

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 22

SUMMER, 1946

NUMBER 1



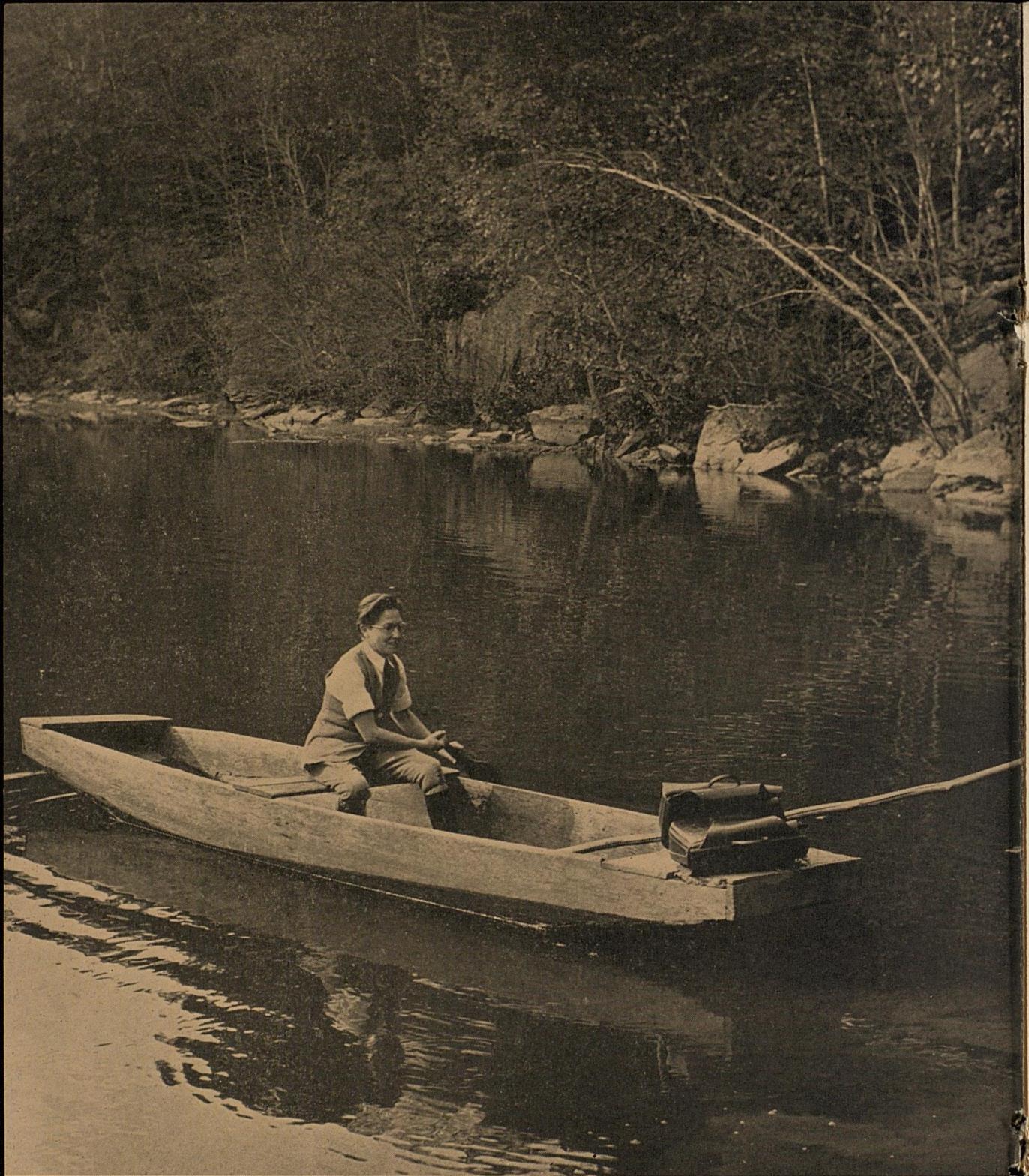
Couriers of the Frontier Nursing Service

PAMELA DUNN

LUCY CONANT

JUNE DONALD





FRONTIER NURSE — NOLA BLAIR

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
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VOLUME 22

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under Act of March 3, 1879.”

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE  
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Directors,  
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,  
Lexington, Kentucky.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1946, with the result as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

Contributions and gifts have been checked against the Treasurer's receipts and reports and traced into the bank.

Disbursements have been verified by means of canceled checks, and the bank accounts have been reconciled and found correct.

In our opinion, all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) HIFNER AND FORTUNE  
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky  
May Twenty-second,  
Nineteen Forty-six.



ANNUAL REPORT  
of the  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
May 1, 1945, to April 30, 1946

PREFACE

In presenting the report of our twenty-first fiscal year, which closed April 30, 1946, we find it easy to call attention to the volume of work done, and to the generous support received, but almost impossible to convey how difficult the year has been. The closing months of the war, and the months immediately following the war, have brought about an increase of work with a continued staff shortage. Generous as our support has been from our thousands of old friends, this support has been strained to the utmost to meet the increased costs of everything we buy, from horses' feed to hospital supplies. Two examples will suffice to illustrate this point.

In our preceding fiscal year we spent for dispensary supplies for the Hospital and centers \$3,685.49. In the fiscal year just closed these same supplies cost \$8,046.58. Several years ago when we had between forty and fifty horses it used to cost us between three and four thousand dollars annually to have them fed and cared for. Now we are partly motorized and have only twenty-seven horses. To feed and care for them last year cost us \$10,087.64.

These two examples suffice to show that we are going through a fiscal problem of staggering proportions.

I

FISCAL REPORT

The fiscal statements in this annual report are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, which was duly made by Hifner and Fortune, certified public accountants; and the figures in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Our receipts this year from all sources for running expenses, retirement of debt and new endowment were \$194,812.07



(Exhibit B of the audit). Of this total the sum of \$63,142.39 is new endowment. This new endowment includes the legacy of the late Miss Louie A. Hall of \$33,000.00 with accumulated income of \$2,723.69 or a total of \$35,723.69, to be used, when feasible, for the construction and endowment of a new center in memory of Sophronia Brooks. Pending the possibility of building this center, the income from this legacy goes back into the fund and will increase the size of the eventual endowment of the center. New endowment, the income of which can be used at once for current expenses of the organization, is \$27,418.70.

The total gifts and contributions to the Service for running expenses were \$93,785.97 inclusive of \$2,535.00 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and its chapters for Social Service. Our investment income from endowment for the year was \$15,709.90. The grant of Federal scholarships for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was \$5,000.00 and the income from the Wendover Post Office was \$1,135.77. The revenue from benefits and from the Bargain Box in New York was \$3,796.72. The total receipts from medical, hospital and nursing fees was \$11,044.02. These are the main sources of income for the past fiscal year (Schedule B-1 of the audit).

#### ENDOWMENT

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

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Crib.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,118.87
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown .....	1,000.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36



William Nelson Fant, Jr. Memorial.....	77,159.43
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	500.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	3,250.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial Fund.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	10,000.00
Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....	12,120.00
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and Its Endowment.....	35,723.69
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00
Richard D. McMahon Legacy.....	15,265.00
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Total .....	\$485,118.88

Note: Amounts shown represent values at the time the gifts were received.

#### CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks and petty cash funds was \$12,498.82.

#### INDEBTEDNESS

The only indebtedness of the Frontier Nursing Service is \$12,312.42 still owed certain older members of the old staff, representing the amount, on a two-thirds salary basis, voluntarily loaned the Service during the years 1930 to 1935 when the Service did not receive a large enough income to pay salaries on even a 2/3 basis. This sum is reduced annually and through the generosity of a trustee was reduced by \$2,000.00 during this past fiscal year.

#### REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$266,516.45, all without lien.

#### INVENTORY

An inventory is taken every spring of the property of the Service. Among its major holdings are the following:



**Hyden**

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

**Wendover**

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

**Georgia Wright Clearing**

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

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

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

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

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

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

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

Log building and oak barn with electricity; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.



**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

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

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

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

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

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

**Subsidiary Clinics**

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

II

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

When our Medical Director of the preceding two years, Dr. James M. Fraser, left us in August, 1945 for private practice, we had no one in view to fill his place. Through the courtesy of a distinguished member of our National Medical Council, Dr. Karl M. Wilson of the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, we got in touch with Dr. Henry S. Waters. It was our rare good fortune to have the services of Dr. Waters as Medical Director from early September until the close of our fiscal year, April 30th, when he left us to prepare for his return to his own badly wrecked hospital at Iloilo in the Philippines. Hence this report covers a brief period of something over three months during which Dr. Fraser was our Medical Director, a short period during which we had no Medical Director, and a period of approximately eight months during which Dr. Waters was



the Medical Director. During the weeks in late August we depended, as always, on Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, our life line, and his assistant at that time, Dr. C. S. Jackson. We also had for two weeks a distinguished guest, the late Dr. Lucy Chao of China, who consented as a courtesy to give her services to us. We could not pay her, but we presented her with an instrument that she needed to take back to China with her. Under our "In Memoriam" column in a later issue of the Bulletin we will have something to say of the untimely death of this gracious lady.

The months that Dr. Waters was with us stand out as a period in which our medical and surgical needs were covered magnificently. It is hard to realize how anyone released not long before from a Japanese concentration camp could accomplish the immense amount of work Dr. Waters carried during his stay with us. The appreciation of our patients for his abilities as physician and surgeon, his charming personality and his high principles as a man, equaled our own.

Dr. Francis Massie came up again from Lexington in April, for the surgical clinic he gives the Frontier Nursing Service each year. With him came his assistant, Dr. Dodd. Dr. Massie, Dr. Dodd, and Dr. Waters examined 61 patients and Dr. Massie performed 14 operations. There wasn't time to perform nine of the operations and these are scheduled for another surgical clinic in the current fiscal year.

It was after the close of our fiscal year, in June, that we welcomed again after a long absence due to the war, Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville who performed 35 terribly needed tonsillec-tomies on our children. With him came Dr. D. M. Dollar to give the anesthetics and also, as is his custom, to donate ice cream for all of the young patients. We were delighted to welcome with Dr. Urton and Dr. Dollar, young Dr. W. H. Pratt for his first surgical visit to us.

#### HYDEN HOSPITAL

No one who reads the figures which follow in relation to the Hospital, the districts and the midwifery can have any conception of the enormous task it was to get them totaled by the close of our fiscal year. Our statistician, Mrs. Arthur Byrne, left us in March to join her husband just back from the Pacific. Months



were to pass before we had another statistician. Our First Assistant Director, Miss Dorothy F. Buck, who is a Wellesley graduate as well as a nurse and a midwife and has a Master's degree, took over the full statistical work in addition to her own department. This meant that all through April and May she was working at night and over the week-ends in order to have the report ready for the Annual Meeting of trustees.

The Hospital at Hyden was occupied 6,317 days last year by 681 patients with a daily average of 17.3 patients. When you stop to think that our Hospital has only 18 ward beds and one isolation bed (in the Wee Stone House) and eight bassinets for the new-born, one can easily see the dangerous over-crowding represented by a daily average of 17.3 patients. Additional space for the Hospital is no longer merely desirable—it is an absolute necessity. Dr. R. Glen Spurling of Louisville is trying to get us a Quonset Hut to tide over until building is possible again and we can make an appeal for a wing to be added to the Hospital, and also for a house for the nurses outside the Hospital.

Of the 681 patients cared for during the fiscal year, 142 were adults, 261 were obstetrical patients, 88 were children, and 190 were newborn. There were 14 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which five were newborn, and none were obstetrical. Eighty-six operations were performed. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital there was a total of 6,042 visits received during the past fiscal year.

#### DISTRICTS

In the 13 districts carried by the Frontier Nursing Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 8,286 people in 1,807 families. Of these 4,493 were children including 2,095 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 16,906 visits and received 17,594 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given to 695 sick people in their homes of whom 19 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 7,100 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 2,036 specimens for analysis.



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

#### MIDWIFERY

##### Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) delivered 390 women in childbirth, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. There were 392 live births and 4 stillbirths. There were 6 deliveries of twins. There were 347 new cases admitted and 387 closed after postpartum care. There were no miscarriages and no maternal deaths.

##### Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the nurse-midwives and midwifery students of the Graduate School were called in for 14 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 13 live births and 1 stillbirth; for 17 emergency miscarriages (14 early and 3 late); and for postpartum care to 4 other mothers. There were no maternal deaths.

##### Outside-Area Cases

There were 196 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these 48 were closed before delivery. Although it is routine for our outside area patients to move into our districts or our Hospital for delivery, in which case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service, the nurse-midwives went outside our area to deliver one such patient of a live baby in her own home.

#### THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

During the past fiscal year the School graduated nine registered nurses in midwifery. One is a missionary nurse-midwife in Kentucky. Four are registered nurse-midwives in foreign fields (three in India and one in China) and one is in charge



of the obstetrical department of a large American hospital. The remaining three are on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Of the six students in the twelfth class at present in the School there are two preparing for foreign mission fields; one is a Puerto Rican nurse who returns to Puerto Rico for remotely rural work; two will remain with the Frontier Nursing Service. The sixth student is a returned veteran (an Army major), our first student to take the training under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

#### CADETS

During the past fiscal year two of The Johns Hopkins cadets completed their six months' affiliation with the Frontier Nursing Service. One returned to The Johns Hopkins Hospital to work, and one has married and gone into the foreign mission field. Two cadets from the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit came for a six months' affiliation period, which did not terminate until after the close of our fiscal year. Two cadet nurses from the Nazareth School of Nursing of St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington came for a four months' affiliation which terminated after the close of our fiscal year.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

During the past fiscal year the Social Service Department gave aid and care to six dependent children not eligible for State Aid, and care to a number of dependent children who receive financial help under the Aid to Dependent Children Act; gave aid and care to nine families (widows and wives of men unable to work) and provided twelve families with garden seeds, seed potatoes, potato fertilizer, onion sets, and sweet potato slips; bought cows for two families who repay the cost by monthly instalments; paid complete costs of hospitalization for five adult patients in Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati, part of which is being refunded by the families; paid the charge for thirty patients taken to dentists and oculists, some of which is being refunded to the Service; paid expenses in Hyden for three pre-natal patients waiting for delivery when there were no beds available in our Hospital for them; distributed hundreds of



articles of clothing, books and toys; gave food and other assistance in several emergency situations; transported patients to clinics; and, on 52 passes given by the Louisville and Nashville railroad, transported patients and their attendants to Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati for specialized medical and hospital care.

We wish to express our grateful thanks again to the Children's Hospital, Cincinnati, for caring for a number of our children free; to the medical profession of Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati for giving free care to patients sent out to them; to the Louisville and Nashville railroad for its passes, and to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission for giving free care to children sent out to them.

#### GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 101 overnight guests who stayed 311 days. In addition Wendover entertained for meals 175 guests for 442 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 192 days. In addition, the Hospital entertained day guests for 1,257 meals. Meals served to patients totaled 20,062.

#### VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Eighteen couriers and other volunteer workers worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1,562 days. Of these days, 208 were spent as nurse's aides to the Hospital in Hyden. During the time the volunteers were with the Service they lived at Wendover, Hyden, and the Outpost Centers.

#### CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys, fruit and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas and clothing to those that needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees and Christmas carols.



### III BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1946-1947

The budget for the fiscal year, adopted by the Executive Committee, and approved by the Board of Trustees at their Twenty-second Annual Meeting in Louisville, Kentucky on May 31, 1946, is set at \$124,000.00. Unless the prices of everything we buy should go down, and our essential repairs and upkeep of property, equipment and livestock should be less this year than last, it will not be possible for us to operate within the limits of a budget of \$124,000.00. And yet we are not doing anything that we did not do when we set a budget of \$104,000.00 and lived within it.

It will be of interest to our members to know what our expenditures were during the last fiscal year because it is upon these expenditures that we base the budget for the current fiscal year. Our members will note that we have attempted to save in this year's expenditures on maintenance and replacement, but such saving must not be carried to an extent that allows dangerous depreciation.

#### HYDEN HOSPITAL and FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY:

	1945-1946	1946-1947
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 19,682.00	\$ 20,000.00
2. Running Costs (food, cows, electricity, fuel, laundry, freight, haulage, et cetera).....	9,993.00	10,000.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 1).....	8,046.58	8,000.00
4. Medical Director (Note 2).....	3,296.21	3,000.00
	\$ 41,017.79	\$ 41,000.00
		\$ 41,000.00

#### DISTRICTS (Wendover and Six Nursing Centers):

1. Salaries and Wages.....	26,424.82	26,000.00
2. Feed and Care of Horses (Hospital, Graduate School, Wendover, and 13 districts).....	10,087.64	10,000.00
3. Cars, Jeeps, Truck, Station Wagon-Ambulance (Ditto) .....	2,228.22	2,000.00
4. Running Costs (food, minus board of residents; cows, fuel, kerosene, candles, laundry, freight, haulage) .....	11,121.13	10,500.00
	\$ 49,861.81	\$ 48,500.00
		\$ 48,500.00



## ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSES:

Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, printing, telephone, telegraph, postage, et cetera.....	\$ 15,215.35	\$ 14,000.00	\$ 14,000.00
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## GENERAL EXPENSES:

1. Social Service .....	\$ 4,277.25	\$ 4,000.00	
2. Insurance (Fire—\$211,500.00 coverage, Employer's Liability, full coverage on station wagon, truck, cars and jeeps).....	1,928.03	3,200.00	
3. Quarterly Bulletins (covered by subscriptions, with small surplus)	3,569.55	3,500.00	
4. Statistics and Research.....	3,131.00	3,000.00	
5. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Cadets and foreign nurses for study and observation.....	909.70	1,000.00	
6. Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses Beyond the Mountains.....	751.90	800.00	\$ 15,500.00
	<u>\$120,662.38</u>	<u>\$119,000.00</u>	<u>\$119,000.00</u>
7. Maintenance of Properties and Replacement of Equipment and Livestock (Auditor's Valuation: \$266,516.45) .....	13,147.54	5,000.00	5,000.00
	<u>\$133,809.92</u>	<u>\$124,000.00</u>	<u>\$124,000.00</u>

Note 1: Approximately one-third of supplies relayed to districts.

Note 2: Approximately one-fourth of his time spent on districts.

#### IV TWENTY-ONE YEAR TOTALS

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

Patients registered from the beginning.....	29,282
Babies and toddlers.....	12,047
School children .....	6,221
Total children .....	<u>18,268</u>
Adults .....	11,014
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	6,353
Inoculations .....	143,704
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	7,958
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	78,213

\* For 17 years and 6 months. The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.



## CONCLUSION

We are living in difficult times. In some ways they are more difficult than during the war years. We find that all over America hospital and nursing organizations are facing the same problems of staff shortage and increased costs that we are facing. We shall all live through, but at a cost. It is hard for your officers to see the strain of overwork on the part of a devoted staff, and to handle the over-crowding of hospital wards. We can only assure you that we shall continue to do the best we can.

In concluding, we thank all of you who have helped us financially, with volunteer work, with supplies, and by service on our committees; we thank each and every member of our staff; and we thank our thousands of patients for a co-operation that has not been surpassed in the annals of nursing and medical history.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

C. N. MANNING, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

## JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

Agent, on telephone: "Doctor, my little boy just swallowed my fountain pen."

Doctor: "Heavens! I'll come at once. What are you doing in the meantime?"

Agent: "Using a pencil."

. . . . .

Grandma was tucking her four-year-old grandson into bed.

"All right, my dear," she whispered softly. "Are you ready for your bedtime story?"

"Grandma," he murmured, "I'm in no mood tonight."

"Then," grandma offered, "shall I sing you a lullaby?"

"Nope," said the four-year-old. "No lullaby."

Grandma was perplexed.

"Then what can I do for you, my child," she asked.

"Well," offered Junior, "suppose you take a walk and lemme get some sleep!"

. . . . .

"I do wish you would help me with this sum, dad," said the small boy struggling with his homework.

"Can't, son," said dad from behind his paper, "it wouldn't be right."

"I don't suppose it would," said the boy, "but you might have tried."



## GO, LOVELY ROSE

by

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

Go, lovely Rose—  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die—that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!



## WHERE IS UPPER SPRING CREEK SCHOOL?

by

DORIS REID, R.N., C.M.

Drawings by

JANE RAINEY, R.N., C.M.

"Georgia, today I want to go to Upper Spring Creek School to give typhoid shots; will you tell me the easiest way to get there?" Thus started a conversation in the Flat Creek Center kitchen one hot August morning last summer.

"Miss Reid, there is two ways to go to Upper Spring Creek School; you can just go up Spring Creek until you get there, but seeing as how you are new here, I wouldn't do that if I were you. Now let's see, you know where Rocky Fork is, don't you?"

"Yes—"

"And you know where Oscar Delf lives?"

"Yes—"

"Well, go to Oscar Delf's and they will tell you where to go from there. But Miss Reid, it ain't easy to get there; the last couple of nurses got lost up in there. Why, Miss Reid, one nurse went clear up Rocky Fork and come down Spring Creek and never did find the school house; she had to go back the next day and take someone with her to show her the way."

With that information and advice I slipped a sandwich and an apple into my pocket and mounted my good horse Jefferson; I whispered in his ear, "O. K., fellow, here we go and I sure hope we find the school."

Up Flat Creek we went until we came to the mouth of Rocky Ford and then we traveled up that rocky trail. After one reaches the top of the first rough stretch, it is truly beautiful traveling through the deep woods following a winding creek for a distance of approximately two miles. When I arrived at Oscar Delf's home I stopped to do a prenatal visit and to inquire the way to my destination.

Mabel said, "Miss Reid, I aimed to have my kid brother stay and go with you to show you the way, but he was shamed



and didn't care to stay. But hit's easy to find your way and I'll tell you how to get thar. Now you just go on up that thar road over thar. Don't take the next turn to the left but keep a-going and you will come to two houses on your left and two branches on your right; don't take these turns but go on and finally you will come to another small path off to your right. Well, now you take that 'un and soon you will be thar."

Hastily making a sketchy map, I thanked her, mounted Jefferson and started on, hoping to reach my destination without too much difficulty. Sure enough I found the houses; not two, but three. (I found out later that the middle one wasn't counted because no one lived in it.) I recognized the two well-defined trails on my right which, as directed, I didn't follow; then on we traveled and found not one small trail on our right side but several. A number of these we explored a short way, but on none of them could we find any signs of school children, such as spelling or arithmetic papers. Therefore each time we would travel back to the main trail and try another.

Finally feeling desperate, sick at heart, and downright disgusted, I climbed off my horse and sat down against a tree. I thought that after all, since the Kentucky Public Health Board supplies the typhoid-pertussis and diphtheria inoculation material, and the Frontier Nursing Service supplies the nurses to give them to the people free of charge, the least they could do is to co-operate with the nurse and help her to find the schools until she becomes acquainted with the District. After ten minutes of self-pity, and of an attempt to explain to my horse that



I wasn't crazy—only lost—I again mounted and traveled the



main trail until I found a piece of paper that had familiar signs of colored scrawls and letters on it. It lay beside a barely-perceptible trail. We traveled up that trail and found more signs of school papers, lunch wrappers and so on. Eventually we came to a Y in the trail and, as I was undecided which way to go, we stopped. Soon we could hear children playing, so we turned left and went on, partly by the trail, but mostly "by guess and by gosh." Suddenly, in front of us on a cleared spot in the forest, was an unmistakable school building. In front of it were children playing baseball and some adults were standing by watching.



The school teacher, whom I had never met, but to whom I had written telling her when I would be there, came over and shook hands, remarking, "Miss Reid, we supposed you were lost."

"I was, for a while," I answered, "until I finally found some papers along the trail and then I heard the children yelling. If it had not been for that I surely wouldn't have found this school without some help."

I shouldered my saddle bags and entered the school house. There were approximately forty people, including adults, children and babies, waiting for inoculations. Some had traveled from far out of District because no nurses were located near



their homes. Each was cooperative and marched up like a good fellow to receive his shot. They seemed so appreciative that I was sorry for the previous thoughts I had had about them.

After my work was completed, I promised to return in one week and I told Jefferson, "Remember, we have to come back next week, so please help me to remember this trail!" Though for a couple of hours I had had my doubts as to whether or not there was such a place as Upper Spring Creek School, not only had Jefferson and I found it that day but again on two successive weekly visits we got there. However, I am anticipating this summer with apprehension—can I ever find it again?



**CALICO'S DREAM**

She loves apples

—Drawn by Ann Pratt (Punk)



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and arranged by  
DOROTHY F. BUCK

### From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—April 23, 1946

Mother isn't really gaining any strength and looks forward to my Sunday visits. At the minute she would break her heart if I were to leave her. About a month ago I saw some G. I. brides off at Omah Station for the U.S.A. Little Ruthie, whom I delivered, and her mother were amongst them. Ruthie has at last joined her daddy in North Carolina. When I saw them off I felt I'd like to go back to the Kentucky hills.

### From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) in England—

—April 24, 1946

I am now battling with the problem of this civilian life and trying to settle down, but with one ear cocked and one eye open for any excitement which may be on the wing.

We, as a nation, have gone certificate crazy so the first thing to do is to collect a few more. By the time one is fully qualified to function one will be due to be pensioned off! After taking a refresher course at Elsie Inglis [*in Edinburgh*] I realized I was still a useless tool, so hied off to the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies [*in London*] to get me a Gas and Air Analgesia certificate. Having been well versed in the art ten years ago I now applied myself night and day for two weeks and eventually procured the illuminated testimonial. It was a most enjoyable two weeks of breathing in and out in their very happy atmosphere.

Now I am settled down as Night Sister at this hospital until September and am taking the midwifery teachers lectures. Alas, the grey matter has become somewhat pulverised during the past six and a half years and whatever goes in today comes out again tomorrow.

This hospital is an extremely busy one being about 75% abnormal midwifery. We have at the moment about 15 Caesarians and a ward of toxaemias and, with 84 mothers and 70 to 80



babies, one is kept very busy so that the nights fly by. But after five weeks I do feel I am getting the grip of things.

Ethel has returned to district work and has settled down very happily. She is hoping for a single district soon in some country spot.

Robbie descended upon me a couple of weeks ago and we had a grand two days. She was her usual refreshing self and seemed quite reconciled to going back to Queens as a superintendent. I was very pleased about this as I thought she might find it very difficult to settle down. She was on her release leave.

Spring is very lovely and I spend my one night off a week delving into the country and bringing back some of its freshness to smoky Birmingham. We are right in the city and one sleeps by day to the roar of traffic; but, being very tired, it appears to afford one no difficulty in that direction.

And now I must wish you well for yourself and the Service in which I learned so much about a different side of life and people and, above all, about nature.

With my love and best wishes to you all.

. . . . .

#### **From May Green in England—April 29, 1946**

I have the job of starting in a new district which includes a very attractive village seven miles away. I have Dittisham and Stoke-Fleming. January to the end of March I had attended 779 cases including ante-natal work and one delivery. A car pool was started for me to help me with out-of-the-way cases. Now I have a new car, a Morris Eight, which I am mastering, though it is rather a tricky job on these very narrow winding Devon lanes. I do wish you could all see the glories of Devon just now. Primroses are nearly over, and now the lanes are a mass of blue bells and pink champions. Antusia, periwinkle, and various other flowers, all growing wild. I often wish Inty could see Devon this time of year. Peggy Tinline McQueen came here for the Easter week end and really enjoyed all the beauty. I hope Kelly will come along before so very long. Did you know she has to undergo an operation? Kelly said she really has not time for the operation as there is so much work to be done.



Mickle Minor is at the Birmingham Maternity Hospital and Marjorie Jackson is still in Austria I believe.

Do give my love to any that I know and tell them there is always a welcome awaiting them in Devon where I hope they will come to see me. I would love to have Lois Harris's Alaska address so I could write to her. I thought her little boy adorable in the little snap that was published in the Bulletin.

. . . . .

**From Anne Fox (Foxie) in Santa Fe, New Mexico—**

May 3, 1946

Babies are still coming in batches, and my special set of twins are doing their best to be born before time but we are trying hard to stop them. I still suspect that it might be triplets and, though the X-ray plate shows two, there is the same line in it that was in the one at Hyden that said one when we could palpate two. I'll let you know how it comes out.

Say hello to everyone for me, pat Penny and the pups.

. . . . .

**From Margaret E. Eimon (Eimee) in Paso Robles, California**

—July 6, 1946

Nancy Wilson has probably written you folks of my short stay at Fort Yukon, Alaska. Evidently I couldn't take that cold climate as some strep bugs decided to play around in my throat and ears. Anyway, it was an interesting experience and I will never regret going up there. California certainly looked grand and the sunshine cleared up my throat in a short time.

Paso Robles, my home town in California, just does not have any nurses so it wasn't very long before they discovered I was at home and put me to work. After my niece's wedding on June 23rd I accompanied two Wisconsin nieces on a jaunt to Yosemite National Park. The evening we returned the Santa Barbara Scouts telephoned saying the nurse they had engaged just couldn't take camp life and would I please be ready to come up the next day. So here I am at this beautiful camp in the mountains between Santa Barbara and Bakersfield. This is a small camp giving me plenty of leisure time for reading, letter



writing, etc. We enjoy sleeping out under the pines—no mosquitoes or poison oak at 6500 ft. altitude.

Greetings to all.

. . . . .

**About Gladys Peacock, From Anne Winslow in New York—**

July 7, 1946

I saw quite a bit of Peacock—first in England where I spent Christmas of 1944 with her and her mother and later in Berlin. She has been Welfare Officer for the British Control Commission and as usual has done a magnificent job. She had a lovely apartment in the British Zone which quickly turned into the social center for all officers who wanted to sing, dance, or just talk. We joined forces quite often mingling the British and American Zones which was great fun.

. . . . .

**From Ethel Broughall Miller in Santee, California—**

July 22, 1946

At present I am a farmer. My husband's very dearest friend died of a coronary embolism two weeks ago and I have taken over helping his wife run a ten-acre ranch until Frank returns from Japan in November. Believe me, this is one time when the things I learned from the F.N.S. other than midwifery have come in good stead.

Best regards to everyone.

. . . . .

**From Ruth Waterbury Coates in Chittenango, New York—**

July 23, 1946

This morning I picked the first nasturtiums from my garden and that started my thoughts toward Kentucky. I was very late in getting the nasturtiums planted. Just last week I put in some aster plants. I hope I'll get some blossoms before the cold weather kills the plants.

My husband is working in Syracuse now so that he is away from home all day. It means I don't have to prepare a noon meal but I miss his being here during the middle of the day.

You should see our dog—a big black and white fox hound with the typical sad features. He is a devoted follower of mine



now and loves to go with me when I make my daily round of the post office and grocery store. He is the papa of nine-week-old puppies which are just down the street. In a little while I expect they'll be as active and vociferous as Penny's litter of ten. They won't be as cute, and I won't have the fun of playing with them as I did with Penny's babies.

. . . . .  
**From Edith Anderson Lawrence in New Hartford,**

**New York—August 4, 1946**

Since my father was very ill I came home until January and then went to Norfolk, Virginia, to work for the U.S.O.-Travelers Aid. Then George returned from the Philippine Islands and I flew home with a Virginia Smithfield ham and a pound of butter in my suitcase. Such a celebration! It is so very wonderful to have the dear guy back!

It is difficult to realize, but it has been three years and eleven months since I left the F.N.S. Yet the warmth of Wendover and the friends I made will always keep the Service very close to my heart.

. . . . .  
**From Audrey Collins Beardsworth in Seattle, Washington**

**—August 17, 1946**

You should see Sheran. She is getting so big. She says mom-mom, da-da, and bye-bye. And does she know what bye-bye means! I can get her walker out and when she sees it you should hear her, "Bye-bye, bye-bye." Oh, she is darling!

Mother has given us a house down home (Birmingham, Alabama) if we want it. We hope to leave Seattle by the first of November at the latest.

. . . . .  
**From Genevieve Weeks in Vermont—August 27, 1946**

I'm still on the same job and do enjoy it very much. The work is varied; there is plenty of it, however, so I find I don't have as much playtime or energy to enjoy free time as I'd sometimes like. Besides various odd assignments I had to make a study this spring of whether or not a new agency should be formed to carry on the work of the U.S.O. for the servicemen



in peacetime, when the U.S.O. goes out of existence. I finished the first report before I came away the first of August for my vacation, but I have a little more work to do when I return, to work out the final recommendations.

I passed my orals and finished up the revisions on my thesis, so the University finally awarded me a degree. 'Twas a long time "in the making" but I do feel it wasn't entirely my fault.

I have been in Vermont since the first day of August and am having a delightful vacation up here. I spent the first two weeks at Newport, Vermont. My parents and younger sister were with me there part of the time. A week ago I came up here to Stowe to join my sister. All three of us had planned to be here together, but almost at the last minute my younger sister decided to go to Colorado for a hiking trip.

Please remember me to everyone I know at Wendover and in the F.N.S.

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#### NEWSY BITS

We are all very happy over the "Old Staff" babies. Nancy Irene came first on May 22nd to **Wilma Duvall Whittlesey**. On July 19th William was born to **Gladys Moberg Gay**. Ellen Elizabeth arrived July 25th as **Meta Klosterman McGuire's** firstborn; and Judith Ann came on August 12th to **Esther Thompson Corum (Tommy)**. We hope to have more news of these youngsters later.

We regret to hear that **Doris Park (Parky)** was the victim of a severe accident on June 10th. She is now convalescing at her father's home.

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#### ALUMNAE NEWS

##### Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

**From Esther Bacon in Liberia, Africa—January 13, 1946**

It was bright crisp moonlight with morning obviously dawning; I awoke with a bang when the rope at the foot end of my hammock slipped and let me down! I proceeded to arouse the men so we could go. They insisted the roosters had crowed at



the wrong time! Across the river, Yarpazua met me with my horse—welcome sight. I reached Zorzor the day before Christmas. That afternoon there was a Christmas program and party for the children in the shade of the large mango tree on Flora's lawn. Children of workers on the compound, motherless children, children from town, and Flora's four enjoyed it. Each small child received a pail (empty tin can painted green with wire handle) containing pop corn and a few pieces of hard candy. Where toys as we know them hardly exist, these little gifts were much appreciated. Believe it! Loads with gifts and hospital supplies also arrived before Christmas. The two nurses and I spent the evening taking care of these.

Christmas morning, very early, carols awakened us. They had never sounded so sweet. They sang to the patients also, and Mrs. Koller told of Christmas. Then some of the girls came in for refreshments and to warm by the fire. Workmen and patients received meat and salt. Then everybody got ready for the Christmas service in town; "Joy to the world" and the Christmas story were a part of it. After visiting friends in the town, incidentally being given an egg by one and a chicken by another, we missionaries enjoyed a family dinner at the Flora house after which we opened gifts. Surprise package was a hen with seven fluffy peeping chicks just hatched!

Just as I was leaving to complete Christmas preparations for the children, nurses, and workers, a distress call came. Since it was a near half town (40 minutes), and day, Miss Bartolomoi went too. We found a woman in critical condition. Miss Smart came with more supplies. After a midnight delivery out under a cola tree, Miss Smart and I stayed until morning. A fire on either side and hot rocks helped keep the patient warm. Later in the day she was carried to the hospital in a hammock. There a nice baby girl arrived to another woman soon after we returned, and the next morning two more came along to two other mothers.

**From Elizabeth Walton in India—April 23, 1946**

I like the Indian people very much, the children are adorable and many of the women are beautiful. They have such



lovely fine features with sweet aristocratic appearance and most of them have lovely smiles.

At the present time I am studying languages. Please give all my regards.

**From Mae Rohlf's in China—June 16, 1946**

As you know the Communists have been very active here, and getting nearer and nearer Tsingtao. We had looked for them to enter and expected some "nuisance" from them. They would probably help themselves to some of our things and pay us a visit at any time of the night and day, but we expected little more than that. Well, last Friday, we heard that the bridge at T'sang Kou, which is a suburb of Tsingtao, was blown up preventing the train from going. That was Friday night. Friday morning our Swedish Baptist friends from Kiaochow came in. That is, Mr. Rinell and his two older children, leaving his wife and small baby of three years at home. He came in to see his old mother who has a broken hip in the hospital here. To leave his wife and baby for a few days is not unusual—they often do this. They expected to return on Saturday but since the bridge was blown up, it was impossible to do so. On Sunday we heard that the Communists had taken Kiaochow and that there was heavy fighting there as well as in other important places, including the place where we had been interned—WeiHsien. One of our teachers had escaped and came and told us. We have quite a large place in Kiaochow and a school there and many fine Christians in and around it. We still do not know how many of our Christians were killed, but understand that over half of Kiaochow was killed. Fires were set to houses and many, many homes and people were burned. Mrs. Rinell and the baby are there and we have heard that they are safe, but the Communists are entering the home continually and making a nuisance of themselves.

On Wednesday things looked bad for Tsingtao. The Communists were gaining rapidly and were leaving trails of terrible destruction of life and property. Wednesday afternoon the American Consul here said all Americans must leave their homes and concentrate, for the American Marines here expected to take a stand, and in that case we would be the victims of poor treat-



ment and revenge. There was also the possibility of another "incident" in which case we would be taken to South China or home. Wednesday night was a "low" night for me you may be sure. I didn't know where to begin or what to do. Reports continued to come in of awful, terrible treatment by the Communists. All women were being made common to all Communist men and so forth and so on. I thought of my nurses here—fine young women, pure and wholesome—lovely Christian girls. I cringed as I thought of what would happen to them if the Communists came in. I also thought of my girls in the country who now are in the hands of Communists.

Friday night was very tense—guns could be heard very close. Our gunners were taking a stand and fighting could be heard all night long. These days have been very tense and full of emotion and exhaustion. Last night was the first night there was no close fighting, and I guess I started to relax, because I seemed suddenly to be *so tired*—so exhausted emotionally, mentally and physically. Today things seem a bit quieter—in fact there are rumors that they will not enter Tsingtao while the Marines are here. However, one never knows. We are still to stand "ready" to evacuate if things get too tough and dangerous here. However, we have decided that we will stay "put" and not all concentrate in one place as previously planned. We, as missionaries, felt it would leave a bad flavor with the Chinese—to run off and leave them. So we will stay and take what comes and evacuate only if complications come.

Today has been very quiet and I have been able to relax and have a quiet Sunday at home. It seems that for the time being the possibility of Tsingtao being occupied is not as imminent as it was two days ago. However, the danger is not over. And so we wait to see what will happen and, in the meantime, continue to forge ahead with our various duties. We have four patients in the hospital—could be full if the situation wasn't so critical. Have a Rectal Fistula tomorrow—a prenatal due anytime. She is in the hospital, and so are two medical cases. A Hernia is due in tomorrow. So we continue to do what we can under the circumstances. Again this awful uncertainty—little did I dream that I was coming back to face the whole war situation over again.



June 23, 1946

This past week has brought awful reports of the horror and destruction to life and property which the Communists have left in their trail. In Tsimo and Kiaochow where we have a great number of Christians, the people have suffered untold atrocities. Two of our nurses were caught in one of the towns. They had opened a dispensary while we were gone and were on their way to return to us. We were waiting for them. The home they were staying in was burned and they fled to the fields. The brother came in the other day and said he didn't know what had happened to them. While they stay under cover, they will be all right, but if found—which seems inevitable—well I hate to think of the agony they must endure. We just don't know what they might do to us if they enter. With the American Consulate here, they perhaps can't do much to us personally unless we get into a war with them, but they are burning so many mission hospitals and so forth. They throw hand grenades into compounds which start huge fires and of course we fear this. So we know not what the future holds for us.

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**From Beulah E. Arnold in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania**

—June 16, 1946

At present I am working at the hospital in Harrisburg in the Maternity Department and like it fine but not quite as well as Hyden. I am planning to work until the end of August or first week in September as I want a few days off to visit some before sailing. The sailing date is not known as yet.

I want to thank you again for the hospitality of the Wendover circle and for the fine course at Hyden.

. . . . .  
**From Rosa Clark in Tamassee, South Carolina—July 14, 1946**

I had another too well attended baby roundup in June but it wasn't so hot this time and things were a little better organized than before. Perhaps after several more I'll know better how to go about it. I didn't get a group picture and haven't anything to show for it.

The afternoon before, I had an extended breech delivery in a fifteen-year-old primip so you can imagine how much I felt



like a roundup. Was so glad to have Dr. Sheriff go with me the next day and examine the mother and baby—both were o.k. I can run into things in these hills! How I've lived into the fifth year of it I don't know.

. . . . .

**About Josephine Kinman (Joe), Ruth Davis, and Gladys Kraybill**

We hear that Joe Kinman is back from her work in India with the Red Cross and is now home caring for her mother who is ill. Ruth Davis has come back from the Pacific. She has been discharged from the Navy and is again working in Georgia for the State Department of Health.

We hear, too, that Gladys Kraybill is now Mrs. Frease. May she find much happiness.

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**GIVING**

You often say, "I would give, but only to the deserving."

The trees in your orchard say not so, nor the flocks in your pasture.

They give that they may live, for to withhold is to perish.

Surely he who is worthy to receive his days and nights, is worthy of all else from you.

And he who has deserved to drink from the ocean of life deserves to fill his cup from your little stream.

And what desert greater shall there be than that which lies in the courage and the confidence, nay the charity, of receiving?

And who are you that men should rend their bosom and unveil their pride, that you may see their worth naked and their pride unabashed?

See first that you yourself deserve to be a giver, and an instrument of giving.

For in truth it is life that gives unto life—while you, who deem yourself a giver, are but a witness.

—Excerpt from *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran  
Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y., Publisher



## ON RETIREMENT

by

FLORENCE SAMSON, R.N.

When I have seen the last of birth and death  
And hovering over those whose even breath  
Proclaims them sleeping well,  
Watered the path of flowers along the mile  
Of hall, and answered one last bell,  
I want a rock beside the wharf at home  
Where I hear only fog horns moan.

I want to sit and rest my feet a while  
And never see another piece of tile.  
I want to sit and rest.  
I want to soak in ultra-violet rays,  
And chatter to the gulls on lazy days.  
I want a rock beside the wharf at home,  
For I am tired down to the well-known bone.

But I know that when at last I rest  
I probably will be among the blest,  
And not in Provincetown.  
A nurse has not the time to age with grace,  
And welcome salt spray blowing in her face,  
And sit on rocks beside the wharf at home,  
And lay her many weary burdens down.



## YARB LORE IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

"Her qualifications . . . were . . .  
some skill in *yarbs*, as she called  
her simples."

Kingsley, *Westward Ho*

In our Summer Bulletin for 1941 we printed the first eight of a series of sketches of medicinal wild herbs or yarbs sketched from nature by Mrs. Noel Rawnsley and Miss Leila Kirtland on visits to us that spring and that summer. They were so kind as to make twenty-five sketches for us. We intended to carry on with the series and to enlist the services of other friends who sketch to complete it. However, this series was crowded out of the Bulletin during the war years.

The information about the medicinal use of the yarbs was given us by Mrs. Belle Morgan of Wendover, who used them in raising her own family just as she had been taught to do by her mother before her. Mrs. Morgan's mother, Dorcas Wilson, was born in the Kentucky Mountains in 1838. She married Arch Cornett and died in 1913 at the age of seventy-five. The medicinal use of the yarbs is widespread among the older mountaineers, and the source of our yarb tradition is unimpeachable.

We hope sometime to be able to complete the sketches and legends of all the wild yarbs around Wendover that are used medicinally, whether tree, vine, shrub or plant. Our object is to preserve from extinction the Kentucky mountain name and medicinal uses of the wild things.



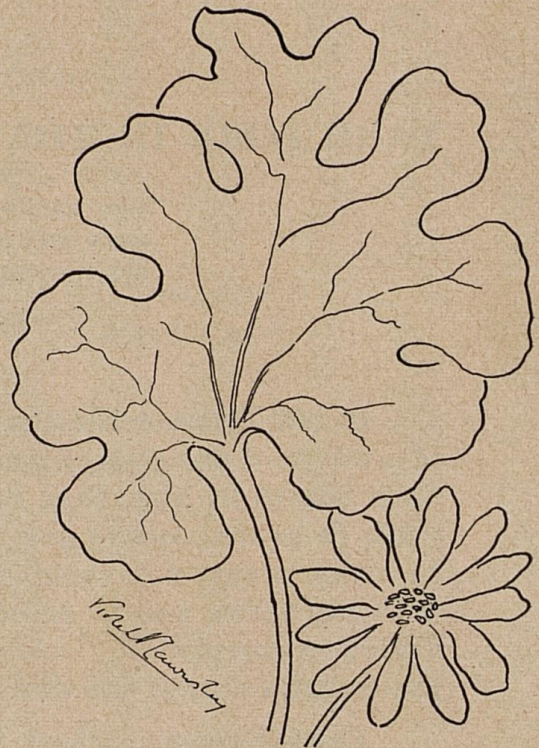


I  
GOLDEN SEAL

A Plant  
Sketched April 30, 1941

**Where Found:** In very dense shade, on mountain tops, in dry soil.

**How Used:** The whole root is soaked in cold water, then strained, and taken internally for a bad stomach or as a tonic. May be used externally for sore eyes. For a sore mouth the root is chewed.



II  
BLOOD ROOT, PUCCOON

A Plant  
Sketched in late April, 1941

**Where Found:** In all kinds of soil, wet or dry, sunny or shady.

**How Used:** To one root about one inch long is added enough Indian Arrowwood to cover the palm of your hand and four bunches or sprigs of winter-green leaves. Boil this until it is strong, then put in enough whiskey or alcohol to keep it from spoiling. The mixture is a blood tonic, taken internally, and it is also used "for hurting through breasts and around skirts."





**III**  
**WILD SARSAPARILLA**

A Vine.  
Sketched in late April, 1941

**Where Found:** In shady places, in wet or dry soil.

**How Used:** The whole root cut up and soaked in cold water makes a blood tonic. You drink the water off it cold.



**IV**  
**SCURVY PLANT, WILD GERANIUM**

A Plant  
Sketched April 22, 1941

**Where Found:** On very poor land, sunny or shady, in dry or wet soil.

**How Used:** The root is dried and pounded to a powder. It then has two uses. It will "stop blood anywhere." It is also used to take the scurvy off your teeth.





V  
MILK WEED

A Vine  
Sketched in July, 1941

**Where Found:** In sun or shade, in wet or dry soil.

**How Used:** The whole vine is broken and the milk from it is dripped on the feet, between the toes, for toe itch.



VI  
WILD PEPPER PLANT

A Plant  
Sketched in July, 1941

**Where Found:** Low down on the hills, mostly in poor soil.

**How Used:** The whole root dried and powdered makes black pepper. In olden times it was the only pepper people had. From this black pepper a tea is made by pouring boiling water over the powdered pepper, letting it stand, straining it, and drinking it cool, a swallow now and then. It is good to stop diarrhea.





**VII**  
**COHASH, RATTLE WEED**

A Plant  
Sketched July 28, 1941

**Where Found:** In the forests, in the shade, in any kind of soil.

**How Used:** The whole root is boiled in water for twenty minutes, and the water is then drained off. About half a tea cup full is drunk twice a day to stop the pain and regulate the flow in the menstrual period of young girls. It is also drunk by expectant mothers to strengthen the muscles that help in child birth.



**VIII**  
**DEADLY NIGHT SHADE**

A Plant  
Sketched July 28, 1941

**Where Found:** Around old places, but sometimes in the forest. It likes the sun.

**How Used:** Beat up the leaves with sweet milk until the mixture is "right green" and apply externally for poison ivy. Wash the bad places and then wrap them up. Never use internally because Deadly Night Shade is a poison.



## LETTER FROM A SOLDIER TO HIS UNBORN CHILD

"My child, sleeping in the dark and gathering strength for the struggle of birth, I wish you well. When the time comes there will be something in you that will give you power to fight for air and light. Such is your heritage as a child born of woman—to fight for life and to hold on.

"May the flame that tempers the bright shell of your youth never die, but burn away so that when your work is done you may be like a watchman's fire on a lonely road—cherished by all wayfarers.

"The spirit of wonder and adventure, the token of immortality, will be given to you as a child. May you keep it forever, with that in your heart which always seeks the pastures beyond the desert, the dawn beyond the sea, the light beyond the dark.

"May you seek always and strive always in good faith and high courage in this world where men grow so tired.

"Keep your love of life, but throw away your fear of death. Life must be loved or it is lost; but it should never be loved too well.

"Keep your delight in friendship; only learn to know your friends.

"Keep your intolerance; only save it for what your heart tells you is bad.

"Keep your wonder at great and noble things like sunlight and thunder, and rain and the stars, the wind and the sea, the growth of trees and the return of harvests, and the greatness of heroes.

"Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge. Keep your hatred of a lie; and keep your power of indignation.

"Now I know I must die. I am ashamed to leave you an untidy, uncomfortable world. But so it must be.

"I kiss your forehead. Goodnight to you, and good morning and a clear dawn."

This letter was sent us by Mickle Minor—Edith Mickle.



It was given her during the war when she was in the Middle East with the British Army, with the comment that the original had been written by a Yugoslav guerrilla fighter while he was a prisoner, and that it was smuggled out by his comrades. Mickle Minor was told that this was his last message, but that it did not reach its destination because the mother had been murdered before the birth of the child.

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## CONTENTS OF A SECRETARY'S OFFICE

by

LUCILLE KNECHTLY

One typewriter; one desk; one Domore chair.

One box dog biscuits; box of flower seeds; garden stakes; Webster's dictionary.

Two pair boots; two boxes unopened "grab;" three boxes opened "grab."

Quarterly Bulletins; reprints; telephone directories; stationary supplies.

Coal bucket; tongs; poker; hearth broom; Pebble's chair.

Candlesticks; camera; Walt Disney's "Thumper and Girl Friend" picture.

Adding machine; addressing machine; Betty's white shoes.

Files; Buckett's private store of sorghum molasses; six detective stories.

Who's Who; Social Register; Paddy's rubber dog bone; Sally's raincoat.

General Electric calendar; reproduction of English print of Charles Dickens and his characters.

Box of cookies safely (?) deposited until tea time.

Purina Chek-R-Ton for the chickens.

One golden retriever.

One collie dog.

One black cocker, perched on window sill . . .



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezy Myers), Ft. Sam Houston,  
Texas—May 19, 1946**

We moved down here February 22nd, and I have been too busy to write many letters since then. We are with General Wainwright, of course, who took command of the Fourth Army here. We stayed with him for about a month but now have our own house next door. It is in a lovely location, and the best house we have ever had. It is too wonderful to be settled again (*Colonel Pugh was with General Wainwright on Corregidor and was with him in a Japanese concentration camp until the end of the war*) and to be with General, whom Johnny and I have always loved so much. He was charming, lovable and efficient in the old days; but now, through suffering, he is truly great.

Settling the house has been a job, but a most enjoyable one. It was almost like Christmas getting out things which have been packed away for over five years—many that we had forgotten we had! There are still many things to be done and furniture still to arrive, but I have plenty of help now and can't get used to being such a "lady of leisure." Besides a newly acquired maid, we have working for us a full-blooded Pueblo Indian Staff Sergeant who was a brave anti-aircraft gunner on Corregidor. Johnny knew him well in prison camp, where the "Chief" did many things for him. He is a grand companion for David and takes most of the care of him.

We haven't been on a horse yet, except for a few times when we were on leave out in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The General has five horses arriving any day, one of which is destined to be mine. The General says I am to take the kinks out of the others for him too, so I guess I will have my hands full!

The more I hear and read of Johnny's experiences the more I realize how unbelievably lucky we both are! His diaries, almost all of which he miraculously managed to keep, are extraordinary documents and beautifully written.



**From Peggy Harrison, St. David's, Pennsylvania—June 5, 1946**

I am terribly glad to be going with the Quakers to Poland. It was a big decision to make but in the end I decided that one and a half years with them on relief work would be far more worth-while than two or more at college. There is so much work to be done in this country that I never am quite sure if it is right to rush off to a job abroad which may have more excitement attached. However, having been in a Polish hospital for two years during the war (in Scotland), I really have some knowledge of and great liking for the Poles.

. . . . .

**From Alice D. Pitcher (Pitch), Charleston,  
W. Virginia—June 18, 1946**

Edo Welch and I had such a wonderful afternoon in Lexington with Mr. Kerr exploring the horse farms. He is so nice and just the right person to show the horses. The Lafayette Hotel is a delightful place to stay and we loved it.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Richard Blair Earle, Jr. (Nancy Cadwalader),  
Baltimore, Md.—June 18, 1946**

This summer Rink and I are taking a group of boys and girls on a trip to the Canadian Northwest and briefly to Alaska. We leave the first of July and are both looking forward to getting out in that part of the world and seeing some real mountains. We intend to be three or four weeks in Jasper National Park where we will take some hiking and climbing trips and perhaps even do some glacier skiing! To us it all sounds most exciting. We will not be back at Putney next year, by the way.

Perhaps you know that Frances Hamlin is going to France this summer to work at the MacJannet Camp for French war orphans in the French Alps.

. . . . .

**From Jolly Cunningham, Hartford, Connecticut—June 23, 1946**

As for my work in the physiotherapy department at Newington Home for Crippled Children, it's most interesting. The kids are so cheerful in spite of their handicaps. Some of the friendliest are the cerebral palsy patients: they are, also, the



most challenging to work with, although it is slow and painstaking work. I've enjoyed the past month quite fully. I guess I've been spared many of the heart-breaking scenes.

. . . . .

**From Pamela Dunn, New York, New York—August 12, 1946**

I hated to leave Wendover, 'cause I love it there and I had one of the best summers I have ever had. You were quite right about the work, and right now I feel like I'm taking a vacation from a vacation. Pebble was a marvelous boss.

We are booked to leave *for Germany* in September, but the date has not been set. This passport business is a long job; I'm still in the process of getting it. [*Pam's father, Col. Dunn of the U. S. Army, is stationed in Germany.*]

. . . . .

**From Mrs. John Albert Schilling (Bobby Whipple),**

**Rochester, New York—August 13, 1946**

I must tell you about the house we've bought. Time and again I've thought of the summer at the F. N. S. Somehow this place reminds me so strongly of the mountains of Kentucky. We're on a hill, 400 feet from the street, surrounded by huge old trees. There is an enormous oak directly behind the house. The house itself makes me think something of Beech Fork. In the front yard there is a towering larch, a pear tree, two great fir trees, and some unknown type of nut tree. On either side of our acre lot there are many maples, cedars, choke-cherry and a birch tree. Down by the street are four big chestnuts. The place was built in 1910, and there was considerable inside work to be done, which was still going on when we moved in. Needless to say, the first three weeks were rather hectic. Christy is now a year and a half old and couldn't understand why one day she could go in a room and the next day she couldn't.

. . . . .

**From Lonny Myers, West Hartford, Connecticut—**

**August 30, 1946**

The medical school (*University of Michigan*) is back on the four-year plan. I have finished two years and have two more to go before interning. It took a long time for me to adjust



myself to the sedentary life of eight hours of classes and homework every night, after the buzzing life in the Kentucky mountains.

This summer I promised my family I'd stay home, so I've been working at a boat yard close by and doing some studying in my spare moments. My work is usually pushing sandpaper, which becomes quite a job when you tackle a solid iron keel for three or four hours at a stretch. Variety came into the picture when I was sent off on the truck as "navigator", taking boats to their new owners. Once we went up to a million dollar place in the Adirondacks. When we reached the lake we put the thirty-foot sailboat (with a 4-foot, 1200-lb. keel) in the water with the aid of a few other men, some rollers and planks. They were impressed when they found that after towing the boat across the lake the sawdust in the bottom was still dry (and the boat had never been in water before).

#### WEDDINGS

Miss Rosalie Calvert Bruce and Mr. Charles Cuthbert Fenwick, on Saturday, the fifteenth of June, 1946, in Elk Ridge, Maryland.

Miss Mary Bulkley and Commander William Wallace Wotherspoon (USNR) of Washington, D. C., on Saturday, the twenty-ninth of June, 1946, in Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Rhoda Whitridge and Mr. Daniel Lamont Boyd, on Saturday, the sixth of July, 1946, in Salisbury, Connecticut.

Miss Elsie Rockefeller and Mr. Edward William Proxmire of Lake Forest, Illinois, on Saturday, the fourteenth of September, 1946, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

We send our affectionate regards to these brides and wish for them, and the lucky men, all the happiness this world can hold.







## A CADET NURSE WITH THE F. N. S.

by

HAZEL FUGATE

St. Joseph's Hospital  
Lexington, Kentucky

When Patrick came riding on old Dobbin down the road to the Bowlingtown Nursing Center, the sun was slowly fading away. As he entered the gate, Inty started to get out her midwifery bags since she felt sure that her pre-natal, Susan, was in labor and needed our assistance. So when Patrick came to the door she told him he could start back home to tell Susan we would be there soon.

I saddled Gypsy King and Barney while Inty made the final preparations. She and Barney led the way with Gypsy King and myself following. Long before we reached the cabin it was pitch dark. There was no moonlight to show the road but Barney led us straight to the cabin door.

We arrived in plenty of time to catch the six-pound girl without any difficulties, but the stork had been rather slow and it was so late we had to stay the night. Susan's mother crawled out of bed at four o'clock to fetch us something to eat before we started back to the Center. With thanks to her for her mountain hospitality, at daybreak we left every one happy except small Jonathan, who until an hour earlier had been the family baby.

The follow-up post-partum visits on Susan were my duty. I was greeted heartily each time by small Milly who wanted me to bring her a baby boy real doll in my saddle-pockets. Each time she watched as I opened the bags and each time she took her disappointment quietly but plainly.

The room in which Susan's bed stood was built of heavy logs and the floor was of rough-hewn boards which squeaked as one walked about. The furniture was battered and worn. The fire crackled in the grate and its cheerful noise gave me a feeling of warmth and comfort until the veering about of the March wind sent smoke into the room and covered me with soot and ashes.



At my first post-natal visit, several of the neighbor women had gathered to see Susan's "little 'un." I chased them into the second room of the cabin while I bathed Susan, but they all returned to watch me bathe the baby. I carefully explained each step of the process, stressing why cleanliness, warmth and quiet were needed both for mother and child. Granny insisted on my taking a "mess of her shucky beans" for the service I had given to Susan and her baby.

Before the end of the baby's first month of life, I had to leave Bowlingtown Nursing Center, but I knew I was leaving many friendly mountain people behind. Their gentle farewell always ended "Come and spend the night with us when you get back to the mountains," and I shall certainly be glad to see them if I can come back.

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#### UNUSUAL EPITAPHS

From Patterson (N. J.) Evening News:

"Military rites will be accorded Arthur T. Grimes, 52, who died Wednesday at his funeral on Saturday morning."

From one of the rural districts of England:

Beneath these stones repose the bones  
Of Theodosius Grim;  
He took his beer from year to year  
And then the bier took him.

In a cemetery at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, this sign appears:

"Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

A Cornish Epitaph:

Him as was is gone from we,  
Us as is must go to he.

In England, in Devon, according to C. H. in *The Countryman*, is found the following epitaph:

Poor Mary Snell her's gone away,  
Her would if her could, but her couldn't stay;  
Her had sore legs and a baddish cough,  
But her legs it were that carried her off.



## AT PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

by

BETTY LESTER, R.N., S.C.M.

The Gratiot Inn, Port Huron, Michigan, is a spot which will always have very pleasant memories for me—not only because of its beauty but because of the happy time Louise Fink and I spent with the members of the Alpha Omicron Pi sorority who were holding their Golden Jubilee Convention there.

Louise is our new Social Service Secretary who arrived in the mountains just two days before she and I started out in the station wagon for Port Huron. We were to attend a luncheon on June 26th, when the Frontier Nursing Service was to be honoured by Alpha Omicron Pi. We took with us a large map of the area of the mountains where we work, a seventy-year-old quilt woven by a mountain woman that had been given to Mrs. Breckinridge, a miniature log cabin made by a nine-year-old boy, a beautifully quilted coverlet, a home-stool, a broom, and pictures of our work—all for display—and, in addition, a quilt to be raffled, for the benefit of the Service.

We arrived at the Gratiot Inn in time for lunch on Tuesday, June 25th, having driven the five hundred and fifty miles from Wendover quite comfortably in two days. Mrs. Hannah Neal, the Second Vice-President in charge of the Social Service arrangements, welcomed us, took us in to lunch and introduced us to the other members, of whom there were about three hundred.

After lunch we unpacked and arranged the exhibit in a lounge which had been given over to the Frontier Nursing Service display. Many people came in; there were many questions to answer, and so much to talk about that time flew. We went out on the terrace, we watched people swim and speed boats race across the lake, and still we talked till dinner time.

At dinner we heard A.O.Pi songs, and afterwards listened to Miss Mary Martin discuss world affairs. By 9:30 p.m. we were both so tired that we slept till almost eight o'clock next morning. After breakfast we had more visitors to the display



room. The one regret expressed was that Mrs. Breckinridge had not been able to accept the invitation to attend the convention.

That noon came our luncheon. The floral decorations were beautiful and at each one's place at the speaker's table was either a miniature nurse's cap or a miniature package representing a gift sent to the Social Service Department for presentation to a child in the mountains. Louise and I each had been given a lovely spray of red roses—the emblem of Alpha Omicron Pi—to pin on our shoulders. The Canadian delegates were asked to stand up for introduction, and then happened the nicest gesture of all—everybody stood while "God Save the King" was played.

After luncheon Mrs. Neal introduced Louise as the new Social Service Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, and then introduced me as representing Mrs. Breckinridge. Nobody could possibly have had a more attentive audience and although I had to compete with some loud bursts of thunder, nobody moved. Afterwards the quilt was raffled and Mrs. Sowerby, the Convention chairman, won it to the envy of the other members.

We had to leave almost immediately after the luncheon ended and regretfully we said good-bye to our gracious hostesses. On our way back we called at the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati for a little patient from the mountains who has to stay in a plaster cast for three months. The Children's Hospital is always willing to care for our children but this child of fifteen months seemed to be a special favorite. Since she needs no further treatment for some time, she is back in our own hospital to make room at the Children's Hospital for a child more acutely ill.

We arrived at Wendover feeling we had left many new friends at the Gratiot Inn, who would be scattered all over America when their Convention had ended.

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#### JUST JOKES—GRAVEN IMAGE

The chaplain had preached a hot sermon on the Ten Commandments. He told of the hellfire awaiting those who lied, and coveted and committed adultery. One private left in a serious mood. "Anyway," he said finally, "I have never made a graven image."

—*Journal of American Nurses Association*



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

### "LET US GIVE THANKS"

"For the Law of Diminishing Returns which operates to make more and more propaganda less and less effective."

—James Hilton

*This Week: New York Herald Tribune*  
November 20, 1938

It is nearly eight years since these words were written, and we begin to fear that our advertising friends have not yet taken them to heart. To us it is incredible that the Law of Diminishing Returns is not operating to take some of the radio advertising that pesters us off the air. When an international news broadcast, with its tense moments, is interrupted in the middle by remarks about chewing gum and one's own personal teeth, we are dumbfounded. Surely people who listen to international news aren't conspicuous gum chewers. And, further, if the product recommended was such that the listener might buy it, he would certainly feel offended by the impertinence with which it is recommended to him. When Harley L'Estrange in Bulwer Lytton's *My Novel* was being urged by his father to pay his addresses to a certain young lady, he said, "I would not marry Lady Mary, if all the rest of the female sex were turned into apes." Our feeling is similar about any product advertised on the air when the sponsor interrupts his own program with a commercial plug. We try to remember the name of the product in order not to buy it.

On the other hand, the sponsor who introduces a program by recommending his product modestly and courteously, and says nothing more about it until the end of the program, that sponsor makes a favorable impression on us. We are quite willing to buy his product, if we can use it. We have in mind particularly a baker in Louisville whose bread we buy. One of the reasons we buy from him is because of the courtesy and good taste of his radio advertising. It is true that this spring we cut our bread order in half because of the need to save wheat, and we have supplemented with Irish and sweet potatoes, with grits and with corn bread. The point, however, is that nobody objects to advertising if it is decently done.

. . . . .



Years ago an old whaling captain and his mate were operating at sea in those spots where you catch whales. The captain wrote one day in the log, "The mate was drunk today." The mate protested, but the captain said what was true would stay in the log. A little later the mate was keeping the log and he wrote, "The captain was sober today." The point of this is that the amount of time and space given to brutal crimes by some news gathering agencies will work havoc with our sense of perspective, unless we remember that the unusual makes news and that brutality is unusual, thank God. Some day we should like to see a newspaper put on its front page in bold headlines, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY MILLION AMERICANS DID NOT COMMIT MURDER TODAY.

Our mail has begun to resume its pre-war, from-all-over-the-world character. Typical is a letter from Palembang which starts off:

"Please accept the compliments and best wishes from Sumatra—a first compliment since the end of the second world war; and a compliment every peaceful heart desires."

We wonder just how the gentleman who wrote the letter heard of us in the Dutch East Indies, and just why he wants the Quarterly Bulletins of the Frontier Nursing Service. We sent him several and in the course of time we shall probably hear from him again. Before the war we received a great many requests like that, but the classic instance of how well the Frontier Nursing Service is known in out of the way places occurred when our nurse, Miss Nora K. Kelly, got a letter addressed to her in care of the Frontier Nursing Service, Kenya, Africa. Across the envelope had been written "Try Kentucky, U. S. A."

We read with deep interest the editorial in the *British Journal of Nursing* of June, 1946 called "An Historic Occasion." For this editorial a reference was made to the first meeting on December 7, 1887, of a group of Matrons (Hospital Superintendents) with Dr. and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, London, W.1, to consider the organization of Nursing as a Statutory profession. The colleagues present at this meeting assumed the title of "British Nurses' Association" and organized themselves into a group to appeal to Parliament for legal status.



Five years later, in 1892, Queen Victoria granted a royal charter to the British Nurses' Association. The late Dr. Bedford Fenwick maintained most generously, for a quarter of a century, the heaviest support of the campaign for a professional status for the British nurses. In 1919 state registration of nurses became a law in England. Now, after the passing of sixty years since that first meeting, members of the British College of Nurses, Ltd., have decided to found an International Nursing Scholarship in memory of Dr. Fenwick.

From September 23rd to September 27th, the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing will be holding a convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. We are sure that constructive thought will come out of these huge gatherings to which busy nurses are giving their time. We in the Frontier Nursing Service are too short-staffed and too overwhelmed with work to send a representative to Atlantic City, but Miss Bertha Bloomer, of the Frontier Nursing Service staff, has been chosen by the Board of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives to attend as their representative. In order to do this Miss Bloomer has consented to give one week of her month's vacation.

We in America have really no idea of the severe rationing that still prevails in Great Britain. One of us had a blanket sent as a wedding present to a young girl she had known since her childhood. This led to the following bit from a member of her family:

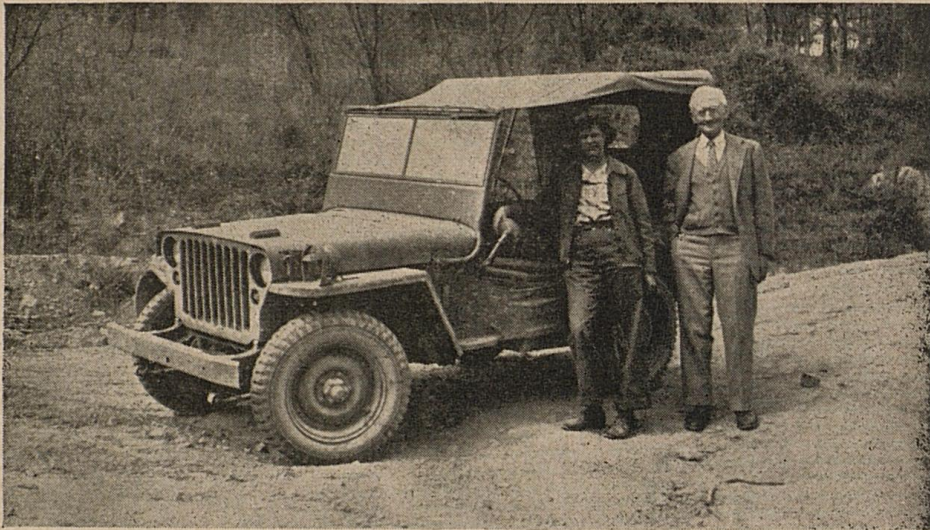
"The only people who can buy blankets are the bombed-out and the newly-weds, and then only one blanket per person; and three sheets for two people. I have been able to give Y. blankets from our store; and her brother brought back from India twelve bath towels and six sheets. We are giving her three towels and three sheets. So, with the ones she can buy, she can carry on. Blankets were a difficulty, but with yours she will do well."

We were deeply moved by the citation our trustee, Judge Francis G. Caffey, received when granted an LL.D. from Columbia University:



"Able, modest, diligent public servant—a jurist of distinction—honored by his colleagues—revealing great powers of perception and analysis in the interpretation of the law and exceptional humanity in its administration."

In our Spring Bulletin we spoke of the visit to us of Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter from Boston. It is a pleasure to receive from Mrs. Mixter a Kodak print of a picture of Dr. Mixter and Courier Fredericka Holdship, standing by Jane the Jeep.



Mrs. Mixter wrote as follows:

"It was surprising to have a letter from an old friend, Mrs. William Sinclair in North Ireland, who recently had read of our visit in the Quarterly and was reminded that she owed me a letter. It was most welcome and adds another debt to Wendover."

Miss Elizabeth S. Moran, Director of the School of Nursing of the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, wrote us about the graduation of our former cadets, Miss Herb and Mrs. Luce. She wrote:

"Graduation this year was quite thrilling. It was the largest class we have ever had; 103 graduates; 98 of them present. I wish you might have seen Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford give them their pins and diplomas with a smile and a firm handshake to each one."

We are greatly stirred up by the description in the Asso-



ciated Press of the eighteen Estonian refugees who crossed the Atlantic from Sweden in a 38-foot sloop and were barred from landing at Miami by our immigration authorities. The things we felt about this were expressed better than we can express them in the Louisville Courier-Journal on August 23rd, 1946. Since this editorial was printed we have learned through the Press that the Estonians are to be allowed to remain two months in America, while their case is reviewed by the Bureau of Immigration. There is such widespread feeling among Americans about them that we hope the two months will be stretched to citizenship for life. Here follows the editorial.

#### GOOD SAILING, FRIENDS, AND FREEDOM TO YOU

We don't know when we've read a story of which we liked the ending so little. The saga of the 18 Estonians who crossed the Atlantic in an egg-shell, so to speak, looking for a haven of freedom, was after our heart. But then we saw how the voyagers were turned away from our shore—and from Miami, of all the indiscriminating places—and it made the land of the free look a little bad, to our notion.

We quite agree with the leader of the band, who said they believed they could have been good Americans. We would have let them stay, and hired the biggest hall in the land for the truth they have to tell. They've lived under the Germans and they've lived under the Russians. And a police state is a police state, whether the power issues from Berlin or Moscow; and compared to its destruction of liberties, three months on the open sea in a 38-foot sailboat is paradise enow.

It is all a bit sad, we find, reflecting that our own origins were in such as these, and not so very long ago. But we have grown fat and conventional, aging before our time, hating to be bothered, unmoved by adventure. "They can't take the sea away from us," the young skipper said in mournful pride as he hoisted sail to put out from Biscayne Bay. And do you know, he made us think of DANIEL BOONE, who happily for us found no immigration agents at Cumberland Gap.

Ah, well. At least, we can wish them good sailing and a fair breeze, and a happy discovery beyond the horizon, a land of the heart's desire.



## FIELD NOTES

Our readers will recall that when Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters left us to prepare for their return to their badly shattered hospital at Iloilo in the Philippines, we obtained the services of Dr. Howard M. Freas. He and Mrs. Freas came to us just as Dr. and Mrs. Waters were leaving. They were wonderful people, and during the three months they were with us we became deeply attached to them. Unfortunately Dr. Freas had not made a sufficient recovery from his illness in the Belgian Congo to carry work as heavy as ours. He was losing weight and beginning to look badly. Our work kept him busy during most of a twelve-hour day, and involved emergency calls at night. We, all of us, recognized that something less drastic in the way of medical practice would be essential for a man who had only recently come through a long convalescence. When he and Mrs. Freas left us we felt as though a big part of our hearts had gone with them. They were such dears.

Fortunately we were only some two or three weeks without a Medical Director. As always our own Dr. R. L. Collins at Hazard was our lifeline. With his everlasting dearness he stood by us, as did Dr. J. E. Hagan and young Dr. Cooley Combs. We relayed all acute cases other than obstetric to their mining hospital at Hazard. One or more of the three came over to us for obstetrical emergencies, and to give medical lectures to the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We pulled through this crisis, as we have pulled through so many in our twenty-one years, with no untoward happenings.

Finally, to our joy, we secured the services of Dr. Margaret L. Dale of Kansas City, Missouri, who is our new Medical Director. Dr. Dale has lost her husband within the year, and that is her reason for wanting to make a change in her life. She has had unusually good training and experience and an extensive private practice with women and children.

Dr. Dale is a graduate of the University of Kansas and of the University of Kansas Medical School. She took her rotating internship in the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, where she was also Resident on surgery and Resident on obstet-



rics, and Fellow in the Strang Prevention Clinic for Cancer and Allied Diseases. She has had extensive experience in endocrinology.

Dr. Dale's sister, Miss Jean Dale, and a young family friend, John Meyer, aged eleven, came with her for a short visit. She and one of our nurses, Florence Samson (Sammy) are settled at Joy House. Dr. Dale unfortunately has no children. Since Dr. and Mrs. Waters left, Joy House has been without the sound of children's voices for the first time since it was built. Our children like Dr. Dale enormously so that we are sure there will be some coming and going of the young generation at Joy House.

. . . . .

We are happy to have with us, on a fellowship for graduate study of our rural district nursing, Mlle. Odette Prunet of France. She is a graduate of the famous Florence Nightingale School at Bordeaux, and has been working since before the war with the nursing service established in the Aisne by the old American Committee for Devastated France. It was my privilege, under Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. Anne Dike, when I was their volunteer Director of Child Hygiene and District Nursing, to organize this service in the Aisne in the terrible years after the first World War. At the close of this second World War, as soon as the mails were open, I heard from the Director of the Service then, Mlle. Elizabeth Rouffiac, an old friend. She wrote me of the illness from which she died in a few months. In this letter she said that her heart was set on having Odette Prunet come to us here in Kentucky. Matters were subsequently arranged. Miss Florence Johnson, and her associates of the American Red Cross Nursing Service in New York, met Odette's boat in May and put her on a train for Kentucky. It is a joy to have Odette with us, not only because of the associations with France, but because she is herself a wonderfully well-equipped nurse and a dear person. She is the child of Protestant missionaries and was born in Madagascar. She learned English in her teens in a school in France. Our patients like her enormously. After she had been broken in to ride by the couriers, and to the Wendover District by Bertha Bloomer, she assumed charge of the District for the month of September. She is not a midwife. This means



that either Dorothy Buck or Betty Lester has to stand by for midwifery. Otherwise the district is given entirely over to Odette.

. . . . .

A wedding of exceptional interest to the Frontier Nursing Service took place at the Presbyterian Church in Hyden on Wednesday morning, August 15th when Dr. Philip J. Begley, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Begley, was married to Mlle. Nicolle Passot of France. While Dr. Begley was in the Army he served in North Africa and there he met Mlle. Passot, whose people had refuged from France. We were charmed with the bride, who is pretty and well bred and with considerable poise for a young girl. It takes a lot of courage for a girl to sail from Casablanca for Kentucky and marriage. We think with Dr. Philip Begley that he is a very lucky man. He is practicing medicine in Harlan, Kentucky, and there he has taken his bride.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Begley particularly wanted Odette Prunet to attend the wedding because of her being French. She and the bride found they had mutual acquaintances, and we know it was a source of happiness to the bride to have someone from her own country at her wedding. Mlle. Passot's attendant was Miss Sue Bell Begley, and Dr. Begley's best man was his cousin, Mr. Saul Begley.

. . . . .

Another foreign nurse came to us for a short period of observation and study. She was Miss Leopoldina Gonzalez of Paraguay. We liked her immensely and are glad that she enjoyed her stay with us. We venture to quote from a letter received from her after she had gone on her way:

"I have loved that place Kentucky. I have founded so many good people. . . . I wish everyone are all right. I remember to each one with much love. Never I will forget that lovely place. The tea times—the happy table of lunch and dinner, the horses, the nurses, and each one. I don't know how to give or to tell you thanks and thanks for everythings."

. . . . .

We have had other foreign nurses with us too. The Wendoover nurse, Bertha Bloomer, tells us that on her weekly visits to one prenatal patient she was accompanied by a different for-



eign nurse on four successive weeks. One was from Paraguay, one from India, one from Canada, and one from France.

. . . . .

The succession of foreign guests during the summer has resulted in a new name for Wendover. Jokingly we call ourselves "International House." After the visit of Miss Gonzalez of Paraguay came Mlle. Yvonne Nevejan of Brussels, Belgium. She is the Directeur General de l'Oeuvre Nationale de l'Enfance, and came to us with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (Marvin Breckinridge) whose husband was Counselor of the American Embassy in Brussels. Marvin wrote of the importance of Mlle. Nevejan's position to the Belgian children, and of the marvelous work she did for the Resistance during the war. We thought her delightful. Since Mlle. Nevejan wanted to see an American children's hospital, we arranged for her to stop off in Cincinnati when she left us, to spend a day going over the famous Children's Hospital there. Miss Cora McAdow showed her everything, and had her and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, a member of the Board, to lunch at the Hospital.

Next came Mrs. Min-Yi Wan Chen, Chief of the Department of Rural Services of the Woman's Advisory Council of the New Life Movement in China, sent to this country on an UNRRA training grant. She was instructed by Mme. Chiang Kai-Chek to see "special demonstrations such as the Kentucky midwifery program for women in isolated mountain areas." She stayed with us several days, and we liked her very much.

In July, came two nurses from the Department of Public Health, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada—Miss M. Edwards and Miss Myrtle E. Pierce—who came through the courtesy of the Rockefeller Foundation. In August, also through the Rockefeller Foundation, we entertained two physicians of distinction. One was Dr. Muktha Sen, Assistant Professor of Maternity and Child Welfare in the All India Institute of Hygiene and Public Health in Calcutta. She was most interesting and charming and promised to visit us again in 1951 with her husband and little daughter. The little girl is three now, and Dr. Sen hopes to enroll her in one of our schools when they return to America. With Dr. Sen came Dr. Hyung Nai Song, one of a group of ten Korean Fellows brought to this country by the Army. Upon



return to their own country they will form the nucleus of a previously non-existent Korean Health Department.

Dr. Louise Lee of Hsiang-Ya Medical College, Changsha, Hunan, China visited us one afternoon, with our friends Dr. and Mrs. Francis S. Hutchins of Berea College.

India was represented another time by Miss Juanita Owen, who has served in that country in the American Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Fatehgarh for years. Miss Owen contemplates returning to India upon the completion of her studies at Western Reserve University.

Numerous friends—lay people and professionals—from our own country have visited us this summer too, and we wish we could write of them all. They have come separately and in groups; some have stayed only a few hours, and some have been welcome over-night guests. Among the latter was an old friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Charles W. Caldwell of Danville, Kentucky. Among those who stayed several days were Mrs. Charles B. Crittenden of Louisville with her young daughter, Lindsay and her daughter's friend, Clifton Griswold; and Dr. Woodyard's sister-in-law, Mrs. William M. Clark of Baldwin, Kansas and her niece, Mrs. Frank L. Lane, of Oklahoma City.

Many of our ex-staff members have come to see us too: Mrs. Arthur Byrne came early in the summer, with her friend, Mrs. Mary L. Bingman; Miss Lynn Bertholf and her friend, Miss Mary Elizabeth Dunn, both of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, visited us here at Wendover, at Hyden and at Confluence. In July we had visits from Alice Ford, Marian Cadwallader, and Patricia Simmons. As we go to press Hannah Mitchell, Grace Reeder and Hazel Meyer are visiting us. Grace really isn't a visitor! She is hard at work, relieving Rose Evans at Confluence for a three weeks' holiday. Grace returns to Columbia University to complete her studies there, after her "holiday" with us.

There is one other guest of whom we want to make special mention. He isn't a member of the ex-staff, but we feel as though he really belonged to us. This is our old friend, Mr. Earl Palmer, who came for several days in late June. Photography is his hobby, and he took a number of pictures while he was with us. As always, he was most generous about giving his



pictures to us. All three photographs used on the cover of this Summer Quarterly Bulletin were taken by Mr. Palmer.

Our mail occasionally brings us heartening letters. We should like to quote one we recently received from Mrs. C. W. Tanner of Owensboro, Kentucky:

"On July 17th of this year, we two, with our husbands made a trip through Eastern Kentucky and visited your hospital at Hyden where we were conducted through the hospital by your clinic nurse, who so kindly explained same to us. We were all four so impressed by the work you are doing. None of us said much about it until we returned home, and then we could not get it off our minds and hearts. Mrs. Johnson and I are sisters and we both belong to the same Missionary Circle of Eaton Memorial Baptist Church and we are certainly going to put forth our best efforts to do something for this work all the time."

We have been exceptionally well staffed with couriers this summer. As we look back over the crowded weeks we literally don't know what we should have done without our young volunteers. The old crowd was represented on into the summer by Fredericka Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. Before she left Helen Stone (Pebble) of New York had come to us. We don't know how we ever handled the Frontier Nursing Service without her during the war years in which she was flying planes. Before Pebble left Jean Hollins came back from her visit home on Long Island. Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse) came down for nearly a month. She always picks things up as an old courier when she comes back, and we never count her among the guests. She brought her step-father's granddaughter, Sally Groner of Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, with her and we made use of Sally like home folks.

The junior couriers have been in two relays: For the first six weeks of the summer we had Lucy Conant of South Hampton, Massachusetts, June Donald of Boston, and Pamela Dunn whose father is a regular Army man. The second batch of summer couriers are on duty as we go to press and they are Sarah Colt of Providence, Constance Cherrington of Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, and Adele Dellenbaugh of Litchfield, Connecticut. All six of these young women have done excellent work, and have been a great help to us.



Agnes Sampson of Princeton, New Jersey, applied for the courier service after the schedule was full. We decided to accept her as a companion for Della Int-Hout (Inty) who lives alone at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown. This district is so inaccessible and incommunicable that the nurse there needs companionship now and then. Inty says that Agnes has helped her in a thousand ways, and has been a wonderful companion.

It is our custom to pass on to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery some of our Hospital staff when the new classes in the School open on October 15th and April 15th. This means that there is constantly the need of Hospital staff replacement. We welcome as new nurses in the Hospital, Theda Fetterman (Teddy) of Clymer, Pennsylvania and Martha Jane Hulse of Hamden, Connecticut. We have also had in the Hospital doing the work of a nurse's aide, a former WAVE, Hospital Apprentice 1/C, in the person of Mary K. MacMillan. Since she is a college graduate and excellent in mathematics we are giving her the position of Statistician and she moves over to the offices at Wendover after a brief holiday.

We have one cadet with us at present in the person of Virginia Frederick of Battle Creek, Michigan. She is being taught district nursing by Louise Chapman (Chappy) at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at Flat Creek.

The new Social Service Secretary is Louise Fink, B.A., of North Carolina. The new Hospital Secretary is Lucille Ratliff (Lucy) of Cincinnati. Amy Poston who has been Hospital Secretary for two years, is transferred to Wendover to the position of Postal Clerk and Quarterly Bulletin Secretary left vacant by Mary Jane Laughlin who has returned to her home in Cincinnati after six months' loyal work with us. Mrs. Mary Jefferis of Philadelphia is with us temporarily as Assistant to the Executive Secretary, Agnes Lewis.

Our Field Supervisor, Nola Blair, whose picture is on the inside front cover of this Bulletin, has left us to take pre-medical work in preparation for full medical training. She will make a wonderful doctor, but then, she has made a wonderful nurse and we hate to give her up.



Our Hospital Superintendent of Midwifery, Helen Browne (Brownie) is the first of us to have crossed an ocean by air. She went over to her people in England at the end of May. Her work has been carried in her absence first by Nola Blair and then by Betty Lester. As we go to press we have a telegram that she has arrived back in New York and will be with us again in a few days. We quote from a letter of hers of June 2nd, about her flight over:

"It was a wonderful trip. We landed on Newfoundland to refuel and left there at eleven o'clock at night. About two hours later it began to get light and I have never seen a more beautiful sight than the dawn above the clouds. We were flying very high and the bank of clouds below us was so dense that there was no sight of the ocean until just before we reached Ireland six and one-half hours after leaving Newfoundland. The Irish have plenty of food if I can judge by the breakfast they served us at the airport. It was a perfect day to arrive in England, bright and sunny—everything looked so good to me. I arrived home at 10:30 that night and what a reunion we had! My family look very well and their fortitude amazes me because they have been and are still struggling under appalling food conditions. I do hope they do not have to ration bread and flour."

Although we mentioned in our Annual Report the tonsillectomy clinic held by Dr. F. W. Urton and Dr. D. M. Dollar and their assistant, Dr. W. H. Pratt, we just feel we must say again in this column what a joy it was to us to have these great men and dear friends with us again. Dr. Urton's and Dr. Dollar's services to us are of more value than we can compute, and both men are welcome as friends as well as professionally.

Our readers all know what we owe to Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati for reading our X-ray films as they are sent on to him nearly every week. It is one of the finest services rendered to us by the distinguished men of our National Medical Council. Our readers will grieve with us in the loss of Dr. Reineke's partner, Dr. Ellis R. Bader in June of this year. His death followed that of another partner, Dr. Doughty, by exactly twenty-six months, and the loss of both of these men is being felt rather keenly in Radiological circles in Cincinnati and also on the national scene.

Dr. Reineke writes us: "We have been impressed in this office by the many and varied types of cases that your physician



sees in the period of a year, and we can see that a very worthwhile service is being rendered.”

We are delighted to receive from one of our nurses at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus a batch of letters from the children of the Fairview School in the neighborhood of the Center, all expressing in their own handwriting thanks for the books loaned them from the Williams Memorial Library of this Center. These books are a blessing indeed.

Our readers all know that it was more than a year ago that we began the search for radio communication between our isolated Bowlingtown Nursing Center and our Hospital at Hyden. When Mr. Paul Porter was Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission he gave us a wavelength and his engineers put us in touch with Mr. Stanford Helt with WLAP (The Nunn Station) in Lexington. Mr. Helt has been handling all of the vast correspondence for us with manufacturers of radio equipment. None of the equipment submitted to us for consideration over a period of months was suitable for our wavelength, or had sufficient power to overcome the mountain range that lies between our Bowlingtown Center and our Hospital at Hyden. We have at last received estimates for equipment that Mr. Helt says would answer our purpose, but these estimates are more than twice what we had figured on. At the moment, with the terrific prices we are having to pay for hospital supplies, food, horses' and cows' feed and grain, we simply cannot place an order. It looks as though we would have to go through another winter without being able to make use of modern communication between Bowlingtown and Hyden.

Since a number of our readers are interested in radio communication and know something about it, we give here the estimates for radio service between Bowlingtown and Hyden:

2—25 watt Jefferson-Travis Transmitters, complete with receivers—\$467.50 each.....	\$ 935.00
2—2726 Kc/s crystals for same—\$20.00 each.....	40.00
1—12 Volt Heavy Duty Wincharger.....	45.00



3—20' Sections Wincharger Tower—\$13.00 each.....	39.00
2—12 Volt Heavy Duty Marine Type Batteries— \$56.41 each .....	112.82
1—G. E. Trickle Charger (for spare at Hyden).....	12.00
2—100' Antenna systems complete—\$10.00 each.....	20.00
1—Browning Frequency Meter.....	150.00
INSTALLATION COST (estimated).....	250.00
Total .....	<u>\$1,603.82</u>

It is the hope of your editor and director to be able to make complete rounds of the Outpost Centers for Committee meetings in October this year. For several years we have made these rounds in September and so missed the glory of the autumn foliage. Since the beauty of the country is our compensation for the pain of getting about we have decided this year that October is the month in which we want to travel.

Now I am going to drop the editorial we, and add just a little personal line to the many friends to whom I have not written for many months. I have been rather seedy all summer, and had an acute attack of colitis early in August. Since we had no Medical Director at the time, I could not see a doctor without putting too impossible a burden of travel on our Hazard friends. After Dr. Dale came I had another attack, and under her treatment I am getting much better. I am, however, in bed and working only four or five hours a day. It just isn't possible to answer all the letters that come to me or to carry any but the urgent things with which a busy executive's life is crammed. This is an apology as well as an explanation. I shall hope to write all of you when I am quite well again.

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I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727)

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—William Cowper (1664-1723)



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**AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS**

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)  
Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.; Miss Mary LeFevre, R.N., C.M.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**  
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)  
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)  
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)  
Miss Louisa Chapman, R.N., C.M., B.A.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)  
Miss Jean Bradley, R.N., C.M.; Mrs. Catherine Cirves, R.N., C.M.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Bowlington, Perry County)  
Miss Della Int-Hout, R.N., C.M.

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.

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.



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

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

**Its object:**

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

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

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**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.

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**Gifts of money should be made payable to**  
**THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**  
**and sent to the treasurer,**  
**MR. C. N. MANNING,**  
**Security Trust Company,**  
**Lexington 15, Kentucky**





## JOY HOUSE

Gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit  
and  
Home of the Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service

Photograph by Earl Palmer  
Summer, 1946



