

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Ⓞ
De
Frost
and
Cold



Ⓞ
De
Ice
and
Snow



WENDOVER AND THE MIDDLEFORK OF THE KENTUCKY RIVER IN WINTER
Courier, Mary Bulkley of Grosse Pointe, Michigan
Mounted on Heather

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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DRINK YE ALL OF IT

Drink ye all of it, all, not just a sup—

Drink my faith, my love, said Jesus,

Drink the fullness of my cup.

Drink ye all of it, all, not just my peace—

Drink my dangerous living, dying—

Drink my fearless, glad release.

Drink ye all of it, all, not just the sweet—

Drink my bitter tears of anguish—

Drink the dregs of my defeat.

Drink ye all of it, all, not just my pain—

Drink my joy of life abundant—

Drink my triumph, drink my reign!

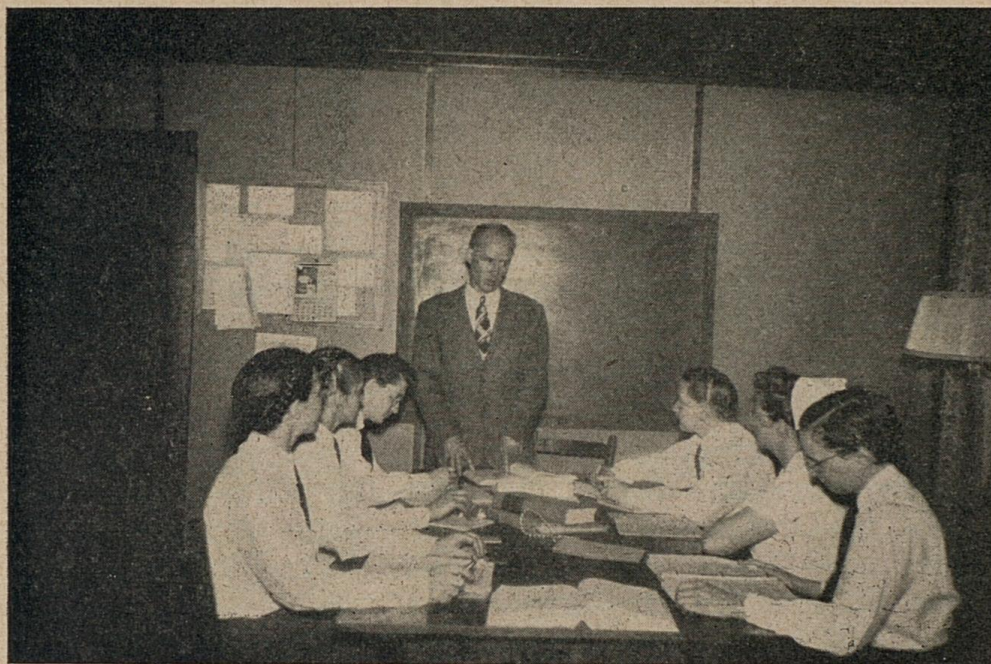
—E. Dent Lackey

The Bulletin of Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

TEACHING IS A JOY

By

HENRY S. WATERS, M.D., F.A.C.S.



Dr. Waters and Six Students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Teaching is a joy when you have two conditions fulfilled: students who are interested in the subject matter rather than in passing the examinations; and plenty of practical material to supplement the classroom instruction. We have both in the Graduate School of Midwifery here.

Certainly no graduate nurse takes this course, with its strenuous days and nights in the saddle and at lonely cabins in the hills, just to "get by" an examination. They are interested in learning to be midwives, to give the best possible care to mothers and babies at all stages—and that is reflected in their classroom attitude and in their questions and discussions.

Equally gratifying is the wealth of practical illustrative material supplied by the twenty or more deliveries done by the students themselves in the Hospital and on the district in each

six months' course. Hardly a single condition or complication is touched on in the lectures that you can't say, "Remember Minnie B. who was in clinic or Hospital last.....," and you know with that personal observation that the lesson will stick. The "theory" of tuberculosis and pregnancy becomes real and personal to the student in following the progress and management of Mattie H. The subject of position and presentation leaves the instructor no chance to take refuge in "theory" when facing the student across the patient, with the X-ray as irrefutable evidence in cases of question. So it goes, normal and abnormal, toxemias, difficulties, complications—the students see and follow them all and have abundant opportunity to translate classroom lectures into terms of their own experience. Hardly a class hour breaks up without one or more students coming up with a question, "I had a patient last week who..... I'm going up to see her tomorrow. What shall I take for her?"

As the weeks pass with their lectures, discussions, hospital demonstrations, and district deliveries and you see the novice develop into the experienced midwife, capable of handling maternity cases "on her own," there comes the final satisfaction of a teacher. Such teaching is a joy.

COLD FACTS

Colds are the largest single source of lost man hours in industry.

Only one person in 4 goes through the winter without a cold.

Even in the summer month of July about one person in every 20 is suffering from a cold.

The age group 20-29 has the lowest number of colds—the under 10 years of age, the highest.

People who spend the least money for food have the most colds.

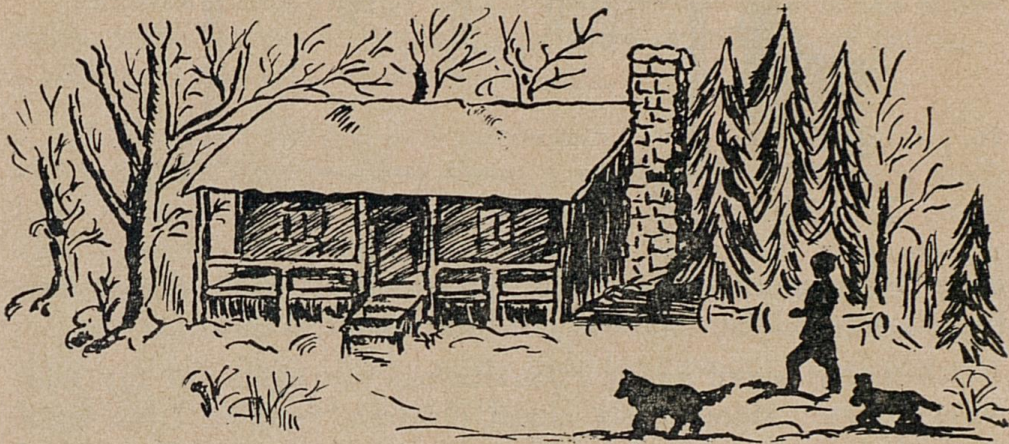
Drops in temperature are followed by outbreaks of colds.

—*Bulletin of the Department of Health,
 Commonwealth of Kentucky, January, 1946*

ROSE ANNA CAME

By

ROSE EVANS, R.N., C.M.



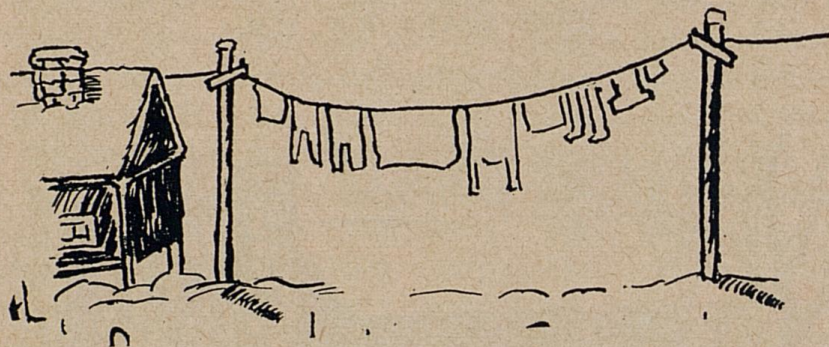
This was supposed to have been a routine prenatal visit on Mandy, who was nearly at term, and as Old Man Winter was having everything his own way, the ground being a mass of ice covered with snow, my only mode of travel was my own two feet, so carrying just the essentials for the visit, I started.

The going was uneventful until I came to the creek—there skates would have been better—but keeping my eyes on the ground and picking my way, I passed several cabins without mishap. Nearing the last, something caught my eye, whatever was that on the telephone line? My eyes left the ground—and then so did my feet! Could it possibly be! Yes, it was. The family wash, a neater array I have never seen, pegged firmly to our one and only mode of communication in case of emergency. I sat, stared, and gasped.

Regaining a posture of dignity, I resumed my travel, as the family were out—nothing could be done about it just then. I had heard of this being done—but had not actually seen it.

The mountain climb was a feat in itself. I leave that to the

Reader's imagination. Arriving at the cabin at last, I breathlessly slid up to the door and sank with relief into a chair. Dur-



ing a few moments of ease I noticed all was not well with Mandy, for she was in labor, Joe had been just about to come for me.

Activity began again. Joe started posthaste for my midwifery bags. Mandy's six eldest children, ranging from eight to thirteen, built fires, chopped wood, carried water. I searched the cabin frantically for items to improvise the essentials for delivery—as Rose Anna was on the way.

We waited, six pairs of eyes watching me. Something was amiss—no bags—no baby—because babies always come in saddle bags. I explained. Soon, six little faces lit up. Pappy was heard crooning, and a man slid into the cabin. The bags, what a relief!



In no time all was ready. In the lean-to kitchen—six little people, two impatient dogs, the fire crackling, and the water bubbling. Rose Anna did not keep me waiting long. She came in a hurry and with a howl to her one sister and five brothers, in a room made warm and cozy by their constant chopping and replenishing of the big log fire.

My work finished, Mandy and the baby made comfortable, I pre-

pared to leave and was given a wonderful spiked stick to help me along, with instructions not to spike myself.

I left—what a night—the moon was shining, touching the trees with silver and casting their shadows in crazy patterns on the gleaming snow.

All was so still—now. Just a rustle of the wind in the snow-laden branches, dislodging a flurry of snow, like tinsel falling—a cow bell away off—then silence again.

I breathed deeply and commenced to climb, clutching at every branch and bringing down a shower of snow on myself. In so doing I lost my stick, so continued on my hands and knees until I reached the summit. Down the other side was one big slide until I landed in the creek. For about the twentieth time I picked myself up and, with the moon behind me—and the stars above—a new baby tucked away over that mountain—I called it a day, for Rose Anna had come.



"WHAR'S MY MAIL?"

By

HAZEL MEYER

Assistant Postmaster at Wendover, Kentucky.



THE AUTHOR, AT THE LEFT

Wendover is an institutional Post Office but, although over ninety per cent of the mail is F.N.S., the Wendover Post Office carries mail also for the families in the district. Because of its institutional character, the Wendover Post Office revenues go to the Frontier Nursing Service and not to any individual. Soon after I came to the Frontier Nursing Service in 1943 I was sworn in as assistant postmaster.

Since the majority of the people in the district have the last name of either Adams or Morgan, it was a mighty difficult job learning who belonged to whom, and who got whose mail. "Whose mail do you want, little boy?" "The Morgan's." "Which Morgan?" "Well, my name is Bill." You proceed to look through all the mail belonging to the Morgans. When you tell the lad there isn't any mail for him today, he then begins to name the

members of his family, one by one, and you look through the Morgan's mail after each person is named. After doing this a few times, you know this particular family very well. I was told on my first day in the Post Office that it was the postmaster's privilege to read the post cards. That too helped me learn the families (among other things!). After I had been working in the Wendover Post Office for some time and thought I knew almost everybody, an elderly lady came in for mail. I thought she was Mrs. So-and-So from away up on the right fork of Camp Creek. I gave her the mail which I thought belonged to her, whereupon she immediately replied, "No, that's not me; that's my twin sister." Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?

The mail truck that takes our mail into Hyden starts its daily journey up near the head of the Middlefork River, and stops at all the little Post Offices along the way, picking up mail, and carrying it on into Hyden. When the river is high and "in tide" there are times when the truck can't get out up river, neither can it get in here. We always manage to get our own first-class mail into town by courier, and bring back the mail for the F.N.S. If the truck hasn't been able to get in for a few days with all the packages and the district mail, we get somebody to bring it to the Mouth of Muncie, assisted by one of the Wendover assistant postmasters to make it official. We then carry it in here on horses. I never rode horseback much before I came to the mountains. Little did I know when I was made the assistant postmaster in charge of the Wendover Post Office that there would be times when I would be riding in with a bag of mail swung across each knee, and two swung across the back of the saddle. That is the surest way I know to keep you in the saddle.

Since we are a fourth-class Post Office we don't give special delivery service. Sometimes, too, telegrams come in the mail for people in the district. If either a special delivery letter or a telegram comes in, we try to find somebody that is going that way and send it by them. Many times we have been unable to find someone going that way and I have gotten on a horse and delivered it. I always "jump at" the chance to visit with some of my mountain friends for a chat in front of the fire. Many of them stop by the Post Office on their way up or down the creek

to inquire for mail, bid the time of day, and talk "a spell." I learned the other day that by the "sign of the woolly worm" (the woolly worm this fall was black on both ends and brown in the middle—so they tell me) the middle of this winter in Kentucky would be quite mild and the beginning and end would be quite cold, icy, rough and rugged. I wonder if the poor little woolly worm knows what a tremendous responsibility he has on his shoulders.

One of the men that works here at Wendover very obligingly carries mail for a lot of the families that live up his way. He can't read, but, as I have observed, he seems to have his pockets marked in the back of his mind. As we give him the mail, we always tell him to whom it belongs. One family's mail always goes in his right coat pocket, another's always goes in his back left pants pocket, and so on. They tell me that he never gets it mixed up, and everybody always gets the mail that belongs to them.

Many of the people order baby chicks from the hatcheries in Kentucky and nearby states. Spring is always heralded into our mountain Post Office by the "peep, peep, peep" of these first arrivals. It is against the rules and regulations of the Post Office to feed or water them, so we immediately make every effort possible to get word to their owners that they are here. One of the women who works in our laundry had ordered one hundred baby chicks last season. The day they arrived she was home "ailin' with a cold." At 4:00 o'clock I mounted Calico, and with the reins in one hand, the one hundred chicks in a cardboard box resting on the saddle, and a rain coat tied across the back of the saddle, I began my four-mile ride up the creek as delivery boy. Calico is a bit skittish, and the peeping of the chicks and the faraway rumble of thunder didn't add much to the smoothness of the ride. In my rush to get off I'd forgotten that the box was cardboard, and that it too would need protection from the impending rain. The rains came! I had visions of a melted box and wee chicks taking to the hills in every direction, but the coat went over the box and the chicks arrived at their destination quite safely. I was a bit wet.

Trees and plants come in C. O. D. When they aren't claimed we have to sell them for what they bring. I became a salesman

several times, and confronted everybody I met with, "Are you sure you wouldn't like to buy some lovely cherry or apple trees cheap?" They were almost as glad as I was to see the end of the fruit tree season.

Then there is the Wendover staff to cope with. The mail comes in quite often right before lunch. I "put it up" and then go in to the lunch table. All of the secretaries and nurses speak up at the same time with, "Did I get any interesting mail today?" "Who's it from?", "Did my last Tuesday's paper come yet?", and so forth. For some reason, unbeknown to me, I am supposed to know the answers to all of the questions, and sometimes I do. I have become a good listener. Everybody reads me their mail. I know about Uncle John's heart attack, and Art's landing in Tokyo, Mary's baby, and The Captain who is out catching mackerel in the Bay.

So goes the life in the Wendover Post Office. Never a dull moment, and each day different from the one that went before.

BURDEN

By

LT. COMMDR. RICHARD G. EBERHART, U.S.N.R., Aviation

Whoever lives beside a mountain knows,
Although he dares not speak it out, that he
Must always carry on his heart the snows
That burden down the trees. And never the sea
Will rush around him cool, like snow cooled air,
And carry him and lift him like a leaf.
He will not find this lightness anywhere
Since mountains brood, they hold dark league with grief.

The pine trees never tire of moving down
The slopes to meet him, pointing up from town
Beyond the tree-line to the rigid peaks.
The mountain holds him though it never speaks.
He scrambles over boulders on his knees
Trying to reach the summit, like the trees.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Collected by BOZZIE
(Ruth Boswell, R.N.)

- Brownie*: And now we'll look at the placenta.
Eva: If you girls will come here now, I'll show you this.
McCracken: Wait once.
Mrs. Cervis: Isn't it bee-u-ti-ful? I just lo-ove it!
Amy: What is it?
Audrey: What've you got there?
Jean: Has anybody watered the horses?
Penny: I'm sorry, but—
Dr. Waters: Don't write that down, but—
Buck: Yes, what can I do for you? Have you seen the puppies?
Gonnie: No, you don't.
Sammy: Who's had my records out?
Bozzie: Can I walk there?
Alonzo: Are you ready for your horse?
Rose Avery: I think we'd better see that patient.
Mattie: You'll get nothing in this kitchen but a glass of water and that's all.
Mary LeFevre: I have to feed the chickens.
Glenn: Where is the nurse that wanted me to do—
Bertha Bloomer: Hit's a sight.
Aggie: Send me your order for one.
Lucille Hodges: Hello, there.
Marion Shouse Lewis: Would you like a coke?
Jerry: Will you look at your time sheet for the 10th of June?
Pete: Anybody home?
Freddie: (She says everything and anything).
Celia: Now, if we put that color paint here and that color there, and etc., etc., etc.
Bea: I'll see.
Sherry: Good heavens.
Chappie: (Nothing).
Petunia's calf: Baw-w-w-w-
(And may we never forget our Petunia!)

MOUNTAIN SOCIAL SERVICE

By

CLARA-LOUISE SCHIEFER, B.A., Social Service Secretary
Of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the Alpha Omicron Pi Annual Grant.

TEETH

In the Wendover district, Delia was not at all well and the doctor thought that her decayed teeth were partially the cause of her weakened condition. Delia lived up Camp Creek about eight miles from the highway. It was more than she could face: a trip on foot in the stony, wet creekbed, a five-mile walk on the highway to the bus, then a twenty-mile ride to the dentist in Hazard, the waiting there, and the return trip. And several trips are involved when twenty-two teeth are to be pulled and a plate fitted a few months later. Then, too, the expense of the trips and extractions and plate could not be met for quite some time. Her husband had a steady job but not much is left of the weekly wages when groceries and clothes are bought for a family of seven. The social worker told Delia that she would drive her to the dentist (along with some other patients in similar financial circumstances) and she would pay the dentist bill, which Delia's husband could repay at a dollar a week.

Delia had a neighbor stay with the five little children, and then she walked to a relative's house near Wendover where she "took" the night. Next morning it was an easy walk to the highway (three miles on a wagon road) where she got the ride straight to Hazard. It was about four o'clock when she got back to the mouth of the creek, but Delia was so anxious to get home to her husband and children that she walked all eight miles—after having had ten teeth extracted! and being car sick, too! Four trips like that and Delia got her "store teeth." She felt much better, she said.

However, the total bill for the dentist came to sixty dollars, and even one dollar was impossible some weeks. First a newly-purchased cow had to be paid for, and then spring planting time came along and seeds just had to be bought. Before the dentist

bill was paid, Delia had to have an expensive operation at our Hyden Hospital. It was not so "expensive" comparatively speaking, as the charge was only a dollar a day (regular charge for adults, children are free), for three weeks' hospitalization, and the surgeon gave his services. Since the husband was having such a bad time with his many bills, and small wages, and really trying to pay all he could spare, Social Service was glad to be able to help this family by paying the remainder of the dental bill.

PARALYSIS

Jessie is a crippled woman; her legs have a paralysis that is growing worse. For several years now she has had to rely upon a cane when walking; now the cane is needed to support her even when she is standing still. And with this handicap, there are four lively children to be looked after—and she a divorced woman with no man to help her. Social Service has been interested in this family not only because of the medical attention the mother needed, but because of the children who looked so puny and poorly clad. Clothes were furnished for Jessie and the children; garden seeds supplied; but that and more didn't really help Jessie to get better or make the children better off. Our interest has resulted in the mother permitting the children to go off (with our help) to a mountain boarding school this year. Their letters home show their progress in school work and their added pounds tell the effects of good food and care. With the children away for the winter, Jessie has been able to look after herself. Examination by our medical director proved that her condition was too far advanced for our hospital facilities, so Social Service made arrangements for a specialist (Dr. R. Glen Spurling, of Louisville) to see this patient "outside" the mountains. Since she has no income anywhere near sufficient to meet costly bills, the doctor has most graciously offered his services and skills (as he does for all our patients) and Social Service will meet the hospital bill. By the time school is out, Jessie will not be rid of an incurable condition, but progress of the disease may have been checked and she will be that much better able to care for her children.

COW

There came a letter beginning with: "I have got seven kids without any milk." It seems that the cow had just died, leaving a large family in the middle of winter without their chief source of food. An old and feeble father, a young mother and her children, all without enough income even to begin to buy another cow. After making a home visit and getting the information that the district nurse could give about this family, it seemed to me wise for Social Service to help get another cow. A half-brother offered to help find a cow that would be suitable for this family, meaning—one used to steep mountainsides, able to forage for herself in fair weather and to exist on corn and fodder during the leaner months. And give two or three gallons of milk, too! In the meantime, a case of evaporated milk was gotten for this family to tide them over until the right cow could be found. Such was found and, as soon as Social Service could buy her, the half-brother led her up the "holler" to the needy family. For our assistance in this crisis the half-brother was so grateful that he offered to refund us for the cow by a few dollars a month until she is paid for in full. This was just another instance where a little help when most needed has put a family back on its own feet, with the relatives taking over as soon as ever they could.

FROM A CARPENTER'S SHOP

"Life's a hard grind," said the emery wheel.
"It's a perfect bore," returned the auger.
"It means nothing but hard knocks for me," sighed the nail.
"You haven't as much to go through as I have," put in the saw.
"I can barely scrape along," complained the plane.
"And I am constantly being sat upon," added the bench.
"Let's strike," said the hammer.
"Cut it out," cried the chisel, "here comes the boss."
And awl was silence.

—*The People's Friend*, England

So were it good if at this tyde
That every man upon his syde
Besought and preyed for the Peace
Which is the cause of all increase,
Of worship, and of worlde's wealth,
Of herte's reste, and soule's health.

—John Gower "*Confessio Amantis*" (1393) Book I.
The Challenge Ltd., England.

A LETTER HOME

By

ALICE AXELSON, R.N.

Student, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Mother:

A note, dear, to assure you that although I, alone, was absent from our home circle this Christmas, I was very happy here.

On Christmas Eve it was my turn to be on call for Hospital deliveries. After a nothing-missing Christmas dinner, the excitement of opening gifts, and the reading of some stories, Bea and I were in such holiday spirits that we made our bed out by the Christmas tree in front of the fireplace. The stockings and pine twigs on the mantle made dancing shadows on the ceiling, and it was fun just to watch the fire and feel Christmasy. We had been asleep such a little while when I had to jump up and get quickly into the proper clothes in which to answer a summons to the Hospital wards.

A dear little mother was so pleased her baby was going to be born on Christmas Day that it was a special joy to be with her. As the hours crept closer to dawn I thought of the many all over the country preparing to go to Christmas Matins, and the reading of the Story of the Christ Child's coming. I thought too of the carollers carrying their lighted candles and singing in the yet dark halls of other hospitals. Yes, I missed it all a little.

Then, I was helping the little baby into the world, and he was a beautiful boy baby. Suddenly came the realization that there hardly could be a better reminder of Him, "Who existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death—."

Tears come at times like that, Mother, but not homesick ones—just glad ones—for my heart was worshipping with the worshippers, and singing carols with the carollers. A new and

deeper appreciation had been kindled then of His lowliness and His unspeakable love for mankind. I had been touched by the Spirit that is Christmas.

We named the baby Christopher.

TOOLS



Hyden High School Vocational Agricultural Farm Shop
(Mr. Roy Huffman, Instructor)

Our Social Service Department received a marvelous gift of 192 pounds of used tools (561 different pieces) from the Rochester Products Division of General Motors Corporation in Rochester, New York. They were sent us at the request of the Victory Chapter of the Third Presbyterian Church in Rochester, which assured the Rochester Products Division that we could make good use of them. We have placed a number of wrenches, screw drivers, hammers and pliers at Hyden, Wendover, and the six outpost nursing centers. We have given some of the tools to men and boys who need them and can make good use of them. The soldering irons and iron cradles, with other tools, were given to the Vocational Agricultural Farm Shop at the Hyden High School, where they are a godsend.

FAREWELL, PETUNIA

By

ETHEL GONZALES, R.N., C.M.,
Superintendent of Hyden Hospital

October was a cow, and a very good cow too. If her history is reliable she was a pure-bred Holstein. She gave lots of milk with good, rich cream. As a matter of fact, for years she furnished all the calcium-loaded milk needed for the undernourished youngsters that came to our Hospital in need of wholesome food and proper feeding habits. In addition to this she gave birth to remarkable offspring. She did well by her children. October believed very firmly in the "prenatal influence."

One bright day October awoke to the fact that she was with calf. She immediately assumed that expression of utter contentment so common in cows at this stage, and set out to educate her yet-to-be-born child.

First thing in the morning she consumed her early ration of dairy feed; then, a long drink of cool, fresh water. Now she was ready for the pasture. But no—one thing she had almost forgotten—her vitamins. October realized that she must never forget them if she wanted a bright and happy child. So, en route to the pasture, she paused beside the choicest flower bed and helped herself to generous portions of blooming petunias. They were delicious, and oh so good both for herself and her child. She likewise had her portion of petunias on the return trip in the late afternoons. This went on so regularly, so consistently, that the child was named long before birth! Yes, it was "Petunia." And that is how our Petunia came to be.

Petunia was a happy little heifer, and how she did love pretty flowers. She grew up to be as useful and as contented as her mother, October. She, too, when she reached adulthood, came to live at the Hospital. She, too, was the chief source of supply of good, fresh milk and cream for the undernourished and sick babies who came to the Hospital on the hill. She followed very closely in her mother's footsteps.

Petunia was intelligent, too. Early in life she learned to

open gates and stall doors. No door without the aid of a padlock remained closed to Petunia. Often she would decide that a horse had eaten all he needed, and that he should let her have the remainder, so off she would go, lift the sliding bolt, nudge the stall door with her head until it opened. The horse, seeing freedom ahead, would always leap out into the barn runway. Before the horse had reached the barn door Petunia would be inside his stall, placidly munching away on the remaining bits of oats, bran and hay. This process would be repeated until something else took her fancy.

Petunia frequently opened the gate and visited the tiny lawn in the Hospital yard. She loved twisting off the young, tender shoots of grass. When she approached the gate, all one needed to do was to gaze sternly at her, then she would turn and wander back to the barn, as though she had never dreamed of opening the gate to the lawn.

Petunia gave to the community many sons and daughters. Her daughters were sent out to various homes. Some went as milk producers to the outpost nursing centers, while some went to local homes in need of good milk for the children. Her sons, most of them, went to feed our citizens and our boys overseas.

Three months ago Petunia gave birth to a heifer calf, a husky, happy little thing. She fed the calf well, and has produced so much more than her own child needed, that the little sick babies had an ample share, too. Petunia, with a little help, weaned her calf a few weeks ago. It has grown and developed so well that it is now ready for pasture.

As the ruffled petunias met an untimely end, so it was with our milk-producing Petunia. One Sunday morning recently there was no Petunia awaiting Bige and his milk pails. She was found dead near the barn. All evidence indicated a very sudden death—one without struggle and, we hope, without a lot of pain. Now, instead of Petunia, we must think as we look to the barn, of the one she left behind, little Patty Pan Cymbling. If Patty Pan follows in the path of her mother she will be the best at the Leslie County Fair, the best for the little Jo Anns and Hermans in the Hospital, and the cow with the best appetite for flowers.

TOO SOON, MR. STORK

By

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

On a cold, icy morning, the temperature two degrees below zero, Mousie, our large collie, let us know someone was at the gate.

Yes, Sam had come for me. Mary was bad off and wanted me at once.

During the night, old Mother Nature had covered earth and trees with a glistening mantle of white—a beautiful sight to behold. She had succeeded also in making travel very hazardous.

I saddled Kelpie and started Sam in the lead on his mule Tim, laden with baby blankets, hot water bottle, and a roll of cotton for the new arrival. (Baby was on his way two months in advance.) Kelpie and I brought up the rear—all moving at a snail's pace. We arrived at Wilder Creek (the road) frozen solid with ice. Kelpie decided that, stork or no stork, she wasn't going to risk her neck. No amount of coaxing or persuasion could change her mind. So, someone's mind had to be changed. Deciding that it was mine, I dismounted. Praying the while that my boots wouldn't spring a leak, I pounded the ice, breaking it as best I could, making a path for Kelpie. Then I crept along in front, Kelpie behind—each of us doing many fancy dance steps unknown in the dancing world. However, we did manage the Virginia Reel perfectly in several places along the creek. Sam and Tim riding up ahead of us were in a dance world all their own.

At 8:00 A. M., after fifteen minutes travel, we arrived at the little cabin. Unlatching the gate, I heard the old familiar refrain, "Lordy, look down upon me and have mercy on my soul." I took off with as much speed as possible, almost arriving under the front porch in the sitting position known to those people who do setting up exercises in the early morning.

I eased into the door. Mary was punishing something awful. At a fleeting glance, I saw she wouldn't punish much longer. My fingers were numb with cold. I managed to get my bags open

(grandma was too excited to open them) and my hands washed in a pan of water with ice floating about, which really looked like icebergs to me at the moment.

Hurriedly, I assembled the most essential supplies, made my premature jacket, and was standing ready to help Mr. Stork when he arrived.

Grandma, in her concern, wanted to know if the baby was "ketched in the side." I assured grandma that "ketched" or "unketched" the little man was arriving at a fast rate of speed.

At that moment I was concerned with the temperature of the room, for grandma in her fright and anxiety had not kept the fire going and poor old Uncle Rig, in the other room, was "bad off" sitting by his fire. However, thinks I to myself, at least the shying act and the dance steps are over. But, alas, the thought was just born when the little three-pounder arrived. As I reached for my premature jacket, both feet took off in one clear swoop across the room. I met myself coming back, ice frozen on the floor, with one hand grasping the cold air and the jacket dangling from the other one. I managed to keep upright, thinking the while: what an awful time to fall and konk my head, with a three-pound baby, a newly delivered mother and a frightened grandma.

In a little while we had a nice fire going, a pasteboard box lined and filled with warm bottles, the little one tucked in, pink and warm. With mother made comfortable, I looked around for my stethoscope. Grandma, with two sweaters on, shawl over her head, seated in a rocking chair, a peaceful grin on her face, was listening intently to her heart, through sweaters and all. "I just wanted to see how my heart was actin'," she said.

At 2:30 P. M. I left a tiny baby snug and warm, Uncle Rig vastly improved, the young father and a neighbor sawing wood, grandma at peace with her heart and the world, and started on my way home. The sun was breaking through the dull gray clouds, the snow dancing and sparkling on the trees. An old mule, saddle and all, was coming along, falling down, getting up and falling down, getting up, going a little way and falling again. But always getting up. What a parable to Life—up and down, falling down and getting up. So long as we can keep on getting up—that is what counts.

CHRISTMAS LINGERS

By

CATHERINE CIRVES, R.N.

Student, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

Christmas has been here. The Christmas spirit, I think, lingered with me today—the quiet happiness of Christmas. Ranger and I were alone going up Owl's Nest. He stopped in front of some slabs of ice that had fallen on the path and nosed one before he'd go on. But I saw a lovely plant that reminded me of a strawberry geranium, gray green, growing out of a rocky ledge. A flock of cardinals skimmed the air under the trees along the river. How those mother cardinals do manage to show the rust red of their tail feathers! Two little chickadees perched close enough to let me see the white stripe over their eyes. They seemed like baby birds. Their "chickadee" was little and sweet in contrast to the sound of "clinking quarters" that the cardinals made. Winter and Spring things together are old as Kentucky, I'm sure, but to me (new here) they're just Christmas, this year. Is there any better reason than Christmas for having so perfect a day? Sunshine; lovely mud that pats down like it should instead of perversely balling up (with snow) under the horses hoofs; waterfalls imprisoned in ice over the faces of the cliffs, and water running beside so quietly one doesn't know it's there?

The little auburn haired three-year-old at Sylvia's had perfectly round eyes. How did they get that way?

What makes Lloyd at the Day's so proud of his baby girl? She isn't his first girl baby. "Daddy keeps the house warm for his baby. She has a broad chest, just like her daddy. She's a super girl. They have a super man haven't they? Well, she's going to be a super woman." And while the just-as-proud mother goes quietly on with the baby's washing, and I pack things away in the saddle bags, he walks about in front of us with the baby in his arms. He must have hated to put her down to see Ranger and me off.

Poor Ranger! He was very good and patient waiting different times today. He knew we were going home this time. He

headed gayly down river (instead of up) not questioning, waded a different ford, and turned towards Hyden. It should have been dark at five-thirty but the stars made the road softly light. Ranger whinnied.

A VOICE FROM NOT SO FAR AWAY

'Tis very peaceful here and I am not alone
For there are others—ones who tried like me
To drive away the evil tide of war and hate
And in the struggle met full face with death.
A special corner here is set aside
Where we can be together and enjoy
The comradeship of men who fought with us.
Where we can watch with joyful eyes and see
The ones we love on earth.
So be not sad and cry your grief aloud
We have not left you for an unknown place.
We stand beside and share the joys you know
And know no pain for here we are with God.

R. A. BOLTON—A.A.F.
Smyrna A.A.B.—Tenn.
March '45.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

Thanksgiving Day Reunion, Regent Palace Hotel, London, England—November 22, 1945

THOSE PRESENT

Mac (*Annie P. MacKinnon*)
Wallie (*Bessie Waller*)
Kelly (*Nora K. Kelly*)
Betty (*Betty Lester*)
May V. Green
Mickle Minor (*Edith Mickle*)
E. J. Macdonald (*Elizabeth Macdonald*)
Mickle Major (*Ethel Mickle*)
Peggy (*Peggy Tinline McQueen*)
Marshie (*Ellen Marsh*)

All our love and thinking about you.

DINER

*Hors d'Oeuvre Excelsior
Consommé Printanière
Crème Balzac

**Omelette Vert Pré

**Filet de Sole St.
Germain

**Salmi de Gibier Grand
Veneur

Chouxfleur Polonaise
Pommes Périllées

Geleé aux Fruits
Coupe Glacée Vanille
Gaufrettes

THE MEALS IN ESTABLISHMENTS ORDER, 1942

Under the provisions of the above Order there may not be served to any person and no person may obtain or consume at any one meal more than three dishes. The three dishes may include not more than (a) One main dish (marked on the tariff **) and one subsidiary dish marked *), or (b) Two subsidiary dishes (marked *).

From Annie P. MacKinnon in Essex—December 2, 1945

I was waiting until after our reunion on Thanksgiving Day to write you. You will see by the enclosed (*see above*) who was there, and we had such a happy time. Peggy was there first and received us like Royalty. We had some drinks and a very nice dinner. The first toast was to yourself (*Mrs. Breckinridge*) and the F.N.S. and before we were finished everyone was toasted. The conversation was all about the good and happy old days, forgetting the little things such as slides, broken pumps, etc., etc.

They all looked very well and didn't seem any the worse for the past six years.

Our Hospital (*a big British Military Hospital*) is still pretty full and no word as yet of closing it down. We are very short of staff as a lot of the married nurses left when their husbands came home and cannot be replaced. I dare say it will right itself in time, so we just keep on doing things and more things.

I hope you have a very happy Christmas. I shall be thinking of you on that day. Please give my love to everyone I know, and to yourself lots and lots.

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From Doris Park (Parkie) in Cambridgeshire, England—

December 3, 1945

Christmas again, and what a difference from last one! The fighting is ended; now for the reconstruction and clearing up which will take a few years I should think. At least we can go to bed without worrying about a light showing, or seeing that our jewels are at hand to grab in case the sirens sound. Most people's crown jewels were their ration book, identity card, clothing book and some warm clothing—and their money, of course. Without these they could do nothing.

I looked after my sister in August. She had a lovely baby boy on the third. He was her fifth child but she had none during the war for which she was thankful as she had to run three or four times from the bombing—the flying bombs certainly were the last word in devastation. However, she is one of the lucky ones and her house is still standing.

All the crops are up and the land plowed. The Italians are being returned to Italy, and the Germans are helping everywhere around here. The clock went back too soon and it is dark soon after four o'clock now. I have had tons of babies this year—lots of U. S. ones, and they are a fine bunch. Wishing you all the best for 1946.

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From Elisabeth Holmes in a U. S. Naval Hospital in Idaho—

December 10, 1945

I have become engaged to Lt. (j. g.) John R. Rodman (Ch. C.) USNR, and we are going to be married on New Year's Day

at four o'clock. Johnny is a Presbyterian minister. He graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary and came from there into the Navy Chaplain Corps. After his release from the Navy, which we hope will be this year, we plan to return to his native California and hope he will have a pastorate somewhere near Los Angeles.

I only wish you or some of my other Service friends could be here for my wedding. We're going to be married in the chapel here on the base. I have permission for me and my bridesmaids to be "out of uniform" for the wedding, so we will be able to wear traditional wedding garb—long white dress with train and veil, etc. We were both fortunate in obtaining a short leave. Afterward we will be living either in a little house by the lake or an apartment in Farragut village—until John gets orders to another station! I shall be released from active duty in the Navy Nurse Corps two or three weeks after our marriage. Please give my love to my F.N.S. friends.

From Magdalene Crowell (Meg) in California—

December 13, 1946

I have been in the Navy for seven months and really enjoy the work. I have been working on a ward which has the spinal injury cases. Most all the boys are paralyzed from the waist down, but their courage makes one believe that they will walk again.

**From Anne Fox (Foxy) with the Catholic Maternity Institute
in New Mexico—December 17, 1945**

After seven Christmases putting up candy, I thought I would miss it this year; but no—Sister rang me up: "Please, please come and help!" So there I was on Saturday, down in front of 500 "pokes" and boxes and boxes of candy—and did I feel at home! Sister had peanuts and these helped fill really large bags.

I did hope I could send you an account of a Mexican baby but, by the time I had thoroughly observed methods here and managed to get a call of my own which turned out to be an extended breech delivery by Doctor Campbell, I got bronchitis and

was in sick bay and light duties for two weeks. Now I am back on full duty and, perhaps, I'll have a Christmas baby to write you about. We may be on relief call for El Rito about fifty-six miles away. The roads are fairly good and I have six-ply mud grips (Jeep) tires which will be a help.

While on light duty I did up the Christmas packages—baby clothes, a plentiful supply for about 95 bundles. I tied until I felt I'd soon be a Christmas package myself. As well as these I did up packages for the children of a nearby school who are to give a program at the mothers' party.

Last week the members of a reading circle met at the Institute and showered us with baby clothes. Then they put on a tableau in the chapel off the living room. An angel sang carols. Then the lights went on in the chapel and off in the living room. The Virgin was sitting on a low stool with a most beautiful baby. He was about six months' old, a child of Italian parents from New York—a sweet little pointed face with large blue eyes. He just cooed and gurgled and seemed so pleased to see the wise men with their gifts. It was a grand surprise because all the members thought we were using a doll. Sister Michael arranged about the baby.

I am trying to learn Spanish, and am getting some vocabulary already. I can manage clinic alone now, and if things get too difficult one patient will always translate for another. I am not sure yet whether I always get the right answers.

Everyone is very friendly and this is a wonderful town, I can't begin to describe the sunsets and wish I could collect some of the colors and send them to all my friends.

Red (*her dog*) is now used to cactus. At first his feet got sore and he was in hospital for a week, but now is hardened. The Sisters have his kennel in their garden and spoil him to death.

The owner of my apartment is an Irishman and comes from my father's part of Ireland. It made me very happy to talk about the things my father loved. A very happy Christmas to everybody.

From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Knoxville, Tennessee—

December 28, 1945

The Christmas holiday with moving was almost too much.

We went to midnight mass and didn't get to bed until three bells. Then we were up again at nine. Jim's mother and dad were here for dinner and the day. It was the first time his mother had been out of the house in three years. It was by far the best Christmas I have ever known. In the evening we had a continual stream of company, but it ended at ten-thirty.

We've gotten pretty fond of our little project home even if it isn't perfect. The nicest thing about the place is the space and the ice box. The latter is simply marvelous—there is scads of room for everything. The worst thing about it is that we are not alone. Nope, we have house guests and not humans but rodents, not mice but rats! I live in constant horror of meeting one. Jim has set traps but the doggone things spring them and never get caught.

From Dorothy Gressman Hamel in Pennsylvania—

December 29, 1945

I feel that I have reached all my goals which were: first, to be a nurse; second, to be a member of the F.N.S.; and, lastly, to be a wife and mother. Randall was a year old on December 14th. On that day he cut his 12th tooth. He has blond, curly hair and blue eyes. He isn't walking yet, but I hope he soon does for he is getting heavy to carry. I wish I could send you a picture of him but I haven't been able to get any films.

This past year was a busy one for me as I had the baby to care for and also my mother-in-law. Last Easter she became very ill and was taken to the hospital. She was diabetic, had a bad case of pyelitis, and suffered several cerebral hemorrhages. After being in the hospital for two weeks, we brought her home and I took care of her entirely. She passed away in September. After that I did some private duty in the hospital in Greensburg. That was only night duty so I could take care of Randall during the day and I slept when he slept. I guess that was too much for me, for a week before Thanksgiving I became ill and was in bed for two weeks. Then I was quite weak for several weeks.

How are all the girls I worked with? I heard a number had left. Are Jane Rainey, Doris Reid, Mary LeFevre, Beatrice Miller, and the other girls still with you? (*They are.*) If so

tell them hello for me. Please tell Mrs. Breckinridge I said hello and wish her all the success in the future with the Service.

From Catherine Uhl in Alaska—January 6, 1946

This is the first time I had a Christmas tree in Alaska, as I was not at home the other two Christmases. We couldn't get regular type ornaments but the girls decorated it beautifully with paper, cranberry, and popcorn trimmings. It was lovely! It seems there is just no end to the nice things that can be done when people get their heads together.

I planned to plant some shrubbery here which I had hoped would bloom in the spring, but was so busy in the fall I didn't get as much done as I had planned. However, the corner pieces are in: elderberry at the north corner and Jack pines. This is a lovely place and, with all of the growing teen-age students, there is no end to what can be done in helping to inspire them to better lives in their own home villages. I expect to continue to live in southeastern Alaska, but I can't see the "Ice Age" part of the territory.

There is a faint possibility I may be East for a month or two this summer. Please remember me to all I know.

From Peggy Tinline McQueen in Kent, England—

January 10, 1946

I've had to get a new job as the Ministry of Information, where I had my last one, has closed down. I am now with the Ministry of Health. My job is entirely with figures. Great columns of them in different coloured ink. I quite like that part and I also like the part of London in which I work. It is Whitehall, just under Big Ben's shadow.

I've made lots of friends in town and shouldn't like to leave—although I'm coming to pay a visit to you at Wendover fairly soon and I'm also going to New Zealand to visit my sister.

It was grand to meet the folk on Thanksgiving night. You would be amazed how young they look. Poor Macdonald was telling me that she had lost both her parents during the last year.

How slow they are about rebuilding and what a mess it looks! Everyone says it's this or that—labour or a holdup of

building materials. Goodness knows there are thousands still homeless. I feel we might organize "workings" as we did in the Mountains and build each other's houses.

Green has now started work on a district in Devonshire. Later on the district is going to provide a house and she will be able to make a home for herself.

From Myrtle Onsrud (Onnie) in Wisconsin—January 17, 1946

I'm home on terminal leave so, while I'm practically discharged, I'm not officially discharged until my leave is over. I always say I'm out of the army because I'm out of uniform and don't have to report back.

I felt very much in need of a rest when I got home. Outside of visiting my brother and family in Minneapolis and friends in Milwaukee, I have been home with my sister and family. She was ill for a week and in bed most of the time so I had a chance to do home nursing. Took care of my three months' old nephew, two little nieces, and the housework.

I am sorry Mae Rohlf's hasn't been able to return to China yet. I don't know her personally but have met Lydia Reich and Esther Bacon. I'm so glad Esther could take the midwifery course.

I am planning to study for a while as I don't think I can go back to India yet.

From Eva Delaney VanOver in Lexington, Ky.—

January 21, 1946

Earl is back with us again. He's been home three months now. It is wonderful having him home for good. Earl Delaney is fine and about loves his daddy to death. Can't anyone do things just as daddy does! It doesn't seem possible, but our boy is three years old now. We plan to go up home the last two weeks of April. I surely want to come to Wendover if I possibly can. Please remember me to all I know.

From Doctor Fraser in Wisconsin—November 26, 1945

After many wanderings and changes of address, both actual and potential, I can assure you that we are definitely settled in

this town, the town to which we originally wanted to come. There are only two doctors for about 5,000 people (a high ratio as compared to F.N.S. territory, but very low elsewhere).

After leaving the F.N.S., we tentatively settled in Clinton, Indiana, and did well professionally, but thought Tomah a much better permanent opportunity.

Our time at the F.N.S.-land was very much enjoyed by our entire family, and though the two wee ones won't remember the happy days, Doris and I can never forget the short time we were fortunate enough to be able to work with you good people.

January 22, 1946

We are still very much pleased with our change to Tomah and are settling roots here for a long stay. We are buying a new home which may be completed about March 1st, and we are enjoying ourselves very much. Our best regards to everyone.

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From Sybil Holmes in London—January 23, 1946

I am now demobilized and am back in my own training school for six weeks, as they are so short staffed and have a flu epidemic on top. I'm working like a navvy and wonder how I ever kept up the pace in training. Old age in leaps and bounds!

I'm afraid I won't be returning to Kentucky except, I hope, as a visitor some time in the future. I hope to be Mrs. Guy T. Barton in March. We're in a most unsettled state as Guy has been invalided out of the Colonial Service (Tropics) and doesn't know yet what his next job is going to be. He may be in Civil Affairs in Germany or in the Home Ministry.

Everything is unsettled. No one knows what to do because of the likelihood of State control. The peace seems more trying than the war. I'm wondering what I'm going to wash with soon. The water is hard and eats the soap and it seems one month one can buy soap to wash one's self and other to wash clothes. Large families come off best as they even out. Lulu will remember how I love milk. Now the adult ration is a gill a day—How I'd enjoy a pull at Petunia!

My younger sister's husband is O. K. and they are so happy after five years' prison in Singapore. Give my love to all my friends. All best wishes to you all.

**From Mary Patricia Simmons (Pat) in Billings General
Hospital, Indiana—February 6, 1946**

I'm still in the hospital, but have already been before the Dispositions Board and now have to wait until the official papers come from Washington before I can attend the Retirement Board. I only wish I were nearer the F.N.S. so I could spend a week-end there. I do plan to see you all just as soon as I am granted another leave.

Marian won't be back until some time in April and she is not quite sure about that. She has more work to do now and seems happy and contented. I saw Jo Green about two weeks ago. We had a meeting in Chicago. Jo looks fine and will be in the army until July. Give my love to all I know.

. . . .

From Doctor Kooser with the USN on Guam—

November 23, 1945

Yesterday we celebrated Thanksgiving. I had two dinners. Number one was in the Hospital and I literally ate alone since my roommate had just left for the States. It was a meal of contemplation and Thanksgiving. The second was quite different. I was invited to dinner at the hospital M G No. 203 by Ruth Davis. It was a treat in all respects. There were a dozen at the table. We even had a real turkey, which the C.O. managed in expert fashion. I sat between two charming nurses, Ruth and a Miss Stewart from Pittsburgh, and directly opposite was our former F.N.S. doctor, Isadore Dyer. Doctor Dyer (Capt. USAAF) is with a B-29 group here. It really was like old home week to be with friends.

San Francisco—February 10, 1946

Just a line to let you know that I have arrived. I left Truk January 25, boarded the USS Hampton the next day, stopped at Pearl Harbor one day, and debarked today. Needless to say, it is quite a sensation to be back with the full knowledge that it is for good this time. Regards to all.

NEWSY BITS

Elisabeth Holmes was married to Chaplain John Ralph Rodman (Lieutenant, j.g. USNR) on January 1, 1946. **Ruth Waterbury** was married to Frank Donald Coates on January 5, 1946. Our best wishes to both couples.

We hear that **Charlotte Duggar** is now Mrs. C. F. Diederick and is living in Jacksonville, Florida—Details, none!

We send our welcome to two new babies. Luann Elva, weight 6 lbs. 14 oz., was born to **Trudy Belding Corum**, January 18, 1946. John Davis, weight 9 lbs., came to **Nellie Davis Grube** on September 11, 1945.

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ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Ruth Davis with the UNSNR in Guam—November 12, 1945

I have been a very busy girl these past days working on the midwifery program and the classes for the forty-five midwives (granny women). I hold class for two hours, every day in a different village. Transportation is still a problem and it is hard for them to get to the hospital from the villages, so I picked five of the most central ones: Agana (Mon.), Santa Rita (Tues.), Sinajona (Wed.), Yona (Thurs.), and Macajan (Fri.). It is a review course, set up as much as possible on F.N.S. techniques, but the equipment available for the midwives is so limited that much has had to be altered; and their limited knowledge of obstetrics and English makes it extremely hard to put things across. Doctor Kooser is still on Guam and has been no end of a help.

I won't get the students until January. The advanced student nurses are to take obstetrics then. Just what the course will include I don't know yet but I should by tomorrow as I'm to have a session with Comdr. Fletcher, the commanding officer for the school of nursing.

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From Esther Bacon in Liberia—December 1, 1945

I still find it difficult to plan and teach classes when I have

a good bit of bedside nursing. Night work especially seems very tiring. If it's not a seriously sick patient, it's a well baby crying. People here worry much more if a baby cries heartily than if it is too sick to cry. Last night I was called to twins, born three days ago, just because they were crying; but they soon went to sleep.

Two "grannies" watched one of our deliveries two nights ago. The patient had a history of long labors, bleeding, and neonatal deaths. The "granny" who had delivered her before said she had never been able to deliver the patient unless they "hung" her, and she was not convinced until the 5½-lb. boy came through the scarred tissue, with the woman still lying down. Then we won. I wanted my nurse to tell her that the mutilation of the girls in the bush school didn't help in deliveries, but she wouldn't talk that—it was their secret business.

Prenatal clinic is every Wednesday morning. This week there were ten new ones; last week, three or four. Not all come for delivery, and at present it is not possible to follow up those who do not return on time for visits. Anyway, not nearly as many seem to be dying as in several years past, and we are not getting many motherless babies now. I have only heard of ten dying since June fifteenth and these were not all from childbirth causes. We really expect a doctor in 1946 and that will be a help.

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From Mae Rohlfs written as she awaits her return to China—

December 20, 1945

Being advised by our Board, I applied for my passport for returning to Tsingtao, China, while still in Kentucky. I had little hope that it would be considered before next summer or fall. Much to my surprise urgent letters awaited my arrival in Chicago informing me that my passport had been approved; thus I spent two weeks in Chicago buying some essentials for my return to China.

When I got to Davenport I found more urgent mail informing me that "because of the disturbed conditions in North China, passports will not be issued to women for the present." How long it will be before women will be permitted to return, we do not know. In the meantime I expect to spend some weeks speak-

ing in the Kansas Synod, hoping by the end of February the situation will be such as to permit us to return. Best wishes to you all.

January 25, 1946

Last Wednesday night I attended the commissioning service for Elizabeth Walton at Lorimer Baptist Church in Chicago. Thursday she left for New York where she is waiting passage for India.

I, too, hope to be on my way soon. Word comes from Tsingtao that they need us badly. Nothing is left of our hospital equipment, etc. It has all been looted and we must begin again. My very best wishes for you all.

February 1, 1946

Sailing February 7th or 8th on the "SS Charles Lykes" from New Orleans. Please send all mail: c/o Lutheran Hospital, No. 5 Cheng Yang Road, Tsingtao, Shantung, China. With every good wish for you.

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From Gladys Kraybill in Knifley, Kentucky—December 30, 1945

I am finding the midwifery course a real asset in my work here. Since I returned to Adair County I have had two home deliveries and there are two more on my list. There is much sickness here too. The "flu" has been visiting most every home. My horse, Flicka, and I are kept on the go most of the time.

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From Elizabeth Walton in New York—January 24, 1946

It seemed so good to see Grace and Mitch when I first got to New York where I had felt I wouldn't know a soul! Having never seen Grace in anything but F.N.S. uniform, I felt that New York had done something to her—a few pounds of weight, a hat and veil, a fur collar, New York manners—and presto!

I very much enjoyed Mrs. Breckinridge's slides at the tea yesterday. I sat beside Vanda Summers and Betty Lester and was surely glad to meet them both, since I had been questioned about them both and heard their praises sung all up and down the creeks. It was good to see Marion Shouse and "Pebble"

and it was like being back in Kentucky to be with Mrs. Breckinridge and Lucille.

Probably Doris has written that I had my suitcase all packed ready to come back to Kentucky when, just a few hours before my train left, the British visas came and I had to leave for New York the next week; so Kentucky was out. According to present plans I shall be sailing (*for India*) with the Doctor, his wife, and three children. Greetings to everyone!

From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—January 28, 1946

ANNOUNCING
THE
ARRIVAL OF
"WILLIE MAC JEEP"
FOR
THE NURSE-MIDWIFE SERVICE
JANUARY 25, 1946

He is named for the attending physician and the administrative assistant who so efficiently arranged for his safe and speedy delivery. His neonatal and infancy periods were cut short because he had to take upon himself the duties of a veteran of many wars. His first assignment was to scale a mountain in search of a patient who had given a false alarm two weeks ago. His nurse had bought a pair of blue jeans and was preparing to ride a horse on this trip when she was notified of his arrival and willingness to take over this difficult task.

His attire is most attractive: a pea-green suit and yellow boots! His personality attracts young and old; in the city, country, and on the mountain top. He is a little "devil" when it comes to arousing the curiosity of the school boys. They just can't stay away from him, and he just purrs when they stroke his hood and caress him and say flattering things about him. He really is handsome and knows it.

We know by the twinkle in his eye that he would welcome a courtship with Janie Jeep from the Frontier Nursing Service, and who can say what the outcome of such a courtship may be? Our photographer has promised to come soon. Then there will be pictures for those who are not inclined to believe what has been said about him and one especially for Janie, of whom he is

a wee bit jealous because she has been in the service longer than he has and knows more about it.

So far he has only caused his nurse three restless nights—the first two from mere excitement—the third from sheer exhaustion!!!!

OUR FORMER CADETS

From Olen Boyer Whetstone in New Haven—November 20, 1945

Probably Blair or Lucille have said something to you about our wedding so I won't bore you with another account of it. Suffice it to say that it was a perfect day and the beginning of a very happy life for me. We had a week's honeymoon before Harold started studying Chinese. Now he has finished one term and is well on with the second. He is trying to get his M.A. in Oriental studies, and they are making him work for it!

I started work the latter part of July with the V.N.A. as I had planned. So far I've been out almost a month because of continuous headaches, but I think I am gradually getting back to normal. The work is grand; there's no limit to the variety of experience one can get. I was happily surprised to find that this is considered one of the best organizations of its kind in the country, and I don't doubt it in the least. They certainly have a grand educational program.

With the end of the war, we are wondering when we can start for China. Some of the returned missionaries are already going. We expect to be here at least until June. After that no one knows.

Postscript, February 26, 1946—We heard today, just as our proof is going down to the printers in Lexington, of the death of David Tubman, husband of our former nurse, Ada Worcester. Mr. Tubman was knocked off his bicycle by a motorist and suffered a fractured skull. He died on February 18th. We are shocked and grieved beyond measure at this terrible tragedy which has come to our friend. All who knew her will join us in deepest sympathy. Her address is—

Mrs. David Tubman
Hallgarth, Pondtail Road,
Horsham, Sussex, England

THE FLOATER AND HER HORSE

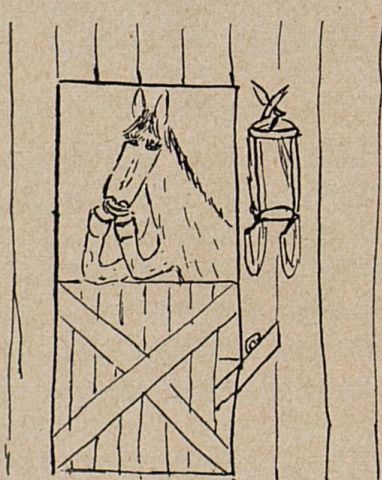
Floating

1.



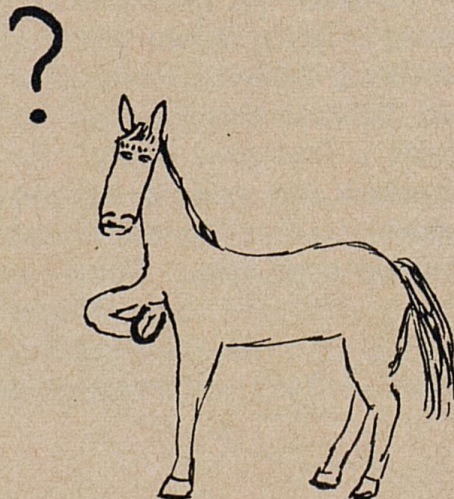
Moving On!! It always rains!!

2.



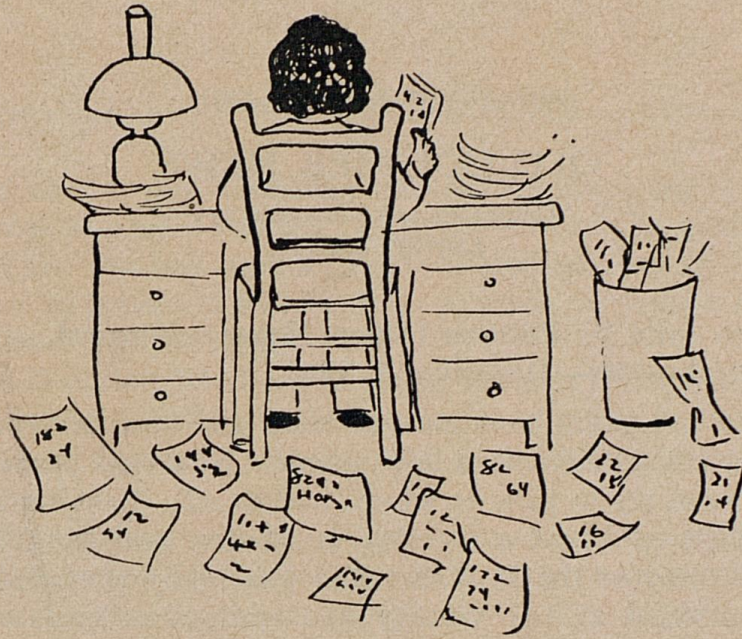
The floater's horse: "Home is where I hang my bridle."

3.



"I wonder if they have my size shoes?"

4.



The Floater relieves at a center

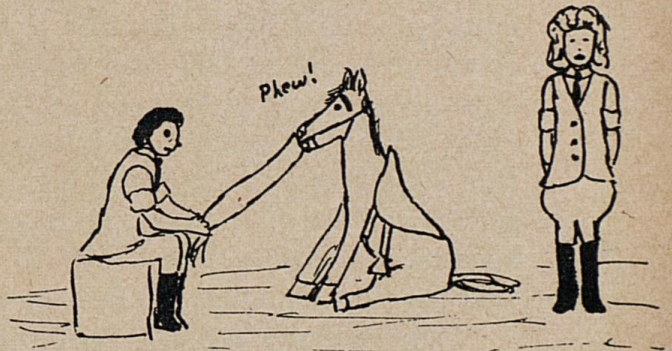
"Gosh! Is that petty cash or horse account?"

5.



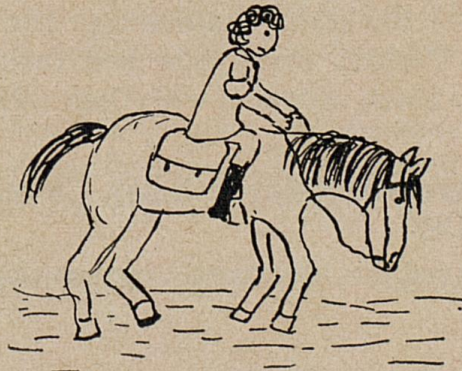
Emergency at the next center . . .

6.



Arrival: "Everything O. K. You can go on back now."

7.



Back again! Clop! Clop!

—Bertha Bloomer

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. John W. Putnam (Susan Morse), Concord,
Massachusetts—December 4, 1945**

These last years have been so busy and hectic for everyone that many things have been left undone. Now that peace is here at last we can try to pick up where we left off. Last winter Mrs. Breckinridge spoke at a meeting in Boston and caught us all up on the news of the F. N. S. She was really remarkable and we all marveled at her vitality and endless enthusiasm. My hat is off to all of you for carrying on as you have through the war.

We are the luckiest family in the world, I feel, to have come through this business unscathed. Johnny was overseas a year and a half in India and Burma as an intelligence officer for a squadron of B-25's. He had a most interesting time and was fortunately not in such dire danger as most. He came back three months ago just at the end of the summer and was able to get right out of the Army. Just before he came home I at last found this little house in Concord and was fortunately all moved in and settled. Most of the time he was overseas I was with my family because I couldn't find a roof to put over our heads anywhere. The housing shortage up here is appalling.

The children are now seven and one-half and four and seem very grown-up. They both go to school and I find myself a free agent in the mornings. I can't tell you how wonderful it is for all of us to be together in our own establishment again. For three years we've been moving around the countryside and living in other people's houses.

I saw Sue Ayer Parker in the summer and I catch glimpses of Fran Williams Perkins every now and then. Both of them seem fine and very much occupied with their offspring.

**From Mrs. G. T. Webster (Mardie Bole), Cleveland, Ohio—
December 6, 1945**

Graham received his discharge two weeks ago and I still

can't get used to him in civilian clothes! We are living at mother's house now because Gray isn't quite sure what the next step for him will be. He has been away from Medical Research for four years, so he probably will have to do some reviewing before he can get back into his field.

Bob Webster (*Barbara Brown's husband*) is discharged and he and Barbara and little Robbie are soon going to move into a little house they have rented. Bob is finishing his last year in Law School.

Bud Humphrey (*Lulu Ireland's husband*) arrived home a few days ago and I think he expects to receive his discharge.

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From Louisa Johnson, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—

December 6, 1945

This Christmas will be the first one in four years that our family will be all together. My brother is home and out of the Army, and my sister has just arrived from England with her year-old baby. We had never seen the baby, so it was wonderful that they could come home again.

Conditions in England are still frightfully bad and will undoubtedly be even worse this winter. We all hope to be able to go over next summer if civilian travel is permitted. Mother and I haven't seen the family for eight years now.

.

From Alison Bray, Causeway House, Adel, Leeds 6, England—

December 10, 1945

I think of you all so much and very much hope that I may be able to see you all again one day. Could you put me down as a courier for March and April, 1947? It seems a long way off, but I am sure I would not be able to come before that and it may even have to be later. Nobody can tell yet what travelling will be like, or when it will be available for ordinary non-priority passengers.

I was "demobbed" in October and am now at home. I miss the A. T. S. a lot in many ways, but it's grand to be back home again and to know that I won't be rushed off somewhere else at short notice.

My brothers are still in the Army and likely to be so for

some months. Jim, the younger one, has been in England since his return from Persia last December, but he is now eligible to go to Germany and may leave any time. Geordie has been in a hospital in Palestine for several weeks with foot trouble, the result of wounds he got in Italy two years ago. We now hope that he will be sent home for treatment in this country, but don't expect him back for a week or two. So we shall have to wait till next year before we can have a complete family party for Christmas.

My last few months in the Army were anything but uneventful. In February I was suddenly ported from Chester to command the A. T. S. Signal Unit working for SHAEF. It was a most interesting job and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. We were stationed in Versailles at first, and of course spent most of our free time in Paris! I also had detachments at Rheims and Brussels which needless to say had to be visited. One of my teleprinter operators at Rheims sent out the news of the unconditional surrender of Germany on the 7th of May. Later on we moved to Frankfurt, and I also managed to get a short trip to Holland. On the disbandment of SHAEF all the British personnel left Frankfurt. My companies were absorbed by another unit in the British zone and my job having come to an end I was sent home at the end of July. It was a wonderful experience and I was thrilled to have even that short time overseas. I completely fell for "Ike"—everyone did—and he was tremendously admired and respected. He is a wonderful person and I don't think anyone else could have coped with that job.

Coming back to a job at home was very boring and with the end of the war both in Europe and the Far East, there was little of interest in the work and it just became dull routine. I spent my last two months with Eastern Command, first in Hertfordshire and then near London where we moved at the beginning of September. I was again with Signals—the same sort of job as those of York and Chester. I had to drop rank to go to SHAEF but got back to Chief Commander on my return and left the A.T.S. with that rank.

I am now thoroughly enjoying my new household activities and also have time to visit friends occasionally. I'm singing again, this time with the Leeds Philharmonic, and we are doing

the "Messiah" next Saturday afternoon in the Town Hall. It's an annual affair and I've been many times to hear the performance, but this is the first time that I have taken part in it.

.

From Mrs. Louis Rodman Page, Jr. (Sheila Clark), Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—December 14, 1945

Roddy got home in November and met his son for the first time. We've bought a nifty house but can't move in until April. Can't believe Roddy is a civilian! Life is so wonderful.

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From Mrs. H. L. Colvocoresses (Jo Rice), New York, New York—December 14, 1945

It has been a long time since you heard from me. I think of you often and wonder what is going on at Wendover. I know I would see changes if I were to come. I wish I could and bring Harry. We will sometime. Since our return from Colombia we have been on the move. The Bulletins keep me posted. I enjoy reading each as they come. I hope that some of your old staff will return to carry on where they left off during the war.

Harry and I are going to New Hampshire for the holidays. It will be the first family reunion in years. We are looking forward to this happy occasion.

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From Allyn Johnson, New York, New York—December 17, 1945

I just received the Bulletin and felt very homesick for the F.N.S. I am now teaching at the City and Country School in New York and just love my work.

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**From Elinor Butt, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—
December 18, 1945**

I so want to spend a "Mountain Christmas" some year. But for the present I must keep my nose to the grindstone here at veterinary school. Then, in a few years, I'll be able to come back to Wendover with some new tricks up my sleeve.

From Mrs. Mercer Carter Blanchard (Betsy Pagon), Richmond, Virginia—December 19, 1945

Mercer went into the Army the first of June. Since then I've been following him around. For the present he's stationed here at Richmond, at McGuire General Hospital. How long he'll be here I wouldn't know. Right after Christmas I'm going home to be with the family until March.

From Elizabeth Campbell (Biz), Sewickley, Pennsylvania—December 22, 1945

It is great to be a civilian again. I look forward to Wag's (Freddy Holdship) coming tonight and to hearing all about Wendover. Wish I could come down this winter but I promised to be with the family in the west—after so long away. I was discharged the early part of this month—a wonderful time to be coming back home.

From Mrs. John B. Morse (Margaret McLennan), Lake Forest, Illinois—December 22, 1945

My husband is now out of the Navy and has just recently decided to go into his father's business—the Del Monte Properties Company. So after the first of the year our address will be Pebble Beach, California. I will have to resign, regretfully, from your Chicago Committee, but wherever I live the Frontier Nursing Service will be one of my greatest interests. If there is anything I can do for you in California such as interviewing a prospective courier, please let me know. I still have hopes of returning to Wendover for a visit sometime.

From Carmen Mumford, New York, New York—December 22, 1945

I spent the spring, summer, and fall, in Atlantic City at the England General Hospital working, but resigned from the American Red Cross on December 1st and am now a pure and unadulterated civilian. It's a happy state!

(Since receiving this note, we have learned with regret that Carm is in the New York Hospital undergoing treatment for acute arthritis.)

From Nancy Dammann, Winnetka, Illinois—December 27, 1945

Happy New Year! May it bring you an abundance of labor and supplies, horseshoe nails and diapers. I'd still love to go back to the F.N.S. but I seem to have gotten myself enrolled for further schooling.

From Peggy Harrison, St. Davids, Pennsylvania—

December 29, 1945

I carried pictures of the F.N.S. with me during the war and often thought and talked about you all and the work. I volunteered in 1939 because I did not believe in being neutral in the face of might and aggression—oppression. I had definite plans before the war, but on returning, I find that you cannot turn the pages back in life. It's only possible to go on, and so I think the best thing is to try to use what experience I did gain abroad. Political-international conditions make relief work difficult but there are other ways as through the newly formed Department of Cultural Cooperation in the State Department. It intends to work for exchange of students, increase of libraries, exchange of medical and other knowledge, et cetera, with various countries in Europe. There may be real work to be done here. I have been studying Russian intensively in order to gain an asset.

From Mary Bulkley, Grosse Pointe, Michigan—January 3, 1946

Just a line to tell you what a splendid trip my puppy and I had to "Dee-troit." After dinner I went back to the baggage car, and found he was warm and comfortable. The baggage car man let me feed and water all the animals so I didn't have much chance to be homesick for Wendover. A Cocker judge was here for dinner the other night and said my puppy had a very fine head.

In less than a week I'll be off to business school in the big city of New York.

**From Doris Sinclair, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore,
Maryland—January 6, 1946**

Have just caught up with the latest Bulletin, or perhaps it

has caught up with me, I'm not quite sure, but anyway, I once more feel in touch with the F.N.S. Like everyone else who gets it, I am always glad when the Bulletin comes out to keep us caught up on everything and everybody. It's wonderful to think of some of the English nurses coming back at last.

September 1st was the auspicious day on which I finished training, and was I glad! After going up to Williamstown to spend ten days with mother, I took off for Chico, California, where my sister and brother-in-law are stationed in the Air Corps.

At present, I'm working at Hopkins for the Army Commission on Air-Borne infection. They are doing some research on cross infection within the hospital, and using an infant floor simply because they are the most easily controlled patients. The experiment itself is interesting, the people very nice to work for and with. The job only lasts until May 31st and then I plan to take the summer off to try to decide about my future plans. Maybe I could get myself down to the mountains for awhile but not as a nurse.

My brother finally got home December 28th after nearly two years in India and Burma with the American Field Service. They were attached to the Fourth Corps of the British 14th Army, and saw plenty of action. It certainly is grand to see him again after such a long time. My sister's husband is due home and out of the Navy either this month or next, so at last we will have all our family in the same country, if on opposite coasts.

.

**From Mrs. Hugh Williamson Nevin (Ellie George),
Sewickley, Pennsylvania—January 7, 1946**

It is so wonderful to have my husband home again. I have not become accustomed to the pleasure yet, nor do I think I will soon. It was such a short time ago that he returned and he was away so long that everything new that I do with him (such as "Christmas spiring") is a delightful sort of surprise—to find him doing it with me.

**From Mrs. David Bridewell (Celia Coit), Winnetka, Illinois—
January 11, 1946**

Well, David is off again tomorrow morning for Butler, Pennsylvania, to spend about ten weeks at an ear clinic there. I am hoping he will soon be able to find me a room so I can join him and I hope I can find some work in the hospital or elsewhere to occupy me.

Our house here is somewhat like the old lady in the shoe. Besides mother and pop and David and me are also my eldest sister Betty, her husband, Paul, and their two small daughters. Naturally this all comes from the housing problem. No one is able to find a place to live. It has ceased to be amusing.

Our trip to Mexico was wonderful fun and a rest even though we saw and did a lot in the three short weeks we took. The mountains, the plain around Mexico City, the rocky coast near Ocapulio are so beautiful and all the local color of the peoples, Indians, et cetera, the pastel colored houses, primitive huts, modern architecture, the numerous gaudy churches—all the life along the roads was fascinating, and I loved trying another language.

.
From Lonny Myers, Ann Arbor, Michigan—January 24, 1946

Back at school! The work doesn't get any easier, but a great deal more interesting. We now have seven hours of classes every day and unknown slides (pathology) to recite on six times a week. Although the concentration of work is not any less per semester, no more continuous school through the summer as of 1945.

Physical Diagnosis, which seems to us the most pertinent to the daily practice of medicine, comes twice a week, and next week we are going on the wards to examine some patients.

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**From Mrs. John Fross Paton (Kay Bulkley), Cleveland,
Ohio—February 1, 1946**

I still feel very much a part of the F.N.S. because of that wonderful Bulletin which keeps us so well in touch with all of you.

Frosty went west to Manila and Tokyo. Then I joined the Red Cross and was sent to the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia. I just resigned from that job two weeks ago for the very good reason that I think Frosty will be back before the month is over. Needless to say, this is a wonderful prospect.

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WEDDINGS

We have only recently learned of the marriage of our courier, Emma Coulter, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, to Major J. B. Ware. We send them our warm good wishes and should love a little more detailed news.

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BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Sumner Kemp, Jr. (Rosemary Crocker) in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a third son, on October 23rd, 1945. Never a dull moment in this household, we are sure! But we want couriers! Roey writes:

"Still no future courier! Kip (William S. Kemp III) is the eldest. At this point I've decided that we have a good start for the 'Kemp Team'—any kind of game will do. I find I'm always running into my own flying shirt tails!"

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BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Peggy Black Richardson is attending Bennington College and is spending the non-resident term—January-March—as an apprentice teacher at Shady Hill School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

To **Freddy Holdship** we send our love and deepest sympathy in the death of her father in January.

JUST JOKES, ARMY RANK

Familiar sights around Army camps are pet dogs with sets of stripes. One such canine walked into an orderly room, chewed up a stack of important papers.

"But," raged the CO, "why didn't you stop him?"

"How could I?" queried the clerk. "He outranks me!"

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, NEW YORK

By

LUCILLE KNECHTLY

It has been a thrilling experience to meet and work with the Frontier Nursing Service, Wendover, Kentucky. It was a new and thrilling experience to meet and see the workings of the Frontier Nursing Service, New York, and the Frontier Nursing Service, New England.

I knew, in a remote way, the names of our individual friends in the East and of their interest and support, but traveling there with Mrs. Breckinridge this January made me realize the tremendous part each Committee as a whole plays in the life of the Service.

Take as an example, New York. Members of this Committee meet together the second Tuesday of each month during the winter season to discuss and work out plans for Benefits, for the Annual Meeting in January, for the Bargain Box, and for other projects. Two Benefits are being given this spring, and there is endless work connected with the arrangements for the programs, the publicity and promotion, and the addressing and mailing of invitations. In connection with the Annual Meeting each year again there is the checking of lists, the sending of invitations to members and friends, and the publicity. This year at the Annual Meeting Mrs. Breckinridge spoke to a capacity audience in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club.

Then, there is the Bargain Box. It was my privilege to visit this unique thrift shop at 1175 Third Avenue while we were in New York, and I got a first-hand knowledge of the immense amount of work that is expended there voluntarily, by members of our Committee. As our readers know, the Frontier Nursing Service is one of six charities that make use of the Bargain Box. Our New York Committee Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, for the last two years has been elected Chairman of the Central Bargain Box Committee of these combined charities. Members of each charity volunteer to take turns helping at the shop. If any volunteer fails to appear on her designated day, she must pay a forfeit. Pebble Stone, New York courier, was taking her

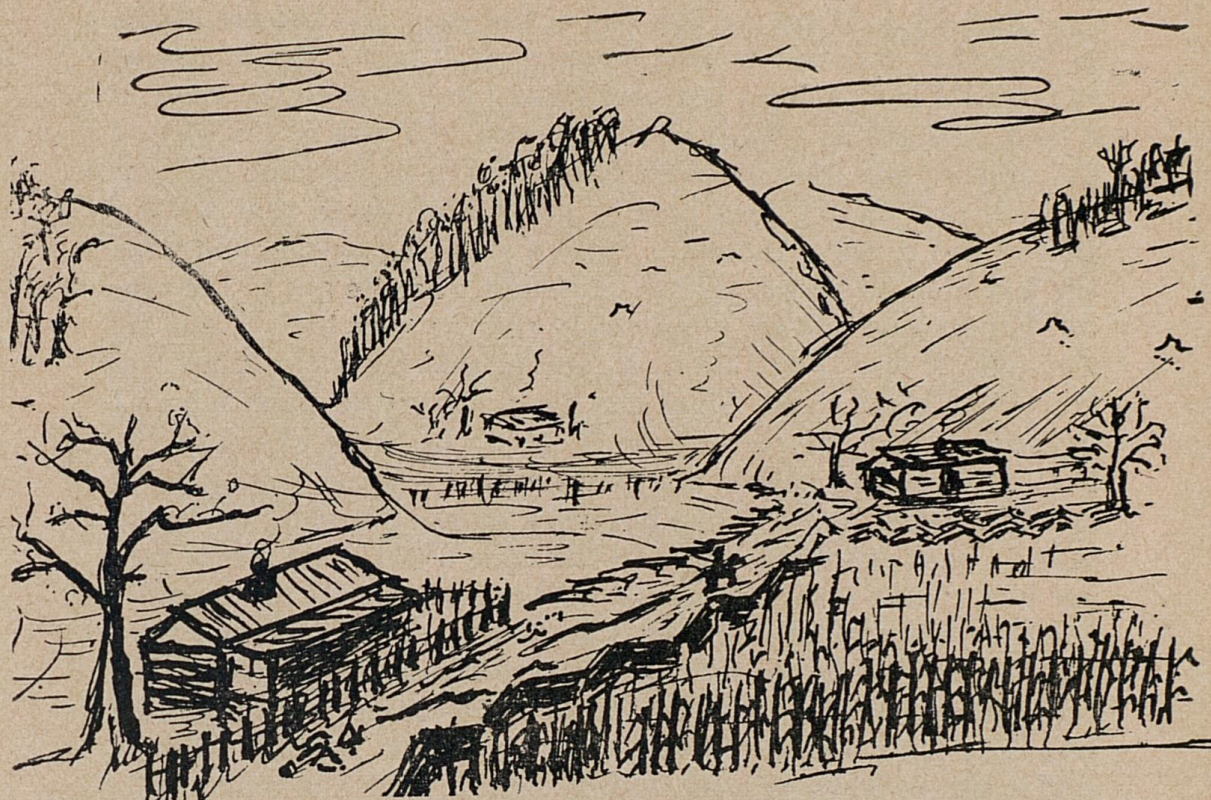
turn as "saleslady" the day I visited there. Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland was assisting Mrs. William Macfee who has the responsibility of pricing all rummage sent in to be sold. Each charity has a particular color of tag which is put on all articles sent in to be sold for the benefit of that particular charity. F.N.S.'s color is green. When an article with a green price tag is sold, the money is credited to us. Thus, it is easy to keep separate the proceeds of sales for each charity. The Frontier Nursing Service netted \$4,300 from the Bargain Box during the fiscal year 1944-45.

Similar activities go on in New England cities and in other cities throughout the East and Middle West. The Committees truly are an integral part of the Service. Without F.N.S., New York, F.N.S., New England, F.N.S., Chicago, et cetera, there could be no F.N.S., Kentucky.



SUSAN AND ARTHUR PERRY, III

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., Providence, R. I.
(Courier, Mardi Bemis)



ONE WINTER WEEK

ON RED BIRD RIVER
(Clara Ford Nursing Center)

by

CATHERINE UHL, R. N., Certified Midwife

Just before and just after Christmas last year several times we had high water which was over the "low-water" bridges of Red Bird River and made crossing them impossible; and when water goes over the "water" bridges a horse can't ford the river. I had a case about due five and a half miles up the river and it had been plenty cold, with rain, rain and more rain, particularly at night. One day Mrs. Bowling said, "How are you going to get to Deloris if she needs you?" I said, "I don't know. That's Dewey's worry. But whenever and however Dewey gets here, if Deloris goes into labor during this high water spell of weather, I'll go back with him."

At 3:00 A. M. on the last day of the year, and the first night in four that it hadn't poured down rain all night, the telephone rang and Jim Bowling's boy said Dewey had crossed the river in a boat, had gotten a mule at their house, and was on his way. I got dressed and took an extra pair of boots in case one pair got soaked, as I hadn't been able to get rubber boots that winter. Dewey had to leave the mule, cross a swinging bridge, and walk the last mile, so he was all out of breath when he got to the center, but he soon had my horse ready and the bags tied on, and we were off. It was then 4:00 A. M. and he said his wife's labor had started at 11:30 P. M. Since she has a history of short labors I figured we had only until 5:00 A. M. to be there ahead of the baby. Dewey had passed the forest ranger's house coming down and had asked him to have his truck at the swinging bridge to take us back more quickly than the mule could. The forest ranger had chains on the truck or we probably would have gotten nowhere, but at that he couldn't go all the way up the river road but he went as far as he could, and we walked the rest of the way. As we walked Dewey told me to be careful as the ground was very slick where the water had been up. He had scarcely said it before down he went, saddle bags and all, and took a slide down the bank. While I was wondering if he were hurt he quickly got up and was on his way again.

We crossed the river once more, in a boat this time, and on the far side rowed right over the top of a fence along his brother-in-law's cornfield. It took all forms of transportation to get us to Deloris except a train and a plane, but we got there. The baby, a nine-pound girl, arrived about 7:00 A. M. and at about 9:00 A. M. we had the best breakfast. I had eaten some graham crackers and an egg malted milk before I left home, but I was hungry after our strenuous travel, so I ate as much as I usually would at dinner. Dewey is a farmer and a school teacher and at rearing his own children I have never seen the beat of him. All of the children had been taken away after I arrived. When they were brought back in the morning the two older boys, aged nine and eleven, did the morning feeding of the stock of which there are many, and the seven-year-old girl fed the chickens. The boys also did the milking. The little boy of two came into the dining room, where he found groceries stored in the baby basket on

wheels. These he tossed out and dragged the basket into his mother's room for the new baby's bed.

Shortly after the first of the year I had babies three nights straight, and then was out after another one the fourth day. Fortunately all of the nights were clear. The second night was snowy on the ground and when Bill, the grandfather-to-be, came for me (the father-to-be is in the army), he apologized for coming on such an awful night, but I thought it was pretty. Every hour of the day and the night in all kinds of weather is pretty in the mountains. Bill offered me one of his coats saying it was awfully cold and that he had two on so I might just as well have one. I thanked him but said I had too many wraps on myself. I had known we must cross the river and ride up an icy, snowy creek and that it would be damp as well as cold. So I was prepared.

It happened that on both the last two mornings my horse Gypsy King had got loose and gone home. The first time I was about ready to leave Roy's place, and Roy had saddled Gypsy King and thrown the reins over a low fence post. I guess Gypsy King tossed them off because fifteen minutes later, when I was ready to start there was no horse. Roy borrowed a mule from a neighbor and we rode double. When we were almost home Gypsy King whinnied to me from the far side of the river where I sometimes make a short cut. His reins were dangling in front of him and interfering with his getting through the brush and down the sandy slope into the river. But when I called he came on.

On this particular snowy night, I cautioned Bill about Gypsy King when we got to his house at 2:00 A. M. At about 7:00 A. M. their dog made a commotion. Geneva said he was fussing at a hog, but I heard my horse's hoofs. By the time Bill got to the door, Gypsy King was galloping down the creek towards home and breakfast. He had broken the rope Bill had used to fasten the stall door. Later Bill walked to the center for him. Gypsy King had arrived there without bridle or saddle, bounding across our bridge over the branch in the pasture, and chasing the cow ahead of him.

On the third morning, when I was starting out for my third baby I telephoned our assistant director asking her to send someone to attend to my two new mothers. She said she thought I

needed some sleep myself so she sent an instructor and one of the midwifery students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. They stayed with me a week, during which we had two more deliveries. I was told to stay in for awhile and rest, but there was too much going on for much of that. There had been six babies in one winter week on Red Bird River.

Postscript: Catherine Uhl is now working with the Indian Bureau in Alaska.

ATTENTION—First Grade

In a Mississippi paper the following advertisement appeared: "Wanted, reporter for daily. Male or female. Must be able to read and write."

—Contributed

JUST JOKES—Houseboy

Woman resident in China to her houseboy: "You should knock before bringing my linen into the bedroom."

Houseboy: "That's all right, missy. Every time come, lookee through keyhole. Nothing on, no come in."—Contributed.

I have two basic convictions: First, more harm has been done by weak persons than by wicked persons; secondly, the problems of the world are caused by the weakness of goodness rather than by the strength of evil.

—Harry S. Kennedy, D. D.

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We have today the same mass of obscure, nameless persons who oppose their almost unconquerable inertia to every movement of reform and are the drag upon all vital and progressive religion.

The great causes of God and humanity are not defeated by hot assaults of the devil, but by the slow, crushing, glacier-like mass of thousands and thousands of indifferent people.

God's causes are never destroyed by being blown upon, but by being sat upon.—George Adam Smith.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

NOT BUT

IDEALS IDEALS

These words have a common origin. Both go back to the Greek *idea*; the form or look or semblance of a thing as opposed to reality—"the archetype models . . . of which all created things were the imperfect antitypes or representations."

In modern usage we have perverted the original meaning of these words and have come to the point where we cover the lack of ideas with the misuse of the word ideal. If our readers will begin to check up on the speeches and remarks of people quoted in the press, in magazines and on the air, they will find that ideas are seldom mentioned. They will also find that all too frequently a noticeable lack of ideas on the part of a speaker leads him to refer to a vague generality which he calls his ideals.

Another English word which has lost its original meaning is wit. This used to mean knowledge, understanding, wisdom, mind, intellect, reason. In its verbal form it meant to know, to see, to perceive, to understand. It is one of those enchanting words that harks back to the Sanskrit, that Indo-European mother of languages, akin to the Persian, the Greek, the Latin, the Germanic, the Slavonic, and the Celtic tongues. In the Sanskrit the word is *vid*; in Latin, *videre*; in Swedish, *veta*; in Icelandic, *vita*; in Bohemian, *wideti*; in Danish, *vide*; in old Bulgarian, *vidieti*; in Gothic, *witan*; in Servian, *vidjeti*; in Russian, *vidieti*. In the Anglo-Saxon we get *witan*, and in Middle English we get *wit*; and when wit was used as a verb we had such forms as *weten*, *witen*, *wot*, *wast*, *wiste*. All of us are familiar with some of these forms in the King James Version of the English Bible. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Among medieval English manuscripts still in preservation there is an anonymous one from the Thirteenth Century called *Hali Meidenhad*. The unknown writer has this to say about the source of ideas,

“Ure wit is Godes dohter.”

This has been rendered into modern English as,
“Our intellect is God’s daughter.”

In early December we read the results of a Gallup poll on whether or not Americans approved of a universal common language. A majority did approve.

Years ago, with the permission of the *Survey Graphic*, an article by the late General James Carson Breckinridge called *The Gift of One Common Tongue*, was reprinted in our Quarterly Bulletin. Gen. Breckinridge spoke several languages fluently, and yet he often found himself handicapped in Asia and in Europe by the lack of a common medium of communication. He advocated the choice of Spanish as a universal language, and gave his reasons. We have a few reprints of this article left, and will be glad to send them to interested people without charge. That Spanish should be chosen for a common language is debatable, but whether we adopt Spanish, Portuguese, or any other spoken tongue, we should choose an easy language and one that is alive. U. N. O. should start publication of a newspaper or a magazine in the language chosen. We should start teaching it to our first grade children all over the world. We should learn it ourselves with a phonograph and with records, and, later, with books. Within ten years after its adoption it should be the official language of U. N. O. deliberations. With only this one language, aside from our own, we would all be able to communicate with one another by travel and by mail all over the civilized world. In our opinion a common language would do more to insure a permanent peace than any other one thing.

The vast hunger in Europe and Asia today has at last caught the imagination of the world. In our Summer, 1945, Bulletin we started writing about the need for food until crops had not only been put into the ground but harvested. We stressed the subject again in our Autumn Bulletin. We know that our sub-

scribers felt as we did, because they are imaginative people. Pity and generosity are not rare, thank God, but imagination is a more unusual possession. Upon those who have it, falls the duty of awakening the pity and generosity that, for lack of imagination, lie dormant in all too many human hearts.

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In the January, 1946, issue of *The American Journal of Nursing* there is an article by Dr. Edith B. Jackson called "Should Mother and Baby Room Together?" In the January issue of the *Woman's Home Companion* there is an article on the same subject by Dr. Harry Bakwin entitled "Take Your Baby Off the Assembly Line." We are so thoroughly in agreement with Dr. Jackson and Dr. Bakwin that their opinions enchant us. When we are able to enlarge our Hospital at Hyden we shall separate certain kinds of cases now necessarily in the same wards, but we shall never separate mother from her baby. We appreciate the reference in Dr. Bakwin's article to the work of the Frontier Nursing Service of Kentucky.

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In the *Junior League Magazine* of February, 1946, there is an illustrated story by our old courier, Edith Hall, of Cambridge, Massachusetts called "All in a Night's Work." The cover picture for this magazine is the one of the uniform coat and saddlebags that Edie took when she was with us and that we consider one of the best amateur photographs ever taken in here.

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Our readers know that we have often spoken of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of London, between the Arsenal and the Thames. Two of us took our graduate midwifery there, and all of us were deeply distressed when a good part of this hospital was destroyed from the air in the early part of the war. A letter has just come to us from Sister Lillian Neild from which we quote as follows:

In Woolwich we have still hundreds of families living in the Rest Centres—no houses—newly married couples must live with their people and it usually means a shakedown on the floor of the living room. Twice last week we went out to women who were sleeping (and no prospect of anything better) on two chairs in their parents' living room. One said to me, "Well, I move into Dad's place when he is on early turn,"—i. e., one week in three,

being a bus driver, he starts at 4 a. m. How can you have children and happy married lives in such a case?

Sister Neild also gives us a delightful bit about her nephew, Percival Mallalieu. He and another young Englishman and an Australian visited us once many years ago and were taken on the rounds of the centers by the courier, Ethel Bartlett, now Mrs. James E. Thompson. Miss Neild tells us that he married a year ago and his wife had a little girl just about Christmas time. As he is a member of Parliament for Huddersfield, his baby was christened in the Crypt Chapel at Westminster. We infer that having a baby christened in the House of Commons is a prerogative of being a member. Anyway, Miss Neild writes as follows:

As we were waiting to go for our tea Mrs. Roosevelt and Ernest Bevin came out, and stopped to speak to him. Mrs. Roosevelt was most interested about the baby. She said what a strange thing to find a baby there, i. e., in the House of Commons, and Ernest Bevin said, "Very strange things happen here, Madam."

We read in *The British Journal of Nursing* for December, 1945, a Tribute to Midwives made by Alderman Charles Key, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, when he addressed the London Summer School of the College of Midwives. Alderman Key pointed out that in the last full year of war 766,526 babies were born, nearly 120,600 more births than in 1938, the last year of peace. Yet there was no corresponding increase in the number of midwives.

Yet despite the extra burdens thrown on midwives—they attend nearly 90 per cent of births and are in sole charge of about 65 per cent—the toll of childbirth had been reduced during the war.

The maternal mortality rate fell from 2.97 per thousand total births in 1938 to 1.95 in 1944, and the infant mortality rate from 53 per thousand live births to 46. While increased attention to ante-natal supervision and better social care of the expectant mother—the extra milk and vitamin supplements provided by the Government—had played a part in these improvements, no one would deny that they were in the main due to the skill and magnificent sense of responsibility of the midwives themselves.

Alderman Key stressed the value of midwifery training in a nurse's career and the importance that conditions in the midwifery services should be such as to attract recruits and retain them after training.

We have been reading in the press lately thrilling things about some of the members of our National Medical Council. Dr. Reginald H. Smithwick is not only a member of this Council, but the husband of the Chairman of the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. His appointment as professor of surgery and chairman of the department of surgery at Boston University School of Medicine has been announced. Simultaneously Dr. Smithwick's appointment as surgeon-in-chief of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital was made public by George B. Glidden, president of the Hospital's trustees. A graduate of Phillips Academy, Andover, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Smithwick received his M. D. from Harvard Medical School in 1925.

In the *Kentucky Medical Journal* for January we read that Dr. Fred W. Rankin of Lexington, Kentucky, has been cited for distinguished services rendered in World War II. The Distinguished Service Medal was presented to Dr. Rankin in Chicago, during the meeting of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association. Dr. Rankin had been elected president of the American Medical Association in 1942.

The press had a good deal to say about Dr. R. Glen Spurling of Louisville, Kentucky, at the time that he was flown over to Germany to attend General Patton, but not many details have yet appeared covering his arduous and supremely important duties overseas during the war. He, like Dr. Rankin, is back home again now, and promises us a visit this spring.

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From one of our trustees, now the American Minister to South Africa, General Thomas Holcomb of the U. S. Marine Corps, we received a Christmas card on which Mrs. Holcomb writes us news of them both and concludes as follows:

We have had a frightful drought. Thousands of cattle and sheep have died, but at last we are getting a little rain around here so the hills are green and the flowers too lovely. We flew to Capetown 4½ hours by air (39 hours by train) to see our two battleships and six cruisers. It was like a bit of heaven to see so many of our own people. They will be home for Christmas. How I envy them. We love it out here but at this time of year one does get a bit homesick. All the best to you and your wonderful work.

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Our dear Chinese friend, Dr. Lucy Chao, is now in Nanking

under the National Health Administration of China and ready to work for a Central Maternal and Child Health Service. She writes that she thinks of us very often, and that there are plenty of horses in Nanking—"Only they are not too well kept, poor postwar animals, just as badly off as so many of the people!" Dr. Chao says that she read with interest in our Summer, 1945, Quarterly Bulletin the article on how to make peanut milk for children, an article sent us by Mary E. Moore from the Belgian Congo. She says that Nanking produces plenty of peanuts but that milk is rare and expensive. Therefore Dr. Chao is thinking of making peanut milk for the Chinese babies. Thus, the Quarterly Bulletin in Kentucky has acted as go-between for a recipe in Africa to be put to use in China.

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A wedding of special interest to the Frontier Nursing Service took place on December 7th when Constance Hoskins, daughter of our trustee, Mr. Walter Hoskins, and Mrs. Hoskins of Hyden, married Mr. Robert Wells, U.S.N., at Treasure Island, California. As our readers will remember, Constance has been in the WAVES since fairly early in the war. She and Mr. Wells each had a thirty-day leave and visited his parents at Priest River, Idaho.

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Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, met with a bad accident shortly before Christmas in which she broke her hip. After six weeks in a Detroit hospital she is back home again, and we are happy to announce that she is making an excellent recovery. All who know Mrs. Joy will understand that she has carried on gallantly during a period of great difficulty and considerable pain.

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We are happy to announce the birth on November 28th, 1945, of Rhoda Jane Bogardus in Austin, Indiana, to Dr. and Mrs. Carl R. Bogardus. Dr. Bogardus is well remembered in here where he was a Health Officer many years ago.

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Recently in New York when we saw our friend, and late neighbor in Hyden, Mrs. Campbell Symonds, she told us that Dewey Parks, son of Richard Parks of Hyden, had just spent a

week-end with her and Dr. Symonds at their house in Brooklyn. Dewey is stationed at the Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut. He and Nell Sizemore, who has gone to Brooklyn with the Symonds, "did New York together."

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We hope that all trustees, committee members, and old staff members of the Frontier Nursing Service who speak about the Service will let us know, because we like to keep a record of these kindnesses. Towards the close of the year Grace Reeder showed slides of the Frontier Nursing Service and spoke before a group at Teachers College, Columbia University, and Vanda Summers spoke to the senior students at the New York Hospital School of Nursing.

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On October 8, 1945, our friends at the Pine Mountain Settlement School celebrated the 100th birthday anniversary of Uncle William and Aunt Sal Creech, the founders of the School. The ceremonies were widely attended and among those from Beyond the Mountains who took part were Dr. Francis S. Hutchins, President of Berea College, and Mr. C. N. Manning of Lexington, who is treasurer for the Pine Mountain Settlement School as well as for the Frontier Nursing Service. The Pine Mountain School is raising a Creech Centennial Memorial Fund, and with all our hearts we wish them success.

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In our last Bulletin we mentioned a visit from Miss Anna M. Taylor, Assistant Editor of *The American Journal of Nursing* who came to see us late in the year. She went about with some of our nurses and it gladdened our hearts to learn what she thought of the work. Miss Mary M. Roberts, the editor of the Journal, wrote first as follows:

Miss Taylor has written with the liveliest enthusiasm of the quality of the nursing she observed ("you would have been unbearably proud!") et cetera. I am not at all surprised but I am very much pleased by her reaction. We think she is a very competent judge of nursing methods.

Later we received a letter from Miss Taylor who said:

The nurses at Wendover seemed to me to serve with a high devotion which one rarely observes in nursing.—That "special spark."

TOWN AND TRAIN

Our autumn Executive Committee meeting took place at the Pendennis Club in Louisville on Saturday, December 1st, with the chairman, Mr. Jouett, presiding, and with an excellent attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Roger K. Rogan motored over from Cincinnati, and Mrs. Henry B. Joy came by airplane from Detroit. On my way down to this meeting I stopped off in Lexington to arrange for the members of our Medical Advisory Committee to meet Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters. Dr. Waters drove us down from the mountains, and I gave them a dinner at the Lexington Country Club that night. After the Committee meeting in Louisville, I went back to Cincinnati with the Rogans for a most interesting meeting of the officers of the Cincinnati Committee. Mr. Rogan is now Honorary Chairman of this Committee, and Miss Judith Colston is Active Chairman; Mrs. Polk Laffoon is Vice-Chairman. We will have a general meeting in Cincinnati within the year to which all of our members there, and thereabouts, will be invited.

Except for this absence of a few days from the mountains, I had not been away for seven months when I started out with my secretary, Lucille Knechtly, on Thursday, January 17th for New York. Our Pebble Stone met the train with a porter, and we went to the Cosmopolitan Club where I always put up. It isn't possible to take the time or the space in the Bulletin for the long descriptions I used to give of these rounds outside the mountains. Suffice it to say that we had the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club full of members of the Service and their friends for our annual New York meeting on Wednesday, January 23rd. At the tea which followed the meeting, and in visits and small parties given for me, I got to see many old friends, couriers and kinsmen. Our wonderful New York Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, had been bothered with an operation. I saw something of her, but she was not able to preside at the annual meeting. Mrs. Walter Binger took her place and presided with distinction. Mrs. Stone gave our treasurer's report and Mrs. Seymour W. Wadsworth reported on the Bargain Box, and presented us with the latest Bargain Box dividend check for

\$1,500.00. Mrs. James E. Thompson (Ettie Bartlett) announced that a children's party with Hughie Fitz and his trained dogs would be given March 9th, as a benefit for the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Richard Storrs (Frenny Rousmaniere) announced that the New York Committee would hold another benefit on April 4th with John Mason Brown as the lecturer. It will be noted that our New York Committee has planned an intensely active winter and spring, bless them.

Our new Princeton Chairman, Mrs. Russell Butler, came in to lunch with me on February 25th. It became necessary for Mrs. Caspar F. Goodrich, who has been Chairman of the Princeton Committee since its inception, to retire to the post of Honorary Chairman. We were fortunate indeed to secure Mrs. Butler as Active Chairman.

In the midst of the crowded New York days came the joy of Betty Lester's return. As she has done so many times, over the years, Miss Florence Johnson of the American Red Cross made all the arrangements to have Betty met, and put up in New York. She and Lucille Knechtly had a wonderful visit with the Stones on Long Island where Betty slept for thirteen hours at a stretch.

From New York Lucille and I went to Boston where our annual Boston meeting was held at the Sheraton Hotel ballroom on Wednesday, January 30th, a luncheon meeting. Our charming Boston Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, presided. The Rev. Cornelius Trowbridge made the introductory speech, and Admiral Felix Gygax and Dr. William A. Rogers spoke briefly. With the backing of the Navy, the Medical Profession, and the Church, I arose to make my report and to show the same colored slides of the Service that I had shown in New York. Loads of old friends and couriers were at this meeting and I saw something more of them during my brief stay in Boston. I enjoyed seeing my young cousin, Louisa Horton, in "The Voice of the Turtle."

Our beloved Honorary Chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, had suffered the loss recently of a sister. She was staying outside Boston with some of her people and was not equal to the annual meeting this year. Over the telephone she was the same invigor-

ating, delightful friend that she has been to me for so many years.

On Thursday, the thirty-first, we went to Providence where we were welcomed and entertained with friends at a luncheon by our Chairman, Mrs. Edward P. Jastram. She introduced me delightfully at our Providence annual meeting which was held in the long drawing room of Mrs. Leonard B. Colt. We owe it to one of our couriers, the most resourceful person in the world, that we were able to show the slides at the Providence meeting. Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), located an excellent stereopticon machine and learned how to use it. She ran the slides through like a professional, without a single hitch.

After the Boston and New England meetings Lucille Knechtly returned to Kentucky by way of her home in Cincinnati, and I went to Marblehead for the week-end with my life-long friend, Mrs. I. H. Jones. She had invited sixty men and women to meet me and hear me speak Sunday afternoon, February 3rd. In spite of the most terrific snow and ice nearly all of them came. Among them were a number of old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and of mine, but we all sadly missed Mrs. Arnold Smith who had been the life of such parties in other years.

On my way back to Kentucky through Boston, I had lunch at the Navy Yard with Admiral Gygax and Mrs. Gygax, who are old friends of my brother. They had a large buffet luncheon for the wives of the officers at the Navy Yard, and I spoke to them afterwards. Mrs. Gygax herself took me to my train with an escort, so there was no problem about taxis and porters.

After all of that I came straight home.

The John Mason Brown Benefit of the Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place this year on Tuesday, April 9th. Details will reach those of you who are in and around Washington, by mail and through the press. I expect to attend, and shall get a lot of pleasure out of meeting you there. Inquiries may be addressed to the Washington Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, 2101 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 8, D. C.

FIELD NOTES

The greatest joy that has come to us since our Autumn Bulletin was published is the return of Betty Lester from England. It will be recalled that she was one of the twelve nurses who went back to the Old Country in 1940 and that she has been working as a Sister, as the British call their head nurses, in a maternity hospital in London all through all of the blitzes. It may not be recalled by all of our readers that Betty came to us over nineteen years ago. No one else knows as many people on as many districts as Betty does, and no one had a bigger part to play in the difficult early years of the Frontier Nursing Service. For our Spring Bulletin Betty will write her own account of what it has meant to be back again, and of her visits to old friends on many creeks and branches.

Since Betty's return coincides with the departure of Clara-Louise Schiefer the first of March, and since we have no suitable Social Service Secretary available at the moment, Betty is taking on the Social Service job for the time being. Her wide knowledge of our people and our country makes her a most suitable person to hold down the post of social worker until it is permanently filled. We are glad to have one of our assistant directors thoroughly familiar with it.

We printed elsewhere in this Bulletin three typical Social Service problems written up by Clara-Louise as she handled them. We shall miss her buoyancy, her eagerness, her ability during the years to come. She has meant a lot to us. I am privileged to add that she has applied for a passport from the State Department and hopes to be able to get to England this spring, on a personal matter of special importance.

Mrs. Arthur Byrne, Jr., our statistician, expects her husband back from the Pacific before the end of March. She has had a cable that he was sailing on the next boat from Japan. It is just eighteen months since he was ordered to the Pacific. I wish all young wives whose husbands were overseas while the war was on, and since then, could know how gallant and smiling Jerry has been, how interested in other people's problems, how helpful, how diligent. She has been an example to all of us on

how to carry one of life's heavier loads. She is soon to get her reward.

We have not been able as yet to locate a satisfactory statistician to replace Mrs. Byrne. From the administrative point of view these months immediately following the war have been more difficult than any while the war was on. We have had more trouble in getting regular workers, and we have had fewer volunteers. All this is due primarily to the conclusion of the war, the return of husbands and fiancés, the possibility of marriage. Happy as we are over Lt. Byrne's return, we know that it means we lose Jerry. The only way we can carry her work until we have located a successor is to hand it over to Dorothy F. Buck, Assistant Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, and a whiz in mathematics. It was Buckett herself who decided this problem by volunteering to take on the work. Now that we have a Field Supervisor in Nola Blair, Buckett does not have to carry as much in the Field as she formerly did. It is just as well, too, that she should know the statistical end of things from A to Z. However, we hope we shall soon be getting a statistician because Buck will be carrying too much work for one person.

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The third important person in the Wendover administrative field who will be leaving this spring is Hazel Meyer. For two and a half years she has been Assistant Postmaster for the Wendover Post Office, about which she has written elsewhere in this Bulletin. The Post Office takes a lot of time, but not full time. In addition to her Post Office work Hazel has acted as Quarterly Bulletin Secretary. This means that she has had to keep all files and stencils on Bulletin subscribers up to date both as to names and addresses. She has had the reminder cards of subscribers to send out, and the Quarterly Bulletin envelopes to address four times a year. Her desk is a terrifically busy one. We have been fortunate in securing a delightful young girl to take over Hazel's work. She is Mary Jane Laughlin of Latonia, Kentucky. Hazel is staying on with her until she is thoroughly broken in to all the details of her jobs.

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It is with profound regret that we shall give up Dr. Henry

S. Waters and his dear family the first of May. Although we knew when he came to us that Dr. Waters was on a temporary basis, that his real work lay in the mission field in the Philippines, and that he would be returning within the year, although we knew all of this, we shall find the parting very hard. On the inside back cover of this Bulletin we have given a picture of Dr. and Mrs. Waters, and their children, and elsewhere in the Bulletin we have printed his article, "Teaching Is a Joy." We are saddened for Dr. and Mrs. Waters too, because they will have to leave their three children in America when they return to the Philippines. It won't be a long separation, but any separation between parents and young children is something the nature of which only a father and mother can fully understand.

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A new member of the staff at the Hyden Hospital is Mrs. Jane Sanders from Rochester, New York, whose husband was killed in Europe. She is a delightful person who is facing life gallantly and shirking none of its duties. We are glad to say that she can draw horses and other things. We shall have some of her illustrations in future numbers of the Bulletin.

We extend a warm welcome to another new nurse who has come to our Hyden Hospital. She is Miss Wilhelmina Raymond of New Jersey, and we hope that we shall have some stories from her in future Bulletins.

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During the early part of the winter our friend, Miss Elizabeth Lagerveld, the missionary on Thousandsticks about five miles behind Hyden, had to be rushed to our Hospital again for another operation. She is back at her home now completely restored to health. We are happy to quote bits from a letter she has written us.

Just this note of thanks and appreciation for the love shown and the service rendered during my stay at Frontier Nursing Service Hospital. . . .

My stay at the Hospital left a deep impression of the devotion and sacrifice of all the staff. I want to express my thanks to all that helped me on the road to recovery.

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It will be remembered that Fredericka Holdship (Freddy) ran our courier service during the Autumn months. She stayed

until Fanny McIlvain could come down from Philadelphia. Fanny arrived in early December and is staying with us until the first of March. The horses and all other forms of transportation, the cows, our peace of mind, have all been safe in her capable hands.

The volunteer couriers during the winter months have again been Bennington girls, most competent and pleasing. Their names are Anne Pratt (Punk) of Bridgewater, Connecticut, and Dorothy Morris (Moose) of Putney, Vermont.

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We never have many guests during the late autumn and winter months, but in February we had an enchanting visit of a week from Marion Shouse Lewis, Vanda Summers, and Betty Groner (Mrs. Duncan Groner). Vanda Summers and Betty Lester went down from New York to Washington by train, and then all four drove down by car.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Reid of Burt Lake, Michigan, who are the father and mother of our Flat Creek nurse "Red," made a visit at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center. "Red" brought them both over to Hyden and Wendover so we had the pleasure of seeing them too.

In the visit of Mr. Hans Knopf we had a unique experience. He was that rarest of all phenomena, a professional photographer who could take it. During the few days he was with us the weather did everything. We had high winds, a downpour of rain that raised the creeks and rivers, then a temperature only a little above zero with ice and snow. In the midst of all this Mr. Knopf gathered his equipment together and, escorted by Nola Blair, went down to our Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence. He stayed there three days, traveling everywhere on horseback, fording the swollen rivers, climbing icy trails. In other words, he was willing to do what the nurses take as part of their routine.

Mr. Knopf was from *Collier's Magazine*. We had given permission, something we rarely ever do, to Mrs. Robert Miles, wife of the minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Lexington, Kentucky, to write an article about us. We supplied her with plenty of material, gave her permission to use it, and ourselves

checked her accurate and well written paper. This article with the illustrations should be coming out in March, and, if the captions under the illustrations are not lurid, it will be the kind of publicity to which we have no objection.

As we go to press we are enjoying the annual visit of our trustee, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain of Downingtown, Pennsylvania. She is often spoken of in here as Mrs. "Fanny" McIlvain because she is Fanny's mother. We have welcomed with her Mrs. Gibson McIlvain, her sister-in-law, who is a very slender person. Their blouses are more or less alike. Mrs. "Fanny" McIlvain put on a blouse one morning and discovered that it was too tight. She thought: "How these war materials do shrink." She ripped out the seams and the gores. As she was sewing them up, she heard Mrs. Gibson McIlvain murmuring plaintively, "I can't find my clean blouse!"

After this Bulletin has gone to press, but before it is in the mails, we will have in Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Schiefer, two more delightful guests. They are not only the father and mother of Clara-Louise, but warm friends and supporters of the Frontier Nursing Service as well. They will take Clara-Louise off with them in their car back to Rochester, N. Y., and so begins Clara-Louise's long trek to England.

Jean Hollins has gone down to visit her people on their plantation in South Carolina. She will drive back to Long Island with them and will bring her own car down to Kentucky with her when she returns. What she means to us, both as Nurse's Aide at the Hospital and as resident courier when she resumes that work from time to time, can never be fully expressed. One reason why it can't be is because Jean wouldn't like it!

The two senior Cadets from the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit who came to us in December are Marilyn Herb and Harriet Luce. For their training in rural district nursing we have placed Harriet with Doris Reid (Red) at Flat Creek, and Marilyn with Bertha Bloomer at Wendover. In early February two senior Cadets, Sally Tyler and Hazel Fugate, came to us from St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky. Sally has

been placed with Rose Evans (Cherry) at the Possum Bend Center at Confluence, and Hazel has been placed with Della Int-Hout (Inty) at Bowlingtown, for district work.

All four of these Cadets have had the two months' affiliation with their local Visiting Nursing Associations that we require before we take them on. They needed a bit of help with the riding at first, but have carried on very well indeed during the rough weather.

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We welcomed back to our Hospital at Hyden early this winter Glenn and Mattie Ratliff after a long absence in which we have sadly missed them. Glenn is one of our Hospital maintenance men, and Mrs. Mattie Ratliff, his wife, is cook-housekeeper. He has been in the Army and she has been in the WACS.

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The cover photograph used on this Bulletin was taken years ago by one of our Hyden nurses, Thelma Hood. The inside cover pictures were taken by Lucille Knechtly. The poem by Robert N. Bolton called "A Voice From Not So Far Away" was made into a lovely card and sold by Robert's mother for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. We have her and Robert's permission to print it. The poem called "Burden" is printed with the permission of Lt. Commdr. Eberhart. Our readers will like to know that he is the husband of our former courier, Betty Butcher.

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Wendover has received from Mrs. H. L. Munger of Dayton, Ohio, another mold for making candles. Both our molds are now frequently in use. Out of the colored candle ends that people are so kind as to send us we make excellent candles with practically no drip. Mrs. Munger tells us that her candle mold was brought to Ohio from Pennsylvania by Isabel McQuade in 1829, and that Mrs. McQuade was a mountain woman and Scotch at that. We have a feeling that these old candle molds like to be put to use again.

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We have lost dear friends this winter from the mountains, and beyond them, and in our Spring Bulletin we shall try to say

what they meant to us. It doesn't lie in our power to write these In Memoriams more than twice a year because the doing of it is a painful, although a loving task. We know from letters friends write us that we succeed in conveying our conviction of the reality of the next world, and the continued aliveness of our friends. Some one wrote us lately from St. Louis that our In Memoriams gave her the impression that we consider life in this world as though it were only a period of training for the next one, "And school will be out in June."



BILL, EDGAR, JUDY

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Butler of Hartford, Conn.
(Courier, Sally Taylor)

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



**DR. AND MRS. HENRY S. WATERS
MARY ALICE, BILL, GEORGE**

In the garden of Joy House, with the Frontier Nursing Service Hyden Hospital grounds, and Aunt Hattie's Barn, in the background. Winter, 1946.

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