

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 30

SPRING, 1955

NUMBER 4



WENDOVER BIG HOUSE

Photo by Henry Craig,
Kentucky Division of Publicity



JEEP AT MOUTH OF MUNCY FORD

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN *of the* FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
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A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PRAYER

O that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each deed and word and thought
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,
For this is more than I can do.

—Thomas Elwood, A. D. 1639.

"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN"

by

BETTY ANN BRADBURY, R.N., C.M.
Possum Bend Nursing Center

The river is rising steadily. The rain has stopped, but great masses of débris are being carried downstream by the swiftly moving current. As long as there is débris in the river, the folks tell me, it is a sure sign the river is rising. This will probably be a big tide.

Perhaps it is strange to those who do not know this section of country that so much importance is attached to the river. We learn early that the river is almost a standard by which we live and work. We watch the water carefully for we know that when the river is high, the creeks may be even higher in proportion to their size. We also learn, and sometimes cruelly, that only a few hours are needed to change the river from its peaceful, normal self into a raging tide. In a flash, it seems, the creeks and river can become totally unmanageable. And so, we watch the river carefully, and even fearfully sometimes, because we know that when it is impossible to ford the river or travel up the creeks, we must walk over several mountains, along narrow, rocky paths to reach our patients who live just a short distance by the creek route. We know, too, that if a medical or midwifery emergency should occur during a river rampage, then, in some cases, all hope of getting the patient out to our hospital must be abandoned and we must do what we can ourselves—knowing that the doctor's arrival could be hours and hours away.

It was just like that two weeks ago when Nancy was asked to make a sick call up Bill's Branch. A young boy had been kicked in the face and head by a mule and was "bad off"—we were sitting down to supper at the time of the call. I volunteered to go along to help, and to drive the jeep the three miles down the river road to the mouth of the branch. Nancy is always telling me that Bill's Branch in her district is fully as rough as Hell-for-Certain Creek in my district—here was an opportunity to find out!

Just as we were backing the jeep out of the barn, the rain began to mean business—and so, pessimistically, between my

groans of, "I don't like this," and grunts of "We'll never make it," we began the three-mile down river trip. Fortunately there were four able-bodied men in the back of the jeep. They had come for us and kept us cheered with, "These poor nurses—hit's a sight the way they has to go out in weather like this," and "He shore is bad off, that young'un is—why that mule like to have killed him. His skull bone's a'showin' and he's bled a sight."

Nancy and I were almost certain that we would have to get the boy to our Hyden Hospital—somehow—from the description the men gave us. But the rain was more insistent and we knew it would not take much to get the river over its banks. The mouth of Bill's Branch is on the other side of the river, which means we had to cross the river in order to trudge the mile and a half up the branch to the boy's home. We came to a section of the road that was covered with dead branches and rubble. Jeeps are truly remarkable and will go most anywhere, but I knew this jeep would have to fly before we could get beyond this rubble. "Put 'er in 4-wheel drive and try it," the men said. I was already travelling in 4-wheel drive, but knew they meant tractor-pull, so with little confidence in getting out of this situation, I fixed the gears and shouted to the men, "You'll have to get us out of here if we get stuck!"

Very slowly we started forward, hearing the branches crack and the rubble give under us, then, umph! The left front wheel sank into a hole. So, the men went to work. They removed branches and trash that were in the way, and then literally lifted the front end of the jeep out of the hole and on to firm ground. Then they filled in the hole and told me to try again. Holding my breath I drove forward slowly. Suddenly, with unbelief, I felt solid ground beneath us and realized we'd made it. The rest of the jeep trip, aside from skidding and zig-zagging in the mud and finding a dead tree in the road—which the men removed—was uneventful. We parked the jeep and waded through thick mud to the river bank where a boat was tied. We could see that the river was indeed rising. The rain was still coming steadily and, at this particular ford, the current was swift.

"Cain't cross here much longer," one of the men said. Frankly, I was appalled at the thought of crossing at all—I had

heard tales of the treacherous Bill's Branch ford. But these men know the river better than I, and besides, in the dark, everything always appears much worse. It took much bailing to empty the half-submerged boat before we got in, and then it took the most vigorous paddling I've yet seen to get us across. (I knew we would be in for a good long boat ride if the man paddling ever let the current gain control of the boat!) But we made it.

Now all that was left was the walk up Bill's Branch. There were only two flashlights for four of us (two of the men stayed behind), which made for much stumbling and slipping. For a while the path led along the side of the creek, which was filling rapidly, with a rushing, roaring sound. But then we found ourselves splashing right in the creek, the water often way up over our boot tops. At one point, half-way to our destination from the mouth of the branch, the men led the way through a cornfield and across a small foot bridge over the creek. Just as I was about to yell to Nancy to shine the light so I could see to cross the bridge (I was at the rear of the quartet), Nancy and the light crashed through the rotten bridge—right plum through the middle of it! Her feet and legs were in the rushing creek below and she up to her armpits in bridge—such a sight she was! It happened so suddenly; it was like a trap door opening and, in a split second, there was Nancy, like a prisoner in the stocks of Colonial times! We have both had many good laughs over the situation since then, but at the time it was far from funny. To think these men had let us walk over a rotten bridge! "But, hit held us," they said, and then I knew it wasn't their fault—"it was just one of those things."

Nancy scrambled out, a little wetter but unscathed. By now the rain was torrential. The creek was swollen to three times its normal size. There would be no possibility of getting the boy out to Hyden Hospital. We would have to do our best, under the circumstances, to make him comfortable. But we knew in our hearts that he was surely a doctor's case.

Nancy took over when we were, at last, with Jack—but I had a chance to see him. His face and forehead were swollen badly, there was evidence that his nose had bled profusely, and he was barely able to speak. The family had put a bandage over his forehead wound. When Nancy removed it, sure enough,

the tissue was torn and the "skull bone" was visible. A stitching job was clearly indicated, but, as we knew, an impossibility without a doctor. He had been unconscious for several hours after the accident, and naturally we were afraid of skull fracture or concussion. Several teeth were knocked loose and there was also the possibility of a fractured jaw. So many indications for hospitalization! But we knew we could never get him out of the creek. Any attempt to move him would have made the situation that much worse.

I dumped the water out of my boots and got close to the fire in an attempt to dry my wet clothes, while Nancy worked over Jack—a very courageous, uncomplaining young man of sixteen. He was hurt badly; his eyes were almost swollen shut, and yet he never so much as moaned or whimpered—I shall never forget his bravery. The recuperative powers of a husky adolescent are sometimes unbelievable. Amazingly enough, in spite of the shock to his system and the blood loss, his pulse and blood pressure were normal. Although it was difficult for him to speak on account of his jaw wounds, he was alert and perfectly aware of his surroundings and his plight. Nancy cleaned and dressed the scalp wound and gave him an anti-tetanus injection and some pills to ease the pain, as authorized in our Medical Routine; then we discussed with the family the possibility of getting Jack out to Hyden Hospital. But we knew the weather must first give us permission. There was nothing more we could do except to offer up a little prayer of thanksgiving that Jack was no worse than he was.

Then the long weary, wet trip back! We were careful not to attempt a crossing at Nancy's bridge on the way down the creek to the river. Just in the short time we had been in the house, the river had risen immeasurably and was, of course, way beyond crossing in a boat. This necessitated a walk of another mile to the Mosely Bend swinging bridge, and then back up the other side of the river to the jeep. When we reached the "bad place" I held my breath (this, for some reason always seems to help in difficult situations!) and tried to keep in our previous tracks. Slowly we got through that awful mess, and safely across the Mouth of Wilder, and then home.

Five days after the accident Nancy took Jack to Hyden

Hospital. On one of her visits to him, she had pulled the skin edges of the scalp wound together with adhesive tape butterflies—the next best thing to stitches. Our medical director reported the wound healing well, and x-rays showed no fracture. The doctor felt sure that the loose teeth would become firmly rooted again, in time. Just today, as I was writing this, Jack came to the nursing center to have a final examination. The area around his scalp wound is still a wee bit swollen. But the wound itself has healed beautifully and the scar appears no worse than if it had been sutured. Jack looks and feels fine. With the exception of one slightly loose tooth, he is now as good as new.

The débris has stopped traveling down the river, and the old Middlefork has calmed down considerably since I began writing this. But I still keep a watchful eye on that river. Nancy says she will not worry about it until the water gets up to our second story windows. But I am a bit more conservative than Nancy.

COMMENTS AND CORRECTIONS

It looks as though this column will have to be printed in every issue of our Bulletin. We do proofread our galleys and there should not be mistakes. But there always are!

Those of you who keep a file of these quarterlies—and this includes all the libraries which subscribe—please turn to the last line on page 45 of the Winter Bulletin and change the name from Miss Price to Miss Pise.

In the same Bulletin, please turn to **A Sequence on Slander** on page 6, the first paragraph of which should read as follows:

Detraction is one of the principal forms of self-promotion, and those that cannot reach the citadel themselves, must clamber up over the bodies of their companions who have taken it. (The word *taken* was left out.)

So much for the Corrections. As to Comments, we beg you to continue your kind indulgence toward this amateur magazine.

DELPHINIUM IN WINTER

I heard about this almost by rumor. A friend said, "My daughter went to stay with some people and they had beautiful bunches of delphinium about the house, and in the middle of the winter! They cut them in their fullest perfection and dried them upside down in the attic or the cellar—I can't remember which." That was all I had to go on.

I could not bear to cut the delphinium until just before I went away for the summer. Then I cut them—all those that were at the peak of their bloom, but not beginning to fall yet. I hung half of them upside down in the cellar and half—having no attic—in a room in the barn. (The cellar lot mildewed so I will dismiss them.)

Just before departure—about two days after cutting them—I went to see how my barn lot were getting on. They had not shed petals at all but had wilted so that (through gravity) the individual florets hung too close in to the main stem in an unnatural way. I turned them right side up and gently bent the florets into a natural position (the fine stems were pliable—not yet brittle). Those that I judged would hold this position upright I arranged in a vase—without water of course—and left them to continue their drying. Those that had not dried at all and I feared might simply flop downward, I hung upside down again. Then I went away for six weeks.

On my return I found those in the barn in the vase had dried nicely, and made a pleasant bouquet all winter. The others were again with the florets too close to the stem—though not as close as the first time I had rearranged them.

My barn room had, perforce, been shut up. It was terribly hot. No circulation of air at all. If I had provided better conditions the delphinium would have dried better. **Also**, if I had cut them earlier—and had had about a week in which to visit them now and then and bend the delicate stems **while drying** into good positions—results would have been more even.

The leaves of the delphinium shrivel up to nothing and I break most of them off. The blue colors, however, hold almost perfectly, nor do the petals shed. They do not equal fresh delphinium, because the fine dried stems and the papery texture give a ghost-like feeling. But, in the winter, they have done me very well and I shall repeat it this year.

—Contributed by Elizabeth Hollins

URGENT NEEDS

Here are our urgent needs for the new fiscal year, and they are all of them terribly urgent.

It is a pleasure to report that two of the most urgent—Jeeps, to replace two 8-year-old jeeps—have been given by two of our trustees. So, they are not listed.

As all of you know, most of the work on our vast and widely scattered properties has to be done during the months of summer and early autumn. We hope that even more of you than usual will choose a need to give us in honor of our Thirtieth Birthday. There is something to fit each purse, from a 10-quart milk bucket at \$1.50, on up and up!

We welcome each gift with enthusiasm. It is dear of you all to care about our needs.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

1. Fire Detection Alarm System—Fire Safety Requirement: equipment and installation—estimated.....	\$ 742.00
2. Main Water Line—Hospital to Joy House: to replace 315' of $\frac{3}{4}$ " corroded line, too weak to survive another wet season—pipe, fittings, connections, ditching—materials and labor—estimated	500.00
3. Rip-rap Retaining Wall—Between Hospital and Annex: rebuilt (wall collapsed) after heavy rains—cement and labor.....	337.02
4. Surface Drains—Repaired: cement and labor.....	37.00
5. Children's Ward—Utility Room: cabinet sink with double drainboards—to replace flat-rim sink and rotten wooden cupboards and counter tops—estimated.....	250.00
6. Wee Stone House (Isolation Ward)—2 Portable Steam Heaters: for use when patients need oxygen and fireplace cannot be used—estimated.....	210.00
7. Old Lavatory—1st Floor—Vented: to comply with requirements for hospitals—materials and labor—estimated.....	50.00
8. Basement—Electric Incinerator: for disposal of soiled dressings et cetera—installed.....	104.00
9. Operating Room—Oxygen Tank Truck: quoted @.....	30.95
10. Wards—Portable Ice Chest: quoted @.....	35.00
11. Clinic—Nylonite Mattress Cover:	9.30
12. Wards—Old Mattresses Made Over: 9 @ \$10.00 each.....	90.00
13. Operating Room and Delivery Room—Lights: 2 reflectors replaced—estimated	60.00
14. Pipe Threaders—For $2\frac{1}{2}$" to 4" Pipe: to make it possible for our men to repair main water lines—quoted @.....	98.75
15. Fire Extinguishers—Class "A": to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters—2 quoted @ \$46.50 each..	93.00

MARGARET VOORHIES HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

1. Heating System—Hot Water Type: 2 circulating motors replaced—motors and installation.....	\$ 116.28
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2. Stone (Brick-lined) Outside Rubbish Burner—Repaired and Remodeled: to meet specifications of National Board of Fire Underwriters—4" concrete roof, concrete floor, chimney and spark arrester added—materials and labor—estimated..	125.00
3. Interior Painting: kitchen, living room on first floor; 7 nurses' bedrooms—paint and labor—estimated.....	200.00
4. Food Supply Room—Electric Circuit: for old refrigerator to be connected—materials and labor—estimated.....	75.00
5. Employee's Cottage—To be Reconditioned for Cook: carpentry repairs, painting interior, creosoting exterior, et cetera—materials and labor—estimated.....	200.00
6. Electric Range—Replacing 2 Surface Units: units and installation	31.80
7. Blanket Binding for All-Wool Mill Ends: for nurses' beds.....	6.76
8. Towel Racks: 6 @ 50c each.....	3.00

MARDI COTTAGE**Midwives Quarters**

1. Ladder Back Side Chairs: for dining room table and for lectures—8 @ \$10.50 each.....	\$ 84.00
2. Heating System: replacing worn-out motor on fan.....	57.35
3. Bathroom—Asbestos Tile: to replace worn-out linoleum—materials and labor—estimated.....	25.00
4. Painting—Interior: living room and 5 students' bedrooms—materials and labor painting ceilings (students painted walls)	70.32
5. Back Porch—Screened Food Cupboard: materials and labor.....	22.09
6. Employee's Cottage—Interior Painting: paint (put on by cook's son).....	23.03
7. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50

WENDOVER

1. Upper Shelf—An Old Building With 4 Staff Bedrooms and No Plumbing Whatever:—	
A Bathroom: lumber, plasterboard, insulation, plumbing fixtures, concrete floor, wiring, heating, electric hot water heater, et cetera—materials, fixtures and labor—estimated.....	\$1,100.00
Water Supply Line—Sewer Line—and Drainage: to connect this bathroom with main water line above Upper Shelf, to sewer line below Lower Shelf; putting in an open drain ditch, a low retaining wall at end of building, and a rock and cement walk-way around building—materials and labor—estimated.....	1,300.00
Total for a Bathroom.....	\$2,400.00
Miscellaneous Repairs to Building: New Roof (including rafters and sheathing); Building raised (at one end); Porch (repaired and braced); Outside Creosoted—materials and labor—estimated.....	600.00
2. Upper Log Cabin—Replace Steps and Bridge (to bedroom) and add Steps (down to Lower Cabin to make bathroom accessible)—materials and labor—estimated.....	60.00
3. Lower Log Cabin:	
Miscellaneous Carpentry Repairs (necessary to make summer guest room accessible to bathroom) and Building Clothes Cupboard in Back Room —materials and labor—estimated	250.00

Bathroom—Electric Water Heater and Portable Steam Radiator: to replace old laundry heater and tank (will lessen fire hazards)—equipment installed—estimated.....	150.00
4. Big Log House—Heater Room—Fireproofed: with metal lath and plaster—materials and labor—estimated.....	200.00
5. Garden House—2nd Floor Porch Screened: materials and labor—estimated	75.00
6. Road by Garden House—Log Retaining Wall—Replaced: new locust logs and posts—logs, posts and labor.....	371.10
7. Hollywood Beds—Without Mattresses: to replace steel cots with sagging springs—3 @ \$14.63 each.....	43.89
8. Cotton Print Material: for making slip covers to protect comforts	25.00
9. Pyrex Casserole Dishes: 6 @ \$1.00 each.....	6.00
10. Covered Bread Trays: 2 @ \$1.17 each.....	2.34
11. Wire Stretchers	19.47
12. Metal Tool Box: to keep assembled tools needed by foreman on trips to centers.....	11.95
13. Garden Hose: 100 feet.....	9.90
14. Fire Extinguishers for All Buildings—Class "A": to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—10 quoted @ \$46.50 each.....	465.00

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

1. Pump House: frame building; asphalt shingles—materials and labor—estimated	\$ 625.00
2. Kitchen and Maid's Room Off It—Asbestos Tile: removing old linoleum, repairing weak place in floor; laying asbestos tile—materials and labor—estimated.....	200.00
3. Rock Retaining Wall at Foot of Slope Above Barn—To Prevent Slips in Wet Weather: haulage of rock and labor—estimated	140.00
4. Road Back of Barn: scraping off mud; sloping bank above road and ditching; putting on gravel—materials and labor.....	65.70
5. Cow Barn—(Essential in Order to Have Dry Stall in Winter): putting in wooden floor with cement drain underneath; adding hay rack—materials and labor—estimated.....	50.00
6. Mirrors: 1 for door and 2 small ones.....	13.00
7. Kitchen Entrance—New Screen Door: materials and labor.....	7.72
8. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial

1. Painting Center: (last done in 1950)—paint and labor—estimated	\$ 400.00
2. Front Porch: carpentry repairs (rails, floor, steps, sills, et cetera) needed before center is painted—lumber and labor—estimated	100.00
3. Water Filterer and Conditioner: needed to remove high solidity content and mineral content of well water which corrodes equipment and ruins household linens—estimated (completely installed).....	449.00
4. Fencing: pole fence (center to barn); and wire fence on upper boundary line, repaired—materials and labor—estimated.....	75.00
5. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50

6. 2 Table Cloths: checked cotton material—8 yards @ \$1.37.....	10.96
7. Hotel China—Blue Willow Pattern: service for 6—estimated....	30.48
8. Portable Grate Basket.....	10.50
9. Waste Can (step-on type) for Clinic: waste dressings.....	3.00

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial**

1. Fence to Mark Right-of-Way for Road—to Center and Barn: materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 160.00
2. Stile Over Neighbor's Fence to Our Spring—(To Protect Fence): materials and labor—estimated.....	15.00
3. Garage Doors—Changed and Rehung to Widen Entrance for Jeep: materials and labor.....	39.32
4. Barn—New Roofing and Repair of Rock Foundation: materials and labor—estimated.....	100.00
5. Heating System—Motor on Fan Repaired—New Clean-Out Door Installed: estimated.....	25.00
6. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50
7. Center—Clinic Scales.....	6.52
8. Sizerock Clinic—Waste Can (step-on type).....	3.00

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER**"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton**

1. Water System: To replace hand pump and corroded 1000-gallon storage tank now 27 years old: Electric Deep Well Pump and Pressure Tank Unit: pump, motor, tank, drop pipe, sucker rods, working barrel and couplings—equipment and labor—estimated.....	\$ 575.00
Pipe Line to House and Barn: ditching, pipe, fittings and making connections—materials and labor—estimated.....	300.00
Pump House: to replace shed (4 posts with board roof) now over well—Frame, with insulation and concrete floor—materials and labor—estimated.....	625.00
2. Kitchen Sink and Cabinets: to replace back-breaking 27-year-old sink—2-compartment, double drainboard sink, standard height, with cupboards underneath—sink, fittings, lumber and labor—estimated.....	300.00
3. Outside Entrance Steps—(Front and Side Doors—Old Steps Unsafe): to be replaced—lumber and labor—estimated.....	30.00
4. Barn—Replacing Rotten Sills; Doors to Runway and Hayloft; Gates Dividing Runway: lumber and labor—estimated.....	100.00
5. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50
6. Lawn Mower: urgently requested by nurses—quoted @.....	13.65
7. Ironing Board—Metal.....	10.95
8. Ironing Board Cover—Asbestos.....	3.49

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial**

1. Electric Refrigerator with Freezer Unit—For Vaccines, Blood Plasma and Food: present kerosene operated refrigerator (14 years old) keeps milk only 12 hours—cannot be repaired—quoted @.....	\$ 299.95
2. Fence—Around Boundary Line: replacing rotten posts and bad wire; resetting loose posts—materials and labor—estimated.....	100.00

3. Cement Watering Trough—In Pasture: connected to line from water tank to house—materials and labor—estimated.....	30.00
4. Front and Back Porches—Carpentry Repairs: new steps, porch rails and rotten floor boards replaced—materials and labor....	37.80
5. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50
6. Lawn Mower: urgently requested by nurse—quoted @.....	13.65
7. Ironing Board—Metal: quoted @.....	10.95
8. Ironing Board Cover—Asbestos: quoted @.....	3.49
9. Electric Iron.....	11.95
10. Hollywood Beds (Without Mattresses): 2 @ \$14.63 each.....	29.26
11. Living Room and Bedroom—Window Shades: replacements—4 @ \$2.60.....	10.40
12. Milk Bucket—Aluminum (10-quart).....	1.50
13. Flatware—Stainless Steel: to replace 27-year-old plated silver service for 6.....	21.71

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Clara Ford

1. Floors—Clinic, Clinic Waiting Room, Patients' Lavatory, Nurses' Bathroom and Kitchen: asbestos tile to replace linoleum (24 years old)—materials and labor—estimated...\$	300.00
2. Heating System—Repairs: new fuel door and frame, new smoke pipe; cleaning flues, hot air pipes and registers—parts and labor—estimated.....	65.00
3. Paint for Clinic Waiting Room, Nurses' Bathroom and Kitchen: put on by nurses and guest.....	24.94
4. Water Line—Spring to Tank: putting in new dresser coupling, cleaning out spring and tank—coupling and labor.....	19.00
5. Rail Fence—Separating Yard from Pasture: replacing rails, putting in new posts where needed—materials and labor.....	45.07
6. Pressure Canner: for sterilizing purposes (to replace Victory model not repairable)—quoted @.....	27.95
7. Floor Lamp for Living Room: complete with fiberglas shade—quoted @.....	16.50
8. Electric Toaster: quoted @.....	16.50
9. White Dimity for Curtains—Clinic, Clinic Waiting Room and Bathroom: 20 yards @ 37c.....	7.40
10. Garden Tools—Hoe, Rake, Trowel, Spading Fork.....	7.93
11. Teakettle—Aluminum: replacement.....	2.50
12. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50

FOR EACH OF THE SIX OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

TEXTBOOK FOR MIDWIVES by Margaret F. Myles

Published by E. & S. Livingstone, Ltd., Edinburgh and London

Price 42/- or \$6.00 each

Six copies and postage from England.....13 pounds or \$37.00

THUNDER

Thunder is caused by a flash of lightning heating the air which then expands and sends out a wave. Wave causes the noise.

—The Thousandsticks

6. 2 Table Cloths: checked cotton material—8 yards @ \$1.37.....	10.96
7. Hotel China—Blue Willow Pattern: service for 6—estimated....	30.48
8. Portable Grate Basket	10.50
9. Waste Can (step-on type) for Clinic: waste dressings.....	3.00

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial

1. Fence to Mark Right-of-Way for Road—to Center and Barn: materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 160.00
2. Stile Over Neighbor's Fence to Our Spring—(To Protect Fence): materials and labor—estimated.....	15.00
3. Garage Doors—Changed and Rehung to Widen Entrance for Jeep: materials and labor.....	39.32
4. Barn—New Roofing and Repair of Rock Foundation: materials and labor—estimated.....	100.00
5. Heating System—Motor on Fan Repaired—New Clean-Out Door Installed: estimated.....	25.00
6. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50
7. Center—Clinic Scales	6.52
8. Sizerock Clinic—Waste Can (step-on type)	3.00

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER

"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton

1. Water System: To replace hand pump and corroded 1000-gallon storage tank now 27 years old: Electric Deep Well Pump and Pressure Tank Unit: pump, motor, tank, drop pipe, sucker rods, working barrel and couplings—equipment and labor—estimated.....	\$ 575.00
Pipe Line to House and Barn: ditching, pipe, fittings and making connections—materials and labor—estimated.....	300.00
Pump House: to replace shed (4 posts with board roof) now over well—Frame, with insulation and concrete floor—materials and labor—estimated.....	625.00
2. Kitchen Sink and Cabinets: to replace back-breaking 27-year-old sink—2-compartment, double drainboard sink, standard height, with cupboards underneath—sink, fittings, lumber and labor—estimated.....	300.00
3. Outside Entrance Steps—(Front and Side Doors—Old Steps Unsafe): to be replaced—lumber and labor—estimated.....	30.00
4. Barn—Replacing Rotten Sills; Doors to Runway and Hayloft; Gates Dividing Runway: lumber and labor—estimated.....	100.00
5. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50
6. Lawn Mower: urgently requested by nurses—quoted @.....	13.65
7. Ironing Board—Metal	10.95
8. Ironing Board Cover—Asbestos	3.49

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial

1. Electric Refrigerator with Freezer Unit—For Vaccines, Blood Plasma and Food: present kerosene operated refrigerator (14 years old) keeps milk only 12 hours—cannot be repaired—quoted @.....	\$ 299.95
2. Fence—Around Boundary Line: replacing rotten posts and bad wire; resetting loose posts—materials and labor—estimated	100.00

3. Cement Watering Trough—In Pasture: connected to line from water tank to house—materials and labor—estimated.....	30.00
4. Front and Back Porches—Carpentry Repairs: new steps, porch rails and rotten floor boards replaced—materials and labor....	37.80
5. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirements of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50
6. Lawn Mower: urgently requested by nurse—quoted @.....	13.65
7. Ironing Board—Metal: quoted @.....	10.95
8. Ironing Board Cover—Asbestos: quoted @.....	3.49
9. Electric Iron	11.95
10. Hollywood Beds (Without Mattresses): 2 @ \$14.63 each.....	29.26
11. Living Room and Bedroom—Window Shades: replacements—4 @ \$2.60.....	10.40
12. Milk Bucket—Aluminum (10-quart)	1.50
13. Flatware—Stainless Steel: to replace 27-year-old plated silver service for 6.....	21.71

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Clara Ford

1. Floors—Clinic, Clinic Waiting Room, Patients' Lavatory, Nurses' Bathroom and Kitchen: asbestos tile to replace linoleum (24 years old)—materials and labor—estimated...\$	300.00
2. Heating System—Repairs: new fuel door and frame, new smoke pipe; cleaning flues, hot air pipes and registers—parts and labor—estimated.....	65.00
3. Paint for Clinic Waiting Room, Nurses' Bathroom and Kitchen: put on by nurses and guest.....	24.94
4. Water Line—Spring to Tank: putting in new dresser coupling, cleaning out spring and tank—coupling and labor.....	19.00
5. Rail Fence—Separating Yard from Pasture: replacing rails, putting in new posts where needed—materials and labor.....	45.07
6. Pressure Canner: for sterilizing purposes (to replace Victory model not repairable)—quoted @.....	27.95
7. Floor Lamp for Living Room: complete with fiberglas shade—quoted @.....	16.50
8. Electric Toaster: quoted @.....	16.50
9. White Dimity for Curtains—Clinic, Clinic Waiting Room and Bathroom: 20 yards @ 37c.....	7.40
10. Garden Tools—Hoe, Rake, Trowel, Spading Fork	7.93
11. Teakettle—Aluminum: replacement.....	2.50
12. Fire Extinguisher—Class "A": to meet requirement of National Board of Fire Underwriters—quoted @.....	46.50

FOR EACH OF THE SIX OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

TEXTBOOK FOR MIDWIVES by Margaret F. Myles

Published by E. & S. Livingstone, Ltd., Edinburgh and London

Price 42/- or \$6.00 each

Six copies and postage from England.....13 pounds or \$37.00

THUNDER

Thunder is caused by a flash of lightning heating the air which then expands and sends out a wave. Wave causes the noise.

—*The Thousandsticks*

In Memoriam

THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

. . .
Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

. . .

Henry Vaughan
1621-1695

- MRS. M. C. BEGLEY
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in December 1954
- MISS LAURA BLACKBURN
Columbia, S. C.
Died in February 1955
- MR. A. B. COMBS
Combs, Kentucky
Died in January 1955
- MRS. THOMAS EVANS
Paris, Kentucky
Died in February 1955
- MRS. W. S. EVERSOLE
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in February 1955
- MR. F. C. GILBERT
Red Bird River, Kentucky
Died in April 1955
- MISS ANNIE W. GOODRICH
Colehester, Connecticut
Died in December 1954
- MRS. JAMES J. HARRISON
Little Rock, Arkansas
Died in February 1955
- MRS. CLAUDE M. LOTSPEICH
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in January 1955
- DR. SAMUEL B. MARKS
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in March 1955
- MRS. JOHN E. ROUSMANIERE
New York, N. Y.
Died in November 1954
- MRS. EDWIN ALLEN STEBBINS
Rochester, N. Y.
Died in October 1954
- MR. EDWIN ALLEN STEBBINS
Rochester, N. Y.
Died in June 1954
- MRS. RHODES B. THOMAS
Georgetown, Kentucky
Died in March 1955
- DR. F. W. URTON
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in December 1954
- MRS. EUGENE H. B. WATSON
Rye, New York
Died in February 1955

In the Spring of the year, and again in its Fall, we give the names of trustees, members, old friends, who have moved away from this world to that lovelier one where they are now.

There is hardly one among them of whom we could not write a full story, had we but time. Some among them have been so interwoven with our work that its Quarterly Bulletin, over the past thirty years, constantly refers to them and what they did for the Frontier Nursing Service. Among these are two physicians: **Dr. Samuel B. Marks**, a member of the Medical Advisory Committee of our National Medical Council in early years, when he was a practicing physician in Lexington, often gave his services to the patients we sent down to him. **Dr. F. W. Urton** came year after year, until his health broke, to our Hyden Hospital to hold his huge tonsil clinics. Several hundreds of our children have been saved from disabled lives because he operated on them, and there was no more brilliant operator in the whole United States.

Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere, a member of our New York Committee from its inception, the mother of one of our early

couriers, and a devoted friend, is poignantly missed as well as lovingly remembered. **Mrs. Claude M. Lotspeich**, a member of our Cincinnati Committee, most enthralling of people, was particularly dear to a number of us. It is hard to think there will be no more delightful hours spent in her company. **Mrs. M. C. Begley** and **Mrs. W. S. Eversole**, members of our Hyden Committee from its inception, were not only two of the best friends we ever had but they were the widows of men who did as much as any to get our work underway in its hard beginning.

Mr. F. C. Gilbert ("Doc" Gilbert), who lived on Red Bird River, had been a member of our Flat Creek Committee since its formation nearly a quarter century ago. He was too ill to attend the last meeting of this Committee, but Mrs. Gilbert came and brought affectionate messages from him. **Mrs. James J. Harrison** of Little Rock, Arkansas, a member of the Board of the Visiting Nurse Association of that city, carried her enthusiasm for nursing over into the Frontier Nursing Service which she had supported for many years. She was another one of our personal friends. **Mrs. Rhodes B. Thomas** of Georgetown, Kentucky, a cousin of ours, not only supported us to the end of her long life, but kept us continually in her loving heart.

Mrs. Thomas Evans of Paris, Kentucky, first became interested in us some years ago when her granddaughters both joined the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover. Through all of her failing health, borne gaily and gallantly, she continued to support us and to send messages to us through her grandchildren. She has remembered us in her will, and we want to do something very special with that legacy. **Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Allen Stebbins**, members of our Rochester, New York Committee, old supporters, old friends, were so happy as to be able to pass on into the next life within only a few months of each other. **Mrs. Eugene H. B. Watson**, who lived in Rye near New York, had been a regular and generous supporter of ours for a long period of time, and she has left us a legacy as a token of her friendship. **Mr. A. B. Combs** ("Bige"), of Combs, Kentucky, superb horseman, leading citizen of Eastern Kentucky, landowner and land-lover, kind man, loyal friend—it is hard to think of our part of the world without him in it.

Among those who died during the Winter were two distinguished nurses who meant a great deal to us in the Frontier Nursing Service. **Miss Laura Blackburn**, nurse-midwife, past president of the South Carolina State Nurses' Association, State Consultant Nurse in Midwifery for the Board of Health of that state, was widely known for her interest in problems connected with public health. We had the joy of a visit from her at Wenderover, and with it a deepened knowledge of an exquisite personality. **Miss Annie W. Goodrich** had been a member of our National Nursing Council from its inception until not long before she died at the age of 89. For more than sixty years she was a great leader in the nursing profession, a great woman, a great friend. We recall that when Yale University conferred upon her an honorary degree, these words were part of her citation—"One of the most useful women in the world."

For the families of all these friends of ours, in sending them our sympathy, we want to quote from a letter that has lately come to us from one who sorrowed—"True—one never ceases to miss one's loved ones—but Tomorrow is so close! and the curtain gossamer thin."

POSTSCRIPT

Mr. R. Middleton Bagby of "Rolling Acres" in Fayette County, died at Lexington, Kentucky, on Monday, May 30. He had attended our Annual Meeting only the week before, and the shock of his sudden death has left us numb. A kind and generous friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, Mr. Bagby was the husband of one of its founders. Our hearts go out to this dearly loved trustee in her sorrow.

WIGGLY

by

JANE LEIGH POWELL—Courier
(For the picture, see inside back cover)

It was November 28, 1954, a cold, rainy day, when Edna, the Wendover sow, chose to give birth to her litter of pigs. Edna is a purebred, registered Hampshire, and—as most people know—all the Wendover brood sows are called Edna.

Edna was a few days over-due. Jean had taken guests to Red Bird and it was up to me to take care of Edna. Although it was too dark in the pig house to see, a few faint squeals told me that there were piglets. I went for my flashlight and when I returned there were three new arrivals, and they were very busy being pigs—busy eating!

Soon another was born, with the first three acting like a welcoming committee. All three moved down the line to make room for this latest arrival. By lunch time there were five pigs and, of course, I had to give my pig midwifery report at the table. After a quick lunch, Monica Hayes and Bobbie Hunt went back with me to see Edna. Her house was like the delivery room at the Hospital when the new students all gather to learn what's what. We counted seven piglets—then a long wait, and an eighth was born. Everything came to a standstill after that but—as things turned out—we hadn't counted all the pigs.

Around the walls of the pig house is a plank that sticks **out** six inches, and **up** about six inches off the floor. This is to protect the piglets when the mother sow lies down—they scamper out of her way and under this plank. Upon investigation in the litter of hay, we found a little warm body that must have run under there when Edna had lain down. I put the wee thing next its mother, then took another look around and found the tiniest pig of all further back under the hay. When I put her next to Edna, she wouldn't eat, and the other pigs pushed her away.

By that time, Jean was back from Red Bird, and she suggested that we bring the little "runt" to the clinic. Brownie took over and fed it some brandy through a medicine dropper. After much brandy, the piglet was warm—and reeling a bit!

We left "Wiggly," as we called her, to sleep it off. . . . Later in the evening we gave her milk from a bottle—a little difficult because the nipple was too large.

When Brownie suggested that she would get up in the night to feed the pig, I decided to take her to my room in the Garden House so that when she squealed I could feed her. At 1:00 A.M. she let me know in no uncertain terms that she was hungry. I went to the ice box, got the milk, warmed it, and fed her. She took it all and went right back to sleep. At 4:00 o'clock she woke me up again—and again at 6:00 o'clock. This time she was cold as well as hungry. I fed her and put her as close to the radiator as possible, but she kept on squealing and wouldn't quiet down. I took pity on her, and laid her in the bed beside me; and in a few minutes she was asleep.

By this time I was much attached to Wiggly. After all, it isn't every night that I have a baby pig in bed with me! During the day I fed her periodically; then it was decided that it was best to give her away, as she would need a lot of care, and would take too much of my time. With sorrow, we packed her in a box with blanket ends, and off she went on the back of a horse to her new home up on Camp Creek.

HOW FLIES RESIST DDT

The secret of how flies have become resistant to DDT and other modern insecticides has been discovered by Dr. Clyde W. Kearns and co-workers at the University of Illinois.

The flies make their own antidote to DDT and presumably to other insecticides. They do it by developing enzyme chemicals. One called DDT-dehydrochlorinase changes DDT to the non-toxic compound, DDE.

This enzyme antidote is specific for DDT. Flies apparently produce another enzyme antidote for other insecticides such as chlordane.

From a million or more flies, Dr. Kearns and associates were able to get enough of the anti-DDT stuff to study it. They hope to purify it, find out the precise mechanism of the DDT detoxifying process, and then find a way to circumvent the antidotal enzyme.

—*Science Digest*, December, 1954

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. Marion E. S. Lewis (Marion Shouse)—

Holland American Line—February 28, 1955

I had a marvelous swim yesterday in Megan Bay. We [Lillian and I] are crossing the sea between the Virgin Islands and Venezuela where we put in tomorrow at La Guaira and motor to Caracas, getting back to the ship tomorrow late. Wednesday we are in Curacao, and then on to Haiti, getting back to New York Tuesday week. It's been marvelous so far.

—Milford, Pennsylvania—May 24, 1955

Busy days here, trying to get into the new house by the first of June, if the plumbers and carpenters will move over and make some room! It's going to be quite a "do", for we've the animals' things plus the Beagle, Sport, the Peke, Chica Doola, the three cats (Kit-Kat, April and Mary) to move, besides ourselves.

From Alison Bray, Oxford, England—March 31, 1955

I have been in Oxford with the Congress of Gynecologists and Obstetricians since the beginning of February. I love being even distantly connected with mothers and babies again. We are very busy—somehow more so than the last time, and it's all great fun and I like the people I work for very much indeed. Dr. Gordon Douglas of your National Medical Council is coming over as one of our guest speakers. I look forward to seeing him. There are several others coming from the States and from many parts of the world which makes the work very interesting.

I had a day off at the beginning of this month so that I could attend one of the Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace. It was most thrilling and a wonderful spectacle. The Queen looked lovely and I managed not to fall over when I did my curtsy and I got a wonderful smile from the Duke of Edinburgh. It was more fun than a garden party because we could wander about the Palace and see the pictures in the various State apartments—altogether a great experience.

From Stephanie Etnier, New York City, New York—

April 1, 1955

It really must be lovely there now with spring popping. I never thought I'd miss Wendover so much, but with every hour I stop to think what I would be doing were I still with you all. Now I would be completing a chat with someone at lunch and would be moving on to water the horses.

.

From Felicia Delafield (Flicka), Vassar College,

Poughkeepsie, New York—April 11, 1955

Life here at college goes on much as usual. I'm in the middle of term papers, and have just finished singing in a choir concert with Amherst. This coming summer I hope to have a job in a social service department in a New York hospital, but it isn't settled yet.

Each issue of the Bulletin that I receive reminds me of all of you at Wendover. I'll never forget my wonderful time last summer.

.

From Mrs. George M. Todd (Catherine Troxel),

Toledo, Ohio—April 11, 1955

I still devour the Bulletin (it's a marvelous publication) and I found Mrs. Breckinridge's book completely fascinating. My copy was on loan for quite awhile to the Toledo District Nurse Association, of which I was a board member for five years. I just resigned in January.

Our daughters are now six and almost five—Peggy's in the first grade. They're both wonderful little extroverts—can you believe it? George built a huge ice skating rink in our yard this past winter so we were the most popular people in Ottawa Hills. It was a great success.

.

From Mrs. Charles L. Stone (Dickie Chase)

Long Island, New York—April 18, 1955

How I would dearly love to come back to see you all and Wendover and the districts. Deep down I'm a little scared, too, for fear it has changed so much that the new, more civilized

impressions would sweep away my much-treasured 1929 impressions that are very real to me even now. It was so beautiful and wild and friendly then.

Following eight weeks, in March, of what looked like pneumonia, I revelled in three weeks in the Virgin Islands—that's the place for all of us to retire to if we don't die with our boots on first, up here!

.

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin),
Paoli, Pennsylvania—May 11, 1955**

Our move proved to be surprisingly simple since Bobby was here when the movers arrived to place furniture and unpack. I came down with the children, via plane, and all six of us have been enjoying Paoli ever since. We bought an old Tudor style house and when we're not painting the interior we walk around these nine acres of ours, thoroughly enjoying the lush Pennsylvania countryside. Being surrounded by farms on all sides, I can't help but be reminded of my six weeks with all of you. This country life is so wholesome and relaxing that I don't think we could ever live in a highly settled area again.

.

From Elizabeth Bigelow, Bennington, Vermont—May 17, 1955

Last winter during my non-resident term [Bennington College] I worked for the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, doing home visits for a geriatrics pilot study. It was fascinating work and I certainly learned a good deal about various aspects of the old age problem as it develops in a city.

I am back in Bennington now and am enjoying my courses immensely. I have just started piano lessons; and am also taking creative writing, sculpture, and a course on Henry James.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Ellen Ordway has a fascinating job with the Southwestern Research Station, Portal, Arizona. She will be working on the biology of all types of insects; and will be in the mountains all the year round. We hope for fuller details for the next Bulletin!

Bettie Ramseur Wellford spoke about the FNS at the meeting of the Daughters of Colonial Wars in Charleston, West Virginia, last March.

Our deepest sympathy goes to **Kitty Troxel Todd** in the loss of her father last January.

WEDDINGS

Miss Beverly Brady of Carters Bridge, Virginia, and Mr. Clyde Danforth Knapp, Jr., of New York City, on April 23, 1955, in New York.

Miss Joan Yandell Henning of Louisville, Kentucky, and Lieutenant Bosworth Moss Todd, Junior, of Frankfort, Kentucky, now in the United States Air Force, on June 4, 1955, in Louisville.

Joan, with Mary Helm—one of her bridesmaids and also of Louisville—was a junior courier in the summer of 1953. Her wedding is a very special one for the Frontier Nursing Service not only because Joan endeared herself to all of us, but because of her family's being an integral part of the FNS since the work began in 1925. Her grandmother, Mrs. S. C. Henning, was one of our founders. Her father, Mr. James W. Henning, has been a trustee and at our annual meeting this month was elected to the Executive Committee. Her mother, Jo Yandell Henning, was a courier in 1930. In the second generation of couriers, Joan is the first to be married.

We congratulate these two lucky young men; and wish for them and their charming brides long and happy lives.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lowry Watkins (Barbara Bullitt) of Louisville, Kentucky, a son, Marshall Bullitt Watkins, on January 20, 1955. His mother writes:

"Marshall Bullitt Watkins arrived on Thursday, January 20th, at 3:15 P.M. and weighed in at eight pounds, three ounces. As his proud 'pop' put it, 'a very convenient time for a fox-hunter, as it was on a non-hunting day.'"

Born to the Reverend and Mrs. David Archelaus Crump (Toni Harris) of Rockport, New York, a daughter—their first child—Sarah Farrington, on May 19, 1955. Toni writes:

“Such a darling little girl and the spitting image of her old man! I contracted mumps the day she was born so we were both brought home when she was one and a half days old! I can’t see her for a week, which is terribly frustrating; but she is fit as a fiddle and that is all that matters.”

LETTER OF COMMENDATION GIVEN TO SOLDIER

Pfc Donald E. Asher
Office of Post Engineer
Fort Richardson, Alaska

Dear Asher:

This is not a formal military letter but just a final word to let you know that you are not leaving this organization unnoticed. As much as we might like to show the appreciation for your work by something more tangible like a promotion, you know that there are strict limitations set by the position you fill. I personally know that you have been a hardworking, faithful and trustworthy soldier, and we shall miss you.

In your job it was possible to send you on many important missions with full confidence that you would execute these tasks intelligently and promptly. Your reliability and dependability have been proven countless times.

I am sure everyone connected with you joins me in wishing you a pleasant trip home and future success in whatever you attempt.

Alvin B. Auerbach
Lt. Col. CE
Post Engineer

—*The Thousandsticks*, May 26, 1955

P.S. The FNS is proud to relate that Donald E. Asher was one of its babies.

REMINISCENCES of Frontier Nursing Service

written in 1954 by

HUGUETTE MERCHIERS (SNOOKY), Belgian Nurse

[Mille Merchiers is now with the World Health Organization
and stationed at Ankara, Turkey]



SNOOKY ON CAMP
Kentucky, May 1954

IN NEW YORK

January, 1954:

Coming back from work, I found a note from the Department Head of the Lying-In of the New York Hospital, telling me that Mrs. Breckinridge, Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, was stopping in town for a short while and would be showing a film entitled *The Forgotten Frontier* at the Cosmopolitan Club. Would I care to go and see it. . . .?

I remember how excited I was as I went walking along to the Club. At last, eight years after first hearing our Matron talk about this organization, I was going to have a chance to get some concrete details on the whole thing, and to get in close touch with this FNS for which we Belgian nurses have such a deep esteem. As I went along, I suddenly decided I would speak to Mrs. Breckinridge and ask her if I might go down and work with them for a spell. Mrs. Breckinridge addressed the audience with warmth and in simple and chosen words. The film was fascinating. It showed the activity of the FNS during the early

'30's. After the speaking and the showing of the film, Mrs. Breckinridge was surrounded by so many friends that I was afraid I would not get to meet her. Then a young woman came up and began talking to me. I told her how much I wished to speak to Mrs. Breckinridge. My providential guardian-angel steered me through the crowd, with many "excuse me, please," and "I am sorry." When Mrs. Breckinridge gave me her hand in greeting, I forgot all the correct sentences I had built up, and in poor stuttering English I asked her if I might come to the FNS. One hand on my shoulder and the kindest look in her eyes, Mrs. Breckinridge replied that "It can be done. What wouldn't I do for a Belgian nurse-midwife—for those brave Belgian people I love so much."

May, 1954:

The nearer the day for leaving approached, the more I felt a vague fear at the idea of riding horseback. Walking along the street, with that worry in mind, I happened to pass a picture house with a poster showing a lovely rider. I walked into Radio City without even knowing what film was on. It happened to be *Rose Marie* with Canadian Mounties and all. . . . I stayed through two whole shows—the first to see the film, the second to study as much as I could the position of feet in the stirrups and attitudes of the men on their horses. But the feats of the Mounties defy all imagination as well as any hope of riding study.

WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

May 16, 1954:

It is even more marvelous than I had expected. Trip from Lexington to Hyden in comfortable car of one of the secretaries. At Hyden a jeep waited for us. At Wendover the happiest greeting awaited me. Almost immediately we were called to tea. There was Mrs. Breckinridge with her simplicity and her distinction. She introduced me to those present.

Then followed Sunday Evening Service in the small Chapel, led by Mrs. Breckinridge. Psalms and simple prayers, pure and childlike hymns. On the tiny altar, humble field flowers and this one sentence carved: "To the memory of those who did not return." Quiet organ music. The dogs were there, too. Mrs. Breckinridge's beseeching Grace for those in peril ". . . especially

the French in Indochina. . . ." How heart-rending it was. The candles are homemade.

After Services we went out to stroke the horses and the mule. The landscape is lovely. High, wooded hills seemed to cut us off from the rest of the world. The river runs below. A plentiful evening meal gathered us, family-like, round the table. With one of the couriers I went back to the barn and again gently spoke to the horses, stroking them softly. Night had come. A wonderful peace enveloped us as we gathered on the cabin porch and sang and chattered together. Then, to my room which is exquisite with an open grate fire.

May 17:

I was awakened by the singing of the birds,—a regular concert of twittering, vocalising and chirping. Then, the crackling of the twigs, the rosy shade of the fire on the dark-beamed ceiling created an atmosphere of luxury which had become unusual to me. I got up, dressed, went down to the barn and gave my last travel sandwich to the horses. I went walking on the path by the river, strewn with lovely wild flowers. I met mules and horses bringing the domestic staff to work.

I spent the morning with Anna May January. She hails from Texas, and has a smile and a look of infinite kindness. In the jeep we crossed the river, and left it a bit farther down. We took her saddle bags and climbed down a slope and then some wooden steps. A 12-year-old boy came to help us across the river in a barge. We started our visiting. Four prenatales, two babies, one post-operative. We forded some creeks, skipping from one stone to the other, crossed some fences. Everywhere we were met with a kind and simple greeting.

At lunch I was offered an afternoon's horseback riding. At the sight of Laura, saddled for my benefit, panic struck me. In my mind I recollected all visions of jumping and horse riding I had ever seen and hoped for the best. Sitting upright in the saddle, I observed with a casual air how Courier Barbara went about things, firmly decided to follow and copy her every move. Little by little I felt my equilibrium coming back, and things went even better than I had hoped for. We followed sometimes the river's edge, and I felt dizzy when I realized Laura had a particular liking for the very rim of the trail. Barbara and I

rode side by side, forded creeks, and crossed patches of mud. As we got home, my knees were shaking, and I felt completely stiff, but it had been a most thrilling ride.

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER

May 18:

Jane drove me to Bowlingtown Nursing Center, kept and run by Olive Bunce, a nurse-midwife from the Isle of Wight. It is all enchanting—the cottage, the spotlessly white-washed barns; the vegetable garden and the flowers; a jeep, a horse, one cow, chickens, cats, kittens, dogs, a bright parrot. All around, fields belonging to the FNS. Olive gets up at 4:00 a.m. to dig her garden, attend to the animals, and leave for her clinics, her patients, and her babies. She is perfectly happy and tells me that if she works hard it is because she deems that “few jobs would give me such a home, a jeep, a horse and this kind of work.” I am sure she must be loved by the folks around—everyone trying to help her as best they can from the 16-year-old boy who keeps her barn meticulously clean to the men who paint her rooms.

May 20:

Yesterday morning, clinic at Bowlingtown center. That is: prenatals, sucklings, post-operative, injections and also a woman asking Olive would she vaccinate her dog. Then another neighbour came and explained to Olive something I didn't quite catch. Someone or something had drowned in the river . . . Olive, Barnabas the dog, and I jumped into the jeep and drove off as fast as we could to the Middlefork, swollen with the last rains. Indeed, about 10 yards from the edge of the river—a car is half sunk and water rising up towards the windows. Too much for the little jeep to rescue—and we suggested getting a neighbour with a huge truck.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

May 22:

I left Bowlingtown, and dear, dear Olive, and a sense of melancholy seized my heart for, would I ever see any of it again?

In the afternoon at Hyden Nurses Quarters, after a buffet lunch, one of the directors of the American Nurses' Association talked about current events in the nursing profession. She

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Hospital clinic. I was simply amazed by the perfect prenatal care, close observation and good organization.

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Home delivery. A lovely little house on top of a hill. Everything had been prepared and the birth was expected with joy. While we waited we were asked to dinner at the mother's parents-in-law house close by. It was a delicious meal enjoyed in charming company. Grace was said with the utmost fervour. One hour later the baby was born.

May 28:

On district rounds with very dear Carol B.

BACK AT WENDOVER

May 29:

I went along with Mrs. Breckinridge to tend her fowls and collect the eggs. She had prepared the food for the baby chicks, and laid it in their pans with as much care as if she were laying out some delicate dish. She then took me to the stone house where the preserved eggs are kept in earthen jars. She told me the way to preserve eggs is to put them, small-end downwards.

On the afternoon, in the barnyard, James skeptically allowed me to milk the four Wendover cows. To his great astonishment they were milked at the rate of 10 minutes per cow. (How was he to know that during the last War, the lack of help compelled my sister and me to milk 20 cows twice a day "with plenty of foam" . . . our father's order!) Sitting back on his heels he watched politely over me and the conversation opened on the manner in which to avoid the cow's tail sweeping across one's face. Very proud of my invention, I explained to James that we tie the tail to one of the hind legs with a piece of string. James

rode side by side, forded creeks, and crossed patches of mud. As we got home, my knees were shaking, and I felt completely stiff, but it had been a most thrilling ride.

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER

May 18:

Jane drove me to Bowlingtown Nursing Center, kept and run by Olive Bunce, a nurse-midwife from the Isle of Wight. It is all enchanting—the cottage, the spotlessly white-washed barns; the vegetable garden and the flowers; a jeep, a horse, one cow, chickens, cats, kittens, dogs, a bright parrot. All around, fields belonging to the FNS. Olive gets up at 4:00 a.m. to dig her garden, attend to the animals, and leave for her clinics, her patients, and her babies. She is perfectly happy and tells me that if she works hard it is because she deems that “few jobs would give me such a home, a jeep, a horse and this kind of work.” I am sure she must be loved by the folks around—everyone trying to help her as best they can from the 16-year-old boy who keeps her barn meticulously clean to the men who paint her rooms.

May 20:

Yesterday morning, clinic at Bowlingtown center. That is: prenatals, sucklings, post-operative, injections and also a woman asking Olive would she vaccinate her dog. Then another neighbour came and explained to Olive something I didn't quite catch. Someone or something had drowned in the river . . . Olive, Barnabas the dog, and I jumped into the jeep and drove off as fast as we could to the Middlefork, swollen with the last rains. Indeed, about 10 yards from the edge of the river—a car is half sunk and water rising up towards the windows. Too much for the little jeep to rescue—and we suggested getting a neighbour with a huge truck.

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listened, looked at the hollow of his hands, and with a serene smile answered: "Well, Miss . . . I reckon it's a good system. But mine is easier. I take the end of the tail, part the long hairs and knot them round the leg."

May 31:

Last day of the fairy-tale life at the FNS. Riding Peru, I accompany Anna May on her rounds along lovely trails.

In the afternoon I have the privilege of talking with Mrs. Breckinridge. She speaks about France in fluent French, and with an evident and moving liking for that country. The day ended with a pick-nick which brought us all together on the terrace in front of the Big House. In the darkness, we sang together. It was "goodbye" with the strong hope I might come again. Who knows?

MY CHICKEN BONE

One night, after partaking of a beef stew dinner, I kept wondering why a chicken bone should find its abode in my trachea.

Jean, hearing funny croaking noises coming from across the hall in the Garden House, decided to investigate. The investigation period proved short. She took off down the hall to find Brownie, waving her arms like a sea gull seeking its prey.

"Stay here," said Brownie, "I see it." She flew to her room, returning with a crochet hook, but the crochet part refused to hook. "Be still, don't swallow," were Brownie's parting words as she ran down to the clinic. When she returned, I cast my eyes about to see if she had a scalpel, but, no, only a pair of gall-bladder forceps.

"Don't move; breathe through your mouth and pant," said Brownie, as she probed for the chicken bone. When the "chicken bone" emerged, it proved to be a bay leaf, of all things!

I'll bet that's the only time a gall-bladder forcep ever collided with a bay leaf.

—Anna May January

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Isobelle Dougal Marraine in Chamblee,

Georgia—March 1955

We now have our own small house—it is four years old and on a nice lot. I have now been nine months with Dekalb County and like my work very much. I do so much prefer district work to being in a hospital.

Ione is nearing the end of her four years at Florida State University and is at present doing her “intern” teaching in Tallahassee. Peter should finish high school here in Decatur in June, and he has been accepted tentatively at Emory University. He is a most dependable boy and a great help.

From Lillian Huisken in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan—March 1955

News from the FNS trickles in to me and I do enjoy hearing what is going on. Kentucky must be getting beautiful now—the redbud will soon be in bloom. I am certainly thankful for having taken the midwifery course. Now when patients are brought in I know something of what I may expect to happen. Our set-up for maternity patients is very poor, but next year we hope to have a new dispensary built with an entire section to be used for maternity. We do have one extra room in our house, so when a young girl came in having her first baby, I put her in there. She had a long labor but the delivery was normal. Please give my greetings and best wishes to all.

From Evelyn Nickerson en route to the Belgian Congo

—March 1955

I sailed from New York on March 11. Now we are off the coast of British West Africa, waiting to unload our cargo. Tomorrow we hope to sail for Matadi, Belgian Congo. I am to be stationed at Kamulila, a center opened only three years ago. There will be great opportunities to help with maternity services and baby clinics. I am so grateful for the midwifery training I received in Kentucky.

From Anne Cartmell Elder in Japan—March 1955

I have a very patient husband—when the Bulletin arrived several weeks ago, and we had a whole stack of exam. papers to correct, he let me go off for a couple of hours and pore over all the Kentucky news! Then he let me talk about Kentucky to him and to everyone else for the next few weeks! My FNS experience is even more meaningful to me now that we are having a baby of our own in July. I have a doctor who was in China for several years, and was near the Burton Rogers of Pine Mountain, so we have had some good talks about Kentucky and the work there.

More and more of our time is spent working with the Joint Committee for Adopting Japanese-American Orphans. My job has been to visit American families here in Japan who apply to the Committee, and to write up a case history of the family. We have several Japanese workers who “discover” the orphans and investigate them—then we all get together and match children with a family.

The cherry blossoms started peeping out today—if we have sunshine tomorrow, the countryside will be lovely. Our very best greetings to everyone.

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From Frances Fell in England—April 1955

I am at Watford Maternity Hospital observing with Nora Kelly. I also had a return visit to Edinburgh. Soon I shall be leaving for Geneva and then the Philippines for my new assignment. Kelly looks very well—she says she would not have known me!

Certainly the mothers look well and are getting such excellent care under the National Health Service. Kindest regards to all.

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**From Madeline Cook Sykes (Cookie) in New Bedford,
Massachusetts—April 1955**

How often I wish I could drop in for a visit, but the best I can do is to devour the Bulletins. I saw Hilda (Sobral Bondolfi) in California last October when I was visiting my aunt. Hilda

has a husky son and I have a daughter who is now two years old. She is part of my reason for the visit to New Bedford. I had to acquaint her with her grandparents. We return to Alaska the end of this month having been away for six months. We now live outside Fairbanks at a place called Fox, with a population of 20! Our home is a trailer with a one-room log cabin tacked on. We put it up ourselves and it was such fun. Now I can sit in my rocker and dream of Kentucky and its beautiful spring and fall. My husband is working for a gold mining company, thus the reason for our living away from town.

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From Ruth Brown in Antwerp, Belgium—April 1955

January 1, 1955, was the first day in my new home in Antwerp—the diamond center of the world. I have completed an eight weeks course in French, in preparation for the spring class at the Institute of Tropical Medicine. The course is a very intensive one, and as I have said to many friends it will be very profitable to us in the Congo, and we really consider it a great opportunity to be studying here in Europe.

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From Vera Chadwell in Coventry, England—May 1955

I finished my terminal leave in the Army in May and then accepted the post of second assistant superintendent with the Coventry District Nurses Training Home. I have been advised to stay with this service for about a year, to gain experience in general administration. Teaching is also part of my job, so it will be interesting. Later on I hope to work as a County Supervisor.

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From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in Carinda, New South Wales
—May 1955

Greetings from a rookie bush nurse! ! Here I am way out on the seemingly endless plains of the Upper Darling country in the Australian Outback. I did so enjoy my eight months in New Zealand, especially the six months as district relief nurse when I worked among the Maoris (on five different districts). I was able to see a lot of the North Country. After I finished

work on March 1, I went to visit the northern tip of New Zealand where there is one of the largest stations, covering 43,000 acres and stocked with cattle, sheep and about 150 horses. It was very lucky for me as they started mustering the day after I arrived, and I was given a horse and went along. We were riding about six hours, combing the valleys and bush for little groups of "woolies"—it is just amazing how they disappear. Then I went on a grand jaunt of about 4,000 miles, visiting friends on both the North and South Island. I spent a very enjoyable weekend with Holly (Mary Hollins) in Auckland. We talked FNS and showed our photographs. Holly is keeping house for her brother, a retired naval commander. She is longing to get back for a visit to Kentucky.

I arrived in Sydney on April 25, after a very smooth crossing—the Tasman Sea has an evil reputation. It was a real thrill to sail under the Harbor Bridge. Sydney is a lovely, lively city with a beautiful harbor. The day after I arrived I went job hunting and was lucky to be signed up with the N. S. W. Bush Nursing Association for a six-month term, largely on the strength of my FNS experience! I stayed at the Nurses' Club and was taken in hand by an Australian nurse—we did Sydney in four days! She had plenty of go, and we went!

. . . .

From Della Int-Hout in Phoenix, Arizona—April 1955

I love my work in the premature nursery, and I have an apartment just four blocks from the hospital. It is in beautiful surroundings with orange trees at my door and flowering shrubs and roses everywhere—and my landlady lets me dig in her garden! They really are the most pleasant quarters I have ever lived in. I think it is an old Spanish home converted into apartments and it has a lovely porch running the whole length of the house, overlooking the garden.

There are six nurseries at the hospital, all surrounded by glass. We talk to the office on the intercom. system, and I never leave the nursery once I am scrubbed and gowned, except for meals and coffee break. It is all very well planned. My sister-in-law is only an hour's bus ride away, so I am very happily settled here.

From Kitty Macdonald in New York—April 1955

It is spring, and as usual my mind wanders away from the smoke-filled air of the teeming city to the beautiful, peaceful mountains where the smell of horses, woods and newly turned soil replaces the exhaust and coal fumes. I suppose you are all busy getting your gardens in order.

Dorothy Bishop was in NYC for a few days before she sailed for Europe. She looks wonderful, but misses midwifery. It was nice to see her again and to talk over old times together. At present I am going to Hunter College and working part time at Maternity Center Association. It was wonderful to see Molly Lee on her way through New York, and to have a long chat with someone who had come from Beech Fork district.

NEW ARRIVALS

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Whitlock (Louisa Chapman) of Bernardsville, New Jersey, a son, David, on January 24, 1955.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Nixon (Georgie Nims) of Omaha, Nebraska, a daughter, Dianne, on April 25, 1955.

WEDDING

Miss Thelma Jane McQuate to the Rev. Rodney G. Brown on March 23, 1955, in Assam, India. To this young couple we send very best wishes for a long and happy life together.

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We send our deepest sympathy to the husband and family of Ruth Cressman Strubhar who died at Culp, Arkansas, on April 23, 1955. Ruth's husband writes, "We talked often of the time when we might visit Kentucky where Ruth took her midwifery training. She was just as faithful in her family life as she was good at nursing."

MEASUREMENTS TO FIT

George Bernard Shaw once said, "The only man who behaves sensibly is my tailor; he takes my measure anew every time he sees me, while all others go on with their old measurements and expect them to fit me."

—*The Canadian Nurse*, Vol. 50, No. 9

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Frontier Nursing Service celebrated its Thirtieth Birthday at its Annual Meeting of trustees, members and other friends in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel at Lexington, Kentucky, on May twenty-third. It was a glorious day for the 230 people who could attend and for many who could not, as their letters and telegrams testified.

The Blue Grass Hostess Committee, of which Mrs. Floyd H. Wright is chairman, had put a huge birthday cake in front of the national chairman's place at the speakers' table. It was flanked on each side by fifteen candles—30 in all. The flowers on all the tables were a gift from the Hillenmeyer Nurseries. It was rather wonderful to have not only our chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, but all three of our vice-chairmen in attendance—Mrs. Henry B. Joy, who had come down from Detroit, young Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., and that magnificent old war horse, Judge Edward C. O'Rear, who drew up our articles of incorporation, as a non-profit philanthropy, in 1925.

We were flattered, as well as pleased to have Mrs. Joseph Barnett Paul, President, National Society Daughters of Colonial Wars, come to us in a flying leap from Omaha, Nebraska, before taking off in a flying leap to Texas; and Miss Katherine Davis of Hanover, Indiana, Editor of *To Dragma*, the organ of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority. Three of our Washington Committee members came down: its chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson; and Mrs. Arthur Krock, and Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield. Doctor and Mrs. John H. Kooser who came from Irwin, Pennsylvania, received a vast welcome from all who had known him during his twelve years with us as medical director. He told me that a blind patient of his had read *Wide Neighborhoods* twice through in Braille.

Twelve members of the staff of Frontier Nursing Service were able to attend this meeting because Lexington is near enough to the mountains for people to go and return in the same day, and they could be back at their posts by nightfall. Two of our nurses, Nancy Boyle and Jean Becker, came in summer riding uniform; Barbara Hunt, social service secretary, Alpha Omicron Pi), and Frederica Holdship, courier, also came in uniform

with wonderfully polished boots. Courier Leigh Powell, now at her home on Long Island, flew down bearing with her a hat box full of fresh watercress for the crowd back home in the mountains. This same crowd were also privileged to carry back the birthday cake.

The regular business of the annual meeting went forward as usual. There was, as always, the silent moment when everyone stood to honor the names of those who had died within the past year. Mrs. Belknap presided with the distinction she always lends to her office, and with a note of deep feeling.

The members of the Committees present re-elected all of the old trustees and elected four new ones: Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. Dewey Daniel, Hazard, Kentucky, and Mr. Will C. Hoskins, Hyden, Kentucky, to fill the place held by his brother the late Walter Hoskins, who had been one of the very first trustees.

The officers and members of the Executive Committee were all re-elected by the trustees with two new members: Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., and Mr. James W. Henning of Louisville, Kentucky.

Our Treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, read the highlights of the audit—if you can call anything high that is to most of us so deep—and I, in my report, romped over thirty years.

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To tell the story of these thirty years, the Frontier Nursing Service has gotten out a booklet called THIRTY YEARS ONWARD, which we will be glad to send to anyone, in any quantity, upon request. It is the size of our Quarterly Bulletin, only slimmer, and the alternate pages are covered with pictures. We had a lot of half-tone cuts down at our printers, stored there since some of them were used a quarter century or more ago, and all but two of the pictures are from old cuts. This kept down costs.

We had 250 copies of THIRTY YEARS ONWARD at the entrance to the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel on May 23, and all of them were carried away. As we go to press, we are getting requests from the same people for more copies! We have un gummed envelopes to fit these booklets, in which they can be mailed anywhere in the United States for only three cents.

When you write us for them, let us know if you want envelopes as well as booklets, and be sure to ask for as many as you want. It's such fun to have them to give away!

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Members of the Blue Grass Committee entertained the out-of-state guests, the three from Washington who came before the annual meeting, in a wonderfully delightful manner. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Simms had a tea on the 22nd at their country place, Mansfield, in the old house and in their lovely box garden. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bagby took them to dinner at the Idle Hour Country Club. Mrs. Anderson Gratz had them the next morning at her fine old house in Gratz Park. We were all sorry that more out-of-state people couldn't have come the day before to enjoy these social gatherings.

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We read with delight newspaper clippings that have come down to us about three people in whom we have the deepest interest: Mrs. Henry B. Joy was pictured in the Detroit papers with Baron de Meiss-Teuffen, a guest in her home, described by the papers as—"The globe-trotting Swiss working on the manuscript of his second book."

Dr. John McFarland Bergland, rightly spoken of by the Baltimore Sun as a "Noted Obstetrician," was delightfully featured in that newspaper in March. His reminiscences covered his early years as a young physician in the city of Baltimore where he had plenty of adventures.

Dr. John W. Scott, dean of Lexington physicians and chief of medical service at two of the hospitals, was honored in May at the annual dinner of the Fayette County Medical Society, when friends of Doctor Scott presented a portrait of him to the County Society.

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We have read with special interest articles on the Frontier Nursing Service in February issues of *The Midwives Chronicle* and of *Nursing Mirror*, of England, written by the Honorable Eve Chetwynd, S.R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D., who was the dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery for six months. Even though the time Miss Chetwynd was loaned to us by the mother country was so short, she made an indelible impression

upon the Frontier Nursing Service and its Graduate School, both as a rare person and as a rare teacher of midwifery to nurses.

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We were pleased indeed to see an article entitled "Don't Throw Away That White Elephant" in *Blossom Times*, the organ of National Secretaries Association in Rochester, N. Y. It was an almost passionate appeal to the members of the organization to send their odds and ends of salable things to The Bargain Box in New York to be sold for Frontier Nursing Service. Miss Nancy Harding, who wrote the article, said it was to be used **after** the March 12 Rummage Sale.

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We sometimes think that our neighborhoods get wider and wider! In March we received a letter from Mr. Masanori Morita, Chief Copyright Division of *Nippon Hoso Kyokai*, a public service, non-profit broadcasting organization in Japan, with a nationwide network. Mr. Masanori said they were planning a cultural program for women. He wanted permission to broadcast parts of *Wide Neighborhoods* on April 11th, and asked if we, and our publishers (Harper and Brothers), would be "so generous as to let off our payment of the copyright fee altogether." Harper and we were delighted to oblige Mr. Masanori in this connection, in view of the non-profit and public service basis of the program.

A Miss Fuji Egami, Chief, Women's Division of the same broadcasting network, asked me to send a message to the women of Japan to follow the story from my book. This I was enchanted to do, and, needless to say, the message had to do with mothers and babies.

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From time to time this Quarterly Bulletin has been privileged to reprint brief articles and stories from *The Countryman* published on Sheep Street at Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

We know that the things we have reprinted have awakened the interest of a number of our readers in this wonderful little magazine—in our opinion the best publication of its kind in the English-speaking world. We want our American readers to know that they can get *The Countryman* for a year—all four volumes of it (published quarterly)—by sending a personal check for

\$1.50, either to Burford or to their London address, which is the same as that of *Punch*, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Every time we receive the report of the *National Information Bureau, Inc.*, at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., we are impressed anew by its immense value to all philanthropic Americans. The one for the last year is called "Help Keep Philanthropy True." Every one who gives to charities at all (and who doesn't?) should write for this report, and everyone who gives widely should become a subscribing member of the *National Information Bureau, Inc.*, in order to be eligible for their confidential reports. Write the Bureau direct for further information.

Mary Breckinridge

JUST JOKES

Author: "This is the plot of my story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They climb a wall, force open a window and enter the room. The clock strikes one."

She (breathlessly): "Which one?"

Garage man: "What's wrong, lady?"

Woman: "They say I have a short circuit. Can you lengthen it while I wait?"

Yachtsman: "If this storm continues, I'll have to heave to."

Seasick Passenger: "What a horrid way of putting it."

FRUSTRATED YOUNG MAN IN LOVE

In *Private Enterprise*, one of the best of Angela Thirkell's enchanting novels, we find this description of a frustrated young man in love: "Colin gave her such a look as a soul in hell might have given to Dante when it saw him walking comfortably about on a personally conducted tour of the nether regions, and abruptly left the room."

—By permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Publishers

FIELD NOTES

The editor of this column has been hit by a virulent virus, from the worst effects of which she has recovered, and she is now taking a badly needed vacation. This means that those of her colleagues who have pitched in to write her column beg your kind indulgence of its deficiencies.

Since the virus-bitten one holds the position of secretary to your director, and since that post is in its most arduous state in the late spring when we change over from one fiscal year to another—with all of the vast accountability—that means it was imperative for someone to come quickly to the help of your director. We appealed to Rochester, New York, where our friends have never let us down in any emergency, in all the years since we have had a Committee in that wonderful city. They sent us Miss Christine M. Schiffer, a brilliant secretary and one of the most delightful persons. She will stay on the job until Thumper returns.

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Our Medical Director for the past two years, Doctor Frances L. Zoeckler, is leaving us June 1st to return to her home and her Mission under the Presbyterian Church in Iran.

We are profoundly grateful to her for the two years in which we have had her, and we recognize how much of the success of our maternity program has been due to her fine competence as an obstetrician. We realize too what it has meant to have a Medical Director who could take out an acute appendix, as well as meet midwifery complications,—how much this has meant to our patients.

We wish Doctor Zoeckler God-speed in the near East where she, the daughter of medical missionaries, was brought up and where she feels that she belongs. Our affectionate good wishes will follow her always.

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As this Bulletin goes to press, we still do not have a Medical Director lined up to take Doctor Zoeckler's place. We are hoping for relief physicians through the early part of the summer, sent us on an emergency basis by medical friends of ours who, we

assume, will not let us down. But even during the war, when Doctor Kooser left us for the Navy, we have not had so hard a time as now in filling this post. It isn't that we don't get applications. We do! But, either the applicants cannot meet our requirements, which are too high for them, or we cannot meet their salary needs, which are too high for us. It is a dreadful dilemma. If a postscript isn't added to this column, stuck in at the end of the galley proof when it comes back from the printer, then you will know that the dilemma is still unsolved.

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On February 26, Mrs. Breckinridge was guest speaker at a meeting of the Leslie County Chapter of the American Red Cross, to which leading citizens in the county were invited. The annual drive for funds got off to a good start and by the middle of March the county was approaching the halfway mark for its quota.

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Miss Muriel Amdahl, Area Nursing Representative of the American Red Cross, was a guest at our Hospital during the first part of April. She conducted a class for Home Nursing Instructors which was attended by Mrs. Roy Huffman, Mrs. Ray Roberts and Miss Emma Spurlock of Hyden, and seven of our nurses. They reported that the course was very worthwhile and much enjoyed by all. Each member of the class received her Home Nursing Instructor's pin upon completion of the course.

While Miss Amdahl was at Hyden, she enrolled Betty Lester as a Red Cross Nurse. Betty has received the Red Cross emblem which is a symbol of her willingness to serve in case of emergency and to answer the call to humanitarian service.

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The American Red Cross Bloodmobile came to Hyden on April 1, for the first visit of the year, and we are happy to announce that the residents of Leslie County donated 120 pints of blood—our best record to date.

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Due to pressure of work Dr. Francis Massie was unable to come to Hyden for the spring surgical clinic. Staff and patients both are deeply grateful to Dr. J. B. Holloway for conducting the clinic, and to his assistants, Miss Louise Griggs and Mrs. Len

Johnson (Mabel Oliver). The surgical team arrived on April 27th. Patients were examined that day and thirteen scheduled for major surgery during the next two days. We are happy to report that all made an excellent recovery.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Hyden Hospital served light refreshments to the patients who waited in the clinic for examination by Dr. Holloway. We wish to say a big "thank you" for this wonderful help to: Mrs. J. D. Begley and Mrs. Shelby Napier who served the patients; and to Mrs. R. B. Campbell, Mrs. Elmer Begley, Mrs. Roscoe Elam, Mrs. Roy Huffman, Mrs. Eugene Howard and Mrs. A. E. Cornett for sending sandwiches and cakes.

. . . .

Easter Sunday was an especially happy one for the members of the Central Presbyterian Church in Hyden. It was the day for the dedication of the new educational building, and the lovely carillonic chimes which are a memorial to Miss Lila Buyers. Dr. John H. Fischbach of the Central Presbyterian Church of New York City came to Hyden for the dedication services. Mr. and Mrs. Hupp very kindly brought Dr. Fischbach to Wendover for tea while he was visiting Hyden.

. . . .

The Flat Creek Church of the Brethren of which Mr. Allen Weldy, our Flat Creek Committee member, is the pastor, celebrated its tenth anniversary at Easter. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Rohrer who preceded Mr. and Mrs. Weldy at Flat Creek returned to Clay County for the celebration and were welcomed by all their old friends.

The Ladies Aid of the Flat Creek Church of the Brethren gave Joy Broomfield, as a goodbye gift, a beautiful hand-made quilt in the double wedding ring pattern.

. . . .

Betty Lester and Jane Furnas attended a regional meeting of the Kentucky Medical Foundation at Hazard on April 12th. Dr. Arnold B. Combs of Lexington addressed the group of interested citizens, and explained the program of the Foundation which is dedicated to the development of better medical and health services for the people of Kentucky.

We are deeply grateful to the American Friends Service Committee for shipments of wonderful clothing and household articles they sent to us this spring.

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For the gift of a Ciro-Flex camera we shall be forever grateful to Mr. Frank Shelton of Virginia. When he learned of our need for new winter pictures, he sent us the camera with which to get them. Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) and Jane Furnas have been designated staff photographers.

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The Hyden crowd are delighted with the gift of an RCA Victor television set from our courier Jane Leigh Powell and her family. We are grateful to Dr. Gene Bowling for the installation of the set—we hear that the reception is excellent.

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turned to Confluence to take over her district from Betty Ann Bradbury.

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As many of the staff as were able came to Wendover for a cold collation on Easter Sunday, followed by a service in our Chapel. We were delighted that all the district nurse-midwives were able to leave their centers for the day.

We are deeply grateful to the American Friends Service Committee for shipments of wonderful clothing and household articles they sent to us this spring.

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For the gift of a Ciro-Flex camera we shall be forever grateful to Mr. Frank Shelton of Virginia. When he learned of our need for new winter pictures, he sent us the camera with which to get them. Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) and Jane Furnas have been designated staff photographers.

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Among those of our trustees who have visited us this spring were Mrs. Preston Johnston and Mrs. Floyd H. Wright of Lexington, Kentucky, who came to discuss the Bluegrass Committee's plans for the annual meeting. Judge H. Church Ford with Mrs. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hambrick drove all the way from Georgetown to lunch at Wendover one day in April—it was an all too brief visit. Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Chairman of our Washington Committee, came up to the hills after the annual meeting, bringing with her, Mrs. Arthur Krock and Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield, both members of the Washington Committee. Priority number one for our Washington guests was a visit to the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Center at Brutus, in order to get first-hand news and pictures of the center for Mrs. Krock to take to her mother, Mrs. Alfred H. Granger of Chicago, who is one of our trustees and a daughter of Belle Barrett Hughitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe A. Farrington of Providence, Rhode Island,—parents of one of our nurses—delighted us by a visit, all too brief, in May. Our last May guest was that delectable person, Mrs. Merrick Moore of Little Rock, Arkansas. She drifted in on her way to the fiftieth reunion of her class of Kentucky College for Women—now the Centre College Women's Division at Danville.

Professional guests have included two British midwife teachers; Pamela Bird who was visiting her friend, our Eileen Rayson. Pam went right to work and did a beautiful painting job at Red Bird. Dorothy Vickers, in this country on a British Commonwealth scholarship and on leave from her post in Sunderland, England, blew in to see us just like a breath of refreshing air from her own North Country—we were sorry she could not stay longer. Three more British nurse-midwives came to spend their Easter vacation with us—they have been studying at the University of Rochester during the past year. One of them—Peggie Foster—a Fulbright scholar, took a tumble from her horse the day after her arrival and suffered a concussion. She extended her visit by several weeks during which time she made a good recovery and we are happy to report that she has been able to return to Rochester in good health.

Dr. Paul H. Stevenson, Medical Consultant to the American-Korean Foundation, came to visit us in order to learn something

of our program in nurse-midwifery, just before leaving for Korea.

Colonel and Mrs. Vivian Seymer paid us a long-awaited visit in May. Mrs. Seymer is the author of several books on nursing and has recently compiled *Selected Writings of Florence Nightingale*. She and her husband, both widely travelled, entertained us in a delightful manner with stories of their journeys over the world.

A visit that brought us much pleasure was that of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Asher and their baby girl Robin, from Akron, Ohio. While he was still a little boy, Bob Asher had lived at Wendover after the death of his mother.

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Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the Reverend and Mrs. Showalter of Gay's Creek, Kentucky, on the sudden death of their little girl in May. Mr. and Mrs. Showalter are members of our Bowlingtown Committee and through their kindness in providing a room, our nurse holds a clinic on Gay's Creek every week.

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Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard was honored by the people of Perry County on the evening of May 26, at a program sponsored by the Hazard Junior Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. Breckinridge was invited to take part in the program and to say a few words about the work done by Dr. Collins for the people of Leslie County. It was also her privilege to present to Dr. Collins a bronze plaque in recognition of all he has done for Perry County in the fields of medicine, education and civic affairs. The Mayor of Hazard, Mr. Gene Baker, presented to Dr. Collins and also to Mrs. Breckinridge, to her manifest surprise, keys to the City of Hazard.

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Helen Browne (Brownie) is leaving for Cincinnati, as we go to press, to attend a workshop arranged by the American Nurses' Association for representatives of the State Nurses' Association in our area.

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Frances Bolton Nursing Center

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Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.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' examination of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

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

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



COURIER—JANE LEIGH POWELL
of Long Island, N. Y. and
EDNA, THE UMPTEENTH
Purebred, Registered Hampshire Sow
with three of her piglets.

This photo and the one of the Jeep
were taken by Lucille Knechtly.

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