

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

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Number 4





MISS ANN P. MacKINNON, Hyden Hospital Superintendent
MRS. MORRIS B. BELKNAP, National Chairman
MRS. MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

Taken at Wendover, Ky., Thanksgiving Day, 1951

Cover Picture of Dogwood
Taken by Earl Palmer

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INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Baby Elephant	<i>Oryx</i>	16
Adventure with Mr. Turveydrop (Illustrated)	<i>Mary Balch</i>	12
Beyond the Mountains		49
Chaos at Midwives Quarters	<i>Jane Furnas</i>	46
Field Notes		63
Harriet Produces a Calf	<i>Selby Brown</i>	35
Home Delivery Technique (Illustrated)	<i>Betty Lester</i>	17
Old Courier News		27
Old Staff News		37
Orientation	<i>Jane McQuate</i>	25
Redemption (A Poem)	<i>George Herbert</i>	2
Saturday's Child	<i>Anna May January</i>	3
Silver Star		48
Urgent Needs		21
Wide Neighborhoods—A Report (Illustrated)		7

BRIEF BITS

A Chicken Crisis		19
A Mountain Child (Photograph)		36
Children of the Michaelis' (Photograph)		5
Four Old Grads (Photographs)		6
"Home Sweet Home"		26
How's That?	<i>U. S. News and World Report</i>	15
If Thou Hast (Verse)	<i>Goethe</i>	67
Pack Horse Days	<i>The Countryman</i>	20
Pernicious Power	<i>Nature Magazine</i>	20
Sayings of the Children		36
Solle's Bookshop		45
Surfeit		11
To Robin		47
What I Believe	<i>William Jason Mixter</i>	34
White Elephant		62

REDEMPTION

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto Him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at His manour I Him sought:
They told me there, that He was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing His great birth,
Sought Him accordingly in great resorts—
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of theeves and murderers; there I Him espied,
Who straight, 'Your suit is granted,' said, and died.

—George Herbert, 1593-1633

SATURDAY'S CHILD

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.
Wendover Nurse-Midwife

Some people are suspicious about walking under ladders, but black cats crossing my path seem always to bring some kind of ill luck to me. On Friday a sleek little black thing ran in front of me. I warned the staff I expected trouble. To begin with it poured with rain all night, and the river came up over the road. Bessie was expecting any time. I thought to myself if all runs true to form she will send for me about four in the morning, for I had been out the last three or four Saturday mornings straight. The morning wore on and I kept wondering about Bessie and if the tide in the river had beaten me in the race with Mr. Stork. A few hours later I received word from the local store at Stinnet that Bessie needed me. Expecting that Tom would wait for us at the Mouth of Stinnet, Lil and I tried to get started on our way. Bounce had other ideas and stopped dead near Edna's pen in Pig Alley, and refused to budge. We had to leave the jeep in the middle of the only road to Wendover, shoulder our bags and set out for the highway on our own two feet.

We got to Stinnet—no Tom and no one had seen him. We shouldered the bags again and started off down the river, through corn fields and brush and over barbed wire fences—still no sign of Tom. We whooped, hollered and yelled across the river and finally made Jack hear us. I asked him if he could get a boat across the river. The old Middle Fork looked like the Atlantic ocean in a typhoon. Jack said he would try but it would be mighty dangerous with the river so high. Whirling and spinning around he did make it across to us. Greeting Lil and me with "Me an' Jim just tipped the boat a little bit ago, can you'uns swim? Yon side is a fur piece when this ole river is actin' like this." We scrambled in, Lil squatting at the far end and I kneeling in the middle. I thought to myself that this was the right position in which to be at this point. The stern of the boat had a hole big enough to shoot a tennis ball through. Then we began splashing, bucking and spinning against the waves,

but as we mountain people say "We made it to yon side" without tipping or turning over and none of us were washed overboard.

We shouldered the bags again and started trekking over rocks, through brush fences and up the mountain side, on through corn fields hanging precariously to the hillside. By this time I thought Tom had tried to cross the river and had been drowned and I kept gazing anxiously at the river, expecting to see a body or an upturned boat, but all I saw was logs and lumber sailing down. We trudged on and finally came to Bad Creek. There was nothing to do but wade, and wade we did with water up over our knees. We slushed up to Bessie's door and banged loudly. The door was calmly opened by Tom who said "I was comin' to git you just as soon as I ate dinner. Bessie ain't punishin' much bad yit, but I thought we'd git you before the edge of dark."

Bessie was calmly getting dinner—the cabin full of smoke. We took our seats on lard cans near the fire and proceeded to dry out a little—but not for long as Bessie began "punishin' bad." I prepared for the arrival of Mr. Stork, but he, too, had to make a detour and I decided he might need help from the doctor. By this time it was freezing and very cold. Out Tom had to go to get word to the doctor. Soon after Tom had left, Mr. Stork decided he could make it without the doctor and arrived with a bouncing ten pound baby boy! I sent Lil off to yell across the river and ask a neighbor to go to the highway and stop the doctor. I did want to save him from making the bad trip to Bad Creek. In some way this good man missed the doctor, and just when we were almost ready to leave, there came a bang on the door. There stood the doctor and Tom, blue with cold and panting. Doctor den Dulk asked me if we had found the place in a helicopter and then sent for him!—especially on such a night as this. I said, "No, remember the black cat? I told you I would send for you on my next case!"

All was well and we left mother and baby warm and comfortable, and started on our homeward trip. The paths were all washed out and everything covered with a sheet of ice. Lil and I spent the night with Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk. When we arrived at Joy House, Lil's pants were rattling with ice and our socks

and boots were frozen stiff. The lovely Mrs. den Dulk helped us out of our icy things and after scrambled eggs and coffee, and a hot bath, we tumbled into bed. My last thought before going to sleep was, "Is there really anything to this black cat business?" I guessed not. Mother Nature, like mankind, probably feels that at times she must unleash her pent-up emotions. After the release she can settle down and go along in her peaceful, serene mood.



APRIL, JIM AND BILL MICHAELIS
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Michaelis
(Former FNS Statistician, Ruth Jolliffe, "Jolly")

WENDOVER, KENTUCKY
SWINGING BRIDGE

Tuesday, May 6, 1952



FOUR "OLD GRADS" OF THE COURIER SERVICE
Left to right, Pebble Stone, Freddy Holdship, Jean Hollins,
Marion Shouse Lewis



WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS

A Report on Its First Month After Publication



Window Display
at
The Korner & Wood Co. Bookshop
Cleveland, Ohio

The bookshops in a number of the cities where the Frontier Nursing Service has committees arranged window displays of *Wide Neighborhoods* but Cleveland was the only one to send us

a photograph. Our Chairman there, Mrs. Robert Livingston Ireland, wrote us in connection with the picture:

"Your couriers Betsy Brown, Bonita Barnes and Katie [Ireland] sent out the enclosed [a personal note from her] to the invitation list of 800; they did all the work of addressing, stuffing and sealing besides getting the list up to date. Mr. Korner says that many people have responded to the card and have ordered *Wide Neighborhoods*."

Our Rochester, N. Y., Committee, through the enthusiastic efforts of its Chairman, Mrs. Karl Wilson, its Honorary Chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, and its Secretary, Mrs. John Schilling (courier, Barbara Whipple) got such coöperation from Mr. Harry A. Holmlund, President of Scrantom's Book and Stationery Company that a window there was devoted to a display of *Wide Neighborhoods* for a week at publication time. About this display Barbara Whipple Schilling wrote as follows:

"You would have hooted if you could have seen what I went through to get the necessary props for the window display. Scrantom's was having in conjunction with the publication date. Polly Pearse loaned her saddle. Dr. Radabovitch loaned his bridle—John borrowed a hypo and stethoscope from the hospital. That was easy. The real snag came trying to find saddlebags! I tried every conceivable and inconceivable place and called all friends who might know. Finally, the night before the display was to be put in someone suggested the Rochester Historical Society. Can you believe it! They were the only ones in town to have any."

Through our Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Stewart's bookstore arranged a display of *Wide Neighborhoods* throughout the week when the Kentucky Education Association was meeting in Louisville, and the Wilderness Bookshop in Louisville also featured our book.

Our Chicago Chairman, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, made a personal visit to the book department of Marshall Field's with the result that its head, Mr. Bangs, arranged to send out what Harper calls "flyers" to our Chicago lists, and also to his own list of regular book buyers. Through Mrs. Roger K. Rogan in Cincinnati and the Secretary of our Cincinnati Committee, our old courier Dorothy Caldwell, Kidd's bookstore did the same thing. These personal notices were sent out also by the Morris Bookshop and the David Hunt Bookshop in Lexington, Kentucky, as well as a number of bookshops in New York, Philadelphia and New England. They all brought in large advance orders for the book.

Our Minneapolis Chairman, Mrs. George Chase Christian, not only brought the attention of the book promptly to the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune* editor, an old friend of hers, so that it was reviewed almost at once but she and Mrs. Lyndon King (who as Betty Washburn had been one of our volunteer nurse workers) both gave personal interviews to Mary Miller for her column "About People," where not only our book but the Frontier Nursing Service was beautifully handled.

Our Hazard, Ky., Committee, of which Mrs. W. W. Reeves is Chairman, has a unique position in that the members are allowed to sell the book individually and as a group. The reason for this lies in the fact that there is no bookstore at Hazard. Our publishers have given the Frontier Nursing Service the same special status, on a cash and carry basis, because there is no bookstore in our territory. The Hazard Committee has already sold 70 copies. The Frontier Nursing Service, through its Hyden and Wendover offices and its Outpost Centers has already sold more than 250 copies to its own local leading citizens, its staff, and visitors from the outside who stop off to see the Hyden Hospital.

It isn't possible to tell of all the radio reviews of the book arranged through the zeal of our various committees, although we write of some of them under "Town and Train" and that is where we tell of the work of our committees on the Eastern Seaboard.

We are also becoming aware, through the mail that is pouring in to us every day, of how many of our individual subscribers are boosting our book. (All of your letters, bless you, will be answered, but it isn't possible to cope with them yet.) The Raymond Agards at the University of Wisconsin in Madison have personally undertaken a campaign to promote the book throughout the State of Wisconsin. It has gotten off to an effective start! Mrs. John R. Rodman (old staff member Betty Holmes) at Knoxville and Mrs. George Winship, Jr. (old staff member Clara Dale Echols) at Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia, first read the book, and then began to promote it in their own corner of the United States.

Rarely has a book started off with such enthusiastic endorsement by so many thousands of friends. Perhaps it is

not to be wondered at, although we were startled as well as pleased, that *Wide Neighborhoods* was included in the April 28 report "What America Is Reading," published on May 11 by the New York *Herald-Tribune*. True it was the twenty-third, and therefore the bottom book listed under non-fiction, but the poor little old new-born thing did make this best-seller list and is included in the next two weekly lists as well. Our editor, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, writes us: "Re-orders are healthy." Miss Lawrence also writes us, with permission to quote, as follows:

"Mr. Canfield has received the following note from the novelist A. J. Cronin acknowledging the book: 'I am very much indebted to you for sending me *Wide Neighborhoods*. This is really a stunning book and held me all the way from beginning to end. Not only does it perform a splendid public service, it is magnificently readable.'"

We are sure that we have not received as yet all of the reviews that newspapers have printed about the book during the month following its publication. (And those of you who have not already done so, will you be so kind as to send us these reviews as they come to your attention?) The reviews that we have seen include not only Mrs. Roosevelt's kind mention of *Wide Neighborhoods* in her column, and the mention of the book under the charming drawing by Caroline Williams in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, but full length reviews in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, the Louisville *Sunday Courier Journal-Louisville Times*, the Lexington, Ky. *Sunday Herald-Leader*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Providence, R. I. *Journal Bulletin*, the Boston *Globe*, the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune*, the Rochester, N. Y. *Sunday Democrat and Chronicle*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Chicago *Sunday Tribune*, the Cleveland *News*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Portland [Maine] *Sunday Telegram*. Only one magazine so far, to our knowledge has reviewed the book and that is *To Dragma*, the publication of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority. Mrs. John Harter got a full page for her review, which was a most heart-warming one.

As we look through the early newspaper reviews of *Wide Neighborhoods* we are moved not only by their friendliness toward the Frontier Nursing Service, but by the kindness of most reviewers toward the book itself. The first one among them all, which appeared in the Washington *Times-Herald* on

Easter Sunday, follows just as E. F. wrote it, even down to the simplified spelling!

"WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS"

By

Mary Breckinridge

(Harper and Brothers, \$4.)

Mary Breckinridge, the founder of the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky and the "T" of this autobiography, has what is unique in first-person stories—a third-person viewpoint.

She is not only a woman who, for the past quarter of a century, has known where she wanted her paths of devotion to lead—the nursing service was established in 1925—and was able and ready to follow the most realistic direction to her dream. She is a woman who, scanning her life's horizons in this book, has been able to see just as clearly exactly what trails, from girlhood on, were the ones that mapped her final destination.

In a biography, this analysis would be penetrating. In an autobiography, it means one has the gift—and a rare one, at that—of stepping full stride outside of one's self.

The Frontier Nursing Service was established, against the greatest odds, to bring the best in medical care to the frontier folk of the Kentucky hills. It began when its founder was a child growing up in St. Petersburg (her father was American minister to Russia); it continued thru Miss Breckinridge's days as a student at St. Luke's hospital in New York. It went on from there to her nursing work in France in World War I; led on, then, to her studies in nursing and midwifery in England and Scotland.

Mingled with her formal training was her love for mountains and mountain people, her faith in the spiritual demands of service to others; her readiness to tackle administrative details.

Again and again, tho she reports them (and they make exciting reading), she refuses to dramatize the hardships of the Frontier Nursing Service. If one had to ride on horseback thru miles of bad country, thru even worse weather to succor sick mothers and children, it was all a part of the job at hand—no excuse for laurels or big brass bands.

Her story is a blueprint—in fact and in spirit—for others who wish to travel her trail.

—E.F.

—From the *Washington Times Herald*,
April 13, 1952

SURFEIT

Jane Morris reports from Keuka College that when she had a birthday in May no less than five friends sent her copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*. She also reports that she had already bought two copies on her own—one to keep and one to give away.

ADVENTURE WITH MR. TURVEYDROP

by

MARY BALCH (TIMMY), Boston Courier

(From a letter written to her family just two weeks after arriving
at Wendover)



THE AUTHOR

Thursday, 8 p.m., November 15, 1951

Yesterday was interesting. I was supposed to take Mr. Turveydrop (a jeep) and go to Flat Creek to pick up a Mrs. Cantor who was there, and bring her to Hyden. I left Wendover with various things for Flat Creek about 8:15 a.m., with no idea how far it would be, but it took me almost two hours. About one third of the way is dirt road. I passed Red Bird Center and went on and on and, finally, asked a man if I was on the right road. I was, but there was a ford, and Red Bird River was up, and he didn't think I could make it. However, some other people said I could, so I decided to try it. I got to

the ford, started across, shipped a little water over the floor but made it OK. From there it was only about two and one-half miles to the Flat Creek Center, and I made that OK.

At Flat Creek I unloaded the pipe, insulation, No. 20 oil for the furnace fan and various other oddments for Stevie (the Flat Creek nurse). Then I loaded an old-fashioned Singer sewing machine into the back, and Mrs. Cantor into the front. The sewing machine was only going down the road, and we soon disposed of it.

Mrs. Cantor and I reached the ford about an hour or hour and a half after I had crossed it before. Right in front of us was a man on a mule. He looked at us, and we looked at him, but no one said anything. I started Mr. Turveydrop across and the water started pouring in. Mr. Turveydrop died almost in the middle. The engine quit, and the water came in.

The man on the mule told us that he had known we couldn't get across, that if I had taken off the fan belt we *might* have gotten across, and besides that, I had gone across the deepest part! We thanked him very kindly for his generous and timely information. It was so helpful!!

Could he get us a mule? Well, he might be able to. (He didn't).

A boy came along with a gun. He allowed as how a team *might* be able to pull us, but he didn't know where there was one!

Well, we sat in the middle of that river for over half an hour. The water got deeper and deeper as the river was still rising. It got deep enough so that there were two inches in the back of the jeep, and in the front it was flush with the top of the gas tank under the seat. As if that wasn't bad enough, Mrs. Cantor had to point out to me how much the water was rising, all the black clouds that meant more thunderstorms, and other cheerful items like that. As if that wasn't enough, she was afraid the jeep would either float downstream, tip over, or both! I wasn't getting any happier as the minutes went by. Furthermore, I got to thinking it was Betty Lester's pet jeep. Whenever she sees anyone driving it she always tells them to be careful. I saw her in the morning and she forgot to tell me. The results were not good.

After 35 or 40 minutes of this we heard a truck coming. It

was a big Mel-O-Toast bread truck. The driver took one look at us and decided he couldn't get across either. Luckily we had a chain. He was very nice, and managed to get his truck close enough so I could throw the chain to him. I wish you could have seen me with my pants rolled up kneeling in two inches of water in the back of the jeep holding the chain around the hitch. I was scared to death I'd lose it. The other end was just hooked under the front of his bumper.

He managed to pull us almost to the edge of the river. He couldn't pull us all the way because (1) there was a steep slippery bank, (2) he didn't have room to turn his truck around, (3) we were at an angle and there was nothing to hitch the chain to and (4) we had a sharp turn as well as the hill. We left the jeep with the water half-way up the front wheels, and a quarter of the way up the back ones, all gears, brakes (such as we had) and 4 wheel drive all set. I just hoped it wouldn't roll forward into the river again.

The truck driver gave us a ride to within a half mile of Flat Creek and we walked the rest of the way. Stevie was very much surprised to see us. I called Wendover, but Jean wasn't home. I finally got Mary Jo on the line and she told me to go back and stay with the jeep, to raise the top and dry the spark plugs. Stevie got us some lunch and then we went down to the Flat Creek Mission to find the head there, and his half-ton truck. He drove us down, turning the truck around and backing the last quarter-mile to the ford as there was no other turn around. On arrival he couldn't get any traction either. The water had risen so that it was up to the bottom of the radiator. We dried off the spark plugs, and left the hood open. The motor caught—and died. About that time a man appeared and so the Missionary, Stevie and the man all pulled on the chain while I stepped on the starter. The motor didn't catch, but we managed to get back a little way. We stopped and dried off the spark plugs again and everything else we could see. The motor caught, water went spraying all over the place, and this time the jeep got out under its own power. I sure was glad to see all four wheels on dry land. We ran the motor for a while to dry it out and then I drove it home. Just because of the ford I couldn't get across, I had to go ten extra miles on dirt road

toward Manchester, then had to make it up when I got to the tar road and headed toward Hyden,—twenty extra miles in all in all because of one river which wasn't very wide, but wide enough (and deep enough).

I got to Hyden about 3:45 and called Wendover to see if there was anything for me to bring in from town. Brownie sounded very glad to hear me. Stevie had called to say I was coming but she was afraid I'd get lost! I made sure to find out from Brownie how the Middle Fork was because I had no wish to get stuck again. I wasn't sure that one swimming lesson was enough for Mr. Turveydrop. He doesn't learn too fast on that kind of thing.

Evidently when Jean heard of my misfortune she just laughed, and when she got back all she said was that she guessed the jeep had better be greased today.

I told Betty Lester tonight what had happened and made her promise to tell me to take good care of the jeep whenever she saw me, and she promised she would.

It being as how I'm tired, and being as how I'm dirty, I guess I'll stop and take a bath . . .

HOW'S THAT?

Washington correspondents keeping tab on the defense production program ran across the following official statement last week that made everything clear as mud:

"We are peaking our program philosophically, but it is naive to assume the allotment program is an equity program unless the allotments are so abysmally low that they permit the agency to relax and allow market determination at percentage of base period, sidetracking military return with adjustments.

"This is based on use levels proportionately and is in the market test sense. We now have a quantitative framework with marginal qualitative reallocations to formalize the procedure for the further refining and implementing of our objectives."

Any questions?

—*U. S. News & World Report*

A BABY ELEPHANT

The Game Ranger at Hoima, Uganda, caught a baby elephant about six months old, which after it had been in captivity a short while started browsing on its own, so it had possibly been partially weaned prior to capture. It was a young bull which almost immediately became remarkably tame and was very friendly with everyone. Within four hours of capture he climbed into and out of a truck by himself.

He became greatly attached to his African keeper and it was interesting to see how the young animal was prevented from straying as by day he was left absolutely free in a small unfenced garden to wander as he chose. His keeper used to hang his coat on a shady tree and then introduced the elephant to the coat. The young animal smelt it and agreed that it was his keeper and stayed contentedly there until the African returned to take over his charge. No doubt in the wild state the cow elephant when browsing makes her offspring stay put by rubbing herself against a tree, making the youngster smell it telling it "That's mother, and don't you dare move from there!"

It was fed on double strength dried milk and a certain amount of cow's milk when available. It drank voraciously frequently consuming 40 bottles a day. It also drank with relish a claret-coloured concoction prepared from a local tree the bark of which the Africans alleged the elephants consume.

One ear was slightly damaged near the orifice, and evidently very tender as the young fellow complained in no uncertain noisy fashion if it was touched. He soothed the injury with water or mud, and sometimes with the porridge he was given to eat. There was no direct approach to the wound but he used to bring his little trunk over his head and then gently administer the soothing medium. He delighted in a shallow bath which had been dug for him, and frequently lay down in it for long periods.

After a month at Hoima the little creature was sent to Tanganyika where several weeks later it died from an unknown cause. It is believed that it had become attached to its African keeper that after his departure from Tanganyika it just pined away. However, while at Hoima it had exhibited signs of enteritis which is a particularly deadly malady amongst very young wild animals when kept in captivity, and due principally to incorrect feeding or some deficiency.

—ORYX—Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society
London, March, 1951



THE FIFTH AMERICAN CONGRESS ON OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE EXHIBIT

Honorable Mention

Scientific and Educational Exhibit

Cincinnati, Ohio

March 31-April 4, 1952

HOME DELIVERY TECHNIQUE

"HOME DELIVERY TECHNIQUE" was the name given to the exhibit of the Frontier Nursing Service at the Fifth American Congress of Obstetrics and Gynecology which was held at the Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati from March 31st to April 4th, 1952.

Jane Furnas and I were with the exhibit, and we had a very interesting time. Mary Quarles took me to Cincinnati in the station wagon which was piled high with the exhibit material

which Brownie and I had collected. Dorothy Caldwell and Caroline Williams came in from Burlington to help us set things up.

The American Association of Nurse-Anesthetists shared a room with us. Two booths had been arranged—one for each of the exhibits—and ours had a ceiling as well as the three walls. On the back wall we fixed the best part of the room which was a fireplace made of cardboard by Caroline with suggestions from Dorothy. Its walls were painted to resemble local stone, and its fireplace was black, with logs arranged on bricks to look as if a fire could be lighted at any time. On the mantel we put a kerosene lamp, without kerosene, and on the hearth a kettle.

Then we papered the walls with wallpaper provided by Brownie, set up an iron bedstead, made up the bed, and covered it with a handmade flower garden quilt. Mark and Carlie Muncy lent us a baby crib Mark had made for their son. We put the saddlebags across a chair and spread out the delivery equipment on a table. A mannikin lent to us by the Good Samaritan Hospital lay in the bed.

From 8:30 a.m. till 6:00 p.m. each day one or other or both of us were on hand to answer questions and give information and literature, including leaflets about WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS, to the many people who came to visit us. Quite a number of old staff members—doctors and nurses—came along. The point which seemed to interest people most was our prenatal work, and the fact that we try to register patients early and follow the pregnancy through so carefully was commented on very often.

The Frontier Nursing Service is proud to report that "HOME DELIVERY TECHNIQUE" was one of the three exhibits awarded Honorable Mention. The framed certificate hangs in the clinic waiting room at Hyden Hospital for all to see and read.

There were many very interesting exhibits to visit, and everybody stopped by everybody else's booth to ask questions and to discuss what each was doing. The meetings were well attended, but Jane and I did not have much spare time to go to them. We did go to a dinner sponsored by Maternity Center, and there were discussions of problems and ideas for the future which were most interesting.

On Thursday night we had a Frontier Nursing Service reunion which was fun. All the old members promised to come to visit the Service—Reva Rubin, Bea Miller, and Ann Fox doing that very thing after the Congress, bringing guests with them.

On Friday Mary Jo Clark brought a baby to the Children's Hospital and collected the exhibit and me to spend the night with the Caldwells and then on back to Wendover. Jane returned home to Englewood, Ohio, to finish her vacation.

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

A CHICKEN CRISIS

Excerpt from a letter received by Thumper, from Wendover, while in the East with Mrs. Breckinridge.

"This A.M. a report came that the chickens had a rattle in their throats, so Betty, Sylvia, Brownie and myself went out to see. They have a rattling in the throat. Called Mr. Brashear. He was out but Mrs. suggested putting a feather soaked in kerosene down their throats and rubbing Vicks salve on their feathers. Becky Jane advised coal oil down their throats. When Mr. Brashear got in he advised giving worm medicine. Worms in their throats. Mr. Huffman who is a chicken man advised isolation and sanitation. Called Dr. Brown (*Vet in Lexington*)—he advised Sulmet. Someone else suggested putting a hair out of a horse's tail down the throat. We gave them sulmet and hope they won't die from that rather than the rattling disease. Mr. Huffman is going to Lexington tomorrow so we are sending a hen with the worst rattles to see Dr. Brown."

There is a happy ending to this story. The chickens, who had coryza, all recovered and continue to supply us with fresh breakfast eggs.

PACK-HORSE DAYS IN WESTERN ENGLAND

by
Geoffrey Grigson

Your great-grandfather, I told a young Cornish farmer, did all his farm carriage on pack-horses. He did not believe me. I said that a hundred and fifty years ago there probably was not a cart or wagon in the parish. Then how did great grandfather carry the corn? On pack-horses. How did he take the dung out to the field? On pack-horses. This young farmer of the tractor age could not believe that vehicles with wheels had come into use the day before yesterday, though that is true of Cornwall, and Devonshire as well. They were two of the last pack-horse counties, and from them comes most of my evidence about these old beasts of burden A good pack-horse carried as much as 400 lb., and in Cornwall at any rate some of his chief loads were sand and seaweed for manuring the fields, and lime when its use for wheat became general in the eighteenth century—lime from the riverside or seaside kiln.

—*The Countryman*, Oxfordshire, England
Autumn, 1951

PERNICIOUS POWER

by
Alexander F. Skutch

The lust for power is the most pernicious of human weaknesses, the cause of more misery than any other. Power through political position, power through social status, power through wealth, power over our children, power over our employees, power over our domestic animals—is not the craving for any of these, a manifestation of the same spiritual frailty? The enlightened man seeks to guide others by rational persuasion, by example, by the contagion of his enthusiasm; he shrinks in spiritual stature when he must resort to compulsion. Although we are sometimes forced to use force, we should for our spirit's sake avoid such occasions to the limit of our ability. Humility is a virtue difficult to define, and the attempt to cultivate it has led to some strange paradoxes. But if we mean by humility reluctance to impose our will upon others, it is one of the foremost among all of the moral virtues.

—*Nature Magazine*, March, 1952

URGENT NEEDS

These needs this year are appalling! We have instructed our Executive Secretary that nothing will be authorized that is not specifically given—except to replace something that might explode, catch on fire, or burst water mains. If wood rots for the lack of paint, then rot it must this year. If roofs leak, then buckets will be put under the leaks unless money comes in to put on new roofs. The upkeep on our vast properties is terrific.

In addition to everything else we need yet another jeep to replace one that is six years old this year. The upkeep on jeeps becomes excessive after six years, despite all the greasing and care we give them. The price of a new jeep, with heater, is \$1,705.00.

There are numerous small items needed as well as large ones. In quoting the prices of things like bedspreads we give wholesale quotations of a good quality of material. We have found that the cheaper grades do not hold up.

Here is our list of Urgent Needs. May the tax collector leave you money enough to enable you to help us meet them!

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Painting Trim of Hospital—Very Necessary: materials and labor—estimated	\$ 600.00
Boiler Pit—Hospital: drainage pipe laid under unexcavated part of basement and under road—tile making connections, digging ditch—estimated	195.22
Fire Hydrant (and Its House) to Protect Back of Hospital, Haggin Quarters and Barn: materials and labor—estimated.....	150.00
New Roof—Annex: materials and labor—estimated.....	600.00
Painting Trim of Annex: creosoting outside (last painted in 1946)—materials and labor.....	359.52
Replacement of Guttering on Back Side of Annex: materials and labor—estimated	17.96
Painting Interior Annex: walls and woodwork—badly needed—materials and labor—estimated.....	700.00
Top Snake Auger: to unblock plumbing.....	61.94
Waugeensteen Set-Up, Tomac Gastro-Evacuator to Drain Stomach after Surgery: complete with stand—current price.....	97.50
Operating Table to Replace Regulation Examining Table Now Used for Surgery—estimated.....	800.00
NOTE: We could do with a second-hand table—a standard, adjustable table—if it were in perfect condition.	
Flagg Laryngoscope Having Adult and Child Blades: including rebreathing attachments—estimated.....	70.00

Bed Lights: for wards—5 @ \$3.90 (requested but not given last year)	19.50
Tableware—Stainless Steel for Patients' Use: knives, forks, spoons, dessert spoons—3 dozen each.....	36.86
Step-on Waste Receptacles: 2 @ \$4.20.....	8.40
Repair of Bull Creek Clinic Roof: materials only; work will be done free by neighbors.....	11.25
	<hr/>
	\$3,728.15

HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

Household Linens: sheets—6 dozen @ \$24.30, pillow cases—6 dozen @ \$5.25, hand towels—6 dozen @ \$2.80.....	\$ 194.10
Curtain Material: 1 bolt—50 yards @ \$.49.....	24.50
Bedside Rugs—Olson: size 27" x 42"—12 @ \$4.73.....	56.76
Bath Mats: 6 @ \$1.54.....	9.24
Checked Material for 4 Tablecloths: @ \$1.39 per yard.....	66.72
	<hr/>
	\$ 351.32

MIDWIVES QUARTERS AT HOSPITAL

Fence to Enclose Pasture: for horses—materials and labor.....	\$ 77.11
Repair of Motor on Fan—Hot Air Furnace.....	39.90
Food Cupboards—Basement: material and labor.....	41.90
Extending Dining Room Table: material and labor.....	12.60
Repair and Upholstering 2 Winged Chairs: material and labor.....	58.50
Slip Cover for 1 Day Bed: material and making.....	34.00
Bookcase to Hold Professional Periodicals: materials and labor.....	28.90
Large Chest of Drawers—Unpainted.....	25.26
Step-on Waste Receptacle.....	4.20
Tires for Jane II (Jeep): 2 @ \$22.00.....	44.00
Bedside Rugs—Size 27" x 42"—Replacement: 7 @ \$4.49.....	31.43
Bedspreads (Second Request): 7 @ \$6.46.....	25.84
Bath Mats: 2 @ \$1.54.....	3.08
Mattress Covers: 7 @ \$3.29.....	23.03
Laundry Hamper.....	8.39
Reference Books—Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery:	
Pediatric: Physiology of New Born—\$7.50.....	
Obstetric: Cardiac in Pregnancy—\$10.00.....	17.50
	<hr/>
	\$ 475.64

WENDOVER

Repair of Wiring after Lightning Burned Out Circuit—Big House: material and labor.....	\$ 32.20
Wood Shed—Pig Alley: posts, riving oak boards, labor.....	18.53
Pull Gate (Metal)—Replacement: installed.....	22.03
Rebuilding 12 Baby Chick Houses: materials and labor.....	55.02
Chicken Lot: fence repaired, rock drain put in—materials and labor	41.87
Cow Lot: drainage around watering trough—cement and labor....	42.73
Screening Upstairs Porch—Garden House (East End): materials and labor—estimated.....	40.00
Painting Garden House: exterior—materials and labor—estimated..	650.00
Painting Garden House Community Recreation Room in Basement:—estimated	35.00
Chimney Caps for 8 Flues.....	85.14

Entrance Door to Garden House: replacement of glass after storm	4.50
Sewer Rod (100') for Unblocking Pipes.....	99.90
Card Table for Recreation Room (Local Young People).....	4.98
Soldering Iron (Electric).....	9.45
Can Opener—Hotel Size.....	7.24
Glass Churn—Replacement.....	4.50
4 Vaporizing Liquid Fire Extinguishers.....	50.68
2 Sections (2 Drawers Each) Card Files—Record Department.....	25.50
Re-roofing Cabin: replacing board shingles with asphalt shingles—materials and labor—estimated.....	500.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,729.27

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial**

Replacing Entrance Steps: materials and labor.....	23.70
New Pull Gate: material and labor.....	15.69
Coal Chute: metal lined—materials and labor.....	6.97
2 Winged Chairs Repaired: materials and labor.....	13.00
Chimney Caps for 3 Flues: current quotation.....	31.73
Bedside Rugs—Olson: 4 @ \$4.73.....	18.92
Pasture Fence: repairs—material and labor—estimated.....	41.20
Linoleum (Inlaid) for Center Clinic Floor and Bathroom—Second Request: materials and labor—estimated.....	75.00
Paint for Stinnett Clinic: 3 gallons @ \$3.35.....	10.05
Enamel Floor Covering for Stinnett Clinic: 9' x 12'.....	10.56
Small Sliding Screen for Window.....	1.10
	<hr/>
	\$ 247.92

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

Guttering on Center: rehanging all of it, replacing leaking sections—materials and labor—estimated.....	\$ 50.00
Inside Ladder for Water Tank.....	6.26
Repairing Garden Fence: (120 panels)—posts and labor.....	21.00
New Wringer for Washing Machine.....	4.95
Iron Shovel, Poker, Tongs (Fireplace): replacement.....	8.10
Coffee Dripolator.....	2.57
Repair of Barn Roof after Hail Storm: patching holes and applying liquid roof coating—estimated.....	16.60
Hot Plate for Clinic—Heavy Duty (Second Request).....	26.78
	<hr/>
	\$ 136.26

POSSUM BEND**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

Heating System Repairs: replacing grate in furnace and worn out sections of smoke pipe and hot air pipes—materials and labor..\$	50.76
Refrigerator Repaired: parts and labor.....	43.60
Paint for Living Room: 3 gallons (put on by nurses).....	11.05
Slip Covers: two-way stretch for 2 chairs and day bed.....	37.96
Electric Toaster.....	14.50
	<hr/>
	\$ 157.87

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial**

Re-roofing Center (Second Request): materials and labor— estimated	\$ 500.00
Re-roofing Barn: materials and labor—estimated.....	170.00
Relining Manure Bent: materials and labor.....	32.20
Wood Shed: materials and labor—estimated.....	17.00
Inside Ladder for Cypress Water Tank: replacement.....	7.93
Repair of Pole Fence (216') around Pasture: (poles given), posts, staples, labor.....	42.27
Coal Shovel	2.55
Axe	3.43
Sheets—4	9.08
	<hr/>
	\$ 784.46

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial**

Replacing Fence around Front of House (to Protect Shrubbery from Horses): materials and labor.....	\$ 24.25
Painting Center—Very Necessary: materials and labor—estimated	500.00
Whitewashing Inside of Horse Barn (4 Stalls, Runway, Tack Room); Cow Barn and Chicken House: on contract.....	40.00
Tin Can Hole: digging pit; making wooden top.....	15.00
Moving Sawdust Bent	11.25
Carving Knife	3.50
Patching Leak in Roof: materials and labor.....	18.15
	<hr/>
	\$ 612.15

RED BIRD**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

Rubbish Hole: digging pit, lumber and labor making new top.....	\$ 27.63
Whitewashing Barn, Garage, Manure Bent and Sawdust Bent (In- side and Out): materials and labor—spraying—estimated.....	37.35
Slip Covers: 3 chairs, 1 window seat; materials and making— estimated	64.25
Draperies: 2 double windows, 1 single; materials and making— estimated	22.53
2 Bedspreads: \$6.46 each.....	12.92
Curtains—Double Bedroom: material—8 yards @ \$.50.....	4.00
Everyday China: replacements (cups, saucers, plates, vegetable dishes)	14.51
Step-on Waste Receptacle	4.20
Fencing: replacing posts and rails—materials and labor (contract)	40.00
2 Saucepans	1.75
Floor Mop	2.25
	<hr/>
	\$ 231.39

ORIENTATION

by

JANE McQUATE, R.N.

Though I've not always felt so, education is a marvelous and necessary process, and in two and a half months, the Service has crammed my existence full of experiences which educate.

After seven colorless autumns in Chicago, I rather went overboard with my camera, and at once transferred my affections from Michigan with its woods and lakes to Kentucky with its hills and streams, and the largest aggregation of really lovely babies I've ever seen.

Time passed quickly and adjustment in the hospital was easy with such obliging and coöperative co-workers. The exposure to the clinic files to me was quite dangerous, however, for even when I did understand the patient's name, I couldn't spell it—such originality!

An infected finger proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it provided a whole week to go with Edie Kennell on district. My first jeep ride up a creek bed was entirely passed in laughter, for I could see in my mind's eye how ridiculous I looked bouncing about from roof to floor. That week we did typhoid clinics in the schools—a one-room school was a delightful experience with the stairsteps of children braving the sting of the toxoid and the horror of a needle.

That week we blacked the wee pot-bellied stove in Bull Creek clinic and attempted to attach the stovepipe. After much exertion, figuring and abrasions, we had the pipe together and up the chimney. But while we tried with all our might and main to attach it to the stove, the whole thing buckled in the middle, showering us with soot and leaves. We huffily deposited it on the floor (work for another day) and cleaned ourselves in the creek.

My horse, Jefferson, proved to be a near-Waterloo for me, he being accustomed to doing as he pleased with green equestrians, and I being unaccustomed to conveying my unwelcome wishes to a four-footed beast. When he halted in the river, looking about, I felt certain it was for a likely place to dump

me. Since then my confidence (and I trust my ability) has increased, and I enjoy riding immensely. Riding behind Doc is good for a laugh, and I'd love to get him a grass skirt, so he could show the hula girls a thing or two—it's evident that he's never heard of a running walk. He is also quite long-legged, so mounting and dismounting him has considerably increased my admiration for the cowboys who leap into the saddle without a helping rock. One of us wrongly estimated the drop to the ground from his back, and much to her chagrin and our amusement, found herself seated in the creek with the water lapping at her britches.

After Edie left, initiation to the district with Betty Lester was just like witnessing one family reunion after another (one gets in on so many good meals that way). I'm really anticipating entering the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in the spring, and in the meantime, the days fly by, filled with "first times." It's just good to be here.

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

Through one of the interesting news letters that come to us regularly from Representative Frances P. Bolton, we learned that the 100th anniversary of John Howard Payne's death fell on April 9, 1952. John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," is buried in Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown, Washington D. C., beneath a statue erected by William W. Corcoran. It is a little known and rarely visited spot. We believe, as does Mrs. Bolton, "that every school, every church and every home in the land should be given the opportunity to bow at the shrine of this sensitive man, for in the haunting phrases of his hymn lies the strength which has made this country great: the reverence of Home."

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Costello C. Converse (Frances Hamlen),
Needham, Massachusetts—February 14, 1952**

Our two little children, Freddy almost three years old, and Paula who has just turned one, are such good fun. How they can grow and change from day to day! Paula, who may have looked somewhat like a cherub, if possible, on the Christmas card, has now become entirely independent in attitude and, all in all, has by far the upper hand as far as her big brother is concerned. I do think, however, I can spot some inclinations that perhaps could prove advantageous to the FNS!

Cossie and I are bound for Canada in a couple of days for a week of skiing at Mont Tremblant. Since I have never set foot over the Canadian border, I am quite looking forward to our vacation.

. . . .

From Jane Bidwell, Greenough, Montana—February 18, 1952

I was home for about one month at Christmas time to see the family and friends. On January 20th I headed back out West. I returned here earlier than expected. The Victors, who own The Rocking Chair, were taking a vacation in Death Valley with their two sons, and wanted me to take care of their small ranch in their absence.

They were gone about ten days and I had a wonderful time. I would get up leisurely in the morning and stoke the wood furnace before eating. The outside chores consisted of feeding ten horses, three rabbits (one with a litter of ten), the dog and last but not least a very friendly cat named Tabby.

The deer are prolific along the banks of the river as the snow is so deep in the hills that it has driven them to the banks to seek refuge from coyotes. A day didn't go by that I didn't see deer strolling within a couple of hundred feet from the house. They would rise on their hind legs to reach the pine needles

and branches of trees. Food is scarce and the deer are not in too good condition.

Now that the Victors are back, we are in the midst of moving. Bill and Ent have bought a cattle ranch in Phillipsbury and we are to move around the first of March. What a job it is! I am moving with them and will be there until Christmas-time, when I will again return home for a month. I will be able to tell you more about the ranch after we have gotten there.

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**From Mrs. John Robbins (Peggy Harrison), Edmonton,
Alberta, Canada—February 21, 1952**

We like living in Canada very much, but plans for the future are still indefinite. Someday we would like to do work again for the American Friends Service Committee.

If you should write to any of your former nurses who are in Alaska, do give them our address: 10271 99th Street, Edmonton, Alberta. It is that of my husband's business and would find us so long as we are in Edmonton. This city is the "gateway" to the north and nearly all the Alaskan travellers pass through here.

Am much looking forward to the publication of Mrs. Breckinridge's book, as I guess thousands of other people are.

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From Allison Bray, Leeds, England—March 2, 1952

I think of you all so much, particularly the other day when I gave a short FNS talk to a Ladies Club in Liverpool. I wanted to pop them all on a boat and take them along to see what it was like—so much easier than trying to explain everything. (I'm not an experienced speaker!) Anyway it was fun having the day off to talk about my favorite subject.

My job keeps me busy and I love it. It is most interesting and I am looking forward to meeting all the people at the Congress to whom I am now writing. They are coming from all over the world, including several from the U. S. The Congress is a small edition of the International one that Brownie went to in New York in 1950. One of the members of our committee was there. I have very nice people to work for, which makes things very pleasant.

We were all very upset about the death of our King. He was a wonderful man and we all feel we have lost a friend.

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From Mrs. Ruth P. Chase, Mill Valley, California

—March 7, 1952

In the one sunny day we had this winter, we all dashed out with spades and shovels to dig gardens for the children. After great labor we achieved two patches about four feet by two feet and fenced them all in. Bunny said she wanted to grow flowers which was fine, so I asked David what he'd like to grow. His big brown eyes shone with expectation as he proudly said "Hot dogs!" (We compromised on vegetables!)

During this last flu bout Bunny had a 104° fever and was appropriately subdued by it. After twenty-four hours she was normal again and first thing I heard was her tiny voice next door singing "Jesus Loves Me." Don't know whether the song and release from fever went together by design or accident but it was rather nice.

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From Mrs. Allen Rose (Barbara Bentley), Altadena,

California—March 20, 1952

Allen and I have a son. (*See Babies.*) As you can imagine I can hardly wait for Allen to get home—Germany seems like an awfully long way off but it may not be for too much longer as he is up for a discharge. I certainly have my fingers crossed that we will be lucky.

Hope you are all well. I think of you often and hope someday I'll be able to get back to Wendover—I'll never forget the time I spent with you.

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From Ellen Ordway, Trinidad, B. W. I.—March 20, 1952

What exciting news to hear that Mrs. Breckinridge's book is to come out this spring. We all have been waiting for it eagerly and can hardly wait to read it.

Our group has been down here in Trinidad now for over a month and just love it. We have enough work to keep us busy for years and years working chiefly on behavior studies of

insects and the ecology of our valley. We have also taken caving trips for exploration purposes and for making surveys of the invertebrate life of these caves, a field which never has been thoroughly investigated. It is all such fascinating work and there is always so much more to learn that there is never a dull moment. June and our return to the States always comes too soon.

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**From Mrs. Howard P. Ingels, Jr. (Pat Mickle), Houston,
Texas—March 22, 1952**

We moved February 15th to Houston. Howdy got a grand promotion and we are very happy. We have rented an adorable house and have bought our furniture. It is nice to have our own things. We are here for two years probably at the most. Then out to a district again for four or five years; then back here to the division office permanently, when we shall invest in our own house!

I shall be on the lookout for Mrs. Breckinridge's book early this summer. I am so anxious to read it! Ought to be fascinating.

Our Steve is growing so fast. He is talking like mad—his own brand—but does say a few words and can put a couple of words together if he does it on his own. He won't say boo if you try to make him—stubborn as a mule and a fiery temper! A constant source of amusement.

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**From Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis (Pam Dunn), Red Bank,
New Jersey—March 27, 1952**

Graham got home (*from Korea*) the 22nd of February and Daddy kept the children so I could meet him at Idlewild. He looks wonderful and the children warmed up to him immediately. He has just the post he wants at Fort Monmouth.

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**From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin), Milton,
Massachusetts—April 2, 1952**

I met Bobby in San Francisco two days after Christmas (*He had just returned from the First Marine Division in Korea*)

and after spending a glorious week there we returned to my family on the Cape and to our two little boys. After a few weeks we were fortunate enough to find this house in Milton. Bobby is back in the investment business and all in all we are thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

He met John Breckinridge only once (*in Korea*) but their mutual friends had only the highest regards for him. Let us hope that this so called "remote" war will prove to be the basis of a peaceful world. Only then will it seem worthwhile.

Timmy Balch has just returned from all of you and I can hardly wait to see her and hear all the latest news. So much has happened since I left that I can't believe it was only five years ago.

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From Nancy Dammann, Madras, India—April 27, 1952

Yesterday I saw a short notice in an old copy of the New York Times announcing the publication of WIDE NEIGHBORHOODS. Haven't seen any reviews yet and probably won't for another month since it takes at least six weeks for most American magazines to reach here.

Life here continues much the same as ever. The main source of conversation is water or the lack of it. We are in the midst of a real famine which I'm afraid will get worse before it gets better. Many villages are completely without drinking water and of course have no water for irrigation. It hasn't rained since November and we've had no monsoon for six years. It's impossible to irrigate without a monsoon. To make matters worse Madras city is about to run out of water. Everybody is busy digging wells in their back yards since the city water will probably be cut off in about a month. We dug one but hit salt water. Guess we'll have to borrow from our neighbors.

Have just finished a fascinating trip to a city called Madura located about 300 miles south of here. Spent four days wandering through the neighboring villages gathering material for an article on some rather good rural welfare work being done by Madras State. Most of the work is centered around improving sanitation and agriculture. It was really a fascinating trip. The government is doing some very good work. The thing that impressed me most is that they have gotten the villagers to do

most of the actual work. All the government officials do is help with money and know-how.

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**From Mrs. William Hamilton Noyes (Adelaide Atkin),
Woodstock, Illinois—April 28, 1952**

I have laughed and wept with you in reading your book. It has so much beauty and your depth of feeling—truly you are the book and the book is you. I shall always be grateful to you for shedding your light at our hearth and upon our children.

Terry, our older boy, will be seven on Wednesday, and he asked me to invite the boys his age from the nearby orphanage to come with his other friends to his party. They are coming, and I am glad that he feels the need of sharing with others less fortunate.

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**From Mary Balch (Timmy), Milton, Massachusetts
—April 28, 1952**

Scrappy (*a stray dog off Wendover district*) really is a miniature Doberman. The other day I picked up a French teacher I had last fall and she nearly went crazy when she saw Scrappy. I am beginning to wonder more and more just where she came from. I'm sure that there are no more like her down there.

I saw Mrs. Breckinridge and Thumper last Wednesday and got a book autographed. It was such fun to see them both and get caught up on all the Wendover news.

Did I tell you I am driving out West this summer with Aunt Connie, John, a friend of John's, and Lenny? Aunt Connie wants someone to help drive. Lenny can drive as far as New Mexico, but we leave him to be a counselor there at a camp. After we leave him, the four of us are just going to travel around. We don't know exactly where yet, but we will definitely see Sylvia Bowditch Newsom in California. I think it is going to be a lot of fun.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Polly Pearse is living in New York City with four college

friends. She is studying at the Bank Street College of Education and doing full-time practice teaching in Child Education. Polly says she loves it.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Elinor Castle Massie of Lexington, Kentucky, to Mr. John Edmonds Slatford of Long Island, New York. This wedding is of special interest to us in the FNS because Elly is the daughter of Dr. Francis M. Massie, an invaluable member of our Medical Advisory Committee, and both he and Mrs. Massie, as well as Elly, are very close to the heart of the FNS. The wedding will not take place for over a year as Elly plans to finish at Smith College and Mr. Slatford will join the Marine Corps in June. We wish for Elly and lucky Mr. Slatford a future filled with all the best things this life can hold.

WEDDINGS

Miss Vera Potter of Dover, Massachusetts, and Mr. Ross Whistler, Jr., of Baltimore, Maryland, on February 23, 1952, in South Natick, Massachusetts.

Miss Ann Hodgkin Hanes of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and Mr. Thomas Lenoir Chatham of Elkin, North Carolina, on April 5, 1952, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. They will live in Needham, Massachusetts.

We wish for these young people many years of happy married life.

BABIES

Born to Pfc. and Mrs. Allen Rose (Barbara Bentley), a son, Robert Allen, on February 23, 1952—weight 7 pounds and 12 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch), a daughter, Sylvia Church, on March 19, 1952—weight 6 pounds and 9 ounces. Her mother writes:

The Bulletin came the night I went to the hospital. Read it from cover to cover and then produced a 1970 courier!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Ragle (Barbara Barnes), a daughter, Hilary Lee, on April 11, 1952.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner McAnerney (Doris Sinclair), a son, George Gardiner McAnerney, Jr., on April 21, 1952, in Atlanta, Georgia.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Potter, Jr. (Edith Welch, "Edo") a third daughter, Harriet, on May 9, 1952—weight 8 pounds and 3 ounces.

WHAT I BELIEVE

In the world today, there is need for good commensurate with the pace at which we live and with the ever-increasing jealousies that surround us To give us elbow room, there must be some way out short of a war of extermination. The present is no time for us to waste our strength in idleness or even to be squandering it where it will do little good. For all we know, our time is running out and the need for immediate, concerted effort is very great. We doctors know that when we face an overwhelming catastrophe, we must save the living and leave the dying. Sometimes it is a hard choice and one that will haunt a man for days and years. A decision of life and death may well lie ahead for everyone of us. Our patient is the peace of the world and the continuation of our civilization. On the wise decision and action of each individual may depend the survival of that patient.

William Jason Mixter, B.S., M.D.

The Partridge Lecture on Christianity—1950

HARRIET PRODUCES A CALF

by

SELBY BROWN
Rochester, New York Courier

Cows never seemed to hold any fascination for me until I met Harriet which was soon after my arrival at Wendover. There was something about her that intrigued me. We got to know each other very well during her last month of pregnancy, and when her time came near I became almost as concerned about her and the calf she was about to produce as I would about my old child. Harriet's calf was due the 13th of July, and on the 11th Jean started to keep close watch over her. Nothing happened for five nights, but on the fifth night Dexter and I went to see her a little early. Things looked different even to our novice eyes. To us Harriet seemed to be "punishing." Not trusting our faint knowledge of cows and their birth problems, we asked Jean to look at her with a veterinarian eye and confirm our suspicions. Jean seemed to sense our urgency and tired as she was of our false alarms went to look at Harriet.

By this time Harriet must have thought she was one of the seven wonders of the world or else must have wished the dumb couriers would leave her in peace to have her calf alone. Whatever she thought, she was most obliging. Jean seemed to take longer this time and when she returned, we awaited her verdict with bated breath. "I think you'll get your calf tonight," was Jean's only comment. We decided to sleep in the hay loft so we wouldn't miss a thing that happened. Then Jean put her foot down and told us to go to bed until about four in the morning.

The next thing I knew I was being rudely awakened, and Dexter was shouting something in my ear about Harriet having pains every minute and getting up and lying down. When the realization of what was about to take place came to me I jumped out of bed and ran to Harriet. Kate, Dex and I settled ourselves on a log in front of Harriet's stall and there we sat until 6:19 a.m. when Harriet produced a Brown Swiss bull calf. She immediately started cleaning him up, and at 7:00 he was on his

unsteady feet eating breakfast. Harriet looked at us as much as to say, "Now you've seen my baby, can't you please leave me alone?"

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

A new baby girl had just arrived at the Stacy home at 8:05 a.m. The older children had been rushed off to school before the happy event but Diane, a chubby little four-year-old, was taken in to see the new baby. Her comment was: "Them young'uns 'll shore be tickled," referring to her older brother and sisters who had been rushed off to school.—J.F.

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A four-year-old girl in the clinic waiting room at Hyden Hospital was writing the alphabet and her name and other names. The clinic nurse asked her:

"Who taught you to write?"

"I jest growed up knowin' how!" was the reply from this "grown-up" of four.



A MOUNTAIN CHILD

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Bridget Ristori Tothill in New Zealand—August 4, 1951

This year seems to have slipped by even faster than usual. Thank goodness, on the whole, Vincent's health has been better. I had hoped that now he is 65 we might have been able to retire. But what with one thing and another since our marriage and the rapid rise in cost of living over the last few years, there isn't a hope. We had thought that it might be possible to live on one of the West Indian or South Sea Islands on a small income—but from enquiries made, even that idea seems hopeless. So there we are.

Vincent spent his holiday with yachting friends who own a lovely farm in the Waikato, and was most interested in all he saw, especially the new method of destroying gorse by spraying from the air, for gorse is one of the curses in New Zealand, and to think the early settlers actually begged their friends in the old country to send them out the seeds.

My own holiday was a far more extravagant affair. Leaving here on Wednesday by bus—a trip I would never even have considered without dramamine—I went through to Auckland in the day—145 miles, and next day flew to Invercargill which is practically the southernmost point of New Zealand. I caught the early morning train to Goro next day, then on to Queenstown by bus. Situated on a lake, surrounded by mountains and largely dependent on tourist trade for its life blood, it reminded me far more of a Tyrolean than a N.Z. holiday resort. From Queenstown to Christchurch was a long day bus trip which was both interesting and enjoyable. As one of the delegates to the Nurses' Conference my first three days were well occupied. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and although somewhat horrified at the numerous requests for more and more money and less and less work, I was interested to note how often common sense prevailed when demands were fantastic. Resumed my travelling on the Monday and flew to Wellington, arriving there in time for lunch, which I had with Leslie, a friend of training days.

Our Play Reading has been most successful this year—three one-act plays one week, and three-act play the next. The plays we put on last year were a great success, but I really didn't feel I could take on the job of putting any on this year, so instead, we are just ending the season with two rehearsed readings, music and supper.

My writing is quite a thing of the past—absolutely no time for it. But I am bringing out a third edition of the Guide Book. It is going to have a map of the Bay of Islands on the cover, and a number of new photos including the cows, window shopping in Russell, the lilies in full bloom on one of the streets and the train going through the main street of Kawakawa.

Several friends from abroad have asked me about settling in N.Z. But although we are very happy here, I'd hesitate to advise anyone to come because people's tastes vary so much that one man's meat is another man's poison. The best thing is to come and look and see. Certainly N.Z. is not the cheap, peaceful country it was when I first came here in 1920—but is anywhere? In those days strikes were unheard of. Now, alas, they are all too frequent. The railway men struck at Christmas, spoiling the holidays of many. Then came the disastrous Watersiders' strike, which I think the majority of people will agree was very ably handled by the Government. Of course these strikes and the fact that all countries are rearming, are sending up the cost of living. Naturally Labourites blame the poor old National Government for this, though I doubt if any government could have prevented it. Anyway, ere this letter is posted, we shall have had another general election. Personally I don't envy whichever party gets in, for the troubles are not local, but they are world wide. I wonder if the day will ever come again when it will be possible to budget and keep in the budget.

November 20, 1951

If Vincent recovers sufficiently from his stroke to be able to resume some sort of normal life we shall be leaving here and going to Swaziland to join John Matthams and her husband. Incidentally they were married the same day we were, and her husband used to work for my father in Scotland.

From Dr. Howard Freas in West Haverstraw, New York

—February 20, 1952

The progress I have made amazes everyone and exceeds the expectations even of the hospital staff. After the first three weeks in bed, I was allowed to be up in a wheel chair. Hot baths, active and passive muscle manipulations, were soon supplemented by swimming in a heated pool, gymnastic exercises on a mat and walking between parallel bars. This I began doing at the end of seven weeks and ten days ago I was allowed to walk with canes, for which I soon substituted ski poles with rubber crutch tips on the ends—I had previously used these for hiking in Congo—because their additional length enables me to go up and down steps without bending over. Then last week I was given permission to watch an orthopedic operation during which I stood a half hour without support.

At New Year's I was allowed to go to Chatham for the four-day holiday, taking my collapsible wheel chair with me. Ever since then I have been permitted to leave the hospital every week-end, as are all wheel-chair patients. Katherine has come to get me every Friday at 5 p.m. and takes me either to my sister's at Chatham (50 miles) or to a tourist cabin near here. Next week-end when we will have three days because of Washington's birthday, we are planning to go to Trenton to visit our friends and my home church there.

The doctors won't say how much longer I'll be here, probably another month or so. They consider my case a light one, comparatively speaking. Only one muscle in the back of my right thigh is completely paralyzed and still shows no evidence of vitality. All other involved muscles seem to be gaining in strength. It was most fortunate that neither hands nor feet were involved. All the doctors concur with Dr. Price, my British Baptist colleague at our new medical training institution in Congo, that something between 80-100 per cent recovery is anticipated and Dr. McCauley, the specialist in charge of my case, has been kind enough to write Mr. Farnum, our Congo secretary in New York, affirming that it is his opinion that I should recover sufficiently to enable me to return to Congo!

From Margaret McCracken in Korea—March 18, 1952

Your mail has caught up with me even though I have moved still another time. I think I'll probably be here for awhile though. In fact for a year unless, of course, something big happens in this war.

I am stationed well behind the fighting lines—at least 200 miles. This is guerrilla territory. In fact, just outside our compound are two tanks that were blown out by General Dean just before his capture.

This is a 500-700 bed hospital. Our patient census right now is very low for there is a lull in the fighting. We are not very busy and that is uncomfortable, in fact we are working four days a week. But we are glad that our men are not being killed or wounded. How long things will be slow we cannot tell.

I am working in Central Service here. It's different, interesting, and a change. It is also our job to give all the penicillin and strep shots for the hospital. Penicillin is like a narcotic over here. It has to be watched very carefully or it finds its way to the black market and is sold at a very high price.

I had a very good time (almost two months) in Japan as there was a lot to see and do. We visited Nikko which is the religious center high in the Japanese Alps. Mt. Fuji is every bit as beautiful as in pictures. I also saw most of Tokyo and Yokahama, which is strictly Oriental.

I flew over to Korea on February 22. We landed at the 25th Evacuation. We stayed there about thirty-six hours and then came up here by hospital train. The hospital train was going up to the front lines to pick up the wounded. They go up empty so we rode this far.

Korea seems to be a land of small children. When we step out of the front gates, there are droves of children that follow you everywhere hoping for some candy or gum. They are ragged, dirty, hungry little children with runny noses. It is very hard to see them so.

A couple of days ago a group of us went to visit a leper colony. I have never seen anything like it. These people live in a small village on the outskirts of the town, and are restricted to their village. The people that are able farm, and the Korean government sends them some food each week. They are isolated

and fed but receive no other help. The people look awful but the children make you feel awful. The children born there (and there are many) must stay there too. They grow up and as they grow they too contract leprosy.

Ten of us live in a quonset hut which is fairly comfortable. The food here is only fair. Of course, we all miss good, clean, white sheets, milk and all the other comforts we are used to, but we can't complain. This is one of the most comfortable hospitals in Korea I'm told.

Tell Maude and Tanga (*her horse and cat*) when you see them that I think of them very often. Pat them for me.

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From Clara Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete) in Ontario,

Canada—March 22, 1952

We have rented a new, teeny-weeny furnished house and think ourselves extremely lucky with it. It's in one of the very many new developments in the Toronto area—lots of baby carriages, children and dogs. There is scads of mud (no sidewalks nor completed driveways) so it will be most neighborly we think. We're getting a terrific kick out of housekeeping all on our own.

Both of the kids are really too good for words. Freddie is cute as pie; all smiles and twinkles. Heather is still full of bounce, quaint expressions, saying really everything and trying to sing the rest.

Eric doesn't usually work Saturdays so it makes for a lovely, long week-end. He works eight miles away, but usually gets a ride so he leaves me the car. He usually gets the groceries.

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From Phyllis Benson in Montrose, California—March 30, 1952

The announcement that your *Wide Neighborhoods* will soon be available is so thrilling! I am waiting for it impatiently. It has been well over a year since I read the 10 or 12 chapters during my "rest week-end" at Wendover, after caring for Dr. Adolph in Berea. I well remember those hours in the cozy hearth-warmed staff room with those captivating pages.

Since my homecoming, I've been working on a California Public Health certificate, and am doing school nursing in La Canada, near my home. It is a convenient set-up in all respects,

and practical. My school is named "Paradise Canyon Elementary School" and is nestled in the foothills of our Sierra Madre range of mountains. Next year there will be another school and then my time will be divided between the two of them. It's amazing how fast a day can go while testing little eyes and ears, patching small wounds and teaching health practices. Occasionally parents find that their youngsters are infested with intestinal parasites, and it is hard for them to comprehend—it doesn't happen very often. The thought seems to horrify some folks.

Many of the families in this area have their own saddle horses, and as the folks ride by the school I think of the days when I rode daily, too, and am acutely nostalgic for that land of yours.

Am recovering from an appendectomy which turned out to be rather inconvenient at this time due to a minor complication. I hope to return to work soon, however. I hope you and the others are well. I simply devour each Bulletin.

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From Martha Morrison in Boston—April 1952

I am working at Boston Lying-In Hospital from 7:00 to 3:30 every day. A few days ago I was in the delivery room with Dr. Kirkwood. We had a wonderful time talking Hyden, Wendover and even Bull Creek. It was a normal delivery without deep anesthesia and how homesick for the FNS I was! Next week Cookie is coming to Boston Lying-In to work on the delivery floor with me. I am going into the operating room for two weeks and then may be switched to night duty.

There are seldom dull moments, and I have benefited and learned a great deal, but oh, how lost I would be if I had not had my midwifery in Kentucky. There are several Scottish girls here who are all midwives, most of them work in the nurseries or on the postpartum floors. There is one on the delivery floor who reminds me of Mac every time I hear her voice.

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From Isabelle Dougall Marraine in Monticello, Florida

—April, 1952

I have continued to work in Monticello for several reasons

and the most important being that I like it here. I have some very good friends and so many of the people have been really good to us, and are genuinely interested in Ione and Peter. Ione will be eighteen in September and Peter fifteen. The former went to Florida State University last year, having been awarded the Lewis Scholarship of \$400.00 a year and which she can have for as long as five years. She gets home quite often as F. S. U. is only 26 miles from us. Each time I see her she has decided on a different career. The last time it was kindergarten teaching and languages. Peter is in his first year of high school. He is quite five feet and seven inches—of course I hope he will grow still taller. He would like to be a doctor and I believe he would make a good one, if a kind, gentle manner means anything. It is a difficult field to enter and, though contemplated, there is no medical school in Florida at present. Anyway, when he gets out of school he is likely to be drafted, so we can only make tentative plans.

I have not decided on my summer vacation yet, and might again drive around your way. I know I am going to enjoy reading Mrs. Breckinridge's book.

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From Vera Chadwell in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya—April, 1952

When I arrived in Singapore in February I was posted to the British Military Hospital, about five miles out of the city. It is a lovely hospital surrounded by plenty of green grass, palm trees and tropical flowers. The climate is hot and very sticky. I did some assistant tutoring in nursing and hygiene to the other ranks in training—Malays, East Africans and British. Two months later I was posted here. We get plenty of variety as we are sent to any department as needed. I hope to do some surgery as I am told there are a lot of gunshot wounds and I want to learn as much as I can. The trip from Singapore took about twelve hours. We came through jungle and more jungle all the way. Here we can see small, wooded mountains in the distance. Kuala Lumpur is quite a large town with nice shops. We get army transport there and back. I have ordered tropical riding kit and hope to do some riding. There are times when I feel terribly homesick for you all.

From Mae Green in Devon, England—May, 1952

I often think of you and all the kindly mountain folk, and the many friends I know still in the FNS. I do enjoy reading about you all in the Bulletin. Thank you very much for still sending it along. Please remember me to all I know.

Newsy Bits

We send our heartiest congratulations to **Nora K. Kelly**, Matron of the Watford Maternity Hospital, on the excellent record made by the hospital last year. We quote from the *West Herts and Watford Observer* of March 7, 1952:

"Well over 1,000 babies, including 25 sets of twins and one set of triplets, were born at Watford Maternity Hospital last year, yet not one mother was lost. That was the record proudly announced by the Hospital Committee Chairman. . . . This result reflected great credit on the Matron (Miss N. K. Kelly) and her staff, she declared.

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"There is now a doctor on duty at all times, says the report, and considerably increased facilities for the mothers' well-being. . . . All patients applying for a bed are given a complete examination, and if there is medical or domestic reason for their admission they are booked up. Babies of all tubercular mothers are specially checked up. The hospital is also very proud of its training school. Student midwives have come from Indonesia, Pakistan, Burma, Iraq, the Dominions and half a dozen countries of Europe. . . . The district midwives from the hospital have had a very busy year and have delivered 560 babies at home."

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Margaret Oracko, who is a clinical instructor at the Sacred Heart Hospital at Allentown, Pa., has started instruction classes for expectant parents in the community. She writes: "Last week we graduated 26 parents. It was wonderful, I enjoyed it and they did too, because they all came back every week. I went to see Miss Zabriskie in New York for some practical hints for the classes. She was marvelous as she always is. We had a very nice chat. I am starting a new series of classes next week. I am also teaching obstetrics and obstetric nursing to the students."

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Louise Fink has been accepted for the position of District Worker with the Alaska Department of Public Welfare. She will arrive in Juneau in July of this year. Our very best wishes go with Louise for success in her new venture.

A Wedding

Miss Ruth Elizabeth Alexander to Mr. Thomas Nelson Ingerson on May 3, 1952, in Matthews, North Carolina. They will make their home in New Jersey. Our best wishes for every happiness go to this young couple.

A New Arrival

A very warm welcome awaited little Joel Calvin when he arrived at our Hyden Hospital on the morning of May 2, 1952. He is the firstborn child of Mr. and Mrs. Jahugh Morgan (**Ruth Offenheiser**) of Hyden, Kentucky. We send congratulations to the proud and happy parents.

SOLLE'S BOOK SHOP

Up at Omena in Michigan is a famous book shop called Solle's. It was founded by Mr. Solle after his doctor told him that if he wanted to live, he must leave Chicago and "go to the woods." Everybody who went to that part of Michigan in the summer stopped in to see Mr. Solle, to sign his guest book and place their orders for books. He always said, "Give me time and I will get you any book, no matter when published or how long out of print."

After Mr. Solle's death, his son Gordon, who had served in World War II, took over Solle's Book Shop with its tradition of culture and service. Why are we telling our readers about this? Last year, in the summer of 1951, our friend, Mrs. James O. Roberts of "Montrose" at Frankfort, Kentucky, won as a bridge prize up in Michigan an order on Solle's Book Shop at Omena for any book she wanted. She chose *Wide Neighborhoods*, unfinished at the time and without a title. Immediately after *Wide Neighborhoods* was published, Gordon Solle sent her copy down to her in Kentucky. Insofar as we know, her order was the first one ever placed for *Wide Neighborhoods*.

CHAOS AT MIDWIVES QUARTERS

by

JANE FURNAS, R.N., S.M., B.S.

No one glancing at "Dean Fedde," as she sat in the big easy chair under the east window at Mardi Cottage, gazing slowly around the room, could have conceived of the turmoil that would develop from her thoughts. It seems she sat there quietly redecorating the living room (which was badly in need of same). After figuring what she thought really needed redoing, the Dean consulted the FNS "chief trouble shooter," Agnes Lewis. "Aggie" got the various workers involved to make estimates of the jobs. Then I guess she must have taken her data to our beloved director for approval because in December and January things began to happen. Early in December our two living room chairs were sent to be reupholstered. They are back now and are lovely. One is dark green plastic and the other is tawny colored. Then just prior to Christmas we had a brown slip cover made for our living room couch. We also had ten inches added to each end of our dining table because our happy family sometimes expands alarmingly, and we needed a wee bit more space.

The last week in January the painters arrived on the scene and then the fun began in earnest. The woodwork in all of the rooms was refinished. This involved more than appears on this paper. Student midwives who had been up during the night had to switch bedrooms, in order to get some sleep, while their rooms were painted. Classes for the students, which are usually held in Mardi Cottage, had to be switched to the upstairs living room of the Haggin Quarters. When Dr. den Dulk showed teaching films to the class, some fancy angles were tried before we succeeded in making the pictures fit the screen in this small living room.

We managed fairly well at Mardi Cottage while the woodwork and the living room walls were being painted but the final blow came when the living room and hall floors were sanded and refinished. Mickey Finn and Helen Peterson, both student midwives whose bedrooms open into the living room, vacated their

rooms and moved upstairs to Verena Hamm's room. Verena happened to be at Beech Fork Nursing Center—where each student spends three weeks of her time during the course, learning how the outpost centers function and getting experience with District deliveries. As luck would have it, Verena's room has two beds so everything worked out quite well.

The living room at "Midwives" not only functions as class room but is also the dining room. This presented more problems. However, in the FNS with a little ingenuity and everyone cooperating, problems are easily solved. We ate buffet style from the kitchen. We used Marie Bowen's bedroom as a dining room because it was just opposite the kitchen. There were little "cat walks," I think you would call them, anyway, they were elevated planks from one room to another. Really, you felt somewhat like a tightrope walker balancing your plate as you walked the plank. There were a few mishaps, such as the time Marie's bed collapsed as we were eating breakfast on it. The bed was easily fixed, but Mickey had to change uniform before going to clinic because she was coffee from head to toe.

The telephone could be reached by standing with one foot in Marie's room and one on the plank. The students thought it behooved them not to answer the telephone in their sleep unless they could walk a zigzag plank in that condition.

Perhaps you would like to know that our living room walls are light grey and the woodwork is stained dark. It really is lovely and more than compensates for all of the inconveniences.

TO ROBIN

Always it is hard to give up the animals who have been our constant friends. Robin, the gallant black roan who had served many nurses through fourteen years of hard district work, has gone to his reward. He is buried under the apple tree in the Wendover pasture. Robin's last years were happy ones indeed with Lydia Thompson as his mistress.—J.H.

SILVER STAR

Many of you, our readers, have written me since my nephew, John Cabell Breckinridge, was killed in action in Korea on October 9, 1951. Your letters make me want to tell you that on April 30 1952, John's mother, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, received the Silver Star, awarded posthumously to John. The presentation of the medal was made at the Marine Corps Headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, by General Lemuel Shepherd, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps. [M.B.]

The Citation accompanying the Silver Star is as follows:

The President of the United States takes pride in presenting the Silver Star Medal posthumously, to First Lieutenant John C. Breckinridge, United States Marine Corps, for service as set forth in the following Citation: "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as Executive Officer of Company B, First Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 24 September 1951. During a fierce engagement with the enemy, First Lieutenant Breckinridge boldly left his covered position and ran 200 yards through an intense hostile mortar and artillery barrage in an effort to call in counter-battery fire on the opposition. Discovering that the communication wires to the firing batteries had been knocked out by the enemy, he bravely sprinted back to the command post with hostile shells bursting around him and requested an observation aircraft to direct counter-battery fire. By his cool resourcefulness and outstanding initiative, he served to inspire all who observed him and contributed materially to silencing the hostile guns. His marked courage and unswerving devotion to duty reflect the highest credit upon First Lieutenant Breckinridge and the United States Naval Service."

For the President,
Dan A. Kimball,
Secretary of the Navy.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place this year on Wednesday, June 4, at the Louisville, Kentucky, Country Club, immediately following a luncheon to which members are privileged to bring their friends. This Bulletin will be in the presses and not, unfortunately, in your hands on June fourth. However, all Trustees and all Committee Members will have received advance notices of the meeting as required by our Charter.

Although several things of interest to our readers have happened beyond the mountains this spring, we have covered so many of them in the Report on *Wide Neighborhoods*, and in the long column which follows, that we haven't the space to tell any more about them here. We will, therefore, pass at once to

TOWN AND TRAIN

On Wednesday, April 9, I left Wendover for a tour arranged by some of the Frontier Nursing Service's eastern city committees—a tour that lasted three weeks and five days. For nearly two years I stayed at home in Kentucky, working on *Wide Neighborhoods* and attending to FNS affairs in the field only. An old-time tour like this last one certainly jacked me up!

I caught the Sportsman on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad out of Lexington Wednesday night and reached Washington, D. C., at 2:30 p.m. on Thursday, April 10. Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (our old courier Marion Shouse), met me at the Washington station and took me to the Mayflower Hotel, where I was the guest overnight of the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars.

Friday, April 11—The Annual Meeting of the National Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars convened in the Chinese Room of the Mayflower Hotel at 9:45. Although I was not to speak until 10:30 a.m., I had been most graciously invited by the National President, Mrs. Charles R. Curtiss, to attend the opening of the meeting—which was deeply moving. Mrs. John Scott Welborn, the National Chaplain, gave the invocation while Mrs. Hugh L. Russell, the National Custodian, led in the pledge

of allegiance to the flag. Mrs. Palmer W. Way, chairman of the Hospitality Committee, made a graceful address of welcome that was responded to by the National Vice-Chairman, Mrs. John S. Heaume. The rest of the opening ceremonies were most impressive, including a tribute to Mrs. Frederick Arthur Sapp, the late Honorary National President, music, recitation of the Apostles' Creed, and a memorial service. Representatives from the State Societies rose, in turn, to name those of their members who had died during the year, while the young women, who had acted as ushers, brought red roses with which they filled a vase—a rose for each member who had died.

After I had spoken, from the depth of a full heart, on the work of the Frontier Nursing Service—supported by the Daughters for a number of years—several checks were handed Mrs. Curtiss to be sent down to the Frontier Nursing Service later. These Daughters were so deeply kind to me that I never shall forget my morning with them. What they mean to the Frontier Nursing Service I have mentioned in *Wide Neighborhoods* near the end of the book.

My sister-in-law, Dorothy (Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge), had been invited to attend this meeting, as had members of the Washington Committee. These I met as I was leaving. Then, because it was Good Friday, Dorothy and I, with a friend of hers, went to the Church of the Epiphany for the three-hour service. We reached the church fifteen minutes before noon and were able to get seats together in the transept. After the three-hour service Dorothy drove me down to Flagstop in the Shenandoah Valley. It had been our wish to spend Easter Sunday together. We had our Easter Communion at Grace Church in Berryville.

Monday, April 14—After the Easter week-end, during which I had seen something of Dorothy's people, Marion Lewis came down from Washington to lunch with us and to drive me back with her. She was accompanied by Mrs. Holtz, who as Mary Cowlles was one of our FNS girls, and who is now the wife of Col. H. F. C. Holtz, the Dutch Air Attaché in Washington. On this return visit to the Nation's capitol I was put up by friends at the Sulgrave Club, as was Lucille Knechtly (Thumper), who

had already gotten there from Kentucky when we turned up in the late afternoon.

Tuesday, April 15—This was one of those days! At 9:15 a.m. Marion, Thumper and I were, by appointment, at the Post Office Department in Washington for an interview with the Deputy Postmaster General, Mr. Vincent C. Burke. Our purpose was to get Agnes Lewis' position as Honorary Institutional Postmaster at Wendover put on an even keel. I had last seen Mr. Burke nineteen years before in order to get my own position as Honorary Postmaster at Wendover started off on an even keel. Both times Mr. Burke was delightfully kind. I said that he could expect to see me again in another nineteen years when Aggie would be needing a successor! From the Post Office Department Thumper and I went to the Washington Evening Star Broadcasting Station, WMAL, where I spoke over the air on the program Ruth Crane carries most amusingly with the help of "Jackson." After a bite of lunch with friends at the Sulgrave, Thumper and I went back to the same studio so that I could go on television with Miss Crane. I had a layette to wave around her head, and nearly bowled "Jackson" over with a pair of saddlebags. Miss Crane held up a copy of *Wide Neighborhoods*, and then invited me to tell about the John Mason Brown Benefit.

Then Thumper and I rushed over to the St. John's Bookstall which had had so many advance orders for *Wide Neighborhoods* that there were thirty-seven books for me to inscribe with the names of the buyers and sign with my own name. My friend Carlile Bolton-Smith picked me up at St. John's to take me to his home, where I could relax for awhile with his wife and children, and see something of my godson. Then back to the Sulgrave and to bed.

Wednesday, April 16—This was the day of the Washington Committee's great annual benefit—the John Mason Brown lecture at the Mayflower Hotel. I was fully aware of the stupendously hard labor put into this benefit because friends had been sending us advance publicity for weeks. On the preceding Thursday afternoon, when I first hit Washington and Marion Lewis met me, she took me to the home of Commander and Mrs. Peter

Belin where Mrs. Belin and Mrs. Nelson E. Perin were hard at work on the list of more than fifty people who had bought boxes. Under its present Chairman, Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, and with Marion Lewis as the Benefit Chairman, the whole committee had subdivided the plans for the Benefit into sections, where everybody worked in its behalf.

It was my joy to meet a number of the Washington Committee members at a luncheon Mrs. Lawrence Groner gave for me at the Sulgrave Club. With her usual thoughtfulness, she had included among her guests my sister-in-law and her young daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jim Breckinridge, who came down from Fredericksburg for the day.

Well in advance of the four o'clock opening of the Benefit in the ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel, the Washington Committee was on hand—including its Honorary Chairmen; Madame Draper Boncompagni, Mrs. Groner and Mrs. Staton. Mrs. J. William Herron, Treasurer, told me that she had arranged with the bank president of a Washington Branch Bank not too far away, to be on hand when the Benefit was over to receive the money which she, well escorted, would take to him that evening. Judging by the number of people who flooded that great room, it might have been as well for her to have had an armored car!

As usual in Washington, we had the prestige of national and international names. The wives of the British and French Ambassadors were among our patronesses. The wives of Vice-President Barkley, Chief Justice Vinson and the Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, sat in the honor guest box. The high officers of the Frontier Nursing Service were represented by our Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, who hurried in from a Colonial Dames' meeting at Gunston Hall to be on hand. Scores of men accompanied their wives and got as much pleasure out of the lecture as the women did. After Marion Lewis had introduced me, I introduced my kinsman, John Mason Brown, who spoke on "Seeing Things" and was at his own brilliant best.

After the lecture, while everybody had all the tea and punch they wanted, I sat at a table and inscribed and autographed well over a hundred copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*. Both the Francis Scott Key Bookshop and the St. John's Bookstall had been allowed by the Mayflower to set up stalls in the rear of the May-

flower ballroom. It was great fun to chat with so many people I know, and like, as I hurriedly wrote the name and a greeting in each of the books. Personally I hate a naked autograph. I think it should be covered by at least an old-fashioned chemise.

My lifelong friend, Mr. Robert W. Woolley and his daughter, Marguerite, had asked Thumper and me to dinner that night, but I begged off and returned to the Sulgrave Club to bed.

Thursday, April 17—Early that morning Thumper and I caught a train for Philadelphia—except that we got off at Wilmington where our Philadelphia Chairman, my great friend, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, and her daughter, our old courier Fanny, met us and took us out to their country place near Downingtown. Although I was there to attend the Philadelphia Committee party that afternoon at The Country Bookshop at Bryn Mawr and to stay overnight at the McIlvains, I never once set foot in Philadelphia itself. So much that happens under the auspices of our splendid Philadelphia Committee takes place in the country, or on the Main Line, that it is possible to be in the heart of Philadelphia without entering the city!

The Country Bookshop had a wonderful display of the FNS and *Wide Neighborhoods* in its window. The party lasted from three in the afternoon until nearly seven o'clock. During the whole time I sat at a desk near the back of the shop inscribing one hundred and twenty-five books. My fountain pen ran dry and was filled again while I used Thumper's. But it was lots of fun. I wasn't always inscribing and signing books. Friend after friend from among the committee members and FNS supporters in that generous-hearted city stopped to pass the time of day. I like them so much that they refreshed me. In between inscribing their books I inscribed those of people who had sent their orders by mail.

The Country Bookshop, which is owned and run by a member of the Philadelphia Committee, donated all its proceeds from the books bought or ordered that day to the Frontier Nursing Service. The Philadelphia Committee served refreshments all afternoon to everybody that came, and acted as hostesses. To my utter joy, among those who turned up were our own Eva Gilbert and our own Margaret Field, who was accompanied by

her mother. They had driven a long distance to get there. I had last seen them both long before in the Kentucky mountains.

Friday, April 19—That afternoon Thumper and I went on to New York where Mrs. Herman F. Stone and Pebble met us at the Cosmopolitan Club for dinner. The Stones carried Thumper off to their place at Lawrence, Long Island for the week-end while I stayed at my Club. I had several things to attend to in town and, especially, to have lunch and a long conference on Saturday with our New York Chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth. My being in town over the week-end meant that I could go yet once again to my favorite church in the world, Transfiguration—The Little Church Around the Corner.

Monday, April 21—Pebble and Thumper came into town and met me that morning at our publisher, Harper & Brothers, where I had a batch of books to inscribe and leave for mailing. Mr. Adam Burger had set aside a room for me with a huge desk, a bottle of fountain pen ink, and a blotter! Thumper handed me the books and Pebble took them away from me, sticking in each book its own label with the proper address on it. Some of them were to travel far, to our own old staff scattered almost all over the world. We didn't get through with all of this until around one o'clock when my editor, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, took us all three out to lunch. That afternoon and evening I spent at my cousin's, Mrs. John C. Breckinridge's apartment. Her daughter Marvin (Mrs. Jefferson Patterson) was on a visit to her, and she had invited a party of friends to meet Marvin.

Tuesday, April 22—This was just about the biggest day of my whole tour. Thumper and I caught a train for Providence—traveling coach as always, except overnight. Our trustee, Mrs. Gammell Cross, met us at the Providence Station and took us to her house where the Chairman of our Providence Committee, Mrs. Ten Eyck Lansing, joined us for what Mrs. Cross called a snack. Such a snack! She had wanted to give me a formal luncheon with all our Providence Committee invited, but was so gracious as to call it off when she found it would mean my leaving New York almost at daybreak. After lunch there were reporters and photographers. Then we drove to Gammell House where I spoke, inscribed a quantity of *Wide Neighborhoods* and

had tea. The party, beautifully organized by the Chairman and members of the Providence Committee, went off gloriously well. Mrs. Cross' chauffeur took Thumper and me to the station where we caught a belated 5:52 train for Boston.

Insofar as we were concerned, the day was still young. We took a taxi to the Lincolnshire Hotel on Charles Street, where almost at once we were met by Miss Emily Farnsworth and driven an hour out of Boston to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stearns in Bedford. Here there was a large gathering of the Boston Alumnae Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority—a group that for twenty years has been part and parcel of the Frontier Nursing Service. This delectable crowd of women fed Thumper and me, and then I spoke to them about the doings of the FNS and particularly about the Social Service section supported by their National Sorority. After this meeting Miss Laura Gavrelis drove us back to the Lincolnshire in Boston. By then it was nearly midnight. I located a bed that had a plank in it, under the mattress. The next morning Thumper and I discovered that in the rooms assigned to us—two rooms with a bath between—hers was a sitting room which had the only easy chairs, and mine was a bedroom which had the only mirror! Mine also had the telephone so, when it began to ring, I leapt across to one of Thumper's easy chairs and she sat on my bed to answer the telephone.

Wednesday, April 23—This was the next morning! My first engagement was to speak with colored slides at 9:00 a.m. That charming member of our Boston Committee, Mrs. Ralph Williams, Jr., came for Thumper and me about half-past eight and drove us to the Winsor School—a school which has supplied the Frontier Nursing Service with many of its best couriers from the days of Sylvia Bowditch long ago on down to recent times. It was really fun to show my pictures and talk to a splendid crowd of girls and to some of their mothers, parked up in the balcony. Their principal, Miss Knapp, introduced me.

We were quite a cavalcade on leaving the Winsor School. I drove with my old friend Mrs. Charles Moss, to the Chilton Club. When I went there last January from my train I walked in and said, "Mrs. Jason Mixter has put me up for the day. I am to have a hot bath." This time when I walked in I said, "Mrs.

Jason Mixter has put me up for the day. I am to have a glass of milk." These singular requests from a total stranger are received with composure by the proper Bostonians who run the Chilton Club. Mrs. John Perrin and her daughter, Mrs. Robert Lawrence (our old courier, Pat) had joined our cavalcade. We relaxed and chatted for about fifteen minutes. Then Mrs. Perrin signed the voucher for my milk, and we all went across the street to the Dartmouth Bookshop where I inscribed and signed a huge heap of books. A stream of people we knew and liked came to the shop to chat with me while I worked.

After all this was over Mrs. Moss took Thumper and me out to West Roxbury to the lovely house, set in a forest, where our friends Dr. and Mrs. John Rock have lived for years. Nan Rock had a large and beautiful luncheon for me. It was so shot through with delectable conversation that I enjoyed every minute. I also inscribed more books! After that we drove out to Chestnut Hill, where we stopped long enough at the John L. Grandins to see my cousin, Mrs. Waring Wilson, and the Grandin children. Then Sue Grandin drove us back to the Lincolnshire, where we changed into evening clothes. Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood came for us a moment later to drive us out to his lovely house in Winchester. He and Mrs. Kirkwood have been part and parcel of the Frontier Nursing Service ever since they were down here years ago. We were introduced to their boy and girl, their dog and cats, as well as to a group of distinguished physicians and their wives who were dining with us. Then back to the Lincolnshire and bed.

Thursday, April 24—The morning engagement was a talk with colored slides at the Brimmer & May School where I saw another crowd of lovely girls, and was introduced by their principal, Miss McCoy. But before we walked over to the School, a terribly nice reporter came from the *Globe* for an interview to be written up in connection with a review of *Wide Neighborhoods*. Mrs. Reginald Ward (Rody Rust, one of our early couriers) came to walk over with us to the Brimmer, where her daughter is now a student. Here our Boston Chairman, Mrs. Frederick Weed, joined us for a wee conference about the arrangements she and her Committee had made in my behalf.

Our luncheon engagement that day was at the home of our

Honorary Chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, one of the friends of whom I am fondest. Since her house is on Beacon Street, Thumper and I walked over to it from the Lincolnshire. I wish there were space to put the names of all of the people who attended these luncheons and dinners, because they all gave me a good time and I enjoyed each one. Mrs. Charles A. Proctor, at whose house on Commonwealth Avenue we held one of our earliest meetings in Boston long ago, had come all the way by motor car from Swampscott to meet me at Mrs. Codman's.

My only afternoon engagement was with my old friend, Winifred Rand who had come up from Frankestown, New Hampshire, to see me. That evening Thumper and I went our several ways. She dined with our courier Nella Lloyd, now Mrs. William L. Helm, Jr. I got into evening clothes and went over to West Cedar Street for a dinner Guido and Faith Perera were giving me. It was only a step from the Lincolnshire, but Guido insisted upon escorting me back that night. I had a wonderful time all evening with the delightful people the Pereras had invited to meet me. Faith presented each married couple she had invited, and the singleton man, with a copy of *Wide Neighborhoods*. Then I inscribed and signed them all—with the date.

Friday, April 25—The whole of this day was spent at Concord, Massachusetts, and it was wonderful from start to finish. Mrs. Cheney and my old friend Bea Williams came for Thumper and me soon after nine o'clock in the morning, to drive us out to the Concord Bookshop. The whole front window of this shop had been given over to a fine display of FNS activities, and to copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*. I sat in this charming shop for an hour and a half inscribing books, refreshed by black coffee and marvelous real New England doughnuts. A number of people who came in to buy books were unknown to me, but they were friends of the Vice-Chairman of our Boston Committee, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (our former courier, Mardi Bemis). Mardi, Bea, Thumper and I went to the Colonial Inn for lunch after which Bea went back to Boston. I had a heavy afternoon and evening program ahead of me in Concord, but even so I could not leave the place without seeing the home of *Little Women*. I could pass up the relics of Emerson and Thoreau, much as I like both those old boys. But I couldn't pass up Louisa Alcott's

house, so Mardi most obligingly drove Thumper and me there, before taking us out to her place in the country. After I had met her four delightful children, Mardi took me to a quiet room for an hour's rest. As she had most thoughtfully tucked a plank under my mattress, I really did rest.

A little in advance of 4:00 p.m. Mrs. John W. Putman (our old courier, Susan Morse) came to take me to her place. Thumper, meanwhile, went down to the Concord Academy with Mardi to see that everything was in readiness for the evening. I had a wonderful time out at Sue's, with a small gathering of her neighbors, including children who drifted in and out in such a manner that one never seemed to know whose children belonged to which people! But I did see Sue's boy, and her girl later in the evening. Among the people who came to this tea was Mrs. Robert G. Potter (our old courier, Edo Welch), with her beautiful eighteen-month-old baby.

Back again at Mardi's home in the evening, she and "Pete" had a buffet supper attended by a charming crowd of men and women. Then we all piled into cars and drove to the auditorium at the Concord Academy where I spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service with colored slides. After that "Pete" took Thumper and me back to Boston.

Saturday, April 26—Thumper and I returned to New York and the Cosmopolitan Club, which is like home to me. I didn't do anything that night but go to bed with a tray.

Sunday, April 27 to Sunday, May 4—There was more going on during this week in New York than I can begin to put down on these pages, the more especially as I have already written myself nearly out. For the week in New York I can touch only the highlights. One of the highest of these lights was the presence there for a night only of our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, who lunched with me at the club before taking a train back to Kentucky. Another thing that must be mentioned is that Thumper had a lovely evening and dinner with Dr. and Mrs. William R. MacAusland, Jr. (our old courier, Franny Baker) and their three adorable children. I was involved somewhere else and couldn't make it.

Another thing that will interest lots of the old FNS'ers is

that I went by train for one afternoon out to Harrison, New York, to spend two or three hours with Jessie Carson (Kit) who was not only one of my friends in France in the old days, but the Contact Secretary for the Frontier Nursing Service in its early years. She is badly beset with arthritis now. She stays at a lovely place in the country where she has the best of care, but it was hard to see her hobbling with a cane, she who has been so active and so useful for so long.

Two of our engagements stand out as of first importance. On Tuesday afternoon, April 29, we went out to Riverdale for a meeting sponsored by the Riverdale Committee and its chairman, Mrs. Alfred H. Howell, at Mrs. Howell's home. It had been some years since I had spoken at Riverdale, although no place in all America, outside Kentucky, has an older Committee in the Frontier Nursing Service history. Our courier, Sally Morrison (now Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin) drove Thumper and me out there with one of our early Riverdale members, Mrs. Timothy N. Pfeiffer. A few of the other early ones were at the meeting, but mostly they were a younger group of people. When I had finished speaking everybody had tea, and I inscribed and autographed a huge heap of books.

On Thursday afternoon and evening of May 1, came the New York Committee's big annual party to which the people invited always bring "rummage" to be sold later at the Bargain Box for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. The invitations to the party this year were unusually charming because Mrs. Gustave Tolson had drawn a design for them, a coat of arms, with things like goblets and necklaces—rampant and couchant. This year the party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, was given in my honor. Four of the New York bookstores had sent heaps of copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* there to be sold. I think it took me two hours to inscribe all the books, but I did have a good time and Thumper enjoyed herself so much that I wondered if she could ever settle down in the mountains again!

The party started at four o'clock and lasted until after seven in the evening. From about five on the men began drifting in. Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Binger and Mr. Ordway awarded prizes for the best rummage received during the day, and the way they did it sent everybody into gales of merriment. After the party,

Thumper and I went home with the Wadsworths for supper and an evening of guitar and singing.

Of course it isn't possible to list all of the friends I met at the rummage party. They came from far and near. It meant a lot to me to see Mrs. M. S. Weeks, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker of Pittsburgh who were among the warmest friends I ever had. Maggie came up to me with a huge bag full of books for me to autograph, and a smile so like her mother's that I could hardly see for a moment as I picked up my pen. I am sure I will be forgiven if I mention four of my nephews and nieces who came to this party, and whom I had seen earlier at a family luncheon given in their honor by the Kirkland cousins. They were Dusty (Captain George Warren Dunn III) and Graham (Captain Walter Graham Ellis)—both just back from Korea—with their young wives, Cynthia and Pamela.

It was time for Thumper and me to tear ourselves away from New York. On Sunday, May 4, we went by coach to Washington and then switched to a sleeper on the George Washington for Lexington. With Pebble as supercargo we landed in Lexington on Monday morning. Readers of *Wide Neighborhoods* will remember that I write of the kindness of the porters on the old Louisville and Nashville sleepers that went from Hazard to Lexington in our early days, when we had to ride horseback to Hazard. One of these, Otis Burton, is now on the George Washington. He always comes to see me if I am not in his car, and we mirate together over the old times.

From Lexington, on Monday afternoon, we all drove in our Station Wagon back to "The Delectable Mountains."

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After only nine days at Wendover, I again left home for a brief trip beyond the mountains, to attend the annual meeting of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, at the Lexington Country Club on Friday, May 16. I stayed in the country with my cousin, Mrs. Preston Johnston, where I reveled in her companionship and that of her sons and daughter-in-law. I had not been able to find time to attend any of the Colonial Dames' annual meetings in years. It was great fun to see members from widely scattered

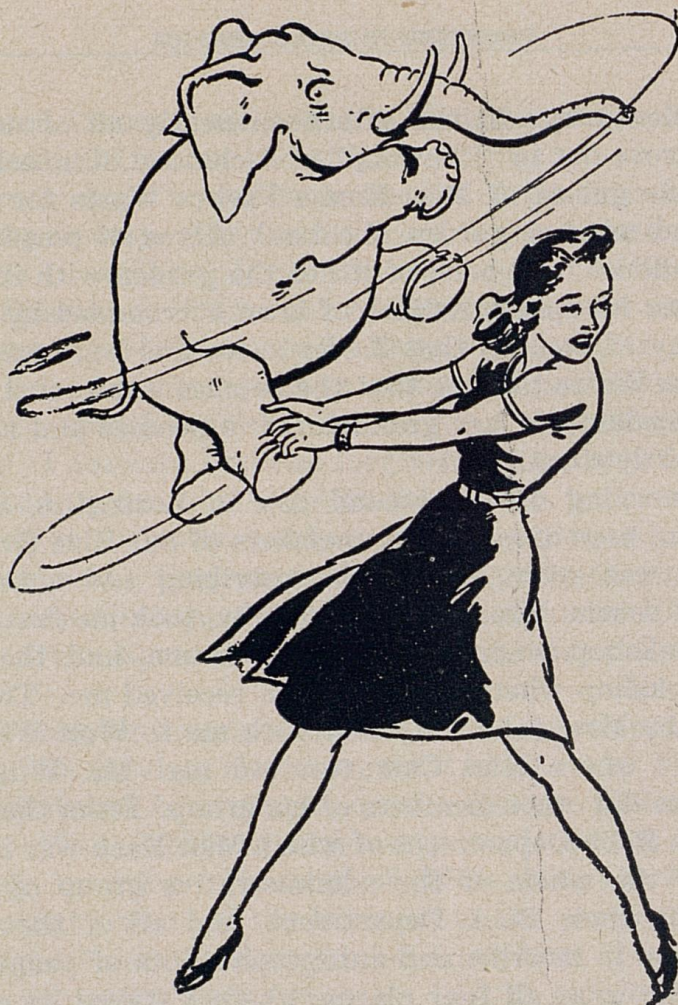
parts of Kentucky. In the afternoon nearly all of us piled in cars and drove out to "Elmwood" at Richmond, Kentucky, where we were the guests of Miss Emma Parkes Watts for a garden party. And what a garden she has! Acres of woodland surround the house, and back of it lies the garden with its box, its grass walks, its open stretches of lawn surrounded by the loveliest display of peonies that I ever saw—and beds and beds of roses. Miss Watts told me that the peonies were, most of them, lineal descendants of her grandmother's peonies and are exceptionally sturdy stock.

The morning of my second day in Lexington, Saturday, May 17, had been arranged by members of our Blue Grass Committee. It was spent entirely in inscribing and autographing books. My cousin, Mrs. Middleton Bagby, took me first to David Hunt's Bookshop where David received me, and then to the Morris Bookshop where Mr. Houlihan received me. Then I was picked up by Mrs. John Clay who took me to Wolf Wile's Book Department where Miss Carr received me. Mr. Wile himself joined us, as did other members of his group. From there I went to Purcell's Book Department of which Miss Kash was in charge. Practically the whole of the administrative group of Purcell's joined us in their Book Department, and all of them bought books for me to inscribe and autograph. Lots of people I knew kept popping in at all four places, where I stayed, in all, something over three hours. Nothing could have been kinder than the reception I received from all of the fine people who handled the books at all four places.

Our active Blue Grass Chairman, Mrs. F. H. Wright, and Vice-Chairman, Mrs. John Clay, drove me from Purcell's to Dr. and Mrs. Fred Rankin's place for a wee visit with them. Then they took me to the Idle Hour Club for a delightful luncheon. Here I met a number of men and women I know and like, but see all too seldom. After luncheon Retta Wright, Dot Clay and I settled down to an hour of really hard work on the Blue Grass lists. Then Pebble Stone came for me in the FNS station wagon, and with two others of our group I drove back once more to the part of the world where I belong.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received hundreds of dollars from the sale of knickknacks sent by friends from sixteen states besides New York. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook;—There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1175 Third Avenue
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

The Easter tradition at Wendover was, of necessity, broken this year. It has always been Mrs. Breckinridge's custom to invite the staff to Wendover for Easter Sunday Evensong and a buffet dinner afterwards. Mrs. Breckinridge had to be away in April this year, and we all missed the Easter gathering. However, we were appeased by her invitation to an autograph party on Sunday, May 18th, when as many of the staff as could leave their posts gathered at Wendover for a scrumptious luncheon and a happy time together. Mrs. Breckinridge autographed all copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* brought her by staff members, and she was kept busy.

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Dr. Francis M. Massie came to us for another spring surgical clinic in April. He brought with him our old friends Louise Griggs, operating nurse, and Mabel Oliver, anesthetist. Dr. Massie and our Medical Director performed fifteen major operations, and all the patients have made safe recoveries. Both the patients and the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service are deeply grateful to this grand surgical team for the work they give us each year.

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We have had an unusually heavy influenza epidemic this spring. In two months Anna May January, the Wendover district nurse, had 104 sick cases, to most of which she gave bedside care in the home. Our district nurses at other posts carried many such loads, too. We are thankful to report that not too many of the staff members caught the flu.

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Mary Jo Clark had the pleasure of attending the annual philanthropic meeting of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Alumnae of Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority on Monday evening, March 10th, at the home of Mrs. Walter J. Frey, philanthropic chairman of the group. Mary Jo showed her colored slides and gave a report of

the social service work of FNS to this most enthusiastic group. The president of the Cincinnati Alumnae, Mrs. Gaylord Burke, entertained Mary Jo overnight in her home.

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The American Committee on Maternal Welfare sponsored the Fifth American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology, which was held in Cincinnati during the first week in April. The Frontier Nursing Service, an organization member of the American Committee, was invited to give a demonstration of a home delivery at the Congress. Betty Lester and Jane Furnas were in charge of the exhibit which attracted much attention from the more than 3,000 registrants at the Congress, and was awarded an honorable mention by the Scientific Exhibits Committee. We have this citation framed and it hangs in the clinic at Hyden Hospital.

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Following the Congress in Cincinnati we were delighted to have a visit from Anne Fox (Foxy) with Sister Theophane, Director of the Catholic Maternity Institute in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Sister Clare who gave us a most enthusiastic report on the Congress. Reva Rubin and Beatrice Miller, who are now working at the New Haven Hospital, came back to see us, bringing with them Dr. Paul E. Molumply, assistant to Dr. Herbert Thoms of New Haven, and a most enthusiastic group of nurse-midwives from New York and Pittsburgh.

The Children's Bureau sent us a delightful guest in Miss Astrid Anderson, a nurse-midwife from Sweden, who spent several days observing the work of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Through the World Health Organization we have had visits from two most interesting physicians from India. In late March we had Dr. Aaron Devasagayam of Madras and in April we had Dr. Lach Das Khatri, Deputy Inspector-General, Medical and Health Service, Hyderabad State.

In March seven students, accompanied by two members of the faculty of Berea College, visited Wendover. Six of these students were from Okinawa and these were accompanied by their own interpreter. The seventh was a Fulbright scholar from Austria.

Our old friend, Mrs. Ray Roberts of Hyden, a member of the Order of the Eastern Star, had tea with us one afternoon in April, bringing with her Mrs. Clyde McNeill, Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star of Kentucky, and Mrs. M. H. Rose, Deputy Grand Matron, who were making an annual inspection of the local Chapter, the officers and members of which are to be congratulated upon receiving high praise from the Worthy Grand Matron.

It is a happy time for all when members of Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk's families come to visit with them at Joy House. Recently Dr. den Dulk's brother and an uncle, both from Holland, visited with them. Since the uncle does not speak English the family, when alone, spoke in Dutch. Bill, aged nine, complained to his mother and explained his restlessness at meals. "I'm bored, Mother, there's no one for me to talk to!"

In March we had an all too brief visit from Mr. and Mrs. Tyson Gilpin, Jr. (courier, Catherine Mellick), who "looked in" on Wendover for an hour or so. As we go to press we have visiting us Mrs. John R. Rodman, Jr. (old staff member Betty Holmes), and her charming five-year-old daughter, Deborah. We have had visits from other old staff members and friends from far and near, but there is never the space for us to mention them all.

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Those of you who know our David Johnson personally or through the pages of this Bulletin will be glad to know that David has been back in these United States since last November. After serving almost a year beyond his period of enlistment in the Army (nearly two years of which were spent in Korea), David received his discharge and is now living in London, Kentucky, with his bride, an attractive London girl. They, and David's brother, Gordon, spent a whole Sunday with us recently. It is good to have David home again.

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A most welcome gift came to us in April when five members of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Hazard visited Wendover, bringing with them twelve beautiful baby blankets as a donation to the Service. Several of us are

members of St. Mark's and were pleased to show Wendover to our Hazard friends. It was the first visit for four of them. The fifth member of the group was Mrs. Paul Muncy of Wooton, sister of Kay MacMillan and an old staff member.

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It was with real regret that we gave up one of our nurse-midwives at the beginning of March when Lydia Thompson left us after three and a half years. Lydia has gone to join another of our British old staff members, Peggy Brown, and Dr. Martha E. Howe in New Mexico. Our best wishes go with her always.

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The twenty-fourth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began work on April 15th. Four members of the class—Agnes Mary Crozier, Thelma Jane McQuate, Ruby Wheat, Barbara Yeich—have been with the FNS in our Hospital and clinic at Hyden during the past six months. The other two—Miss Mary E. Heisey and Mrs. Marjorie Buntin—come to us from Pennsylvania and Alaska, respectively.

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You will have noted elsewhere the picture of Four "Old Grads" of the Courier Service. As so many times before, these four have helped us over a hump. After Timmy Balch left in March Jean Hollins was quite alone in the Courier Department. Kate Ireland came for two brief periods interspersed with a trip with her family to Jamaica and a trip to North Carolina to be a bridesmaid in Anna Hanes' wedding party. Freddy Holdship came down for a wee visit in March. She stayed on to do nurse's aide work with Rose Evans (Cherry) on the Confluence district, thus relieving Vivienne Blake who was needed in the Hospital to help with the surgical clinic patients. When Marion Shouse Lewis in Washington learned that we were short of couriers she immediately began making plans to come down. Then Pebble Stone made her plans to come back to the mountains with Mrs. Breckinridge from New York. For two short days we had all four of them here together—and what fun! Freddy has had to return to Sewickley, but Jean, Pebble and Shouse are carrying on until June when we will have—as always in the summer—a full house of junior couriers.

We reported with pleasure in the winter Bulletin that Agnes Lewis had gone off for a long and well-earned holiday. Alas! It was cut short by the illness of her beloved aunt in Dyersburg, Tennessee. Agnes was with her in a hospital in Memphis for the month of April; she returned to Wendover for two weeks, and then went again to the aunt who, we are glad to report, is much better. Agnes will be returning to us as soon as she has her auntie back in her own home and comfortable.

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On Wednesday, May 21, Mrs. Breckinridge, Miss MacKinnon and Marion Shouse Lewis drove over to Hazard to attend a luncheon meeting of the Hazard Committee at the home of Mrs. W. A. Hull, its Treasurer. They went first to the home of the Committee Chairman, Mrs. W. W. Reeves, and then all four walked over to the Hull house. The meeting was well attended, and the luncheon was delicious. Mrs. Breckinridge introduced Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr., who gave a report on the work of the Washington, D. C., Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. Breckinridge herself spoke on the healthy condition of *Wide Neighborhoods* and its sales during the first month after publication. After that she inscribed and autographed 70 copies of her book.

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On Tuesday night, May 27, after this Bulletin has gone to press, the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will have a dinner meeting at Hyden Hospital. Mrs. Breckinridge will attend, with pen in hand, to autograph more copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done
And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day,
Whatever clouds make dark to-morrow's sun
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749-1832

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Assistant Director
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F. William den Dulk, M.D.

Hospital Superintendent
Miss Ann P. MacKinnon, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery**
Miss Helen M. Fedde, R.N., C.M.,
M.S.P.H.

Assistant to Dean
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Hospital Head Midwife
Miss Evelyn Mottram, R.N., C.M.

**Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)**
Miss Mary Jo Clark, B.A.

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Miss Jean Hollins

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(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss Betty Scott, R.N., C.M.; Miss Gwendolen Jolleyman, R.N., S.C.M.

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

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Edna V. Metcalfe, R.N., R.M. (New Zealand)

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
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(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Elizabeth Hillman, 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



LEANNE AND BILLY DEN DULK
(Children of Dr. and Mrs. F. William den Dulk)

