs of social service is to give help to indigent families. It gave me such a satisfied and happy feeling to see the appreciation light up their faces when we gave a helping hand.

I made many trips down Muncy Creek and across the Middle Fork River to Wendover and each time I had the same feeling of tranquility, as if all my troubles were left behind on the other side of the river. Wendover is the administrative headquarters for the Frontier Nursing Service and is always buzzing with things to do or to be done, but they always take time to make people feel welcome. At Wendover they have cleared spaces for the buildings. But the hillsides and the surrounding country are in their natural form with the many beautiful trees and vines and the quiet river.

A high light of my trip was a nice long conversation with Mrs. Breckinridge, the director of the Frontier Nursing Service. From her I was able to learn a great deal about the history of the Service—those early years of hardship and struggle until a firm footing had been reached and a dream had been realized.

There are six outpost nursing centers located in different sections which are run by the Frontier Nursing Service. These

have from one to two nurse-midwives living in a house, and to the people of the surrounding area they give midwifery and nursing care. My favorite of these centers was Possum Bend at Confluence, where I spent an enjoyable week end swimming, boating, and resting. The nurses, Molly and Carolyn, treated us like royalty. All the centers were beautiful and I would love to live at any one of them.

When we traveled for any distance over paved roads, we used our Ford station wagon, which was quite a change from a jeep. I would find myself bracing my feet for a bump, and when no bump came I believe my body was actually a little disappointed.

The first long trip I made in the station wagon was to the State Institution for the mentally deficient in Frankfort. An urgent message came from Frankfort telling us that Jessie, a patient there, was critically ill and the social service department was asked to get in touch with her mother. The mother had no car so we took her to see her daughter. It was interesting to see this institution with its trim lawns and beautiful trees. As we were leaving I had great admiration for the people who were working there and making such an institution possible.

Another interesting trip was to the Manchester clinic. A doctor from the Crippled Children's Hospital in Lexington came to Manchester to see the crippled children living in the surrounding area. After an examination and diagnosis, the doctor recommends treatment to be given at a later date if there is any possible chance of helping the child. This treatment is usually given at the Kentucky Crippled Children's Hospital in Lexington. Cases of all types came to this clinic, some with only slight crippling and others beyond help. The Frontier Nursing Service took three car loads of children forty miles to attend the Manchester clinic.

We also made trips to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Lexington and to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. As I saw these different hospitals and their patients I said a little prayer of thanksgiving, because I began to realize I could have very easily been one of these cases. A case of polio, some abnormal development of the brain or other parts of the body—there is no end to the causes. When I feel sorry for myself I stop and

realize I'm a pretty lucky girl and, if these people can be happy with their handicaps, I certainly can be happy with my healthy body.

One week end when Noel and I went to Cincinnati with a patient, I took a bus to Dayton to see Mrs. Frank Ekberg, the philanthropic chairman of Alpha Omicron Pi. I spent a wonderful evening visiting with the Ekbergs. This was just three days before I left for home and this provided quite a climax for my trip.

Some people live too far from school to live at home and attend school, or some may feel they can get better schooling elsewhere. Noel and I made two trips to the Huston Mission School where children attend school and live in a dormitory for three dollars a week. This school is run by the Presbyterian Church. It can handle only about thirty children from the first through the eighth grades, but these children get the best of care and schooling. It was an inspiration to meet and visit with the founder, Miss Foster, whose radiant and kind personality captures everyone's heart. A child who has attended school here always wants to come back, and because of this popularity it is hard to keep the enrollment down.

I had so many wonderful experiences this summer that it is hard to choose only a few to tell about. Each bounce in the jeep, each home I visited, each person I met, every experience had a special meaning for me. Some things I can put into words, some were just little inward feelings.

Every man has the right to happiness but not all men take advantage of this right. These people proved to me that it doesn't take material possessions to build happiness.

A HEBRIDEAN VERSE

Though this year is closing,
And a new one taking her place,
It is our prayer and goodwill
That friendship will be as it was.

—Translated by Murdo Morrison

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mabel Hobart (Muffy), Cambridge,
Massachusetts—August 27, 1956**

After spending a most wonderful junior year studying in Paris, I have now returned to America to complete my final year at Smith College. Your bulletin was forwarded to me and proved a great source of enjoyment and a wonderful way "to keep in touch" with not only the FNS but the whole, dear country.

I have never forgotten my weeks spent with you and I can honestly say that they profoundly affected my attitude towards many social and medical problems.

.

**From Mrs. Bosworth Todd, Jr. (Joan Henning),
Louisville, Kentucky—September 5, 1956**

I am very ashamed of myself for not letting FNS know about the future M.D. for Hyden Hospital 19??—born April 14th, and now almost 5 months old [*see Babies*]. I've been so busy taking care of him, moving from Dayton to Louisville and now moving into a little house we're renting here in Louisville, that I've been very bad about letter-writing.

Samuel Bosworth Todd is fat and adorable and Bos and I are very proud of him. When he's big enough to ride in a jeep—6 months or so—I'm going to bring him and his father to Wendenover for a visit. I hope Mother will come too. Mary Helm and I still talk about FNS so much—that our husbands are very curious. I really promise to come back for a visit—as I think about it so often.

.

**From Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (Marvin Breckinridge),
Montevideo, Uruguay—September 7, 1956**

We are all enjoying living in Montevideo. Jeff is extremely busy as his Counselor (right-hand man) left at the end of June and the new one is not coming until October, so he has a double job, but he is very well and deeply interested in his job.

The children go to an excellent Uruguayan school where they are happy, and making good progress in Spanish. They had their first riding lesson last Saturday, and loved it. Diane [her dog] flew down shortly after us, and immediately settled down to her job of guarding the Residence, as she has done before in Brussels, Cairo, Athens, Washington, River House and Point Farm.

As for myself, I am extremely busy getting to know the people and the country and entertaining the right people to interest visiting Americans, who may be journalists, generals, Hereford breeders, geographers, atomic scientists, etc. One of our recent guests was Mrs. Elizabeth Shirley Enochs, of the Children's Bureau, and we spoke together of the Frontier Nursing Service. This is a fascinating experience, and the Pattersons are all happy to be here.

.

From Alison Bray, Entebbe, Uganda—September 7, 1956

I am still having the most wonderful time out here. My mother is coming out in November to stay for 4-5 weeks. I am getting so excited about seeing her and will take some leave while she is here, so that we can go around and see some of the country. We hope to go to at least one of the national parks to show her some big game.

My latest expedition was to go down the Nile as far as the Sudan border. You spend two nights on the most wonderful Mississippi-type paddle steamer—it's the greatest fun. My companion was a most delightful American woman who runs the Y.W.C.A. in Uganda and we enjoyed the trip enormously.

.

From Anne Kilham, Colorado Springs, Colorado

—September 16, 1956

Jo Anne Hunt probably told you a bit about her visit here. We certainly had fun. And it was nice to talk to an FNSer straight instead of by the grapevine!

The summer on the ranch was a very good one, though very exhausting. I tutored Ellen, the little girl I take care of, every day for an hour or so. That, to me, was the best part of the job.

A little man in town gave me some soapstone to carve and

so I made two pieces of sculpture and now I'm exhibiting one in the Art Center here in Colorado Springs.

I am going to Colorado College this winter as a part-time freshman—and living with the Marshalls as before. Classes start the 24th.

.
From Mary Peterson, Big Timber, Montana—September 19, 1956

It seems good to be home but I must admit I miss Kentucky. Everyone in town has been asking about my trip. We have had two dinner invitations so I could show my slides and other material. Next Friday I have my first public speaking engagement at a county 4-H Club. I also was quite thrilled to hear that my sorority has chosen me as the Founders Day speaker.

I want to thank you and the others at Wendover for making my visit such an enjoyable one. I left a big corner of my heart in Kentucky and I always will remember the Frontier Nursing Service and its wonderful people.

.
From Mrs. M. C. Stone (Dickey Chase), Cold Spring Harbor, New York—September 28, 1956

I can't tell you what it did for me to stay two lovely days and nights in your Wendover and find everything that was important forging ahead just as you planned that it should in the early 1930's.

What a tremendous undertaking it was and what a tremendous personal, and group success it has been and will continue to be because you grounded it so well that it has roots.

How wonderfully well the whole enterprise has grown and grown. Reading the notes from the nurses in far-away places, there can be no doubt of the truly globe-wide influence of the FNS project.

The breadth of vision, and variety of talents required in one person to envisage and then implement the vision, stretches one's brain—I'm so proud to have been one grain of sand that made up the beach.

My children were **most** interested in all they saw and heard. It was such a valuable chance for them to see how differently different areas of our great country live.

From Linda Branch, Pinedale, Wyoming—October 22, 1956

I now have a job in the local M.D.'s office as a jack-of-all-trades. Dr. Knapp's nurse left him after she married last month and all he had was a receptionist so he took me on to help with patients, do lab work, sterilize instruments and other odd jobs. My hours are far from the wonderful "banker's hours" I had last spring and summer. I work from 9-6 on Monday-Friday; and 9-12 on Saturday.

I feel very ritzy this winter as my dog and I are living in Pinedale (county seat—population about 850) in a new 3-room apartment. The cool nights really make me appreciate my modern conveniences. Have had one snow here in town already!

.

From Mrs. E. E. Haverstick, Creve Coeur, Missouri

—November 16, 1956

Through the Quarterly Bulletin I think I'm abreast of your current ways. Transportation may be very different but your problems sound very familiar!

We are just terribly pleased to be able to speak of children's clothes. After eight years we adopted our first little girl and two years later twin girls. They all came home at five weeks and are now 4½ and 2½. There is no way of expressing the fun we are having. We would give our eye teeth for another but can't be that selfish; so, instead we are continuing to raise more of our lovely national winning English Springer Spaniels. In the country with children, dogs, good friends, new house—wow—what more could we have!

.

From Ruth Harrison Cincinnati, Ohio—November 16, 1956

I start work tomorrow as a Medical Research Assistant at Christ Hospital in Auburndale. I don't know too much about the job as yet but I do know that I will be working with animals quite a bit which, of course, is just what I like. We will be testing various chemicals for use as possible therapies for cancer. It sounds very interesting even though the hours are rather long—8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. and until noon on Saturday.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Margaret Joan McClellan, Second Secretary of Embassy of the United States of America, is back in Washington after duty in London.

Eleanor Field Wells showed her champion horse, "Sortie Sundae," in Europe and Dublin this past summer.

Anne Harris Crump's husband has been named chaplain for two small colleges—really one—in Seneca, New York. They are leaving Brockport, N. Y., but as yet we do not have their new address.

. . . .

We are grieved to learn of the recent death of Bobbie Miller Carroll's husband. Our hearts go out to her and to little Charles Carroll III in deepest sympathy.

WEDDINGS

Miss Carmen (Carm) Atoche Mumford of New York and Mr. John DeWitt Norton of Washington, D. C., on September 19, 1956. They are living in Washington, where Mr. Norton is directing a study of economic programming for the National Planning Association.

Miss Jane Sturgis Bidwell of Weston, Massachusetts, and Mr. John Stone, on November 1, 1956. These young people are now at home at E Bar L Ranch, Greenough, Montana, where Jane has been working for several years.

Miss Josephine (Judy) Porter of Oxford, Maryland, and Mr. Thomas Cover Muench, on September 24, 1956.

Carm was here in the early 1930's—the real pioneer days! Jane helped us out in the post-war period. Judy came in the fall of 1954, at a time we needed her most. To these old couriers and their lucky husbands we send our warmest good wishes for every happiness that is possible in the years that lie ahead.

BABIES

Since the summer Bulletin went to press, we have learned that a son, Samuel Bosworth Todd, was born to Mr. and Mrs.

Bosworth Todd (Joan Henning), of Louisville, Kentucky, on April 14, 1956. (See letters.)

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Brien, Jr. ("Muffin" Meade), of Groton, Massachusetts, a daughter, Dorothy Dole, on August 1, 1956.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner McAnerney (Doris Sinclair), of Salt Lake City, Utah, a daughter, Barbara Sinclair, on September 6, 1956—weight, 6 pounds and 6 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris), of Brockport, New York, a daughter, Elizabeth Alden, on November 12, 1956—weight 7 pounds and 5 ounces. Toni writes:

This carries our joyous announcement to all of you at FNS on the arrival of another "black haired angel and courier!" Doctor M. O. Barney, a former medical director of FNS, is my new doctor and we talk FNS constantly!

Post Script: After we had gone to press we learned, with sorrow, of the death of Susan Spencer's mother at her home at Minocqua, Wisconsin. Susan is now living at 2100 E. Adams Street, Tucson, Arizona.

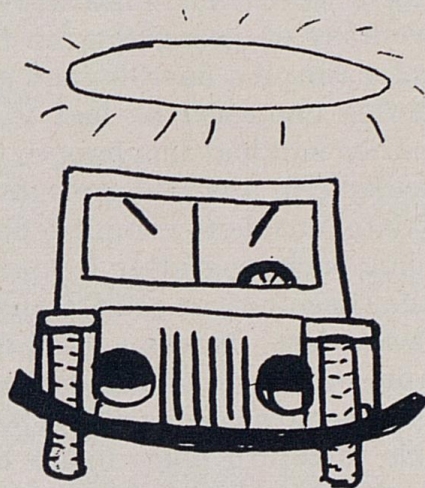
ODE TO THE METER

I'd write for the Bulletin, poems with ease
The minds of our readers to soothe and to please,
But alas, though my words be clever and neat
There are too many yards in the cubic feet.

—From an anonymous FNS nurse-midwife

NEMO

by
HELEN FARRINGTON, R.N., C.M., B.S.



Back in Nemo's earlier days he had been in a fracas with a coal truck and had come out the loser—minus his top; hence the metal top. This metal top clanked, clattered, clinked, banged in the most noisy of noises on a bumpy road. But I had a soft spot in my heart for him anyway. He was the first jeep I drove alone. This soft spot gradually changed to granite, however, after several episodes with him.

One day I had driven up with a flourish to see a new post-partum patient and her baby. The visit over I expected to drive off with a flourish too, but Nemo had other ideas. After resorting to all the tricks I knew to start him, I finally gave up and decided to walk to the next visit near by. Of course I had a large audience throughout all of this, grinning and enjoying my difficulty and offering suggestions. I had no sooner stepped inside the house than I heard Nemo's horn tooting outside. He had started off like a charm when one of the audience had decided to try his luck. Gr-r-r-r.

It was the same thing every morning. I didn't feel that the day had started right unless I had given Nemo a push to get him going. It wasn't just a short push either; probably a half mile or more served to get him started. Then with a roar and a

cloud of steam off he went. On class days for the student midwives, when they had to be at Hyden early, he was particularly exasperating about this.

Nemo was the cause of a midnight trip up to the head of the Middle Fork about seventeen miles above the center. He developed an idiosyncrasy of just giving up the ghost when he slowed down to meet a car on a narrow road or slowed down for any reason. When this happened he had to be started off by pushing. A poor courier had had this happen to her about seven times on this particular trip and had arrived at her destination exhausted and very late, unable to complete her errand that day. When she hadn't come back long after I expected her, I became very worried. By the time another courier and I had started out to look for them, it was late. It was a good deal later when we came back. I visualized all sorts of things that could have happened, but it was only Nemo's peculiarity. The courier was quite safe. Nemo was able to return home under his own power the next day with an escort behind him to insure his return.

After a number of similar episodes I had come to the point of threatening to push Nemo over the hill. One morning I had just arrived at my clinic when I got a frantic telephone call at a neighbor's from Anne, my partner at the Beech Fork Center. Nemo must have heard us. All of a sudden, with no one near, he had started to roll down the hill and had landed in a deep ditch at the side of the road, a big fall for an old thing like Nemo. Nora, the maid, swears that his engine started up with him standing still. A wrecker had to pull him out. But after getting up on solid ground he started off like a charm with only a couple of small dents to show for this escapade. Wouldn't you know, any other jeep would have been ruined? The good behavior did not last long, and finally we were relieved of Nemo. It wasn't exactly a sad day when he left, but we still laugh about him and the fact that he seemed to have a mind of his own.

In Memoriam

MISS LENA G. ANDERSON
Stoughton, Wisconsin
Died July, 1956

MRS. HAMPTON BUSH
Winchester, Kentucky
Died October, 1956

MRS. GEORGE OLIVER
CARPENTER, JR.
Saint Louis, Missouri
Died August, 1956

COL. J. H. KELSO DAVIS
Hartford, Connecticut
Died May, 1956

MRS. WILLIAM HEYBURN
Louisville, Kentucky
Died November, 1956

MRS. I. H. JONES
Marblehead, Massachusetts
Died September, 1956

MRS. FLORENCE MARTIN
Annapolis, Maryland
Died October, 1956

MISS FLORENCE MOORE
Las Cruces, New Mexico
Died July, 1956

MRS. CHARLES A. PROCTOR
Swampscott, Massachusetts
Died April, 1956

HON. THOMAS R. UNDERWOOD
Lexington, Kentucky
Died June, 1956

MR. GEORGE WILSON
Mozelle, Kentucky
Died October, 1956

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O Thither!
Into the Silent Land!

.

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest Herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Johann Gaudens von Salis

Translation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It is hard for the Frontier Nursing Service to see its old friends go. All who have ever cared about us, all who have given us service and support, have an everlasting claim on our affections, and some among them have become so welded into our lives that we needs must gather their names together twice a year in remembrance.

Although **Mrs. Charles A. Proctor** died last April, we did not learn of her passing until some weeks later. She had been one of the early members of our Boston committee. During her husband's lifetime they lived on Commonwealth Avenue where they opened their house for a large evening meeting in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Proctor continued her interest and her personal kindness throughout the years that she lived in Swampscott. We are grateful that her last illness was over in a few weeks and that she died in her own loved home. We extend our sympathy to her two daughters in the loss for this life of the great lady who was their mother.

Colonel Kelso Davis is another friend of whose death we didn't learn until some weeks after he had gone over to the other side. His liking for us goes back more than a quarter of a century during which we had more than one letter from him, and always his support. A man of broad interests, he honored us indeed by our inclusion in his many charities. It may have been his fondness for riding, which he kept up until near the end of his life, that endeared this mountain nursing service to him, or perhaps his military tradition (he was born at West Point) gave him an understanding of hardships borne by women as well as men. It doesn't lie within our province to describe the distinguished careers of our friends. Colonel Davis carried through in the high traditions of his inheritance:—in his public duties, in his civic obligations, his military service, his churchmanship, in the strength and beauty of his family ties. In sending our sympathy to his wife, his sons and daughters, his grandchildren, we have copied this verse as indicative of him:

“It is not all of life to live
Nor all of death to die—”
These words of comfort we receive
From lips forever stilled,
Admonishing that life is not
A goblet to be drained,
But rather 'tis a measure
God gives us to be filled.

From the days of early summer on down to this bleak November when these lines are written, a number of our friends have crossed over to the other side of death. One of them, **Miss Florence Moore**, was with her sister in Europe at the time of her death. Some years ago she worked as a volunteer secretary for months up here at Wendover, where her nickname was "Joker." Always cheerful, courteous, obligating and efficient, she endeared herself to us all. Our hearts go out now to this sister, Mrs. Sandel, who survives her. **Miss Lena Anderson** not only subscribed to us and wrote us letters of encouragement and friendship over the years but has left us a legacy, "In memory of Mrs. Margaret Greig, a nurse and friend." **Mrs. Florence Martin's** interest in us was so abiding that her friends and family wrote of her "dedication" in sending gifts in her memory. **Mrs. William Heyburn**, a member of our Louisville committee since 1928, supported us and kept in touch with us during all these long years, even as she fulfilled every obligation inherent in the life of a gentlewoman. **Mrs. Hampton Bush**, of our Blue Grass group, had given to us for nearly as long a span of time. In **Mr. George Wilson** we have lost a deeply honored member of our Beech Fork committee, and this part of Kentucky has lost one of its most valued citizens. Our hearts go out to all of those, and they are many, who loved these friends.

It is hard to remember a time when **Mrs. George Oliver Carpenter, Jr.**, and her husband were not an integral part of the Frontier Nursing Service. They were both charter members of our Saint Louis committee in the twenties. They opened their house for one of our early meetings; they followed every development of the Service not only with their financial support but through a living interest. It is impossible not to think of them together, because theirs was one of the most devoted marriages of which we ever knew. Throughout her long illness, her husband gave himself as completely to her as he had done in the days of her "endearing young charms." To him, and to his daughters and grandchildren, we offer in our imperfect way an understanding of the meaning of her life to them.

The path of sorrow,
And that path alone,
Leads to the land
Where sorrow is unknown.

The death of the **Hon. Thomas R. Underwood** brings back old and poignant memories. He was a young editor with my cousin, Desha Breckinridge, on *The Lexington Herald* in the early years of the Frontier Nursing Service. He joined with Desha in throwing open the pages of this paper to all of our young endeavors and, like Desha, he wrote with beauty and depth about them. This is not the place to write of Tom Underwood's career. But we want to quote from a citation given him in 1949 by the University of Kentucky when he was presented with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

"Distinguished son of Kentucky . . . Editor, statesman, versatile and eminent citizen of the Commonwealth."

In all the years that we knew him I think the thing that impressed us most was that he never broke the code of the gentleman, even under the strain of political life. We are sure that he is quite at home now among those who have cherished the Gentle Heritage.

In **Mrs. I. H. Jones** the Service has lost one of its earliest friends. She took the Service into her heart in 1925, when its work began, and ever afterward held it there. Many were the parties she gave in our behalf in her lovely home in Marblehead. But she was always sharing whatever she had with us. When her first-hand story of "Stephen Crane at Brede," was published in the July, 1954, *Atlantic* magazine, she wrote us joyously that she could send a really big check that year. The editor of the *Atlantic* urged her to write several stories of her experience in the late Victorian era. She discussed one with me on Victorian fathers, one on their songs, and one on country-house hospitality. They would have been gems of literature, but her heart was in too poor a condition for her to do serious work. So she sat all day in an upstairs sitting room at a window overlooking Marblehead Harbor, attended by the complete devotion of her husband and the frequent visits of their only child, Mrs. Peter Vosburg, her husband and two children.

Her friends came to see her constantly during these latter years. Due to their love for her, and their admiration of her, they became friends of the Frontier Nursing Service too, and have sent many generous gifts in her memory.

It is not possible for me to write objectively of Mrs. Jones,

because when she was Edith Richie she and I were at school together—in the Nineties—in Switzerland. With a third girl, now our trustee in England, Mrs. Arthur Bray, we kept up a three-cornered friendship for sixty years. On July 30 Edith wrote us both that the doctors had told her that the end would be only a matter of weeks. To me she said,

“I am not feeling a bit sorry for myself, and you must not feel sorry for me. . . . There should be no grief when the old die. . . . I have firm faith in God and in the hereafter and am convinced that you and I, and everyone, will join our beloveds again. . . . Praises be, we had that last hug in March! God bless you always, and He will, I know.”

In August she telephoned me in her clear, ringing voice, all cheerfulness, in order to assure me that she was in no pain. On September 16, she entered the hereafter. An unbroken friendship of sixty years, such as ours, is something to be cherished with thankfulness. So, my good-by to her is in her own words,

“God bless you always, and He will, I know.”

M. B.

ODDMENTS

Trade, Travel and Trust

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.

—Camillo Benso Cavour—1810-1861

The more we can improve our communications with the rest of the world the better will be our hope for enduring international peace.

—Frances P. Bolton, Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio

. . . the friendly cohesive forces of trade and travel.

—Walter H. Page in *Life and Letters*

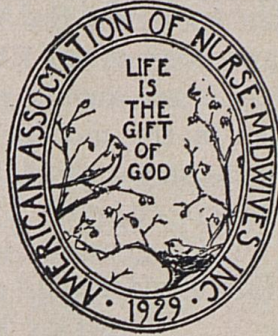
A certitude of the trustworthiness of the world.

—Sir Francis Younghusband in *Modern Mysteries*



ROGER AND KATHLEEN SIZEMORE

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sizemore
Bowling Bend, Kentucky



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held on September 11, at Wendover, Kentucky. We were deeply honored to have as our guest speaker,



DR. SAMUEL A. COSGROVE AT WENDOVER

Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove, formerly Medical Director, Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, Clinical Professor of Obstetrics, Faculty of Medicine, Columbia University, Jersey City, New Jersey. The subject of Dr. Cosgrove's talk was "Clinical Consideration of the Rh Factor."

All members present were

most appreciative of Dr. Cosgrove's presentation of his subject which left us with a much better understanding of this complicated blood factor.

Dr. and Mrs. Allen Crunden, Jr., of Montclair, New Jersey,

also honored us by coming to this meeting. Following the speaker's address Dr. Crunden spoke on the techniques of exchange transfusion for the infant born of an Rh negative mother, and of the tests which may be done during pregnancy to determine the number of antibodies in the mother's blood. A discussion, led by Miss Hattie Hemschemeyer of Maternity Center Association, New York, was much enjoyed by all. Minutes of the meeting and a copy of Dr. Cosgrove's talk have gone out to all members of the Association, scattered all over the world.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

THOSE EARS!

In frosty weather a young wild rabbit approached an Essex farmhouse and, being fed and encouraged, found his way into the kitchen. The cat, who was sitting on a rug by the fire, regarded him at first with wary astonishment, but before long proceeded to wash the trembling stranger. The two became friends, and the rabbit, though free to come and go as he pleased, spent most of his days with the cat in the warm kitchen. But she could not stand his habit of erecting his ears, which she smacked down so promptly that he got accustomed to keeping them down; when he did start to erect them he would remember and lower them quickly. Eventually, when summer came, he returned to the woods, where rabbits can wear their ears as they please.—**Janet Norton, Sussex.** [As a boy I had a long-eared rabbit which used to come into the kitchen and made friends with the cat. She used to take its ears between her paws and wash them carefully inside and out.—J. W. R. S.]

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1955

The most delightful country magazine in the world! It comes four times a year, in a handy book form, with full-page pictures. Its price, to an American, is his check for \$2.00 sent to *The Countryman*, Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by

HELEN E. BROWNE

From Ruth Brown in the Belgian Congo—September 1956

I had not heard from anyone in good old Kentucky for such a long time that I was really overjoyed to receive the Bulletin. It brings me up to date on some of my old friends. It is good to read that things are going well—how I would love to look in on you all, but guess that will have to wait until I am home on furlough in 1959.

The maternity end of my business is not what you would call flourishing but suppose it will grow as our work becomes established. Our mission station is in a comparatively new area so the people will undoubtedly “try us out” before putting complete trust in us. I am happy in my work although I am appalled by the physical and spiritual needs of the people, but I expect this is a universal picture.

Joan Peckinpaugh writes that she has been able to contact Jan Reinbrecht only by correspondence so far, but that Jan has visited with Ruth Vander Meulen. I know now what you mean by FNS “alumnae” being scattered throughout the whole world. I am proud to be one of them.

Lions have been stalking around here lately—they got one of our rabbits and the natives feel sure they will return, so they have built a trip-rope trap which, when the animal makes contact, will send a huge log and many huge rocks hurtling down on his body. So we're waiting. Please convey my warmest greetings to all I know.

. . . .

From Vera Chadwell in Cyprus—September 1956

You will be as surprised as I am to see that I am in the Army once more. I was recalled on August 9, and had just 24 hours in which to pack up and report. With many others I was flown on the 23rd, B.O.A.C. London airport to Nicosia, Cyprus and from there by bus to our station. It is a hot, dry and dusty place—very unattractive at this time of year. But I am told it

is beautiful in the spring. At present we have no idea how long our services will be needed, or what is likely to happen in the near future. We are temporarily in new nurses' quarters that had not yet been occupied and the hospital is also new—a civilian one. Not being allowed out without an organized escort is trying but one has to accept such things. I shall be glad when it gets cooler, after beginning to get used to the cold of old England again. Do please give my love to the people I know.

. . . .

From Dorothy Frazer Martt in Columbia, Missouri

—October 1956

Jack [*her husband*] is now assistant professor in the department of internal medicine here at the University of Missouri School of Medicine. This school has just expanded from a two-year program into a fully accredited four-year course. We feel that the opportunities in this fine new organization are many.

My boy, Gary, is now five and Anne is two. I find myself quite busy as mother and housewife. We have a lovely new home here in Columbia and it is nice to be only 120 miles from St. Louis where many of our relatives live.

As soon as we have finished the fall house cleaning, Gary and I plan to start organizing a box of toys and clothing to send to Kentucky in time for Christmas. It is a pleasure to do this, as each time I remember the joy of the Christmas I participated in at Hyden.

. . . .

From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in Brockworth, England

—October 1956

I just cannot manage the Thanksgiving Reunion this year—perhaps it's just as well as settling down gets harder and harder as the days go by! I have not seen Hilly and Lydia since you were here, but I get news of them from Mrs. Hillman whom I see quite often. Hilly has apparently settled down to her Midwife Teachers course and Lydia has started her Health Visitor's course and is also doing two evening shifts a week at Charlotte's. My brother is home from Scotland. He goes to work in London next week—I sure cannot imagine him in the city after five years up in the wildest wilds of the Highlands! He and Mother collect

me from School on Friday and take me home for the week-end which is nice.

I am thankful for the five-mile cycle ride into Cheltenham most days, though I would much prefer to do it by horse. This sitting at desks or standing and gazing all day is very tiring. Roll on the wee sma' hours when I hear a baby yell into life again.

.

From Eileen Rayson in Leeds, England—November 1956

Many thanks for the Bulletins—I was so thrilled to read the news of everyone. I am the assistant matron and principal tutor here at St. James' Hospital—almost as impressive a title as the dean!

I was telling the girls about Kentucky and the FNS by way of light entertainment to relieve the heavy study day. They were most interested. I have seen Hewie twice—she is taking the course in the same class as Hilly. How I wish I could visit you all for tea!

.

From Joy Broomfield in Brighton, England—November 1956

I was very pleased to get the summer Bulletin, but sorry to read of the shooting at Flat Creek. I cannot believe that anyone who knew the Service would do such a thing—it seems so out of character. I do hope there will be no further trouble.

During the summer I took the Queen's district nursing course in Oxford where I had great pleasure in showing my FNS slides to the nurses there. I also visited Professor Chassar Moir at the Maternity Hospital and heard him give a talk on the FNS to a Royal College of Nursing meeting—he asked me questions about everybody.

At the moment I am taking the Health Visitor's course at Brighton. It is a full time course lasting nine months, and covers a great many subjects—child care and development, psychology, social economics, social ethics and many more. We have many lectures on how to teach and have to learn to give lectures. I gave a 15-minute talk at a school to girls doing a pre-nursing course. My subject was the Frontier Nursing Service. The girls were interested and it was a good experience for me in public speaking.

I miss Kentucky very much and was quite homesick when

reading the Bulletin. One of the nurses on this course with me is a friend of Joy Hilditch, so it's no wonder we talk FNS a lot. When I leave here I shall go back to Shropshire as I am on a two-year contract. The county has permission to build me a house and the plans have been passed, but they cannot find anywhere to build! I hope they find some ground before next summer. Please give my love to everyone.

NEWSY BITS

Engagement

Miss Vivienne Blake and Mr. Christopher Twiss—both are in the Gold Coast, West Africa at present. Vivienne writes: "We will get married in February, in Worcester, and will be returning to the Gold Coast."

Wedding

Miss Nancy Jane Hewson and Mr. Calvert Smith, in Overbrook, Pennsylvania, on October 26, 1956.

We send our very best wishes to these young people for much happiness.

New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Georges Selim (Maxine Thornton) in October 1956, a baby girl. Maxine's mother writes us: "We had a wire from Baghdad last Sunday, and she has a new baby girl. She went to the Railway Hospital there for her delivery and was most delighted with it—the matron is a British nurse-midwife."

To Mr. and Mrs. John Elder (Anne Cartmell) on October 31, 1956, a son, Mark Lawrence who weighed 9 lbs. 13 oz.

. . . .

Our loving sympathy goes to Caroline Stillman Muncy (Carlie) on the death of her father in October; and to Rebecca Brown (Becky) on the sudden death of her fiance this fall.

SAYINGS OF OUR OLD PEOPLE

Elderly man: "Sam, he argued me when you eat a big bait you don't weigh no more. I can't believe that."

THE BOY WHO PROVED TO BE NO OPTICAL ILLUSION

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.

Mary, the mother of two grown girls and one small girl, said to me when I was attending her with her last spell of "bad luck" (interrupted pregnancy): "Well, nurse I will just have to give up ever having my boy. I am getting on, you know and I just can't ever have my boy." I said to her: "Listen, Mary, you know that 'can't' never did anything. You just wait a while. We will try to get you built up. Who knows, you may yet have your boy."

About one year later Mary told me, with a gleam in her eye, that she was expecting. All went along well with Mary this time, but my own worry was that the baby might not be a boy. Every time I went to see Mary, her little girl, Susie, would ask, "Is you goin' to bring us a baby brother in them saddle bags?" As time went on I became more and more apprehensive, and I myself, was almost at the point of asking the saddle bags please to make no mistake in sex this time.

As I stood looking out of the clinic windows between patient visits one May morning, I noted that Mother Earth seemed to have donned her most brilliant dress, patterned with dogwood blossoms, rhododendron and mountain laurel. Mother Nature seemed determined that this day be filled with color, brightness and gaiety. Even the wind seemed to dance among the tree tops. I also noted Jim approaching at a rare, quick trot, to announce that Mary was "punishin" right often. "But, you didn't come down Willard Creek did you Jim? I'm sure we cannot get back up that way; you know it rained all night." Jim said, "We can try." I thought to myself, we always say that if the man can get to the nurse, she can get to the mother. "Jim, I make only one request and that is I be allowed to ride at the back when we go over the mountain. I want to be able to see us falling." Off we started, slithering and sliding like a slick fish on a wet river bank. Arrive we did to be greeted, first of all, by little Susie eyeing the saddle bags with great expectation.

Having made Mary comfortable and assembled my supplies,

I settled down to wait, for what I hoped with all my heart would be a boy. In due time everything progressed normally and the arrival became imminent. I was ready for all contingencies except one thing—the determining factor, would it be a boy? Eight and one-half pounds of it arrived. I hardly dared look—I looked again, then three times. It was a boy! He really was not an optical illusion.

Mary smiled; “My boy that I have waited for these twenty years.” Little Susie: “You did bring me a baby brother in them saddle bags.” And Jim: “My son that I have wanted and waited for so long.”

After having made mother and baby comfortable I was preparing to leave, when Jim and Mary said, “He really belongs to you; we would never of had him if it hadn’t been for you.” As I return to see the baby in a neat little cabin nestled among the mountains, he looks intently at me with his big blue eyes and smiles, as if to say, “You see I really am all boy.” He looks it, too.

JUST JOKES — CHILDREN

In her school essay on “Parents” a little girl wrote: “We get our parents when they are so old that it is impossible to change their habits.”

. . . .

The small boy had been taken for an automobile ride by a friend of the family. When he returned his mother asked, “Did you thank Mr. Banks?”

There was no answer.

“Jimmy,” said his mother, “did you hear me? Did you thank Mr. Banks for the ride?”

“Yes,” whispered Jimmy, “but he told me not to mention it.”

. . . .

A young mother was bathing her baby while a neighbor’s little girl watched, a beat-up doll in her arms.

“How long have you had your baby?” asked the little visitor.

“Three months,” replied the mother.

To this the little girl observed: “My, but you’ve kept her nice.”

THE TIGER

Letters have appeared in the English press expressing fears for the survival of the tiger. Comments in *The Statesman* on these letters by Mr. M. D. Chaturvedi, formerly Director-General of Forests, India, give ground for hoping that the immediate extinction of the tiger need not be feared.

The number of tigers shot yearly since the last war has not decreased very much; heads of forest departments report an increase of tigers in Bengal, stationary population in Madras and Mysore, decline in Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh. Luckily the tiger breeds freely in the wild. Litters may be as high as six, but normally only two are found at heel. A tigress starts breeding at about four years old and has a litter at least every third or fourth year; she may be depended upon to raise three cubs during an average life span of ten years.

—ORYX, November, 1955

This fascinating magazine is the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, of which Her Majesty the Queen is Patron, and the secretary and editor is Lt.-Col. Boyle, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N. W. 1, England.

The articles, pictures and maps in each issue range over the globe, from the seals of the Arctic to the elephants in game preserves of Equatorial Africa. Subscription price to a non-member of the Society is ten shillings and six pence, post free. The membership fee in the Fauna Preservation Society, which is only one pound yearly, includes ORYX. Your editor is a life member.

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Letters have appeared in the English press expressing fears for the survival of the tiger. Comments in *The Statesman* on these letters by Mr. M. D. Chaturvedi, formerly Director-General of Forests, India, give ground for hoping that the immediate extinction of the tiger need not be feared.

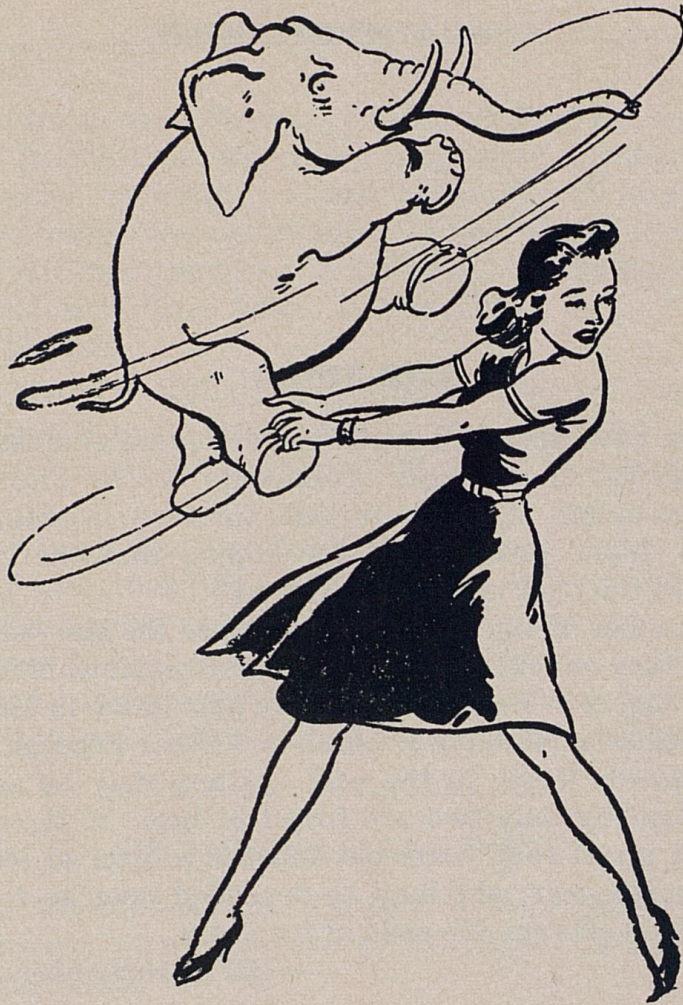
The number of tigers shot yearly since the last war has not decreased very much; heads of forest departments report an increase of tigers in Bengal, stationary population in Madras and Mysore, decline in Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh. Luckily the tiger breeds freely in the wild. Litters may be as high as six, but normally only two are found at heel. A tigress starts breeding at about four years old and has a litter at least every third or fourth year; she may be depended upon to raise three cubs during an average life span of ten years.

—ORYX, November, 1955

This fascinating magazine is the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, of which Her Majesty the Queen is Patron, and the secretary and editor is Lt.-Col. Boyle, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N. W. 1, England.

The articles, pictures and maps in each issue range over the globe, from the seals of the Arctic to the elephants in game preserves of Equatorial Africa. Subscription price to a non-member of the Society is ten shillings and six pence, post free. The membership fee in the Fauna Preservation Society, which is only one pound yearly, includes *ORYX*. Your editor is a life member.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, 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; odd bits of silver.—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
1579 Third Avenue
New York 28, New York

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our cover picture—"Little Girl of 1888"—was given to a little girl of seven in 1888 and has been cherished by her for nearly seventy years. As all of you know, our Quarterly Bulletin is made to pay its own way. We have met the rising costs of publication by printing smaller issues with less photographs, above all by cutting out for years all color pictures. So well did this system pay off that the Bulletin had a small surplus at the close of our last fiscal year. We have invested it in this color picture, which is our Christmas card to all of you.

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So generous has been your response to the notices of the new location of the Bargain Box at 1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York, that Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth reports wonderful shipments, with the Frontier Nursing Service green tags, from many places. That members of our New York committee write personal thanks to each of you, we know. We join our thankfulness to theirs. We do need the money the sale of your articles will bring to us during this bleak winter.

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Our Washington committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Griffith Warfield will hold its traditional John Mason Brown Benefit on Tuesday morning, 11:30 o'clock, January 29, at the Washington Club. All of you in the Washington area will receive notices of Mr. Brown's lecture, and we urge you to attend. Not only will you help the Frontier Nursing Service, but you will be more entertained than you would be anywhere else at twice the money.

.

On the evening of Thursday, January 17, your director and editor will speak with colored slides in the assembly room of South Church at **Hartford, Connecticut**. I will be the guest of Mrs. George J. Mead that night. This will be an open meeting where I hope to see old Hartford friends again, and to meet new ones.

The following committees have arranged for annual meetings this winter. I shall speak with slides at 3 p.m. in **Boston** on Monday, January 28, at the Gardner House, to be followed by tea. In **Providence** there will be a meeting on Wednesday afternoon in the Crystal Room of Pembroke College, to be followed by tea. In **New York** the meeting will be on Thursday, January 31, in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom, to be followed by refreshments of some kind.

On Friday afternoon, February 1, I shall have the great pleasure of speaking (for the first time) in **Montclair, New Jersey**, under the auspices of the Montclair Women's Club. Dr. and Mrs. Crunden set this plan in motion months ago. Mrs. Clarence B. Newman is chairman of the program committee. This will be an open meeting and I shall show colored slides.

These notices are given to you in advance, not only that you may put them on your calendars now, but in case anyone's invitation goes astray.

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Readers of this Bulletin will remember how much we loved the visit here at Wendover, years ago, of Eleni Angelopoulou of Athens, Greece. When Mr. Mark Ethridge of *The Courier-Journal* was in Greece this summer, and in touch with her, she sent messages and a gift to the Frontier Nursing Service through him. She has written us,

Yes, I always remember the week I stayed with you at Wendover. It was my greatest experience in the United States! . . . I have the honor to serve the wonderful work which Her Majesty the Queen started for the Greek children nine years ago. I am almost up the mountains of Northern Greece, where the need of help is so great. This work is the most interesting from all works I had till now, as I love children so much and I believe in a better generation.

My dream is to visit again the United States someday. I am homesick about your beautiful country and all the good friends I have. And if God permits one of my first visits will be to Wendover and you will not have the time to roll the red carpet! . . . Please give my love to everybody in the Frontier Nursing Service—those who were in 1947 and the others who came after—and tell them that I always talk about their work simply because it is with my heart. . . .

TOWN AND TRAIN

In late October I left the Kentucky mountains for the first time since early June. Helen Browne (Brownie) and I stayed over

the week-end with Mrs. Morris B. Belknap at "The Midlands" on Poplar Hill Road before going to the Executive Committee meeting on Monday at the Pendennis Club in Louisville. It was a well-attended meeting with our national vice-chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, coming all the way from Washington, en route to Detroit, to be present. After this I drove with Mrs. Roger K. Rogan back to her home, "Oakencroft" at Glendale, where I spent several happy days seeing a number of Cincinnati friends. Then I went to Chicago for a few hours with the secretary of our Chicago committee, Mrs. Edward Arpee (old courier, Katherine Trowbridge). We got a lot of business done and telephoning, before Katherine took me to my train for Milwaukee. From Saturday evening until Tuesday afternoon I stayed in Milwaukee with my Carson cousins and in Madison with my Agard cousins, both visits of deep personal happiness to me.

When I got back to Chicago on a train from Madison, our new chairman of the Chicago committee, Mrs. Paul Church Harper (old courier, "Tips" Stevenson), met me. She and Katherine, and Mrs. Charles Potter (old courier, Barbara McClurg), were down at the Drake Hotel bright and early on the morning of November 7 for our meeting in the Gold Coast Room. Mrs. Harper introduced me gracefully, and with just the right words. We had a good attendance despite the fact that this meeting was held the day after election. A number of people stayed for lunch afterwards, either as guests of committee members or on their own. I drove back to Winnetka that evening to spend the night with Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd and her husband and her wonderful mother, Mrs. Albright. It was a pleasure to see Mr. and Mrs. David Dangler at dinner.

The next day, a Thursday, Mrs. D. Mark Cummings gave me a beautiful luncheon at the Shore Acres Club. It was a joy to see her again, as well as Mrs. Alfred Granger, Mrs. Donald McLennan and other friends. Although I left Chicago on Friday, I did have time to make a visit to the American Hospital Association headquarters for a very satisfactory half hour with their Mr. Lannigan.

On Friday afternoon I left on the B. and O. which deposited me at Martinsburg at the bottom of the Shenandoah Valley early Saturday morning. My sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge,

motored many miles down the valley to meet me and take me to "Flagstop," her home, where I stayed until Tuesday morning. I felt about this visit like one of our mountain children, who had a holiday at home from school. When asked what she had done, she said,

"I didn't do nothing. I just had peace and satisfaction."

From Tuesday noon, on November 13, until Wednesday afternoon, I was in Washington at the Sulgrave Club. There Brownie joined me, at Mrs. Warfield's special invitation, for a meeting of the Washington committee. My young cousin, Mrs. R. L. Montague of Urbana, Virginia, had driven up to Washington to lunch with me at the Sulgrave Club before taking us to the meeting. She was planning to fly to Boston afterwards. Her mother and our beloved trustee, Mrs. Waring Wilson of Lexington, Kentucky, is desperately ill at Phillips House at Massachusetts General Hospital. Mrs. Montague is one of two daughters, and the other one is our active committee member in Boston, Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr.

We had a wonderful meeting that afternoon at the home of our Washington treasurer, Mrs. Benjamin W. Thoron. Mrs. Warfield combined efficiency with grace and charm in presiding over the group of twenty-eight active and honorary members who attended. Miss Charlotte Ray's minutes of the last meeting could not have been better. Naturally the chief subject under discussion was the John Mason Brown Benefit. The committee passed a resolution of deep sympathy for Mrs. C. Carroll Morgan, Jr. and her young son in the loss of husband and father. Before leaving we took up a collection to send the American Cancer Society in his memory.

After the meeting was over Mrs. Thoron served us a most delectable tea during which I had the opportunity of meeting and talking with a host of friends of whom I have space to name only one, Mrs. John Sherman Cooper, an honorary member of the Washington committee. She told me how much she had enjoyed her recent visit to Hyden Hospital with her husband. We, all of us, remembered and spoke of our former Washington Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, (Marvin Breckinridge) who is now in Uruguay where her husband is our ambassador.

That evening Brownie and I dined at the Sulgrave Club with

Madame Boncompagni and her guest, Madame Cantacuzene. One finds oneself calling them both Princess, as both of them were for so many years. No two American women ever shed more luster on foreign titles than these two did. Next day Brownie and I were guests of Mrs. Charles A. R. Ray at the Sulgrave for lunch. With her were her daughter, Charlotte, and Mrs. Nelson E. Perin whose mother had been one of my close friends.

The next evening, Thursday, November 15, we returned to Wendover to be greeted by the news of a terrible forest fire on the mountain above the Wendover buildings. Agnes Lewis had gotten the fire warden promptly, and he and several men had been fighting it. But he advised leaving four men on for that night. Between 11:00 and 12:00 the blessed rain came and the men got to come down and go to bed.

I have not touched on any of the world's cataclysms that we, all of us everywhere, are carrying in our minds and in our hearts. We are haunted by the piteous plight of Hungary even while we are following the path of duty that is marked out for us to tread. My path has led me back to the Kentucky mountains that I love so well and to the preparation for a joyous Christmas for our more than five thousand children.

Mary Breckinridge

SALES AND SONGS

A cartoon in *The New Yorker* of some months ago showed a disturbed looking woman in a grocery store asking, "Have you any cereals that don't sing?" When the revolting practice of commercial singing came into being, on the radio, we registered a vow not to buy anything that sang. If those of you who feel as we do would leave the songsters alone, then they would stop singing.

If sales drop
Songs will stop.

—Contributed

OUR MAIL BAG

From an Iranian guest: I want to thank you very much for your hospitality and kindness during my stay in Kentucky. I must say that I shall never forget the wonderful experiences that I had during that week . . . Please give my regards to the wonderful people in Wendover. It is so nice to be amongst a group of sincere and kind people that one immediately feels homesick for it when one goes away. I shall never forget my first ride on Cindy with Amm trying to encourage me and give me confidence. I also will never forget the nice and efficient atmosphere of the Hospital and the centers, and I hope one day we shall be able to bring about the same set-up as yours.

From an American guest: What impressed us perhaps more than anything else was the warmth and friendliness of everyone we met, which Noel had written to us about, but which one has to experience truly to value.

JUST JOKES — CHILDREN

Kneeling to say his evening prayers, a little boy asked his mother wistfully: "Mom, do you suppose it will be all right if I put in a commercial about a new bike?"

.

The teacher was trying to make Elsie understand subtraction and she said, "You have ten fingers, now supposing there were three missing, what would you have then?"

"No music lessons," said Elsie promptly.



Photograph by Marvin Breckinridge

**BABETTE IN THE MID-THIRTIES, WITH HER MISTRESS,
AND TWO EARLY WENDOVER DOGS,
WENDY AND FINETTE**

She was a flea-bitten gray mare, given us by Pebble, with a fast pace and an easy running walk. She carried me on the eighty-mile rounds of the nursing centers in the years after my back was broken. She was spirited and swift but she never shied, and was so responsive when I rode her that we seemed as one.

The picture on the inside front cover is of Babette in the winter of old age. She had the freedom of the Wendover boundaries and would come to greet me when I called her. But she began to break with the dying summer. Before I left Wendover she had been down twice; the second time it took five grains of morphine to relax her so that she could get up again. These two letters were sent me after I had gone away.

From Brownie: One swift shot and her brave heart was

stilled—so went your Babette this morning. One of the most faithful and loyal friends you and the FNS has ever had. The chill of fall is in the air, so we are reminded that it is a kind and merciful thing we have done—but our hearts are sad today. Much love to you from us all.

From Jean: I was thinking of you and Babette when a letter came from Leigh telling me about Babette. You will miss her so much. In all the years I knew her, I cannot think of anything wrong she ever did. Wendover will never seem quite the same without her.

Ave Atque Valle

M. B.

FIELD NOTES

"LOVE CAME DOWN AT CHRISTMAS"

Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894

For a long time it has seemed to us that the brotherhood of men, under the Fatherhood of God, is retarded more by the theory of equality than by outright repudiation. All men are born unequal. Even identical twins are not exactly alike. Every wise father or mother knows this to be true in a family of children. There is the big brother and the little brother; the brother who is good in mathematics and the brother who may become a skilled craftsman. There may even be the crippled brother, or the blind brother, and it is quite possible that such a child has gifts excelling those of the others. No two of them are equal. And for this, we may all of us thank God.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, dining with Wilkes, spoke, according to Boswell, of "the ridiculous argument for the equality of mankind." In our opinion it is not so much ridiculous as untrue. When this false thing is repeated over and over as though it were true, a great many people will believe in it and, in doing so, retard the coming of the kingdom of God. We are all brothers under one Father, and we are all unequal. This does not mean that some of us are high and some of us are low, but it does carry in its meaning a depth of understanding and compassion that no theory of equality has ever brought or could ever bring.

It is possible for a man, working with machines, to make thousands of tin cans that are equal. But in the forest at Wen-

dover nature has not chosen to make any two leaves, out of thousands, that are exactly alike. One learns a lot about human beings from living in a forest. The white oak is a fine tree for building purposes. But use the white oak for fence posts and they will soon rot; whereas, if the fence posts are of black locust or mulberry, they will last for a generation.

Arnold Toynbee writes of the standardization of civilizations as the beginning of their decay. Variations, on the other hand, are a mark of growth. The mistaken concept of equality leads to a standardization that robs human beings, and especially children, of their right to the kind of growth best suited to each one. These little brothers and sisters of ours, with their divergent gifts, should bring us to an understanding of why "Love came down at Christmas."

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As these lines are written the presents that you have sent our children are showering in on us through the mails and through the express office at Hazard. We are receiving also the checks you send, with which to buy gifts or to meet the costs of the hospital, medical, nursing, and social service care we give without charge to children. Friends at the various outpost nursing centers have lined up their trucks to send to Hyden for the toys, candy and clothing you have so generously provided. It is the most exciting time of the year for us and the busiest. At every station in our vast territory there will be Christmas parties, Christmas trees, Santa Clauses, singing of carols, and at Wenderover the Nativity play which has become traditional. Our local committees at each of the centers help in the planning and in the handling of the parties.

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Since our last Bulletin was printed we have had dinner committee meetings at the Jessie Preston Draper center at Beech Fork, the Frances Bolton center of Possum Bend at Confluence, the Belle Barrett Hughitt center at Brutus on Bullskin Creek and the Margaret Durbin Harper center at Bowlingtown. The director went to each meeting, as she does every year, to report to our committees on the national aspects of the Frontier Nursing Service, and to discuss with the members the special problems of their own nursing centers.

The meeting on October 3 at the Bowlingtown nursing center was the first sad one we have ever had in all our thirty-one years. For one thing our beloved chairman, Mr. Will Gay, was too sick to attend. Mrs. Breckinridge went to call on him at his home, where Mrs. Gay and Dorothy were taking care of him, and was deeply moved by his remembrance of her. At our meeting later in the day we elected Mr. Ford Barger as vice-chairman to carry on during Mr. Gay's illness. He, in fact, had already been working hard with Miss Olive Bunce in locating a site where we could build another Margaret Durbin Harper center next summer. That whole lovely valley at Bowlingtown will be turned into a lake when the Buckhorn Dam is finished. We could not but be sad. Families like the Gays, the Bargers and the Bowlings have lived on their land for over 150 years. The government will compensate them and us, but we will never be a neighborhood again.

Mrs. Breckinridge and her associate, Miss Helen E. Browne, went to Bowlingtown the day before the meeting in order to see ten acres of land that have been given us for the new center by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Abner of Squabble Creek. It is a lovely site on the gap of a mountain in Owsley County, where Doorway will be the post office. But we will write more fully of all this later.

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Our courier, Anne Kilham of North Attleboro, Massachusetts, has done a marvelous thing for us in making a drawing of the layout of the water system at Hyden Hospital, which shows sizes of pipes, cut-offs, connections with tanks et cetera. It is truly a work of art and an invaluable gift—something we have wanted and needed for years. Mrs. Belknap had photostatic copies made of it so that we can give them to the Hospital maintenance man, Alonzo Howard, to our Wendover foreman, Hobert Cornett, and to brought-on experts who may have to be called in when the water system breaks at any point.

We extend our warm thanks to Mr. Howard Castle of the Wilmot-Castle Company in Rochester, New York for the gift of a Speedclave in memory of his father. Dr. Beasley, Miss Lester and the other nurses are enthusiastic about it.

We are indeed grateful to our trustee, Mr. A. B. Comstock, of Louisville for the gift, from the Mary Parker Gill Fund, of a

new and desperately needed jeep. This one is a lovely red in color and we have named it Parker.

.
The Leslie County Horse Show was held in Hyden on October 20. Our congratulations and our grateful affection go to Bobbin, Doc, Camp, Flicka, Kimo, Marvin, Trigger, and their riders who won \$116.00 in prize money for their FNS. The prizes won were as follows:

Best FNS Walking Horse:

- 1st prize—Flicka, ridden by Molly Lee
- 2nd prize—Trigger, ridden by Leigh Powell
- 3rd prize—Doc, ridden by Carol Banghart

Best FNS Five-Gaited Horse:

- 1st prize—Bobbin, ridden by Nancy Hero
- 2nd prize—Marvin, ridden by Beulah Olson
- 3rd prize—Camp, ridden by Maryellen Fullam

Best Woman Rider (Morning Class):

- 3rd prize—Molly Lee on Flicka

Best Woman Rider (Afternoon Class):

- 2nd prize—Maryellen Fullam on Kimo
- 3rd prize—Amy Stevens on Bobbin

Best Rider 18 years and under:

- 2nd prize—Anne Reynolds on Kimo

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Our resident courier, Jean Hollins, has not been able to return to Wendover this fall due to the critical illness of her father. Jane Leigh Powell has been good enough to stay on and relieve for her. To help Leigh with the courier department, we have been fortunate in having as juniors: Maryellen Fullam of Waterville, Maine, who stayed over her term to help us out; Anne Reynolds of Hudson, Ohio; and Lois Buhl of Erie, Pennsylvania, who has just arrived and will stay on through the early spring. In addition to their courier duties, these juniors have helped address and mail our Christmas appeals. Mary Ladwig of Cleveland spent three weeks of her vacation in October and November with us and was most helpful. Amy Stevens, who was a volunteer secretary with us last spring and tided us over an acute shortage in the offices, is back this fall as Christmas secretary. Before the

incoming shipments got heavy, she wrought wonders in organizing and listing the contents of the fireproof storage room; and in transferring and organizing old files. Our gratitude to her knows no bounds. For several years we have had as volunteers, to help the Social Service Secretary and in the Christmas work, two Keuka College girls during their winter field period. This year we have two student nurses, Nancy Angie Dean of Marion, New York and Elsie Marie Hartlieb of Port Chester, New York, who have just arrived. We welcome them and fully expect that they will uphold the finest Keuka tradition. Having this splendid group of volunteers this fall has been a tremendous help to us; and we are more than grateful to each and every one of them.

The thirty-third class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on October 15, 1956. Of the six student nurse-midwives three of them have been on the staff of the FNS as non-midwife nurses before entering the school. They are Olive Bodtcher, Vivian Bougher and Delphine Jewell. Irma Cohen comes to us from her position as administrative delivery room supervisor at the Boston Lying-in Hospital. She has been granted a leave of absence in order to take the course in midwifery. Two of the students are from the foreign mission field—Norma Marie Pater from Thailand and Chlora Dean from the Belgian Congo.

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We were sorry to bid good-bye to Audrey Williams who left us in October to return to England after being with the FNS for two and a half years; two years at the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River. Jane Furnas and Peggie Foster have taken over the Red Bird districts. Josephine Sagebeer with Anne Cundle is at Confluence relieving for vacation for Molly Lee and Carol Banghart.

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We welcome Betty M. Palethorp (Liz) to our staff of nurse-midwives. Liz came to us from England in October. She is helping our hospital superintendent, Betty Lester, with her many and varied duties.

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Among the professional guests from overseas who have come in to see us this fall were three delightful nurse-midwives. Miss Violette Samandari, Director of Nurses of the Iranian Oil

Company Hospital at Abadan, had taken her midwifery and nursing training in Great Britain, and was visiting this country under the sponsorship of the American Nurses' Association. Miss Haydee Gomez from Costa Rica is General Supervisor of Maternal and Child Health in her own country. Her period of observation of maternal and child health programs in the United States was under the sponsorship of the World Health Organization. Miss Sallypahn Dharmasaroj of Thailand came to us after one year's study at Syracuse University. She enthralled us with tales of her country where her father was, at one time, personal physician to the King of Siam.

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We are most grateful to Miss Ruth Spurrier, Director of the Division of Public Health Nursing, Kentucky State Department of Health, for bringing Dr. Madeline E. Morcy, Regional Director of the U. S. Children's Bureau, and Miss Lalla Mary Goggans, Regional Nursing Consultant, for an all-too-brief visit to Hyden and Wendover. We were honored to have as an overnight guest, Dr. Paul E. Schneck, Acting Director of the Maternal and Child Health Division of the Kentucky State Department of Health. Dr. Schneck came up to conduct the oral examinations in midwifery for the students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We are happy to report that all passed the examinations with flying colors.

A long awaited visit to Wendover was that of Mrs. Marjorie C. Tyler and Miss Elda Hartung of the Kentucky Board of Nursing Education and Nurse Registration. We are grateful to them both for taking time out of their busy schedule to come to see us.

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We do not have space to write of all the pleasant visits we have had from friends and relatives. We would like to mention the short visit of Mr. and Mrs. Norris B. Gregg, Jr. of St. Louis, who stopped by to see us on their way home from a holiday in the East. We were especially pleased that Audrey Williams brought her mother to Wendover for a week's visit before they left to do a little sight-seeing before sailing for England on November 6, from Montreal. To the Beasleys we extend our grateful thanks for sharing with us some of the delightful guests who have visited them at Joy House.

As we go to press we have Dr. Loyd Bond of the California Department of Public Health for a period of observation of our program. He is visiting the outpost nursing centers and accompanying the nurses on their rounds, and working with our Medical Director in the clinics at Hyden. He has also been kind enough to give a lecture to the students in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Dr. Bond is sent to us by the Chief of Local Health Services of the California Department of Public Health.

. . . .

Dr. Francis Massie, with Dr. J. B. Holloway came back to Hyden Hospital October 3-6 for another one of those marvelous surgical clinics that they give us twice a year. With them came our old friend, Miss Louise Griggs, surgical nurse, and Miss Betty Wilson as anesthetist. Our Dr. Rogers Beasley took part in the clinic, of course, and, needless to say, all of the lucky patients to get operated on made good recoveries. Refreshments were prepared and served, as usual, by the members of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Hyden Hospital under the chairmanship of Mrs. John D. Begley. Dr. Massie with his crew, and the Beasleys and Betty Lester, came over to Wendover for a dinner of things he likes, such as chicken hash and spoon bread. He wrote:

"As always, the evening at Wendover was a delight—Wish such associations could last forever—but perhaps they do! 'When we have laid these groping hands away; no longer blinded by our eyes.' "

. . . .

On Thanksgiving Day we held, as always each year, our staff reunion with a noon dinner at Wendover. At about the same hour members of the old staff in Great Britain were holding their reunion near London. A telegram came from Jean Hollins wishing a happy Thanksgiving to all of us. For the first time in some twenty years she was unable to spend Thanksgiving with us. All of the old staff scattered over the world were thinking of us and we of them. We had our moment of silent prayer in which our spirits joined theirs; and in which we remembered staff and old friends of the Service who meet with us only in the spirit now. We sang, as we do each year, the hymn that we think of as our very own, "Now Thank We All Our God."

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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.

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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 cooperate 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 gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, 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, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,

Security Trust Company

Lexington 15, Kentucky

Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.

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.

Statement of Ownership

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

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1956.

(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.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(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 24th day of September, 1956.

LENA GRAY, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires August 1st, 1960.)



MARY FRANCES MORGAN AND RICK
One of the Christmas Angels in the 1955 Nativity Play at Wendover
with a Dog Friend Who is Held in Memory this Christmas

Photograph by Virginia Branham

