

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 27

Autumn, 1951

Number 2





A NATIVITY PAGEANT AT WENDOVER

The two little boys pictured on the front cover are
LARRY WAYNE and ROGER SIZEMORE,
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sizemore who live on
Bowling's Bend between Hyden and Wendover

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

VOLUME 27

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

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CHRISTMAS

Clear shines the Star,
The star of dawn,
And hushed this night below —
Hushed, as when long ago
A Child was born.

Bird wings are folded
Storm shall not rage,
The patient beasts all lowly
Stand by the manger holy
From age to age.

No flower, no tree
But sleeps this night,
And in the blessed peace
Nothing shall pass nor cease
Nor take affright.

Dwells here my Joy,
Here will I stay,
Kneeling upon the ground,
With humble beasts around,
Till break of day.

—Julia May

WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS: A Story of the Frontier Nursing Service

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

To be published by Harper & Brothers in late March or early April, 1952

This book is autobiographical, because our publishers wanted it written that way. When, in the course of the narrative, I finish with such things in my life as had a bearing on what was to become the Frontier Nursing Service, and take up the story itself, I write that our aim from the beginning was to become "like the banyan tree of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men." This quotation, from Emerson's essay on Compensation, gave my editor the idea for the title, which Harper and the Frontier Nursing Service have both accepted. I hope you, all of you, like it as much as we do.

The next Bulletin after this one, the winter number, will be in your hands before the book is on sale at your booksellers. I shall make a more detailed report then. But you can place your orders for the book through your local booksellers at any time. Please do not send orders, with checks, to us here at Wendover, because we would have to send them back to you—and that would grieve us.

Although the contract for the book had to be made by the publishers with me, for copyright purposes, I have executed a legal document called "an irrevocable deed of conveyance," giving all rights in the book (including all subsidiary rights) to the Frontier Nursing Service. All of our friends should know that the royalties from the books they buy go direct to the Frontier Nursing Service.

I am happy to report that our publishers like the book, and anticipate a wide sale of WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS.

AN AUCTION

by

MRS. SEYMOUR WADSWORTH, Chairman,
New York F.N.S. Committee

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, whose chief activity is the sale of rummage at the Bargain Box—a crowded store and basement quarters shared with seven other beneficiaries on Third Avenue at the corner of 68th Street—took a daring stand, and decided to have a country auction and rummage sale in the barn of one of their members in Connecticut. No date seemed to have even a majority vote, so it was left to this Connecticut member (*herself*) to go ahead, and the Committee would help as much as distance and summer vacations would allow. September 8th was chosen, and invitations sent to a large local list.

The most popular local auctioneer was engaged on the strength of his reputation, and his handling of an auction that one of our members had attended. Her admiration for his achievement in getting \$90.00 for a ghastly pair of late Victorian brass andirons in the form of draped ladies with arms upraised, was matched by his pride in getting \$350.00 for a nondescript 20-year-old pony. We felt we couldn't lose if we could get enough articles to sell, and enough people to buy them.

We lured would-be donors with a wholly original series of inducements. For a fee of five dollars paid in advance, they could enter as many articles as they chose, with the promise of a forty per cent return on the sum their articles brought in the sale. The five-dollar entry fee also gave the subscriber free buffet lunch at the Wadsworth house, with the privilege of bringing guests at \$1.50 per guest.

Strangely enough, except for a good deal more bookkeeping than the chairman would ever again want to let herself in for, the whole thing worked. Labor Day weekend came and went—with over-sized sideboards, old Bendixes, cartons of unwanted books, and impossible pictures, as the only result of the excellent publicity the New York papers had given us on their social and antique pages. Then the New York Committee, back from Maine, Europe, mountains and shore, crashed through and we

were almost swamped with good things to sell—Sheraton, Venetian glass, old Boston bean pots, oil paintings, Hudson Bay blankets, silver, ornaments, lamps, fireplace fixtures, linen, china, beds, bureaus, and in the jargon of the auctioneer, “articles too numerous to mention.” The arrival of a huge marquee set up outside the barn, put everybody into a carnival spirit.

Theoretically, we spent two days labeling and cataloguing, prior to the two-day rummage sale advertised to precede the auction. Actually, the cataloguing was continuous as people became inspired to give more. The auction started at 10:00 a.m. Saturday, with contributions still coming in. The weather was perfect, and friends of the Frontier Nursing Service arrived from near and far, many from Long Island, New York City, and all parts of Connecticut. Posters and advertising in the weekly papers of nearby towns, gave us a large clientèle of practiced auction addicts. These kept the bidding lively while the subscribers were relaxing at lunch.

The result of this venture was an increase of interest in the work of the Frontier Nursing Service, a net profit of \$1,636.15, and seventy-eight new subscribers to the Quarterly Bulletin. We don't recommend an auction as a rest cure, but ours was certainly fun and such a liberal education that some of us might even want to try it again.

OVERHEARD

Brought-on lady after a steep descent in rough country:
“It is so good to be back on vice-versa.”

DEAR SANDY KLAWNS:

“Dear Sandy Klaws, I wanna put in a new order quick, as I jest found all the things which I ast for under the spare room bed.”

AT FLAT CREEK ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

by

ANNE HARRIS, Rochester, N. Y., Courier

Many of you may know Flat Creek by name, and some of you may be familiar with the Center itself, but none of you know it as I know it unless you have spent ten days there as courier and Jack-of-all-trades.

I had been with the Frontier Nursing Service only a few days when I was asked if I would like to go to Flat Creek for "a coupla days" to help Stevie (Joyce Stephens, Flat Creek nurse-midwife) whitewash the barn. I jumped at the chance because I was eager to experience life at a Center. Well, I experienced life at a Center, and a lot of everything else, too. I had heard that Stevie was a human dynamo, and by the evening of my first night there I was sure she was a human dynamo with a little atomic energy thrown in!

In the summertime at Flat Creek the sun rises at five-thirty, and you do too. At seven-thirty in the evening the sun sets, but you don't! During the day there is so much to be done you are never quite sure which should get done first—whitewashing, grooming, gardening, or one of the other million-and-one jobs that always needs attention at a one-nurse Center. I shall attempt to tell you about one such day of this life.

As the sun crept over the mountain, Rex and I crept off to the store to get supplies. I was riding him bareback because I was too lazy to saddle him. This was fine until I found myself coming home laden with a dozen cokes, five pounds of sugar, potatoes, and various other little items—and suddenly remembered that I must dismount at the preacher's house to collect our mail! I dismounted all right, but have you ever tried making a flying leap on to a horse from the top of a fence with an armful of groceries? I finally managed it.

After these errands the animals had to be fed, the horses groomed. I put on my whitewashing apparel—my father's army shirt, a pair of jeans, a fatigue hat (how appropriately it had been named!), barn boots, and rubber gloves. I had just gotten to the barn, and ready to begin the whitewashing, when Stevie rushed in and started saddling Ranger. She told me to hurry

and saddle Rex, that we were off to a delivery. The mother lived at the edge of the district, and in spite of our hurrying it was a B.B.A. (born before arrival).

As pleased as I was to be able to put off my morning's quota of whitewashing, I knew it would have to be done later in the day.

On this particular day the heat was intolerable, and as we rode back to the Center, after mother and baby had been made comfortable, I dreamed of a cooling shower of rain. Back at the Center, just as we were having an early dinner, my dream came true. I soon learned, however, that rain meant despair and destruction to Stevie's garden. She rushed out, and I after her, to the hollyhock bed to put ace bandages around the lean and lanky stalks, so the hollyhocks wouldn't break from the gales of wind that swept down upon them. I needed more than ace bandages to hold me up by the time we re-entered the house. I fell into the nearest chair. Then I remembered that my morning's quota, as well as the afternoon's quota, of whitewashing had not been done. I dragged myself down to the barn. What a sight met my eyes! Dilcie, the cow, was shamefacedly squeezing her way out of the stall which I had finished only the day before—I had forgotten to shut the stall door. The bovine beast had made a mess of things. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I picked up my bucket and brush, ascended the wobbly plank and "took it out" on the ceiling. No matter how careful one is, it is almost impossible to keep the whitewash from oozing up under one's gloves, from getting it on one's clothes, and from splashing into one's eyes. As I slapped the whitewash on faster, I got more in my eyes; as I got more in my eyes I got madder; the madder I got the faster I slapped. It was a vicious circle.

Late, very late, in the evening, I finished the day's quota of whitewashing, but the day's work was not yet through! Rex and Ranger had to be taken to the creek to drink because the pump was broken. Then the hens and roosters had to be shooed out of the tall grass into their house and counted; the baby chicks sorted according to size and dumped tactfully into the pens with their respective mothers, who scolded and pecked at me.

I thought, now I might be through—I might—for I didn't know what Stevie might be doing in the house. Canning, doing records, cleaning saddlebags—these are only a few of the tasks that Stevie might be doing, and I knew I would help if I could.

When at last we could call it a day, we discussed whose turn it was to take a bath. I learned that it was mine, but I remembered to run just a few inches in the tub, because the pump was broken, and enough water must always be in the tank to protect the Center in case of fire. I was nearly asleep before I got from the bathroom to bed, and the next thing I knew, the alarm was ringing and it was time to start again.

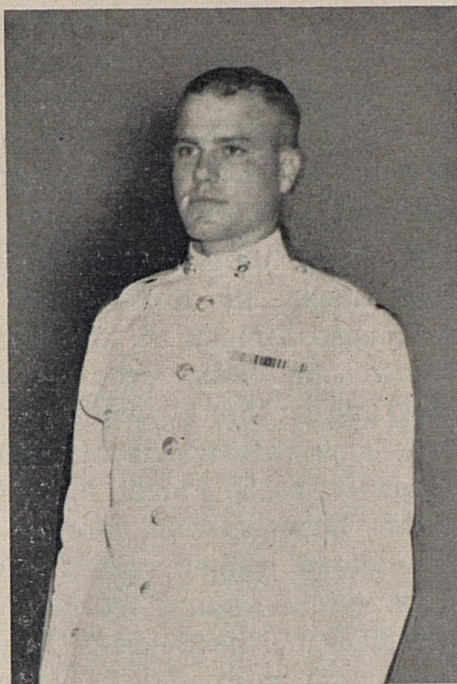
I spent only ten days at Flat Creek. Stevie has been there three years, summer, winter, spring and fall. For me to do a particle of what she does day in, day out—it would be easier for me to sprout wings and fly!

OLD CHRISTIAN LEGEND

There is an old Christian legend, how the soul of Judas fled from his broken body through the void, seeking hope and finding none. Restless, forsaken, alone, it fell from abyss to abyss. At last remorse yielded to grief, and dry-eyed sorrow was watered by a flood of penitent tears. At that moment, a light shone about him, and looking up, he saw the doors of heaven open, and the apostles—his brethren—standing about a table laid with bread and wine. They seemed to be waiting. Then Judas was aware of Someone near him, Who took him by the hand. He knew Who it was, but he could not look into the Face he had kissed. "We have waited for thee," said the Master softly. "My guests could not sit down to supper until thou wast with us." It is only a legend, but it would be just like Jesus to do it. For "God so loved the world. . . ."

—*Home Prayers*, June 24, 1951

In Memoriam



FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE, U. S. M. C.

Born in Winchester, Virginia, November 19, 1925
Killed in action in Korea, October 9, 1951



There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*"

—Robert Browning

John was the younger son of the late Lieutenant General James Carson Breckinridge, U.S.M.C., and of Mrs. Breckinridge.

Although he was born in Virginia, and loved the Shenandoah Valley, where his mother's people lived, he had a deep-rooted affection for Kentucky too. Not only did he visit his kinsmen in Lexington, but he came often to see us in the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover, first as a schoolboy, and later whenever he was home on leave. He formed many friendships, both in the Service and in the neighborhood. A superb rider, Johnny always asked to be given difficult horses, in order to train them for the use of those who rode less well.

The deep love of John's life was given to the Marine Corps, in which he had been raised, and any part of the world where he happened to be, suited him—if it held Marines. When he graduated, at seventeen, in 1943, from St. James School in Maryland, he received his mother's permission (his father having died) to enlist as a private in the Marines—and promptly did. He asked for service in the Pacific but was entered in the V-12 Program instead. Then he went through officer's training at Quantico and, at nineteen, was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Reserves—just as the second World War ended. While he was a company officer in the Seventh Marine Regiment in China (guarding ports and railroads) he accepted an appointment as a regular in the Marine Corps. He was in the Caribbean in March 1950, when he was commissioned a First Lieutenant.

At the request of General John Taylor Selden, John was sent to Camp Lejeune as his aide-de-camp near the end of 1950. Deeply attached as John was to General Selden, whom he had known from childhood, he could not remain in a safe post while other Marines were fighting a war overseas. He enlisted General Selden's help in getting transferred to the First Marine Division in Korea. In May 1951, just after his engagement to Miss Gertrude Alfriend of Charles Town, West Virginia, had been announced, his orders for Korea came through. The marriage was to take place upon his return.

Before reporting for duty in Korea in June, John had a short leave. He came to us at Wendover in late May to say good-bye. As he had done many times before, he got on a horse to ride through the neighborhood to see his old friends. On Sunday evening, after dinner, we asked him to lead us in singing the Marine Corps Hymn.

John went into combat soon after reaching Korea. While on night patrol with seventeen of his men, he was wounded by a hand grenade. He wrote, "We toed the mark until we recovered our other wounded." . . . "I am with the finest fighting men in the world." Of night patrol he wrote, "I am honest when I say that I have patrolled ridge lines so steep that a step to left or right would be a stiff plunge almost straight down."

John was back in the lines before the end of August. This, the last letter we in the Frontier Nursing Service received from him, came after we knew he had been killed:

September 28, 1951
Eastern Front

The big push is over—my hide still on my back but I've never seen the real tortures of hell before until this ordeal was finished. We are on a steep razor back ridge, digging in and praying things will remain quiet. These hills are as bad as Kentucky—even worse, and I can say that in all earnestness I could outwalk a mountaineer with a pack on my back. All excess fat has long gone and I am lean and hard as nails but with a heart of gold and sorrow.

A little over a week ago, after our attack, my company was relieved on the lines by my brother's. Jim and I had a few minutes together. Then I came out of the lines, and two days later struck at the position we are now entrenched in.

To my right front . . . is the Sea of Japan. It is about 12 miles away and a valley opens it to our view. We often wonder how good a beach is there and think of the joy we could have romping in the sand.

The farmlands, rice fields and such to my front, in this valley, have been planted, are growing but remain unharvested. No civilians in sight, just Red soldiers, and they are taking an awful beating. So are the civilians, and I feel so sorry for them as they are the innocent . . . My love to all—

It is natural, and therefore right, for the leaves to change and fall in the autumn of the year, but the hurricanes of our Twentieth Century wars are sweeping away the green leaves of spring.

In appraising the death of one so young, so courteous, so loving-hearted as John, we have to go back to his early years and recognize, even then translucent, the single goal at which he always aimed. During his childhood, while his father was in command of the Marines at Peking, he lived in China. One day when he was about five years old, and his brother Jim six and a half, their father came in from anxious duty, in what was a disturbed country even then. He found the two little

boys waiting for him in front of the fire, and wrote the following verses, as he sat watching them:

MAY YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

Will you sit before the fire, my bairns,
And gaze at the gleaming coals?
With eyes the size of your great surprise,
Which the wonder-wonder holds?

Will you sit here by the fire, my dears,
And dream through your lovely dream?
Yes, gaze in the blaze that has no haze,
Where dreams are real as they seem.

So long as God lets the children dream
That sit by the loving fire,
The faith of youth will preserve the truth
Of the human heart's desire.

Did John's dreams come true? Who shall say? With all his ardent young heart, he wanted to live—to marry the girl he loved; to see his mother again, his people, his friends; to keep in touch with his brother, with that loyalty to the Corps they held in common, through long years to come. But he died being what he wanted to be—a Marine—and doing what he felt it his duty to do.

“If we accept the issues of our heritage, we cannot question the destiny of a soldier. His life is dedicated, and only faith can hold fast and triumph over personal grief. The high attainments of the spirit do not belong to us to apportion or deny.”

Semper Fidelis

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Edwin A. Locke (Dot Clark),
New York, New York—August 29, 1951**

We have just spent two months on the Diamond G Ranch, Basalt, Colorado—which has been as near heaven as I ever expect to get; and should any one wish to do likewise with their children, I cannot recommend it too highly. I don't think I have ever seen lovelier country or been with finer people. All my lost riding of years gone by has returned with vim and vigor, and I've even been allowed to help school a three-year-old palomino colt. The kids are wonderful riders now and also good harvesting workers—even our nine-year-old is out helping in the hayfield.

The winter will find me back at Holy Trinity Church in New York, where I teach Sunday School and work with the young people. Our leader is Dr. James A. Paul, the finest New York has to offer.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Edgar B. Butler (Sally Taylor),
West Hartford, Connecticut—September 2, 1951**

I love the Bulletin—particularly the Old Staff News—but you do sound civilized with jeeps and roads. I imagine horses will always have their place in that country though.

I saw Weezie Taylor Watts in June in Ed's office—she was very happy. Charlotte Goodwin Craig is happy with her job—she works for Mrs. Averback (head of Taxes). She helps with the World Service League or some such organization and has fun escorting a bus load of different club women once a month down to the United Nations. She has a cute old house in Canton and has fixed it up herself. Ellie Field Welles and I bump into her occasionally—usually riding. She and Herb have more or less given up farming and are concentrating on their stable. Ellie and the children were going to Black Point for two weeks' vacation in June, when I saw her, and then were returning to enter the horse shows. She and her daughter placed in the Avon

Old Farms Show—the mother and daughter class—and rode very well.

We moved into our new home Easter week-end. Fortunately for us we had signed the contract to build last May before prices went up. We were held up some—bath tubs finally came through—but I guess all in all we were lucky to build when we did. We built on property we've owned for 10 years, which we've gradually developed and changed from wood-lot to somewhat respectable grounds. This spring we were terribly busy doing all the grading and seeding ourselves. Our vegetable garden and a small flower garden were already established last year and we had three different nurseries going—raising rhododendron and azaleas in particular. We have moved lots of our shrubs up by the house, so we feel fairly well settled on the outside anyway.

We've had a grand summer at Lake Menphrenagog. As we're 12 miles by boat (we have no road) from Newport and three miles from a little French Canadian town, we don't know what's happening in the outside world. It really is a wonderful life.

. . . .

From Mrs. H. F. C. Holtz (Mary Cowles),
Washington, D. C.—September 5, 1951

My husband and I are on an 8,000-mile motor trip as he is visiting all the Air Bases where there are Dutch students. We are here in Fort Wayne for a few days. Only last night, Carl returned from a short visit to Holland and England!

We have bought a house in Washington, as nothing is to be had for rent unfurnished on a three or four years' lease. We are due back in Washington October 15th, and we will go right into it.

Our little boy, "Wick," is in Washington with Nannie as his school begins the 10th of September. He is five and a half and loves America. He says he is "catching the accent."

You asked about Virginia (*her sister*). She married Aidan Crawley, a most charming Englishman, and they live in London when Parliament is in session and in the country the rest of the time. They have a 100-acre farm in Buckinghamshire.

Aidan is an M. P. and is the Under Secretary of State for Air. They have three small children—Andra, Harriet and Randall. Carl stayed with them last week-end and they were all blooming.

For your information Carl is the Netherlands Military Air Attaché in Washington and he is also the Netherlands Air Representative on the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

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**From Mrs. David Macintosh (Sally Rice), Dover,
Massachusetts—September 5, 1951**

I have been, needless to say, awful about passing on news to the F.N.S. Bulletin. I was married in June 1949, and lived in Springfield, Massachusetts, until last October, when Dave was called into the Navy.

Dave is now in the Mediterranean so I am living at home with my family in Dover.

That's a rough sketch of the two years since I was married. Am glad to hear Wendover life is the same for I certainly loved it down there.

.

**From Mrs. Robert Rowe (Barbara Jack), Dalton City,
Illinois—September 7, 1951**

We have moved from Denver back to Illinois and are living on a farm. My father passed on a couple of years ago and it seemed wise for us to come home. The land has been in my family for over fifty years, but I am the first member to live on it.

After being tenant-farmed so long it has kept us busy. However, soil conservation practices had been in operation here for sometime. In fact, the little lake that was built in 1936 is a beauty spot and the little Scotch pines that were planted a year later now make quite a forest. The rolling part of the cropland had been terraced and aided with grass waterways, but the job is continual. Bob has added more waterways, built a second lake, and fought to get weeds under control. He has planted thousands of trees—walnut, red oak, sycamore (1000 each or more) and put out 15,000 multi-flora roses (for fence in the future). Bus loads of school children visit us in the summer to observe conservation methods.

Since much of the land is in timber and pasture, we have stock to care for too. I have horses and ponies but want to concentrate on the latter. It is difficult to mix the two sizes as they require separate pastures and different equipment. We have our first colt crop of Shetlands. They are cute and very curious.

Bob has registered Oxford sheep and polled Hereford cattle. He finds it costs just as much to feed a grade as the higher type of animal. In fact, more, as the fat is "bred" on the registered cow. We have just returned from Mississippi where we went to get our herd sire.

I wanted you to know we had moved and that I enjoy receiving the Bulletin and all the other news of the Service. I was glad to get Marion Lewis' letter and wish we would have a Courier Conclave soon. Am looking forward to Mrs. Breckinridge's book.

.

From Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts),

East Greenwich, Rhode Island—September 18, 1951

We are still living in the country and loving it. We have a new daughter since I last wrote—making three in all. The oldest, Lucy Anne, is in the first grade this year. The house seems quiet without her.

I think of you all often. Maybe someday in the distant future we will be able to take a trip to Wendover. There must be so many changes since I was there nine years ago!

.

From Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton), New York,

New York—September 20, 1951

We have had a fine summer as we've been away from New York most of the time! We were with our families and then during Wade's four weeks' vacation we were at Martha's Vineyard and Canandaigua Lake (where young Wade appeared two years ago). It was such fun and little Wade adores the water. The only thing is that he has absolutely no fear and consequently had to be held back from marching in over his head and had to be watched like a hawk. Such squeals of delight, though, when his father took him out in the tube for a real swim.

The September days make one very homesick for F.N.S.—the beauty and the peace far from the maddening throngs. Some day I hope to stop by.

.

**From Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dottie Newman), Dover,
Massachusetts—September 24, 1951**

In June we went to Yucatan and Guatemala. We were gone five weeks, flew all the way and had perfect weather. Ted is an amateur archeologist and we dug and delved around the Mayan sites in Yucatan, Guatemala and Honduras. We spent some time at a United Fruit Company, banana division, on the Pacific coast, two weeks motoring in the mountains (lakes, volcanoes and charming Indian villages) and five days with some friends at their almost inaccessible coffee finca in Alta Verapaz.

I keep thinking what a need the Indians in the mountains of Guatemala have for another F.N.S. Much of the country is very similar.

.

**From Mrs. Graham Ellis (Pam Dunn), Oceanport,
New Jersey—September 28, 1951**

I wish I had some news of when Graham might be home but I don't so I'll just have to tell you what I know. He's been a captain since last July and now has his own company. For the past month he and his company have been serving in direct support of the U. S. 2nd Infantry Division, keeping up communications to within 1,500 yards of the front line. I hear from him regularly. He had a nice evening with Dusty one night last summer. Dusty (*her brother*), the last I heard has 15 combat missions to his credit.

.

**From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Ames, Iowa—October 4, 1951**

It's a nice feeling not to be forgotten after eighteen eventful years. Sometimes when I think of Wendover and the F.N.S., and all that it has meant to me, I just can't believe it could be so many years ago that Pebble first met me at the "Head of Hurricane"—and was I scared! Do you remember when Dixie choked on her feed and Betty Butcher and I raced all the way

to Hurricane to get the C.C.C. vet? How anxious I am to read Mrs. Breckinridge's book! My family always complain bitterly that they starve the day the Bulletin comes—I'm sure they'll really have cause to complain when the book arrives!

I am still a somewhat itinerate minister's wife. After three very happy years in Ann Arbor, Michigan, we moved to Ames, Iowa, this August. My husband is minister to students at the Presbyterian church which is across the street from Iowa State College. Our home is just across the road from the college dairy and poultry farms so the children really have a wonderful chance to see some real country life, and still live in a town.

Our David is twelve—plays the tuba in the junior high orchestra—is left tackle in football—and has been to his first dance! They seem to start early nowadays—or perhaps I've just forgotten!

Billy is eleven and plays the violin; and Stephen is ten and does pretty well on the clarinet. They also raise hamsters and tropical fish and caterpillars. Marjorie is six and in the first grade. For her birthday she wanted either a horse or a flashlight. Unfortunately we had to settle on a flashlight but you can see she is headed in the right direction!

Last year I did my first nursing since I graduated from Yale. I relieved a staff nurse one day a week on the surgical floor at St. Joseph's in Ann Arbor. The first few weeks I thought I should never survive—everything is so changed in thirteen years—aspirin seemed to be the only medication I had ever heard of! I never got over the expectation that the surgical patients would fall apart when I had to drag them out of bed in six hours after surgery. I'm glad I had my operation when I could have a rest! Also I had been under the delusion that I did a full day's work at home—but I had forgotten what a hospital could be like. However, all in all, it was a most valuable experience for me and I have applied at the local hospital here for a day's work each week. It is really fun to be a "working girl" for a change and the children are very impressed with Mother in uniform.

It is grand to know about the new doctor and his family—they sound just right.

I'm sure that there are many, many people who feel as I do

that the faith and courage they have found at Wendover has influenced all the rest of their lives. Blessings on all of you!

. . . .

From Jane Bidwell, Greenough, Montana—October 5, 1951

I have had a wonderful spring and summer. I came to the Rocking Chair in the spring where I lived with the Victors, working around the place getting things planted and doing general housecleaning, etc. I couldn't have been staying with two nicer people. I moved to the EIL Ranch in June.

There I started my job as wrangler with Lit duPont. The two of us learned a great deal during the summer. Among our jobs were fencing, breaking colts, wrangling in the horses every morning at the crack of dawn and fitting saddles to the guests and saddling the horses. A wonderful experience.

I am now back at the Rocking Chair until Christmas time. We are all looking forward to hunting season which is just around the corner. I hope it will be my good fortune to get an elk this year as well as my deer. I missed getting the former last fall.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (Barbara White),
Millstone, New Jersey—October 8, 1951**

Pam is eagerly counting the years until she can become a courier. Then Nancy and the twins will be anxious for their turn. Nicky is sorry you don't take boys. My tribe of five is a great joy and bringing them up on a farm is a lively job.

. . . .

From Ellen Ordway, New York, New York—October 13, 1951

I am back at home in New York City after a wonderful working-down in Trinidad. I am working for Dr. William Beebe at the Bronx Zoo here in New York. He usually takes an expedition to the tropics for six months each year to study insect life, history, behavior, etc., as well as that of the other living things in that area—flora as well as fauna. So as you can imagine there are always a lot of things going on and more things to learn about and study. Such a broad field is rather difficult to summarize, but in general we gather all the facts and data we can while we are in Trinidad; then, for the six months we are

here, we assemble it all and write the scientific reports and articles.

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From Anne Harris, Wells College, Aurora, New York

—October 16, 1951

I spoke to the Ladies Auxiliary in Aurora (as you can imagine, a large organization) on the F.N.S. and showed my movie. It seemed to go over well, so next month "Miss Anne Harris" continues her lecture series and moves on to Greenville (the population 300) to talk to the Women's Club there.

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From Mrs. George C. McAnerney (Doris Sinclair),

Atlanta, Georgia—October 30, 1951

I had visits from both Wini Saxon and Betty Holmes Rodman during the summer. Wini stopped off just for the day, on her trip to and from Dothan on her vacation in the latter part of August. Betty, and her daughter Debbie, spent about four days with us in September. Debbie is a most enchanting child of four and a half, and proved to be a delightful guest.

George works for International Paper Company, which has opened up a new paper plant here, and makes milk cartons. George is production manager, and working very hard to get things going smoothly. It is almost like being married to a doctor as the plant calls at any and all hours, when a problem arises.

In an "extracurricular" way, I have gotten involved with Civil Defense, The Smith Club, and a Brownie Troop which meets once a week. The last mentioned is lots of fun, though somewhat taxing to my ingenuity; I've never done anything like that before.

.
From Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson), McLean,

Virginia—November 19, 1951

You at Wendover are constantly in my thoughts, and on a lovely, cold winter's day like this one, I think of riding in the mountains, and how the jobs must be done, and are done.

We are certainly enjoying our new home. Believe me—the problems of building and maintenance are large here too! We thought we would never get it finished as specified.

The children are all fine. Amy is in the first grade, James in the fourth, and Wendy is still at my heels, here at home. She can dream up more trouble in five minutes than I can straighten out in an hour!

WEDDINGS

Miss Margaret E. (Peggy) Clarkson of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Robert Gillespie Brown of New York City, on October 27, 1951. They will make their home in New York City where Mr. Brown is with Life Magazine.

Miss Benita (Bennie) Barnes of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Frank Fretter White, also of Cleveland, on October 7, 1951. The young couple sailed almost immediately for England and France. They will return to Cleveland this month and will be at home at 20865 Kinsman Road, Shaker Heights.

Miss Nancy Ann Blaine of Chicago, Illinois, and Mr. Gilbert A. Harrison, who is currently working for a private American foundation in Germany. We have no details.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Watts (Weezie Taylor), of Long Island, New York, a daughter, Edith Corwin, on September 11, 1951—weight 9 pounds.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard Houston Meigs (Ellen Mary Hare), of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a son, Robert Rodgers, their first child, on October 10, 1951. From his mother we learn that:

He is really a beautiful baby (I know I'm supposed to be prejudiced, but this is true!). He was 21½ inches long, weighed 8 pounds, has light hair, blue eyes, very fair skin, and looks like Mr. Churchill minus the cigar.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton), of New York City, a son, Samuel Willoughby, on October 25, 1951. Lill writes:

Sorry—no courier for you—maybe next time. Young Samuel Willoughby Hampton arrived in fine form (3½ weeks early) on October 25th—a six pounder. He is named after Wade's father and mine. All goes well and I can hardly wait to get him home—all to ourselves.

TRANSPORTING PATIENTS--- THEN AND NOW

by

MARY JO CLARK, B.A.
Social Service Secretary

The other day Agnes Lewis was telling us the story of her trip into the mountains when she came to the Frontier Nursing Service in August of 1930. It seems that at the last minute she received instructions to pick up two children who had been taken down to a Lexington hospital by one of the Frontier Nursing Service secretaries, and to bring them back to the mountains. The only method of transportation in those days from Lexington to Hazard was by train. Agnes struggled all night on the train with those two children. She had little idea of the area to which she was going, much less where the children belonged. None of them slept at all. The Confluence nurses were to ride horseback over to Krypton to meet the four-year-old boy. Krypton is just a station beside the tracks. When the train stopped there at 5:00 a.m. no one had come to meet the boy. The conductor held the train as long as he dared, and, finally, Agnes left her little charge with a kindly man who stepped forward, said he knew the nurses, and would keep the child until they came.

Agnes and the eight-year-old girl finally reached our Hospital at Hyden, but not before going through a frightening trip in an overloaded and ancient car over a twenty-five mile stretch of mountainous dirt road that was still under construction.

This was just one example of how social service cases had to be handled in the early days of the Frontier Nursing Service. Now that the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority supports a full-time social worker for the Service, and we have hard-surfaced roads and good cars, transportation in and out of the mountains is much easier. But sometimes trips to the "outside" are still hectic.

Such a trip occurred not long ago. There were three children from the same family with appointments for eye examinations, preliminary to possible surgery, and there were two other children to be taken to a Kentucky Crippled Children Commission clinic. I left Wendover about 5:00 a.m., changed from the

jeep to our 1949 Ford station wagon at our Hyden Hospital, and picked up the five children at designated points along the way. We arrived in Lexington about 9:30. One little girl had become car sick, but fortunately her older sister had come with her, and was able to take care of her.

First Mary and Ruth were taken to the clinic for crippled children and left there to wait their turns for examinations. Next the three Brown children were taken to Dr. Frey's office for refraction of their eyes, and his receptionist kindly volunteered to watch after them until I returned.

I had a few Service errands to do, before I returned to the Crippled Children Commission clinic. Our two little patients were just being seen by the doctor. We waited for X-rays to be taken, then obtained the reports of the examinations and recommendations for treatment. Both children were to return home—Ruth to be seen again within a month, and Mary to return to the hospital in Lexington for treatment of a t.b. hip as soon as a bed was available.

The three of us then went to one of the Lexington hospitals where we collected twelve-year-old Ray, whom we had taken down for eye surgery about ten days before. A badly crossed eye had been straightened. Ray was as pleased as could be with the results. He grinned from ear to ear, and could hardly wait to get home so that his parents and friends could see the change.

We had to pick up Ray's new glasses at an optical company, but first we returned to Dr. Frey's office for the three Brown children. All had Dr. Frey's prescriptions for new glasses, and recommendations for surgery in the near future. They went with us to the optician where Ray got his glasses, and three more pairs were fitted and ordered for the Brown children.

By the time it was 3:00 p.m. we were ready to start for home—almost. Two more passengers had to be picked up: Anna May January, the Wendover district nurse-midwife, who had been in another of the Lexington hospitals for about ten days; and Mary Ann Quarles, who was going to Wendover for a week-end visit.

We finally left Lexington about 4:00 p.m. (summer time) with ten passengers in the station wagon. Fortunately we had

taken along sandwiches, milk, and cookies, so it was not necessary to stop for food. At the edge of dark we returned the children to their waiting families—in time for them to get to their homes up the creeks before black night.

Although this trip was easier than would have been possible twenty years ago, even so, taking patients to outside doctors is not always simple. Of course, the accomplishments of this one day would have been impossible without the wonderful coöperation we always get from our many friends in Lexington—the opticians, the doctors, those in the doctors' offices, in the clinic, and in the hospitals.

JUST JOKES—YOUTH

The modern youngster was asked to write an essay on his origin. He went home and asked: "Mother, where did Grandma come from?"

His mother, surprised, answered: "Why, Son, the stork brought her."

"And, Mother, where did you come from?"

"Why, the stork brought me, too; and Son, he also brought you."

The next day the child wrote the following essay: "There have been no normal births in our family for three generations."

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"You can't marry her without permission," said the young lady's father.

"Why not?" asked the young suitor.

"Because she's a minor."

The young man looked startled for a moment, then asked: "You mean I have to ask John L. Lewis?"

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A young bride was looking over the different meats displayed in the showcase at the meat shop. The clerk asked: "What can I do for you, madam?"

Shyly, she replied: "What do you have that I can make over if I don't cook it right the first time?"

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas in the Belgian Congo —September, 1951

Quite a lot has happened since we last wrote you. In May we boarded a plane and went a day's journey, 1500 miles, to "the little Switzerland" of Congo for the first real vacation of our missionary experience. We had seventeen days in the eastern highlands of Congo, right on the borders of Ruanda and Uganda, three to six thousand feet high. Cool climate, snow-capped peaks, magnificent scenery, volcanic mountains, from one of which we saw the fiery glow against the night sky; game filled Albert National Park where we saw hippos and elephants, antelope and buffalo at close range. For Howard the high point was climbing the Ruenzori mountain, 16,000 feet high. Accompanied by a Belgian tourist, a native guide and ten carriers he climbed steadily for three and a half days, through dense bamboo forest, deep moss over rough steep trails on up to Alpine vegetation, which in turn gave way to bare rock, then snow and glaciers. He was thrilled to experience a snow storm up there, 14,000 feet above sea level and only a few miles from the equator.

From the Ruenzori we travelled through the Ituri Forest where dwell the Pygmies, some of whom we were fortunate enough to see and to photograph. In the midst of the forest lies the mission station of Oicha which we visited and saw their large hospital where hundreds of patients are treated daily, and care is given to 2,000 lepers. We spent a day in Stanleyville and watched the Wagenia fishermen head their canoes up into the rapids of the Congo River to reach their traps and their day's catch.

Soon after we returned we heard rumors of a strange movement among the natives. It has proved to be a mass movement, reverting to paganism with semi-religious ceremonies related to witchcraft. It has swept across the entire northern part of our field and is now reaching the nearby villages. Howard went out to the first village in our area to be affected and saw the

natives out in front of the church, kneeling in the dirt over a wooden cross on which was placed a Bible, rubbing their faces in the mud and taking an oath that they had never "eaten the soul" of anyone or bewitched any person. This ceremony is followed by all-night orgies of eating, drinking and dancing, which invariably end in immorality. It has been impossible for any of us to dissuade them from their fanaticism. To make matters worse, in some areas initiates are told they will surely die if they admit their wrong and seek restoration to church membership. This is surely a testing time for our sorely tried Christians.

. . . .

From Clara Meyer in Bloomfield, New Mexico—September, 1951

I would dearly love to be able to attend the annual meeting of nurse-midwives. Things are going well here. I have been very busy and I am happy. At present my hospital is a three-bed clinic room which is quite often full, especially during the diarrhea season. The building for our new 40-bed hospital is progressing nicely and I am anxious to get into it. I do enjoy this western country, but I frequently get an urge to see beautiful Kentucky and to visit with all of you at Hyden and Wendover. I can hardly wait until the Bulletin arrives each quarter.

. . . .

From Frances Fell in Quito, Ecuador—September, 1951

Now that the summer is over you will be enjoying the beautiful fall in the Kentucky mountains. Quito has had three months of sunny dry weather, but now the rainy afternoons are beginning. One evening I had a buffet supper for the visiting W H O Maternal and Child Health expert, Dr. Wegman and his wife, Dr. Camacho and Florence Schrieber who used to be the Director of the Nursing Service in the Cincinnati Health Department. It developed that four of us had been in the Kentucky mountains, either as workers or observers with the F.N.S. There is a large refugee population in Quito and they have done wonders in developing Indian handcrafts. They also operate some of the nicest hotels and restaurants and quite a few are doctors and dentists. Today I went to an Indian village with some friends from Chicago. There was a special celebration

with beautiful candles, a brass band, fireworks and two groups of clowns dancing in the square in front of the old church.

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News of Janet Coleman from the *Evesham Journal*

—September, 1951

After five and a half years at Evesham (*England*) the Senior Sister of the District Nurses, Miss Coleman, is leaving the town next week to take up a new position in Malta. While being wished every success in her new post she will be much missed by her many friends and patients.

Service abroad will not be new to Miss Coleman who was with the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky for nearly two years in 1935. She is certain of one thing this time and that is that her travels around the island of Malta will be made by car, and not on horseback as they were in Kentucky. Her post in Malta is with the Malta Memorial Nursing Association and she expects to be there about two years. It is pioneer district work which has only been going for about five years, and which is run in conjunction with the Queen's Institute of District Nursing.

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From Ada Worcester Tubman in Hampshire, England

October, 1951

The Bulletin has arrived and all day I have been wishing I could be back with you again. The work here and the scenery too, remind me of the mountains. This particular district is very hilly and simply beautiful. I drive down narrow lanes with overhanging trees and through scenery that is breathtaking. Every spring we have a week at a large hostel owned by the County Council. During this time we have lectures from experts on all aspects of nursing and all sorts of interesting subjects. It is a lovely time to meet all the staff.

During the summer I was lucky enough to have an Indonesian student for a few days, to show her our way of doing things. A Chinese nurse from Malay came too. I loved having them and only wish I were younger and more useful so that I could really help in their pioneer projects. West Sussex County Council is a particularly good authority for which to work.

When I asked for an extension of the telephone to my bedroom, I found them most sympathetic and it is a great joy. During the summer I took my spaniel down to Green's and we had a lovely restful week. Wallie came for two days and we visited Mickle. Next month we will be going to the F.N.S. reunion *in London on Thanksgiving Day* and I shall be "homesick" all over again. I do so want to return at least once more.

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From Eva Gilbert in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—October, 1951

I manage to keep very busy and happy here in Harrisburg. Part of the new addition to our hospital is being used now. Our part is not done yet. It is really lovely and will make a very nice-looking hospital. Our graduates wrote their State Board examinations yesterday—36 of them. I am teaching obstetrical classes again. I have to keep my hand in and I like it. I still like my apartment very much, and it is so near the hospital which is grand.

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From Ethel Iverson (Ivy) in Jonesville, Virginia—October, 1951

I want to say thank you for the wonderful training I had in the midwifery school, both in classes and by experience. I have delivered several babies while working with the doctor in our work. The doctor tells me he knows I have had good training. I am in charge of our medical program here at the Mission. I work in two communities, teaching health in one and holding a clinic in the other. Besides making calls and going to the Jonesville school, I work three days a week with the doctor in Jonesville. I would like to be with you on November 1st, for the midwives meeting, but due to our program here it will not be possible. I enjoy receiving the Bulletin each quarter.

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**From Virginia Frederick Bowling in Ann Arbor,
Michigan—October, 1951**

I am slowly improving. From my waist up I am quite strong and my arms have improved a lot. I cannot use my legs yet and am having physical therapy every day. We have had a cool summer here and a lovely fall with lots of fruit. I am going to start making Christmas gifts. I have read so

much that my eyes get quite tired, so I thought I would make some billfolds, pot holders and do some weaving. Please say hello to everyone.

From Joan Court in Lahore, Pakistan—November, 1951

I am writing to ask you to give my greetings to all the staff at Thanksgiving. I shall certainly be there in spirit, remembering the happy occasion last year. I am hoping to be asked out to dinner by some Americans here so that I can enjoy my nostalgia more fully!!

Thank you so much for sending the Midwifery Routine. It is very useful and gives me backing when I recommend emergency treatments. I've just started drafting the chapter in the new Handbook for Health Visitors and Midwives which deals with actual midwifery practice. As it will be very F.N.S. I must send you a copy. The district grows after a regular flood of B B A's. We now are having deliveries, six this month and we hope more next month. All the babies are about 5 pounds, but maybe when we have filled the antenatals with UNICEF milk and vitamins over a period of time the babies will be bigger and we will have fewer prematures. Oh, how I miss the country and think of Flat Creek on moonlight nights here!

**From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson in Rochester,
New York—November 8, 1951**

Eric is working in Toronto, Canada. This is his fourth week with the Agricultural Research Department of the Campbell's Soup Company there and he gets home on week-ends. This week-end commuting is pretty tough, but he really hasn't had time to find a suitable place, house or apartment, for us.

Heather is thriving and not in the least minding the changes that have been made. She is gaining weight, plays imaginary tea parties by herself, tho' I eat quantities of make-believe food that she offers me; she can count to seven; says about everything—altho' not necessarily upon request; and knows the first two lines of most of the first nursery rhymes, and the names of most of her books.

From Odette Prunet, Bordeaux, France (*a translation*)

—November 1951

This is just a note to tell you that I shall be thinking of you all next week on Thanksgiving Day. I shall be with you in spirit at the reunion of nearly all the members of the F.N.S., at Wendover. Will you please give to all those I know my very kind regards.

In the last Bulletin I read with much interest your letter about the book and I can hardly wait to read it.

NEWSY BITS

Peggy Tinline McQueen writes: "I hope to go to Lapland for a year starting on September 13th, but will come to the U. S. later. Address in Lapland will be Betesda Sykestue, Storslett, Nordreisa, N. Norway."

Grace Nelson is in Brussels studying French. She writes: "I was most happy to find another F.N.S.er here—**Gladys Bowers**. Now I can talk 'Kentucky' to someone who will understand."

Thelma Hood has her commission in the U. S. Navy Nurse Corps and is stationed at the U.S.N. Hospital, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

Ruth Alexander is a member of the County Health team in Darlington County, South Carolina.

Minnie Geyer and **Gwendolyn Buchanan** are busily engaged in the assembling of equipment for the new clinic in Lamar County, Georgia. Minnie writes: "We are going to have a formal opening with inspection by the community on December 16th."

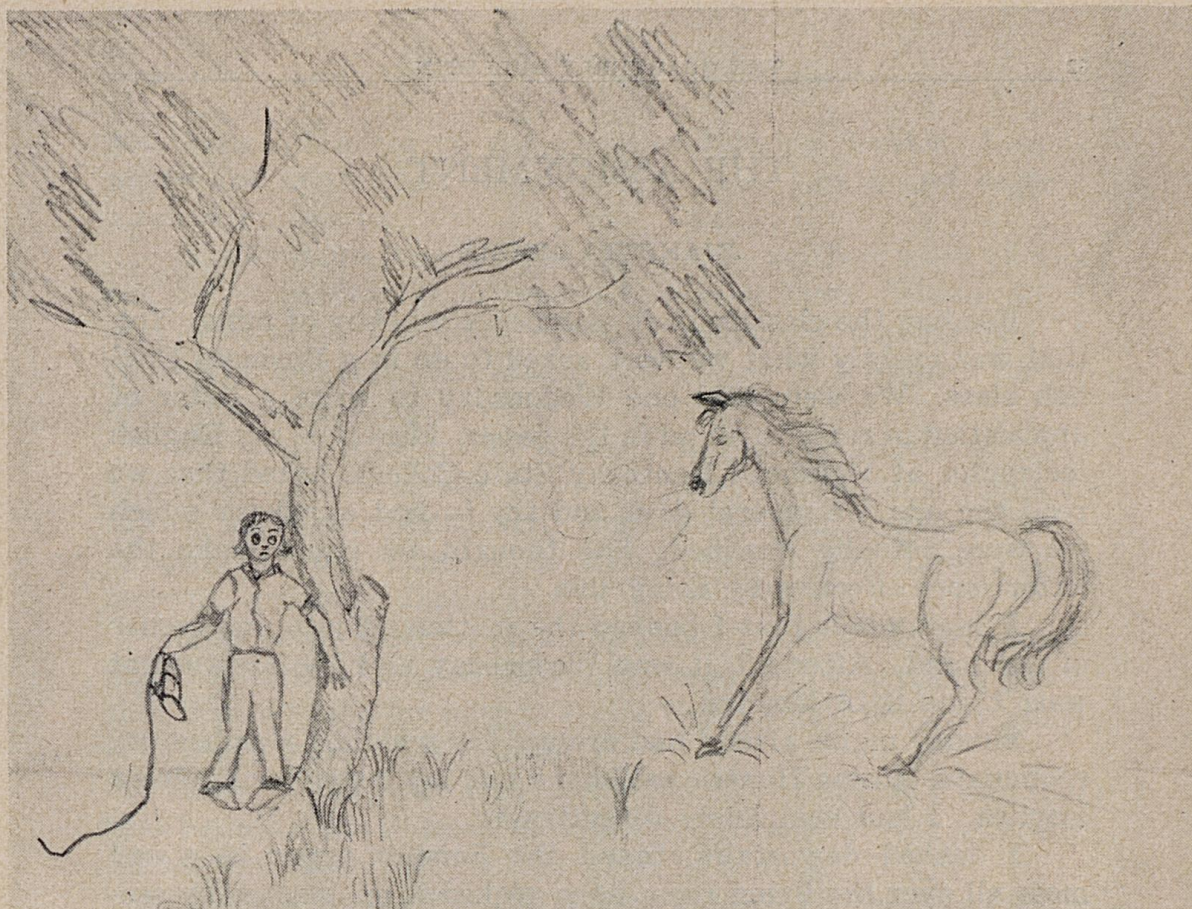
Peggy Brown writes from Cuba, New Mexico: "Midwifery is catching on well out here. We have had 70 registrations since February of this year."

NEW ARRIVAL

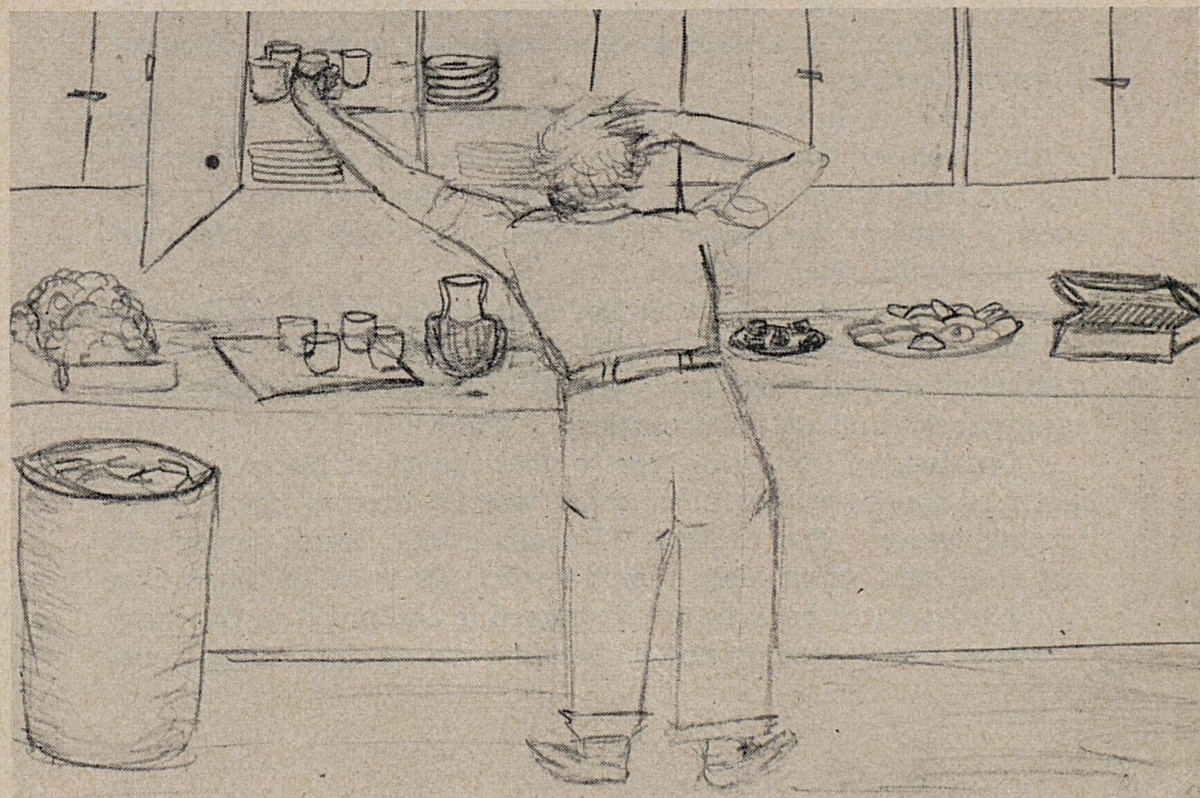
Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Rolfe (Bambi) announce the arrival of Jerold LeRoy on August 21, 1951, in Savannah, Georgia.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A COURIER

Drawn by
ANNE ERISTOFF, New York Courier



WE'RE FRIENDS REALLY



TEA TIME—12 MINUTES FLAT

THE ASSIGNMENT

by

JUANETTA MOORE

Reading the classified ads was never a hobby of mine. Yet, that was exactly what we were asked to do in a Business English class. We were told one Wednesday to write a letter of application in reply to an ad in the paper. Miss Cox, my English instructor at Morehead Kentucky State College, asked that we read the ads for several days and try to find a job for which we were actually qualified. She thought we could make the letter more effective by doing this.

I must admit that I pushed the matter off into one corner of my mind. After all, it was Wednesday and the assignment wasn't due until Monday.

Sunday night, after I had dressed for a night's slumber, my roommate, Rosina Hunter, asked if I had my letter for Business English. I had completely forgotten it!

I dashed downstairs, found the Sunday paper in a sad mess all over the living room floor, picked it up, section by section, until I found the classified ads. I tore some stenographic ads out, read them, and found one that interested me most of all—a position for a stenographic assistant with the Frontier Nursing Service.

I had come in contact with the Possum Bend Nursing Center of the Frontier Nursing Service at Confluence during the summer of 1948, when I visited my brother who lives near Confluence. I went to the center on several clinic days, and observed the work with deep interest.

After I had labored over the wording of my letter, racked my brain for information for the data sheet, and consulted the dictionary and my text book several times, I accomplished my assignment—and off to dreamland I went.

On Monday I had the urge to mail the letter instead of giving it to the instructor. But there was no time to get another for my lesson. The thought of mailing that letter never left my mind the whole day. On Tuesday, as soon as Miss Cox handed the letter back to me, I retyped it and put it in the mail.

Miss Lewis was prompt in sending me an application form

and some literature on the Frontier Nursing Service. I completed the application, returned it to Miss Lewis, and eagerly awaited an answer.

One Friday afternoon just as I got home from work (I was not only a student at Morehead Kentucky State College, but I also worked in the office of their commerce department), I received a telephone call asking that I come to Wendover for an interview on Sunday.

My uncle drove me to Hyden. On Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Leona Morgan of Hyden drove my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eddie J. Moore, and me to Wendover. Most of the staff seemed to have disappeared, but I met Mrs. Breckinridge. Miss Lewis, Miss Browne, and Miss January.

Miss Lewis took me on a quick tour to see all of Wendover and the offices. I was so much impressed with everything I saw that it didn't take me long to decide that I would like very much to live and work at Wendover.

After a talk with Miss Lewis and Miss Browne, I was told that I could come to work as their stenographer a week after my school term ended. It was too good to be true!

Needless to say I have thanked Miss Cox a thousand times for "the assignment."

Found in the library of one of our universities in a paper on the Frontier Nursing Service: "A family living in the country pays a fee of one dollar a year to be protected against typhoid, diphtheria and childbirth."

A FARMER

Paul W. Grubbs

A farmer is a man who starts out with nothing, loses on everything he grows and comes out even at the end of the year. Nobody knows how he does it. He doesn't even know himself.

Anyone looking over his farm would think the smartest man in the world would starve trying to tend it. That would be right. The smartest man would starve, but not the farmer. His wife wouldn't let him starve. She has one basic menu: she serves whatever she has. In good years she serves half a dozen vegetables at a meal; in lean years she jumps from poke salad to blackeyed peas.

A real farmer can shape an axe handle from a persimmon sprout and put it in with a dull pocket knife. He has a serviceable set of harness fashioned from hay wire, feed sacks, and a few scraps of leather. He grows corn for the squirrels so the city sportsmen may have something to shoot in due season.

He is the world's greatest optimist. He believes that the fact that he has come this far is proof that he can continue to the end. He buries last year's disappointments with the spring plowing and lives for the future. His faith is not in himself alone.

Jokesters say he consults the almanac before he plants his crops, and perhaps he does sometimes. But after a hard week's work, he drives five miles to church because his heart still holds the eternal truths that worldly, wiser men have lost. If any man aspires to the title of a farmer, let him measure himself by this standard.

He must have worn out two pairs of overalls growing enough cotton for one; he must regularly do half a day's work before the sun comes up and another half day's work after the sun goes down; he must have the heart to plant in hope, cultivate in faith and end in failure; and then start all over with greater hope and stronger faith.

This is a farmer. Heaven helps the family that depends on him for support. Heaven help the nation that does not have him to depend upon for its support.

—*The Thousandsticks*, August 30, 1951

A THANK YOU LETTER

The gratefulness, the friendliness, the courtesy of the Kentucky Mountain children to whom you, our friends beyond the mountains, give each Christmas is evidenced in many ways.

Our Christmas parties for the children on our Confluence District are held at the various schools instead of having one big party at the Center. Last year after Rose Evans (Confluence nurse-midwife) had explained to the children in one particular school that the gifts were made possible through the appeal Mrs. Breckinridge makes to "beyond the mountain" friends, the pupils wrote notes and letters to Mrs. Breckinridge. We quote one of them:

Toulouse, Kentucky
December 24, 1950

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I want to send you a few lines to thank you for the nice gifts. I received a pair of gloves, rabbit hair on outside. I also received a double chain necklace and a head handkerchief, also a bag of candy. My older sister received a double string of pearls, a bag of candy. My younger sister received a comb set and tray, a bag of candy. My niece received two suckers and a beautiful doll.

Well I, "or we rather" just can't thank you enough for the gifts.

Miss Evans and another nurse were at our Christmas program at Grassy Branch School. I got your address from Miss Evans. I hope you have a very Merry Christmas.

I may say a few lines to get you to remembering seeing me.

A girl named Patricia, a nurse named Hilda, and you, the patients you all were taking to the hospital, Cincinnati Hospital. They were me and a boy named Walter. You just went part of the way with us. The little boy named Walter was about 3½ years old. We left Hyden early in the morning. We went in a station wagon. I was 12 years old, but I was 13 June 8th. We went in November, 1949.

Well, I can't think of anything else hardly to say. Sure did appreciate the gifts.

Well, I will close.

Yours truly,

CLARA MAE COLWELL



A PRE-CHRISTMAS MAIL ARRIVES AT WENDOVER

TRUE TALE

It is Miss MacKinnon's manner, when passing through the waiting room at Hyden Hospital, to chat with anyone who might be waiting there. The other day she asked a patient if she could help her. The woman replied, "I've come for my algebra shot." Later Mac discovered the woman was taking shots for an allergy.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

"If you hit us so hard, Mr. Smith, I must really denounce you as a Communist. . . . Shall we join the ladies?"

—*Yeast*, by Charles Kingsley, 1851

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"It was as true as taxes is . . . And nothing's truer than them."

—Mr. Barkis in *David Copperfield*

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, will hold its annual meeting of members and friends in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club on Thursday afternoon, January 24, 1952, at 4:00 p.m.

TOWN AND TRAIN

It has been some eighteen months since this column has appeared in the pages of the Quarterly Bulletin, but you jolly well know, those of you who read it, the reason why. I have had practically nothing to do with towns and trains during the long period I have spent in writing our book. My only trips away from home have been to attend Executive Committee meetings at the Pendennis Club in Louisville, and our Annual Meeting of Trustees at the Lexington Country Club in May of this year. When I agreed to spend six November days in Chicago and its environs, this meant two things to me. First, I was terribly excited to be getting out on the road again. Second, I was terribly timid at the idea of speaking to large audiences! This last statement will sound odd to my friends who know how many thousands and thousands of times I have spoken, but it is literally true. On Monday morning, November twelfth, when our Chicago Chairman, Mrs. Kenneth Boyd, ended her graceful introduction and left me on the platform—quite alone—I felt like a first-nighter! The thing that held me up was the knowledge that among the people who jammed the Gold Coast Room were old friends, tried and true, who would let me draw from them the strength I needed. In three minutes everything was all right, and my new colored slides were greeted with enthusiasm.

Monday was a crowded day. After the big meeting, and after I had talked with some of our old-timers from Milwaukee, Racine, Decatur, as well as from the Chicago area—Mrs. Boyd steered me to a luncheon she was giving in one of the Drake dining rooms, for members of the press. To the Frontier Nursing Service the American press, including the Chicago press, has been uniformly kind. To her luncheon, Mrs. Boyd had also

invited Mr. Alexander Ropchan, the Executive Secretary of the Health Division in the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago. He sat on one side of me and managed to bring a lot of sparkle into our otherwise serious conversation. Since Barbara Jack had come up to Chicago for this meeting, with her husband, Mr. Robert S. Rowe, Mrs. Boyd asked them both to our luncheon party. Those of you who want to know more about what Barbara and her husband are doing, will find it under Old Courier News.

After luncheon, we had a business meeting of the Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service in another room at the Drake—a long narrow room with a ponderous table in the middle, which looked as though it had been sat around by Boards of Directors. Our Board extended half way down on both sides. Mrs. Boyd presided, and our Volunteer Secretary, Mrs. Edward Arpee (old courier, Katherine Trowbridge), kept the minutes. After business had been transacted, I was asked to give a report on what it had been like to write a book.

By this time we were rather far along in the afternoon, and when I found that the indefatigable Katherine Trowbridge Arpee had made an engagement for me to talk with Mrs. Mary Marifield of WMAQ of NBC, I felt ready to pass out. However, I discovered it was not a recording, and found Mrs. Marifield so delightful that I almost enjoyed the interview. When the day's work was over, I had time for a little rest before putting on evening clothes and going out to dine with my cousin, Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, just around the corner on Lake Shore Drive. The evening was enchanting, with a famous Russian violinist and a famous American composer taking turn about playing on piano or violin, interspersed with conversation, in English and French, that darted about among the men and women in the large drawing room.

My first engagement on Tuesday was not until 11:00 a.m. when Dr. Malcolm T. MacEachern and Mrs. Amy Harris came to call on me at the Drake. They are such old and warm friends of the Frontier Nursing Service that talking to them was not work but fun, and Mrs. Harris stayed to lunch with me. Tuesday evening was given over to Alpha Omicron Pi. First, I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wolf. Mr. Wolf picked me up, with my

slides, a little before five o'clock because we had to drive out to Wilmette. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Drummond (Mary D.) were among the guests at this dinner, as well as other old-timers in the Alpha Omicron Pi, with their husbands. After dinner we all drove to the Chapter House of the Alpha Omicron Pi at Northwestern University in Evanston, where I was speaking. At this charming stone building, in a quadrangle, I have spoken often. Although the students change as the years pass, I am greeted each time with such a welcome as only young things can give. Several members of the faculty at Northwestern had been invited to this meeting, among them my young cousin, Waller Carson, and there was a supper afterwards. Although I had to work that evening (speaking is hard work), I had such a good time that the hours linger happily in my memory even now.

Waller and his wife took me over to their house, across from the campus, to see their babies—asleep. Then they drove me back to the Drake. While I am on the subject of cousins, of whom I have many almost everywhere, I want to add that when I first got to Chicago on the Sunday, I went around for dinner with my young cousins, Walter and Joan Agard, and saw their lovely baby, Elizabeth. Several other cousins came into the Chicago picture, though I saw them all too briefly, but this is enough about cousins!

From Wednesday until Friday, my engagements were all in the country, so I accepted Mrs. Boyd's invitation to leave the Drake and stay with her and her husband out at Winnetka. Chicago has the hugest communicating area, around it, of any city that I know. Our engagement Wednesday night was at Woodstock—a full hour and a half of rapid motoring even from Winnetka, and further still from Chicago. We were to dine first with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Noyes (old courier, Adelaide Atkin) in the country beyond Woodstock. The Boyds have in Anthony a chauffeur who has been with them so long that he is almost like a member of the family, and is an old friend to me. He got us to Top Farm swiftly and safely—but we had to leave Winnetka in evening clothes at rather an early hour in the afternoon.

I never shall forget what it meant, when night had fallen, to step into the glow of Adelaide's warm living room, with a

wood fire in a stone fireplace, not unlike ours at Wendover, crackling its welcome, and the children running from all directions to greet us. The Noyeses have five children. The twins, Mary and Margot, are growing out of childhood, and pink-toed Tommy is less than a year old. In between, there are Gwen and Terry. To move, even for an hour, into the presence of children is to enter that real world where only the children seem to live. After dinner, we went with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Zeiss, who had dined at Top Farm too, over to Woodstock where I spoke and showed my slides. As we were leaving, Gwen came up to me and said, "Come back and live with us." A grace like that is bestowed, sometimes, if one's path is crossed by children.

For Thursday morning I had accepted an invitation from Miss Frances G. Wallace, Principal of Ferry Hall, to speak to her girls and show them my slides. Katherine Trowbridge Arpee had gone to this famous old school, as had her mother before her. Her daughter, Harriet, was there that morning. Another person who turned up was Carolyn Booth of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a former volunteer secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, now connected with Ferry Hall.

From Ferry Hall we drove to Mrs. Donald R. McLennan's place on the Lake for a luncheon, to which she had gathered some of my special friends—like Mrs. Alfred Granger, Mrs. David Dangler—and all of the couriers that were free to attend. Evelyn Bouscaren, now Mrs. Harry Perrin, was among those who could come. She has been appointed the new Chicago Courier Chairman to succeed Barbara McClurg, who has gone to Washington. Mrs. McLennan, a former chairman of our Chicago Committee, welded all of us into one happy group. After luncheon, our former courier, Lonny Myers, now Dr. Wang, brought her little girl to see me—a sweet baby. Then we drove over to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arpee's house where Mrs. Boyd, Katherine and I settled down to an hour's hard work on Chicago Committee lists. After Mr. Arpee had come in, we all had tea. That night I did a rare thing for me, when I am on tour. I went with the Boyds and her lovely mother, to hear another speaker show colored slides—on Greece.

Friday was my last day in the Chicago area. Mrs. Boyd dropped me at Mrs. Charles Dempster's apartment on Lake

Shore Drive, where I lunched with her. She, like Mrs. McLennan, is a former chairman and my warm personal friend. Mrs. Dempster dropped me off at the Fortnightly Club, on her way to a symphony. Mrs. Boyd had put me up there, until time for my train—a restful interlude. After I had written eight notes, I got a collection of Letters of Voltaire, and a biography of Kate Greenaway, out of the library, and curled up on the *chaise longue* in my room. The Club sent up a tray with food, and, later, put me in a taxi to go to my train.

It was snowing hard when I left Chicago, but not in Lexington the next morning. Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, our National Chairman, met me there for the drive to the mountains. Jean Hollins met us both with the F.N.S. station wagon. They, Mrs. Bagby and Sarah Stanfill, all lunched with me. Then Jean drove Mrs. Belknap and me back into the mountains I love so well. It was bitterly cold, and snowing, and the river was up. However, our truck got us safely across the Muncy ford, at the edge of dark,—and Wendover was all warmth and light.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

JUST JOKES—ASSORTED

Driver's License Examiner: "Do you know what it means if a driver holds out a hand?"

Applicant: "If it's a woman driver, it means she is going to turn right or left, stop or back up, shake the ashes off her cigarette, or maybe she is pointing to a hat in a window, showing off her new ring, or just drying her nail polish."

Examiner: "What if it's a man?"

Applicant: "He's probably waving to a woman."

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In an army hospital, a wounded soldier was cooking up a letter to his wife. A kind-hearted nurse was writing it down for him.

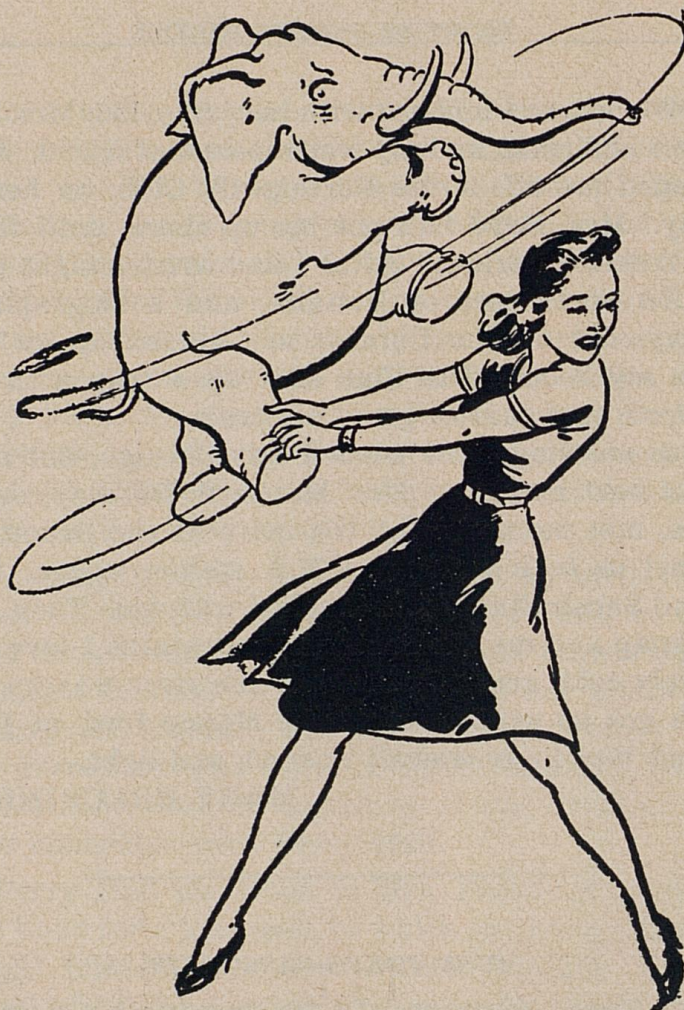
"The nurses here," he dictated, "are a very plain lot—"

"Oh, I say," the angel of mercy interrupted, "don't you think that's a little unfair?"

The soldier grinned.

"Yes, I do!" he fervently declared. "But, nurse, you can't imagine how happy my wife will be when she reads it!"

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received hundreds of dollars from the sale of knickknacks 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

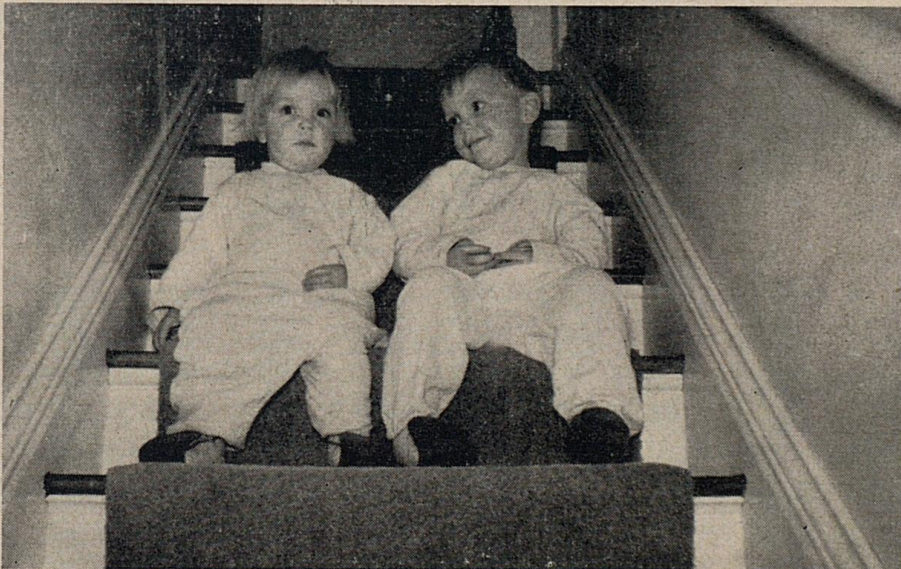
We shall be much obliged to you.

"KRISTBARNET"

Child Jesus came to earth this day,
To save us sinners dying;
And cradled in the straw and hay,
The Holy One is lying.
The stars shine down the Child to greet,
The lowing oxen kiss his feet.
Alleluia! Child Jesus.

Take courage, souls, so weak and worn,
Your sorrows have departed;
A Child in David's town is born
To heal the broken-hearted.
Then let us haste this Child to find,
And children be in heart and mind.
Alleluia! Child Jesus.

—tr. from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen



ALICE AND THEODORE STANLEY PROXMIRE
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Proxmire
(Courier, Elsie Rockefeller)

FIELD NOTES

Compiled and Arranged by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

"Go give to the needy
Sweet Charity's bread,
For giving is living," the Angel said.
"And must I keep giving again and again?"
My peevish, petulant answer ran,
"Oh no," said the Angel, piercing me through
"Just give till the Master quits giving to you."

The above bit of poetry appears on a pamphlet enclosed with a shipment of clothing the Frontier Nursing Service received this autumn from the Lexington, Kentucky, Branch of the Needlework Guild of America. The object of The Needlework Guild of America, as many of our readers know, is to collect and distribute new, plain, suitable garments, to meet the great need of hospitals, homes, and other charities, and so to extend its usefulness by the organization of branches. The annual contribution of two or more new articles of wearing apparel or household linen, or a donation of money, constitutes membership. Men, women and children may become members.

The Frontier Nursing Service shares in this giving through shipments received from various branches of the Guild all over the country. Hundreds of articles of new clothing for our babies and children, and dozens of sheets, towels, et cetera, for our Hospital come each year from this charity that helps other charities. We thank each branch, when a shipment is received, but we are grateful indeed to every member.

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A new civilian jeep headed our list of "Urgent Needs" in the spring Quarterly Bulletin. The new jeep has been given by an anonymous donor, who did not even want the privilege of naming it. We have named it "Larry," and, at the moment, Larry is serving at our Bowlingtown Center while the Bowlingtown jeep is in the garage for repairs. Then Larry will be used to replace Willie, the worn-out Hyden Hospital jeep.

.

A most welcome gift came to Hyden Hospital in October. Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie of Boston, a member of our National

Medical Council for many years, sent us two cartons of surgical instruments. Dr. den Dulk is most pleased because many of the instruments in the shipment were ones that he felt he had to have in our operating room.

.

Another urgent need has arisen and that is for a piano at Joy House. Mrs. den Dulk wants one, not only for her own enjoyment, but so that she can teach Billy and Leanne. Please, if any of our readers know of a piano that is not in use, and that the owner will give to Joy House—please, write us. The Frontier Nursing Service will arrange for transportation.

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Throughout the autumn Dr. den Dulk's Fridays have been devoted to clinics held at the schools throughout Leslie County in coöperation with the County Public Health Nurse, Mrs. Martha Cornett. Our Hyden District Nurse has assisted them. The children, the teachers, and our own outpost district nurses have profited by these clinics. They will be continued each Friday until every school has been visited in the County.

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Dr. Francis Massie came up from Lexington again for our fall Surgical Clinic. Our own Medical Director, who is a surgeon, assisted him. Dr. Massie brought with him Miss Laurene A. Adair, his anesthetist, and Mrs. Marjorie Smart Works, his scrub nurse. Sixteen major operations were successfully performed and the Frontier Nursing Service is grateful, as always, for the four days these kind people gave to our patients.

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The local Frontier Nursing Service committees came to Wendover for their meetings this autumn. The first to come was the Wendover Committee on October 5th. The second and third meetings were combined ones—Beech Fork, Flat Creek and Red Bird on Friday, October 12th; Brutus, Confluence and Bowlingtown on Friday, October 19th. They all came for noon dinner, and the Wendover crowd had a great time acting as hostesses. Mrs. Breckinridge read sketches from the manuscript of her book to each group, and found the suggestions of the committee members most helpful.

The Frontier Nursing Service is proud of the prizes its members won at the Leslie County Fair this autumn. Helen Marie Fedde's Irish setter, Cathy, shown by Kitty Macdonald, won first prize in the Bird Dog Class in the Dog Show. All the Frontier Nursing Service horses that were not "on duty" went to the Fair. Edie Kennell on Boots, Hazel Sheidler on Camp and Lydia Thompson on Robin Hood each won a prize, and Kate Ireland on Jeff won five prizes. The money donated to the Service from these prizes amounted to \$70.00. Kate and Jeff specified that their prize money should go toward the purchase of a new horse. "Hem" and Cathy, "Shide" and Camp requested that their prize money go toward household needs for Mardi Cottage.

.

For over a year our little neighbor, Leona Maggard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Maggard on Hurricane Creek, has been an assistant in the Wendover Post Office. On October 16th, in a simple and lovely wedding ceremony in the Presbyterian Chapel at Dryhill, Kentucky, Leona became Mrs. Brutus Begley. Miss Tolk and Miss Roberts of Dryhill had decorated the Chapel with Farewell Summer and with white dahlias from their own garden. Leona and Brutus are living in Hyden. Brutus is driving a bus for the Leslie County Schools and Leona is continuing as an Assistant Postmaster at Wendover.

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The citizens of Hazard, our railroad shipping point, have erected and equipped a beautiful gymnasium as a memorial to the 195 boys from the Hazard area who lost their lives in World War II. The building was completed and dedicated in September of this year. Some of us attended the opening on October 15th—a professional basketball game. When the capacity crowd of over 2,000 people stood to sing our National Anthem and for a moment of silent prayer, our hearts were full.

.

District 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses held its fall meeting at the Mardi Cottage in Hyden on Saturday, September 29th. After a brief business session, Mrs. Breckinridge gave a most interesting talk on nursing and midwifery in France after the first World War.

Miss Jane Furnas, president of District 13, accompanied by Miss Helen Browne, attended the KSARN Convention in Somerset in mid-October. They had the privilege of meeting Miss Janet Geister, first vice-president of the American Nurses Association, who was a distinguished guest speaker at this convention.

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On November 1st the American Association of Nurse-Midwives held its twenty-fourth annual meeting at Wendover. Members attended from as far away as northern Michigan, Indiana, South Carolina and Ohio. The guest speaker was Dr. John McF. Bergland of Baltimore. He delighted his audience with stories of some of his experiences in obstetrics at the Johns Hopkins University around fifty years ago. Two non-midwife guests at the meeting were Miss Fanny and Miss Betty Ficquett. Miss Betty Ficquett is Maternal and Child Health Consultant for the State of South Carolina.

The Frontier Nursing Service had the honor of entertaining not only Dr. Bergland but Mrs. Bergland who came with him. Their two-day visit was much too short. Other welcome guests of the Service at the time of the A.A.N.M. meeting were ex-staff members Rosa Clark, Minnie Lee Hobbs, Maxine Thornton, Eleanor Wechtel Denk, Doris Reid and Mrs. Catherine Lory.

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Our Hospital Superintendent, Miss MacKinnon, spent three weeks in England this autumn. While she was there she took an active part—she says—in electing Mr. Churchill! Betty Lester relieved for her at Hyden Hospital.

Dr. Ella Woodyard, our Research Director, also took a well-earned vacation this fall and drove in her car to visit relatives and friends in Oklahoma, Kansas and Illinois.

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With joy we welcomed Jean Hollins, resident courier, back from her holiday the end of October. Kate Ireland, who relieved so splendidly for her, had to go home when Jean returned. The junior couriers with us now are Mary (Timmy) Balch of Milton, Massachusetts, a cousin of our old courier Sylvia Bowditch Newsum; and Lillian (Lil) Whiteley of York, Pennsylvania. We are

fortunate in having two such able couriers during this busy pre-Christmas season.

.

Keuka College has sent us again this year one of their senior students, Miss Jane Morris, for a period of field experience in Social Service. She is working with Mary Jo Clark, and is helpful in many ways, sharing with us, for the enjoyment of our children, her abilities as an artist and as a musician.

.

This fall we have had many changes in our nursing staff. With much regret we have said good-bye to Madeline F. Cook (Cookie) who for the past year has been in charge of the Clara Ford Nursing Center on the Red Bird River. Other nurse-midwives who stayed with us for a short term of experience and have now left are: Kathryn Brown, Martha Morrison, Mary Mincher and Florence Shade. We are grateful to them all for having stayed with us through the summer and early fall, when so many of our permanent staff were taking their vacations. Edna Kennell (Edie) is taking six months' leave of absence from the Hyden district where she has done excellent work for the past year.

We welcome to our staff Edna Metcalfe (Neddy) who comes to us from New Zealand where she took her training as a nurse and midwife, and where she learned about us from our former nurse-midwife, Mrs. Vincent Tothil. Before coming to Kentucky Neddy had worked in many parts of the world: in England, in France, in Switzerland; on an island in the Pacific, and as a district nurse-midwife in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. She has taken over our Red Bird district where she was with Cookie for several weeks before Cookie left.

We have a new group of young, non-midwife nurses at Hyden who have come, some to gain experience with us in rural nursing and some to prepare themselves for entrance to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

The students in the twenty-third class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery which opened on October 15th are: Marie Bowen and Mary Finn from Newfoundland; Mary Ewing, on furlough from her mission station in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan; Helen Peterson and Verena Hamm, who are taking

their midwifery courses before going to the mission field; and Jane Pierson, a non-midwife hospital and district nurse with the Frontier Nursing Service for the past year.

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Guests have come to us from many places this autumn. Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, came in October; and our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap of Louisville, came to spend Thanksgiving with her F.N.S. family at Wendover. Bishop William R. Moody and Mrs. Moody from Lexington came for an overnight visit, and Bishop Moody held an early communion service in the Wendover Chapel on Sunday morning, October 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Cobb of Bath, England, came to us for two days in early October. Mrs. Cobb is the Secretary-Treasurer of the District Nursing Association in Devon where Annie Ellison and Violet Clark, two of our former nurse-midwives, are now working. Miss Bacha Bharucha, Medical Social Worker from India, came for an all too brief period of observation of our work through the auspices of the International Exchange Program. Miss Bharucha promised to return to Wendover for a visit during the Christmas holidays. The State Department sent us a delightful visitor in Dr. Jose L. Caluag of the Philippines.

Professional visitors from our own country, friends and relatives of our staff and of our couriers have come. But never in the pages of the Quarterly Bulletin is there room to tell of them all, or of the joy their visits bring.

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Mary Quarles has come back to us this fall as Volunteer Christmas Secretary. As this Bulletin goes to press she is busy with the unpacking, sorting and acknowledging the hundreds of Christmas shipments that are coming in from beyond the mountains. Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville is coming again, and will take over the letter-writing for Mary, and of course she has the assistance of Mary Jo Clark, Jane Morris, and the couriers whenever they are free from their own duties.

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As this column is written, your gifts for our children's

Christmas are pouring into the mountains—by every mail, on every truck that brings the express from Hazard. We hope that the Christmas Spirit you are giving forth will come back to you a thousand fold. Our Christmas message goes to you in this bit of verse, written by the late Kate Douglas Wiggin:

My heart is open wide tonight
 For stranger, kith or kin.
 I would not bar a single door
 Where Love might enter in.

THE WORLD CALENDAR

JANUARY
 APRIL
 JULY
 OCTOBER

FEBRUARY
 MAY
 AUGUST
 NOVEMBER

MARCH
 JUNE**
 SEPTEMBER
 DECEMBER*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7				1	2	3	4						1	2
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
29	30	31					26	27	28	29	30			24	25	26	27	28	29	30

*Worldsday (a world holiday), W or 31 December (365th day), every year.

**Leapyear Day (another world holiday), W or 31 June, in leap years.

Worldsday and Leapyear Day dedicated to Good Will, Cooperation and Peace

1952 approval—1953 ratification—1956 adoption

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.
and sent to the treasurer,
MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington 15, Kentucky

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Yet once again Lucille Knechtly, with help from Helen Browne and Agnes Lewis, has done the greater part of the work on this Quarterly Bulletin. During the long months in which I have been writing WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS, it would have been impossible for me to handle the Bulletin alone, each quarter, or even carry much of the work on it. Few things have given me more happiness than the letters that have come to us praising parts of the Bulletin with which I have had little or nothing to do.—M. B.

Statement of Ownership

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

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1951.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1951.

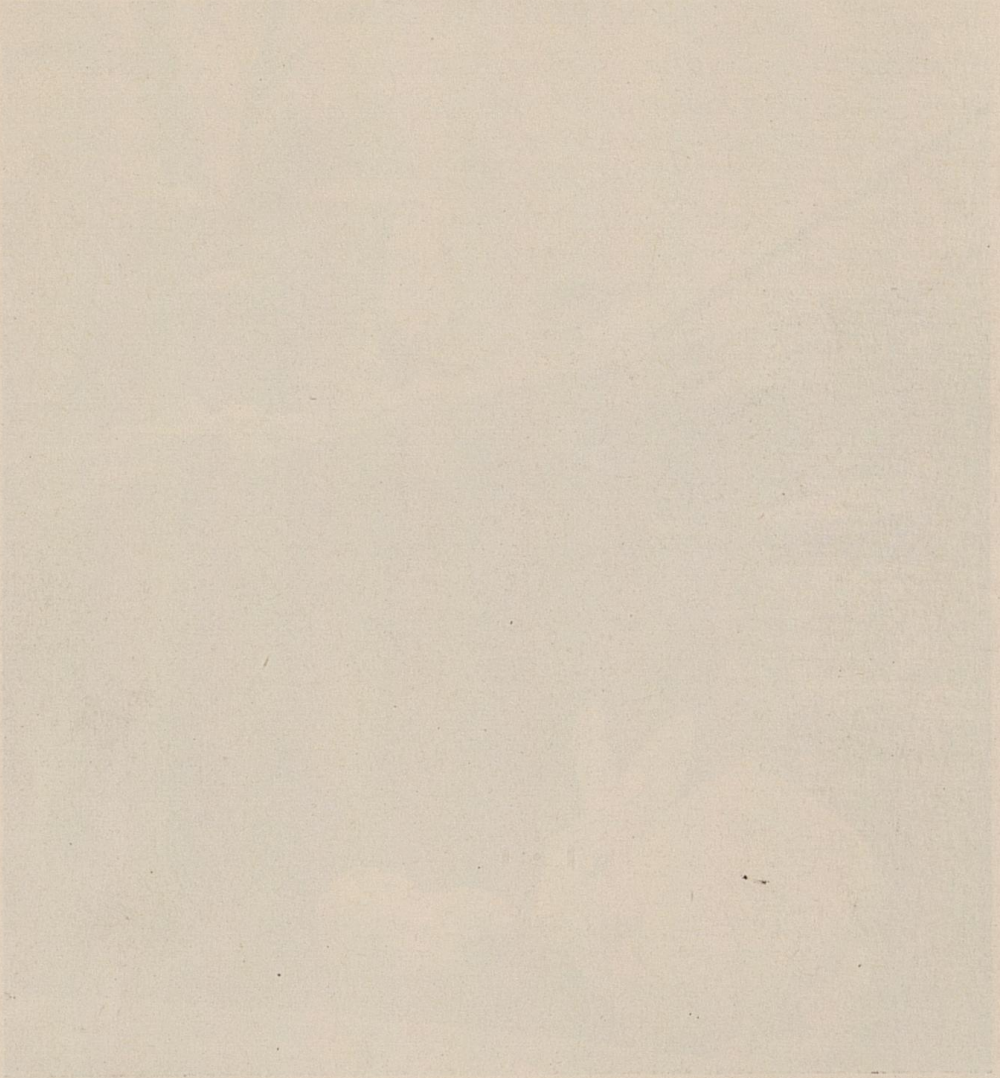
AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires January 25, 1955.)



RONNIE MORGAN
Grandson of Lewis and Becky Jane Morgan,
With His Rabbits
At the Georgia Wright Clearing, Wendover

Photograph by Nancy Dammann



ROBERT MORRIS

President of the Board of Directors

of the Bank of America

at the City of New York

Photograph by Harry Jackson