

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 29

WINTER 1954

NUMBER 3



PIG ALLEY, WENDOVER, KENTUCKY



JAMES HOWARD and MARY BRECKINRIDGE
Starting out to feed chickens and gather eggs

Photograph taken by Mary La Motte

Cover photograph taken by Nancy Dammann

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN *of the* FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

VOLUME 29

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"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,
under Act of March 3, 1879."

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AN ELIZABETHAN PRAYER
Sixteenth Century

Most merciful and loving Father, we beseech Thee most humbly, even with all our hearts, to pour out upon our enemies with bountiful hands whatsoever things Thou knowest may do them good: and chiefly a sound and uncorrupt mind where-through they may know Thee and love Thee in true charity and with their whole heart, and love us Thy children for Thy sake. Let not their first hating of us turn to their harm, seeing that we cannot do them good for want of ability. Lord, we desire their amendment, and our own. Separate them not from us by punishing them, but join and knit them to us by Thy favourable dealing with them. And, seeing we be all ordained to be citizens of the one everlasting city, let us begin to enter into that way here already by mutual love, which may bring us right forth thither.

Printed in the November, 1941 monthly *Letter*
of the Rev. Jack Winslow, Vicar of
Hanworth, England

SAYINGS OF THE CHRIST

Love ye your enemies . . . and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.

St. Luke VI, 35, *King James*

Be therefore all-including (in your good will), even as your heavenly Father includes all.

St. Matthew V, 48, *Torrey*

BABY BOY WOODS

by

BETTY R. SCOTT, R.N., C.M.
Hospital Midwifery Supervisor

A case history which tells how the Frontier Nursing Service cares for its premature infants.

During the late afternoon of December 6th, 1953, Baby Boy Woods made his appearance at Hyden Hospital in an extremely vigorous state for his probable twenty-nine weeks of gestation. This two-pound thirteen-and-a-half-ounce parcel of humanity created a challenge for us. His coming eleven weeks before his time was rushing things.

His delivery was an easy one and, after the necessary preliminaries were attended to, he was placed in our portable wooden incubator and given oxygen through a tube and funnel. He was not weighed until the next morning, when it appeared that his chances of survival were fairly good.

The morning of his second day, feedings of five per cent glucose water were started. Feedings were attempted every two hours. But it was soon evident that the little fellow could not tolerate being disturbed that often. So, he was placed on a three hourly schedule. These first feedings were given with a rubber-tipped medicine dropper. His mother was taught to express her breast milk by hand, in order to obtain colostrum with which to alternate the glucose water. By the end of his second day our premature was doing nicely without the oxygen—and it was discontinued.

The baby's feedings were increased from a few teaspoons to half an ounce, which was given by a tube passed directly into his stomach. This method proved much less fatiguing to him, and it was an accurate means of knowing that he was receiving adequate nourishment. The mother was now expressing her milk every four hours, and an adequate supply of breast milk was assured.

On his fourth day of life Baby Boy Woods' weight dropped to two pounds nine and a half ounces. This was his lowest

weight. On the same day vitamin and iron drops were added to the feedings.

After her uneventful postpartum course at Hyden Hospital, we decided that the baby's mother could be discharged to her home, upon the condition that she express her breasts and send the milk to the hospital. Her husband, who is employed by one of the Hyden mines, has his own jeep. This solved the transportation problem. The first supply of breast milk arrived by jeep two days after the mother was discharged. This delivery service, carried on entirely by the mother and father, continued for a period of nearly two months. Their baby was never without a feeding of breast milk.

From the fourth day of life on, our premature made a steady weight gain, and his life cycle became fairly uneventful. By his fifteenth day he was graduated to a Breck feeder. This is a special feeder for small babies. It consists of a bulb syringe with a soft nipple for nursing. From this he was graduated to the ordinary soft nipple, and a bottle, by his thirty-eighth day. Pabulum was added to his diet on his fifty-third day. It was given as a thin gruel in breast milk, and fed through a large-holed nipple.

Our premature's life was not entirely without a few backsets. In spite of precautions he developed an upper respiratory infection, which was treated with pencillin and extra fluids given directly under the skin. To prove that he was quite human he had a few bouts of constipation which were corrected by the addition of some glucose to his breast milk feedings. On one occasion he became extremely tired of sucking the nipple, and was demoted to tube feedings for forty-eight hours. This rest did wonders for him.

On February 10th, 1954, our baby's mother was readmitted to Hyden Hospital, as a guest, to breast feed her baby in preparation for his leaving the hospital. The first time he was taken to his mother gave a great thrill to the nurses as well as to the mother. The baby was test-weighed before and after nursing to determine exactly how much he was getting. We knew he was now taking three ounces from the bottle, and the weighing showed he was getting two and half to two and three quarters ounces from the breast. The mother was instructed in giving the

vitamin and iron drops, in some expressed breast milk, and also the pabulum.

February 11th, sixty-seven days from birth, and at a weight of five pounds six and a half ounces, "Woody" was discharged home in the care of his mother and the FNS district nurse.

Note: Some mention of the condition of the baby's eyes may be necessary as there has been a great deal printed about blindness in prematures. His eyes reacted normally to light.

WINTER BIRDS AT WENDOVER

by

JANE FURNAS, R.N., C.M., B.S.
(Field Supervisor)

At this time of year when the ground is frozen and covered with snow it seems apropos to give some thought to the little winged creatures about us. The birds are in abundance here along the Middle Fork River. Wendover is quite a bird sanctuary probably due to feeding stations, the grain around the barns, and the proximity of the river and the woods. So far this winter we have seen near Wendover the following birds:

White-Throated Sparrow	Downy Woodpecker
House Sparrow	Black-Capped Chickadee
Field Sparrow	Tufted Titmouse
Vesper Sparrow	White-Breasted Nuthatch
Chipping Sparrow	Winter Wren
Slate-Colored Junco	Carolina Wren
Towhee	Flicker
Goldfinch	Hermit Thrush
Cardinal	Red-Winged Blackbird
Kingfisher	Screech Owl
Blue Jay	Mockingbird
Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker	Bluebird
Hairy Woodpecker	Cedar Waxwing

THE ADVENTURES OF A DEAN IN SEARCH OF A QUIET WEEK-END DURING THE DROUGHT

by

EVE CHETWYND, R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D.
Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

An over-energetic Stork, and many disturbed nights, had made me look forward with pleasure, to the prospect of a quiet week-end with Vivienne at Flat Creek.

I had never seen the Centre, but the description in the Annual Report:

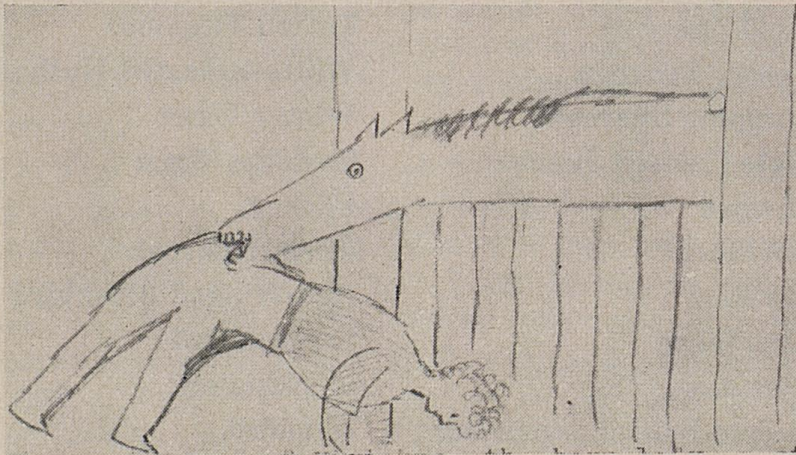
Frame building, with oak barn, tank and fire-hose house, walled-in spring, fenced acreage for pasture and gardens

sounded adequate for my needs, but there were some surprises in store for me.

We arrived after dark, and I having settled before a roaring log fire, apparently for the evening, Vivienne administered the first shock.

"Now, before it is too late, I had better show you the way . . . Oh, yes, we have got water in the tank now, but it has not been connected yet." So, down the hill, in the cold, dark night, we stumbled to the smallest and farthest building on the estate.

Next morning Vivienne offered to take me out with her. I could ride Rex; he was so quiet and steady. I approached him with confidence in this recommendation, to be met with bared teeth.



With the assistance of Vivienne, Elsie (the barn lady), a

step ladder and a mounting block, I eventually got on his back. I must not mind if Vivienne went ahead coming back. Fanny was always in a hurry to get home, and Rex was so slow.

Maybe, but not to-day.



Having relaxed my aching limbs into an armchair, I find there is water to carry before we can have a cup of tea or wash. I am led to the well, Vivienne's newest and proudest possession.

"Oh, yes, we reached water at 64 feet, but Aggie and I thought it better to go down to 81. You just lower that container on the chain, until you feel it heavy, and then pull it up. The electric pump hasn't come yet."

I lower.

I pull up.

I lower.

I pull up.

I LOWER.

I PULL UP.



Saturday morning I fancy a nice sedentary, indoor job. Can I do anything towards the Christmas party?

"Well you could write the names and ages of the children on the paper bags. Here is the family file. Nice big block letters."

I print.

I print.

I PRINT SOME MORE.

Later I step outside to get a breath of air, and find there is just a load of wood to be chopped up for kindling.

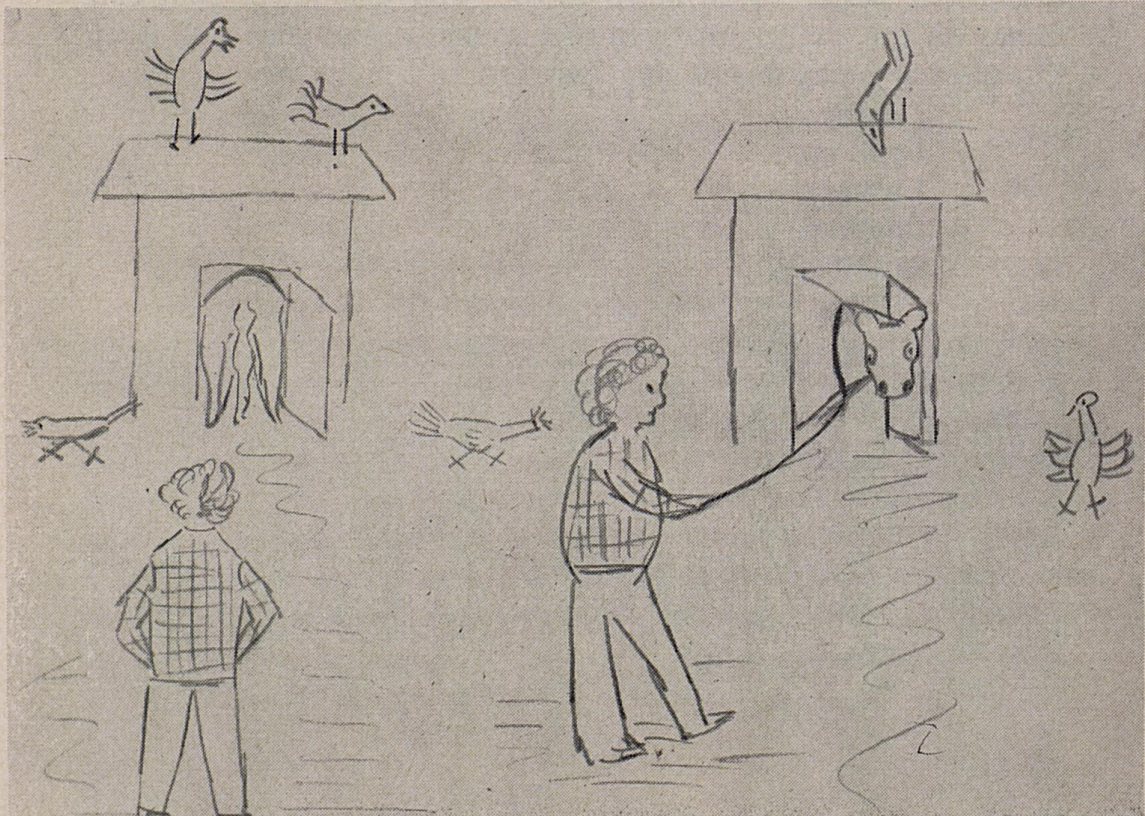
I chop.

I CHOP.

In the evening, thinking all chores had been done, I venture out in the direction I had been taken on the first evening.

"If you are going down there, you might just let Fanny out to get a drink, and when she comes back, shut her up, and let the cow out."

All goes according to plan until Goldie, the cow, notices that the door of the chicken house is open, and fancies a bit of hay from the nesting boxes. The ensuing problem would have been easier to handle, if Goldie and the chicken house had not been quite such a close fit.



I'm taking the next boat back to England.
P.S. In case anybody reading the above has got an erroneous impression, in the centre files at Flat Creek should be found my "bread-and-butter" letter, showing how much I enjoyed my week-end, with three long nights in bed, early morning tea, lovely country, pleasant company, not forgetting Blondie and Anzio, *Old Uncle Tom Cobbley* and all.

On the middle pages of this Bulletin is a drawing by Joyce Stephens of the barn of the
FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER
(Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial)

OUR DRY SUMMER

by

VIVIENNE BLAKE, R.N., S.C.M.
Nurse-Midwife in charge of the Flat Creek Nursing Center
(Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial)

I was fortunate to be the nurse to take over Flat Creek Nursing Center when Stevie left the first week in June. Before she left, Stevie warned me that during the summer one had to be careful regarding the amount of water one could use. I began to cut down a little by having only 2" of water in my bath. We used to do this in England during the Blitz, so I did not mind this at all, and Loretta, my maid, went sparingly with the water in the kitchen. But sad to say this was not enough, as our spring was dry before the end of June.

We had to have all the water cut off from the house, including the hot water tank. The creek was our main supply of water, and we hauled it daily. Shiloh Bowling was loyal to us all summer and packed water from the creek to our bath, so we could bail out gradually what we needed. Of course we could not expect him to come every Saturday or Sunday, so Loretta and I often found ourselves packing water early Monday morning for the weekly wash. But without Shiloh I do not know how we should have managed as it is down hill to the creek and up

hill back to the house, making the returning journey, plus two buckets full of water, seem twice as far. My back would really ache but Loretta took it very well. Fortunately I had a shallow well which supplied just enough water for the stock—two horses and one cow. Only one week did it fail me, and until then, I did not realize just how many buckets full of water a cow drank daily.

July, August, then September came. I felt sure rain would soon come to relieve this situation. But only small showers came, not doing any good at all. By October I was getting really depressed—bathing in a saucepan full of water each night, and visiting the little house down by the barn. By this time our creek was getting dry too, and what water we had left, the poor ducks swam in.

Hobert from Wendover was an angel in disguise. He brought us a tank of water one day when my spirits were at their lowest. This (when empty) went in the back of my jeep, and I could fill it at the Red Bird Nursing Center or at Wendover if I was out that way. Everyone co-operated with us so well. Wendover always sent drinking water with whomever was coming this way; visitors were sent with picnic lunches and paper plates, to save water for cooking and washing up; those who stayed overnight used as little water as possible and would carry a bucket or two of water for us.

During these months investigations were being made regarding just where to drill a well. Eventually, in November, it was drilled. No one was more thankful than I.

Finally it rained and rained. Oh, what wonderful rain! And on November 30th we had our water connected back to the house.

OUTSIDE A HORSE

The Professor, "Were you ever outside a horse, my little man?"

"Always!" Bruno said with great decision. "Never was inside one."

—*Sylvie and Bruno* by Lewis Carroll

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. Gilbert A. Harrison (Nancy Blaine),

New York, New York—November 20, 1953

We now have a six-month-old boy, a beagle, and a new house in Washington where we will move in February. Of all the above mentioned things, the beagle is the most time-consuming as she is not a city type.

My husband is now the publisher of the *New Republic* magazine.

. . . .

From Julie Ann Hatheway (Lee), Smith College,

Northampton, Massachusetts—December 6, 1953

When I went home for Thanksgiving vacation, I found the Bulletin waiting for me—with all our stories and letters. So exciting to be published!

Senior year is going along fine. The years at college seem to get better and better, and I know I'll miss it next year. I'm vaguely preparing for next year by taking a practice teaching course, for which I spend four hours a week teaching the third grade at the Smith College Day School. I like it a lot, but the thought of having a class all my own is sort of scary.

A funny thing happened the other day at the Day School. We (the teacher and other practice teachers) were preparing a unit on pioneer life. It occurred to me that the children might like to see my slides of Kentucky homes and people. Mrs. Ewing (teacher) asked me where I had been in Kentucky, and when I said Leslie County, she was most surprised. She taught school in Wooten about twenty years ago!—in a creek school. Such a coincidence. She asked me if I'd met Mrs. Breckinridge or if I knew anything about the Frontier Nursing Service, and, of course, was even more surprised when I told her that that was where I had been—and who I had been with.

I have seen Joanna Noble a couple of times in New Haven this fall—and see Dusty Pruyn quite often here at Smith.

From Lucy Conant, St. Austell, Cornwall, England

—December 7, 1953

My plans I made a year ago all finally worked out—and it really has been a wonderful year. Last June a friend of mine and I came to Europe—we spent the summer traveling and had a wonderful time. Since September I have been working as a district nurse in England—spent a month in Plymouth, and will be in Cornwall the rest of the time. It really is a wonderful experience, and I enjoy the work and living in England very much. Everyone has been very nice to me and the patients certainly are surprised to have a Yankee nurse visit them.

.

From Mrs. Richard Harrison Ragle (Barbara Barnes—**“Barnsey”), Norway—December 7, 1953**

We are having a wonderful year in Norway while Dick is studying on a Fulbright scholarship at the Norsk Polarinstitut. It's a marvelous country and such fine people.

The girls, Wendy 3, and Hilary 1½ are getting very rugged in this healthy life—good courier training! We're off for a couple of weeks in Sweden and Denmark now. [*See picture on another page.*]

.

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—December 18, 1953

Our African trip was simply wonderful. We went out by air and did a good many of our longer journeys in Africa by plane, but came home by sea from Cape Town.

We stayed for a fortnight with Mary's (Lady Ogilvie) son and daughter-in-law in Northern Rhodesia, a lovely remote part of the world. After that we went via Southern Rhodesia and the Victoria Falls (more magnificent than one could possibly imagine) on to South Africa. There we visited the universities all over the Union, which was most interesting particularly just now when there is so much discussion about the mixing of Europeans and non-Europeans in the universities. We spent nearly a week in the Kruger National Park seeing the wild animals. It was quite fascinating and we were lucky to see a great many different

animals, including a herd of buffalo, cheetah, many kinds of antelope, lions and of course elephants. I think the giraffes were our favourites.

We did an 1,100-mile bus trip, (which took five days) from Durham to Cape Town through the most lovely country, and from Cape Town we went up one day to see the wild flowers which only bloom in the spring for two weeks. It was a magnificent sight—a whole valley just carpeted with flowers of the most brilliant colours.

In Cape Town both of us were interviewed by the press and of course the FNS came up. There was a bit in the paper about me, with the result that two people got in touch with me. One was a Mrs. Close who used to live in Washington and was an FNS subscriber. She left in 1949, I think, and is now living in Cape Town. She brought one of the "Waiting" annual reminder cards which she had kept. We had just a little chat and it was so nice to meet her. Then I had a telephone call from Bridget Ristori who is also living in Cape Town, and we had a long talk. Isn't it a small world!

We got back to England just in time for our Musical Festival which takes place every 3 years. I sang in two of the concerts and enjoyed the week very much.

Now I am working again at the University. It's a temporary job working on the arrangements for their Jubilee celebrations next year. It's quite fun and will be very hectic later on—rather like my medical congress only on a much larger scale.

. . . .

From Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons Warner (Betsy Parsons),

Boston, Massachusetts—December 18, 1953

This is the season for remembering the past—and don't think I've forgotten Wendover in the mud and snow, and the faces that were there all too many years ago. So here's my love, and all the usual good wishes sent with some nostalgic thoughts.

We plod along here—the children nearly grown up now and as different as white from black, except in looks. They are nice.

From Kitty Biddle, Long Island, New York

—December 23, 1953

Yes, Greece was perfectly wonderful and I am absolutely crazy about it in every way. The work was fascinating—I was assistant to the architect, and did measured drawings of the things we dug up and the site—and it was equally rewarding to live in a very small peasant village in conditions that most American tourists turn their noses up at and thereby miss everything that is worth-while in Europe. Although the archaeologists (there were two plus the architect) spoke English more or less well, they preferred to speak Greek and had to speak it to everyone but me. I therefore picked up quite a lot of Greek and am most proud of it. Fantastic language! They give articles to proper names and decline everything—fiercely grammatical.

I found the Greek people exceedingly warm-hearted and genuinely friendly, so much so that it is overwhelming at first. This seems to be an inherent part of their character and not just a veneer of manners. Chivalry is also far from dead in Greece. These people seem to know what life is about and enjoy it as much as possible. There is no concern for psychology there, which I found a blessed relief—everywhere you see strong, open-faced individuals, intensely proud and self-respecting and not afraid to do what they feel like.

I also went to Istanbul for 2 weeks and spent 1 week teaching English to Turkish girls at the American college, for a sick teacher. One week was about enough! A good college, though. The Bosphorus is wildly beautiful—you take a little steamer up it, and everything is picturesque and full of lovely colors. Mosques are beautiful and I loved to hear the men singing from the minarets, which they seemed to do every hour. They would sing as loud as they could, long drawn out wailing tunes from the depths of their souls, almost sobbing, and entirely heedless of anybody else. It really makes you feel that you are not in a western-thinking nation. Thank goodness for a change! They have this same rapt unconcern for everybody else when they are inside the mosques, praying or chanting or singing. I used to pop into mosques all the time to rest when I got tired out tramping the streets. Sometimes I was lucky enough to hit a service.

When we finished at Mycenae, about October 1, I traveled

around Greece and to Crete, Istanbul, and then eventually to Italy early in November. Found some friends there and did a lot of very rapid harassed sight-seeing, chiefly in Rome and Florence, and then came home. Liked Italy a great deal but it is definitely a western nation (the Greeks aren't; they are just Greek) and the Greeks were my first love.

Altogether a marvelous five months and I am now chafing to go back.

. . . .

From Mrs. Tyson Gilpin (Cath Mellick), Boyce, Virginia

—Christmas, 1953

I so very nearly spent a Christmas with you that I often feel I actually did. I, at least, had a great deal of the joy of helping to prepare an FNS Christmas and have never forgotten it. I know you will be having just the same kind of a December 25th.

Tyson has retired as he wants to spend more time on his breeding farm and Publishing Company which are here at home. He's home much more which is wonderful for us.

. . . .

From Mrs. J. W. Mikesell (Marian Lee), Tucson, Arizona

—Christmas, 1953

I thoroughly enjoyed your book. It made very pleasant, interesting and understandable reading.

My husband is from Washington, Pennsylvania, and we have four children: Helen Joy, age 6; Linda Ann, 4½; John W., 3½ years, and Henry Bourne, about 16 months. We have about 8½ acres of ranch about seven miles northwest of Tucson, on which we have white Chinese geese, Rouen ducks, a couple of beef steers for our deep freeze, several kinds of rabbits, pigeons, guineas (fowl), and some horses. Have often wondered if you have any quarter horses. We have had them for racing, but you no doubt know they are trained for cutting cattle and lots of other cattle work. A very intelligent, sensible horse, "low" strung.

**From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Ames, Iowa—Christmas, 1953**

I have thought of you so much since the wonderful visit we had with Inty. We had three whole days together and the whole family fell in love with her. Perhaps she told you that I am working on the staff [*city hospital*] now—twenty hours a week—love it. Marjorie is afraid she'll never learn to ride a horse and won't be able to be a courier—but maybe she can drive a jeep! David is headed for Medical School so far—hope he can make it. We are all well and happy and just love living in Iowa.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (Barbara White), Millstone,
New Jersey—January 6, 1954**

The youngest of the crew, the twins, are now in Nursery School so we have run the gamut. Nancy is in kindergarten, Nick a sophomore in high school, and Genevieve, our eighteen-year-old from Switzerland is home with me, learning English, helping the French students with their home work and being a great assistance to me in the large task of raising a brood of personalities.

. . . .

**From Elizabeth Bigelow, South Lincoln, Massachusetts
—January 8, 1954**

I am headed for Bennington but will not enter there until March. In the meantime I am going to do volunteer therapy work at the Children's Hospital; and I have just signed up for a sculpting class here in Lincoln at the Decordova Art Museum. I love to work with clay. It will be fun to do it again.

. . . .

From Selby Brown, Rochester, New York—January 18, 1954

I am working afternoons in a young surgeon's office as a nurse-secretary. Until December 16th I was working in the emergency ward at the Genesee Hospital six or seven days a week as a nurse's aide and I just loved it. It was very exciting and very interesting—never a dull moment.

Mary Jo Clark came up this fall for a day and Polly Pearse, Jo and I had lunch at Mrs. Karl Wilson's. After lunch we went

up to LeRoy where Jo showed her slides—which were wonderful—to the LeRoy Historical Society. It was really great to see Jo again.

—February 5, 1954

Bobbie Slocum is in Rochester again after an absence of six years and is taking art at the Rochester Institute of Technology. She looks as young as ever and seems to be very well.

In the mornings I am teaching nursery school at St. Paul's Church, which is lots of fun and not half as hectic as teaching the first grade. At the present time my job consists mostly of removing 20 pairs of boots, mittens, snow suits, and scarfs at 9:00 and putting them all back on again at eleven. Anything can happen in between and usually does.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Herbert T. Holbrook (Betty-Wynn Rugee),
Mount Kisco, New York—February 13, 1954**

For twenty years I have wanted to come back to Wendover and I finally made it! I am so very glad I did—I thought maybe everything would be changed but it wasn't. We loved every minute of it. I will not forget that nice fire burning in our room and our beds all turned down and the fine talks we had together.

Our trip was a great success all the way. Nashville was fun, then we toured Natchez which was very impressive. Our friends in New Orleans really showed us the town. Houston and the Shamrock took care of us in very fancy style and now Arizona. The weather is marvelous and there are load of Milwaukee people here so "Herbie" and I are really having fun.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Nancy Dammann arrived in California, from Nepal, November first. After a visit out there she had consultations in Washington and a check-up in the Public Health Hospital and got back home early in December. The end of January she had to report again to Washington and we have not yet heard what her next assignment will be.

We quote from the *Chicago Tribune* of January 18, 1954, Nancy's description of LIFE IN NEPAL:

The tiny Asiatic country of Nepal is not only separated from the United States by thousands of miles, it also is separated by hundreds of years of technological, social, and cultural progress of the western world. Miss Nancy Dammann of Winnetka, who crossed the formidable barrier of the Himalaya mountains into Nepal also stepped back many years into a civilization which has never heard of television, supermarkets or, until recently, roads.

Until last month Miss Dammann, the daughter of the J. F. Dammanns of Winnetka, was head of the United States information agency post in Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal. She is currently visiting her family and will return to Washington January 26th to receive her new foreign assignment.

Miss Dammann pointed out that the nearest Nepalese semblance to the American supermarket is the native bazaar, where the vendors of each type of produce spread their wares out in front of them.

As a vigorous system of bartering is employed in the market Miss Dammann admitted that the few Americans in Nepal, inept at such methods, send their servants to shop for them. Domestic help is readily obtainable and inexpensive.

Planning menus in this primitive land is a comparatively simple task as the selection of foods is limited. Rice, chicken, and a small variety of fresh vegetables, usually only one or two kinds to a season, form the basis of the Nepalese diet.

Miss Dammann, with the aid of five Nepalese assistants, was responsible for the most extensive modern technical library in Nepal and for the showing of documentary films on education and agriculture.

Barbara Whipple Schilling, chairman of the Rochester Courier Committee, is spending this year in San Antonio, Texas, where her husband has an appointment with the U. S. Medical Corps. **Selby Brown** has been good enough to act as chairman in her absence.

WEDDINGS

Miss Ellen Armistead Wadsworth of New York City and Mr. Harald Vestergaard of Copenhagen, Denmark, on Saturday, January 2, 1954, at her country home in New Canaan, Connecticut. Only the immediate families and a few close friends were present. After a wedding trip to Minnesota and a short stay in New York City, the young couple will return to Denmark where they are both students at the University of Copenhagen.

Miss Polly Pearse of Scottsville, New York, and Lt. Percival Taylor Gates, Jr., USAF, of Suffield, Connecticut, on Saturday, January 2, 1954, in Rochester, New York. A friend wrote us that the bride was ravishing in a beautiful bouffant dress, and looked

radiantly happy. The groom is a jet pilot who returned from Korea just a week before the wedding. We understand that these young people will make their home in Phoenix, Arizona, for the time being, as Lt. Gates is to be stationed there.

Miss Pauline Thayer of Haverford, Pennsylvania, and Mr. James Robert Maguire of New York and Allenhurst, New Jersey, on January 19, 1954, in Bryn Mawr. After a trip to Miami, these young people are living in New York, where Mr. Maguire is with the law firm of Case and White.

To these charming brides we send our love; and to the lucky husbands go our warmest congratulations.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James A. Barnes (Harriette Sherman) of Briarcliff Manor, New York, a daughter—their second—Mary Ann, on December 28, 1953.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence (Pat Perrin) of Milton, Massachusetts, twins—a boy and a girl—on January 23, 1954. Frances Gaither weighed 7 pounds and 15 ounces; and George Webb weighed 8 pounds and 11 ounces. Pat and her husband have two sons besides the twins. We are thrilled that they have at last given us a little future courier.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Arthur McClintock (Barbara Ingersoll) of Racine, Wisconsin, a son—their third—Thomas Ingersoll, on January 9, 1954. Weight, 8 pounds and 12 ounces. Barbara and Ernie also have a little daughter, Patricia Ann, entered for the Courier Service in 1965.

MONEY

“I have . . . a sense of the sacredness of money . . . a conviction that it is only the vulgar mind which regards it as an unclean thing—because in secret it worships it.”

George MacDonald in a letter of Nov. 3, 1869

THREE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

From the Ages of Nine to Ninety

My Friend Yakub by Nicholas Kalashnikoff, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is an entrancing story of the author's boyhood in a Siberian village. The titles of some of the chapters—The Red Stallion, The Gypsy Horse, the Horse Races—give an inkling, but only an inkling of how much the horses of the Siberians and the Tartars enter into this story. The horses are also found in some of the fine drawings by Feodor Rojankovsky.

Gabriel and the Creatures by Gerald Heard, published by Harper & Brothers and illustrated with charming animal drawings by Susanne Suba, is a captivating parable of the childhood of the human race, and of its remote ancestors. We find that we have marked many passages in our copy—about the creatures who kept flexible, sensitive, wondering, guessing, right up to the top; and about the creatures who “went into reverse.” In our copy we have also marked a line that comes in the last chapter of the book: “He was human and that simply means unfinished.”

Jennie by Paul Gallico, published by Michael Joseph in London, is said to have an American edition under the dreadful name of *The Abandoned*. (Why do the names of books change in crossing the Atlantic and always for the worse?) This wonder story about a cat and a little boy who becomes a cat, for a while, should be read not only by people who like cats and little boys, but by every man who wants to know something about women. The contrast between Jennie, the heroine, and Lulu Fishface, a flapper, is superb. The adventures of Jennie and Peter in London and on the boat, and the mortal cat fight at the end—well, you have only to read this book to know why we recommend it. M. B.

A LETTER WE DEEPLY APPRECIATE

February 19, 1954

To Dear Mrs. Breckinridge

I am a P. H. Nurse from Formosa China. Six years ago my friend Adelia Eggestein gave me a magazine to read about your Service, and also She wanted me to come to Kentucky to study in your FN Service.

Now I am here almost three weeks. Thank you for giving me this opportunity and Thanks Miss Browne, Miss Lester, and Miss Chetwynd. They had a good schedule for me. I enjoyed very much the work with every midwife and nurse. When I go back to Formosa I must tell our nurses and midwives about your wonderful Service. Everybody is working hard. We need more training like yours in our country.

I will come back to Wendover in next week. Before I see you I want to tell you about the experience I am having here in your F. N. Service. Many interesting things I will tell you later.

I have been:

1. District. Flat Creek a week.
2. Hyden Hosp. and General Clinic
3. " " A.P., P.P., and Baby Clinic
4. Home Visiting Mother, Baby, and Sick Care.
5. Delivery Hosp. one, Home two.
6. District Clinic and School First Aid teaching.
7. Midwifery lectures.

Chinese Student, P.H.N., Julia Liao

JUST JOKES

Prison Governor (to released convict)—“I’m sorry. I find we have kept you here a week too long.”

Convict—“That’s all right, sir. Knock it off next time.”

Boatman (so several fishermen): “I must ask you to pay in advance—the boat leaks.”

A FEBRUARY FOREST FIRE

As we go to press, we have received a memorandum from Bridget Gallagher (Bridie) nurse-midwife in charge of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus on Bull Skin Creek in Clay County. She wants us to express the thanks of the Frontier Nursing Service to her neighbors who, on February 15, fought a forest fire that threatened the Brutus Center, and then watched all through the night to see that it did not flare up again. One of our rare winter rains fell on the sixteenth and put it out.

Bridie tells us that she was just getting coffee and sandwiches ready to take to the men who were watching, when she got a midwifery call!



A MEETING OF THE FLAT CREEK COMMITTEE OF THE
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

The chairman, Mr. Bascomb Bowling, is at Mrs. Breckinridge's right

—Photograph by the Rev. Allen Weldy

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Peggy Brown in Santa Fe, New Mexico—November 1953

It was so very nice to see Hilly (*Elizabeth Hillman*) last week, and both Cherry and I enjoyed so much hearing FNS news, and about the changes that are taking place. We both recall so vividly many happy memories of our years spent with all of you. I thought you might be interested to know that Cherry made the Society page of the *New Mexican* last week. We had a huge deluge of babies last week so we have been busy. We are hoping that we may have a peaceful time over Thanksgiving. How lovely it would be to join you all then, but as we cannot do that we send greetings and very best wishes to all who know us.

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From Jane McQuate in Assam, India—November 1953

We arrived in Calcutta on November 2, and spent about ten days there going through the customs and shopping. We flew to Silchar where we were met by the doctor and brought to Alipur mission—eight people in the jeep and a trailer full of baggage, over rough roads resembling some of the creek beds I traveled in Kentucky. I have been here on the mission compound for a week and a half and I am still unable to comprehend the fact that I am actually in India.

The second day after our arrival we were started on Bengali and have been hard at it ever since—our full time is spent in study. There are five different languages spoken on our compound alone! One day last week I went on a midwifery call with the nurse-midwife here, to a Manipur-Hindu village. We had just started when a man came running to say that the baby had already been born, but he decided to let us go and check to be sure everything was all right. We went first by cycle-rickshaw, then by boat across the river, then walked at least two miles. In the course of the walk we crossed three bamboo bridges. Now, I thought swinging bridges were bad enough, but in comparison to two bamboo poles across a stream, a swinging

bridge is like the rock of Gibraltar. On arrival at the home, two chairs were set in the courtyard for us and the villagers gathered around. We cannot touch Hindus or their houses or clothing, as they will become unclean. However, a mother and new baby are unclean for twelve days, so a girl too young to have taken the names of the gods brought the baby to us, and we examined the mother on the verandah. When we left, one of the men climbed a tree and presented us with white, waxy, sweet-scented flowers to wear behind our ears, and back we went across the bamboo poles.

. . . .

From Odette Prunet in France [*a translation*]**—December 1953**

I hope you will have a lovely Christmas and I send you my very best wishes for the New Year. It is with so much pleasure that I remember the two wonderful years I spent with all of you. I was so very disappointed not to be able to see Mrs. Dorothy Breckinridge when she was in Paris this year. We have been worried about my eldest brother, the father of the twins. He has had a heart attack and I have been with him for several days. We hope that he can arrange his life so that he can be careful.

The little pewter cup I am sending you for an ashtray resembles the goblets that were formerly used in this country by the wine-tasters. Please give my best wishes to all.

February 1954

We have had a spell of intense cold weather, from which a great deal of suffering has resulted. My brother is as well as can be expected. He gets up and is careful. I hope that with care all will return to normal. I cannot wait until I will see them again around Easter.

. . . .

From Louise Fink Bockman in Nome, Alaska—December 1953

I'll be thinking of my Christmas at Wendover and the reading of the story of St. Christopher. Our son is growing rapidly and is such a happy baby. We were afraid the house would get too cold for him the last few days before we completed installing another stove—it is burning tonight. Following thawing

weather, the temperature dropped overnight to 22 degrees below zero. When we got up the next morning the river was frozen and the ice had come in on the Bering Sea. Now all is white. The sunrise at 9:40 was beautiful over the ice this morning, and the sunset at 3:15 this afternoon was lovely. In the winter we see both from our living room windows which face the Bering Sea. Best wishes for a joyful holiday season to the FNS.

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From Mary Heisey in Southern Rhodesia—December 1953

Just one year ago I landed at Cape Town aboard the "Stirling Castle," and a thousand interesting things have happened during the year. This is a sultry spring day—nothing about it to lend inspiration for a Christmas letter! The leaves have been out for some weeks, but the grass is only now turning noticeably green after a good soaking rain the other day. My year at Wanezi is not yet completed, but to date "my babies" number 37, which is a large number considering that our hospital is a new and very small one (four beds at present). You cannot be surprised at my interest in maternity work since I was at Hyden, but it is all rather on the side as my first responsibility is towards the Homecraft School. The Doctor's Clinics are interesting and increasing each month. Village people come in from as far as twenty and thirty miles—there are always many children. It would do your heart good to see Dr. Thuma win smiles from babies who were going to be afraid of the white man. The Homecraft School continues to be a great challenge—at this point there are three weeks remaining of this school year. I do pray that the eleven girls who complete the course this year may become good Christian mothers and homemakers.

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**From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete) in
Parksley, Virginia—December 1953**

We talk of you so often and wonder when we will be able to see you again. We have left Canada and are now living on Virginia's Eastern Shore—a very intriguing and most friendly place. Our Heather now speaks with Northern, Southern and English accents all at one time—Freddy does not talk at all yet.

From Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters in Dundee, New York

—December 1953

This letter will bring to all our Season's Greetings for Christmas and the New Year, and will bring our news of the past year. In the week following Easter, "Grandpa," who had been a staunch member of the household ever since we moved to Dundee, passed away and was laid to rest beside Mother in Granville. This brings our regular household down to four members with Bill away for his second year at Taft School in Watertown, Connecticut. He finished his last year there creditably, and is making a good beginning on this year. George (14) had a unique experience this summer in attending the National Scout Jamboree in California—ten days of camping and two weeks of travel across the continent on a special train with 500 other scouts from this area. Mary Alice (11) had two weeks in scout camp near Ithaca this summer, and is a regular member of the school band.

Another item of interest is our projected move from Dundee to Pen Yan some time in the next few months. The Foster-Hatch Medical group is transferring us to the main office there, and in anticipation we have bought a house just outside the town on the west shore of Keuka Lake.

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From Edith Mickle (Minor) in Wallingford, England

—December, 1953

This has been a most eventful year bringing much of sorrow and happiness. Our summer months were coloured with the glamour and beauty of the Coronation. It was all very wonderful and uplifting. We do seem to be united in our respect and affection for our royal family.

Your changing mountain world seems almost beyond believing. When I read the ratio of horses to jeeps is 18 to 14, I feel more than a little sad—I don't know why, for I'm sure I could handle a jeep much more ably than I ever did a horse and would receive much less back-chat from it! But how lovable they were. Your Graduate School seems to grow apace, and I hope at this very moment some very nice Midwife Teacher in this little Island

has the germ of ambition stirring within her to go out and join you.

I think the impressions of "Chela" very beautifully express the feelings of many of us toward the Frontier Nursing Service. We do not so much leave it as we do take a part of it away with us.

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From Reva Rubin in Seymour, Connecticut—December, 1953

It was good to see the names of so many of my old friends and colleagues among those who attended the annual meeting of the Midwives Association. I am branching out these days—the position is now Assistant Professor of Maternal and Child Care. This is old for the FNS, but it's a new area in basic hospital training, so I feel like a pioneer, wishing for a clear-cut trail and experiencing the thrill that comes with even minor degrees of success. You may be getting some enthusiastic enquiries from aspiring R.N.'s about the FNS. I am guilty of having given a talk on rural nursing, and, of course, there were some good stories that I could not resist.

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From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—December, 1953

We had a very happy Thanksgiving Re-Union here. I enclose a card signed by all those who were present.

The signatures on the card are as follow: Marshie (Ellen), Batten (Battsy), Peggy Tinline, Ada Worcester, Bessie Waller, Theresa McConnell Ferguson, Mickle major, Doubleday, G. W. Dennis and N. K. Kelly.

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From Florence Moore (Joker) in Las Cruces, New Mexico

—December, 1953

By way of the Bulletin I keep in touch with my friends of the FNS, and I am always glad to have letters with news of those I know. Last April my aunt and I drove East for a wonderful trip to South Carolina. On the way back we stopped in Indianapolis and I was crossing the street when a truck came around the corner and threw me seventy feet—I remember none of this. I was taken to hospital and it was found I had a fractured left leg

below the knee, two fractures of the pelvis and a fractured left humerus. I was never in a cast but was kept immobile for about seven weeks—then I went by ambulance, train and ambulance to my sister in Silver Spring. I made gradual progress with the help of a wheel chair and then a walker. Thanks to satisfactory X-rays at the end of August I was permitted to start walking and by early November I was able to travel alone to Kansas City where I met my aunt. The doctors were surprised that my bones healed so well at my age, and that I do not limp or act as though I have been injured. Of course, I shall probably have some discomfort always; and I cannot drive until summer, if then, and I cannot rake the leaves or push the lawn mower. I have told you so much because you asked. The man driving the truck was in the wrong!

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From Jean White Byrne (Jerry) in Knoxville, Tennessee

—December, 1953

I have been trying for months to settle down to correspondence, but find it frightfully difficult. We're proud to enclose our announcement of Ann Terrell Byrne's arrival in October—blue-eyed and red headed. We are hoping she will keep her red hair. She now weighs eleven and three quarter pounds, and she and Laurie keep me on the go. Laurie is so proud of her sister and helps to feed her and bathe her—it's really wonderful.

.

From Edith Batten in Millom, Cumberland, England

—December, 1953

Once again Christmas is almost here and with it come happy memories of days gone by. You will have heard of our Thanksgiving Re-union and dinner at Watford. It was awfully kind of Kelly to have us there and it was so much better than at the Charing Cross Hotel. It was lovely seeing Marshy, Tinline and Wallie of the old crowd. We talked of you and hoped you will come over for a visit some time. I have, at last, bought myself a little house in my home town—Millom, Cumberland. It is on the fringe of the Lake District, Coniston Lake is just sixteen miles away. I shall be moving in as soon as the builders and decorators move out. Then I can go home to live a quiet eventide amongst my "ain folk."

From Wilma Duval Whittlesey in Oakland California

—December, 1953

We made a big move in August; bought an older house not very far from the house where we had resided for twelve years, fixed it up a little and moved in. We shall be fixing at it for some years. It is a substantial house, well located and has many convenient features, all of which we are enjoying. Nancy's school is very near and she seems to have made a good adjustment to the change. She is looking forward to Christmas now—wants a bicycle, a rocking chair, television, a Prayer Book, a Bible, and another Raggedy Ann book. She will probably get the books and perhaps the rocking chair, but not the bike and no television this Christmas. My thoughts always go back to Wendover at Christmas, and I am always hoping for your utmost happiness and joyous fulfillment.

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From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Chattanooga, Tennessee

—December, 1953

I am probably the last of the ex-staff to tell you how eagerly I read *Wide Neighborhoods*. The book is so thoroughly Mary Breckinridge that I could almost hear you speaking. I am only sorry that it was not published before my time with the FNS. There was so much about the Service that I did not know; and about you. But then, rarely is one privileged to glimpse another's soul.

We have been in Chattanooga since November 1st and are still trying to get settled. Jim (*her husband*) is still with TVA. I am a housefrau once again, but will no doubt go back to work a little later. Both of the girls are in school now, and I enjoy working which I suppose is a good thing. I hated to leave my job in Knoxville, but feel something equally good will be found here.

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From Dorothy Frazer Martt in Iowa City, Iowa

—December, 1953

Another Christmas time and another address for us. Jack (*her husband*) has a staff position with the Veterans Administration, and we are enjoying the small university town atmos-

phere of Iowa City. Gary is a typical two-year-old and we are looking forward to his reaction to Santa's visit. We send you all our best wishes.

From Lois Harris Kroll in Seldovia, Alaska—December, 1953

This winter the boys and I are remaining in Seldovia—so they can get some schooling and play with other children. The last two winters we've been Outside—one winter in Florida and last winter in Brownsville, Texas. I taught the boys—Calvert courses—last winter and they are doing well in school now—Henry in the 4th grade and Herbie in the 2nd grade. But last winter is one we will remember with pleasure. We stayed where there was a nice swimming pool so the boys could go in swimming between lessons—both now swim quite well.

Last winter we all flew out in our own plane—a Cessna 170—followed the Alcan highway to Seattle. From there to California where we visited my sister; then we flew to Homestead, Florida, where we were the year before. While we were at Homestead we bought a "Wreck" to bum around in—then a hurricane warning came so Hank (*her husband*) got in the plane, the boys and I in the "Wreck" and we landed at Brownsville, Texas. Hank went on to Mexico, Guatemala and British Honduras—then we sold the plane in Galveston and drove the "Wreck" back home, or at least as far as Homer, Alaska—so we covered quite a bit of territory.

We are still fishing for a living. Hank usually has two fishermen to help him. Both boys are learning the business too. Little Henry caught 200 red salmon in his net last year. He can set his net and get it into the skiff by himself. Herbie only got 18 in his net and I had to help him extract them from the net. My job on the fishing ground is to cook and keep books. Last summer was the warmest we have ever had—it was wonderful except for the mosquitoes. Even the bear didn't bother camp—the men shot only two and they were away from camp.

Tomorrow is the most important day in the year—according to Herbie—even more important than Christmas! It is his birthday (7th) and he has invited six of his friends here for a party. He's been planning this for weeks. Hope I can remain calm through it.

Have just got the boys off to bed—we have to read every evening. We are now on “Treasure Island” and have just finished the “Oz” books. Seldovia has a very good library—one of the best in the Territory—but it is only open once a week.

The boys are learning how to ice skate and ski—also to play the piano. Little Henry plays quite well for a nine-year-old—“My Old Kentucky Home” being the most recent piece learned.

I hear occasionally from Van. [*She was Frances Van Nosstrand and is now Mrs. Don Castle of Jamestown, New York.*] She has twin sons in Manlius Military Academy. Mrs. Breckinridge will remember that Van and I arrived in Kentucky together, and rode the mail wagon to Hyden over terrific and muddy roads. We had to get out and push the mules and wagon through some of the mud holes. What a trip! We were young and about scared to death besides. It’s fun to think back on one’s adventures.

Have a very good Christmas and the best of New Years.

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From Gertrude Isaacs (Trudy) in Gering, Nebraska

—January, 1954

I am being kept quite busy in the Health Department. So far half of my time has been taken up with institutes, conventions, committee meetings and the like. The other half of the time has been spent mostly in school work. However, I did get in quite a few home visits. While I enjoy the district work, it does not begin to compare with the FNS district work. First of all you miss the horse and the mountains and perhaps more than anything else the feeling that you were doing something worthwhile. There is no midwifery here, and once a midwife, you do miss it. We are hoping to get our Mothers’ classes started next week. There was quite a lot of interest shown last winter, so I hope we will do as well this year.

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From Elda Barry in Topeka, Kansas—January, 1954

It is wonderful to be back in my native land again, everything looks good to me. I have not seen so much food stuff in many a year, as I see when I go to the market here. I had a very happy Christmas with my sister and her family near New

York City and now I am with my brother and his family. Our first three months back is vacation time, so my plan is to travel and visit various members of my family. In April I shall go to Jersey City Medical Center to brush up on medical, surgical and obstetrical practises for six months—then it will be about time to return to India. I would like very much to visit my friends in Kentucky, but I may not have time this furlough. My experiences there were so very profitable and happy ones. Please give my greetings to Mrs. Breckinridge and all who may remember me.

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From Leona Maggard Begley in Bolivia, North Carolina

—February 1954

Brutus (*her husband*) is working at night this week, and while he is gone my cousin stays with me. Victor Carson cries almost every evening when his daddy leaves for work—he says, “Dad-da wook,” and can say a good many words as well as I can. I could go on and on about him but of course you know he’s just a dear little boy like all the rest. Our house is always full of high school kids and they just love Victor. Today he got a handful of Valentines from the Bolivia High School.

It was so nice and warm here today and people were working in their gardens. It makes me want to work in mine. We are going to start a garden and get some little chickens and maybe a pig, so I will be “Granny on the farm” this summer! I love it down here, but do wish it was closer home—it seems like ages since I’ve been away and it will be at least eight to ten weeks before we can come home.

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From Dorothy Helwig (Dodi) in Seattle, Washington

—February 1954

I have thought about Kentucky so much lately. Life goes on much about the same—I am still living at home but we expect to put the house on the market this month. One of my fellow workers lives with me and her company has been more than welcome. I saw Dr. den Dulk and Stevie this week. His practice is really booming and he seems very happy. They have bought a lovely brick house not far from Lake City—it affords a mar-

velous view of the Cascade Mountains. The twins are still in private school and making good progress. Little Danny had a virus siege before Christmas, but is starting to put on weight at last. Say a big hello to everyone for me.

Newsy Bits

Carolyn Booth Gregory writes from Little Rock, Arkansas: "I am doing Language and Speech Retraining with brain injury cases at the V.A. Hospital here. Hugo (*her husband*) has just gone in service, and I am being kept company by Sylvia, our blonde cocker pup."

Janet Coleman has returned to England from Malta, and is now assistant superintendent at the Metropolitan District Nursing Association in London. We wish her well in her new position.

Mary Ann Quarles has returned to Kentucky and is working in Child Welfare at Kentucky Village. We hope to hear more of her new work in the near future.

Birth Announcements

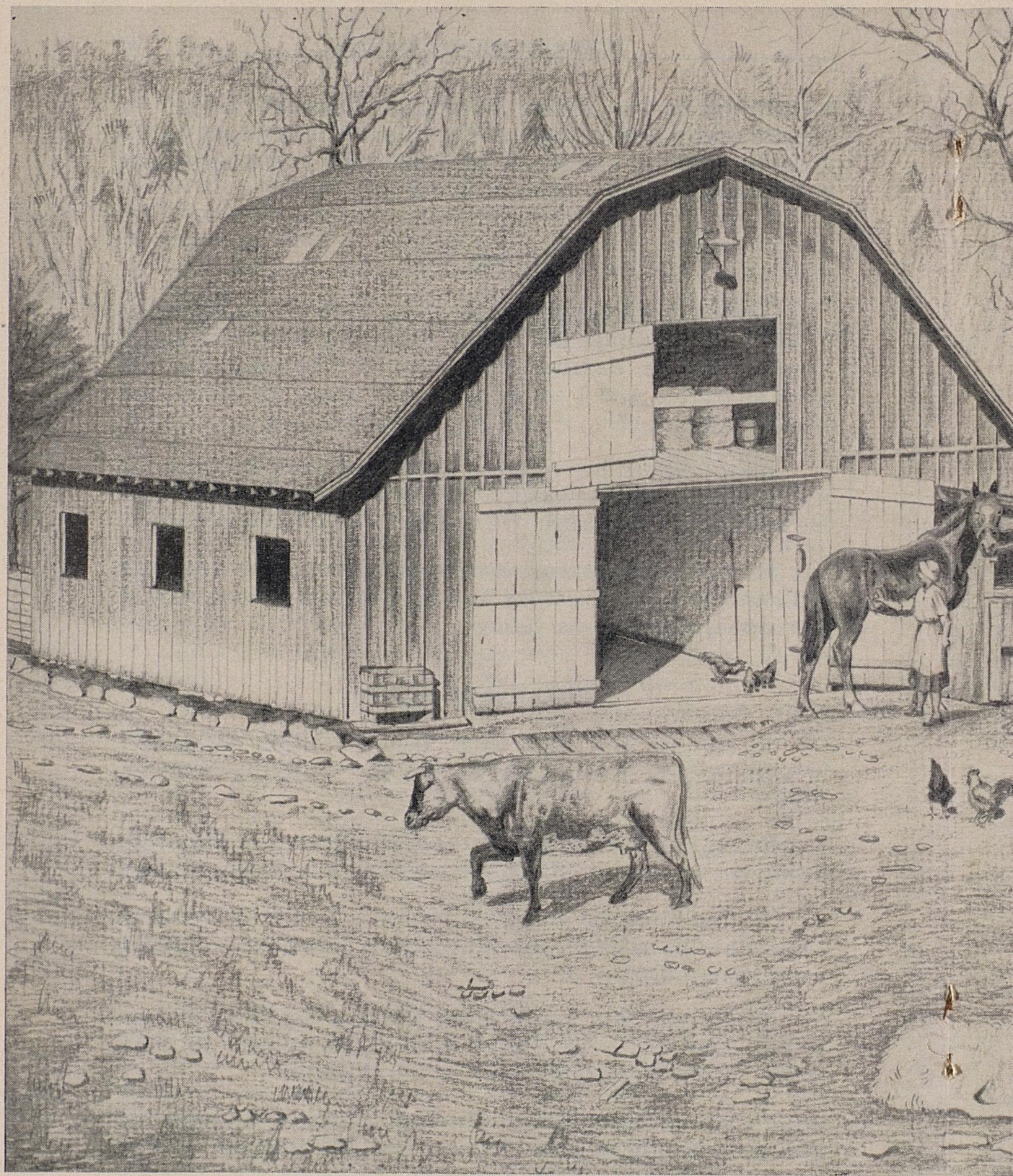
To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Ingerson (Ruth Alexander) of Mountainside, New Jersey, on October 2, 1953, a daughter, Alice.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Byrne (Jerry White) of Knoxville, Tennessee, on October 13, 1953, a daughter, Ann Terrell (Terry).

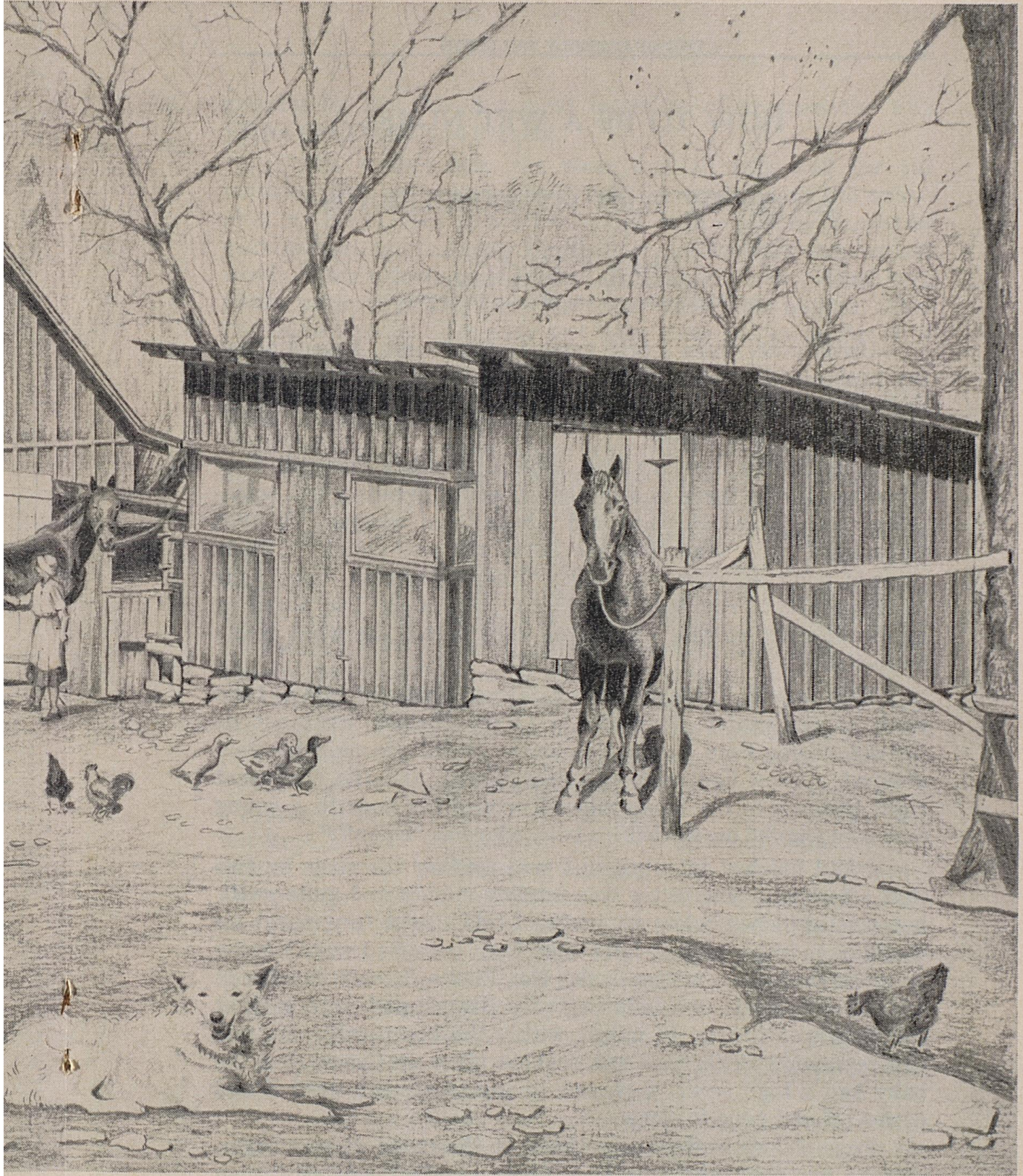
To The Reverend and Mrs. Stephens Tucker Gulbrandsen (Jane Rainey) of St. George, Virginia, on November 13, 1953, a son, Stephens Tucker, Jr.

To Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Keen (Pauline Kennedy) of Lexington, Kentucky, a son, Daniel Kenneth, on January 23, 1954, in the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden.

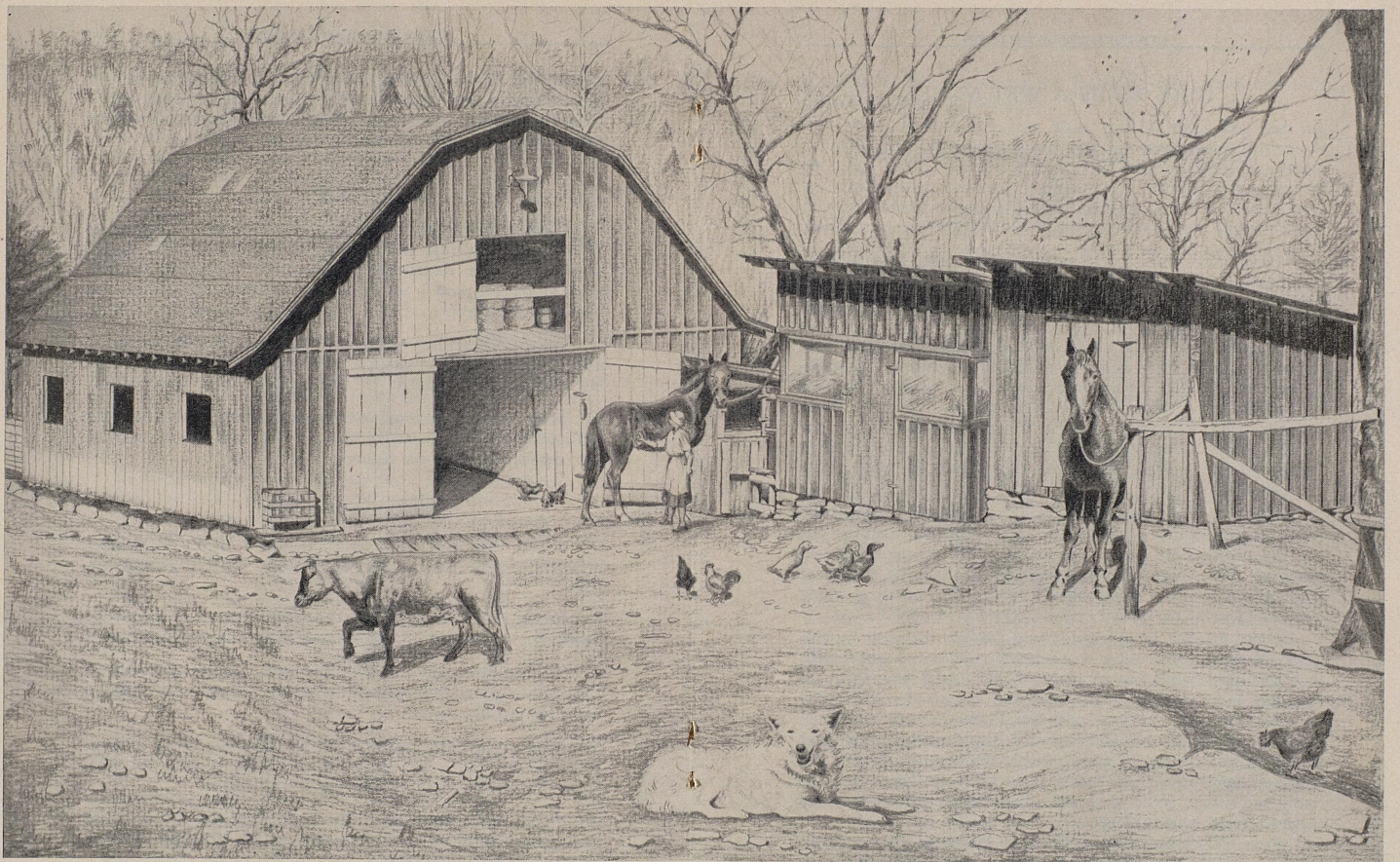
To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bowling (Primrose Edwards) of Covington, Kentucky, a son, Richard Lee. We have just received the news as we go to press.



FLAT CREEK CENTER BARNYARD



By Joyce Stephens, R.N., S.C.M.



FLAT CREEK CENTER BARNYARD

By Joyce Stephens, R.N., S.C.M.

HOW TO BE A WET NURSE
or
ANYBODY SEEN MY SADDLEBAGS?

by
NANCY BOYLE, R.N.
Possum Bend Nursing Center
at Confluence, on the Middle Fork River

Used to be, when I first came to Confluence, I went about my business of health visits, sick calls, clinics, sewing classes, and was met with a cheery greeting or a friendly nod of recognition from those I passed.

Since Friday, January 15th, 1954, all that has changed. Now wherever I ride there is still that friendly greeting but something more. Children point and I hear them whisper, "Is that the nurse?" or, "Was that the horse she was riding?" Their parents don't whisper, just ask: "Heard anything 'bout your saddlepockets? You sure like to got drowned. I've heard so many different stories, would you care to tell me what really happened?"

This was it. Friday morning dawned cold and rainy. I did clinic at the center while Hewie (Mary Hewat) went out on district. Some time during the course of the morning the rain stopped. But a fine mist was everywhere, and the cold went right through to my bones when I opened the door to a young man who wanted me to visit his baby who was "bad off."

I had finished up clinic and was fording the river by two that afternoon. The water was terribly muddy and quite swift, but several inches below my boots. I told Flicka (my mare) we would have to be back no later than four, because I wasn't going to cross that river in the dark. But Flicka doesn't dawdle on district. We made two calls on Trace Branch and were back at the mouth of Grassy (3 miles) within the hour—with one sick call remaining. This was just a short piece up Grassy but the baby had a high fever. I stayed, giving treatment, until it had cooled off and gone to sleep.

Four o'clock and we were back at the river. It was beginning to get dark and was very misty—perfect setting for an

evening by the fire—for most anything other than the way Flicka and I spent the evening.

Flicka walked into the river and all was well for the moment. The water was deeper, half the way—no, all the way—over my boots, then to my knees and, with a mighty heave, we were swimming. Instantly I remembered someone's famous last words, "Don't swim your horse." I didn't see how I could turn Flicka without getting her nose under water, and besides, other nurses had swum that river and were none the worse for it. I settled back to enjoy it—but not for long.

We were about one-quarter of the way across the river when my saddlebags gently floated off. I could have reached them but at that moment there were other matters more pressing. So I hurriedly said farewell to bags and contents, and turned to see what was crushing into my leg on the up-river side.

A huge cake of ice! Flicka liked this turn of events even less than I did. She plunged, she heaved, and she snorted. Suddenly I literally rose out of the water. Under me was saddle, yes, but water—not horse. My girth strap had broken. I thought in one split second, before I hit the water, "This isn't happening to me?" Then reality took the form of an icy cold plunge.

With my left hand I grabbed Flicka's mane, with my right the saddle as it floated under me. We were surrounded by small pieces of ice, and Flicka, even more upset by loss of rider and saddle, was thrashing with all four feet, so that I was afraid if I continued to hold on I would be kicked. I let go of her then but kept hold of the saddle. We were in about midstream. I looked ahead to shore and it seemed miles away. I figured I would never make it and decided to go with the current to the bend about a quarter of a mile beyond the ford. Nevertheless I tried for the bank—but with hat, raincoat, jacket, sweater, breeches, two pair of boots (I'd thought myself quite clever when I started out with rubber boots over my leather ones), and fur-lined gloves, plus saddle, my progress was nil. I finally let go the saddle, which turned up later. Water rushing against it made it carry me, rather than vice versa.

I looked for Flicka. She was some fifty feet upstream from me. We were both a third of the way from shore. I was in the swiftest part of the water and I hoisted myself up on my elbows

to rest on a large cake of ice. This all had taken place so quickly that I was too busy to be frightened. I saw in this moment that I would be able to make the shore ahead. So I dropped back into the water to swim the rest of the way—until a willow twig was just within reach—made it!!!

I realized then that quite a little crowd had collected. It flashed through my mind that if I had drowned I would have been spared this. Everyone seemed frozen to the spot, and I heard myself calling, "Get my horse, get my horse." Still no one moved, at least it seemed so. Someone said, "Never mind, lady, you can have my horse," and someone else offered his. Floating in ice water, with only a twig for support, I was not to be bargained with, so I shouted, "But I want That Horse!" and looked toward where Flicka, who was about thirty feet from the bank, was swimming upstream for all she was worth—and getting nowhere. One of the men ran up the bank until he was opposite the mare. He called to her, and she turned towards him.

I didn't see the rest. Another man had climbed out on to the willow to which I was holding: I couldn't seem to get any further. The roots and my wet clothes and the cold were too much, now that I could put the matter in someone else's hands. They lifted me up and out. And there was Flicka, sides heaving and steam surrounding her, but all in one piece.

We waded through Wilder Branch and ran home. I hitched Flicka and dashed toward the house, ran up the stairs, burst in the door and hollered: "Hewie! go rub my horse!" Hewie, bless her, went to the barn, no questions asked, while I proceeded to peel off my wet clothing. I put on all the warm things I owned and then went out to the barn to tell this tale to Hewie.

Strangely enough life went on. That evening we packed new saddlebags, while wondering if I should ever see my old ones again. To the surprise of most people neither Flicka nor I developed pneumonia, or even a snuffle. Now we know, thanks to the mail man, that when the river covers the rock that looks like a wash basin, we don't ford the river.

CITY COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Several of the chairmen of the FNS Committees beyond the mountains have asked us to print in this issue of the Bulletin a list of the names and addresses of all city chairmen. They are as follows:

BALTIMORE:

No active chairman at the moment

BLUE GRASS:

Mrs. F. H. Wright
Bryan Station Pike
Lexington, Kentucky

BOSTON:

Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr.
Spencer Brook Road
Concord, Massachusetts

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.:

Mrs. Linden Stuart
RFD No. 2
Charlottesville, Virginia

CHICAGO:

Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd
250 White Oak Lane
Winnetka, Illinois

CINCINNATI:

No active chairman at the moment

CLEVELAND:

Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland
19100 North Park Boulevard
Cleveland 22, Ohio

DETROIT:

Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr.
296 Cloverly Road
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

HARTFORD:

No chairman for several years

HAZARD:

Mrs. L. H. Stiles
210 Lyttle Boulevard
Hazard, Kentucky

LOUISVILLE:

Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt
Oxmoor, Route 6
Louisville 7, Kentucky

MINNEAPOLIS:

Mrs. George Chase Christian
2303 Third Avenue, South
Minneapolis 4, Minnesota

NEW YORK:

Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth
1170 Fifth Avenue
New York 29, New York

PHILADELPHIA:

Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain
Smoky Ridge Farm
Downingtown, Pennsylvania

PITTSBURGH:

No active chairman at the moment

PRINCETON:

Mrs. H. Russell Butler
91 Battle Road
Princeton, New Jersey

PROVIDENCE:

Mrs. Ten Eyck Lansing
71 Barnes Street
Providence 6, Rhode Island

RIVERDALE:

Mrs. Alfred H. Howell
4602 Palisade Avenue
New York 71, New York

ROCHESTER:

Mrs. Karl M. Wilson
245 Barrington Street
Rochester 7, New York

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

Mrs. Jefferson Patterson
3108 Woodland Drive, N. W.
Washington 8, D. C.



WENDY AND HILARY RAGLE IN NORWAY
WITH THEIR PARENTS,
MR. AND MRS. RICHARD HARRISON RAGLE
(Courier, Barbara Barnes)

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

We know that our readers will share with us our deep happiness that *Wide Neighborhoods* has been added to the Library for the Blind by the American Printing House. It was recorded on "Talking Books" by Terry Hayes Sales early in 1953, on twenty-three records (46 sides) to be heard on special machines supplied by the Federal Government. The librarian reports that this recording is in constant circulation, and in great demand.

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We are able only occasionally to mention a review of *Wide Neighborhoods* by its friends. It gives us special pleasure to say that the book was reviewed for the Athene Circle in Knoxville on the first of February by Mrs. Andrew Lowe, the niece of our much loved trustee, Mrs. James Truman Shaw of Detroit, who died several years ago. It was Mrs. Lowe's first review of a book, and undoubtedly her strong attachment to the memory of her aunt inspired her to make the effort.

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A letter from our Rochester Chairman, Mrs. Karl M. Wilson, came to us early in December. In it she tells in the following words of how she, Mary Jo Clark, and Couriers Selby Brown and Polly Pearse went to LeRoy, New York, to speak on the FNS to the LeRoy Woman's Club.

We went to LeRoy, and had a very successful time—including a contribution from the Club of twenty-five dollars which I've sent to Mr. Dabney. Mary Jo came over with her slides. She got here in time for lunch, and Selby and Polly had lunch with us—then Selby drove Mary Jo and us to LeRoy—about thirty miles, and there were about that many women there. I got Selby to read that splendid article about the Service in the *In Kentucky* magazine you sent me—after some introductory remarks by me. She looked so pretty and read it extremely well. Then Mary Jo showed her slides and talked about them. There were quite a lot of questions, and people seemed to have enjoyed it. I took your book along and talked about it, and the Bulletins and folders.

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Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, our Chicago Chairman, writes as follows:

On January 20 I showed my FNS films to almost 30 women

of the Southern Women's Alliance in the University of Chicago neighborhood. They were a responsive audience, and I thoroughly enjoyed talking to them about what is to me a very thrilling service, while showing the pictures.

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We have been deeply interested in "Some Things I Remember" by our old Minneapolis friend, Mr. Thomas F. Wallace. In delightful language he gives the history of The Abbott Hospital from its early beginnings, when kitchen tables were used in the operating rooms, on down to the present most modern day. He pays a glowing tribute to the early founders and staff—laymen and professionals alike—who shared with him the responsibilities of the pioneer. The Abbott Hospital is a service of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Minneapolis. Recently, when there was unusual financial stress, the following resolution was adopted at a joint meeting of the staff executive committee and the trustees' hospital committee:

The Trustees and Hospital Management recognize their obligation to maintain the highest standards of service at the lowest possible charge to patients in the Church owned, non-profit Hospital.

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The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service will stage a luncheon meeting in the terrace banquet room of The Shoreham Hotel on Thursday, April 15, at which the Director of the Service will speak and the dramatic early FNS moving picture film, *The Forgotten Frontier*, will be shown. This is not a benefit. The cost of the luncheon is \$3.00. This covers the Shoreham Hotel's charge for the lunch, its service fee for employees, and the tax—with a few pennies left over. Invitations to this meeting will be mailed in late March. If some of you live a little too far away from the Washington area to receive invitations, but would like to attend the luncheon, you have only to drop a line to the treasurer of the Washington Committee, Mrs. John W. Herron, Route No. 1, Rockville, Maryland, or to the chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, 3108 Woodland Drive, Washington 8, D. C.

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The Director will also have the honor of speaking to the National Council of the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D. C., on

Saturday, April 17. Mrs. Joseph Barnett Paul, the national president of this Society, lives in Washington and is a member of the FNS Washington Committee.

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Early in the week before these Washington engagements your director will be in Philadelphia for a meeting of the Philadelphia Committee on the Main Line. This is not a general open meeting, but we hope that all Philadelphia Committee members will respond favorably to the invitations they receive from the chairman of arrangements, Mrs. Henry C. Biddle. Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, is taking a motor trip to the Southwest this spring but will be back for the committee meeting.

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I have been invited by Miss Anna D. Wolf, Director of the Johns Hopkins Hospital School of Nursing in Baltimore to speak to the School on the night of Tuesday, April 20, and I have accepted her invitation with enthusiasm. Miss Wolf has most kindly offered to invite all of our subscribers in the Baltimore area to attend this meeting, and get a first-hand report on the work they have supported long and loyally. If by some mischance anyone of you does not receive an invitation, you have only to write, or telephone to Miss Wolf. I am sure that she will let you bring friends, as the Johns Hopkins Hospital has a big auditorium.

TOWN AND TRAIN

GETTING OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS:

I planned to leave the mountains on Monday, January 11. But on Sunday our first really bad winter weather set in. First we had rain, then sleet and finally snow came down over the icy roads.

I had to take a 6:50 p.m. Monday train in Lexington for Detroit. Since my first Detroit engagement came on the Tuesday, I just naturally had to take that train. There was no margin for delay, and anyway, the weather was getting worse, not better. My colleagues considered the 130-mile drive from Hyden to Lexington too hazardous for me to go down in our station

wagon. So we lined up our friend Joe Roberts with his huge two-ton truck as the only safe way for me to get out, unless the Black Brothers bus (our local bus service) could travel. As matters turned out, we got word on the Monday morning that the Highway Patrol had put salt on Pine Mountain and the Black Brothers bus had started out from Harlan. So we relaxed.

Jean took me by jeep to Hyden where Betty Lester and I boarded the bus. Since my colleagues did not want me to travel alone, Betty had volunteered to go with me. Two soldiers returning to Fort Knox got on the bus with us. One of them, named Lester for Betty, had been brought into the world by Betty herself about twenty years ago. There wasn't any limit to the kindness that Lester and his buddy were ready to show us. Thus, guarded by the U.S. Army, we never traveled in greater safety.

At Richmond our local line ended, and we were to take a Greyhound bus the next 30 miles to Lexington. However, the Greyhound never got through to Richmond. Another Black Brothers bus was hastily rigged up to get the through passengers on their way, so I caught the 6:50 p.m. train out of Lexington for Detroit.

DETROIT:

No one could have been dearer than our friends in the Detroit area were to me from the time I arrived on the Tuesday morning until I left on "The Detroider" Friday night for New York. I stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Hodges, our Detroit Chairman, took me to our Grosse Pointe meeting at the home of Mrs. Ernest Kanzler, where 96 women turned up in spite of the icy weather prevailing in Michigan. Mrs. Kanzler, one of the most charming hostesses in America, entertained all of her guests after the meeting at a scrumptious tea. Here I met so many old friends that I couldn't begin to give all of their names except to say that among them were two of our old couriers, and that our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Honorary Chairman of the Detroit Committee, not only attended the afternoon meeting but came to the dinner Mrs. Hodges gave me that night. Mrs. Joy looked so well and so much like her old self that it was hard to realize she had been desperately ill since I saw her last.

On the Wednesday I went by to see Dr. Arthur McGraw at his home. He has so integrated himself into the heart of the Frontier Nursing Service, through the surgical clinics he has given us in here, that I wanted a long visit with him. His wife had told me of the improvement that had come about since his illness and operation. When he came to meet me with his old, eager smile, I almost felt as though he were with us at Hyden Hospital again. We drove on to lunch with another friend, Mrs. Francis McMath.

Wednesday night I spoke in Bloomfield Hills at the home of those delightful people, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Booth. Mrs. Joy sent Mrs. Hodges and me out in her big car which seemed able to circumvent all the problems of ice and snow. We had a buffet dinner with the Henry Booths, and Henry Booth introduced me to the general meeting. He told me that to have me back again was like old home week. The first time I ever spoke in Bloomfield Hills, about a quarter century ago, was at "Thornlea"—the Henry Booths' place. I remember her taking me up to the nursery to see her first child, Stephen, who was a baby then. As we stood together looking down at him, she said: "He's the best thing that ever I did." On this visit I met Martha, her fifth child, almost grown up.

On Thursday Mrs. Hodges took me into the city of Detroit for my last day and night, still as her guest at the Woman's City Club. My last two speaking engagements were downtown. In the afternoon I had the happiness of talking to a group of the A O Pi Alumnae in the home of Mrs. Ralph D. Dieterle. The meeting, to which Mrs. Watson Ford took me, was well attended in spite of the inauspicious weather, and followed by a delightful tea. Then Miss Lucille Myers, Executive Secretary of the Detroit District Student Nurses Association, came by to drive me to the Mt. Carmel Mercy Hospital Nurses Home for my night meeting. The Sisters at the hospital gave me a whole suite of rooms and sent a tray to me so that I could rest before my evening engagement. In the auditorium at Mercy Hospital on Thursday night, I spoke to around 250 student nurses from eight of the Detroit hospital schools. I was introduced by one of their own officers, and I was inspired by the welcome these young things accorded an old nurse like me. It was a memorable

evening. But everything that took place on this Detroit visit was memorable.

NEW YORK AND PRINCETON:

From Saturday morning, January 16, until Monday afternoon the 25th I stayed at the Cosmopolitan Club in New York. I had so many things to do and saw so many people that I still feel breathless. In advance of our big New York meeting I was privileged to attend the monthly meeting of the New York Committee. It is always a treat to me to sit in on one of our Committee meetings. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, is so fair a presiding officer, and the members of her Committee are so ready to present their points of view for discussion, and so fine in the way they carry their responsibilities, that this meeting was a red-letter day to me.

On one of my days I went by train to Harrison, New York, to Osborn House, to see my old friend, Jessie Carson—the Kit of my days with the CARDS in France, and the contact secretary of early FNS days. She had had an operation since I saw her last and, still badly crippled by arthritis, was in the infirmary at Osborn House. The head nurse, Mrs. O'Neill, was so kind as to send me up a tray for lunch so that I had almost the whole day with Kit.

Another one of my incidental engagements that meant a lot to me was lunch with Miss Corbin and Miss Hemschemeyer of the Maternity Center Association, and with Miss Hudson, who became my friend in the year so long ago when I studied public health nursing at Teachers College, Columbia University.

On the Thursday afternoon the New York Committee held its big annual FNS meeting in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom. Mercifully the weather, which had staged a blizzard the week before, turned benign for the occasion. The huge room seemed full of people. In fact, at tea after the meeting, I think I saw nearly everyone I knew from around New York, as well as from the city itself, including hosts of old friends, couriers, and kinsmen—even including my young niece, Kate Breckinridge, whose flight to Europe had been canceled because of fog.

The feature of the meeting this year was the showing again, after nearly a quarter century, of the FNS moving picture called *The Forgotten Frontier*. Marvin Breckinridge (Mrs. Jefferson

Patterson) our first courier and the creator of this dramatic film, came on from Washington to attend the showing. Since two projectors were used it went through in less than 40 minutes. In advance we had the usual business meeting of the New York Committee, where Mrs. Stone made her report as treasurer and Mrs. Samuel H. Ordway made hers as chairman of the FNS Bargain Box Committee. Then Mrs. Binger, FNS Bargain Box treasurer, presented me with a check for \$2,500.00. This dream-check brings to a total of \$6,500.00 the income that has come to the FNS from the Bargain Box in the past six months.

After Mrs. Wadsworth had introduced me—with delightful brevity—I had only to explain *The Forgotten Frontier* and ask Marvin Breckinridge Patterson to get up and take a bow—ten minutes in all!

Our Princeton meeting fell on the Friday. Pebble Stone, bless her heart, came in from Long Island to drive me out to Princeton. We stopped en route with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (courier, Barbara White of Riverdale) to see four of their five delightful children and their historic pre-revolutionary house and farm. Then Barbara went on to Princeton with us where we all stopped for lunch with our chairman, Mrs. H. Russell Butler, Jr. Carol Butler is exactly as she has been described in a recent letter from another Princetonian to me: "Lovely and capable, she is a woman greatly beloved in Princeton."

Our big Princeton meeting was at *The Present Day Club*. A committee member, Mrs. Clayton Morris Hall, loaned us her moving picture machine, and Mr. Hall operated it. This meant that I could show *The Forgotten Frontier* as well as speak to a host of FNS friends. Our Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Caspar Goodrich, was there, as were old couriers Edo Welch Potter, Martha Cross Bradberry, and Diana Morgan Olcott, who has lately had a fine boy baby. Ruth Alexander Ingerson, former FNS nurse-midwife, was there too with her girl baby, Alice. By this I don't mean that Alice came to the meeting. Ruth had her in an anteroom at the club for me to see. She is a darling.

After the meeting I was called on to autograph many copies of *Wide Neighborhoods*.

On the Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth gave me a marvelous tea, where lots of the men and women I

most wanted to see came drifting in. But the real excitement of the afternoon was the presence at the tea (as impromptu guests of honor) of our courier, Ellen Wadsworth, and her newly acquired husband, Mr. Harald Vestergaard. Ellen had decided to marry this delightful Dane on January 2. They returned to New York on the Saturday before the tea, and Ellen looked enchanting.

NEW ENGLAND:

On Monday, January 25, I went to Boston for a most important Committee meeting. Our wonderful Boston Chairman, Mrs. Frederick Weed, had just retired from the chairmanship, to be succeeded by Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Courier Mardi Bemis). My young cousin, Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., had moved up to the post of first vice-chairman. All of this was terribly exciting to me, the more especially since Mardi, one of our early couriers, is the second courier to assume chairmanship of a great city committee.

Between 20 and 30 members attended the committee luncheon on the Tuesday. Among them were a number of our Boston couriers and two of our Honorary Chairmen, Mrs. E. A. Codman and Mrs. John Rock. The courier chairman, Mrs. Robert Lawrence (Pat Perrin) could not come because she had just had twins, about whom you will read in *Old Courier News*. Almost all of Tuesday was given over to committee matters and conversations with members of the committee. That evening my cousin Mrs. Waring Wilson (Susanne Grandin's mother) and I dined alone together and nearly got caught up on all the things we had to tell each other.

Wednesday the 27th I spent in Marblehead with the friend of my school days in Switzerland, Edith Richie Jones. By the way, her fascinating story called "Stephen Crane at Brede Place" is coming out in the *May Atlantic Monthly*.

On Thursday, January 28, I went to Providence where I stayed the night with Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair W. Armstrong. Another friend, Mrs. Edna Lumb, came to dinner. She, Mary Armstrong, and I first knew one another when we all served with the old American Committee for Devastated France. Mary and Sin had had a year in Europe and the Middle East since I had

seen them last. We all went in for the thing I enjoy most which is good conversation.

The chairman of our Providence Committee, Mrs. TenEyck Lansing, whose book, *Rider on the Mountain*, is all about a courier in the FNS, had planned a full day for me on the Friday. It started off in the morning with an interview by one of the very nicest reporters I have ever met, Mr. Philip C. Gunion, and pictures of Mary Armstrong and me by Mr. Archie Arsenault, both of *The Evening Bulletin*. Aside from telling about our work with unusual accuracy and deep understanding, Mr. Gunion took such a novel approach to his interview and concluded it in such an unusual manner, that I quote the beginning and end of his several columns:

"There is no such thing as a classless society and America quite definitely has an upper class," according to Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N., director of the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky.

But this upper class is not comprised of persons of wealth or family, it is made up of those persons in each community who assume responsibility and leadership, Mrs. Breckinridge said.

She has found this upper class in evidence in the mountains of Kentucky as well as in the great cities of the world.

"In a community of 10,000 persons there will be perhaps 50 families which make up the upper class, seeing that what must be done, is done," Mrs. Breckinridge, who has done a lot of doing herself, said.

The art of being realistic seems to be her best asset. She worried when a photographer posed her for a picture. "It took me more than 70 years to get these lines in my face, and they always remove them in photographs. They think it is flattering. Every year they take out more until I expect to wind up just a pair of staring eyes."

More realism she demonstrated in an interview in 1934 in which she deplored ancestor worship. "All we need be is just adequate to our own generation and the responsibilities that are coming on us.

"I declare that every February when Washington's birthday comes around you would think to hear the addresses that we gave birth to him," she said.

That was in 1934, but her view of our responsibilities has not changed with the years—it merely has acquired deeper character lines, which no one can retouch.

I lunched at the Arts Club with several of our Committee members and then drove with Mrs. Arthur Ingraham (who has been down to see our work at first-hand) to Gammell House where I spoke to a group of people who were kind enough to motor in over some of the slickest streets I ever saw in my life.

After the speaking we all had tea presided over by Mrs. Edward P. Jastram, who has also come down to see us at Wendover. But the secretary of the Providence Committee, Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Courier Lucy Pitts) who had worked indefatigably in getting up this meeting, couldn't attend. Her children had scarlet fever—fortunately mild cases.

Late on the Friday afternoon Mary Armstrong and Edna Lumb drove me to the railroad station where I caught a train for New York.

NEW YORK AND DELAWARE:

I stayed at the Cosmopolitan Club until Monday because I had a scattering of pleasant, personal engagements. On Saturday I went to the theater (*The Solid Gold Cadillac*) with my cousin, Madame Draper Boncompagni. On Sunday, after services at "The Little Church Around the Corner," I lunched with my editor, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence of Harper, and with her husband, Mr. Nicholas Kalashnikoff. But I had no more speaking to do so I just relaxed.

Monday, on my way back to Kentucky, I stopped off in Delaware to stay with my sister Lees, and her husband, Colonel George Warren Dunn, at "Brackenwood" near Newark. Although their three-hundred-year-old stone house with its farm has been modernized by such desirable things as electricity and plumbing, it has lost none of its old-time charm. The joy to me of being there with my sister and her husband was intensified many fold when her daughter, Pamela Ellis, arrived with her five-year-old Breck and her three-year-old Louise. Thus I had the enjoyment of the first of three sets of adorable family children on this last week of my travels.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

Wednesday evening I got to Washington to spend a night and a day with my kinsmen, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson. This part of my week had a lot of business in it, since Marvin is chairman of the Washington Committee. None the less it was relaxing too. I was with Marvin in her own home, with that most courteous host, her husband, and with another two adorable children. Their Patricia is the age of Breck Ellis, and their Mark the age of Louise. After the children had played

with us for an hour and gone to bed, we had a family dinner—the three of us—and Jeff's brother-in-law, Major-General Howard C. Davidson. The father of our courier, Mary Davidson Swift, he had lately seen her in Japan.

Marvin had called her committee together for a meeting on the Thursday afternoon, followed by a delectable tea to which the sponsors of the Washington Committee had also been invited. An enormous amount of business was transacted at the Washington Committee meeting, most of it having to do with their big April meeting. Marvin presided with the fairness and dignity so characteristic of FNS chairmen, and there was plenty of discussion of moot points. I was called on to make a brief report on the FNS and its committees, both inside and beyond the mountains. While we were having our pictures taken by newspaper photographers—and tea—I had the opportunity of talking with my Washington friends. Among them, were two of our former Washington Chairmen—Mrs. Lawrence Groner and Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth—and the following married couriers: Louise Myers Pugh, Mary Wilson Neel, Cynthia Beatty Ludlow, and Barbara Miller (Mrs. Carroll Morgan, Jr.—courier chairman). Several of our devotees among the Washington men turned up for the tea. It was all most worth-while, aside from the personal pleasure I get out of such gatherings. But it was soon time to leave Washington. Jeff put me on a night train.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.:

My last 24 hours of this tour were again given over wholly to family ties. I stayed with my nephew, Captain James T. Breckinridge, of the U.S. Marines, at the Naval Ordnance Plant in South Charleston—one of the happiest visits I ever had anywhere. Jim's and Judy's girl, Julie, is five years old, and baby Breck is a little over two—a third pair of adorable children. Except that my young cousin Dudley Breckinridge Robinson and her husband, Neal, dropped in for a while before dinner, I saw no one but my nephew and his family. After the children had had their supper and gone to bed, Jim and Judy and I had a long evening together.

BACK HOME TO THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS:

When the Marine Corps Breckinridges took me to the sta-

tion Saturday morning—there, by prior arrangement between us, was Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) with her cousin and his little girl, who is Julie's age. The long C & O train came in on time and Thumper and I boarded it. We stood on the platform waving to the children as the train carried us away towards Kentucky.

At Lexington the FNS station wagon met us, with Hilly and Candy, who drove us straight back into the mountains we love so well. We shifted into a jeep to ford the river and to drive the last mile to Wendover, where all the warmth in the world was awaiting us.

Mary Beckwith

OUR MAILBAG

From Kentucky—

In reading the Bulletin I have felt again the blessed solitude of my hills in winter, and their tranquility has enfolded me. I have walked again beside the quiet river above Wendover—loved scenes and memories!

Reared in the seclusion of Leslie County, I had parents who knew and saw beyond our hills. Far away places and people hold a fascinating interest for me. I am thrilled by the world-wide contacts and interests of FNS and find the letters in the Bulletin from friends all over the world most interesting.

I think of the Frontier Nursing Service as a great institution of love and friendship extending over all the earth in loving service and gracious kindness.

LENT

Just as all truly alive human beings welcome the return of spring, so do all real Christians welcome the return of Lent on Ash Wednesday (~~February 18th~~). For Lent is just an old word for "spring-time," since Lent is the special season when eager Christians let God directly into their hearts, just as the sun shines more and more directly on the earth as spring comes on. So Lent is a season—for Christians it is the growing season.

See how much we have to outgrow! how much of childish selfishness we have to rise above. A writer once told the history of a little creature called the barnacle: "This creature lives fastened to a rock or to the bottom of a boat, living in a cone-shaped shell which has a hole at the top, and a little trap-door which opens and shuts like the shutter of a camera. When the water rises over the barnacle, the little creature opens this door, stretches out a wavering arm with clutching fingers at the end, and grabs, grabs, grabs for any chance morsel floating by. That grabbing is the whole life of the barnacle." The writer went on to say that all little children begin by grabbing, just like the barnacle; and that some people never outgrow this childish stage, but live all their days "with the grabbing hand tirelessly at work." As Lent begins, we turn toward the God of the open, giving hand of love, and seek His aid to give us power to overcome, outgrow, our grabbing habits.

—Written by Rev. Allen W. Clark
Calvary Church, Danvers, Mass.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

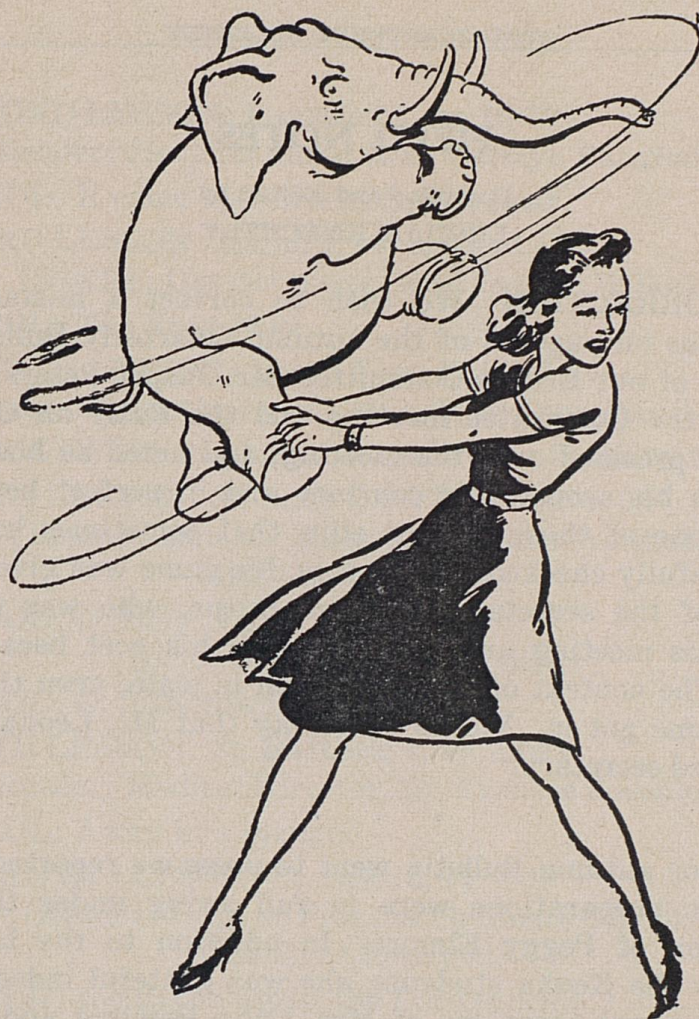
Little girl: "A white cow gives white milk, so a black cow ought to give coffee."

—Vivienne Blake

One afternoon not long ago a brave but frightened lad of nine entered our clinic. He had fallen and a piece of barbed wire had become imbedded in the palm of his hand. As it was pulled out he made no sound, although evidently in pain, until he said: "It sure does feel like you're pulling my backbone out of my little finger."

—Jo Sagebeer

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 thousands 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 and Edited by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

A CORRECTION: We wish to correct a mistake under *Field Notes* on page 48 of the autumn Quarterly Bulletin. The chairman of our Brutus Committee, Mr. Jasper Peters, not only attended the Committee meeting and the Rally on October 3, 1953, but presided over the meeting, and acted as host for the rally with his accustomed courtesy and in perfect health. But through one of those curious slips that sometimes happens in copy, carefully checked though it is, his name was given instead of that of the secretary, Mr. Lee Burns, who was unable to attend this meeting and had to resign his post because of ill health. The context of the paragraph is plain, even though the wrong name got in. We go on to say that Mr. Leonard Daniel was elected secretary.

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As our autumn Bulletin went to press we reported that the Christmas preparations were in full swing under the expert supervision of Peggy Elmore. In addition to the help given Peggy by the Keuka students, she was grateful indeed for the help on several occasions of Mrs. Celia Bowling and ladies of the Hyden Order of Eastern Star. All the parties were held at the six outpost centers, at Hyden and at Wendover, for the children. And, several lovely affairs were provided for the staff too, this year. One of them was an afternoon at Mardi Cottage (Midwives Quarters) where the Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Miss Eve Chetwynd, had arranged *The Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols* as used at King's College, Cambridge. The order of the service was as follows:

CAROL: O, come all ye faithful
(First verse—solo by Miss Betty Lester)

CAROL: God rest ye, merry gentlemen

FIRST LESSON: Genesis 3, vv. 8-15
(Reader: Student, Miss Ruth Brown)

CAROL: Hark, the herald angels sing

SECOND LESSON: Genesis 22, vv. 15-18

(Reader: Hospital nurse, Miss Carolyn Banghart)

CAROL: It came upon the midnight clear

THIRD LESSON: Isaiah 9, vv. 2, 6 and 7

(Reader: District nurse, Miss Darline Wilke)

CAROL: The First Noel

FOURTH LESSON: Micah 5, vv. 2, 3 and 4

(Reader: District nurse-midwife, Miss Anna May January)

CAROL: While shepherds watched their flocks by night

FIFTH LESSON: St. Luke 1, vv. 26-33 and v. 38

(Reader: Member of the Administrative staff,
Miss Lucile Hodges)

CAROL: O, Holy Night

(Solo: Miss Georgia Hibberd)

CAROL: O, little town of Bethlehem

SIXTH LESSON: St. Matthew 1, vv. 18-23

(Reader: Medical Director, Dr. Frances Zoekler)

CAROL: Away in a manger

SEVENTH LESSON: St. Luke 2, vv. 8-16

(Reader: Dean of Frontier Graduate School,
Miss Eve Chetwynd)

CAROL: Joy to the world, the Lord is come

EIGHTH LESSON: St. Matthew 2, vv. 1-11

(Reader: Hospital Superintendent, Miss Betty Lester)

CAROL: Angels from the realms of Glory

NINTH LESSON: St. John 1, vv. 1-14

(Reader: The Director, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge)

CAROL: Silent Night, Holy Night

THE COLLECT for CHRISTMAS DAY

CAROL: I heard the bells on Christmas Day.

Many of the carols chosen were different from the ones used at King's College, so as to have those which are more familiar to our crowd.

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A second lovely affair for the Hyden staff members was planned by Dr. Frances Zoekler a few days before Christmas

at the Medical Director's home, Joy House. *The Messiah* was presented by recordings. Two record players were used so that everybody could listen to the entire oratorio without interruption.

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All of us were grieved for Agnes Lewis when, early in December, she received a telephone call telling of the sudden death of her beloved sister-in-law, Mrs. Walker Lewis of Waynesville and Middletown, Ohio. The news of "Sister Jessie's" death came just a few days before Agnes had planned to leave for a month's holiday with members of her family in Ohio and Tennessee. Jean Hollins drove her immediately to Lexington, and there Agnes took a plane to Middletown. Although the holidays were not as Agnes had planned them, nevertheless there was happiness because she was with her family, and her nieces and nephews, and Christmas is always Christmas where there are children.

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Several members of our nursing staff have taken vacations this winter. Ruth Vander Meulen went to her family in Michigan in early December to help care for her sister who had undergone surgery. Ruth reports that all went well. Betty Ann Bradbury, Betty Scott and Barbara Yeich spent Christmas with their families. Anna May January started her vacation in mid-January by flying to Oklahoma City for a visit with Dr. Ella Woodyard before going on to her family in Texas. Elizabeth Hillman (Hilly) and her dog, Rusty, are taking care of Anna May's district while she is away.

.

For many years we have not been able to give the nursing care we like to the patients living on the Red Bird River below the Clara Ford Nursing Center, and on Arnett's Fork of Big Double Creek, for the reason that we have had only one nurse-midwife at the center. In January of this year Ninalei Bader went to be with Monica Hayes at Red Bird which is once more a two-nurse district. Nina is having a wonderful time visiting her new families down the river and on Arnett's Fork. She has already had one delivery on her new district, and has several

more registered for home delivery. We are happy to be able, once again, to give nursing care to the families that "had the nurses" many years ago.

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In February Betty Ann Bradbury took Joy Broomfield's place as Supervisor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Joy has gone to Flat Creek to learn that district so she will be ready to take over from Vivienne Blake when Vivienne returns to England in late spring. Vivienne is looking forward with much pleasure to a visit from her mother who comes to her at Flat Creek in March. They will return to England together.

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An event of interest to all of us took place at the home of our neighbors, the Will Mattinglys, on January 30th when Eileen Hacker, daughter of Mrs. Tolman Hacker of Hoskinston, became the wife of Cornelius Morgan, son of our Beech Fork Committee members, Mr. and Mrs. Hughie Morgan. Eileen, for the past year, has been a valued member of the Wendover administrative staff and worker in the Wendover Post Office.

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In January Mr. Paul Love, American Red Cross First Aid and Water Safety Representative, was kind enough to visit the Hyden Hospital to repeat the First Aid Instructor's course. This time he had a class of twelve—nine nurses, two nurse-midwives, and one social service secretary.

Ruth Vander Meulen and Barbara Yeich, Beech Fork nurse-midwives, already have started classes in First Aid. Ruth teaches a group of freshmen and sophomores at Stinnett Settlement School; Barbara has a group of Junior First Aiders from the Bad Creek School, and another from Rydner Branch School. Barbara is also planning to teach a group of adults who will come to the Center for evening meetings.

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Barbara Yeich has taken on another project, and that is teaching Home Nursing to the Freshman Home Economics Class at the Stinnett Settlement School. She goes each Thursday morning for an hour—Stork permitting!

At Confluence, Nancy Boyle and Mr. Ruie Baker, one of the teachers at Grassy Branch School, have organized a 4-H Club which now has an enrollment of 30 members. Nancy meets with the girls of the club each Wednesday for an hour of sewing (Stork permitting!). Come spring they will begin their projects of gardening and canning. The group had a novel evening of caroling up and down Grassy Branch before Christmas, with a party at the schoolhouse afterwards. To the club's January meeting, all parents were invited, and the girls made candy. The big project of the club at the moment is to plant 1,000 seedling red pines that the County Agent, Mr. Eugene Howard, is supplying.

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Not yet has there been enough rain in our area to rid us completely of forest fire danger. In the middle of February a fire threatened our Stinnett Clinic building. When Barbara Yeich was there on the regular clinic day, Friday, the fire was too close for comfort. The Riley Paces came to the rescue, raked a ring, and set a back fire which Barbara says undoubtedly saved the clinic building.

The two stories in this Bulletin about the Flat Creek Nursing Center tell of the drought. The one called *How to Be a Wet Nurse* tells of the "ice tide" in January, after our only heavy rain and snow.

.

The Bullsken Community held a box supper in January in order to raise the funds for a new electric refrigerator for the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus. Several of the FNS "young things" attended. Everybody had a wonderful time, and the proceeds of the evening netted \$205.00. Bridget Gallagher (Bridie) is "mighty proud" of her new refrigerator which is complete with a 46-lb. deep freeze unit.

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We are grateful indeed to Mr. John H. Asher of Asher, Kentucky, who has given 1,000 lineal feet of undressed oak strips for renewing the lattice work on the Jessie Preston Draper Center at Beech Fork, and for giving the locust posts needed for a retaining wall along the roadway to the Beech Fork barn.

Our Field Supervisor, Jane Furnas, recently gave a talk about the FNS and showed our colored slides to the Miami Valley Hospital School of Nursing in Dayton, Ohio. Jane took her training at Miami Valley, and later became a member of the faculty of their nursing school. In addition to the regular series of FNS slides, Jane showed those taken by Kitty Macdonald of a home delivery, and her own slides of spring in the Kentucky mountains. Carolyn Banghart accompanied Jane on this Dayton visit.

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On March 5th Jane Furnas and Helen Browne will attend a meeting in Louisville of the Advisory Council of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses.

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The couriers who have been helping Jean Hollins—since our last Bulletin—are Candy Dornblazer, who stayed on until early February, and Beverly Brady of New York City. Also helping with courier duties is Norma Cummings of New York City. Norma has come to us from Antioch College for a field period of her coöperative work-study program. She divides her time between the Courier Department and the offices and is most helpful everywhere.

It was delightful indeed to have the parents of Candy visit her at Wendover over Christmas. Her brother came down from Philadelphia, and made it a complete family reunion.

In early December we had a visit from Dr. Alfons R. Bacon, his wife and three children of Bradenton, Florida. Dr. Bacon was a vacation relief doctor for the FNS 20 years ago. He brought with him the movie he took in 1934, which the staff of today has viewed with awe!

In early February Betty Wynne Rugee Holbrook from New York, a Milwaukee courier 20 years ago, surprised Agnes Lewis by phoning her from Virginia. Betty Wynne and a friend, Mrs. Constance C. Huguley, were en route to Arizona via Nashville, New Orleans and Texas, and wanted to "stop by" Wendover. They arrived in mid-afternoon, were jeeped over to the Hospital and brought back to Wendover for tea and the night. Agnes

says: "As we reminisced about the 'good old days' when horses were our only means of transportation and there were no highways through this area, the twenty years began to shrink, and when they left it seemed only last year that Betty Wynne was here with all of her young enthusiasm and abounding energy."

. . . .

Miss Julia Chin Hsia Liao, Supervisor of Public Health Nursing with the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction in Formosa, is visiting us as we go to press. Elsewhere in this Bulletin she herself has written of her activities with the FNS.

. . . .

Mac's memorial is nearly finished and it will be a "dream drug room." A full report on it, with an inside picture showing the bronze memorial plaque, will be given in the spring Bulletin.

POSTSCRIPT

Added to Galley Proof—Delayed by Storms

On Sunday evening the last day of February, the great snow storm began. March came in soon after midnight as a lusty lion cub. Since even our mail has been disrupted, and is now brought in by a system of relays, this Bulletin will be a full week late in reaching you. March is now four days old, and the Bulletin has yet to be page proofed.

It is snowing hard as this is written. We are without telephone communications anywhere. We will probably be without electricity for days to come, except at Hyden where it was restored within forty hours. Transport is possible now that the trees have been cleared from the major roads and trails. But we have not heard from all of our Outpost Centers. Beech Fork has reported the crashing of one of its great beech trees over the barn, the uprooting of its two beautiful hollies, and the limbs of trees flying in all directions. It was that way all through the Sunday night.

It was that way at Wendover, too. Nobody slept steadily. The crashing of trees and limbs of trees make one jumpy. All of our couriers will grieve that the "horse apple tree" by the barn is lost to us. It was completely uprooted and hurled against the barn.

All of this has followed one of the mildest of Februarys on record in the Kentucky Mountains.

On the Sunday morning, the last day of the month, Betty Scott and six other FNS'ers (including three from Wendover) left Hyden Hospital in Scottie's station wagon for a visit with Ivallean Caudill and Evelyn Mottram over on Caney Creek in Knott County. The daffodils were blooming, forsythia was beginning to "Yellow." It was raining, but they rejoiced because this entire section was still so very dry.

They left Caney Creek around 4:00 p.m. About half way home, the rain turned to snow. When they reached the Head of Hurricane Creek Scottie could hardly see the road for the driving snow, and the station wagon was sliding. So they stopped to put on chains, with the help of John Henry Bowling who was passing by. With the added safety of the chains, the FNS'ers crept down the mountain the last five miles to Hyden to find the town in total darkness. They managed to get up the hospital hill, passing a truck ditched and abandoned by its owner. Not until later did the trees crash that made the hill impassable the next day.

Hyden Hospital was also in almost total darkness. For the wards there were the night watchman's big battery lights kept for just such an emergency, and for the staff there were candles. Betty Lester handed a candle to each of the new arrivals and found beds for the three from Wendover. In her heart she was profoundly grateful for the huge coal cooking stove, in the hospital kitchen, that would provide hot food for the patients and staff alike while the electric stoves were out of commission.

The Hyden crowd were settling down for the night when they suddenly noticed that the whole sky had an eerie glow. They did not know where it came from until one brilliant flash shot up from the electrical transformer box just below the hospital. These flashes kept coming and going in a most terrifying manner, as the wires snapped from the weight of the snow. Our hospital head man, Alonzo Howard, went down into the town to see the Kentucky & West Virginia Power Company men, who were already on the spot. He came back to assure the staff there was no immediate danger.

Such were the beginnings of this great March storm.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

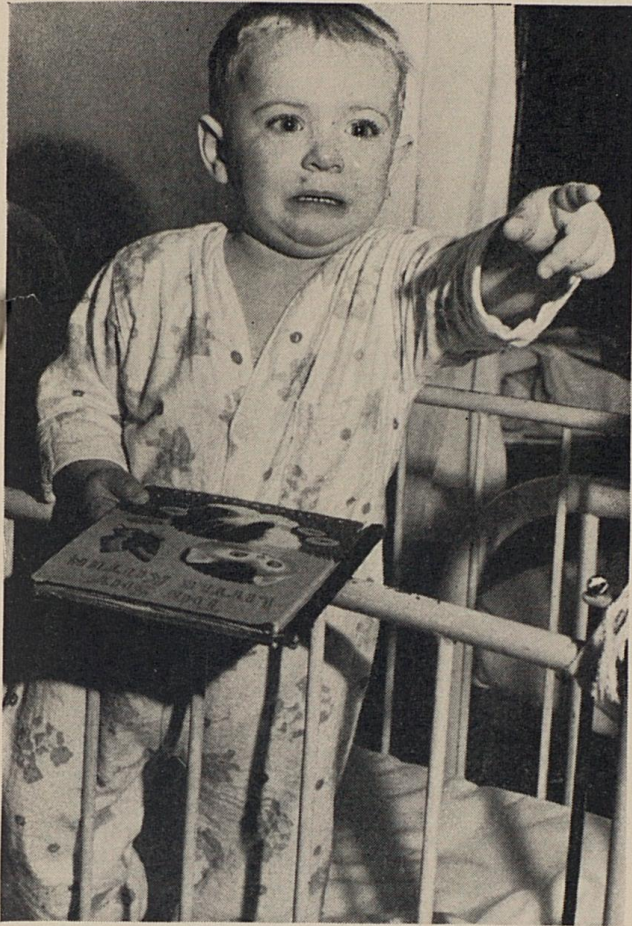
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

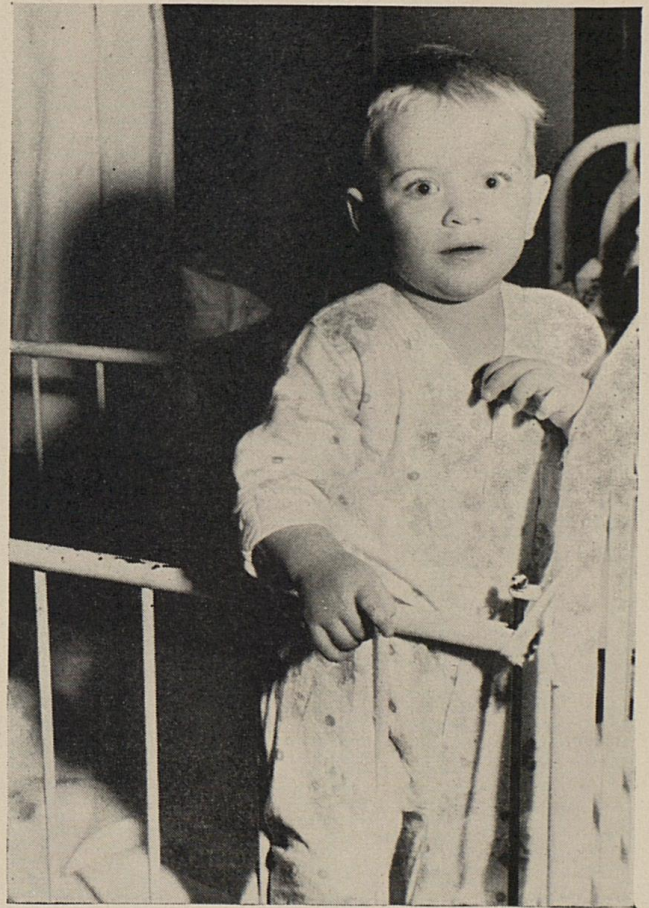
If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

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

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

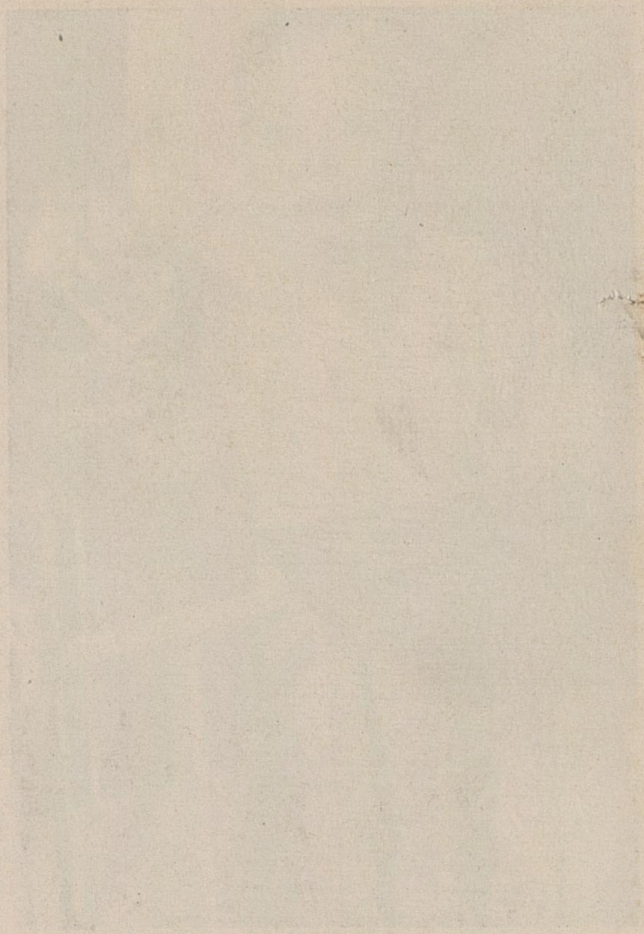


HE WANTS SOMETHING



HE SEES IT COMING

Photographs by Nancy Dammann
Children's Ward of Frontier Nursing Service Hyden Hospital



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
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