

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 25

AUTUMN, 1949

NUMBER 2



COURIER - VERA POTTER OF BOSTON
HORSE - BOBBIN OF WENDOVER



BRINGING IN THE HAY

Courier—Jean Hollins at left
Nurse—Gertrude Isaacs at right
Golden Retriever—Lizzie

All three cover photographs taken by
Nancy Dammann of Chicago

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LINES WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH

Our Lady in her garden
has gathered balm and rue
The heartsease and the marigold
and larkspur sapphire blue,
But fairer than the lily or
the rose upon its stem,
The flower that springs of Jesse's root
The Star of Bethlehem.

Our Lady at her window sees
the constellations rise
The lyre, the herdsmen and the bear
that light these northern skies,
The orbs and planets veil their beams
at glory greater far
The Day Spring shining in the East
The bright and morning Star.

Upholder of the Universe
Eternal God most High
Who made the blossoms and the sod
the splendor of the sky,
Here born for us in lowliness
Son of the Blessed Maid,
At the poor manger crib we kneel
in gladness unafraid.

St. Mary's Church
Penzance, Cornwall

CHRISTMAS REVERIES

by

EDITH L. MARSH, R.N., S.C.M.
("Marshie" of the Old Staff)

Christmas is here again, and I keep remembering the Christmas celebrations at Brutus, Flat Creek, Confluence—what laughs and sighs they bring!

At Brutus we invited the folks to the party at the school to be held at 1:00 p.m. because Rose McNaught had to go to Hyden on "Penny" to bring more gifts and tree trimmings and she would not get back early. While Lois Harris and I were eating breakfast at 7:30 a.m. we couldn't believe our eyes when we saw practically every family in the district arriving at the schoolhouse! There was nothing to do but have the party. Cocoa was hastily made, the gifts carried over and the Christmas tree—which was quite tall—was trimmed hastily with the few decorations we had—all put on the front of the tree. Just as we were about to start festivities Len Roberts came riding up to say that his wife was having pains and "losing" a lot. Lois had to go quickly as Mrs. Roberts had nearly died from such an episode before the Center was built. So I was left alone with the little girl who was keeping house for us.

The party was all over when McNaught arrived, frozen nearly stiff, with two bags over the saddle. She was much delighted to know that we had had enough to go around.

Flat Creek Christmas—on the day of the party there was a tide. Fortunately it went down quickly and about 10:00 a.m. when we thought no one could get through, we heard clanking of chains, cracking of whips and yelling at mules and five or six wagons pulled into the drive. We kept the men folks busy playing ball and games while the children picked out their Christmas pretties and had their fun.

At Possum Bend, Confluence, we had parties at the schools, one each day until they were all taken care of. The children were all weighed and measured and fed, and given what they wanted most from the gifts so generously supplied by friends from Beyond the Mountains.

Christmas is here again, and I keep remembering the Christmas celebrations at Brutus, Flat Creek, Confluence—what laughs and sighs they bring!

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

by

The Ginger Griffin Cat at Hyden Hospital
(Dictated to Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.)

Christmas is coming! . . . and soon will be here, as I can tell from all the excitement and bustling activity that is going on in the Hospital. . . . The tread of feet in heavy boots; the roar of the jeeps starting out, and the chug-chug as they return laden; doors opening and staying open, letting in cold air which makes me shiver in my fur, while brown packages of all shapes and sizes are carried in and placed in the office and in the dining room so that it is even difficult for me to find my special blue plate on the window sill, and to eat in any comfort surrounded by packages on all sides!

To escape from all the comings and goings, and to insure some undisturbed slumber, I withdraw to Peggy's room where my special little piece of blanket is spread out on the bed. But even here Christmas follows me, and brings nice crisp, crinkling paper that is exciting to be on and all sorts of colored strings and ribbons that dart and frisk about as they are wound around packages and beg me to chase them!

The living room too is no longer the quiet spot it usually is, and though my favorite corner under the sofa on the floor is at present undisturbed, in the other corner there now stands a tall Christmas tree.

Last year it was a huge tree, or perhaps I was rather small! But when I first saw it and smelled the scent of the fresh evergreen, the desire to climb up to the top overwhelmed me . . . so up it I dashed as far as I could go and hold on. The tree started to sway back and forth, which was most enjoyable, then it seemed to bend rather far to one side. . . . "Help!" I heard someone cry. "Griffin is knocking down the Christmas tree!"

I jumped down in disgust, as if any well brought up cat could knock down a tree! Then a little later I ran up to the top of the tree again. . . . I found the rocking motion quite thrilling, especially when once again the tree bent very far over one way . . . and would you believe it—again someone made the remark about the tree being knocked over . . . !

After this Alonzo, the man who is always so busy around the Hospital, was called in and consulted, and he then busied himself with some string, nails and a hammer. . . . When all was quiet once again, I tried a third dash up the tree, but this time the tree didn't sway and it wasn't nearly so much fun. Alonzo must have tied it up in some way.

I am now wondering if there will be some bright, colored balls that bob and sway on the branches again this year. They are delightful to pat, and the silly things only stay bright on the tree. When they fall they break and crumble away.

Christmas seems to bring good things to eat, too, and to these I look forward eagerly.

Then Christmas seems to bring lots of music. The nurses have been playing the piano and singing a lot lately. One night last year I sat under the Christmas tree while many people, most of them strangers to me, came to the living room, sang songs and carols with the nurses.

I could not understand what they were singing, but the sound of the voices told me they were all very happy about something . . . so now I understand. . . .

Christmas means Joy and Happiness.

TRUE TALES

Priscilla Ann didn't want a new baby. She had been the baby for three years in her home and now her mother was going to buy a new baby. She looked at my bags suspiciously every time I visited.

One day I arrived with shiny new bags with white pokes inside. This was the day! Priscilla Ann's mother told her that I had come to take the day and to see if this was really a nice house to leave a new baby in.

At dinner time, Priscilla Ann sat beside me. She played with her food and her mother scolded. I suggested that, after all, this might not be a good place to leave a new baby, that the big girls did not eat properly. Priscilla Ann took two helpings of everything.

When Priscilla Ann was permitted to hold the new baby, she was very proud. Her dad gave Priscilla the money to pay for the baby and I gave her a receipt.

That night many people came to see Priscilla Ann's new baby sister. One lady said the baby was so pretty, she thought she'd take the new baby home with her. Priscilla Ann darted out of the room and came back bearing the receipt. She confronted the lady with the receipt and said, "You can't have my sister. She's mine. I paid for her." —R. R.

A BLUE GRASS BELLE—AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Published by LUCILLE KNECHTLY

Illustrated by ROSE EVANS, R.N., S.C.M.

My name is Missy. The first six years of my life I spent in a wide, wide field where I could gallop and frolic and eat luscious grass most all the time. When it was cold or raining I had a little barn all to myself where I could go to keep warm and dry. My gentleman master would come and ride me over nice, flat, smooth paths. Sometimes he rode me in a ring with other horses and lots of people would watch us. He came often just to talk to me and feed me goodies. I was spoiled.

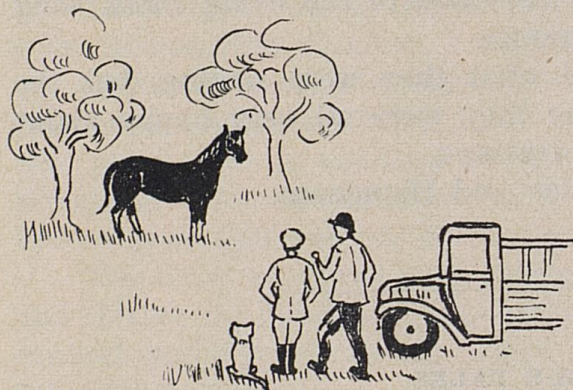
One day my master brought a woman with him when he came to see me. He looked awfully sad, and the woman looked

awfully pleased. A few days later that woman came again—this time my beloved master wasn't with her. They put me in a big truck and I rode and rode.

Pretty soon we came to a place where the ground rose in big bumps. These big bumps of ground were green, but not the same way as my field.

Finally they let me out of the truck, right in the middle of a very bumpy place—no nice green field in sight. They put me in a little room. There were other little rooms all around with horses in them. They didn't seem to mind **their** little rooms, but I didn't like mine. I was very homesick and wanted to be back in my cool, green, smooth, flat field and see my gentleman master. After all—I didn't know about these women!

Next day a man came and put those steel things on my feet—I had been allowed to go without them for a long time. I had to learn how to walk without stumbling, again. I missed my master and I missed my green field, but that woman and others with her were good and gentle and seemed to want me

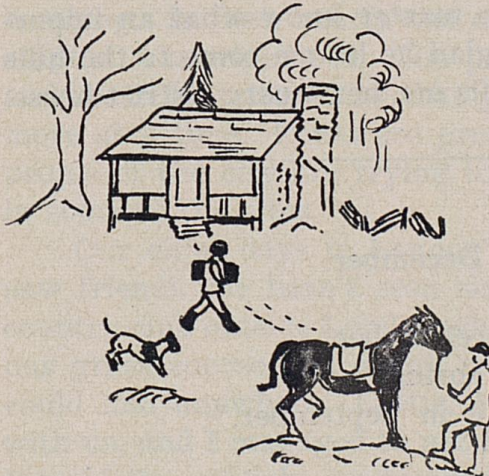


to like them and my new home. I noticed they would lead *me* out along the bumpy paths and let me eat grass. The other horses were a little jealous.

This woman rode me up and down the big bumps, which I heard her call hills. I would look and look, but never could I see a nice, straight, smooth path to romp over. There were funny, sinking places in these new paths where my feet went way down, and there were scary looking things everywhere.

"Why," I thought, "must I be here!" Pretty soon I learned.

An awfully nice woman who always wears blue started riding me, and now rides me most every day. She brought me to a big barn where there is only one other horse. She always puts things on my back for me to carry, and seems so proud when I take her quickly and carefully over the paths. She brings me apples and carrots and sometimes feeds me candy.



The other night when I was standing, thinking about all these strange new things, something more strange happened. My woman in blue came out and I could tell she was in an awful hurry. She spoke to me in a firm voice, and I decided I had better not protest about going out in the dark. But I couldn't understand! We traveled fast over the paths, but I was careful not to stumble.

When my woman in blue finally let me stop I noticed we

were at the little house where I had been bringing her most every day for quite sometime. My woman in blue was acting very strange. She left a worried-looking man to hitch me, and she didn't even wait to give me an affectionate pat! And I had been so brave and good and quick!

I stood and stood, and wondered and wondered. She had never left me so long before. It was getting daylight when I heard a funny noise coming from the little house. It startled me, but the man came out—this time looking very happy—and petted me and gave me a drink, and I decided whatever that funny noise was, it must have been all right.

I still waited. Finally my woman in blue came out, looking very tired but mighty pleased about something. She whispered in my ear, "We caught a lovely baby boy."

Now I don't know what a lovely baby boy is, but it must be something pretty important, and I gathered I must have had something to do with this one.

As I took my woman in blue home, I somehow felt mighty proud and pleased. I

wished I could let my gentleman master know what an important horse I am; and that I am glad he let me come to the hills to be, what my woman in blue calls me, her trusty district horse.



I heard a bird sing
 In the dark of December
 A magical thing
 And sweet to remember
 "We are nearer to spring
 Than we were in September,"
 I heard a bird sing
 In the dark of December.

—Contributed.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Susan Spencer in Minocqua, Wisconsin—September 6, 1949

You probably are wondering if we ever came back from England. At times we really didn't want to, but we managed to make the Queen Elizabeth the end of July and landed in New York during the practically continuous hot spell we seem to be enjoying. Then after mad arrangement of baggage the caravan set out across "the plains" which were even hotter. Didn't get here until the middle of August.

Our trip was wonderful on all accounts. You know how unusual the weather has been in England, but that was all to the good for the visitors. Because we decided to stay in as many country places as possible, we met quite a few delightful English people from whom we learned a great deal in after dinner talks.

Our first day on the road we drove from Southampton by way of Portsmouth along the southern coast then up to Tunbridge Wells. The exclamations which came from our station wagon over the lovely hedges by the roadside, well-kept gardens, jolly rosy-cheeked children and on and on! Both Southampton and Portsmouth received some of the biggest doses of bombing. In fact, nearly the entire shopping section of Southampton was wiped out. The part of London around St. Paul's and north is flattened so that you can see for three blocks and more at a time. Ferns are growing in the cellar holes and the people of the city are trying to aid nature by planting gardens in some of the sites.

Our eight days in London did not half satisfy us. Mother saw friends she hasn't seen since 1932. They took us to their country club outside London where we played tennis on a marvelous grass course and drank tea in the pleasantest garden you could find anywhere. Clutie, Mary, the two friends who went with us, and I managed to get to church at Westminster Abbey. One of the officials conducted us to a seat in the choir facing the altar where we could see everything and enjoy it much more than if we had been sitting way back in the nave.

From London our route took us to Cambridge and Ely, Lincoln, York, Durham, and best of all to Leeds and the Brays. Alison's good training in the F.N.S. must have helped her in giving me instructions, for we found their house, which is not on the main road by any means, with no trouble. Many dogs greeted us and later came to tea. Every one of us decided if we were to live in England it would be a house like the Bray's we'd want. They even have the most impressive bathroom made from the air raid shelter! Alison certainly is busy and looks very well. Of course, she and I got going on Wendover, I giving her the news from our visit in April. Mrs. Bray is without a doubt the most delightful person, and Mother had a field day visiting with her. She was so worried about how we were faring on their food that when we left she put a package in the car. That is the unbelievable thing about the English—even though they have been living on relatively nothing for the past ten years, still their hospitality won't be extinguished. And the gratefulness for the simple food packages we send makes you wish that all Americans realized how much they need them.

I'm afraid I could go on all night but will just have to save it for a later letter and for next spring. We went on up to Edinburgh, through the Highlands to Inverness, back by the Caledonian Canal and through the English lake country. From there to North Wales, the Cotswolds, Devon, Cornwall and back to Southampton. I feel as if I could write a book, but this trip taught us that you can't see England in one six week's trip, so we know we must go back soon.

From Fanny McIlvain in Downingtown, Pennsylvania

October 28, 1949

A few weeks ago Joan McClellan sailed for Europe again with one of my dogs and we had an F.N.S. reunion in New York with Alice Ford, Wini Saxon, Vanda, and Doris Sinclair. It was grand seeing them all again, particularly Wini whom I hadn't seen for years. Do you remember Heidi Chapman who was a courier with Elinor Butt? She and her husband live near us and I have seen her several times recently.

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin) in Swampscott,
Massachusetts—October 21, 1949**

I assure you the F.N.S. is often in my mind and the Bulletin always transplants me from here to there and enables me to relive the good times enjoyed while with all of you. In a way we have brought Kentucky to Boston in our planning for the Ruth Draper benefit performance to be held on January sixth, the proceeds going to the F.N.S. Although the time has been spent mainly for business there have been snatches of conversations about when this or that person was there and what has happened since. There is no doubt that the whole affair will be a great success with two such drawing cards as Ruth Draper and the Frontier Nursing Service.

From Adele O. Dellenbaugh in Rochester, New York

—October 13, 1949

This summer when I was in England, I ran into a girl who is studying nursing at Oxford. She hopes to come to America in several years and was most interested in the F.N.S.

I can't see how anyone can go to Europe without having a wonderful time. Enough said about how I feel about my eleven weeks overseas. Landed in Italy, dashed through Switzerland, gaping at the incredible mountains as I went. Then two weeks in and around Paris, which I found just as enchanting as it is reputed to be. Four weeks in England and Scotland seen via cycles and hitching on lorries were glorious. We were told by the oldest inhabitants that they had never seen such a dry summer. Fortunately for us. Only drowned twice. Then a week in Monte Carlo and back to Italy for my boat. How I hated to come back, particularly as I had just been invited to spend the winter in Cairo!

Now I am back at school again and into my second year at Med. School. It's still pretty interesting, but we are all looking forward to next year when we get on the floors and get away from strict academic routine.

**From Mrs. William H. Woodin, III (Ann Snow), Tucson,
Arizona—November 12, 1949**

Peter is thriving. He arrived six weeks before he was sup-

posed to, the little rascal, and caught me with nothing but a bottle of Johnson's Baby Oil. I was doing the "Read Method" and it works wonderfully. Peter has a great mop of black hair of which I am very proud.

Bill is finishing up his senior year at the university here, majoring in zoology. He is a herpetologist (snake collector) and is now furiously collecting material for a future book on the reptiles of Arizona. We go off on wonderful trips into the various mountains and collect, and try to persuade others to collect for him. Peter goes too when it's a car trip and loves it. He is a superb traveler and it is very easy as I feed him myself. People are horrified though when they find out that we have a baby in the back of the car along with the snakes. The latter are kept tied up in sacks so it is all very safe and proper. People are always asking me how I like reptiles. As a matter of fact, I don't really mind them at all, when they are kept in their place, a jar or cage or sack. I've even gone so far as to carry a boa constrictor from N. Y. to Tucson. It has been given to Bill by the curator of reptiles of the American Museum of Natural History, an old friend of his with whom he has collected for years. Bill tied it up in a bag which was pinned to the inside of my coat sleeve and which I carried over my arm. We then boarded the plane and the three of us arrived quite safely in Tucson a few hours later.

.
From Mrs. Shu Yung Wang (Lonny Myers), Chicago,

Illinois—November 5, 1949

We have a large over-garage apartment. Shung is also a doctor. I wish I had the time and space to tell you all about him. He got his M.B. and L.O.S. in China and was getting his M.S. in oral surgery in Ann Arbor while I was in Med. School. He is now working in clinic and taking more post-graduate studies at the University of Chicago.

Last year I interned at the Springfield Hospital in Massachusetts and now have a residency in anesthesiology in Chicago—quite far afield from F.N.S.

I would certainly love to visit everyone at F.N.S. sometime soon and show "Shung" all the wonderful things you are doing

as well as just enjoy the life and company there. [*See Weddings.*]

.

**From Fredericka Holdship (Freddy) in Sewickley,
Pennsylvania—November 14, 1949**

The 'ounds seem to take up most of my time of late—we walk 'em every morn and hunt two days a week. The other day we were walking them by the golf course when the dear things spied a boxer in the middle of the fairway, and off they went in full cry, all blessed 35 of 'em. Now it has been my life-long ambition to gallop a horse over the golf course, and I thought this was my chance, but an inner voice told me nay—that t'would only get the hunt club in trouble. So Lady Godiva and I went up the main road—and why is it one's ambitions are so seldom realized? We finally collected all of the recalcitrant lads and lassies and they didn't kill the boxer.

Blair tells me that she, Red, and Nancy Newcomb all went over to Mrs. Joy's house to see Mrs. Breckinridge last week and also heard her lecture at Harper Hospital—it all made her very nostalgic for the mountains she said.

Now I must tell you about my sudden encounter with terra firma last Saturday! I was out hunting on Lady Godiva and 'twas a lovely, balmy day. We were galloping merrily over hill and dale when suddenly the ground opened up. The horse went down on both knees and I took the most beautiful dive right between his ears, and landed on me head—now the rest of this story is reported from the onlookers as I remember nothing until I got home, but it seems that I promptly arose, dusted meself off most carefully, jumped agilely upon me steed, who was just standing there, bless her heart, galloped off to join the hunt, taking a few jumps on the way. It wasn't until the next check when I asked someone, "Where am I?" and "Where is my horse?" that they decided maybe I wasn't quite all right and they should take me home—but seems they had a bit of trouble as I wouldn't get off my horse!! Finally they dragged me off, put me in a car and presented me to Moo—what a sight—brush burns and scratches all over me face and a lovely black eye, but Dr. says no damage was done, only a few more screws loose!

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Kay Pffiefer Vaczek is living in Paris, France, where her husband is writing and she is painting. Both are enjoying life there very much.

Mary Wright is now with the Department of Welfare, Clintwood, Virginia, as case worker. We were delighted when she and her father and mother came over to Wendover for tea one afternoon last month.

WEDDINGS

Doctor Lonny Myers of West Hartford, Connecticut, and Doctor Shu Yung Wang, on October 23, 1949.

Good luck and all good wishes to you both.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts), of East Greenwich, R. I., another daughter, their second, in April, 1949. We are sorry we don't know her name!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alberton Cushman (Janet Chafee) of Morristown, New Jersey, a daughter, Amey Dexter, on June 13, 1949.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence (Pat Perlin) of Swampscott, Massachusetts, a son, Robert Ashton Lawrence, Jr., on June 20, 1949. Pat writes:

"My life is more wonderful than ever now that we have our new addition. Perhaps by the time he's nineteen you will be accepting boys as well as girls for junior courier jobs. Rob is a husky individual and might be able to lend a hand in a worthwhile fashion. Although, I must say, I can think of complications if you did change your rulings."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Hartman Woodin, III (Ann Snow) of Tucson, Arizona, a son, Peter Hyde Woodin, on August 27, 1949.

Our congratulations and all good wishes!

We extend our deepest sympathy to **June Donald** in the loss of her father, Mr. Malcolm Donald. We share her loss in large measure because he was a friend of the Frontier Nursing Service for many years.

MEMOIRS BY MICHAEL

As taken down by BETTY SCOTT, R.N.

.

I wish I were a Frontier Nurse's dog
Oh, I wish I were a Frontier Nurse's dog
I would take life, oh, so easy
Yes, for me life would be breezy
Oh, I wish I were a Frontier Nurse's dog.

—Verse by Dorothy Fraser, R.N.

.

Although I am just an ordinary black and white, short-haired dog, I am of good, hill stock. A trim little lady bulldog, my mother, had the responsibility of me and my four siblings. I don't recollect just when I was born. I do know that it was very cold and the ground was covered with snow.

One day shortly after mother had weaned me, a stranger in blue rode into our yard. We puppies ceased our playing and scurried under the floor of the house. This stranger seemed friendly enough until we heard the baby in the house put forth great wails of dissatisfaction. We then had our doubts concerning this stranger. It all had to do with a needle and some sort of an injection that protects children from various communicable diseases. Little did I know that I was destined for a similar fate! By the time the stranger had prepared to leave, we puppies were back in the yard ripping about in great delight. Suddenly I felt myself being lifted from my snapping, gnawing brothers and sisters. Someone was cramping my hind quarters into a brown paper poke. "So's hit won't mess you none, Miss Scott." It was Mrs. F.

Then Mr. F. said, "You sure can have any one of 'em you want, Miss Scott, and if they won't let you keep 'im, just bring 'im back to Leona's store. Hit'll come home."

The stranger urged her horse on, and I rode with her into the great, wide world.

There were a lot of people at my new home—the Hyden Hospital. Most of them looked down their noses at me and frowned. Questions were fired at my new mistress. "What is it, boy or girl?" "Where'd you get it?" "How old is it?" "You're going to bathe him, aren't you?" "Is he a hound?"

I *was* bathed that evening. I was really too exhausted to protest much, but I know that I was soaped from the white tip on my tail to the pink skin on my nose. After that one of those who looked down her nose at me said I was a cunning little puppy.

That evening I was introduced to Bruno and Griffin, Hospital dog and cat, respectively. Bruno is a huge, hulking dog that accepted me immediately by allowing me to chew on his hind legs. Griffin merely gave me a scrutinizing feline stare. That night I was placed in a box and tucked in with an old rag rug.

I was soon to become a district dog and spend most of my days roaming the ridges and hills with my mistress or in a great bouncing vehicle called "Willie the Jeep." Willie and I became great friends. One warm spring day Willie shed his doors so the warmth of the days could penetrate his body. Just such a day as this my mistress and I were sailing along the highway which was not too smooth. I was perched upon the saddlebags in the rider's seat. In an effort to ease the blow of Willie striking a cavity in the road my mistress threw on his brakes and sent me flying through the universe. I came down with a great "Ker Plop" and slid on the flat of my stomach for several feet in pure coal dust. I picked myself up, shook off the coal dust and sat down to wait for a proper explanation. All I got was a gentle pat on the head and a query about sitting in the highway, and did I want to get myself killed by some passing car? I really think my mistress was quite frightened until she saw all was well.

District work is much more enjoyable with the horses. When I was a small fellow I was allowed to ride in the saddle with my mistress most of the trip. As I grew larger the time spent in the saddle grew shorter for me until now I make the trips on my own four legs. When I was about half-grown old Barney, the horse, stepped on my right hind foot. I carried on in an agonizing tone as though I were killed dead. I was killed, there was no doubt about it, because my mistress dismounted immediately and inspected me for broken bones. She found a bruise between my first and second toes. . . . I limped for a short while after that.

Fording the river was once one of the most harrowing experiences in all my district travels. I learned to swim at an early age in the Rockhouse Creek when it was in tide. It took a great deal of effort to reach the other side, but it wasn't anything to the time I forded the river after a day of heavy rain. Into the rushing waters went Camp, the horse, and I, too, was prepared to ford at an angle just as he was fording. But lo, my weight and legs were no match for the movement of the water downstream. I found myself being carried down river. My mistress jumped from her horse immediately after reaching shore and ran down the river bank shouting at me to swim straight across. This I did and reached shore panting and gasping for breath. Camp had an extra passenger when we made the return trip.

All the children in district fuss over me and I get downright bored at times and have to escape under the bed. Just the other day a little boy of two whom I had met in the home, came rushing at me as I came through the Hospital clinic door, and before I knew what was happening he had both arms about my neck in a strangle hold! His mother had to pry him loose. I wish I weren't so darned irresistible! I do love children, though. Some children saved my life once, I reckon. Once while my mistress was making a visit I ran off with another little boy dog hunting. We stayed away almost two hours and when we returned Willie was gone. The children at the house attached a chain to my collar and we all sat on the steps awaiting the return of Willie. About the middle of the afternoon Willie came back, and was I tickled!

A district dog has not only children to contend with, but also dogs and cats. I have met very few unfriendly dogs in my travels. I generally humble myself before all creatures until I have determined their exact natures. I know of small kittens that have backed me into a corner and, on the other hand, of gentle old mama cats that didn't say "ppppptttt"! Once, however, I accidentally got shut in a room with a mother cat and her brand new brood. Oh my! The yowls and spitting and my poor bleeding nose! There is one "dog-eating-dog" in this district. He lives up on Ellis Branch. We became acquainted one warm autumn day. The women folk were on yon side of the

creek doing the wash. My mistress and I crossed the creek to visit a spell. Well, without any warning at all, this part-collie pounced on me and was determined to finish me off properly. It ended suddenly—with a bucket full of creek water splashed over us.

This has brought my life almost up to date. Soon I shall be a year old and a mature dog. Life has been good in the Service, except on occasions of worm treatments and rabies and distemper injections. I have lived through them all, and probably am a better dog for it.

Anyhow, I am proud and glad to be a Frontier Nurse's dog.

JUST JOKES—OPINIONS

The following letter was received by the Community Fund in one city:
 "Gentlemen: Enclosed find my check for \$2.00. You'll pardon me for not signing it, but I want to remain anonymous.—A Friend."

A cynical-minded gentleman was standing in front of an exhibition of local talents labeled "Art Objects."

"Well," he announced to the attendant in charge, "I should think Art would object, and I can't blame him."

Lawyer: "You say you were about 35 feet away from the scene. Just how far can you see clearly?"

Old Farmer: "Wal, when I wake up, I see the sun and they tell me that's about 93 million miles away."

JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

Teacher: What does two and two make?

Little boy: Four.

Teacher: That's very good.

Little boy: Hell, it's perfect.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence containing a direct object."

Junior: "Teacher, you're beautiful."

Teacher: "What's the object?"

Junior: "A good report card."

One sister is just crazy about school. The other and younger one is, to put it mildly, considerably less enthusiastic.

The other day the older sister suggested: "Let's play school."

"All right," said the younger one, grudgingly, "but let's play I'm absent."

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Sybil Holmes Barton in Barbados—October 6, 1949

We did hope to visit you next year en route to U.K., but I doubt if we even go home as fares are so terrible now. Wouldn't I love to be able to see you all! Guy [*her husband*] eats up the Bulletin as keenly as I do, and is so looking forward to meeting you. Give my love to my old pals. Dear Bucket's godson is a year today, and is a bouncing boy with eight teeth. Deirdre will be three in January. We had a visit from the Bishop of Nassau who used to visit you after your operation in Boston. I'm the world's worst correspondent, but I love getting letters from any of you.

. . . .

From Catherine Cirves in Madison, Wisconsin—October 14, 1949

I have been excited ever since I heard you are going to Brutus. Of course I will come and see you, and bring Patty too. She is occupational therapist at Kosair Crippled Children's Hospital in Louisville. I don't know when we can get down your way, there's so much that needs to be done right now. Have the roads improved? I want to visit my old friends on the district and make rounds with you. I have memories of some wonderful mothers on your district; they deserve the best, so you can understand my being happy at the thought of your going to Brutus. Yes, I received the bulletin. I think I'll carry that particular number around with me. When I get settled, which I think I shall be in Louisville, I'll send my subscription in and get it regularly.

Now I will tell you how I have been occupied, bringing all my personal belongings from my mother's house to my sister's, discarding all I can, repacking and storing a good deal. I want to do some nursing and go at it in earnest. I did enjoy the past seven months on obs. at St. Luke's. Write soon—I'll devour your letter!

From Adelheid Mueller in Tokyo—October 21, 1949

Norma Lenschow and I have left China. The "St. Paul" picked us up at Enshih on August 17th, and brought us to Hongkong. About three weeks later we were in Tokyo. Our evacuation from China is a painful thing to dwell upon. I fell in love with Enshih and could have been content to spend the rest of my life there, but it was not so to be. We are all studying the language in one way or another; most of us are going to the Naganuma language school, while some have private tutors. So far I have found very little in common between the Chinese and Japanese languages. Very often when I try to express myself in Japanese I find that the Chinese I worked so hard to absorb gets in the way. I am most anxious to hear from you. We received almost no mail for three months before we left Enshih. Believe me, I am hungry for a chat with friends back home. Incidentally, it won't cost you any more to write to me now than to send mail to California, thanks to the U. S. Occupation mail service. Living in Tokyo is so much like living in any large American city that I sometimes wonder if I did not land in America! The city is filled with American Occupation personnel, and after seeing only four other American faces for a whole year in China, we felt like greeting everyone we saw as a long lost buddy! I like it here and am especially happy about the prospects of being able to do real mission work.

From Lilia Ramos in Cartagena, Colombia, S. A.

—October 30, 1949

How is everything at Hyden and Wendover? I have been so busy I could not write, but I will never forget the happy months I spent with you all. A few months ago I began to work for a transfer, and now I am working in a camp 17 kilometers from the historic city of Cartagena. The hospital is situated on a hill facing the sea—the bay is pretty in itself, but the hills remind me of Kentucky though there are no trails in them and they are full of snakes and what not. Our quarters face the sea and it is good to know that one can go swimming before starting the day's work. I would like to receive the Bulletins; is it possible? I miss the news so much; it means a

lot when you are so far away. Do you still have Camp? I would like to go back to you all, even for a few days, perhaps I'll be able to do it some time. With best wishes for you all.

.

**From Barbara Carpenter Richardson (Bobby) in
Columbus, Ohio—November 3, 1949**

Since we moved to Columbus this fall, I have been employed as a District Nurse and everyone is interested in the F.N.S. It was interesting to read in the last Bulletin how Maxine Thornton says she is constantly deluged with questions too. What would we do without the Bulletin? Letters from my friends down there afford some news, but nothing is so complete as the Bulletin.

It must be beautiful down in the hills now. Last year was the first time I had ever seen the bright autumn colors which you have so abundantly and it is hard to keep from reminiscing now. There are so many parts of the F.N.S. to miss. I've often said that it would be wonderful to be able to work there and have my husband too. He is now working for his Ph.D. in Physical Education at Ohio State University—and we are very happy people. With all the changes being made in Hyden and up at the hospital, it sounds as though we would hardly recognize our old stamping grounds. Dr. Goodloe was reminiscing today about the conditions in 1927 when there was no highway from Hazard to Hyden. There has been so much constant progress that I guess it is hard for any of us to realize how much has gone on. Please know that both Ed and I are wishing the very best for you and all of the F.N.S.

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**From Rose Avery in Winston-Salem, North Carolina
—November 15, 1949**

Mary and I are sorry not to be able to come to Wendover this year. I am in the middle of my quarter's field experience, which is part of my course in Public Health Nursing Education, and Mary is holding down our little house until I am back to stay in January. I drive home almost every week-end since I'm on field work and we have great fun cutting down some trees

and planting others. I set two beech trees last week and another red-bud. I can scarcely realize that Bucket will not be with you all at the meeting this year. I have kept my copy of Thousandsticks and the Bulletin that told about her, and read it over every once and again. Best wishes to you all from Mary and me.

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From Jane Sanders Burt in Stratford, Texas

—November 11, 1949

We have been transferred away up in the north of the Texas Panhandle. There is no nursing here so I am just a lady of leisure now. I have a den of cub scouts and my husband is scout master of the older boys, and I am also working on the missionary society at church. This is just a little town but it's one of the busiest I've ever been in. Most of the people are ranchers and wheat farmers.

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Our hearts go out in sympathy to Major Charles W. Yerkes and to Mrs. George J. Martin on the death of their beloved wife and daughter, **Dorothy Ann Martin Yerkes (Ann)**. A friend of Ann's writes:

"Dorothy died of cancer, after being ill only six weeks. She had always appeared to be in unusually good health so that the news was a great shock to all of us here. I shall always remember that it was Dorothy who first told me about the Frontier Nursing Service."

NEWSY BITS

Bland Morrow, who has been employed by the Social Security Administration at Atlanta, Georgia, has been appointed a Senior Public Assistant Consultant in the Tennessee Department of Public Welfare at Nashville, Tennessee.

We learn from the Alaska Department of Health that **Bertha Bloomer** is to join the consultant staff some time next year, and will take part in the program for improved maternity care to the isolated areas. Congratulations Bertha, and good luck!

NEW ARRIVALS

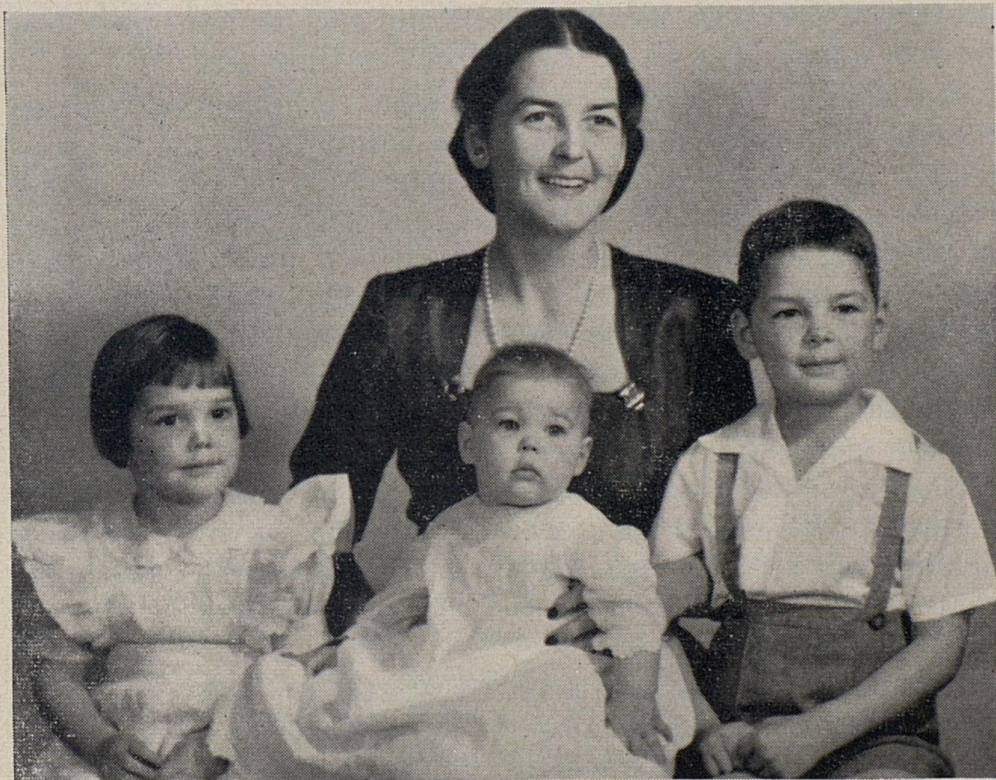
Born to Mr. and Mrs. James W. Chrestman (**Virginia Lamb**)

of Columbus, Mississippi, on October 26, 1949, a son—James W. Chrestman, Jr.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muncy (**Sally MacMillan**) of Wooton, Kentucky, on November 8, 1949, a daughter—Mary Lucinda.

A MARRIAGE

Virginia Lorraine Frederick (Ginny) to Willard Bowling, on July 23, 1949, at Oneida, Kentucky. We send our best wishes to these young people for their future happiness.



MRS. SAMUEL E. NEEL OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Old Courier Mary Wilson

And Her Three Children, left to right, Amy, 3½ years; Wendy, 9 months—enrolled as couriers for the Nineteen Sixties—and James, aged six years.

RIDER ON THE MOUNTAINS

by

ELISABETH HUBBARD LANSING
(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York)

Reviewed by

KIRBY COLEMAN BROWN
(Mrs. Charles Lynnwood Brown)

The author spent some time up here visiting the various centers of the Frontier Nursing Service before writing her book. I believe that she caught the true spirit of the Service; its warmth, friendliness and wonderful efficiency. Any of us who have been couriers will remember some of our fears and mistakes as we read of Lexie's first week here. We see the different centers in operation as all couriers do, and we remember how we felt a part of it all at the end of our time here.

Those of us who have been with the Frontier Nursing Service for a number of years follow with interest the transformation of Lexie—the new junior courier. This young, rather selfish society girl, torn by her love for Mark and her jealousy of Eleanor, leaves her beautiful home in a large metropolitan center for two months in the Kentucky hills. Here she is faced with a way of life and people utterly strange to her, but it is not long before Lexie comes to love the hills and the kindly mountain folk among whom she is working. Since she is a nurse's aide she spends part of her time as assistant to one of the nurse-midwives at an outpost center where she has experiences she will never forget. These do so much towards making her a real person that it is a much happier and more confident girl who returns to the city at the end of her courier term.

Though the book was definitely written for teen-age girls, it is certainly enjoyable reading for anyone interested in the life as it goes on here in the Kentucky mountains with the Frontier Nursing Service.

THE RESEARCH PROJECT CONTINUES

by

ELLA WOODYARD, Ph.D.

On November 16, 1945, the first vitamin tablets were issued to a registrant for midwifery care by the Frontier Nursing Service. As fast as registrations were made from then on until in May 1948, each woman who was willing to cooperate in the study was furnished with a sufficient quantity of tablets to enable her to take one each day not only until delivery but until she had weaned the baby.

As the babies reached their third birthday, they were to be tested with an intelligence scale to learn, if possible, whether an increased intake of Vitamin B in the mother's diet during pregnancy and lactation had contributed to improvement in the intelligence of the offspring.

In consequence, since February of this year, the Research Director has been engaged in administering examinations to the children who have passed or are about to pass their third birthday. Since the territory to be covered in serial visits to eight centers is some 700 square miles of rough terrain, the task is not an easy one.

In many respects the process has conformed to the educational dictum, "Learn To Do By Doing." At first, it seemed possible to go to a center, send word to the mother and wait for her to come with the child. But for the mother to bring a three-year-old child—not big enough to walk any great distance, but too big to be carried that far—was a different situation from coming by herself during her pregnancy. Usually, too, there were older children to bring or to leave with a neighbor and, much more often than not, also a younger child to complicate the problem. So, usually, the mother failed to come, and therefore under the Mahomet and the mountain principle, it seemed incumbent upon the examiner to go to the child.

This travel necessity divided itself like Gaul into three parts. A few cases could be reached on foot, so near to the center did the family live. Others could be reached by car on or from the three paved highways leading out from Hyden

toward Hazard, toward Manchester, toward Harlan. Others called for the use of a horse. That meant ordinarily that a courier rode a horse to a center one day, the examiner arrived by a Service jeep the next day, changed into riding clothes and started out. It was an expensive and time consuming technique. By the middle of the summer, it seemed wiser to transform the car itself into a jeep, use it on the highways, to and from the centers, and wherever roads—sometimes a courtesy title—permitted, to and from the centers to the homes.

The Research Director has driven a car for fifteen years, but driving a new, stiff jeep up and down rocky beds more or less overlaid with running water is, in colloquial phrase, "something else again". Dirt roads, newly graded, softened by the previous day's rainfall, can offer problems in balance, torsion, velocity and muscular strength on the mechanical level and in patience, fortitude, ingenuity, and persistence on the psychological side. Suffice it to say that after three thousand or so miles, the jeep has decided to be reasonably conformable to demands, but insists upon registering protest against rocks with noises that an angry elephant might envy. Since rocks are practically omnipresent, it seems strange that the jeep's voice never gets hoarse, only more and more strident. From present indications, it would seem probable that it will not outlive its mistress.

But what fun the testing is! The children are engaging specimens, almost without exception sturdy, with straight backs, well-formed limbs, smiling expressions, red cheeks, dirty hands and faces and clothes—naturally they play out in the yard so cleanliness doesn't seem so nearly related to piety as do fresh air and sunshine. More often than not, they are shy, sometimes to the point of speechlessness, but there is a personal sense of triumph in the examiner's mind when, after the mother, not well-versed in child psychology, apologetically explains, "My child 'shamed"—meaning, he is shy—success is attained in interesting the subject until he forgets himself in laughter and speech. As a technical procedure, the examiner watches and works to get the first willingness to hold some toy—it's usually the red ball—, then the first smile—it's usually over some small accident like the dolly tumbling out of its carriage—, and then the first word. When all three have been achieved, sometimes

after thirty minutes of toy showing, the serious business is ready to be begun.

It is years too early to tell of results; collecting scientific data is always a process requiring considerable time, effort and expense. Sometimes after years of work only disappointment can result. But also sometimes after years of work, the dénouement is of greater importance than the experimenter hoped for. It is a joy that the pathway to the end, whatever it may be, in this case takes the Research Director through so much superb scenery, into homes, whether poor or comfortable or ornate, where there are children that are adorable and fascinating, furnishing a challenge to their society to provide for them opportunity to perfect and utilize the gifts which the tests show they possess. Of such as they is the nation's future.

SLEEP

You may observe that nothing so much resembles death as sleep; and the soul in sleep, above all other times, gives proofs of its divine nature; for when free, and disengaged from the immediate service of the body, it has frequently a foresight of things to come, from whence we may more clearly conceive what will be its state when entirely freed from this bodily prison.

Cyrus in his *Cyropaedia*, Book 8.

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed;

Then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.

—Book of Job, XXXIII, 15, 16.

In Memoriam

MRS. CLEVELAND H. DODGE, Riverdale, New York

Died May 18, 1949

From age to age in the public place,
With the under steps in view,
The stairway stands, having earth for base,
But the heavens it passes through.

They say that the angels thereby come down,
Thereby do the saints ascend,
And that God's light shining from God's own Town
May be seen at the stairway's end.

—A Ladder of Life by A. E. Waite
The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse

For nearly a quarter century we have been privileged to know and to love this great and good lady. Many times we have been in her home, a home always open to the Frontier Nursing Service, and have come in touch with her gentle and enduring kindness. There was a fragrance about her that made those closest to her feel her to be as Christlike as any human person can ever become. Now, in her ninety-first year, she has ascended the stairway to God's own Town. To her sons and daughters and to her descendants unto the third generation she, like her husband before her, has left a legacy of character that will mean more to them than all the world beside.

SERGEANT WILL SANDLIN, Hyden, Kentucky

Died May 29, 1949

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace.

—Sir Cecil Spring Rice
January 12, 1918

It is as a loyal member of our Hyden Committee that we

shall remember Sergeant Sandlin, as a dear neighbor on Owl's Nest Creek, and as a good man. For the record, and because he has left a widow and children to bear his honored name, we shall print a brief summary of Sergeant Sandlin's achievements in the first World War.

He served in France with the 33rd Division. Armed with only a pistol and grenades he attacked a machine gun nest at Bois-des-Forges on September 26, 1918. He accounted for twenty-two Germans in his first attack, and with a bayonet from one of the fallen Germans, killed two others who had escaped his grenades. He was suffering from a grenade wound in the head and a shell fragment wound in the leg at the time he made the attack.

The War Department's official citation said, "He showed conspicuous gallantry in action by advancing alone, directly on a machine gun nest which was holding up the line with its fire. He killed the crew with a grenade and enabled the line to advance. Later in the day he attacked alone and put out of action two other machine gun nests, setting a splendid example of bravery and coolness to his men." General Pershing is reported to have described Sergeant Sandlin as the outstanding Regular Army soldier of World War I. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor, and decorations from many lands.

Sergeant Sandlin was in ill health off and on until his death at the age of 59, as the result of poison gas he had taken into his lungs in the Argonne Forest. It was our privilege to attend him from time to time because of this, and his weakened heart. It was our privilege to know him and his wife and to love them. He is one of our answers to those contemptible critics who would deride the character of our mountain Kentuckians. As a member of Hugh McKee Post No. 677, Veterans of Foreign Wars (the oldest Post in Kentucky) he was one of a group with more decorated veterans, as members, than any other Post in the national organization.

A characteristic of the Kentucky mountaineer that reached its highest point in Sergeant Sandlin is an averseness to exploitation. Sergeant Sandlin refused to capitalize on his fame. In the early years following the first World War he was helped in this refusal by his extreme remoteness from the outside world.

Would-be exploiters would have had to spend a day in the saddle to reach his home, and he had no telephone. He lived on his land on Owl's Nest Creek in Leslie County, and ignored the offers of wealth that could have been his had he capitalized on his reputation.

Now Sergeant Sandlin, pure patriot that he was, has gone to that better country whose ways are ways of gentleness and peace.

MRS. DESHA BRECKINRIDGE, Lexington, Kentucky

Died June 12, 1949

... "We are like the blind men by the wayside, and ought to sit and cry, Lord, that we may receive our sight! And, when we *do* receive it, we shall perhaps find that we require no transporting into another world, to become aware of the immediate presence of an Infinite Spirit, and of other lesser ones whom we thought gone. What we require is sight, not change of place, I believe."

... "Those dear ones are safe, and yet with us still, for truly do I believe that these senses of ours are what veil from us, not discover to us, the world around..."

—Florence Nightingale, 1820-1910

It isn't easy to write a memorial to a beloved kinswoman. From the time that Mary married my cousin, Desha Breckinridge, until her death she was my close personal friend. The kindness and radiance which she showered upon her friends are known to them alone, but upon everyone who touched her path as she moved swiftly through life, upon everyone there were scattered fragments of her goodwill.

Mrs. Breckinridge worked hard in the first World War for America and for her Allies. She was deeply attached to England and became a friend of Mrs. Philip (Viscountess) Snowden, wife of the chancellor of the exchequer in World War I. In the second World War she and a little circle of friends devoted almost their entire time to the Lexington Stopover Station, a haven for service men. During the years of peace she was a leading reformer for the Kentucky Houses of Reform at Greendale; she led in getting racing out of the hands of exploiters and making it the honorable sport it should be; she took an active part in the movement to eliminate toll gates from Kentucky; she worked as hard for the charities at her summer home on Nan-

tucket as for those in her native state. To us in the Frontier Nursing Service she was a beloved and active trustee.

My last letter from my cousin was dictated by her to a companion four days before she died. Her eyesight was failing, and she could no longer write, but her heart clung as always to old affections and family ties. Our sympathy goes out in fullest measure to her sons and her grandchildren; and to Simpson, her devoted chauffeur and loyal friend.

I am sure that she continues to love the Frontier Nursing Service, now that the veil of this world has been lifted from her and she is living in "that true world, of which this world is but the bounding shore."

MRS. JAMES TRUMAN SHAW, Knoxville, Tennessee

Died June 25, 1949

Homeward serenely she walked
with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed
like the ceasing of exquisite music.

—Longfellow's *Evangeline*

Although Mrs. Shaw had made her home in Knoxville, Tennessee, in her last years in order to be near a beloved niece, Mrs. Andrew G. Lowe, she was a Kentuckian by birth and a true citizen of Detroit during the greater part of her life of eighty-four years. It was when she lived at Grosse Pointe that we first knew her, some twenty-three years ago. She liked the Frontier Nursing Service from the moment she heard about it, and became a member of our first Detroit Committee. Her standing in that community, her exceptional charm and popularity, gave an impetus to any cause that had her backing. Later she became one of our trustees, and few have been the trustees who took their responsibility more seriously than she did. With her close personal friends, Mrs. Henry B. Joy and Mrs. Francis C. McMath, she first came in to see us years ago on horseback. Later she came by boat up the river. The last time she was in here she could make the trip by jeep. Come she did, and often when travel was hard.

We have many letters from this dear friend and trustee—letters that show a loving interest in us as persons and for our work in all its details over the long years. In one of the last

letters Mrs. Shaw wrote us, she asked us to enroll her great-niece for the Courier Service in 1962. This child bears Mrs. Shaw's lovely maiden name of Virginia Venable.

It is characteristic of Mrs. Shaw and her friendship that she should have looked forward to the long years ahead, when she herself would no longer be with us, and planned for a young loved one to follow her footsteps in a charity that was dear to her. We in the Frontier Nursing Service, who have loved her from the time of her first visit, shall love her always. In that bright world to which she has now gone, and where we shall follow her, there will be trails more beautiful than ours and rivers more enchanting, but best of all, we shall renew there our unbroken friendships.

MRS. CHARLES S. FROST, Lake Forest, Illinois

Died August 23, 1949

I ask no heaven till earth be Thine,
Nor glory-crown, while work of mine
Remaineth here. When earth shall shine
Among the stars,
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee,
For crown, New Work give Thou to me.
Lord here am I.

—Old Hymn

On the day after the telegram came telling us of Mrs. Frost's death we received a package of little baby gowns from her home at Lake Forest. One of her daughters wrote us that they were packed in her presence and that there was a lovely twinkle in her eye when she spoke of the babies.

Although she had been confined to a wheel-chair during her long illness, her thoughts and plans were always outgoing for others. She heard that one of the Sunday School children of the Presbyterian Church in Lake Forest, her church, had broken his hip. She sent him at once a bird-feeding shelf and began to correspond with him about his birds and hers. These are only little things—the exquisite little things done for others that were characteristic of a very great lady.

Mrs. Frost had been one of our trustees for years. Together with her brother and sister she gave the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus, Clay County, Kentucky, in memory

of their mother. She made the rough trip into the Kentucky mountains in 1931 for the dedication of a place that grew more and more dear to her over the years. Her interest and generosity never flagged. After her death we received an out-pouring of checks from her family and many friends, sent for use at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center in memory of her.

Mrs. Frost is survived by two daughters and a son, all of whom adored the best of mothers; and by an only sister who is the last survivor of her generation. To these and to her grandchildren who all loved her so dearly, we, who loved her too, extend our tenderest sympathy from the depths of our hearts. One of her daughters wrote me that Mrs. Frost just failed to wake up one morning. It was like her to take so unassuming a leave from the life she had lived for eighty-five years. Nor does she want "a glory crown" in her new life while work remains to be done anywhere in God's great universe.

DR. IRVIN ABELL, Louisville, Kentucky

Died August 28, 1949

Lord, support me all day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and my work is done. Then in Thy Mercy grant me safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

—A Prayer used by Cardinal Newman

About twenty-seven years ago I had occasion to ride down Cutshin Creek. I had been staying with my old friends, Miss Kate Pettit and Mrs. Ethel deLong Zande at the Pine Mountain Settlement School, and they had loaned me a horse. They knew that I would pass the home of one of their students—a young married girl in broken health. They asked me to stop off and see her and make a full report to them of her condition. This I did. Later I learned that her father had shown ingenuity in getting her taken by mule team to the Pine Mountain School. From there the School had arranged her transportation to the railroad and to Dr. Irvin Abell in Louisville. Doctor Abell told me that she had the worst case of uterine cancer he had ever seen in a young woman, that she was inoperable and that she had died.

This was the first time I came in touch with one of the

greatest surgeons Kentucky has ever given to the world. He was deeply charitable; no one was ever refused his care for lack of funds. He honored the Frontier Nursing Service through serving on our National Medical Council. The honors showered upon him were too numerous to mention. The latest one, awarded in 1947, was an Honorary Fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons in London. We are glad that a Memorial Fund is being created by his friends in connection with the University of Louisville School of Medicine. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Murray J. Kinsman, the Dean.

To his family we extend our tenderest sympathy. We shall remember him always with affection and gratitude.

MISS MAUD M. CASHMORE, Alfriston, Sussex, England
Died September 17, 1949

The song had ceased; my vision with the song.
Then of those Shadows, which one made descent
Beside me I knew not: but Life ere long
Came on me in the public ways and bent
Eyes deeper than of old: Death met I too,
And saw the dawn glow through.

—*A Reading of Earth* by George Meredith

All who had the privilege of Maud Cashmore's friendship know how much she loved "A Reading of Earth" and especially the Hymn to Colour, from which this selection is taken, and The Thrush in February. She herself could not be better described than in words from the latter:

For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours:

To sacrifice she prompts her best:
She reaps them as the sower reaps.

Miss Cashmore was country-bred. She and her sisters had ponies on their roomy place in Somerset where they lived as children. They walked as well as rode, and Maud had a passionate love for the secrets she had fathomed in nature's lore. She gave the country up, she gave up her talent and education as an artist, she renounced all the dear enticements of earth and of art to spend her life in a congested part of London near the Woolwich dockyards.

The idea of establishing a modern hospital for mothers and babies that would also serve as an outstanding training school

for modern midwives was shared by Maud with two close friends. Mrs. Parnell, the first Matron of the hospital; Sister Gregory, a daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral; and Miss Cashmore were the three women who built the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies as a successor to the old British Lying-In. When Mrs. Parnell died, Sister Cashmore was made the Matron of the Hospital until her retirement after the second World War. She went back to the country again in her old age, but not to Somerset. Sister Gregory had built a house in Sussex and she and Maud went there together with a third friend, Sister Ruth Card. The place was left to Maud in Sister Gregory's will and she and Sister Card continued there quietly together, with week end visits from another loved companion—Sister Lillian Neild.

Two of us in the Frontier Nursing Service, Helen Browne and I, owe our training as midwives to Miss Cashmore, and we owe her also an undying affection as one of the best of friends. It comforts us to know that her last years were quiet, because she had served all through the war's storm. During the blitzes it seemed that she never slept. When the siren went on she was the first on duty—the last to leave when the siren went off. Often she was up half a dozen times a night. Tragedy came in the fall of 1940 when bombs fell on the beautiful block of wards that she and her associates had toiled so hard to build. The mothers and the babies were in the basement and no one was killed. But "it was horrid," Miss Cashmore wrote me, to look up and see the sky where the roofs had been.

Maud Cashmore's religious faith was that of a High Churchman, or Anglo-Catholic as they call it in England. No matter how often she was up at night, she could be found at six o'clock every morning in the hospital chapel. Her love of nature, and her love of God, were so blended in her heart that both flowed out in lovely ways that never can be measured upon her family, her patients, her neighbors, her friends. She had a fine sense of humor and delighted in gaiety. She was so widely read that there seemed not to be many books she had not absorbed at one time or another in one of the most active lives to which anyone ever dedicated herself. Nature, humor, gaiety, pictures, books, service to man for God—such were the talents Maud Cashmore

dispensed with royal prodigality. In that far country to which a certain nobleman went "to receive for himself a kingdom" she has found again the talents she put out at interest in God's honor. She has heard the beloved voice, which called her long ago, saying to her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

VALLEY OF THE MIDDLEFORK

by

CAROLYN BOOTH

There's a quiet valley I used to know,
 Among mountains serene in a glaze of snow
As I think of it now, the picture I see
 Is a white coated river winding off to the lea.
From the banks a narrow foot bridge swings high
 Like a black-spun thread against the sky.
A slow-moving donkey with frost in his tail
 Carries his double burden round a bend in the trail.

Let me follow that donkey around the bend
 'Til out of the dark there comes like a friend
The light from the Old House, the swinging white gate,
 And I realize that there is something of fate . . .
 Something quietly great . . .
In that hoof-beaten path from the Wendover gate.

"COMMIT THY WAY . . ."

by

EVA M. GILBERT, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

Little did I think when I went to bed what would happen before morning! Odette was on first call. However, when Margaret came up at 1:30 a.m. from relief duty, she reported that Odette and Thelma had been called to Jane on Asher's Branch and I knew then I was on the next call. In what seemed no time at all, the night nurse called me saying that Susan, who lived on Osborne's Fork above the Thousandsticks Post Office, was in labor and had sent for the nurse-midwives.

This meant a six-mile horseback ride through the cold and snow with the thermometer registering zero! I set about getting dressed as quickly but as warmly as possible, all the time asking the Lord to keep us from getting too cold; to keep the horses from falling down on the ice and snow; and to keep the baby from coming until we could get to the mother.

I arrived over at the Hospital to find that Heidi (the student midwife) hadn't understood it was to be a horseback trip and was not dressed warmly enough. So, while Susan's husband and I saddled the horses, Heidi went back to the Midwives' Quarters to dress over again.

We finally started the climb up the hill back of the Hospital to the Ridge Road about 3:30 a.m. Large soft flakes of snow were being blown in our faces by the wind and it was slippery under foot. This caused the horses to go slowly and cautiously until we reached the foot of the hill leading to the Ridge. Once Camp slipped so badly I thought he had fallen on his knees so I called to Heidi to see whether he was on his feet or not. She assured me he was so on we went. Commando was slow making the hill so the father and I had to stop and wait for him and Heidi several times.

Reaching the Ridge, we all went along faster until we reached the car road that crosses the Ridge trail. Then the horses had again to take it slowly and carefully. Huge snowballs formed on their feet giving the feeling the horses were walking on stilts—then as the balls flew off (as they inevitably did) it would seem that the horses were falling. We were riding

in the night blackness with only the circle of light given off by our flashlights to show us where we were going.

The snow-covered ice was a source of danger even though the horses were shod with ice nails. Going down the last hill to the creek, just above Campbell's, was the most slippery but finally the horses cautiously covered that too and we reached the bit of new road where the going was much easier until we came to Thousandsticks Creek. From here on the road was in the creek or crossed and recrossed it at frequent intervals. The ice was not solid enough to hold the horses up so at each step they would break through the ice and go "plunk" to the bottom of the creek bed, several inches down in some places. At one point Commando wouldn't go over one dark, icy place so Heidi called and I had to go back and lead him across.

On we went, over another mile of rough road and creek bed, then across a smooth field through the deep snow. At last we arrived at the new little house which was Susan's home.

To my utter amazement when I walked into the house I found Susan in a very nice bed but in a room without one speck of heat. She was covered with many blankets and quilts and so was warm at the moment, but I knew we could never bring a tiny little one into the world in that cold room without danger to it.

As soon as our wraps were removed I made immediate preparations to move Susan to the room where there was a fireplace. Then I got the grandfather out of bed and he made a roaring fire which warmed the room fairly well. We quickly made the bed ready, putting Susan between blankets with a sweater on for a gown and a large, thick paper pad under her. Heidi proceeded with the examination, finding all to be well but also that we had no time to waste.

Just two hours after we arrived—at 7:30 a.m.—Susan had her lovely 7¾-pound baby girl. When we had finished caring for them we left Susan warm and comfortable in a new white outing gown, plenty of warm covers over her, and with two "pressing irons" at her feet. The new little Dianne was snugly held by her proud mother so she could absorb some of the heat from her mother's warm body.

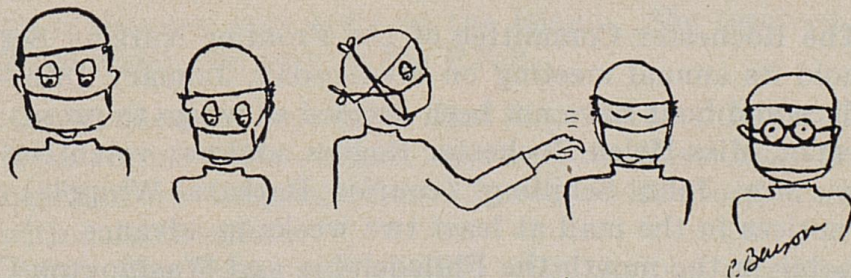
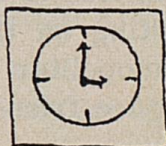
In the meantime the grandmother had breakfast ready.

We went to the kitchen, filled our plates and then brought them to a small table in front of the fireplace to enjoy the much needed food. Would you like to know what a good breakfast consists of? Light, hot biscuits, fresh fried ham and ham gravy, lovely fried apples and coffee. It surely tasted good after our five hours of rather strenuous going.

After packing the saddle bags for our return and giving last-minute instructions as to baby care and giving medications with instructions, we made final examinations to be sure mother and baby were in good condition. We then donned our outdoor wearing apparel and were ready to start the two-hour trip back to the Hospital.

The ride back was beautiful, warmer and sunny. As we rode past the Hospital, Alonzo came running from the barn to take our horses for a good rubdown and their breakfast. Brownie told us that Alonzo had been worried when he found the horses gone in the morning and had wanted to go meet us for he was sure we would never make it home safely. A number of people greeted us at the door and Brownie pressed me to have lunch at the Hospital. This I was happy to do.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass." Psalm 35:5.



Observation 1
(3:00 a.m.)

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Boston Committee
of
The Frontier Nursing Service
invites you to attend
A Benefit Performance
by
RUTH DRAPER
Friday evening, January the sixth at 8:30
at
John Hancock Hall

This notice is in the mails as we go to press. Our untiring Boston Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. John Rock, with Mrs. Ernest Codman as the honorary chairman, has an impressive list of sponsors for this Benefit. We know that all of you in the area of greater Boston will plan to be with us on January 6th, not only because of your interest in the Frontier Nursing Service but because of the privilege offered you of seeing and hearing Miss Draper again. She is giving herself to the Frontier Nursing Service for the whole evening.

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The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will hold its annual meeting on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 11th at the Cosmopolitan Club. Notices will go out to all Frontier Nursing Service friends in advance.

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The Rochester Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will hold its annual meeting on Wednesday, January 18th—but the place and hour have not been decided as we go to press. Our Chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, and our volunteer secretary, Mrs. John Schilling (courier Barbara Whipple) will have notices in the mail at least two weeks in advance.

Later in the month the Philadelphia and Washington Committees will hold annual meetings. We hope for meetings in Providence, Princeton and Riverdale. There will be advance notices for all Frontier Nursing Service friends.

We have received and read with deep interest the latest material of the School of Nurse-Midwifery of the Maternity Center Association, 654 Madison Avenue, New York City. For years we have admired the work done by the Maternity Center Association in all of its many activities. Everything this organization has undertaken has been sound in conception and good in handling. Their little publication, *Briefs*, is must reading for those interested in proper care for infants and their mothers.

The first training school to prepare nurses in midwifery was not started by the Frontier Nursing Service, as the notices of our Boston Benefit erroneously state, but through the activity of the Maternity Center Association in organizing the Association for the Promotion and Standardization of Midwifery. We were honored by having a part in this, the founder of which was the late Dr. Ralph Waldo Lobenstine, one of the most far-seeing as well as one of the greatest obstetricians in the world. This first school for nurse-midwives was called the Lobenstine Midwifery Clinic in memory of him. In 1934 the Lobenstine Midwifery Clinic was amalgamated with the Maternity Center Association, the latter assuming the assets and liabilities of the former. This school has been in continuous operation from the time of its inception.

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A number of the Frontier Nursing Service crowd have been speaking in our behalf, sometimes with colored slides and sometimes just on their own.

On August 28th Miss Della Int-Hout (Inty) spoke to the Presbyterian Church at Friday Harbor, San Juan Island, Washington State—the only town on the Island. She received a fee of \$20.00 which she gave to the F.N.S.

On Wednesday, September 21st Mrs. Herbert Grube (Nellie Davis—a former F.N.S. nurse) spoke at the Missionary Society of the Eastford Congregational Church at Eastford, Connecticut with colored slides.

After Mrs. Grube had finished with the box of slides that we keep for old members of our staff to use, she sent them on to our former courier, Barbara Williams, now studying to be a nurse at the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing in New

York City. Barbara kept the slides for several weeks and made good use of them. She showed them seven times to about 300 students and members of the faculty at the Presbyterian Hospital.

When she had finished with them she shipped them to our former courier, Barbara Glazier, now Mrs. Joseph M. Smith, Hartford, Connecticut. Bobbie and our old courier, Eleanor Field, now Mrs. Herbert W. Wells, Jr., spoke and showed the slides to the "Loyalty Group" in Hartford of which Mrs. H. P. Peck is chairman—a wonderful group of women who have been making layettes for our babies.

We have hundreds of colored slides going back over the years, and we keep one slide case packed and ready to send to those members of our own old crowd who are so ready to tell about their experiences in the long-ago days when they were a part of the Frontier Nursing Service here in the mountains.

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We are grateful for the generous gift of \$600.00, with more to follow, from the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, of which a Kentuckian, Mrs. Benjamin F. Buckley of Lexington is the National Chairman. This money is to be used for scholarships for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, is on the Council of the Daughters of Colonial Wars. When, at a fall meeting of the Council in Washington, it was decided to make this grant in honor of Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Joy suggested that a suitable recipient for the grant would be the Frontier Nursing Service. This seemed to please not only Mrs. Buckley but all the members of the Council. The money will be a huge help to us in stemming the annual loss under which we have to carry the costs of the Graduate School.

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TOWN AND PLANE

On **Monday, October 24th** I left Wendover on a tour of four weeks that was so heavy and involved so much travel that I could not have made it but for two things. I did most of the travel by air; and old friends in many places were nice to me.

We drove down out of the mountains in a typical F.N.S.

caravan. This included not only Jean Hollins at the wheel, and Ann MacKinnon (Mac) off on a holiday, but other members of the Service who had business outside. Finally, it included Stevie's dog and a black cat for a visit to the small animal veterinary in Lexington.

I had dinner that night with my cousin, Mrs. Waring Wilson, and that, like so much on this tour, was pure refreshment.

Tuesday, October 25th—There was much to attend to that morning in Lexington. After lunch with a group of family and friends I caught a train in the early afternoon for Louisville.

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, our national chairman, met my train in her car with the chauffeur, Floyd, who has been with her so many years that he is an old friend too. I spent the night at Mrs. Belknap's place in the country. It wasn't too dark when we got there to go through the gardens and see the late chrysanthemums, the shrubbery and the autumn trees.

Wednesday, October 26th—We had an Executive Committee meeting at the Pendennis Club in Louisville. There was a large attendance—among them Mrs. Herman F. Stone from New York, one of my close friends. She spent that night with Mrs. Belknap. I left immediately after the meeting for Cincinnati with Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, another close friend, in her car driven by Hunter, who has been with her for years, and is my old friend too. I stayed with Mrs. Rogan in Glendale for four wonderful days, which held lots of pleasant times for me as well as some business. A number of the old Glendale friends came to tea and we had dinner and bridge in the evening with others. I had lunch with Mrs. Procter, tea with my friend of many years, Mrs. Edward Danson, and another friend of many years, Mrs. Albert Cordes, had lunch in Glendale with us. I saw our courier, Ann Danson Muhlhauser, with the little daughter she is raising as a courier-to-be. I went to Church twice with Mrs. Rogan. The most unusual thing I did was on Sunday afternoon. Sponsored by the Reverend Frank More, I went with the Reverend and Mrs. Ashley Walker to the centennial reception of the Cincinnati Literary Club. This was the first time in one hundred years that the Club had been thrown open to women. Imagine how thrilled I was to be one of those women!

Monday, October 31st—came the first of my flights, on the Delta Airlines, to Chicago. At Chicago I always put up at the Drake Hotel. Chicago is one of those cities, like New York and Boston, where I will not stay with friends because I have too many side engagements. It would be using their houses like terminal railroad stations and airports.

I am fond of the Drake Hotel. It is not only a hotel where there are plenty of quiet places outside the lobby where you can talk with friends and not be bothered by screeching music—rare in these days—but it has a most attentive group of employees. These men even remember you after two years. The doorman at the Drake always says, "Mrs. Breckinridge, glad to see you back." Several of the porters greet you by name. One of them said to me, "I am so glad you aren't dead." It seems that he had read of the death of my dear cousin, Mrs. Desha Breckinridge.

These porters and elevator boys show a delightful sense of humor, in their side remarks to one another. For example—my bellboy, with my bags, said to a middle-aged man running the elevator, "Hello, Angelo." The elevator man looked at me and remarked, "Name not Angelo. You know him, he's own brother to Hitler!" Things like that relax the guests at a hotel when they are accompanied, as they always are at the Drake, by most attentive and courteous service.

Our Chicago chairman, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, spent an hour with me going over the details of the meetings. She is a wonderful chairman, and in Mrs. Edward Arpee (our old courier, Katherine Trowbridge of Lake Forest) we have a wonderful volunteer secretary for this Committee. On the Committee itself is a stand-by group of old members who have served from the beginning. Mrs. Boyd has added a number of younger people, and the courier group is headed by Barbara McClurg. Another of the couriers, Mrs. W. H. Noyes, Jr. (Adelaide Atkin) serves as vice-chairman.

Tuesday, November 1st—was our big Chicago meeting at the Drake where I showed colored slides to a large audience of friendly people. It is fun to talk to a crowd of people who throw back at you ten times as much vitality as you give them.

After the meeting Mrs. Boyd invited the former chairmen of the Chicago Committee, and members of the local press who

have taken a courteous interest in our meetings always, to lunch with me. All of our former chairmen were not in town and able to come to the meeting, but Mrs. Upham was there and Mrs. Dempster with whom I have had such good times on my Chicago visits. Mrs. Boyd also invited Mrs. Howard Goodman to meet me because she was a classmate of Dorothy Buck at Wellesley.

I had to catch a train at 4:10 that afternoon for Racine, Wisconsin. Katherine Arpee went with me to the station to carry my overnight bag and slides—which was lucky for me as we saw no porters.

I was met in Racine by my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Hertel M. Saugman, old friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and of mine. They took me to their home where everything had been prepared for my delectation, even including planks under my mattress to assure me a comfortable night.

That evening I spoke in Racine under the auspices of the American Association of University Women and the Business and Professional Women and showed my colored slides. It was a fine crowd of people. My sponsors had opened the meeting to some of the Racine nurses and to lay people as well.

Wednesday, November 2nd found me still in Racine for a drawing room meeting in Mrs. William F. Kuehneman's lovely home with open fires everywhere. After I had made my own informal talk I had the happiness of introducing two of our old couriers, Mrs. Patricia Pettit Kelly (Pat Pettit) and Mrs. Lucien Osborne (Patsy Fitzgerald). From the point of view of a courier, Pat Pettit gave one of the best talks on the Frontier Nursing Service that I have ever heard. Patsy Fitzgerald followed her by saying that Pat had covered everything, but she added a few moving words of her own. She had, by the way, a three weeks' old baby that she was nursing herself, good girl! Our meetings were her first public appearances since the baby came.

Immediately after the meeting Pat Pettit drove me to the station where the Saugmans also arrived. I caught the train for Chicago with many wavings of farewell.

I barely had time at the Drake to rearrange my slides and get into evening clothes before Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd and his son, Bill, met me and drove me out to Winnetka for dinner with the

Boyds and an evening meeting at the home of Mrs. Dennison Hull. It was restful to be with the Boyds for dinner, and the evening group consisted of such friendly people, men and women, that I revived quickly and showed my slides and talked again with zest, despite the fact that I was speaking for the fourth time in three different places in two days. After that meeting the Boyds sent me back to Chicago in their car driven by Anthony, another one of the chauffeurs that I get to know so well and like so much over the years.

Thursday, November 3rd—This was an easy day. I spent a couple of hours in the morning with the public stenographer in the Drake Hotel, that nice Miss Burns, and then went out to the airport for a plane on the American Airways to Detroit.

On each of my flights I took out a \$25,000 insurance policy for the Frontier Nursing Service. I discovered, to my horror, that when somebody else had gotten my ticket and I had to take my insurance at the airport, it meant sticking five quarters in slot machines, pushing levers, filling in the policy while it was still in the machine, punching more levers, catching the policy as the machine ejected it, and then locating a mail box in which to drop it. I was not raised in the machine age so had porters do this for me every time. Their handwritings were better than mine, so I let them fill in the policies too. All I had to do was scrawl my illegible signature.

It was just before six o'clock in the evening and dark when my plane reached the airport at Willow Run. Mrs. Joy stood just inside the administration building, and the minute I saw her I knew that I had come home. She is so faithful a trustee and so frequent a visitor to Wendover and so close a friend that I felt as though I belonged when I reached her place, in Grosse Pointe Farms.

Friday, November 4th—that evening we had our main Detroit meeting. I told the story of the developments in the Frontier Nursing Service, and showed the colored slides to a group of friends from a large area around Detroit, a group that included old couriers and four of our old nurses—Nola Blair and Nancy Newcomb from Pontiac; Doris Reid (Red) and Eleanor Wechtel (Norrie) who had come down from Burt Lake for the

evening. As the Chairman of our Detroit Committee, Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., a friend and trustee for many years, was not able to be with us, Mr. James Watkins, father of our courier Margaret, introduced me. There was plenty of time to talk with everyone after the meeting while we enjoyed the extensive refreshments Mrs. Joy provided for her guests.

Saturday, November 5th—Mrs. Joy and I went in to Detroit to lunch at the City Club for a discussion of the possibility of inaugurating a training school for nurse-midwives at the Woman's Hospital when its new addition has been completed. The group of women, lay and professional, who met together for this discussion represented a cross-section of the most civic-minded people in Detroit. Among the Board members of the Woman's Hospital I was delighted to see our former courier, Ann Young, now Mrs. Howard Robinson. She, Mrs. Joy and Mrs. Failing represented the Woman's Hospital Board. Distinguished nurses who were present included Dean Katherine Faville of Wayne University; Miss Emilie Sargent, head of the Detroit Visiting Nurse Association; Miss Grace Ross, Director of Nursing, Detroit Department of Health; Miss Thelma Scratch, Maternal Consultant of the V.N.A.; Miss Evelyn Johnson, Professor of Obstetrics at Wayne University and a graduate of the Maternity Center Association School of Nurse-Midwifery; Miss Lucy Germain, Director of Nurses at Harper Hospital; Miss Mildred McFerren, Director of Nurses at Grace Hospital; Miss Genevieve Trainham on the staff of the Merrill-Palmer School and a Board Member of the Woman's Hospital; Mrs. James McEvoy; Miss Irene Nelson, Director of the Educational Program at Woman's Hospital, and also a graduate of Maternity Center School of Nurse-Midwifery; Miss Frances Anderson, Director of Nurses, Woman's Hospital, and her assistant, Miss Mary Mitchell.

That evening Miss Emilie Sargent gave me a dinner at her own home to which she invited several of these nurses and two or three others to meet me. It was a delightful evening.

Sunday, November 6th. This day was pure joy from beginning to end. I went to the Grosse Pointe Memorial Church in the morning with Mrs. Joy and Mrs. Francis McMath in Mrs.

Joy's electric which she drives herself and which is priceless. The only other person I know who still has one is Mrs. Procter in Glendale. They are wonderful things for neighborhood propulsion.

After church we had lunch in the home of my dear friend, Mrs. McMath—just the three of us. It was inexpressibly restful, the more especially as I seemed to feel the presence of the fourth one of the group—Mrs. James T. Shaw. It is years since those three Detroit trustees first came to us in the Kentucky mountains, riding horseback down the old Hurricane Creek trail.

That evening Mrs. Joy and I had dinner at the Little Club of Grosse Pointe as the guests of Mrs. Richard Joy. It was delightful.

Monday, November 7th—In the afternoon I attended a fascinating meeting—a panel discussion of the physical and nutritional aspects of breast feeding under the auspices of the Southeastern Michigan League of Nursing Education, of which Miss Harriet Russell is president. In addition to speeches by distinguished physicians from the Ford Hospital and Wayne University, we had the best presentation of manual expression of breast milk that I have ever seen anywhere. Miss Davies gave this demonstration with the help of two volunteer nursing mothers.

I went to dinner that night at the City Club as the guest of Miss Lucy Germain, Director of Nurses at the Harper Hospital. She had a number of her assistants to meet me. After dinner we all drove back to the Harper Hospital for the evening meeting. This part of the program consisted of me and my colored slides. The auditorium at Harper Hospital was jammed with nurses who asked most intelligent questions when I had finished speaking.

Tuesday, November 8th—I had to take a train leaving for Battle Creek at 8:30 in the morning. Mrs. Joy's chauffeur, Ronce, drove me from Grosse Pointe to the Detroit railroad station in double-quick time. I spent the day at Battle Creek and left on the evening train which brought me back to Detroit at 8:40 p. m. Ronce met me at the station and took me back to Grosse Pointe. It was a fascinating day due to the kindness of

Dr. Emory W. Morris and his associates. Among them I found Dr. Blackerby who not only means a lot to me because of my friendship with his late distinguished father, but because as a young man he worked in the Frontier Nursing Service with Dr. Laird one summer. Miss Mildred Tuttle was so kind as to take me driving in the late afternoon through the lovely farming country around Battle Creek, and left me at the station for my evening train.

Wednesday, November 9th—This was an easy day, except for having to say goodbye to Mrs. Joy. Ronce drove me to the Willow Run airport where I took a Strato-Cruiser on the Northwest Airlines for a non-stop flight to Minneapolis—a run just under two hours.

The funny thing is that in all this flying, the time kept changing from Eastern to Central and back again so that my watch should really go to a sanitarium to recuperate!

I reached the Minneapolis airport just after lunch and was met there by Mrs. George Chase Christian, my hostess for the next few days, and my warm friend. Her chauffeur, Kegley, another friend of many years, quickly got my luggage out to the car and we drove to Mrs. Christian's home.

I have a curious feeling about the homes of my friends that I see only once in several years. I seem always to be going back into something. I find myself looking for land marks in the familiar rooms as I feast my eyes and my spirit again on beautiful things. Every house that has been occupied a long time by good people gives out its own aroma of goodness. When beauty is added to this, then there is refreshment indeed.

Mrs. Christian had arranged a quiet evening for me with dinner at home. Miss Caroline Crosby, whom I do so like and admire, came in for a little while, to share in the peacefulness.

Thursday, November 10th—This was a busy day. I had lunch at the Minneapolis Club as the guest of Mrs. John R. Warner, with Mrs. Elbert Carpenter and her son, Mr. Leonard Carpenter, as the only other guests.

That afternoon I spoke with my colored slides to a group of old friends in Mrs. Christian's large downstairs room—a very downstairs room under the drawing room. We went upstairs afterwards for tea where I had the chance to meet and talk with

everyone. That night we had dinner with Miss Frances Janney in another house to which I love to return because of the books and the pictures. Miss Janney has a way of turning up special books. This time it was "The Seven Miracles of Gubbio" by Raymond L. Bruckberger, translated by Gerold Lauck and published by Whittlesly House. She had given a copy to Mrs. Christian. I read it with delight, and commend it wholeheartedly to others.

Two of the friends that night at Miss Janney's, Mrs. Velie and Mrs. Bovey, go back to my childhood days in Russia. With their chaperone they came to Moscow when we were there in the nineties at the time of the coronation of the late Emperor. I saw them then, dimly from afar, but thought them enchanting persons in their pretty, grown-up-edness. It was a special happiness to see that evening Miss Elizabeth Wallace—one of my favorites among friends. Although she is over eighty years old, she is as young as you make them, and had just flown back from a month spent in Paris with old French friends.

Friday, November 11th—Kegley drove Mrs. Christian and me out to White Bear, Minnesota where the Edwin Whites live on Gem Lake. They have an adorable house looking right down on such a private, quiet little lake with the forest coming down to its shores. She had Mrs. Coles of St. Paul to meet with us, and the conversation flowed literally all over the world. I saw the portrait of the Whites' only son who was killed in the Pacific, and have been haunted ever since by its beauty. The house, the lake, the forest,—all seemed alive to me with that young presence.

After lunch we drove to a neighboring place to see the Whites' grandchildren. Then Kegley took us back to Minneapolis.

We had time to get into evening clothes, and go out to dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon King's house. All who remember the Frontier Nursing Service in earlier days will recall that Mrs. Lyndon King, as Betty Washburn and a graduate nurse, gave her time for months of work at our Hyden Hospital. She and "Mac" are old friends. Mr. and Mrs. King had a delightful crowd of men and women for dinner, including Miss Wallace and her brother. Afterwards we all went to the symphony. Those

of you who know me well are aware that I have no deep knowledge of music. This makes it all the more surprising when something musical reaches in and grabs me. The last number that evening, Symphony in D Minor by César Franck, conducted by Mr. Antal Dorati, did just that to me.

Saturday, November 12th—For the first time the airlines let me down. I intended flying from Minneapolis to Milwaukee until the Northwest Airlines telephoned me that the plane could not land because Milwaukee was soupy. The Lyndon Kings had come to call that morning, and we were all sitting chatting together when I got the telephone call. There was plenty of time for Kegley to drive me to the railroad station where I took the "Hiawatha." This train is one of the fastest in America, but it took me nearly six hours to make a trip that would have taken no time at all by air.

Saturday night and **Sunday, November 13th**—I spent with cousins, the Joseph Carsons in Milwaukee, who are dear to me, and with whom I had a restful as well as refreshing time. We went to early communion service at the Episcopal Church, Christ Church. Meanwhile the fog had lifted. A telephone call to the Northwest Airlines assured me the evening plane would land there at 6:30 p. m. My cousins drove me out to the airport which we found to be in darkness. There wasn't a light in the administration building, and only a few red lights on the landing field. A fuse had blown. Planes were circling in a melancholy way overhead, waiting for directions so that they might land. All of a sudden all of the lights popped on again. My plane landed and I took off in it for Cleveland where I arrived at 9:45 p. m., Eastern Time. The flight lasted only two hours and fifteen minutes but the times had changed on me and my poor watch again.

I was met at the Cleveland airport by the Livingston Irelands' chauffeur, John, and in about an hour had arrived at the Irelands' dear home in Shaker Heights where I received a royal welcome, not only from Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, but from their younger daughter Kate who will follow her sister's footsteps and become a courier with the Frontier Nursing Service in the fall of 1950.

Monday, November 14th.—This was a busy day. Mrs. Ire-

land and I picked up Miss Elizabeth M. Folckemer, the remarkable head of the Visiting Nurse Association of Cleveland, and drove to the Statler Hotel for a luncheon under the auspices of the Board of Trustees of the Cleveland Health Museum where we heard a fine address by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, Professor of Medicine of the Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota, on "How to Live with Your Nerves." After this we drove to the Laurel School for me to talk to the children in the lower grades who send boxes of toys to our Kentucky children every Christmas. Then we went home to rest and dress for the evening.

Mrs. Ireland is one of the most popular women in Cleveland. To this I ascribe the fact that our evening meeting at her house was attended by nearly 180 men and women. That is a huge drawing room crowd. As they kept pouring into the house, some member of the family would make reports to me where I sat with a bevy of old couriers chatting over old times.

The Livingston Irelands have an enormous room at one end of their house with a swimming pool from 18 by 30-odd feet long down the middle of it. The people were all seated, except for some men standing in the doorways, above the pool and down the sides of the pool. The screen for my colored slides was placed on ladders lashed across at the lower end of the pool. I stood on a sort of soap box so close to the pool that I felt I should tell people in advance that I am a good swimmer so the men wouldn't jump if anything happened in the dark. However, John, who was formerly a lifeguard, stood by so emergencies could easily have been met.

At this meeting I had a unique experience. For the first time in all my speakings I was introduced by one of our couriers. Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey who had been with us years ago as Louise Ireland, was chosen to make the introduction. It was a first for her as well as for me, because she had not introduced a public speaker before. I just want to add that I have never had a better introduction, and few as good.

After the meeting we all piled out of the swimming pool room and into the other rooms of the large house where there were plenty of things to refresh the inner man and chats with old friends and husbands of couriers to take care of that part of the heart known as cockles. Two of our former nurses had

come to this meeting. One was Edith Marsh, known to us always as "Marshie", who did fine work as a nurse-midwife in our earlier years. She was accompanied by Bridie McSteen who was with us for a short time long ago. She had just returned from a visit to the Old Country and was full of messages from our nurses over there.

Tuesday, November 15th—I left the Cleveland airport at 1:00 p.m. on the United Airlines this time, and arrived at Chicago at 1:35 p.m. This sounds fantastic but I had jumped from Eastern to Central time again and the flight took one hour and thirty-five minutes. It would have taken all day or all night on a train. That evening at the Drake was all fun. My young cousin, Walter Agard, who is railroading in Chicago with the Chicago and Northwestern, had succeeded in winning the affections of a charming girl, Joan Supernaw of Madison, Wisconsin. They are to have a December wedding at Madison. Both of them dined with me at the Drake, and I hope they had one half as good a time as I had with them.

Wednesday, November 16th—This was a busy day. I had telephone conversations with our chairman, Mrs. Boyd, and with "Kay" MacMillan, our statistician for years who is taking post-graduate work in Chicago, and others. Then I went down to Miss Burns, the public stenographer, to get caught up with accumulated mail.

After that Mrs. Redderson called for me and took me to the Quadrangle Club near the University of Chicago where I had lunch with her and Mrs. Goodspeed as the guests of Mrs. W. T. Crouch. Then we drove to the home of Mrs. Walter Gregory for a meeting of the Southern Women's Alliance at which I was the speaker. Mrs. A. H. Simmons, the program chairman, introduced me. It was delightful to speak to so interested an audience as this one, in a drawing room with a huge open fire, and with a view looking out on the buildings and the open spaces of the University. At 4:15 p.m., after a cup of tea, a car met me and drove me out to Wilmette, Illinois, to the house of those dear friends of the Frontier Nursing Service and of mine, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Wolf. Those other friends, the Warren C. Drummonds, met us there and we all went together

to the A. O. Pi Chapter house at the Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, where we had dinner with as lovely a crowd of girls and as charming a hostess as one could wish. When dinner was over a number of the faculty of Northwestern University and their wives strolled in for desert. After that I spoke again with colored slides, and answered many eager questions. Then the Wolfs took me back to the Drake for what was left of the night.

Thursday, November 17th—The morning was quiet except for telephoning and a couple of hours again with Miss Burns to get caught up on mail. At about eleven my chairman, Mrs. Boyd, came by the Drake for an hour's conversation with me covering some of her plans for the Chicago Committee during the ensuing year. I lunched at the University Club with my cousins, the Durand Allens of Winnetka, and my cousin Waller Marshall. Although our conversation girdled the globe, it included a lot of family bits. After we parted I went to the American College of Surgeons for an appointment with one of the most charming of men, Dr. Malcolm T. MacEachern. He proposed to come himself to see us when our Hospital is enlarged in 1950 to twenty-five or more beds. In on the conversation were Dr. Gonzalez of Mexico and Miss Harris and Miss Case, formerly of Kentucky.

When I left the American College of Surgeons I went straight to the apartment of my cousin, Miss Lucy Marshall, who had not been able to join us at lunch because of a virus infection. I sat with her about an hour and then went back to the Drake to get ready for the evening—an evening that was all fun. "Tips" Magnuson (our courier Marianne Stevenson) and her husband, Paul, took me to the Racket Club for dinner. With us were Paul's distinguished father, Dr. Paul Magnuson, on a short visit back from Washington, and the Magnusons' daughter, Alicia, who is in training to be our courier in seven years. This second generation of couriers is growing up!

Friday, November 18th—My friend, Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, sent her car to take me out for a visit with Miss Naomi Donnelley, our former chairman, and now not well. I sat with

her for nearly an hour. Then Mrs. Dempster's chauffeur dropped me off at the Casino Club where I lunched with another former chairman and mother of our courier Margaret Morse, Mrs. Donald R. McLennan, and a group of her friends. We had a sparkling time, and then all drove to hear the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and its young guest conductor, Rafael Kubelik.

Saturday, November 19th—The time had come to leave Chicago—a city for which I have considerable affection. I decided not to fly back to Kentucky. Squally weather had set in and planes had begun to drop their passengers at all sorts of places where they did not want to be. A woman at the Quadrangle Club told me that her son was in a hurry to get to Boston and so he took a plane. After hours of flying he was landed at Columbus, Ohio. Dr. MacEachern had taken a plane to some place in Michigan on Saturday, and after cruising around in the air for hours was landed back at the Chicago airport.

On the morning of Saturday the 19th, I took my larger bag and my slides down to the Michigan Central Station and checked them for the night. Then I crossed Chicago, with my overnight bag, to the Chicago and Northwestern Station where I caught a train for Madison, Wisconsin. Here I spent the night and almost all of Sunday with my cousins, the Raymond Agards, father and mother of soon-to-be-married Walter Agard. She was educated at Vassar and he is the head of the department of Greek civilization at the University of Wisconsin. Like all classical scholars, he is deeply imbued with unbreakable serenity. As always when I am with the Agards, we discussed everything under the sun and around the sun. It was a most refreshing time. Then about 5:00 p.m. I took a train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (due to the coal strike I couldn't get a round-trip ticket and go and come on one railroad because each railroad had canceled one train) and got back to Chicago late-ish. I crossed the city again to the Michigan Central and got a through sleeper to Lexington, Kentucky. The first thing I saw in the lobby of the Lafayette Hotel next morning was Ann MacKinnon, "Mac." Jean Hollins came down for us in her own car, and we all three drove back to the Hospital at Hyden that afternoon. From the Hospital I went on to Wenderover by jeep.

My tour had lasted four weeks to the day. Long before it was over I had gotten my second wind. I am sure that it came from AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND because it was good.

M. B.

AS WE GO TO PRESS

We are glad to announce the marriage of Miss Caroline Stillman to Mr. Marcus Muncy of Hyden—which took place on December first.

Miss Stillman is from Connecticut and has been for the past eighteen months with the Frontier Nursing Service. For nearly all of that time she has been in charge of the Hyden Hospital clinics where her work has been outstanding. Mr. Muncy comes of a well-known and highly regarded family in this part of Kentucky. He attended the University of Kentucky as a young man. He served for three years with the Marines in the Pacific during the war.

We wish every happiness to these two people, both of whom are our friends. We are delighted that Miss Stillman's marriage will not take her from Hyden. After a month's holiday, she will resume her work at the Hyden Hospital clinics.

BOSTON BREAKFAST SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

Such breakfasts! and then dinner [*at three o'clock*]! Only we have not learnt to eat so much all at once. They have at eight o'clock breakfast fish and bird and meat and omelets and hominy or porridge and potatoes and beans and other vegetables and four or five kinds of bread, and tea and coffee and iced water and Vichy and wine if you like; and then a regular fruit dessert just like dinner with finger glasses and d'oyleys in due form.

—A letter from Mrs. George Macdonald to a daughter, written in Boston in 1872. *George Macdonald and His Wife.*

MASQUE OF THE MERRIE MONTHS

From a calendar published by the National Children's Home,
Highbury Park, London, N.5, England

OCTOBER

October was the eighth (octavus) month in the Old Calendar, but when the calendar corrections were made became the tenth.

In North-west Europe it was called the Yellow Month, for "falling leaves and fading flowers" told their story of the folding up of the year's summer glories in preparation for the winter's sleep before the arousal of the New Year, for "if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" "I love all thou lovest, Spirit of Delight: The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed, And the starry night; Autumn evening, and the morn When the golden mists are born."

NOVEMBER

Considered by Romans as beginning the Winter, November has so bad a reputation that it is difficult to find its fitting place in any Masque of Merry Months.

Thomas Hood made it a veritable month of negation—"No sun, no moon, no morn, no noon! No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day! No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease! No comfortable feel in any member! No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees! No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds!—November."

Yet, if it has short bleak days, it has long warm evenings by cosy fires.

DECEMBER

December was called by the ancients the hoary, the frosty, or the smoky month because of foggy days and frosty nights.

The Saxons called it *Winter-monath*, winter month, and *Heligh-monath*, the holy month, because there fall in it the Christmas celebrations of Christ's Nativity.

And so the cycle of the year is completed to the sound of bells which ring out their message of hope and goodwill. They make December the happiest and merriest month of all. "Heap on more wood—The wind is chill, But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

FIELD NOTES

Thank God for bygone days,
 Trust God for unknown ways,
 Serve God with love and praise
 Till life shall end.
 With thoughts of hope and cheer
 Welcome the coming year,
 Not as a foe to fear,
 But as a friend.

A. R. G., Mowbrays C 1342

We are in the throes of getting ready for Christmas. The boxes and parcels and barrels that you all send us from beyond the mountains are being hauled across to the Hyden Hospital several times a week. Everybody pitches in eagerly to unpack them and list the contents. Several people are acknowledging this precious freight until our Christmas Secretary, Mrs. Charles Moorman of Louisville, comes to take over. We only wish that we could send you letters as long, as grateful and as full of affection as we should like to send.

Soon we shall start loading the trucks for the outpost centers. There is no child among the thousands in our territory who will be forgotten—and this is because you all have remembered them. Some of you have sent special extra checks in lieu of toys. With this money we buy the things of which we run short—sometimes for older boys or girls, sometimes for babies.

We have been the happy recipients of letters addressed to Santa Claus. Here are a few of them.

Dear Santa

I'm a little girl and I am 8 years old and I want a doll. It would please me to get one.

From Ruth to Santa

Dear old Santa,

Will tell you what I want I want a dump truck and a sweater for Christmas and some candy to
 I am 7 year old

From Peter to Santa

Dear Santa,

I am writing you to tell you what I want for Christmas. I would like to have a big doll. Jimmie wants a dump truck. If you don't have these choose for us what you think is right.

I am six years old. I am in the second grade. Jimmie is 8 years old. He is in the fifth grade.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

Your little friend Margaret

Dear Santa,

How are you by now find I hope Santa I want a big doll
for Christmas and I hope that you get it for me

To Santa Closes from Mary

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We have our own traditional customs at Christmas, and among them is the Nativity Play at Wendover in which all the parts are taken by children. We do not set out shoes with hay for Santa Claus' reindeer, because our barns are packed with hay and the reindeer are welcome. A letter from Puerto Rico tells us that the people there set out a box of grass and a pail of water to feed the camels of the Three Kings as they pass by on their way to Bethlehem. An old legend, which was told by Georg Jacob, an Arabian geographer of the tenth century, and which later spread all over Europe, says that on the night in which the Christ Child was born all the trees in the forest, despite snow and ice, bloomed and bore fruit. There is another legend which we observe on Christmas Eve. We light a candle and put it outside on the terrace to guide the feet of the Christ Child when He comes back to visit His world.

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It would please us in the Frontier Nursing Service greatly to receive Christmas gifts with which to furnish the new Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses at Hyden Hospital. This beautiful stone building will be completed by the end of December. The nurses are hoping to move into it early in January. On the second and third floors there are seventeen rooms for nurses, four bathrooms and a sitting room. On the first floor there is the superintendent's room, a guest room and bathroom; a suite for a second doctor when we have one; a large lounge, the staff dining room, the maids' sitting room, and the kitchen. In the basement there is a sewing room, a laundry, storage rooms, two bathrooms for employees, and a boiler room.

Of the total of twenty bedrooms there remain sixteen for which the furnishings have not yet been given or pledged. Two of the friends who have furnished bedrooms are sending small plaques to be put on the doors giving the names of the persons in whose honor, or in whose memory, the rooms are furnished. This custom can be carried out by anyone who wants special

significance attached to his room. We estimate the cost of furnishing one room at \$125.00. If anyone wants to include the hauling and freight charges and the finishing of the unpainted furniture, please add \$25.00, making the total cost of furnishing the room \$150.00.

Our estimate is based on a comfortable single bed with metal frame, coil springs and felt mattress; an unpainted chest of drawers, bedside table, desk table and straight chair; unframed mirror, one comfortable chair, one bedside rug, one pin-up lamp, one gooseneck table lamp, a metal wastepaper can, curtains and shades.

Two large gifts are needed badly before the Nurses Quarters can be occupied. These are a commercial size electric range for cooking the nurses' meals, price \$560.00—and an electric refrigerator, price \$675.00. We were advised to place the order for the stove and refrigerator several weeks ago but they do not have to be paid for until they are delivered around Christmas time.

It will be noted that nothing has been said, in this Christmas gift list for the new building, about furnishings for the big lounge and the smaller sitting rooms. This is because we want these rooms furnished as a memorial to Dorothy Farrar Buck. Donations for a memorial to her have already come to us from more than twenty of her friends. Since Bucket cared a great deal about the comfort of the staff, we thought that nothing would please her so much as to have their lounge on the first floor and their sitting room on the second floor furnished in her memory. Any of Bucket's old friends who want to be included in this memorial may send their donations to the Frontier Nursing Service, indicating that the gift is in memory of Bucket. We shall have a memorial plaque put up in the lounge.

The stone has now been placed at the head of Bucket's grave in the Frontier Nursing Service private cemetery at Wendover. It is rough hewn, quarried from the side of the mountain above the grave by one of our men, and cut down

to 14 by 26 inches. A bronze plaque rests on it with the following inscription:

Dorothy Farrar Buck

Born in St. Mark's Rectory, Foxboro, Massachusetts

February 12, 1895

Died in the Log Cabin, Wendover, Kentucky

February 8, 1949

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Dr. Martha E. Howe has been carrying the heavy load of medical director of the Frontier Nursing Service all this autumn on a volunteer basis. She is one of the ablest and best liked medical directors we have ever had. It grieves us deeply that she could only come to us on a temporary basis and must leave us just before Christmas. We have not even yet an applicant, with the qualifications we need for the post of permanent medical director, to take over when Dr. Howe leaves us. Until we get such a person we shall continue on an interim basis with temporary physicians as acting medical directors.

The quality of physician we need is one with an all-around preparation for rural work—the sort of preparation that is given medical missionaries. In areas where it is impossible to keep a staff of doctors, because of remoteness and financial stringencies, it is essential that a doctor be able to handle general medicine, pediatrics and obstetrics—all. Medical missionaries are trained to do this—but they go to Asia and Africa. Rarely are any available for country districts in these United States. There is something wrong about this, but we have not yet quite figured out just what!

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The new cow barn at Wendover is nearing completion—in time to get the cows housed before bitter weather. We have used the lumber that was cut and sawed last year when the electric power line came through. There wasn't enough of it, but the Ritter Lumber Company most kindly gave us some to eke out, and sold us at half price the balance we needed. We have had to buy the nails. We have also had to employ extra labor, aside from our own regular employees, in order to speed

up the work. A Christmas present to help out on that would come in handy.

In this connection we want to give our special thanks to a group of older boys who gave us two workings to help clear the site for the barn and to carry fallen timber off the cow lot. Out of the best of the timber they sawed four cords of wood. In return for this kindness we gave two square dances in honor of the boys. Here are their names: J. G. Morgan, Charles North, Willie Morgan, Dexter Adams, Ivan Adams, Freeman Howard, Elmer Howard, Jakie Morgan, and Irving Howard.

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A most welcome and useful gift is the electric refrigerator given to us this summer by Pebble Stone, for the Garden House. In it we store the clinic vaccines and serums, and there is always a cold drink on hand for thirsty people.

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Our head housemaid at Wendover, Pearlie Adams, is attending the Foundation School at Berea College to complete her high school education. She is the daughter of good neighbors and old friends, and has been with us for two years. We were so struck by her capacities that we felt she should go further with her education, and we are carrying that part of her expenses that she can't manage herself.

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The Kiwanis Club at Harlan asked a group of our crowd to come to their luncheon meeting on Thursday, September 29th and tell the story of the Frontier Nursing Service. We sent a delegation over. They were royally entertained, and their remarks were greeted with enthusiasm and respect. The following people filled this engagement: Dr. Ella Woodyard, Betty Lester, Mary Ann Quarles, Willa Brunen and Lucille Knechtly.

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At the request of Mrs. Roy Huffman our hospital clinic nurse, Caroline Stillman ("Carlie"), has been giving weekly discussions to the Hyden High School girls on personal hygiene. She reports that she has enjoyed the experience very much indeed. We know that the girls have found her talks most worth-while. Carlie has a knack in dealing with young people, as well as with children.

The Leslie County Fair took place again this year at Hyden. The horse show was on the last day of the Fair—October 1st—and we are proud to announce the following prizes won by F.N.S. horses and riders.

Leslie County Walking Horse Class:

1st prize—Missy, ridden by Hilda Sobral from Beech Fork
2nd prize—Tommy, ridden by Mary Jo Clark from Wendover

Leslie County Five-gaited Horses, Mares, Geldings, Stallions:

2nd prize—Tommy, ridden by Mary Jo Clark from Wendover
3rd prize—Lacey, ridden by Evelyn Mottram from Bowlingtown

Best Woman Rider:

2nd prize—Lydia Thompson from Beech Fork on Robin
3rd prize—Mary Jo Clark from Wendover on Tommy

The horses and the riders all gave their prize money to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Dr. Robert L. Collins of Hazard, that dear man and wonderful surgeon who has given us his services for nearly a quarter of a century, had his seventieth birthday on Thursday, September eighth. We were deeply honored that he was willing to give us the luncheon hour at Hyden Hospital so that we could arrange our own private and very special celebration for him. We had a cake with seventy candles. After lunch we all went into the living room where we presented Dr. Collins with a Seth Thomas electric clock with chimes that we had clubbed together to get for our birthday gift to him. On a silver plate at the back of the clock is the following inscription:

Dr. R. L. Collins
from the
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
With admiration, with affection
and
with abiding friendship
September 8, 1949

It will be remembered that last year our Flat Creek Committee asked to come to Wendover for their annual meeting. This idea took so well over the countryside that all of the other outpost nursing center committees were invited to come to

Wendover this year. It was enchanting to us to have them here and to get up good dinners in their honor.

All of these meetings took place in October. The only meeting not held at Wendover was that of the Flat Creek Committee. I spent the night at Flat Creek, and we had our meeting the next day, Tuesday, October 18th, at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center.

As always at these committee meetings I was deeply impressed by what members of the local committees have done in behalf of their nurses. As an example, let's take the picket fence around the yard at the Frances Bolton Center of "Possum Bend" at Confluence. This had been completely destroyed by the highway engineers in their work on the new road. Green Langdon, Reuben Colwell, John Watkins, Lincoln Begley, Charlie Moseley—all gave free labor in putting up a new fence. Mr. Snowden Huff not only struggled long and hard to get the new fence erected, but he personally paid \$15.00 for lumber for it.

We found that we had something the Snowden Huffs could use. Mrs. Joy had given Wendover a new electric refrigerator. The kerosene refrigerator we had used for years was in good condition. The Snowden Huffs live on Mosley Bend where there is no electricity as yet, nor any in sight for a long time to come.

The whole Confluence crowd had come up to Wendover in a large truck for the committee luncheon. We offered the refrigerator to the Snowden Huffs if the truck could carry it down. In the following letter Mrs. Huff tells all about it:

I am writing to you to thank you so much for the gift of the refrigerator. We are delighted with it. We had wanted a refrigerator for quite a while but our budget just would not reach that far. Then to have one given to us was like a dream come true.

We had quite a time getting it to the house. The truck brought it to Ray Langdon's store the day after we left Wendover. It rained that day and the river raised so we had to wait about a week for the water to go down. A wagon brought it the rest of the way.

We studied directions for awhile and Snowden cleaned the burner. It works just fine and we do appreciate it so much. I received the trays and also the direction books Miss Lewis sent down to Miss Evans.

We really feel that this refrigerator has been a gift from Mrs. Joy to the Huff family because it was she who replaced it at Wendover with the electric one.

While we are on the subject of "Possum Bend" at Confluence, we want to say something about the charming effects Rose Evans (Cherry) has achieved in repainting the rooms at the Center with a remarkable lot of odds and ends. For one room she mixed up gentian violet and red ink and white Kem-Tone—result, blue. Atabrine pills mixed with white Kem-Tone produced a yellow room; mercurochrome mixed with white Kem-Tone came out a delicate shade of pink. She has a green room worked out with green water color, softened into a pastel by white Kem-Tone. The effect in every case is enchanting.

Helen Stone, Pebble, did not leave us until after Jean Hollins had arrived in October so there was no break in the continuity of the post of resident courier. I doubt if we could survive the problems of transportation, horses, cows, jeeps, to say nothing of equipment, if we were even a few days without a resident courier.

Our autumn juniors have been tops. They were Betsy Brown of Cleveland, a younger sister of the Barbara Brown of earlier days who is now Mrs. Robert C. Webster, and Isabelle Paine (Diz) of Boston. We have never had two better ones. In Jane Bidwell of Boston we have a first-class courier for November and December who was so good as to come in October and help in the addressing of our little Christmas appeal cards. After Betsy and Diz left we were so lucky as to get Eleanor Wallis (Muffy) of Cincinnati, and Marce Coleman of Philadelphia, to take the posts of junior couriers.

We are doing a most interesting experiment at the present time with Keuka College in New York. It is the custom of this extremely good woman's college to have their older students spend several weeks each year in a practice field of work that has bearing on their future careers. The placement director of Keuka, Miss Edith Estey, has sent us Patricia Young for experience in social service under our social service secretary, Mary Ann Quarles. Pat brushed up on her riding before coming to us. As she already drove a car, it was not hard to teach her to drive a jeep. She is getting lots of social service experience

in a rural area, and we are getting much pleasure out of her time with us.

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Lucy Ratliff, who has for years held the post as secretary to the medical director, and whose articles for this Bulletin have brought pleasant letters of commendation to the editor, has had to leave us for her home because of the ill health of her mother. This is a real grief to us because Lucy was not only efficient in her work but delightful as a person. We are fortunate in having Hope Muncy, one of our own Hyden young people, to take over this post; she is carrying it very well indeed. For the secretary to the hospital superintendent we have in Mary Brill of Cincinnati a person who is both competent and pleasant to have around. All through November, she has acknowledged the shipments of Christmas toys and supplies. A member of our New York Committee writes, "The bundle of aged and torn sheets sent to Hyden Hospital was acknowledged in the most elegant way as 'bed linen.' Flattered I was."

All of you know of our system of rotating nurses every October and every April. New nurses who have come this fall are Ivallean Caudill of Berea, and Marie Ash and Odessa Ramsey of Oklahoma.

Peggy Brown, hospital head midwife, carried the post of hospital superintendent while Mac was on vacation. There have been a certain number of shifts among the district nurse-midwives, and notations are made accordingly at the end of the Bulletin. The big event for us was the return from Europe of Reva Rubin and Beatrice Miller. They are now in charge of the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork.

Helen Marie Fedde, affectionately known throughout the Service as Hem, is on a Frontier Nursing Service fellowship at present at the University of Kentucky. She is a college graduate, as well as one of our best nurse-midwives, and is working for her master's degree. She gets in to see us now and then, and we are delighted with all she tells us about her graduate studies.

At Wendover we welcome Ruth Offenheiser of Stockton,

Illinois, who has joined the administrative staff in time to help, not only in the office work, but with Thanksgiving and Christmas.

At Hyden we are grateful for Joan Court, a graduate of St. Thomas' Hospital in London. Miss Court took her course in midwifery at the Willesden Maternity Hospital in London, and a course in public health nursing at the Royal College of Nursing. She has worked under the London County Council as midwife and health visitor; she was also with the Friends Service Council in Calcutta. During this period she introduced domiciliary midwifery into the syllabus in Bengal Province. We shall make excellent use of her exceptional preparation and experience.

Margaret Mitchell has returned to the State of Georgia which sent her on a fellowship to the Frontier Graduate School. Madeline Cook is assisting at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown.

New graduate nurse students at the Graduate School are: Ebba Anderson, who has come to us under the auspices of the Lutheran Church and who will return to East Africa; Mildred Disbrow, a veteran who has come under the G. I. Bill of Rights; Elizabeth Farmer who is meeting the costs in full of her training; Ethel Iverson, missionary under the Evangelical Mission Covenant; Edna Rolands, another Lutheran under the auspices of the Augustana Lutheran Mission; Betty Scott, who has returned to the Frontier Nursing Service to take the midwifery training on our scholarship.

Among our autumn guests were Miss Phyllis A. Roberts and Miss Alice B. Lawson—delightful nurse-anesthetists from Iowa. Others who came early in September were Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Marlow of Elizabeth New Jersey with their daughter, Virginia, who is an Alpha Omicron Pi member at Dennison University in Granville, Ohio.

We were particularly grateful to our New York chairman, Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, and her husband for making a long-

anticipated, but all-too-brief, visit to us with their daughter—Nella. Nella, one of our old couriers, is now in nurse's training in Boston.

We were happy to have a visit over night from Dr. Cathryn Rotondo Handelman, Director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health, State Department of Health, Louisville. Dr. Handelman has promised to come back for a longer visit some day.

Former graduates of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery who have been in this fall include "Vi" Tillotson and Edna Owens from Mississippi; and Ruth Alexander from North Carolina. She, like Edna, came for the Thanksgiving reunion and brought her two delightful sisters with her.

An old courier who returned for several days was Kirby Coleman, now Mrs. C. L. Brown of Raleigh, North Carolina. Trudy Isaacs' sister, Anne, made her a long visit while Trudy was stationed at Flat Creek. The Earl Thompson family of California—including Deborah, aged four weeks—visited Hilda Sobral at Beech Fork. Our own "Sister Hope" spent a part of November at the Hyden Hospital.

All of the Frontier Nursing Staff in Kentucky who could leave their posts met at Wendover for our traditional reunion and a big dinner. We sang our traditional hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God," and we remembered in silence all of those absent from us, "in this world and the next." Late in the afternoon on Thanksgiving Day, just as the huge crowd at Wendover had begun to disperse, we received a cable, "Loving greetings to all," from those of the old staff who could get together for Thanksgiving at the Charing Cross Hotel in London.

This Thanksgiving there were over sixty people for dinner. The American Association of Nurse-Midwives held its twenty-second annual meeting at Wendover on Thanksgiving Day. Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman of Johns Hopkins Hospital was our honored guest speaker. Since he could only get away from Baltimore for the Thanksgiving Day week-end, the American Association had fixed that date for its annual meeting. Nurse-midwives came to hear Doctor Eastman from as far away as Florida, Alabama, and North Carolina. Hence the large crowd. Doctor Eastman's address was fascinating as well as enlighten-

ing and was given with the modesty that only the truly great attain. He acted as though he were a nurse-midwife, addressing a group of obstetricians! In the discussion which followed he gave his opinions with deprecatory courtesy—and such opinions! A digest of Doctor Eastman's remarks was prepared by the secretary of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives, and submitted to him for correction. It will go out in a mimeographed form, with the minutes of the meeting, to all of the membership scattered over the world.

Doctor Eastman stayed on at Wendover as the guest of the Frontier Nursing Service until Saturday. He had gone over the Hyden Hospital on the Wednesday, after he came up from Lexington in a car driven by Jane Bidwell. On the Friday he visited the Stinnett Clinic and had lunch with Reva and Bea at the Beech Fork Nursing Center. Then Betty Lester, who was his escort, drove him by jeep down to the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence for tea. On the Saturday Helen Browne (Brownie) and Jean Hollins drove him in Jean's car back to Lexington where he was turned over to Dr. Francis Massie for lunch; later he took his train back to Baltimore. Doctor Eastman was not only one of the most honored guests to come to us, but one of the very nicest we ever welcomed in here.

Now we must close the last lines of this belated Bulletin. Even so, all of the copy won't be in the printer's hands until Monday, December fifth. As copy goes down to Lexington, galley proofs come up to Wendover and are proof-read by several volunteers. The final proofs cannot reach the printer before Thursday, December 8th. It will be near the middle of the month before the Bulletin is in the mails. The delay has been occasioned by the editor's absence from Wendover until just before Thanksgiving, and the press of work and entertainment at this busy season.

In the hope that you subscribers will receive your Bulletins before Christmas, we conclude with a Christmas Greeting.

When our candles are lighted on that Blessed Day, the

memory of all you have meant to us will be in our hearts:

Candles for Remembrance
A little swift-winged prayer
That He who gave us friends to love
May keep you in His care.



Lucille Martin and her last year's Christmas Doll.
still cherished when Mary Ann Quarles took
this photograph in August, 1949.

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Clara Ford Nursing Center
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Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
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Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Vera Chadwell, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



Two of our children and their puppy.

Statement of Ownership

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

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1949.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.
Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.
Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1949.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires January 25, 1951.)



Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Student, Phyllis Benson, R.N., at left
Supervisor, Alice Young, R.N., C.M., at right
Collie—Lassie

