

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 31

SUMMER, 1955

NUMBER 1



*Lower and Upper Cabins and "Blossom Patch"
at Wendover*

The Progressive Farmer Photo



Nancy Boyle, R.N., B.S., and Jean Becker, R.N.
FNS Thirtieth Birthday Cake
Lexington, Kentucky, May 23, 1955

Lexington Herald-Leader Photo

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
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HIFNER AND POTTER
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
145 EAST HIGH
LEXINGTON, KY.

To the Officers and Trustees
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated
Lexington, Kentucky

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1955, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting schedules.

In our opinion all recorded receipts have been duly accounted for.

Your endowment and reserve funds now total in excess of \$807,000.00. During the course of our examination we were advised that you had in process of collection a gift of \$135,000.00 for your endowment fund. When received, this will bring the total in excess of \$942,000.00.

Your books have been closed under our direction and are in accord with this report.

Respectfully submitted,
HIFNER AND POTTER
Certified Public Accountants

Lexington, Kentucky,
May Twenty-one,
Nineteen Fifty-five.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
for the Fiscal Year
May 1, 1954 to April 30, 1955

PREFACE

As has been our custom since we were one year old, we present our annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service, to its trustees, members, and subscribers.

We have, as in previous years, divided our report into two sections. One section is about money, and one section about work.

I.

FISCAL REPORT

Our annual audit is so detailed, and therefore so voluminous, that we do not print it in full. The figures that follow are taken from the Exhibits and Schedules of the last audit. We have divided these figures into four categories, each covering one page, to make easier reading. The auditors' own Summary is the first category. The second is their list of Endowments and Reserves. The third category covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category we have put into two columns—to the left the expenditures of the last fiscal year taken from the audit, and to the right the Budget accepted by our trustees for the current fiscal year, based on last year's expenditures.

Under a fifth category, called Inventory, we account for all our properties. All five categories are given in sequence on the following pages.

ANNUAL REPORT FROM THE AUDIT
OF THE
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INCORPORATED

May 1, 1954 to April 30, 1955

RECEIPTS (not including new endowments) :	
Donations	\$126,056.76
Income from endowments, bene- fits, fees, et cetera.....	<u>95,778.64</u>
Total Receipts	\$ 221,835.40
EXPENDITURES—for operating expenses includ- ing repairs, replacements and upkeep.....	
	208,454.17
Excess of Receipts over Expenditures.....	<u>\$ 13,381.23</u>
New Endowments and Reserve received.....	<u>\$ 24,475.98</u>
New Land, Buildings, Livestock and Equipment	\$ 7,764.21
Less—Charge-offs for deaths of ani- mals, depreciation, et cetera.....	<u>2,329.18</u>
Net increase in physical property.....	<u>\$ 5,435.03</u>

GENERAL DATA AS OF APRIL 30, 1955

Value of Land, Buildings, Livestock, and Equip- ment	<u>\$ 364,885.17</u>
Total Endowment and Reserve (This is the value of the gifts at the dates they were received. Present values would probably exceed this amount.)	<u>\$ 807,787.02</u>
Total Contributions and Income (exclusive of En- dowment) from Organization to April 30, 1955.....	\$4,052,967.26
Total Expenses (exclusive of Land, Buildings and Equipment) from Organization to April 30, 1955	<u>\$3,698,184.74</u>
Excess of Total Income over Total Expenses.....	<u>\$ 354,782.52</u>
This excess is represented by	
Cash, and Cash items.....	\$ 16,392.88
Land, Buildings and Equipment....	364,885.17
Temporary Loans	<u>725.00</u>
Total	\$ 382,003.05
Less—Indebtedness	\$ 27,220.53
Free Surplus	<u>\$ 354,782.52</u>

ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service at the close of the fiscal year are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby's Crib.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial (1).....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial (2).....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	16,000.00
Isabelle George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby's Crib.....	5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby's Crib.....	5,000.00
Nora Oliver Shoemaker Memorial Baby's Crib.....	4,500.00
Eliza Thackara Memorial.....	1,828.88*
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown	1,000.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and Its Endowment.....	49,997.32*
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70
Hattie M. Strong Memorial.....	10,000.00
Jane Short Atwood Legacy.....	7,500.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36
William Nelson Fant, Jr., Memorial.....	78,349.52
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Fund.....	1,100.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	5,000.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	25,375.00
Elizabeth Ireland Fund.....	17,257.50
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00
Richard D. McMahon Legacy.....	943.23
Anonymous—General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford in Memory of her two children.....	10,000.00
Beulah Bruce Brennan Memorial.....	2,000.00
Anna Rosina Gooch Memorial.....	10,000.00
Jeannie B. Trull Legacy.....	32,883.24
Elizabeth B. Perkins Legacy.....	152,970.44
Frances Kendall Ross Legacy.....	17,100.00
Elizabeth Sherman Lindsay Memorial.....	5,000.00
Total Endowment	\$762,787.02
 RESERVE ACCOUNT:	
Mrs. Louise D. Crane.....	\$ 4,000.00
Mrs. Frederic Moseley Sackett.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Eliza A. Browne.....	16,000.00
M. T. M. Hanrahan Fund.....	5,000.00
A. N. Spanel.....	10,000.00
Total	45,000.00
Total	\$807,787.02

*Income added to principal.

REVENUE RECEIPTS
Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid
May 1, 1954 to April 30, 1955

SUMMARY	Contributions	Benefits and Bargain Box	Totals
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Fund	\$ 3,820.00		\$ 3,820.00
Baltimore Committee	1,086.00		1,086.00
Boston Committee	5,185.00	\$ 1,010.55	6,195.55
Chicago Committee	6,933.37		6,933.37
Cincinnati Committee	6,125.95		6,125.95
Cleveland Committee	8,232.70		8,232.70
Daughters of Colonial Wars.....	2,004.75		2,004.75
Detroit Committee	17,119.33		17,119.33
Hartford Committee	1,384.00		1,384.00
Kentucky:*			
Blue Grass Committee.....	9,396.50		9,396.50
Louisville Committee	7,004.00		7,004.00
Miscellaneous Kentucky	1,028.60		1,028.60
Minneapolis Committee	2,049.50		2,049.50
New York Committee.....	20,010.52	4,750.00	24,760.52
Philadelphia Committee	4,190.00	950.00	5,140.00
Pittsburgh Committee	10,450.82		10,450.82
Princeton Committee	2,339.00		2,339.00
Providence Committee	1,360.85		1,360.85
Riverdale Committee	1,225.00		1,225.00
Rochester Committee	1,863.67		1,863.67
Washington, D. C. Committee....	7,337.73		7,337.73
Miscellaneous	5,909.47		5,909.47
Totals	<u>\$126,056.76</u>	<u>\$ 6,710.55</u>	<u>\$132,767.31</u>
*Total for Kentucky \$17,429.10.			
OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS			
Fees for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery		\$ 6,060.00	
Payments from Patients:			
Income from Nursing			
Centers	\$ 9,071.88		
Medical and Surgical Fees..	6,007.05		
Hyden Hospital Fees.....	12,206.45		
Hyden Hospital Clinic			
Supplies	<u>4,147.01</u>	31,432.39	
Royalties 5-1-54 through 12-31-54 on Book			
<i>Wide Neighborhoods</i>		157.02	
Wendover Post Office.....		3,342.65	
Investment Income		44,924.73	
Sales of Books and Post Cards....		77.28	
Miscellaneous Refunds		<u>50.00</u>	<u>\$ 86,044.07</u>
Total All Revenue Receipts..			<u>\$218,811.38</u>
Add, Receipts in Kind:			
Ranch Wagon		\$ 2,389.07	
Motion Picture Equipment..		455.00	
Television Set		<u>179.95</u>	
Total Receipts in Kind.....			<u>\$ 3,024.02</u>
Total All Receipts.....			<u>\$221,835.40</u>

LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

I. FIELD EXPENSE:

(Hyden Hospital, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Wendover, and Six Nursing Centers)

	1954-1955	1955-1956
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 70,080.30	\$ 72,000.00
2. Medical Director and Vacation Relief (Note 1).....	5,440.04	6,500.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 2).....	15,138.61	15,000.00
4. Running Costs (food minus board of residents; cows, fuel, electricity, laundry, freight, haulage, et cetera).....	36,276.05	36,000.00
5. Feed and Care of 22 Horses and Mules (Note 3).....	9,155.46	9,000.00
6. Jeeps (15), Truck, Station Wagon Ambulance	6,330.12	6,500.00
7. Maintenance of Properties.....	16,793.97	17,930.00
Total Field Expense.....	\$159,214.55	\$162,930.00
II. ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSE:		
1. Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, postage, printing, telephone, telegraph, et cetera.....	\$ 25,236.32	\$ 25,000.00
III. SOCIAL SECURITY TAX.....	\$ 2,175.55	\$ 2,200.00
IV. SOCIAL SERVICE	\$ 7,771.23	\$ 8,000.00
V. GENERAL EXPENSE:		
1. Insurance (Fire — \$296,000.00 coverage, Employer's Liability, full coverage on truck, 15 jeeps, and station wagon).....	\$ 5,241.03	\$ 5,500.00
2. Interest	270.00	270.00
3. Quarterly Bulletins (covered by subscriptions)	3,919.30	4,000.00
4. Statistics	2,100.00	2,100.00
5. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors and Nurses for study and observation, professional books and magazines.....	797.19	800.00
6. Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses beyond the mountains.....	1,729.00	1,200.00
Total General Expense.....	\$ 14,056.52	\$ 13,870.00
Total Expense	\$208,454.17	\$212,000.00

Note 1: Approximately 1/4 of his time spent on districts.

Note 2: Approximately 1/3 of supplies relayed to districts.

Note 3: Four animals belong to FNS employees, who must ride to work.

NEW LAND AND BUILDINGS, MOTOR VEHICLES,
EQUIPMENT, AND LIVESTOCK.....

\$7,764.21

LAND, BUILDINGS, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

INVENTORY

Our auditors set a value of \$364,885.17 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and the frame Annex, a Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, a gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cottage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; The Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; three water tanks; two employees' cottages; and out-buildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forge, pump house, fire hose houses and the Wee Stone House.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Big House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"); the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and the Lower Shelf; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the cow barn, horse hospital barn, mule barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, pump house, jeep shed, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

Georgia Wright Clearing

A caretaker's cottage and barn, extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade; two wells.

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Frame building and oak barn; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Clara Ford Nursing Center

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

Log building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center

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

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

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

Frame building and oak barn; jeep shed; fire hose house; walled-in spring; water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Subsidiary Clinics

Six small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek, and Sizerock on Upper Bullskin.

Livestock

Seventeen horses; one mule; one registered Brown Swiss bull; eleven cows; two heifers; one calf; registered Hampshire brood sow, and four piglets; over two hundred chickens.

Equipment

Equipment includes: fifteen jeeps; one Ford station wagon-ambulance; one three-quarter ton truck; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishings in twenty-seven dwellings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile-area.

II. REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept in this department on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service secretary maintained by the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund.

1. MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

Our Medical Director during the whole of the past fiscal year has been Dr. Frances L. Zoekler, who did not leave us for Iran until the first of June. Doctor Zoekler, the daughter of medical missionaries in Iran where she was born and brought up, had been admirably prepared in this country for her future work as a medical missionary. This meant that she was able to handle our complicated midwifery cases and our emergency surgery, as well as medical patients.

In October Dr. Francis Massie, with his fine staff, came up from Lexington for the general surgical clinic they have donated to us over a long period of time. Doctor Massie was not able to return for his April clinic, and Dr. J. B. Holloway took his place. Through these clinics a number of our more difficult surgical problems are taken care of twice a year, and our gratitude to these surgeons, and the two nurses they bring with them as anesthetist and assistant, is unbounded.

Our gratitude is given anew this year to other physicians and surgeons in Lexington, in Hazard, in Louisville, in Cincinnati, who gave courtesy care to patients and members of our staff. Dr. H. C. Reineke of Cincinnati read, without charge, the x-ray pictures mailed to him by our Medical Director. The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati gave their wonderful care to all the children we sent them. The Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission and the Kentucky Cancer Clinic gave free care to the patients referred to them.

For all these courtesies we extend heartfelt thanks. Our special thanks go out to the Kentucky State Department of Health for the kindness and cooperation of its Commissioner, of the Directors of its Divisions, and particularly the Director of Maternal and Child Health, Dr. L. R. Mezera.

2.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Hyden Hospital—with 25 beds and 12 bassinets—was occupied 7,278 days last year by 1,094 patients with a daily average of 20 patients at a cost per patient day of \$8.99. Of the 1,094 patients cared for at the Hospital during the fiscal year, 171 were sick adults, 470 were obstetrical patients, 136 were children, and 317 were newborn. There were 13 deaths in the Hospital, of which 11 were new born. There were no maternal deaths. There were 92 operations performed. At the Medical Directors' clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital, there was a total of 7,787 visits received during the past fiscal year.

3.

DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 10,315 people in 2,337 families. Of these, 5,045 were children, including 2,501 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 30,877 visits and received 20,632 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 491 sick people of whom 5 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 5,326 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and 3,593 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives along with their district nursing. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

4.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) attended 523 women in childbirth and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 523 women, 14 were delivered by our Medical Director and our consultants. There

were 516 live birth and 6 stillbirths; 6 deliveries of twins; 333 new cases admitted; 582 closed after postpartum care; 6 miscarriages. There were no maternal deaths.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 45 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 22 live births (including 1 delivery of twins), 1 stillbirth, and 24 emergency miscarriages (19 early, 5 late). Postpartum care was given to 14 other unregistered mothers. There was no maternal death.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 271 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these, 35 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into one of our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 36 such patients of 36 live babies, in their homes, with no maternal deaths.

5.

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has two classes annually, each of six months' duration, which start on October 15th and April 15th. During the past year 12 registered nurses were graduated from the School. The thirtieth class since the School opened in 1939 is now in attendance. When its work is completed on October 15th, the School will have sent 151 nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to render service all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, and Alaska, the Philippines, Japan, India, Thailand, Southern Korea, Canada, France, the Middle East, and in parts of Africa and South America.

6.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 119 overnight guests who stayed 300 days. In addition Wendover

entertained for meals 145 guests for 222 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 71 days, and day guests for 189 meals.

Guests of the Service during the past year have included not only Americans, but people from Europe and from the following countries in Asia,—India, the Philippines, Indonesia, Indo-China.

7.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Seventeen couriers, and ten other volunteers worked for the Service a total of 1,036 days. During the time the volunteers were with the Service, they lived at Wendover, Hyden and the outpost Centers.

8.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund and Other Grants)

During the past fiscal year the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service has given financial aid to 142 families or individuals as follows:

Provided monthly allowance to one person.

Provided monthly pension to one person.

Administered an Idiot's Claim for two persons.

Gave grocery orders to 47 families—a total of 143 orders.

Provided starlac for 4 families.

Provided seed potatoes and garden seeds for 21 families.

Aided 5 burned-out families.

Bought cow feed and fertilizer for 1 family.

Bought 3 bus tickets for patients.

Bought shoes and clothing for 4 families.

Paid school fees for 11 children.

Made loans to 6 patients.

Bought glasses for 19 people. (New Eyes for the Needy)

Paid dental bills for 2 patients.

Bought coal for 3 families.

Paid Lexington Hospital bills for 5 patients.

Paid Hazard Hospital bill for 1 patient.

Provided canning jars for 2 families.

Provided roofing material for house for 1 family.

Paid clinic bills for 2 families.

Many patients have been transported to and from the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital and outpost centers. In addition there were:

10 trips to Hazard—24 children and adults for eye examinations, 3 patients to Hazard Clinic, and one patient to Hazard Hospital.

1 trip to a Kentucky Crippled Children's Clinic in Manchester with 11 patients.

31 trips to Lexington with 39 patients—8 patients to Lexington hospitals, 6 patients to Lexington clinics, 14 patients to the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission, and 11 patients to doctors in Lexington.

13 trips to Cincinnati Children's Hospital with 11 patients.

1 trip to Danville with 1 patient to Mental Hygiene clinic.

2 trips to Danville with 2 patients to State Hospital.

2 trips to London with 3 patients to the Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

1 trip to Harlan with 1 patient for an eye examination.

General services and aid have been given other families and individuals such as:

Distributed hundreds of articles of clothing, shoes, books, etc. to needy families and local schools.

Supervised 2 college students doing field work in the Social Service Department.

Aided the Christmas Secretary in distributing clothing and toys, and in arranging Christmas parties.

Services and time given in a number of other cases of a miscellaneous nature, and in coöperation with the County Welfare and Health Departments, the local Red Cross Chapters, the county judges, the county child welfare and vocational representatives, and the Frontier Nursing Service medical director, district nurse-midwives, and hospital staff.

9.

CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, and clothing to those that

needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous response of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

III. THIRTY YEAR TOTAL

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole thirty-year period of work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	45,035
Babies and toddlers.....	18,657
School children.....	8,436
Total Children.....	27,093
Adults	18,942
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	10,449
(Maternal deaths, 11)	
Inoculations	193,916
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	15,962
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	137,934

* For 25 years and 6 months. The FNS Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

CONCLUSION

In May of 1955, after the close of our last fiscal year, the Frontier Nursing Service celebrated its thirtieth birthday. In honor of this event we got out a slim booklet, called *Thirty Years Onward*, illustrated with thirty pictures, that tells the story of our beginnings and describes our work as it is today. All of our subscribers should see this booklet, and we delight in sending copies to those who write Wendover for it.

This report, except for the thirty-year totals, concerns itself only with our past year of operations and of accountability. In submitting it to you—our trustees, committee members, and subscribers—we want to call your attention to three facts of special significance.

1. We have again kept our expenses within our income.
2. Less than 1% of these expenses has been spent on promotion.
3. Our cost per patient day at Hyden Hospital has dropped from \$10.67 to \$8.99.

This drop is due to an increase this fiscal year of more than a thousand patient days of occupation over those of last year.

Overhead costs, such as insurance, well water and sewage disposal, cows, electricity, repairs, medical director, staff of registered nurses, employees—these overhead costs are, therefore, prorated among many more days of occupancy, thus reducing the cost per patient day.

There are two reasons why we have been able to keep our expenses within our income. The first is the responses we get to our list of Urgent Needs printed annually in our Spring Bulletin. The costs of maintenance of our scattered rural properties, and of our rural transport, would be prohibitive but for the special gifts made each year to cover our most urgent needs. And yet, without these properties and without this transport, we could not live and work at all.

A second reason is that our entire staff work on a part-time volunteer basis. Practically all of them could double their salaries elsewhere. Even those who stay only two or three years with us have given that much of their buoyant young lives as part-time volunteers.

All of this brings us to the things with which we conclude our report each year. We are grateful to our staff and to our employees for yet another year of devoted service; to our more than 4,000 subscribers for yet another year of loyal support; to our more than 10,000 patients for an understanding of their share in this national demonstration, and a coöperation with it, rarely equalled anywhere and never excelled.

MARION S. D. BELKNAP, Chairman
(Mrs. Morris B. Belknap)

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

A LETTER WE CHERISH

(Printed with the writer's permission)

Confluence, Kentucky
August 15, 1955

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

I have always thought a lot of the Frontier Nursing Service and have appreciated the help it has been to us people of this section, but this is a letter to try to express how deeply we appreciate it and to thank you and the Service.

I know you have heard of my husband's illness . . . Last November he was operated on . . . in Lexington. Since then he has been in the hospital there twice, once in January and again in May. No need to tell you of the expenses, but a couple of weeks ago he was very sick and I went to our Possum Bend center and called Miss Hewat. She was so kind and understanding, came and did what she could and came several times the next day. Then we decided to try to get him in the hospital at Hyden for a few days or until he got to feeling better.

We went to the hospital and Miss Lester was so kind and told us to bring him in of course. There was no doctor at the hospital so she immediately called our doctor at Harlan, who was Dr. Philip Begley, and also the surgeon at Lexington, Dr. Coleman Johnston, and they (the nurses) did everything the doctors told them to do.

Snowden stayed there for almost a week and he can not praise the hospital too much for the service and kindness given him while he was there. The nurses were so kind and did such a wonderful job of nursing and Miss Lester made his stay there pleasant with her visits and her concern about his welfare while there. He appreciated the fresh eggs you sent him while he was in the hospital too.

We are saddened by the thought that Miss Boyle and Miss Hewat will soon be leaving us and when I say we, I mean the entire district, not just our family. They are wonderful girls and their willingness to go and do has made many a burden lighter for us all. I know the nurses who come to take their places will be good, but I don't believe you will ever find any

better ones or ones whom the people of this district or center will like better or have more confidence in than they do these two.

Let me express again our many thanks to you and words can not express our appreciation for the wonderful work your nurses are doing and especially here at the Possum Bend center and at the hospital in Hyden.

I hope you are well and that the Lord will continue to bless your work.

Your friend,
NORA LEE HUFF
(Mrs. Snowden Huff)

LINES TO WENDOVER

I have not gone away; do please believe
The hills, which are my spirit, still are home;
Home, to my eyes and mind, which now receive
In retrospect so much. When I achieve
To any victory then, as they are,
I still am following their morning star,
Taught by the hills and by their reveries.

So, granted, I have failed in many places,
Still I can give most heartfelt thanks to you,
Who have provided me with strength anew,
To try, so honestly, so many races;
To learn, at last, I shall come back to you.

M. E. S. L.

MY ROUNDS ON CAMP

by

JANE FURNAS, R.N., C.M., B.S.
(Field Supervisor)

Dreams do come true! Ever since I became field supervisor I had dreamed of making the rounds of our six outpost nursing centers on horseback. Only so, I knew, would I see the horseback territory served by the district nurse-midwives. Visits to the centers themselves, now accessible by jeep, were not enough. Last autumn my dream came true.

Early one morning in September Camp, my favorite horse, and I left Wendover and traveled up river, followed by Rick, my big white Collie dog. It was a beautiful fall day. The mist was rising over the river; the sun was not yet over the tops of the hills. The butterfly weeds, the field daisies, the cardinal flowers, the spider-flowers, the milkweeds, the ironweeds, the jewelweeds, golden rod and the various wild asters combined in splendor on the hillsides and along the river to make us feel as though we were in fairyland. The birds, too, were outdoing themselves this morning—cardinals, bluebirds, chickadees, goldfinch, song sparrows, woodpeckers and others sent us on our way with a flutter of wings or a note of song. Camp was greeted by old Bess, the mule, who was out in the field of a neighbor.

We met the men and women—on horseback too—coming from Camp Creek on their way to work at Wendover. Then we rode on up the river and crossed the Middle Fork at the Tug Point ford. Everyone was stirring now, and as we went along, we often stopped to pass the time of day with the people along the way. We passed many children walking several miles (some of them) to get the school bus on the highway. They talked to me about my big white dog and my big black horse. All the children recognized the blue-gray uniform of the FNS and, though they might not know me personally, they knew I was one of the nurses.

We crossed the highway at Stinnett Creek for my rendezvous with one of the nurses from Beech Fork. Camp, Rick, and I turned off on Grassy Branch at a beautiful spot surrounded by huge boulders and towered over by beechnut and pine trees.

Here we rested until Ruth VanderMeulen arrived on her horse, Maudie, accompanied by her dog, Peter. Then we all started off together: two nurses, two horses, two dogs.

As we rode along, Ruth stopped at the houses to inquire about the children, to visit a woman with high blood pressure, to get papers signed for surgery for a baby with harelip, to see the little boy who had been kicked by a mule and was now home from the hospital and doing fine. We passed two schools. At one school, the teacher had 46 pupils including some from almost all of the first eight grades. One would think the poor man would have felt beaten to start with, but he was quite cheerful and was doing a good job against heavy odds. We discussed ways the nurses might help these school teachers. They were planning to take up some books and supplies that had been sent the FNS by its friends beyond the mountains. We passed the headwaters of Saltwell and Trace Branches and over to Ford Parker, then down to the Beech Fork nursing center (Jessie Preston Draper).

At the center, we washed down our horses and turned them into the pasture until feeding time. Georgia Hibberd, the other nurse at Beech Fork, greeted us with iced tea and cookies. As we sat on the screened-in porch and sipped our tea, we discussed various nursing problems pertaining to their patients. Of course, there are always a few record and charting problems to be discussed, too.

After tea, several patients came to clinic—one a little girl for her last DPT injection. She came late in the afternoon because her Daddy had to bring her after returning home from work. She had her dolly with her so the nurse had to give the dolly a "shot," too.

When the cowbell on the house rang again, I thought we had another patient. But it was the nurse's cat who climbs up on the porch banister and rings the bell when it is time to be fed.

We finished our dinner rather late, so we were all inclined to go to bed early. As Ruth and I had been riding all day, Georgia offered us the hot water. The water is heated by pipes going through the coal range, the storage tank being behind the range. There is enough for two persons to have warm baths after the range has been hot during the preparation of dinner.

We had a good night's sleep—no midwifery calls. After

breakfast the next morning Ruth and I started up Bad Creek, she riding with me to the end of her district. We stopped to do a dressing on a man's hand and, before we left, Ruth was given a large poke of shuckey beans to take home. Further up the creek we stopped to watch a couple of men "foddering." They were stripping off the leaves from the stalk and placing them in bundles between the stalks. The corn itself was left on the stalk. I had never seen it done this way and was intrigued by it. At the next place, we stopped to visit a prenatal patient. Before we left, she proudly showed us her canning which she had completed for the coming winter—beans, sauerkraut, pickles, tomatoes, apples, beets, and berries.

As we were riding along, it started to pour down rain, but we were prepared with our raincoats and hats. It was really enjoyable riding in the rain. We rode on past the Bowen's Creek school and there, where the road divides, Ruth went toward Essie and I on down Bowen's Creek. Camp and Bobbin were most unhappy at parting. But Camp stopped neighing as we neared Red Bird River and the Flat Creek nursing center (Caroline Butler Atwood).

I had never ridden this route before, and several times I had doubts about which direction to take, but Camp seemed to know where we were going. As we neared the Flat Creek center, he got excited and wanted to go faster. It was obvious that he had been there before. Prince Charlie, the horse, greeted us first; then Blondie, the dog, ran out to meet us. I spent two interesting days with Joy Broomfield, visiting her Flat Creek patients and going over her current problems with her. I had a wonderful time talking with one family where we visited a postpartum and a bonny new baby. I had never met this family. But I had delivered six babies to near relatives of theirs, so we had much in common.

The day when Camp, Rick and I started for the Red Bird nursing center (Clara Ford), Joy accompanied us on Prince Charlie. It is a beautiful ride along Red Bird River, past the mouths of Little Creek, Elisha's Creek, Gilbert's Creek, Sugar Creek and others that flow into this river. I had just gotten established at Red Bird when Brownie called me on the Forest Rangers' phone to say that there was an emergency at Hyden

Hospital. Would I please come and help? Ninalei Bader, one of the Red Bird nurses, took me in her jeep toward Hyden and Brownie met us half-way. Brownie and I both went to the Hospital to help.

I did get to finish my horseback rounds on Camp the next week, however. Nina and I rode down Red Bird River to her Jack's Creek clinic. On the way, I stopped at a "stir off." I had never before seen anyone making molasses from sorghum cane, and I was fascinated. At Jack's Creek clinic, Nina had four prenatal patients and several sick children to see, and some annual typhoid injections to give. Then we went across the creek and had a delicious dinner with one of our families, where Nina had recently caught a baby. Then we rode on up Jack's Creek and across the mountain at the Flat Woods and then on down to Bullskin Creek. I spent several days with Bridie Gallagher at Brutus (Belle Barrett Hughitt Center). Then Bridie rode with me up Panco Creek and over the gap to Leatherwood Creek. In fact, she went with me all the way to the Bowlingtown nursing center (Margaret Durbin Harper) on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, some 40 river miles below Wendover, and in another county.

With Olive Bunce I stayed several days and visited many families. Then Olive rode across Shoal Mountain with me and down Wilder Creek to the Possum Bend nursing center (Frances Bolton) at Confluence. Camp and I spent some time with the Possum Bend nurses, Betty Ann Bradbury and Nancy Boyle. When we had to tear ourselves away, we faced our only stretch of real highway during the 80 miles of rounds we had made together. But Camp is so marvelous a horse that he ignored the trucks and cars when they whizzed by him. Safely back at Wendover he received all the Tender, Loving Care, he so richly deserved. He had taken a part in my Dream that came true.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

by

LENA GRAY

(Quarterly Bulletin Secretary)

We read about and hear about races against the Stork, but one never really expects it to happen to oneself. It happened to me!

Lucile Hodges and I had gone over from Wendover to Hyden Hospital to spend the night. Soon after the evening meal Lucile went to her room to read but Betty Lester, the hospital superintendent, and I lingered on in the living room at Haggin Quarters to enjoy, we hoped, an evening of quiet conversation. One of the things sure to be touched on was our gratitude to the Hazard doctors—bless them—and to Mount Mary Hospital, for taking care of our surgical and our complicated obstetrical patients while we were without a medical director.

About eight-thirty Margaret ("Hobby") Hobson, the midwifery supervisor, came in to see Betty about one of the patients who, I gathered from the conversation, was to be delivered within a few days of her expected baby by Caesarean section. Hobby seemed to think the patient was about to go into labor, but decided to wait thirty minutes and report back to Betty. In less than thirty minutes she was back to report she thought the patient should go at once to Mount Mary Hospital in Hazard, where Dr. Boggs was to perform the operation.

Betty called Dr. Boggs and he advised her to rush the patient over immediately. This brought up the question of transportation. The station wagon ambulance was not available, Betty could not leave our Hospital, so I calmly offered to take the patient and Hobby in my car, a three-passenger coupe.

Everything was quickly made ready, the patient, Hobby and the ever-ready saddlebags were loaded into my car, and at nine-twenty we left Hyden Hospital for the twenty-five mile drive over a winding, hard surface but somewhat narrow mountain road.

I drove very slowly and carefully down Thousandsticks mountain, through the now almost asleep town of Hyden, being very thoughtful of the comfort of the patient, and thinking there was plenty of time and no need to rush.

We had driven only a few miles when I remarked to Hobby,

more or less jokingly, that I would not drive very fast unless it became necessary. Hobby replied: "I hope this will not develop into an emergency. I am keeping my fingers crossed." Her reply shattered my calmness and I awoke to the fact there was need for haste! I forgot all about the comfort of the patient, cautious driving, and concentrated on speed! I paid no further attention to 35 MHP signs, but went around curves with tires screaming and through small settlements, making fifty and more!

When we were within nine miles of Hazard the patient told Hobby she felt something, she didn't know what! Since she was sitting very close to me, I knew! I felt myself and the patient getting all wet! This fact did not tend to slacken my speed! Hobby asked her how she was feeling. She replied that she had had three very hard pains but was easier. I just knew the next one would not be a pain but the baby! And all this time the patient had not uttered so much as a small groan! Her bravery and endurance were beyond my comprehension.

As we drove into Hazard, of all things to happen, the street was almost blocked by a stalled or wrecked car that a wrecker was trying to get out of the way of traffic. Fortunately for us a Highway Patrolman was there directing traffic, so I slowed down sufficiently to ask him the nearest route to Mount Mary Hospital. He ran along beside the car giving directions. Red lights meant nothing to us, and much to our relief traffic gave way to us.

I had scarcely stopped the car before Hobby was out and rushing into the hospital for a stretcher. The patient made a move as if to follow, but I gently pulled her back, put her head on my shoulder, told her not to push or struggle but to relax! To my astonishment she obeyed and relaxed as completely as her own baby might do! By this time Hobby was back with two colored orderlies. They placed the patient on a stretcher and wheeled her into the hospital.

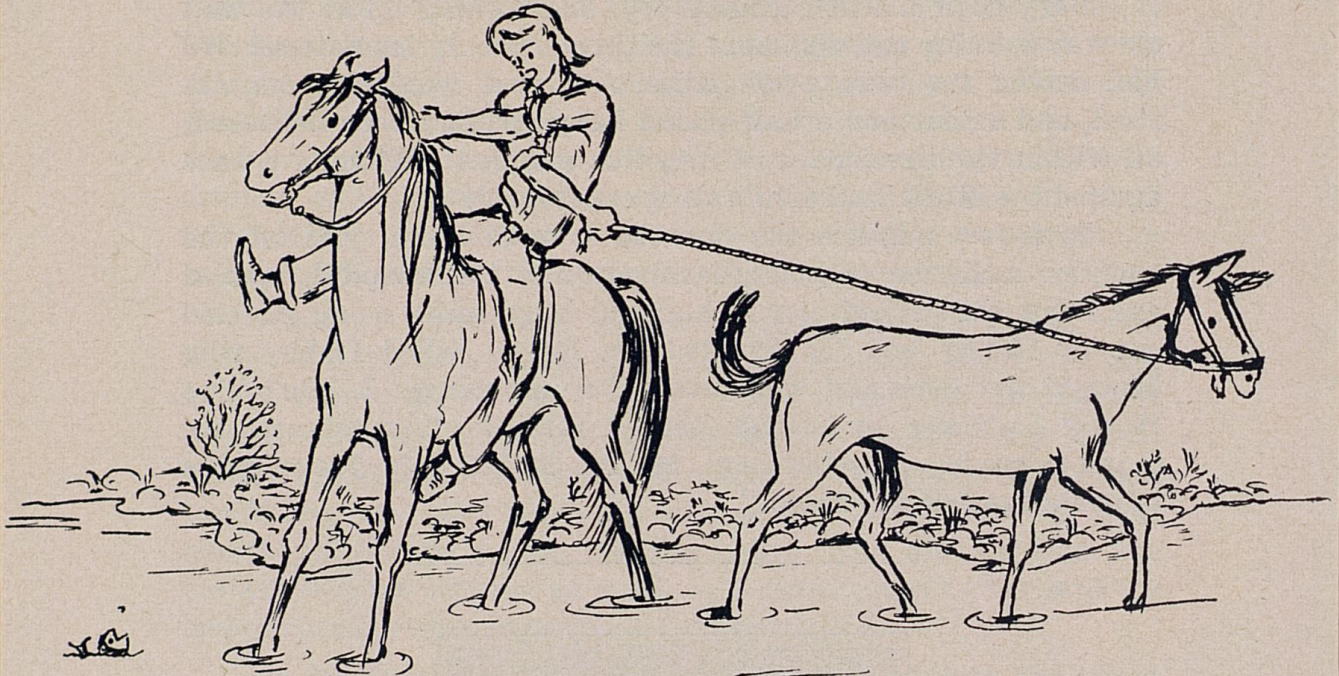
I hurriedly parked my car, dashed into the hospital, but neither Hobby nor the patient was to be seen! I felt, I think, somewhat as an expectant father must feel, and must have been acting very much like one! I am sure I was walking the floor, wringing my hands helplessly, when one of the colored orderlies walked over and handed me a bottled coca cola saying: "Here, lady, don't you want a drink?"

Very soon I heard a lusty cry, and looking up at the wall clock saw to my astonishment the time was only ten-fifteen! We had driven the twenty-five miles over that winding mountain road, and a four and a half pound baby girl had been delivered, all within the time-space of fifty-five minutes! Winning a race against the Stork is an exhilarating experience!

In a few minutes the door to a small room, just off the corridor near the ambulance entrance to the hospital, opened and I saw the patient, her face all one huge smile, being wheeled out by Hobby and Dr. Boggs. Dr. Boggs asked Hobby who brought her over and who drove the ambulance. I didn't give Hobby a chance to answer him. I replied: "Ambulance! we didn't come in an ambulance! My car lacked only five minutes of being the delivery room!"



LOUISE ELLIS—COURIER OF 1968
Daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Graham Ellis
(Old Courier—Pamela Dunn)



A COURIER AT WORK

Drawing by Sue MacIntosh

A DOG'S PRAYER FOR HIS MASTER

Oh Lord of humans, make my master faithful to his fellow-men as I am to him. Grant that he may be devoted to his friends and family as I am to him. May he be openfaced and undeceptive as I am; may he be true to trust reposed in him as I am to his.

Give him a face cheerful like unto my wagging tail; give him a spirit of gratitude like unto my licking tongue. Fill him with patience like unto mine that awaits his footsteps uncomplainingly for hours; fill him with my watchfulness, my courage and my readiness to sacrifice comfort or life.

Keep him always young in heart and crowded with the spirit of play even as I. Make him as good a man as I am a dog; make him worthy of me, his dog.

—Written by Captain Will Judy
Editor of *Dog World*

Kentucky Happy Hunting Ground, July, 1955

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Sophia Lewis, Lake Forest, Illinois—May 24, 1955

Last Saturday I heard from the Experiment in International living that I had been accepted.

I am going to the British Isles and will spend a month with a family and then a month traveling around on a bicycle. I will be going over on a boat from either New York or Montreal.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Richard Harrison Ragle (Barbara Barnes),
Belmont, Massachusetts—May 31, 1955**

How often I think of you and the very happy months I spent at Wendover. We have planned so many times to return for a visit, but each time something comes up.

Now the family is growing so, that soon we will have to limit our traveling! Our third daughter has just arrived, not named yet but a big, fat, and placid red-head! Wendy is 4½ now, and Hilary 3. It looks as though we were heading for an all-girl family and I hope they'll all want to go to the FNS!

After our return from Norway, Dick started working for a government research bureau called Snow, Ice, and Permafrost Research Est. He spends his summers on the Greenland Ice Cap and is currently away on a five-month expedition. The winter labs are now in Wilmette, Illinois so we have a small house there, Northwest of Chicago. Soon they plan to move to Hanover, New Hampshire, for their permanent headquarters, which is ideal for us. In the meantime, the children and I come East for the summers, to be partly around Boston and partly at my parents' summer place in Maine.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson),
Zurich, Switzerland—June 2, 1955**

This is a long way from my home in Virginia. I really haven't stopped to take a deep breath since leaving my poor husband at home to cope with the five small Neels, while I get

seven lovely weeks' vacation and education. Mother came from California to do it with me, and we are really having a good time.

We will go down the Rhine next to Amsterdam and fly to London for twelve days, returning to the U. S. A. on a lovely steamer, "The Neiun Amsterdam."

This is my first time in Europe and I am full of wonderful first impressions. I love these Swiss people and everything here is so clean and efficient.

. . . .

From Mrs. W. H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),

Ames, Iowa—July 26, 1955

We are all well and planning to leave next week on a camping trip to Colorado and Wyoming. Our oldest boy has a job in the Chemistry Department at college as a "lab assistant"—he likes it so well that he won't go with us but is going to keep house alone for three weeks. Our second boy has been working in the cornfields since June 1 and is going on a trip with the Scouts in August. So we'll have just the two younger children and the dog with us.

I have worked twenty hours a week on the surgical floor of our hospital for two years now—with a leave of absence each summer. It's a perfect arrangement for a mother, and I love it.

. . . .

From Lorna Hayden, Port-au-Prince, Haiti—August 4, 1955

Haiti is simply gorgeous. I have never seen anything like the coral reef and tropical fish here, which we investigated with mask and snorkel this morning. The whole trip so far has been a completely different world from Kentucky.

The trip to New York (to Lexington anyway) was ghastly. The bus broke down at Sandy Gap and I missed the one in Richmond and got to Lexington just in time to catch the George Washington—a hot run to the station with duffle and suitcase.

The mules here would be put to shame by Tenacity—they're tiny! As for the women, I don't see how they carry the loads they do on their heads. When a man marries he no longer carries anything; so you can spot the bachelors a mile away.

**From Anne T. (Nano) Eristoff and Justine (Dusty) Pruyn,
In Mexico—August 17, 1955**

We're taking a month's trip through Mexico and we thought of the FNS as we drove through hilly country. We would love to stop by on our way to see you all again, but I'm afraid it's impossible. Mexico is wonderful—very colorful and cool. Few horses and loads of burros.

Hope all is going well with you. Mrs. Eristoff sends her best love to Mrs. Breckinridge and please give our best to everyone including livestock.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Susie Hays Todd and her husband, Burt, returned last October from their "Honeymoon in Shangri-la"—the remote Ha Valley in Bhutan. The June 28 issue of *Look Magazine* carried a fascinating account of their experiences. Susie was the first American woman to enter this principality in the Himalayas, NE of India. The Todds are now working on their book *Land of the Thunder Dragon*, the story of the remote Kingdom of Bhutan.

WEDDINGS

Miss Mary Adeline (Lila) Caner of Boston, Massachusetts and Dr. Robert David Mehlman on June 12, 1955 in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts.

Miss Marianna (Muffin) Hilliard Mead of Dayton, Ohio and Mr. Frank O'Brien, Jr. of Andover, Massachusetts on June 18, 1955 in Dayton. Mr. O'Brien is a master at Groton school, Groton, Massachusetts, where they will make their home.

Miss Julianne (Jolly) Cunningham of Hartford, Connecticut and Mr. Charles Steffens, Jr. on June 18, 1955, in Millbrook, New York.

Miss Selby Newell Brown of Rochester, New York, and Mr. Peter Richard Ehrlich of New York City and Brookline, Massachusetts on June 25, 1955 in Rochester. They are now at home in New York City, where Mr. Ehrlich is with a brokerage firm.

Miss Edith Paine Hall (Edie) of Boston, Massachusetts and Mr. Homer Roy Overly, Jr. on July 29, 1955, in Boston. These young people left immediately after the wedding for five weeks in Europe and were planning to "take in" the Dublin Horse Show in Ireland on the way.

Miss Martha Mount Nicely of New York and Mr. Hans Sigg of Switzerland, on July 30, 1955 in Bedford Centre, New York. After October 1, 1955 they will be at home in Zürich, Switzerland where Mr. Sigg will be in engineering work and Martha will be working in the Physiology Department of the University.

Six luckier young men in the choice of their brides would be hard to find. We wish for all of these young people the best of luck and every happiness.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The Greenwood Tree (Mill Valley, California) is pleased to announce the arrival of a Junior Partner, Samuel Bowditch Newsom, at the Marin General Hospital on July 23, 1955, 1:30 a.m. He has all the endearing traits of a young gentleman—red hair, pug nose, flat ears, big hands and feet. He weighs 7 pounds 11 ounces, and is 20 inches tall or long, depending on his position. It is hoped he will soon take over the business and let his parents and sister go on a vacation. They could use it.

Signed: Sam'l, Sylvia, and Chipps
(Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Newsom and
Sylvia Church Newsom)

MAGNIFIQUE!

A French undersecretary was invited to the silver wedding anniversary of a distinguished English bishop. "Silver wedding?" he asked the bishop's nephew, "It is a ceremony which I do not understand."

"My uncle and aunt," was the reply, "have lived together for twenty-five long years without being separated a single day."

"Ah!" said the Frenchman. "And now he marry her? Magnifique!"

—Contributed

BEREA'S FIRST CENTURY 1855-1955

(Illustrated)

by

ELISABETH S. PECK

University of Kentucky Press—Price \$3.00

In 1855—a one-room slab school. In 1955—an institution known all around the world, whose many holdings include modern science laboratories and a vast acreage of forest and farm land. A century of change and growth, yes, and without losing the purpose or the spirit of its pioneer founders. There is nothing like it in Kentucky or anywhere else.

Ninety per cent of Berea's students still come from the Appalachian Mountain range. Hundreds and hundreds of them have gone out from Berea to become leaders, not only in Appalachia, but in the far corners of the globe. But with all of its academic maturity, Berea has kept its Foundation School, where the young person who has had no early opportunities can start from scratch and move on up to the top, if he has the capacity to do so. This bit about the boy who turned up in 1911, without even a knowledge of his letters, could almost happen today.

"But I've learned to ride and shoot and shoe horses," he said, "and I allow I can get book learnin' too."

He did. He raced through five grades within half a year. Ultimately he entered the College Department.

To this reviewer, there is no part of Mrs. Peck's book more moving than the description of a ride Mrs. Frost made in the summer of 1914 through Owsley, Clay and Leslie counties. So far-reaching was Berea's influence even then—over 40 years ago—that during her three weeks in Owsley County, she stayed in the homes of Berea students each single night.

Those who know about Berea at all know that no department of the institution, from the Foundation School to the College, charges a tuition fee. The labor of the students pays in large part for their expenses of room, board, laundry. There are now sixty-three organized departments of labor on the payroll schedule. Such a system can only be made profitable, and therefore possible, by a period of apprenticeship for each student in his or her department of labor, and a rising pay scale for the

student who becomes competent in his field of work. Every year, before commencement, the labor department of the college puts on its own celebration—a joyous procession of girls and boys, in work costumes, suggestive of the festivities of the medieval guilds.

A brief review of this book cannot begin to convey its interest, nor can it convey adequately, the Berea spirit. This has carried the principles of its founders for 100 years, “. . . the principles of love in religion, and liberty and justice in government.”

M. B.

PEOPLE WE NEED

Statistician

We need **NOW** someone to fill the post of statistician, vacant since Kay MacMillian (Mrs. West) had to let go in June. The post requires one who has an aptitude for figures and likes working with them; and one who is neat, systematic and accurate in her tabulations. Please—each of you—keep your eyes and ears open, and put anyone interested in touch with us. Until we find someone, our assistant director and our field supervisor are having to carry the record department in addition to their regular work.

Secretaries

We need another good secretary-stenographer, and a clerical assistant and typist. Please steer them in our direction.

Couriers

Just to remind you! Girls who go to college, and can only come to us during the summer months, must apply at least a year in advance. So many girls go to college nowadays that we have a long waiting list of summer applicants. However, we can take girls who meet our requirements, in the fall, winter, and spring—almost at the drop of a hat. We have vacancies now from November 1, 1955 through June 15, 1956.

MAIL ORDER BABY

Throughout the ages babies have arrived in many ways—some modes of arrival have, indeed, been most incredulous and fantastic to the unimagined adult mind. But to the young inquisitive minds of the tots of the family these ways seem logical and sensible. If there are any confused young minds around here, because babies come in the nurses' saddlebags, or are bought at Hyden Hospital, I have yet to meet them.

I learned just recently of a new and rather delightful way for a new baby to appear on the scene. After registering a faithful and dear friend of the FNS for her seventh pregnancy (she has six husky youngsters—all "with the nurses") I asked Laura if she liked to read. When she assured me that she did, I presented her with a pamphlet on "Infant Care" equipped with many nice pictures of babies at all stages of development.

When I went to visit Laura the next week for a prenatal examination, I found her sitting on the bed with her children (aged 2, 4, 5, and 7—the other two not yet home from school) gathered around her, eagerly looking at "the book from the nurses."

"They've picked this here one," said Laura, showing me a picture of a pink, fat, happy baby. "They love hit," she said, smiling. "The young'uns wants me to order this 'un for them."

Every child in the mountains knows what a mail order catalogue is, and so here was Laura's way of satisfying the questions of hers. Pick out the baby you want, and send away for it. A sure way to get it. A lot of times the nurse brings her saddlebags, but no baby in them. When Laura's baby did arrive, it was near enough like the picture, so no one was disappointed. Laura winked at me as the children crowded around begging to hold it—their mail order baby!

—Betty Ann Bradbury

GEESE!

Mr. Saltina and Carolyn Blue Bonnet are two of Wendover's most fascinating residents. They are, I am sure, Mr. and Mrs., although she is addressed by her maiden name. If they are not duly wed, then they must be listed among the World's Greatest Lovers, if being inseparable is a sign of true love.

I have tried to become acquainted with them since the day I arrived, but Carolyn seems to yawn at my friendly overtures and Mr. S. looks positively belligerent when I approach him!

This evening as I walked to the Garden House after dinner Carolyn was standing in the door and Mr. Saltina on the other side of the barn. They were having quite a lively conversation and I wondered if something could be amiss, for as a rule they are waddling down the road together. But then, most couples have their off moments.

There is a story, quite authentic, that Mr. Saltina disappeared one night and Carolyn cried and "took on" at such a rate that she had to be confined to her quarters. At about ten o'clock the next morning they released her. The river was at tide, but that did not daunt the bereaved Carolyn. She started swimming upstream and whom did she spy coming round the bend but Mr. Saltina! He swam right past her (so I've been told) but she turned, as a dutiful spouse should, and followed him back to Wendover where they have lived contentedly from that day forward.

—Rebecca Brown

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Bridget Ristori Tothill in England—May 1955

My travels have been so interesting that I shall write them up for my annual bulletin. I spent Christmas with old friends in the Russian sector of Berlin. Then I did a two-weeks refresher course in London, after which I was very extravagant and flew to Trinidad for the opening, by Princess Margaret, of the new building at my old hospital. I have never been so spoiled in my life! It was so nice to see with what love Vincent (her husband) is recalled. I had a wonderful month. On my return I made two film strips on "Home Nursing." Since then I have been visiting in England and Scotland. I did so enjoy the FNS re-union and the week-end I spent with Kelly. On June 9, I go to Sweden for a month and then on to Norway for a visit before returning to South Africa. My best wishes to all I know.

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From Edna Metcalfe (Neddy) in Penang, Malaya—June 1955

Today is a big day—my ten Public Health Nurses write their first three-hour paper for the Royal Sanitary Institute. The paper is set by a committee in Malaya and corrected here, and then sent to London for approval. The successful girls get the R. S. I. Health Visitor's Certificate. It is all so new to Malaya that I do hope we shall not do too badly. Greetings to all those I know please.

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From Jane McQuate Brown in Assam, India—June 1955

The experience of changing one's name is a bit like that after the New Year, when one keeps writing the old. But the new one is so much better than the old, that I have become accustomed to it quickly. It occurred on March 23, when for the first time in its short history, the sounds of the bridal march burst forth from the First Baptist Church of Alipur. The church was decorated with bamboo, palms and flowers from the jungle—it looked so nice.

We have been in our new home for a month now, after

spending two lovely weeks on the coast, swimming in the surf before returning to the jungle and work. This is quite different from Alipur and hospital work. Although we are way off in the jungle, the only hours of peace and quiet are between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m., while 150 school children sleep. The work of the mission here is to supervise and advise the Boro Baptist Union. The medical work is incidental, but anywhere from 75 to 200 patients may appear at the dispensary in one day.

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From Ruth Vander Meulen in Holland, Michigan—June 1955

I have been working in the Holland City Hospital in the obstetrical department. There are only two more weeks before I leave for Africa. I fly from New York on June 29, we will have a few hours in London and then on to Amsterdam where I will be for three days before taking off again for Nigeria. I go directly to our mission station for language study under one of our teachers. My address for the next six months will be: Sudan Mission of the CRC, Wukari via Makurdi, N. Nigeria, British West Africa.

July 1955

I had a wonderful trip out here. The plane landed just 150 miles from the mission station and we did the rest of the trip by car. I have been busy learning the language. On this station there is a teacher, a nurse, and a minister and his family. There is much to be done in the field of maternity, and we hope to be able to teach the local midwives. We would never be able to deliver all the women ourselves, but there is much that can be done for the mothers.

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From Theresa McConnell Ferguson, Coventry, England

(After a visit in Switzerland)

—June 1955

Please tell Mrs. Breckinridge that Bex and the cantons of Vaud and Valais are as beautiful as ever, and the people just as kind and hospitable. My elder son went to Switzerland, along with other school children from Coventry who had been casualties of the bombing of this city. They were guests of the Swiss Red Cross and lived for three months with Swiss families. The

family with whom my boy stayed have been our friends ever since and we have exchanged visits regularly.

From Mary Ann Quarles in Plainfield, New Jersey—June 1955

The day after commencement six of us piled into my car and took off for New Orleans. There were four students, one other teacher and myself. Only one of us has ever been to New Orleans before, so we had a marvellous time. We spent hours walking around the French Quarter both day and night, and drank quantities of the good coffee and, of course, ate the doughnuts that went with it! After New Orleans we spent a few days in Jacksonville and Pensacola, Florida—then on home by way of Winchester, Virginia, Washington and Baltimore. I kept dropping my passengers off along the way, so by the time I got to Plainfield I was all alone. On Wednesday I drove down to Spring Lake to see Mrs. Breckinridge and Bobbie Hunt at the A O Pi Convention. I have a number of good friends among the A O Pi's and it always gives me a lot of pleasure to see them.

Columbia starts on July 5th, so after that I shall be trotting up to New York every day until August 12. I shall be attending two anthropology classes and I have some other work I want to do in the library there, so if I can discipline myself, I should get quite a lot done. Week-ends will be spent in the Poconos.

From Frances Fell in Manila, Philippine Islands—June 1955

After leaving Peru in December, I accepted another assignment in the Philippines and WHO made it possible for me to have three weeks of observation in the United Kingdom. My visits were arranged through the Ministry of Health and the Royal College of Midwives. I spent a period at the Mothers' Hospital, London and with Kelly at Watford; then I went to Edinburgh to visit the new Simpson Memorial.

My present assignment is concerned more with midwifery than the one I completed in Peru. This program was started by a nurse-midwife from England, and she did a wonderful job in the fifteen months she was here, introducing a refresher course for midwives for rural supervisors. The course includes

preparation for the teaching of the granny midwives who deliver about 80% of the rural mothers.

There is one large government school of midwifery in Manila which gives an eighteen months course. There are 255 students in the school now, and the bed capacity for patients is 400. Babies are two in a cot and the mothers are in bed in the corridors. However, I think the care is good and the woman doctor in charge of the hospital and the nurse director of the school have accomplished a great deal on a limited budget. The pre-natal clinics are crowded.

Manila is very warm, but the people are very energetic in spite of the heat, and they look so fresh all the time. The WHO Regional Office has a mixed group—ten different nationalities. I will soon be the only one from the USA, after Miss Hill is transferred to Geneva. Her successor is from New Zealand; the MCH doctor is from Australia, and the director of this office is Chinese as are several of the other doctors.

Manila has been rebuilt since the liberation. There are still boats sitting in the harbor since the war—each has a sad history. The old Spanish town was destroyed—the wall and a few ruined churches remain standing. Much city planning needs to be done. The nurses wear their national dress in the afternoon and evening and look beautiful. As usual I am interested in getting together some reference material regarding the U. S. midwifery schools, and I shall appreciate getting a prospectus of the FNS school. I have to create some interest in better preparation for the nurse-midwife. Please give my kindest regards to those I know.

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From Gloria Fuchs Becker in Baguio City, P. I.—August 1955

The trip to Manila on the freighter S. S. Oregon was really nice. We sailed from Seattle with 12 passengers as far as Yokohama, and then only two of us to Manila. We were thoroughly spoiled and waited on hand and foot. I had a chance to do some sight-seeing in Japan and watched the rice planting. It was wonderful to arrive at Manila and to see Norb (her husband) waiting for me on the pier. We were married in the Grace Lutheran Chapel in Manila on July 19, and we are now in Baguio City until October when we expect to move further north where

we will be doing our mission work. I am enjoying keeping house and cooking. Please give my greetings to everyone in the good old FNS.

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From Maxine Thornton Selim in Ann Arbor, Michigan

—August 1955

For the past two years I have felt that I would be able to come to the meeting of nurse-midwives this fall. It is with regret that I send my regards to all for I shall not be able to attend.

On the second of July I was married at St. Mary's Student Chapel. My family and close friends from home were able to come. The faculty of the School of Public Health and the Engineering Institute, with our student friends were also present. I first knew my husband a year ago when he was a student taking his Master's in Engineering. At present he is research assistant at the University Institute. In January we will be going to his home in Iraq. Until then I shall be very busy trying to decide what to take with me and what to leave at home—a big job for me!!

I am always meeting someone at school who had been on the FNS staff or had been to observe the work. I can never tell you how grateful I am for my FNS experience—I have been each day, in some way. My regards to all.

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From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in Carinda,

New South Wales—August 1955

Since coming up here I have had time to get my second wind—and itchy feet again, with the result that now, instead of joining my boat for home in Sydney, I am going overland and join her at Perth on November 26. This means I will have time to visit friends in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide before leaving. I shall be home for Christmas.

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From Geraldine Chappell in Chikhli, India—August 1955

These are great days to be in India. Her people have so much to offer. Plans for a new dispensary have been drawn up, and we hope it will be built by the end of March. We have four such clinics now and we hope to have more in other villages

with a doctor supervising. We are trying to get everything into Indian hands as soon as possible. Our satisfaction comes from getting others to do the job, rather than doing it ourselves. I had another delivery and it was perfect in every way.

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From Jeanette Boersma in Muscat, Arabia—August 1955

I am indeed grateful for the midwifery training I received at FNS, and I have put it to good practice. We average about two hundred and fifty deliveries a year in our small hospital in Muscat. There are just two of us nurse-midwives doing the deliveries. The second one is an Indian who took her training in India about forty years ago. Most of our cases are normal ones and we use "natural childbirth" with occasionally the use of a mild sedative or demerol. We have a doctor living three miles away and we may call him if we have any difficulty. Most of our patients have learned to come to clinic for prenatal care which is a great help. Please convey my greetings to all I know.

Newsy Bits

Vivian Gledhill sailed for Korea in August. **Janet Reinbrecht** hopes to fly to Liberia in October of this year. **Diana Krikorian** has a new teaching position in a Philadelphia hospital. We send our good wishes to each of them for every success in their new fields of work.

Weddings

Miss Hazel Meyer and Mr. Sewell Williams on June 11, 1955 in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Maxine Thornton and Mr. Georges Selim on July 2, 1955 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in St. Mary's Student Chapel. (See letter under Old Staff News.)

Miss Gloria Fuchs and the Reverend Norbert Becker on July 19, 1955 in the Grace Lutheran Chapel, Manila, Philippine Islands. (See letter under Old Staff News.)

We wish for these young people every success and happiness for their future.

New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ingerson (Ruth Alexander) of Mountainside, New Jersey, a second daughter, Ann Louise, on July 3, 1955—weight 8 lbs.

To Mr. and Mrs. James W. Chrestman (Virginia Lamb) in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a daughter on August 16, 1955. Virginia writes: "We are very happy to have another girl. Now we have two girls and three boys."

To Mr. and Mrs. Les Guttromson (Eunice Ree) in Tacoma, Washington, a son, Dennis Darwin, on August 12, 1955. His weight was 9 lbs. 14 oz.

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Our loving sympathy goes to Joy Broomfield in England, on the loss of her mother on July 23, 1955; also to the family of Ruth Herron who died suddenly in Albuquerque, New Mexico, last winter.

JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

Mother (to little boy on first day of school): "Did you learn anything today, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "A little, but not enough. I have to go back tomorrow."

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The small boy had fallen into the stream but had been rescued.

"How did you come to fall in?" asked a bystander.

"I didn't come to fall in," the boy explained. "I came to fish."

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A four-year-old boy got a severe sunburn and his skin began to peel. One day, as he washed his face, his mother heard him muttering to himself, "Only four and wearing out already."

A POSTMASTER'S REPORT

A newly appointed postmaster under Buchanan, finding by his "instructions" that he was to report quarterly, addressed the following communication to the President:

"July 9, 1857

"MR. JAMES BUCHANAN, PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES;

"Dear Sir; - - - Been required by the instructions of the Post Office to report quarterly, I know heerwith foolfil that pleasin duty by reportin as follows. The harvestin has been goin peerty, and most of the nabors have got their cuttin dun. Wheat is hardly a average crop; on rolan land corn is yallerish, and wont turn out more than ten or fifteen bushels to the aker. The health of the community is only tolerable, and cholery has broke out about 2 and one half miles from here. There is a powerful awakening on the subject of religion in the falls naborhood, and many soals are bein made to know their sins forgiven. Miss Nancy Smith, a nere naber, had twins day before yesterday. One of them is supposed to be a seven monther, a poor scraggy thing, and won't live half its day,

"This is about awl I have to report the present quarter. Give my respects to Mrs. Buchanan, and subscribe myself,

"Yours truly, *Isaiah Johnson*

"P.M. At SUMMON, FULTON CO., ILLINOIS"

The above is an accurate copy from Editors Drawer in Harpers Monthly of July, 1881.

—*Postal Service News*, July 1955

A SPIRITUAL WORLD

The basic conclusion to which I have been led is that a spiritual world is a reality, that there are many orders or grades of being, that the human spirit continues, that there is no insuperable barrier between different orders of existence, and that under certain conditions intercommunication is possible. This is the working hypothesis on which I proceed; and I know that it is true. If this is dogmatic, I risk the accusation of dogmatism, for once more, *I know that it is true.*

—*The Reality of the Spiritual World*,
Sir Oliver Lodge

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

*Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts;
all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.*

—Psalm XLII, Verse 7

When the great catastrophes of nature (what Galsworthy calls nature with a small n—savage nature) when these catastrophes hit this planet at any point, one is thrown back on the King James translation of the Old Testament to find words in keeping with disaster so measureless.

In no way is nature more ruthlessly savage than in her floods—not even in her forest fires or her wind storms. No one who has gone through a flood, where tiny streams become great walls of water, hitting with the impact of rocks, no one who has seen such things but feels an outgoing of the entire heart toward all that vast eastern area, digging out from under as these lines are written. It isn't only the agony of the people whose loved ones are drowned, or the staggering loss in property and the personal loss of homes. There is a sense of shock so stupendous that it will linger on long after new homes are built, and the new graves are green.

. . . .

The July issue of HOSPITALS, the Journal of the American Hospital Association, devotes itself entirely to the problems of the smaller hospitals. Years ago, off and on, we urged this fine Journal to pay some attention to the little hospitals. Dr. F. R. Bradley, President of the American Hospital Association, now writes:

“Two-thirds of our recognized short-term hospitals are less than 100 beds. Recognition of the fact that small hospitals are in the majority requires that we give them more attention. In the past we have not done so.”

Mr. Ray E. Brown, President elect of the American Hospital Association, in an article called “Importance of Small Hospitals to the Nation” states that the hospitals of less than 100 beds “admit almost 5.5 million patients a year and record 836,500 births annually.” He further states, “*almost 50% of American hospitals have less than 50 beds.*” (italics ours)

In reading the articles in this July issue of HOSPITALS, we were filled with gladness because of the understanding and kind-

ness expressed by their writers. However, we note that even now the American Hospital Association has not touched at any point on the problems of the small, *rural* hospital. We venture to suggest a few captions for articles that would be useful to Hyden Hospital—and others like it.

1. Your 200-ft. deep Hospital Well, and the Sand Slides in it.
2. Care of deep well Electric Pump, driven by its own Motor, which lifts water from well to Underground Tank. Also care of Booster Pump, driven by its own Motor, which takes water out of said tank and shoots it up into Storage Tanks high on the mountain. Also care of Electric Controls for these entities.
3. Quickest and cheapest way to locate a break in 2,639 ft. of Buried Water Lines, when—somewhere—they slide apart in winter.
4. What to do when Sewage Spouts in your Hospital Drainage Fields.
5. Care of 250-ft. of 2-in. Fire Hose, and the Fire Hydrants.
6. Number of Pigs you need for Garbage Disposal, and where to put them.
7. Construction and Maintenance of Rubbish Burner.
8. Milk, Manure, and your Bull.

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Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, donor of our Possum Bend Center, and Congressman from the 22nd District of Ohio, has left on a congressional trip to Africa. Although this trip has been authorized by the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and encouraged by President Eisenhower, she is traveling largely at her own expense. This trip will take her into 20 countries, colonies, protectorates or trust territories, most of them in the hot equatorial belt. With her are three men conversant with Africa: a professional photographer, a medical man from the Mayo Clinic, and a third who has lived in parts of Africa for many years. Mrs. Bolton writes us: "I have never been so excited over anything in all my life."

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Readers of the Hebridean chapter in *Wide Neighborhoods* and readers of this Bulletin are familiar with the name of Mr.

Murdo Morrison, now in his eighties and living in Troon in Scotland. He has just written us of his pleasure in reading our Spring Bulletin. The parts he comments on particularly are OLD COURIER NEWS and OLD STAFF NEWS and Snooky's REMINISCENCES. Every American will be pleased with the following paragraph taken from his letter:

"I still help at the Babies' Clinic. We have over a hundred mothers with their babies every Thursday for weighing and recording and for supplies of milk, orange juice, and cod liver oil, et cetera. Among them are a number of American mothers and babies whose menfolk are stationed at Prestwick Aerodrome, three miles from Troon, and whose houses are in Troon. They are a most agreeable, frank, and businesslike set of young mothers and we (the lady doctor, nurses, and I) like them very much."

TOWN AND TRAIN

I so rarely make a summer tour in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service that when I left Wendover the morning of **Wednesday, June 8**, it seemed quite an adventure. Kate Ireland took me to Lexington in her car and dropped me off at Rolling Acres, the horse farm belonging to my cousin, Caroline Bagby. After lunch Hunter, Mrs. Roger Rogan's chauffeur, picked me up at Rolling Acres and drove me to Oakencroft, her place at **Glendale** beyond Cincinnati. I had two days of pure rest and recreation with my friend and with other friends who came to see me. The only stirring thing that happened to me was that I bought two hats, the first I had bought in ten years. These very little ones are so easy on the head, that I couldn't resist getting one for summer and one for winter. And I shall go on wearing them long after everybody puts big hats on their heads again.

Saturday, June 11, I arrived in **Rochester** on a train delayed by many hours. But those deeply kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Karl Wilson, met me and took me to their house. There a car was waiting, sent by Dr. Katherine Blyley, President of Keuka College, to take Dr. Kenneth I. Brown and me out to **Keuka**.

Sunday, June 12. This day will remain unforgettable in my memory. As all who read our Bulletins know, Keuka College and the Frontier Nursing Service have been deeply and happily involved over a period of years. Every autumn Miss Estey sends down to us one or two of their advance students, majoring in sociology, to work for six weeks with our Alpha Omicron Pi

Social Service Secretary. Barbara Hunt, who has held this post for over a year now, had twice come to us from Keuka before she was graduated and took over her job. On this Sunday in June, Keuka College paid the Frontier Nursing Service, through me, a signal honor by conferring on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. Two others who also received this degree were Miss Florence H. Stewart, Director of Lochland School, Geneva, and Dr. Kenneth I. Brown, former President of Denison University and now executive director of the Danforth Foundation, who was the commencement speaker. The Reverend Marlin D. Farnum, foreign secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, received the Doctor of Divinity degree.

The commencement exercises, held out on the wide lawns of Keuka College and in full view of its glistening lake, were most moving. Among those who attended the ceremonies were Barbara Hunt and two more of our Keuka girls, Barbara Stolt and Nancy Harmon, and that wonderful Waters family who live only about a mile from Keuka. It was immense fun to see not only Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters again, but all three of the children—Bill, George, and Mary Alice. Bill is ready for Princeton, and George goes to the Taft School this fall. Mary Alice says she is going to be a nurse when she grows up.

That evening a car took several of us back to Rochester and dropped me off at the Sheraton Hotel. This hostelry is one of the public places for which I have a real liking. The service is efficient, and courteous, and the day and evening doormen—Cyril Taylor and Fleming Shorts—fine colored men, both of them, have been with the hotel some thirty years.

Rochester, through Thursday, June 16. It isn't advisable to take the time of you, my readers, to give in detail all of my doings during these four days in a city and among a people for whom I have a special affection. Suffice it to say that on the Monday night we had our big meeting at the Memorial Art Gallery where I spoke and showed *The Forgotten Frontier* to a hall that looked to me from the platform to be filled with people. Our Chairman, Mrs. Karl Wilson, opened the meeting. She introduced Miss Phillips, Director of the Visiting Nurse Association of Rochester, who introduced me in the kindest words and with a perfect delivery. On the platform with us was our volunteer

secretary of the Rochester Committee, Mrs. John A. Schilling (courier Barbara Whipple). Standing by me to greet the people afterwards was our first Rochester chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers. Many other old friends gave the evening a feeling of warmth and downright comfort.

Tuesday noon I spoke to the Chatterbox Club, old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. E. W. Middleton, mother of our former courier Lil, drove me to the club where we had lunch before she introduced me for the speaking.

Tuesday evening the Wilsons gave their delightful FNS family supper. Our courier Selby Brown drove by for me, looking as radiant as a bride, and small wonder since she was to be a bride within a week. By the time we reached the Wilsons the FNS family in Rochester had already begun to arrive. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. Barney with their three older children—Susan and Kathie, who once belonged at Hyden, and the boy, born after they went to Rochester. There too was Toni Harris with her husband, the Reverend David A. Crump. Even the new Crump baby, Sarah, was brought in for a few minutes so that I could see her. Dr. and Mrs. John Schilling were there, and Barbara Hunt. Nancy Harding had been invited to come with the FNS'ers because, although she has never been to Kentucky, she has done volunteer secretarial work for me on former visits to Rochester, and stands ready at any time to render service to us. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce M. Breckenridge, a delightful young couple from one of the University Graduate Schools, were included, because his people, like mine, came from Scotland between two and three hundred years ago and we might easily be cousins. I hope we are.

The Wilsons' supper was superb, and no wonder because the foundation piece was an old Maryland ham, which Mrs. Wilson had had sent from her girlhood home.

My speaking engagement on the Wednesday was to the nurses at the Strong Memorial Hospital, preceded by a luncheon as the guest of Miss Stanley, their superintendent. Before I spoke to the nurses—such a large, eager group of young people—I was beautifully introduced by Miss Carnes, the head of their Obstetrical Division. Barbara Schilling drove me back to the Sheraton.

Dinner Wednesday evening was with those wonderful friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer. Although I am always invited to their home when I am in Rochester, this was the first time I had been there when the roses were in bloom. Never anywhere in my life have I seen such a beautiful rose garden, and never have I known anyone who knew roses as completely as Harriet Spencer knows them. There were Elizabethan roses, Persian roses, and others of all places and all times. There was even one section set apart for modern roses, under the special tutelage of Tom Spencer.

Although Thursday was a pretty full day, I shall have to skip most of it and come down to the dinner that evening at Dr. and Mrs. Stabins' house to which the Wilsons took Helen Rogers and me. The Stabins are wonderful hosts, both of them. His descriptions of some of the episodes in which he shared in the first World War ought to be written down, because they are far finer than most of the things that have been written.

From the Stabins' hospitable home Dr. and Mrs. Wilson drove me to the station, where I said good-bye to my friends and caught the late train to New York.

Friday, June 17, I woke up in Grand Central Station where I took a taxi to the Cosmopolitan Club to stay until Helen Stone (Pebble) came for me. I have been a member of the Club for so many years that putting up there, even for a few hours, is like going home. When Pebble came for me we drove out to the Stones' place on "The Lane" at Lawrence, Long Island, and that, too, was a sort of home coming.

Friday, June 17 to Tuesday, June 21. This long week-end with such friends as Mrs. Herman F. Stone and Pebble was pure relaxation—such rest as rarely comes my way during my travel times. The Stones' beautiful grounds stretch down to the water, water so placid with the ebb and flow of its tides that one couldn't even imagine it in a hurricane. Florence Stone had delightful friends and neighbors in twice to see me. Unforgettable in my experience is a lady at my bridge table. She played one of the best games of bridge I ever saw anybody play. Her hearing was perfect; she used no eye glasses; and she walked out to her car holding herself erect, and declining the help of her chauffeur. This lady is ninety-six years old!

I, who am nearly seventy-five, and have truly sporting friends in their eighties, am accustomed to thinking of the nineties as an age when one begins to feel a few disabilities—although we do have Judge O'Rear and Mr. Jouett among our trustees and founders, and they both are over ninety and both are marvelous. Even so, I think that anyone at ninety-six, who is in complete possession of all her faculties, very much including the mental ones, is a bit above the common cut.

On Tuesday morning Pebble drove me to the Pennsylvania Station in New York City where I caught a train for **Spring Lake, New Jersey.**

Tuesday p.m., June 21 to Thursday a.m., June 23, it was my good fortune to attend the Alpha Omicron Pi Convention at the Essex and Sussex, meeting many old friends and some new ones among the brilliant group of women gathered at this seaside hotel. The place fronts on the ocean, an ocean so placid one could not conceive of what it would be like in a hurricane.

The vice-president of Alpha Omicron Pi in charge of philanthropy, for the last three years, is Mrs. Harold J. Dudley. She with Baltimore friends met my train at Spring Lake, and took me to a delightful room overlooking a formal garden. Almost at once Mrs. Franco-Ferreira came to visit with me. She and I have been friends ever since she, as Marion Abele, was a volunteer chauffeur in the old American Committee for Devastated France.

As I had no part in the proceedings on the Wednesday, I was able to enjoy a long walk on the beach with one of the older A O Pi members that I had not seen for some years; to autograph copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*, of which the A O Pis sold thirty-eight to members attending the Convention; to be the guest at luncheon of some of the delegates from far-off places where I have never been, such as Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Miami. Meanwhile our Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary, Barbara Hunt, turned up, as did Mary Ann Quarles, former Social Service Secretary, who was visiting her family in New Jersey.

At the philanthropic dinner that evening I had the honor of reporting on the social service work of the Frontier Nursing Service to the more than two hundred A O Pi members. I sat

between a former president, Mrs. Arthur K. Anderson, who had been to Wendover, and Mrs. Dudley who introduced me. My audience was wonderful in its courtesy and encouragement.

There really isn't anything more to tell about my tour. I spent Thursday night in New York at the Cosmopolitan Club, and Friday morning, June 24, I caught a Baltimore and Ohio train for one of the stations in the Shenandoah Valley not too far from the home of my loved sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge. With her I stayed for a bit of a holiday, meeting the members of her family who are like my own, and a number of her friends in the Valley from above Winchester, Virginia to below Charles Town, West Virginia. Dorothy Breckinridge gave me a beautiful party, and I was invited to other parties in the homes of her friends, among them the christening party at "Hawthorn" of a great nephew.

Holidays do come to an end. By Friday, July 8, I was driving back from Lexington to Hyden Hospital with our courier, Leigh Powell and Thumper. After a visit at the Hospital I went on by jeep to Wendover, where I now am.

Mary Breckinridge

ODDMENTS

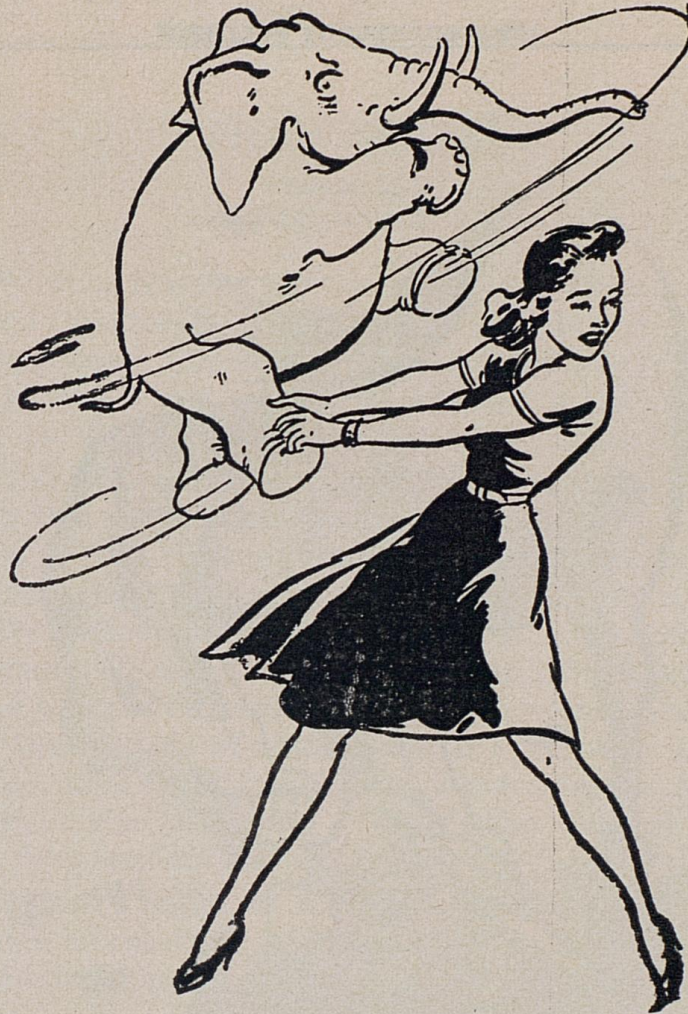
As a general rule the more wrong a man is the angrier he gets when he is criticized.

Learn to live with your temper—you can't possibly get rid of it by losing it.

A man has reached the pinnacle of success when flattery gives him a headache instead of a swelled head.

—Contributed

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.



"OPERATION PERU"
OR
Shoo fly, don't bother me!
(See Field Notes)

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

The Frontier Nursing Service is happy to announce that its new Medical Director, Dr. A. Stark Wolkoff, takes over his duties in early September. This means that all of you who read this can rest easy in your minds because we will have a Medical Director and a very fine one by the time this Bulletin is in your hands.

Dr. Wolkoff was born in 1921 in Pennsylvania, and was educated in that state. After his graduation from the University of Scranton in 1943 (diploma granted after return from service) he was with the U. S. Army as an enlisted tank commander through five campaigns in the E.T.O., 1942-1945. He attended the Hahnemann Medical School from 1946 to 1950. Upon graduation he had a year's internship at the Philadelphia General Hospital, and then a year of obstetrics and gynecology at Hahnemann. From 1952 to 1955 he has been a resident in obstetrics-gynecology at the University of Louisville General Hospital, serving as chief resident his last year.

Dr. Wolkoff's religious affiliation is Protestant. He is a licensed pilot, he rides well, and drives, of course. He is widowed, and his nearest of kin, his mother, lives in California.

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The Frontier Nursing Service is highly gratified to receive again this year a most courteous letter from Mr. J. T. Underwood, Jr., State Fire Marshal, together with a new "Certificate of Coöperation" to be displayed in the waiting room of Hyden Hospital.

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On August 22, Betty Lester, Jane Furnas, Bridget Gallagher and Barbara Contessa attended the re-opening and dedication of the Oneida Hospital under the management of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference of Seventh-Day Adventists. Dr. Elmer E. Gabbard of Buckhorn, Kentucky was the speaker. Mr. Tom Britton, secretary of the Board of Trustees, gave an interesting history of the hospital and its struggles since it was built, largely through the efforts of the late Dr. C. Adeline McConville. In

1941, at her request, and that of the trustees, the Kentucky State Department of Health, with help from the Federal Government, opened and operated Oneida as a maternity hospital until two years ago when the Federal aid was cut, and the hospital was closed.

The Oneida Hospital is located in Clay County, on the boundaries of Owsley, where Goose Creek and Red Bird River join to form the South Fork of the Kentucky. Under the Seventh-Day Adventists it will be operated as a 24-bed general hospital. The Frontier Nursing Service extends its best wishes to this greatly needed institution and hopes for it all kinds of success.

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WILDERNESS ROAD, Berea College's centennial outdoor drama, has been a huge success, and will take its place along with other famous Paul Green productions and will be produced again next summer. It is the opinion of some of us that it is worth the price of admission just to see the Indian Fort Theatre in the Berea College Forest.

Through the endeavors of Mr. Chris Queen at Peabody, Kentucky, The Ford Motor Company contributed \$1,000.00 to help make it possible for school children in Clay and Leslie counties to attend the drama. Berea College set a nominal charge of \$5.00 per student, which charge covered a ticket to the play, over-night lodging, supper and breakfast. Individuals, firms, school officials and civic organizations provided transportation, and thus hundreds of children in Clay and Leslie counties were able to enjoy this drama of American history of a century ago.

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The Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center (the first Center to be built in 1926) has had its face lifted this summer. Hobart Cornett and a crew of workers spent days there, mending, repairing, painting. Again we are indebted to Mr. John Asher—this time for 828 feet of lumber which he donated for the work at Beech Fork.

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We are grateful to Mr. Floyd Bowling of Big Creek for the beautiful new cupboard he built in the kitchen at the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River.

This summer we were fortunate in having the help of Miss Jane Muncy of Hyden in the Hospital offices and in the offices here at Wendover. This help terminated when Janie was married on August 14 to Mr. Robert Fugate, also of Hyden. They left immediately for a honeymoon in Mexico.

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On September 3 Georgia Hibberd, who has been one of the nurse-midwives at our Beech Fork Nursing Center, will become the bride of Mr. Robert Stanley of Salem, Ohio. This wedding will be fully reported in our Autumn Bulletin.

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Staff and patients alike said goodbye with regret to Mary Hewat and Nancy Boyle at the end of August. Hewie has returned to England with her mother who came to visit Kentucky in early July. Nancy has returned to her home in Pennsylvania. Elsewhere in this Bulletin you will read of how much they meant to the people they served.

Molly Lee has returned to us from England, and she and Carolyn Banghart are now in charge of Possum Bend, the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence.

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We extend our thanks to Wilhelmina Werner of Rochester, New York for several weeks of service in the statistical department this summer, after Kay left to take up full-time duties as Mrs. A. Z. West. Willie is a talented artist, as will be noted by the illustration that precedes this column.

Our gratitude to Mrs. Arthur Byrne (Jerry) is profound, for giving us some days of invaluable help in statistics. While Jerry was with us, her sister, Ruth, who is a music teacher in Harlan County, went to Knoxville and took care of Jerry's family—Art, and the two little girls, Laurie and Terry.

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When Jean Hollins left for her annual summer visit with her family on Long Island, Jane Leigh Powell took on the duties of resident courier. The juniors under her for the June-July period were Sallie Bingham, Louisville, Kentucky; Lorna Hayden, Worcester, Massachusetts; Christine Pease, Binghampton,

New York; Ruth Harrison, Cincinnati, Ohio. The juniors for the July-August period were Mary Sayres, Syracuse, New York; Susan Martin, Long Island, New York; Polly Kinnear, New York City; Ann Wigglesworth, Washington, D. C. They have been grand couriers, all of them. Each, in her turn, has assisted Leigh with the task of "doctoring" Peru's infected leg. Ingenious methods for keeping off flies, and still allowing the air to get to the sore, were tried. Acquaintances of Peru will recall that Peru is an ingenious horse, particularly with his front feet. "Operation Peru" has been, at times, a baffling operation.

Barbara Hunt had the help in Social Service for six weeks this summer of Judy Purcell of Marshall, Michigan. Judy is a junior at Western Michigan College, Kalamazoo, and came to us on the scholarship presented to her by Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority as the winner of a contest among collegiate A O Pi's. One of the many ways Judy helped was in taking a large group of crippled children to the clinic at Manchester given annually for those in this area by Dr. Carl Friesen of the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission.

The first of Mrs. Breckinridge's 1955 committee meetings in our territory took place at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center (Beech Fork) on Tuesday, August 2. The meeting was preceded by luncheon served in the big clinic waiting room. Mrs. Breckinridge reported a large attendance and a delightful meeting.

The other seven local committee meetings are scheduled for September and October.

Helen Browne's (Brownie) vacation this August was spent with Jean Hollins and Jean's family on Long Island and at Point O'Woods, New York. The hurricanes, Connie and Diane, disrupted plans Brownie and Jean had for doing some visiting and sight-seeing in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in the East.

Agnes Lewis took a short holiday with her sisters in Maryville, Tennessee in July, and was with her sister, Mrs. Clinton H.

Gillingham at the time of the death of her husband. Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Gillingham, to Agnes, and to the entire family.

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In the summer the number of our guests "assumes enormous proportions." We wish we could write about every one of them.

Early in the summer "Sister Hope" McCown came to see us and brought the FNS clipping book up to date—a little chore she takes upon herself each time she comes. Carlyle Carter again visited her "Cousin Mary" for a few days. Agnes Lewis' two great nephews, Walker and Hunter Lewis of Waynesville, Ohio visited their "Aunt Aggie." Betty Faye Curtis' sister, Virginia, was a week-end guest, and showed us slides of her work as a teacher in the Virgin Islands under the Methodist Mission Board. Lois Powell, Leigh's sister, came for a week and was a great help in the courier department.

We enjoyed having as over-night guests, Mrs. E. W. Harrison (mother of courier Ruth) and Mrs. Fletcher E. Nyce of Cincinnati.

The Reverend David A. Crump and Mrs. Crump (courier Toni Harris) and Sarah, aged two months, came for a week-end en route from Tennessee to their home in Brockport, New York. Mr. Crump held Communion Service on Sunday morning for the staff at Wendover, Hyden, and for those nurses who could get in from the outpost centers.

Mrs. Max Caplon of Meriden, Connecticut, a member of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, visited us over-night with two friends, and was most interested in learning about the work in which her Society is so helpful.

Mr. Nick Kafoglis, a medical student from the University of Pennsylvania and a native of Lexington, Kentucky, spent several days observing the work at Hyden Hospital and on our districts. A little earlier Mr. Kafoglis' cousin, Miss Hellen Kafoglis, of the Department of Economic Security, Frankfort had brought Mrs. Thevee Rajatanon of Thailand to observe our social service activities.

On August 23, we entertained at Hyden Hospital and at Wendover 19 young women, members of the International Farm Youth Exchange. There were four foreign countries represented

in this group—India, Egypt, Syria and Iran. With them came Miss Kathleen Flom, National 4-H Club Foundation Regional Director, of Silver Spring, Maryland, and Miss Agnes Aspnes of Berea College's Home Economics Department. This was an interested and alert group. We wish there had been time to get acquainted with every one of them.

In August also came Miss Elena Varas of Chile, under the auspices of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, who spent several days observing our social service functions with Barbara Hunt. Another August visitor to Hyden Hospital and the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was Miss Victoria Lang, a Methodist missionary nurse on furlough from Africa.

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The Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will take place at Wendover on Tuesday, September 13, after this Bulletin is published. The guest speaker of the Association is Dr. Bayard Carter, head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. A second speaker, the guest of Dr. Carter, will be Professor Chassor Moir, distinguished obstetrician-gynecologist of Oxford, England. Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Moir are coming with their husbands as guests of the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover.

THANKSGIVING DAY REUNION IN ENGLAND

Miss Nora Kelly takes pleasure in inviting all old members of the Frontier Nursing Service now in Britain, to meet at the Watford Maternity Hospital, King Street, Watford, Hertfordshire, for the Thanksgiving Day Reunion of 1955. Come any time from 2:30 p.m. on through the afternoon and evening of Thursday, November 24th. Overnight hospitality can be arranged. Please write Miss Nora K. Kelly.

There are frequent trains from Euston and Baker Street to Watford High Street Station; also Green Line bus service from Victoria. Trains from the north stop at Watford Junction.

OUR MAIL BAG

From New York State: I value the Bulletin as much as if I knew you all and the places spoken of. It is a wonderful stimulant to those who can no longer be very active.

From Lexington, Kentucky: I always devour every bit of your Quarterly.

From Cleveland, Ohio: The spring Quarterly Bulletin is full of wonderful achievements—of deeply moving episodes.

From New York City: Thanks for reminder. I would not miss sending this small check for the world. The Bulletin alone is an inspiration.

OUR MAIL BAG—From Overseas

From an Indonesian Guest: I have never thought that in the mountains of Kentucky so far from those of my country I will feel that I am so close to everyone I love, my people, my mother and last but not least my wife and my children.

From a Filipino Guest: My trip across your wonderful country is at its close. Tomorrow I sail for Manila. This trip has been most stimulating and interesting especially the time I was with the FNS. I am most grateful for the opportunity of being with you at Wendover and with the girls at the different centers.

From an English Guest: I shall never forget my visit to the Frontier Nursing Service. The mud will brush off my shoes, but the memory of the frost on the trees in the morning and the wonderful pervading spirit of you all will always remain.

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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 coöperate 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.



PADDY
On the River Road below Wendover
Winter, 1954

In the spring of this year Paddy was seventeen years old. Years young—in spirit. He always wanted to follow the other Wendover dogs on walks, climbing mountains, chasing stones and sticks. In May he enjoyed a swim in his beloved river.

Paddy was gay and gallant and loving to the end, in late June, when he went quickly and with friends by him. We are sure there were FNS friends—both people and dogs—waiting to welcome him on the Other Shore.

