

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
Frontier Nursing Service

Volume 31

Autumn, 1955

Number 2



GREETINGS FROM WENDOVER



YOUR CHRISTMAS MAIL COMES TO WENDOVER

(Both cover photos by Lucille Knechtly)

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## THE BIRTH MYSTICAL

○ Love, that maketh heavy burdens light,  
    ○ Love, that maketh bitter things most sweet,  
○ Love, that robs the darkness from the night,  
    That resteth tired, wayworn pilgrim feet—

Not only in the Bethlehem of old,  
    But in the mews and street, and at our door;  
Not only in the Chalice gleaming gold,  
    But in the patient sufferings of the poor—

We find Thee—Yea, we find Thee every day,  
    In mangers and on crosses by the way,  
Yea—even our own soul's darkest agony  
    May be a Cave of Bethlehem for Thee.

—A.S.D.C.

## BABIES AND BEANS

by  
OLIVE BUNCE, R.N., S.C.M.  
Bowlingtown Nurse-Midwife  
(Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center)

Although I have been three years in the mountains, the amount of canning and preserving done by the mountain people still amazes me. However, I was not surprised when visiting a prenatal patient to find her canning beans for the winter.

Mary is the mother of a large, healthy family, and any day a little newcomer was expected. As I rode up on Missy I found Mary and all seven children busily snapping green beans on the porch. A mountain of beans overflowed in all directions. These would be packed into jars and processed—14 jars at a time over an open fire in a water bath [wash tub]. Each set of jars would have to cook four hours, so I knew Mary had a long, hard job ahead of her.

I examined Mary, already a week past her time. "When do you think you'll get down, Mary?" I asked.

Mary smiled: "When I've finished the beans, nurse!"

I looked at the beans and I looked at Mary. I felt sure she would not manage it.

I told her to send the very minute she needed me, as her home is seven miles from the center and I knew from past experience just how quick I would have to be.

The river had been falling slightly for two days, and I hoped I might be able to go in the jeep, thereby saving precious minutes. Unfortunately Saturday was a rainy day. At 11:00 p.m. Jim came to the door of the center.

"Mary's started," he said.

I did not bother to tie boot laces or check my tie in the mirror!

"How's the river?" I asked.

"You should get the jeep across," Jim said. I believed him. After all, he did live on the other side. Some caution made me ask, "How did you cross?"

"Oh, by boat. We've only got an old car and she don't run too good." That was to prove a masterpiece of understatement.

I sent Jim on to the river with the saddlebags to cross in

the boat, while I started off in the jeep. Too dark to see anything, but I supposed he was right about the river.

The jeep plunged in. Sudden silence, and a wet cold feeling. Water was flowing round the seat, and out the other side. The river had risen since dark. I had a grim vision of floating down to Booneville.

"Just sit where you are," said a voice. It was Jim. "I'll come and get you in the boat."

My next door neighbor had come to the river bank by this time. "You all go on up the creek," he said to Jim and me. "I'll get old Bess and pull the jeep out."

Jim boated me safely to the other side, and we transferred to his Model A Ford. A cough and a sputter and we began to chug forward. We had travelled a good half mile when suddenly another sputter and cough, and the engine died. I was rapidly being reduced to a state of complete frustration. Fortunately the car had stopped near the home of a truck owner, one of our committee members. He wafted Jim, the bags and me as far as the schoolhouse. There, where the road ended and a muddy trail began, a couple of mules were tethered in readiness. Up hill and down hill; pitch darkness and rain. Was the saddle going over the beast's head, or was I going to hit the ground behind him? At last we arrived at Mary's house. No sound of a baby crying. I had arrived in time.

The next fifteen minutes were very busy ones for both the mother and myself. The result—a beautiful 12 lb. baby boy. I made Mary comfortable and bathed little Edwin.

Mary smiled. "We finished all those beans, nurse," she said. I looked around and there, stacked against the walls, were over 400 jars—perfectly preserved.

Once more a wet ride on the back of the patient mule. Then a stop at the store for the storekeeper's truck. The owner of the truck looked at me and said, "I don't see why you nurses do it. Out all hours and in all weather."

I thought of the baby and Mary and her children, and of her patience with the beans. I didn't try to explain.

My neighbor boated me back across the river. There was the jeep, dried out and in working order. Twenty minutes later, I was home and dried out, too.

OPERATION COAL BUCKET  
OR  
"BUCKETS, ANYONE?"

by  
TREON McGUIRE  
(Cincinnati Courier)



Drawing by Anne Kilham  
(New England Courier)

What joy and triumph the other day to announce to Agnes Lewis that the last of Wendover's forty-four coal buckets had been scraped, washed, and painted with red lead for the winter!

I shall never forget the afternoon in September when the thermometer reached ninety-five in the shade, and I had finished watering the horses with the gay remark to Summer Resident

Courier Jane Leigh Powell, "Well, that should be all until tea!" A vision of the long, cool room at the Big House, and Mrs. Breckinridge's library, had crystallized in my mind's eye, to be shattered by Leigh's reply—"Not quite, first Agnes has a few coal buckets for us to paint!"

As it was our first week at Wendover, Anne Kilham and I (junior couriers both) greeted every new job with enthusiastic delight. So, we gathered together newspapers, steel wool, paint and brushes, eager to begin a new FNS experience.

That afternoon an all-time low of coal buckets were painted by our team of three, for we were all still perfectionists and had yet to devise a system of bucket rehabilitation. As we scrubbed red lead off ourselves before tea, I cautiously inquired about the number of buckets which remained for treatment. "Ask Henry," Leigh replied, deep in turpentine, and we did.

With the care of the coal buckets for all the stoves and fireplaces at Wendover among his many other jobs, Henry took gleeful zeal as the days went by, in bringing us every coal bucket he could find. But, in his wisdom, he never told us exactly how many lay ahead, only promising to replace the six or eight which were being currently painted by another group as soon as the renovated ones had dried.

As time passed our technique improved in many ways. The buckets were washed at the Pebble Work Shop water hydrant, following the morning horse grooming, and then were left to dry in the sun. The drying buckets were a sign that scraping and painting would take place in the afternoon, with fun for all bystanders. My gratitude to Tom Sawyer was boundless on those occasions when we couriers worked so cheerfully that our "sidewalk" observers begged to be allowed a hand in the job. Painting proved much more popular than scraping and, as experts in the latter, Anne and I highly recommend copper kitchen scouring pads.

While the glamour of the coal buckets soon wore off, we discovered that this, like every other Wendover job, had its special rewards. We were proud to point out to nurse-midwife Hunt, fresh off the boat from England, that Americans didn't waste everything! A bond in common sprang up not only between us and Henry, as connoisseurs of coal buckets, but also



between us and the miners and coal truck drivers out on the highway, who had similar smudges of coal dust on their faces. And we shall never again take the civilized comforts of heating quite so for granted. Best of all was the fun we had talking—and laughing—with the people who stopped to pass the time of day with us in front of the Pig Alley Pebble Work Shop. Finally, there is the satisfaction of a job completed and well done. But now I am off in fear and trembling to take an inventory for Agnes of equipment at all of Wendover's stoves, fireplaces, and furnaces and, if Henry has slipped up, bucket number forty-five will soon be drying in the sun!

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### OUR MAIL BAG

#### About **Thirty Years Onward**

**From Washington State:** *Thirty Years Onward* is a heart-warming chronicle that should delight all old friends of FNS and interest many new ones.

**From Pennsylvania:** I have read it from cover to cover and am exhausted to think of all accomplished since those early days. It is a very thrilling thing.

**From Maine:** What a beautiful record of the loving work of so many years.

**From Pennsylvania:** I have read it with great interest and enjoyment. I think it a comprehensive report, but I am sure facts and figures can never fully report the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. While there is much that is tangible, there is so much that is intangible, so much that is of the heart.

#### About the **Quarterly Bulletin**

**From Florida:** May I tell you how inspiring I always find the Bulletins of the Frontier Nursing Service, which I read from cover to cover. Perhaps many other people have written you of this, or perhaps they haven't and you, therefore, have no idea of the wide influence of the publication.

## KIMO OF RED BIRD



"WAITING"

### KIMO IN THE DAYTIME

by  
JOSEPHINE SAGEBEER, R.N., C.M.

I would like to pick a fight with the person who said animals are dumb. Here at Red Bird we have trouble keeping up with our horse Kimo, who appears to be much smarter than the nurses who try to take care of him. He has the run of the grounds and knows just about everything that goes on at the Clara Ford Nursing Center.

Kimo's day starts quite normally. He is usually waiting at the barn for his morning ration. If he is not there, you must start looking. He may be hiding from you behind Mr. Turveydrop (a jeep), or he may have just gotten bored waiting for you, and taken a walk down the road. (We have discovered that Kimo can open the swinging gate.) If this is the case, we just wait. Somebody always sees him and sends him home (or brings him.)

Kimo is very good on district, and he enjoys meeting all his friends along the way. But you must not keep him waiting, because he will slip his bridle and come home without you. When one of us goes out in a jeep, Kimo watches for the return, and then advances to have a look. He is especially fond of sweet potatoes and dog biscuits. But we have found that **nothing** can be left in the jeep, or we won't have it. He eats corn flakes (box and all), onions, and laying mash. He also enjoys leather jackets. (Jean Hollins, Resident Courier, didn't realize what an appetite Kimo had, and left her jacket in the jeep the other day. Now her jacket is air conditioned.)

At 4:00 p.m., we all have tea. Kimo must smell it brewing, because he is at the porch door waiting, and puts up a terrible rumpus until he gets his share. It's a good thing we have a screened-in porch or Kimo would just come in and sit down.

### **KIMO ON NIGHT DUTY**

by

AUDREY WILLIAMS, R.N., S.C.M.

There had been several falls of snow during the past few days. Then the weather turned bitterly cold and the creeks were difficult to negotiate. I had come back to the center from my nursing visits at about 3:30 p.m., and was just thinking of making some tea, when I saw Jem Masters go past the window. His wife was expecting her fifth baby. She had been booked for delivery at Hyden Hospital because the home conditions were not satisfactory. Then too, the trail to the place led over a mountain ridge so steep as to make it hard to reach in icy weather.

Jem told me Helen was 'punishing bad,' so there was nothing for it but to take care of her at home.

I asked Jem if the trail was fit for a horse, as I knew it would be a hard climb carrying the saddlebags. He decided that Kimo would make it all right, so I gave him the layette donated by a church mission group, and told him to go home and get the house warm while I got myself and Kimo ready.

We seemed to take hours getting over that mountain, Kimo and I. The ground was beginning to freeze and I was sure the baby would arrive before I did. Eventually we made it, and I

was relieved to find a neighbour woman there who had begun to get things ready.

Two hours later a lovely girl baby arrived. Just as she was about to make her entrance into the world my foot went through the floor, so I delivered the baby first and then extricated myself. All this by the light of a flashlight and a miner's lamp!

While I was clearing up I asked Jem to get Kimo saddled. He had been sharing the barn with Jem's mule. I refused Jem's offer to see me back to Red Bird, as I didn't see how he would make it back home over the mountain, and I knew he wanted to stay with his wife. By this time the ground was really frozen. Most of the way I walked, hanging onto Kimo's neck to keep on my feet. Without that horse I am sure I would have slid home on my back.

Kimo was certainly pleased to be back in his stall, and quite ready for his feed. My own postponed cup of tea was also very enjoyable.

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### NECESSITY

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman told about in a biography published in England illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant and wanted eggs for breakfast but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way:

"Vaiterre, vat is zat valking in the yard?"

"A rooster, sir."

"Ah, and vat you call the rooster's wife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call the children of ze rooster and his wife?"

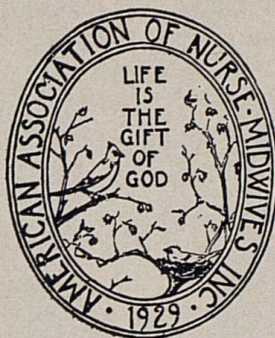
"Chickens, sir."

"But vat you call the chickens before they are chickens?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Bring me two."

—Contributed



**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.**

This Association, now in its twenty-ninth year, is honored to receive the following letter:

INTERNATIONAL CONFEDERATION OF MIDWIVES

President:

Miss N. B. Deane, M.B.E.—Great Britain

1st November, 1955.

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

It gives me great pleasure to welcome the American Association of Nurse-Midwives into membership of the International Confederation of Midwives. I hope that this link with your colleagues in other countries will prove of great benefit to your members and the cause they serve.

The other Member organisations are glad to know that they are to have your coöperation and help in striving to further the objects for which our Confederation was formed.

I hope that you will give Miss Bayes and myself the opportunity of assisting you in any way you think possible.

With cordial greetings to all your members.  
I remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

NORA B. DEANE  
President.

Mrs. M. Breckinridge,  
President,  
American Association of Nurse-Midwives,  
Wendover,  
Kentucky,  
U.S.A.

We wish to express our gratitude to Great Britain for having proposed our membership to the International Confederation



PROFESSOR AND MRS. CHASSAR MOIR, left  
DR. AND MRS. BAYARD CARTER, right

of Midwives and to Sweden for having seconded this proposal. We are sending all of our members notification of this recognition by the International Confederation at the same time that we send them the minutes of our annual meeting.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives took place this year on Tuesday, September 13, at Wendover, Kentucky. We were deeply honored to have as our guest speaker Dr. Bayard Carter, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. Professor Chassar Moir of Oxford University fame, who had been the guest speaker at the meeting of the American Association of Obstetrics and Gynecology at The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, came with Dr. Carter and was so kind as to address us too. It was a special happiness to have Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Moir with their husbands as guests at Wendover.

The subject of Dr. Carter's address was, "The dangerous grande multipara." He and Professor Moir encouraged the lively

discussion which followed, and both men were most kind in answering the many questions flung at them by the various members.

The Association feels humbled, as well as proud, by the fact that two more in the long line of distinguished obstetricians have honored us with their presence and with their addresses at our annual meeting.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

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## THE BOBBITT FAMILY CHRISTMAS PECAN CAKE

### Ingredients—

- ¾ lb. butter
- 1 lb. light brown sugar
- 1 lb. flour
- 10 eggs
- ½ cup New Orleans or sorghum molasses
- ¼ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons nutmeg
- ½ cup rum, brandy or whiskey
- ½ lb. dates (chopped)
- ½ lb. dark raisins
- ¼ lb. candied cherries (chopped)
- 2 lbs. shelled pecans (chopped coarsely)

### Method:

Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add molasses, then eggs, well beaten, and nutmeg. Beat well. Reserve enough flour to dust fruit, then sift remainder of flour with soda and salt. Add flour and liquid, alternately, beginning and ending with the flour. Add fruit, then nuts, and mix thoroughly. Bake in tube pan, lined—both sides and bottom—with heavy brown paper, buttered and floured. Bake in oven about 300 degrees from 2½ to 3 hours, or thereabouts.

—Contributed by Helen Bobbitt

**BADGE OF COURAGE**

Once, to soothe a childish hurt,  
My Greaunt Tibbie said,  
"Don't fret, and I will buy for you  
A dress with a sash of red.

And it will be so bright and gay  
You'll soon forget to cry;  
There's nothing like a touch of red  
To keep your courage high."

And now that you are far from me  
And my world is bleak and bare,  
There's a scarlet feather on my hat,  
Or a bright bow in my hair.

—By Rebecca Brown



## In Memoriam

MISS LYDA W. ANDERSON  
DeKalb, Illinois  
Died in June, 1955

MISS WALLER IRENE BULLOCK  
Boston, Massachusetts  
Died in November, 1955

MISS JEAN CARSON  
Atlanta, Georgia  
Died in October, 1955

MRS. PHRONIA MORGAN  
EVERSOLE  
Hyden, Kentucky  
Died in September, 1955

MR. GEORGE PEYTON FITZ  
Hazard, Kentucky  
Died in June, 1955

DR. JAMES E. HAGAN  
Hazard, Kentucky  
Died in October, 1955

MRS. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY  
(Edith Wynne Mathison)  
Los Angeles, California  
Died in September, 1955

MISS LEILA KIRTLAND  
Black Mountain, North Carolina  
Died in October, 1955

MRS. FRANCIS C. McMATH  
Detroit, Michigan  
Died in June, 1955

MR. HENRY L. NEWNAN  
Detroit, Michigan  
Died in July, 1955

MR. JOHN D. ROARK  
Essie, Kentucky  
Died in July, 1955

MISS CHARLOTTE C. SWAN  
New York, New York  
Died in May, 1955

DR. CHARLES N. KAVANAUGH  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Died in October, 1955

"I don't worry about what I want when I die—this dear world is only a shadow of That. I am sure it won't be leaving so much as seeing and understanding, coming out of a confused half light into full day light. But it is all One.

"Oneness is such a mystery, which we don't understand till we get our eyes open, which is the process known as death. But it is all in the mind of God. We are His as your thoughts are yours..."

—Adeline Cashmore, in a letter of  
23 November, 1933

It is not given us to comprehend the mystical intuitions of a saint. A life as dedicated to the love of God as was Adeline's, with service to her fellowmen carried up into that love, such a life has an awareness of the mind of God that is nearer to the

naked truth than the rest of us can reach, until our eyes are opened by "the process known as death."

With the spring and fall of each year, we seek to express in these pages a little something of what old friends have meant to us. And we try at the same time to express our conviction that these friends are alive, and faring well.

Now that the Frontier Nursing Service is over thirty years old, the ranks of those on the Other Side are larger than are the ranks of those remaining here amid "the changes and chances of this fleeting world."

**Mrs. Phronia Morgan Eversole** had been a member of our Hyden Committee since its inception and was a devoted personal friend of the older ones in the Frontier Nursing Service. **Mr. John D. Roark**, a member of our Beech Fork Committee, took a helpful interest in our work over a long period of time. **Mr. Henry L. Newnan** of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, was active in our Detroit group. He had long wanted to come down to see us, but that was not to be. **Mr. George Peyton Fitz**, a member for years of our Hazard Committee, has been described as "a great community servant," so ardently did he give himself to those things that make a better life for other men. **Mrs. Rann Kennedy**, widow of the distinguished playwright of that name, and brilliant actress in her youth, had been failing for a long time before she was released by kindly death. Life had been kind to her, too, in giving her one of the happiest marriages ever granted anyone. Her long interest in the Frontier Nursing Service, which her husband shared, goes back to our early years. We shall remember her as one of the most charming women we ever knew.

Among our early supporters—back in 1928—was **Miss Waler Bullock** of Kentucky and, in her later years, of Boston. **Miss Charlotte C. Swan** first took a generous interest in us in 1931 when we, like all charities, desperately needed the support of every friend, and she has remembered us in her will. A more recent friend, **Miss Jean Carson** of Atlanta, has also left us a legacy. Although none of us in the Kentucky mountains had ever met her, we felt as though we knew her, and she felt as though she knew us. After a kinswoman of hers, a member of our New York Committee, had sent her *Wide Neighborhoods*, she wanted to have a part in all our doings.

With **Miss Leila Kirtland**, I had a friendship that not only went back to our girlhood, but carried on the friendships of our mothers and grandmothers. After her retirement, as a missionary in Japan, she came several times to see us, and put her gift as an artist at our disposal. Among the pictures of wild "yarbs" that we printed years ago, with their medicinal properties, were several drawn by her from nature. She loved the beauty of God's creation as well as the human beings in it, for whom she had worked lovingly and long. But most of all she loved God, as she knew Him in Christ:

"My Shepherd Thou, I know Thee near."

Early in the second World War, when so many of our British staff were leaving us for the Old Country, we wrote **Miss Lyda Anderson** to ask her to leave her well deserved retirement and come to us as superintendent of Hyden Hospital. She came at once. An experienced hospital administrator, she tided us over during our most difficult year. In looking back over the long span of time in which I knew her, first in this country, then in France, then as a member of our staff, I cannot remember anything she ever did that wasn't kind. Nor can I remember any action of hers that wasn't backed by a high integrity. Now her long illness has come to an end, and her body lies in the Illinois soil from which she came. We are often companioned by her spirit.

In **Mrs. Francis C. McMath** the Frontier Nursing Service had a trustee who loved us well. Since her death, I have gone over some of her letters—of encouragement, of affection. It was back in the thirties that Madeline McMath first came in to see us, with Mrs. Joy and with Mrs. Shaw, the three of them riding horseback down the old Hurricane Creek trail. When they returned in 1940, they had a mile of the swollen river to travel by boat. Among the three of them, none was more dauntless than Madeline, and it was a real grief to her when failing health put an end to her visits to Wendover. She was loved in here, even as she was loved in her family and among her friends. Once she copied out and sent me these anonymous lines, of which she was fond, and which we now use in remembrance of her:

I only know that here below, she walked along the way—  
Lifted many a load, lightened the task,  
Brightened the day for others traveling on a weary way—  
She served her sisters in their daily need—  
Plucked many a thorn and planted many a flower,  
Glorified the service of each hour—  
Had faith in God—herself—and fellowmen.

None among our friends are harder to lose than those physicians who have come close to us in the work we do. Since the death of **Dr. James E. Hagan**, in the prime of life and at the height of his great surgical usefulness, our minds have roamed back over the thirty-year span during which we have known and loved him. Among the many times he came to help us at Hyden Hospital, two stand out clearest in my memory. The first was when my back was broken, in November, 24 years ago, and Dr. Hagan came over from Hazard at once, riding horseback the last mile or two because the motor road hadn't been finished then. The second time was only a few months ago, when I was having tea with the staff at Hyden Hospital. A woman in labor had been brought in who needed immediate obstetrical care. When Betty Lester telephoned Dr. Hagan, he left Hazard at once, arrived within the hour, and saved the life of our patient, one of the many he has saved. Then he joined us at tea, with that sunny smile of his. In Dr. Hagan's wallet, after his death, his wife found this clipping:

There's no better exercise for strengthening the  
heart than reaching down and lifting people up.  
—Source Unknown

This Dr. Hagan did as a man, as well as a surgeon, and we can be sure that he is reaching down, even now, that other people may be lifted up.

Only a short while before these lines were written, the Frontier Nursing Service lost in **Dr. Charles N. Kavanaugh** another medical friend who was deeply dear to us. We could not begin to enumerate all of the times in which this great heart specialist gave his services to members of our staff, and to the patients we sent down to him. But what he did for Ann MacKinnon, our "Mac," is blazoned in our memories with letters of gold. Even after Mac had been carried back to Hyden Hospital, where she died, Dr. Kavanaugh motored all the way from Lexington to see her. To her, and to us, he transmuted by a kind of alchemy

the courage to endure. We are glad that the end came swiftly. Almost, he might have heard, in those last moments,

“O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near.”

M. B.

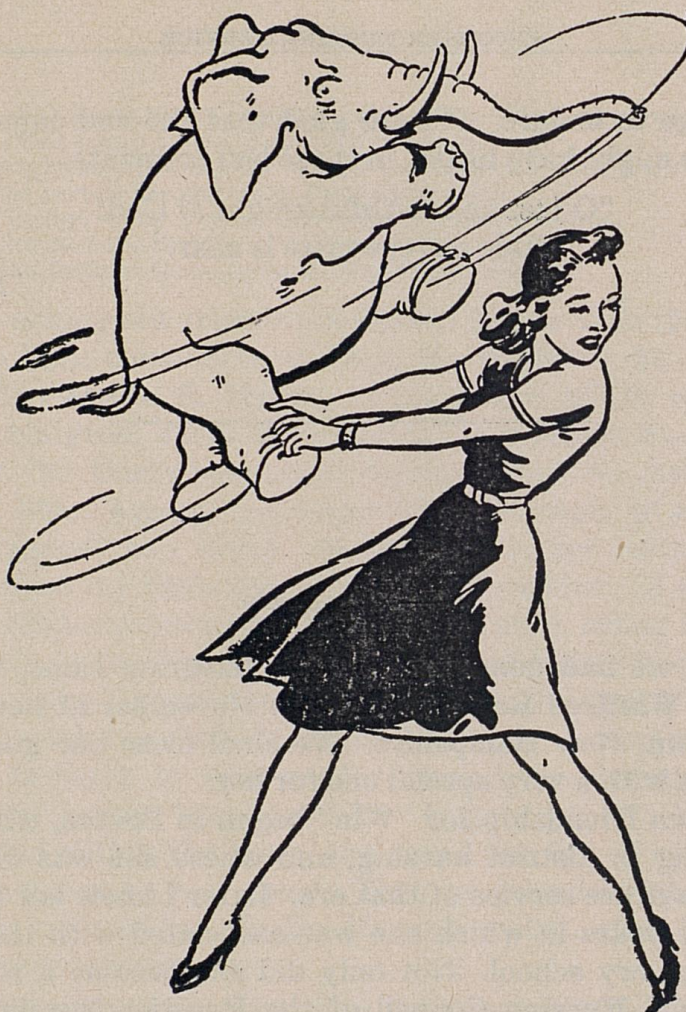
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#### POSTSCRIPT

After we had gone to press the telegram came, telling us that **Miss Winifred Rand** had died in November at her home in Frankestown, New Hampshire. We shall close our goodbyes to old friends with a very special one for her.

My own friendship for “Win” began in Boston, when I took my training in district nursing, and where she was director of the baby welfare service of that era. Later I knew her in Detroit during the years in which she was associated with the Merrill-Palmer nursery school. Not only did she become a member of the National Nursing Council of the Frontier Nursing Service as soon as it was formed, but in the twenties she came down to visit us, rode everywhere over our territory, and helped more than I can tell with our program for remotely rural babies and young children. I doubt if any nurse anywhere knew more about them, or cared more for them. Now her long illness is at an end, and her eyes are opened fully to the wonders of God’s kingdom where the lovers of little children are at home.

## 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.

## KENTUCKY: AND THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

by  
PAULINE P. SCANLAN

Miss Scanlan is an Irish nurse-midwife who was granted a leave of absence from the World Health Organization for study and experience in the United States.

These are the concluding paragraphs of her friendly story about her "holiday relief duty" at an FNS outpost center.

I feel that the Frontier Nursing Service, as well as being a demonstration to those without, is very much so to those within the mountains. Donning the blue-grey riding-habit of a Frontier Nurse ensures an entrée to any home; great confidence is placed in the wearer and she may be asked for advice on a variety of matters. Indeed, it may well be that the running of her own home, the produce of her garden, and the care of her animals are models in themselves! But if she gives in service and example, she also most surely receives. Who is it who does not feel a glow of satisfaction in being helpful to, and appreciated by, others! It may be the little girl who opens the conversation for the first time after several visits to the clinic: "Grandma says did you put in a garden this year?" And, after that moment of hesitation before realizing that this is not enquiring to receive but in order to give: "Cause, Grandma says, would you like some cabbages?" It is good to hear from Sam: "Ellen is always bragging on you." Somehow, there is pleasure, too, in going over, time and again, the elementary school, pictorial atlas with Old Jabe, to pick out the far away places to which he, as a soldier long ago, has been; or where young men from the neighbourhood, who have been "called up," now are. There is a real welcome from the father whose children one has come to see, when the preliminary "porch" conversation is interrupted by: "Come on in and eat you something." I feel that the little differences and inflections found in dialects are often suggestive of cultural characteristics and attitudes!

In the "Eastern Mountains" of Kentucky I found a friendly, courteous people. I know of no nicer or better mannered children than there. "Kentucky" in the future for me will be illustrated by the poetry of such place-names as: "Bright Shade" and "Red

Bird River." It will recall the turn of conversation after the hush to listen to the rattle of the snake, when out on a mid-wifery call at night. It will be bright with the colourful cardinals in flight, and the little humming bird near a window-pane. My "Kentucky" in the future will be of warm design.

—*Irish Nurses' Magazine*  
March, 1955, Dublin

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### OLD SAYINGS THAT FIT TODAY'S EMERGENCIES

**For Brownie**—who carried the entire Record Department for weeks, in addition to her own work:

"He has too much writing for any one person to do with safety. I am afraid it will injure him."

—*The Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard*,  
London, 1794-1797

Edited by S. Bayard Dodd, pub. by  
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1894.

**For Aggie and Betty**—who, with seven men and a wrecker, grappled for days with a break in 180 feet of drop pipe line and sucker rod in the Hyden Hospital well:

"Come what may,  
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

—*Elizabeth Fry*, quoted in the book by  
Janet Whitney  
Pub. by Harrap, London, 1937.

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### FEE, FI, FO, FUM

Years ago, shortly after Brownie had come from England to the Frontier Nursing Service, she took the part of Santa Claus at the Hyden Hospital Christmas party. In talking to the children, she made her voice sound rough and deep, and tried to disguise her accent.

Suddenly one of the little boys called out: "That sure is the voice of an Englishman!"



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Barbara Clapp, Meredith, New Hampshire**

—August 29, 1955

Two days ago I returned home from Kendercamp Farm in Medomak, Maine, where I was a counselor—and who do you suppose was there as one of the other two counselors? Susan Balch from Summit, New Jersey. She told me her sister, Timmy, was a courier with the FNS for five months. Then too this summer, out of the clear blue sky, I heard from Julia Davidson who sent colored slides she took of me in Kentucky.

I've enjoyed the Bulletins so much, and I know how much work goes into each issue!

. . . . .

**From Mary Balch (Timmy), Le Gai Logis, Boit A/M,**

France—September 10, 1955

What am I doing in Europe? Just being another tourist when I'm not in Boit. I have cousins that live here in a house that is just a dream. Boit is a little pottery town on La Cote d'Azur, and looks like something out of the middle ages. It has been here since the Romans first started coming into Gaul. It is also in the heart of the perfume district so is surrounded by acres of flowers. The grapes are perfection.

I visited Florence for ten days at the end of July, then went up to Munich to meet a friend who is a teacher with the Army. We went up to Heidelberg for a week-end and I found it (the city) charming.

We spent three delightful weeks in Spain. Instead of going the easy way to Barcelona, we made things hard for ourselves and went down through the principality of Andorra. It was very pretty, but the road—and there mostly was one—took us through the highest pass in the Pyrenees. We went to Barcelona, Valencia, Murcia; up to Granada, Madrid, and San Sebastian. I thought the country north of Granada was very pleasant.

At the moment I plan to go to Paris at the end of this month and sail around October 16th. Plans do change, however,

and I may go to Venice. I really want to be home by November 1st at the latest because I feel it is time I stopped loafing and did some work. It will be hard to leave France because I really love it.

**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),**

**Ames, Iowa—September 12, 1955**

My husband and the [Iowa State College] students were simply thrilled with Wendover and consider their afternoon as the high spot of the whole trip. Of course, if they hadn't they would never have dared to let me know! It must be convenient to have cars able to drive to Wendover but I must confess that I was relieved to find it was something less than a modern highway. In fact the delegation from Iowa considered it quite a hair raising drive! [See Field Notes.]

**From Mrs. Homer Ray Overly, Jr. (Edie Hall), Waltham,**

**Massachusetts—September 20, 1955**

We had a wonderful time in Europe, getting to the Dublin Horse Show in Ireland, London, Venice, Paris and a heavenly time in many parts of beautiful Switzerland. We took loads of pictures, both in black and white and color, which are just beginning to come back and will make a good winter project—printing and sorting them out.

For the time being anyway, we are getting settled in an old family house in Waltham, very convenient to Boston. It is still real country here with woods for our nine dogs, a stable and all the beauties of the country. The problem will be keeping warm this winter but I hope we can work something out as it has always been our ambition to live here. Both Homer and I love the out of doors and animals, so I'm sure we shall be very happy.

**From Katherine (Kay) Amsden, Smith College,**

**Northampton, Massachusetts—September 28, 1955**

I finished my first year in graduate work in Physical Education at Smith this May and was a counselor this summer at a camp in North Carolina on the Blue Ridge Parkway about 50 miles north of Asheville. It was a six-weeks camp and I had

charge of both archery and campcraft plus being in a cabin with 14-year-olds. Everything about the camp was wonderful and I couldn't have asked for a more marvelous summer. The only thing which didn't cooperate very well was the weather and we had more than our share of rain. It rather threw a jinx in all my cook-out and overnight plans but we still had fun in campcraft.

On September 13th I returned here for my second and last year. This year I am living in an undergraduate house as resident and have an elegant suite all to myself. As far as I know I am going back to camp in North Carolina next summer and if I get that close to Kentucky again I hope I can get to see you.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. James N. Rawleigh, Jr. (Florence Booker),**

**High Point, N. C.—October 10, 1955**

We love North Carolina and feel well rooted here now. The children are fine—growing up fast and all very busy. We have just bought a new home, which we hope is really permanent, and have been very busy getting settled in it. I hope next summer if we drive to Louisville we can stop off for a visit at Wendo-ver. It has been much too long since I have seen you all.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Carter Taylor (Penelope Thompson), Litchfield,**

**Connecticut—October 19, 1955**

We opened our Inn here in Litchfield on June 10th, in what we believe is the loveliest part of Connecticut. We have twelve double bedrooms, each with bath and fireplace. Four of these have private porches. We have an elevator, room radios, and, of course, room service.

We serve in our two dining rooms, two porches, on a lovely terrace, and under Connecticut's huge maple trees. This being October it is hard to think of anything else but our color. Enclosed you will find our booklet which has full details on Carter's at Litchfield!

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Peter R. Ehrlich (Selby Brown), New York,**

**New York—October 28, 1955**

I've thought of you all often and do so wish we might get

down soon. Toni Harris Crump came through New York on her way from Wendover and regaled us with their experiences.

Our lives are very busy and full. I am teaching the third grade at Spence, doing my Junior League work in the Payne Whitney Clinic of the New York Hospital, where Dexter [Smith] is working, and trying to keep up with housework. It's all great fun.

. . . . .  
**From Treon McGuire, Cincinnati, Ohio—October 31, 1955**

You can't imagine how much I enjoyed my six weeks as a courier at Wendover and again I want to thank each and every member of the staff for such rewarding fun and a fascinating experience.

My trip home to Cincinnati was uneventful except for a truck wreck at the railway crossing at Williamstown. Luckily no one was seriously injured. A huge moving van ran into a new red truck loaded with corn when the wheels or brakes on the truck locked. Traffic was held up for half an hour as the wreckage was towed away. A gay note was added to the scene by a small boy sitting in the midst of the hill of corn which flooded the highway, shouting with glee as he tossed handfuls of corn into the air.

. . . . .  
**From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—November 8, 1955**

I was very interested to see about the visit of Professor Chassar Moir. He was president of the Congress of Gynecologists and Obstetricians in Oxford and I saw quite a lot of him. I knew that he was visiting the States and hoped to get to Kentucky. The Congress was great fun and seemed to go off very well. There were 500 delegates plus about 230 wives and families—quite a crowd. We had the most perfect weather, which was a tremendous help as a lot of the social events were held out-of-doors. The two most exciting parties were the Banquet at Christ Church and an evening reception at Blenheim Palace, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. We were quite exhausted when it was all over and I managed to get away to Scotland for a bit of holiday. Then I returned to Oxford in September to finish the clearing up. Now I am preparing for my next adventure.

I am going off to Uganda, East Africa, in December to work as personal secretary to Lady Cohen, the wife of the Governor. I am flying out in December and expect to be away at least a year. I shall live at the Government House and help with the entertaining, et cetera, as well as being secretary; and there will also be opportunities for me to go on tour and visit various parts of the country. It should be the most fascinating job and seemed too good to miss. I am now frantically trying to get summer clothes and arrange for entry permits, and only hope I shall be ready in time. My address out there will be: Government House, Entebbe, Uganda, East Africa.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Pat FitzGerald Osborne** spoke on the FNS at the Community Club of Wind Point, Wisconsin, in October.

**Pamela Dunn Ellis**, now living in Honolulu, Hawaii, had a visit from Mrs. Roger K. Rogan and Miss Mary Johnston of Cincinnati. We quote from Mrs. Rogan's letter to Mrs. Breckinridge, dated September 21, 1955:

"I called your young niece, Pamela, and asked her and her husband to dinner [at their hotel] but they said it was hard to get away from the children and she asked us out to their house at Ft. Shafter. Captain Ellis came and got us, and we had a lovely evening, saw all three of the cute children and fell completely in love with Walter, who I think looks very like the pictures of your Breckie. He is a blond beauty! You'd be crazy about him. The Captain broiled us teriyaki steaks on a grill out of doors, Pam made a delicious salad and we had a dinner fit for a king. My! But they are sweet young people. I enjoyed them immensely."

We send our love and deepest sympathy to **Pat Perrin Lawrence** who lost her mother last August.

#### A WEDDING

Mrs. Dorothy Q. Clark Locke of New York City and Mr. Rex Jerome Ramer of Spokane, Washington, on October 22, 1955, in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Ramer will make their home in Spokane. We wish them every happiness.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carter Taylor (Penelope Thompson)

of Litchfield, Connecticut, a son, their fourth, Davis Harding Taylor, on October 2, 1955.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele Potter (Barbara McClurg) a son, their first child, Trevor Alexander McClurg Potter, on October 24, 1955, in Chicago.

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### VOICE ON THE TELEPHONE

According to Ray Milbury of the Claims and Inquiry Section, Los Angeles Post Office, this is a true and recent occurrence:

Voice on the telephone: Can you tell me why my letter to a friend in San Juan Capistrano wasn't delivered?

Postal Clerk: When did you mail it?

Voice: About a week ago. Perhaps it wasn't delivered because I addressed it to Los Angeles.

P. C.: Why did you do that?

Voice: I can't spell San Juan Capistrano.

—*Postal Service News*, November 1955

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### LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

(With apologies to *The New Yorker* for the use of the title)

Dollar-a-Month Plan

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Friend:

We understand that you are interested in securing some kind of work (either part-time or full-time), which you could do at home, and which would pay you a good income. That is why we are sending you the literature enclosed with this letter.

There were seven pieces of literature, of which one was headed "Simplicity is the Keynote."

## STORM ON THE RIDGE

by

MARTHA MORRISON, R.N., C.M.

The sense of hurry was with each of us as we were returning from Bull Creek that Hallowe'en of 1950 at the edge of dark. The wind became steadily stronger and rain clouds raced overhead. Darkness was fast falling, and we had a "right smart piece" to go before we would get to Aunt Hattie's Barn at the Hospital. A decision was to be made—should we go around by Maggard's Road or across the Ridge Trail which is shorter, high in the clouds, and very rocky and rough. Even as we were deciding Camp took the bit between his teeth and led the way across the ridge.

Many times I have gone over the Ridge Trail, but never at a running walk at the edge of dark with a storm coming from all directions. The trees bent and snapped with the wind, and long finger-like wisps of low-hung clouds flung themselves down at us and moved on into the treetops in a weird sort of beauty. Poor Billy and Boots, our other mounts, were seeing "hants" and goblins now.

There are several muddy places along the Ridge Trail that our horses cut capers and take bypaths to avoid, for they dislike mud. But this evening they ran quickly and lightly through the deepest of the wet places.

Far into the northwest lightning could be seen, and thunder roared. As we neared the end of the trail the lightning came closer. We were right up in the clouds and then, thunder, lightning and rain came upon us all at once. Florence and Clara and I had buttoned up against a storm but we had not expected anything like this storm.

Just at the moment when the storm's full force hit us, Camp stopped and nearly sat on his hind legs. Billy and Boots followed suit. It was their unanimous decision that riders and horses should all walk the rest of the way. The rest of the way was all down hill, very steep, and like a creek bottom. Soon our boots were full of water.

Camp's proud and beautiful mane, which had been blowing in the wind, now became water-soaked and clung to his neck.

Boots' funny little mane stood out in all directions. Billy bent his big head behind Clara's back, and followed on in her footsteps.

As we went on down the trail and on to the road, a sorry-looking bunch of nurses and horses we were! When we neared Aunt Hattie's barn the loudest clap of thunder brought on the hardest cloudburst. All six of us broke into a fast run to reach the sanctuary of that great building.

My, how wet the saddles were as we lifted rain-soaked arms to take them off the horses! Saddle blankets were soaked through, and our saddle bags were wet inside and out. Everything had to be removed and the bags left to dry. A rubdown and a dry stall suited the horses until they could have their supper.

Never do I want to be so wet again in so many clothes!

While I luxuriated in a glorious hot bath, the hospital telephone rang: "Mardie, you are on call—district—and you'd better hurry for it may come before you get there!"

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### JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

Polite little girl, given a pin cushion at Christmas, "Thank you. I've always wanted one, but not very much."

. . . .

Paul: "I can wear out a pair of pants in three months."

Pete: "That's nothing, I wear out a pair of parents in three hours."

. . . .

The teacher had taken her pupils for a trip through the Museum of Natural History.

"Well, my lad," asked Papa of little Elmer on the latter's return, "where did you go this afternoon?"

Replied Elmer, with disdain, "To a dead circus."



## FLIGHT INTO MIDWIFERY

Written by the first student of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery to arrive by way of the Hazard airport.

Friday, October 14th was a beautiful day in Cleveland. Early morning weather reports from Huntington, W. Va., revealed fog around the river area, but this should clear up by noon. We were planning, my friends and I, if God were willing, to leave Solon, Ohio, airport about 1 p.m. on our trip to Hazard, Kentucky. Assuming that we might be confronted with as much as 20 m.p.h. head winds, the trip would take three hours maximum. We had gas enough for four and one-half hours.

Baggage and passengers were all aboard at 1:10 p.m. and we took off from the grass field at Solon, Ohio, in our four-place tri-pacer. Winds aloft were reported to be slight, or somewhat out of the north. We were thankful for this for they would cut down on our traveling time. Reaching our first measured check point, 100 miles from Solon, 50 minutes later, it was a simple matter to figure that we were flying 100 miles in 50 minutes or two miles per minute which is 120 miles per hour.

The scenery below us was changing now from the relatively flat lands of northern Ohio to the rolly country typical of southern Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. The sunshine on the plane had a certain warming effect. The outside temperature, at our altitude of 3,000 ft. above ground, was 45 degrees.

As we passed to the west of Huntington, W. Va., we left our last sizeable check point. From now on till we got near Hazard we would have to concentrate on following our compass course of 201 degrees and watch the clock. According to our ground speed we should be over Hazard two hours and 30 minutes out of Solon. As the appointed time neared, we were glad to see signs of smoke coming from a city nestled in the hills. "This must be Hazard!" we hoped. It was not difficult to find the airport in the winding valleys. It was on the only straight piece of land available. Closer observation revealed that it was possible to approach the field from one direction only, because of the hills on the other side. We made a wide left turn, getting into the traffic pattern and losing altitude as fast as possible. As we approached the final turn into the field we were still too

high and found it necessary to "slip" the plane sideways to lose altitude rapidly without picking up speed. We were on the ground shortly thereafter, thankful for the good weather and the safe landing.

It really took us longer to go from Hazard to Hyden, a distance of 25 miles, than it did to come from Cleveland to Hazard. After waiting an hour for the bus, we finally found ourselves slowly winding up and around the mountain road from Hazard to Hyden. At 6:30 p.m. we arrived at our destination, Hyden Hospital, where I am taking a six-month course in midwifery. I know my time spent here will be just as thrilling as my arrival.

—Ruth Nephew, R.N.

Medical Missionary to French Equatorial Africa

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### ROE DEER AND FALLOW

Everyone interested in British deer must be grateful to Mr. P. H. Carne for his valuable description of the antipathy between roe and fallow deer. Strong confirmation of this can be provided from north-west England, where a comparable situation exists. . . .

The roe is, of course, a typical deer of the climax forest, and although we can never know for certain, it is probable that the fallow replaced it in the woods of southern Europe. Perhaps in the absence of man's interference a biological iron curtain developed between these closely competing species, the effect of which we are still able to observe to-day.

—*Oryx*, March, 1955

Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, England

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Violet Clarke in Somerset, England—August, 1955**

We have enjoyed, as you no doubt heard, a really wonderful summer; not only wonderful for England, but comparing very favourably with the kind of summers you folk expect every year. After so many cold, wet ones no one grumbled because it was too hot, which it was some days. The weather is, as you know, our favorite topic of conversation! I retired from nursing last year and Ellie (Annie Ellison) has just arrived. Our successors are in a new house and are not yet on the telephone, so there has been a great deal of coming and going. Whilst writing this a bunch of gentians has been brought to me—simply wonderful with long blue trumpets. This will be the first Christmas that Ellie and I are really free to spend without planning and scheming in between nursing visits. I expect we shall pay social visits to the patients. We are not as frisky as we were, but we hope to get our second wind after a period of—well, not rest because we are always doing something—but freedom to do what we like when we wish. With best wishes to you and all at Wendover.

### **From Jane McQuate Brown in Assam, India—September, 1955**

The Browns are on the move again—next Tuesday we leave here on cycles, if the weather is dry, by water buffalo cart if it is wet, and travel 20 miles to our Landrover which will take us to the airport and we will fly to Calcutta. We will take the overnight train over the Pakistan border, and then embark on our “sea” voyage for the rest of our journey. The floods have washed out every means of transportation except boat. Our destination is Faridpur, where the mission has transferred us, in order that Rod (her husband) may take charge of the industrial school.

Medical experiences of late have been very disheartening—particularly concerning a Moslem girl, just 11 years old who had a baby but was not able to deliver the placenta. Conditions were such that I was not able to help her much and she died that

night. We trudged five miles through mud and water in our barefeet, and we really lagged going home, not only from fatigue but also out of sadness. Wearing shoes except in the house, is a profitless task, for they would be lost six times in six feet! After a trip like that there is no question why the water buffalo smell like they do.

**From Betty Ann Bradbury in St. Walburg's Convent,  
Kentucky—September, 1955**

My life, of course, has taken on much new meaning of late. I am extraordinarily happy and at peace. There are many things to learn—especially Latin!! But I find them all fascinating, and since I have a life-time in which to learn them all, I am not too worried or impatient. A couple of weeks ago we had quite a fancy religious ceremony here (Profession; Final Vows) and the Chapel was filled with relatives and friends, among whom were several very pregnant women. My superior remarked to me afterwards that it was comforting to have me handy, just in case—! She had no idea how much I would have relished such a situation. I miss midwifery, and I especially missed it while I was working in St. Pete. Working on a very busy floor with men, women and children and sick babies kept me hopping. Every once in a while I would run down to the nursery just to peep in. I was glad to get into hospital routine again, and found that my experience at FNS came in mighty handy many times. For instance, I found that I was the only nurse on the floor who knew how to give a baby artificial respiration—something I had done several times in the mountains.

Tonight I am privileged to attend the graduation exercises of the nursing students of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. It will be held at the Cathedral here in Covington. One of our Sisters is among the graduates and we are very proud because she is graduating with all sorts of honors. Tomorrow I start school again. I was so sure my school days were over! But I am going to take a few courses in Religion and Philosophy, Organ and Chant etc. I am eagerly anticipating it. Please give my best regards to all who know me. I would so love to see any of you who may be in the Covington or Cincinnati area. There are no restrictions on out-of-town guests and this is such a lovely spot.

**From Major Josephine Green in Washington, D. C.**

—September, 1955

Here it is well into autumn and I had every intention of getting down to see you this summer, but I could not fit in a trip to Kentucky with a visit to my family. Now we are very busy with new students. Next month our obstetrical service will present a panel on obstetrics. Because I spent a short time with you folks, I have been elected to say a few words on the FNS. I shall be so glad to receive from you some of your latest figures on your last year's work. They will be most interesting.

**From Carolyn Booth Gregory in Augusta, Georgia**

—September, 1955

Hugo (her husband) is now out of the army! It is wonderful to be back in civilian life again. It means that, for this year, we can have a little two-bedroom house which I am having fun decorating now, and hoping to get finished before my Mother comes for a visit. Hugo is with the Junior League Speech Correction School, and teaching Speech and Psychology in the University of Georgia extension program. I am still doing part-time work for the Cerebral Palsy School. Next summer we hope to go back to Northwestern so that Hugo can get his Ph.D. After that we hope to settle in some nice college town. Kathleen is now beginning to talk and we think does very well for a speech correctionist's daughter! I would like to enter her for the courier service for the summer when she is old enough. We are going to Arkansas for a real old-fashioned Christmas this year. My Christmas at Wendover is second to none as the most beautiful spirited Christmas I have ever known. Please give my love to all those who remember me.

**From Bridget Ristori Tohill in Cape Town, South Africa**

—October, 1955

My whole trip was most worthwhile and I feel I got more out of it than any of my previous travels. Countries and people do not vary a great deal in major things. It is more in the little things that one notices the differences, and in nothing so much as food and meal hours. I had my dinner as late as 10 PM in Egypt and Italy, and as early as 4 PM in Norway. And now

what to do? I have no idea and am hoping something will decide for me. Meanwhile I am busy gardening and writing. I cannot help thinking how much I would like to see South America, Japan and the Dutch East Indies and, of course, my friends in New Zealand!

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**From Ruth Vander Meulen in Baissa, Nigeria—October, 1955**

The mail came in Saturday evening and with it your booklet, *Thirty Years Onward*. It is really nice and gives such a true picture of our FNS. Language is coming very slowly. Sometime I wonder if I will ever understand the spoken word in Hausa; but others have mastered it, and this fact gives me courage to carry on. After I have mastered this one language, there will be other tribal languages to confuse me.

Yaws is our worse enemy here. I have never seen such terrible skin ulcers. Penicillin does wonders for them, but it is expensive and we do run short at times. The people are expected to pay for their medications, and many of them do not have the money to pay for penicillin. It goes the same way as in the FNS. We cannot stand to see the children suffer, so give them treatment anyway, many times without payment. I have not had many calls for my midwifery services. I am looking forward to the day when I will have mastered the language so that I can teach the "grannies" a few simple procedures. The infant mortality rate is very high here.

. . . . .

**From Nola Blair in Pontiac, Michigan—October, 1955**

First of all please note my change of address. Yes, I have bought a house. I have a lovely little place on the lake and am truly in love with it. Believe me the latch string is always out to any of you FNSers who might come this way. There is nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to have you all come to my house.

I am talking about the FNS to two groups next week. One group of nurses at the hospital, and a group of "Future Nurses of America" out in Birmingham the following night. Give my best love to all there.

**From Monica Hayes in Surrey, England—October, 1955**

I arrived here last evening—at the Jordon Hospital in Earlswood, and have been on duty today. We have about eighteen patients, two female and the rest male. I received the Bulletin the other day and read it from “kiver to kiver.” We are twenty miles from London and thirty from Brighton, on the south coast.

. . . . .

**From Elizabeth Hillman in Breton, Alberta—October, 1955**

The Bulletin came not long ago, so I am caught up on some of your news. I would like to come back next year, so that I can ride Bobbin once more over Shoal mountain. I did not have a horse this summer. I am away for so many week-ends that keeping a horse made life rather complicated. I have helped in the delivery room at the hospital for two of my cases. The doctors and nurses there are very coöperative. We have had a good summer—much drier than last year. Lydia and I each have a good tan. Last week-end was our thanksgiving long week-end. We camped in the game reserve at a deserted mill, about two miles from the Saskatchewan River and absolutely untouched country. There were bear and elk tracks in the sand and weird howls at night—possibly cougars?

We were at several conventions this summer and very much enjoyed the one on Alcoholism, at the University. We had some very good speakers, mostly from the States. We have started our weekly square dances again. They are a lot of fun and there are usually enough men to go around which makes quite a difference! Also, I find my evenings taken up with meetings and whist drives. Last night I was at the High School invitation party. They put the new-comers through all kinds of horrors. I found myself, of all people, teaching some of the boys to dance. Please wish everyone a Happy Thanksgiving for me.

**NEWSY BITS**

**Gertrude Isaacs** (Trudy) has returned to the University of Minnesota to study for her master's degree in Public Health.

**Myra Adamson** sailed for Belgium in July. She will spend some time studying in Antwerp in preparation for her work in the Belgian Congo.

**Helen Warren** has been appointed as Missionary to the Navajo by the Baptist Mid-Missions. She writes that she will be driving to New Mexico in November to take up her new work.

#### WEDDING

Miss Catherine Mirabito and Mr. William E. Boon on October 29, 1955, in St. Pancras Church, London, England.

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#### A TRIBUTE TO THE HEN

As farmers who succeed do not saunter, so the hen is diligent in her business. With good feeding she daily contributes to the world's wealth and, with her sisters, best illustrates the advantages of coöperation.

The hen is an optimist, and when she "lays around" in haystack or barn and proclaims the glad tidings, she points a way to ease over the hard times in farm life and dispels the gloom of adversity.

—Adapted from I. D. Graham

*Poultry Handbook for the Southern States*

By D. F. King

The Progressive Farmer Co., Publishers



## DUBLIN (IRELAND) GETS RID OF ITS POST OFFICE HORSES

by  
PAMELA HINKSON  
(Abridged)

The big parcel vans, open wagons filled with mailbags, light letter vans, with the horses drawing them, the men high on the box driving, have long been part of Dublin's street scene. Now the horses are being replaced by motors.

I went to see some of the 54 horses in their yard off Summerhill. I was early and most drivers were still out on their rounds. The big yard with the stables round it was peaceful in sunlight. Horses not working moved in their stalls, cats, their companions, slipped happily in and out. An old, wise, grim, black collie, guard of the yard, came inspecting me suspiciously. He followed watchfully when I took my bag of sugar into a side yard where a number of heads looked out over stable doors and ears pricked at the rustle of paper.

Here I met—over graciously received sugar—the big white horse, Earwig, “the pet of the yard,” as I heard later, 23 years old, 17 years a post horse and hardly a day's work missed in those. An uncommunicative young man, who came to feed the horses, broke silence suddenly beside Earwig: “He's earned a pension!”

The young man was glad motors were coming—“shelter” for men in winter, instead of the high exposed seats. But one following him, seventeen years there, who told me about Earwig, would rather drive horses. “I grew up with them,” he said. He spoke of their companionship and reliability; they knew the different rounds. “You could drop the reins and they'd find the way.” Driving on the slippery roads through motor traffic was not so difficult as I might think, the horses being so wise; though he had some hard things to say of modern motor drivers.

We stood talking together, stroking Earwig's nose. “He's not going, whatever happens!” (He did not say where.) I said something about a bullet, if not a pension, for a faithful servant. An expressive headshake answered. “If he went to a good country home, he'd do fine—natural feeding, the grass.” That is

what the men want for their oldest friend—a country home near Dublin where they can visit him sometimes.

I went back to the main yard where a young driver harnessing one of a pair of bays to a letter van showed his mare to me. "The fastest in the yard. She'd have to be—with the letters." "The fastest in the yard," his friend echoed. "Four year old."

The driver sat on his box, looking down earnestly at her points. "I'd like **her** to get a good home. Any young countryman who got her would be lucky."

As it grew colder, with the sun dropping behind stable roofs in the haze of the first frosty night, the home-coming hour arrived.

Up the cobbled lane from the street came single horses or pairs with varied vans, one after another. Greetings of man to man, words from men to horses. They pulled up, some were backed into the big open van-shed, traces were undone, and each horse walked the way he knew, first to the drinking trough then into his own stall to await unharnessing and bedding down. The wide, dusky yard was suddenly filled and warm with life of home-coming at evening, as men have come through ages with their horses.

I felt in the older men the deeper human and universal meaning of this change—men here, and perhaps elsewhere, who with all their vocation, skill, trustworthiness, and the consideration and human dignity that filled that yard, were unwanted now, eliminated, like the horses, by a machine age.

The Post Office's horses belong to the C.I.E., the semi-Government transport board. They are expected to be sold soon at public auction. One or two private buyers and horse-using firms are trying to buy some suitable ones, while a few citizens work feverishly raising a fund to save the others.

—*The Manchester Guardian*, England,  
October 21, 1955

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

My Christmas greetings to you, my friends beyond the mountains, and those whom I may not see at Christmastime here at home, are given in the poem on the second page of this Bulletin. I do not know who wrote it, but I have long cherished it, and now want to share it with you. As all of you know, I no longer have the time nor the strength to send Christmas cards, or even to acknowledge the ones that are sent me. But I do remember you, many hundreds of you, with gratitude for your friendship.

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Among the things that will be of interest to stacks of people is the fact that Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman of Johns Hopkins Hospital has left for Hong Kong. Miss Louise Diggs, his secretary, writes us as follows:

"Dr. Eastman is leaving for Hong Kong next week. He will serve as visiting Professor of Obstetrics at the University there, during Dr. Gordon King's absence. Mrs. Eastman is going too, of course.

"After five months in Hong Kong, The China Medical Board wants Dr. Eastman to go to some of the Far Eastern countries and look into the nurse-midwifery situations. How we will ever get along without him those eight months, I just don't know!"

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We have received from various Detroit friends the most fascinating clippings about our Mrs. Henry B. Joy. She is the only surviving active member of the original Detroit Chapter of the American Red Cross. At its 50th anniversary luncheon on September 30, Mrs. Joy was honored for her 50 years of consecutive service. About 500 people attended the luncheon. She was presented with 50 yellow roses, a special 50-year pin from the Detroit Chapter, and a 50-year pin from the National organization.

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Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, of Cincinnati, another member of the Executive Committee of our Board of Trustees, spoke on the Frontier Nursing Service to the Auxiliary of St. Andrew's Church in Ft. Thomas, Kentucky. She wrote us of how delightful these women were, and how kind to her; and their chairman,

Mrs. Clifford E. Hunt, wrote us, "Mrs. Rogan's talk was most interesting, the only trouble being that we would like to have heard more."

From her office in Washington, we have been receiving fascinating, and at times hair-raising, accounts of the travels across Africa of Congressman Frances P. Bolton of Cleveland, Ohio. Several of us have read every word of each report, and are thrilled by them. We agree with Mrs. Bolton, who is traveling largely at her own expense, that—

"It is high time a member of our Committee made a journey such as this. Never before has there been a Foreign Affairs Committee trip covering this continent. It is all so complex, so different from what you read or hear. I talk to one person, then to another and another and each has a different view. Each draws a different picture. I plan to put all this into a comprehensive report to my colleagues on the Committee."

We are grateful to the International Grenfell Association for inserting in their July publication, *Among the Deep Sea Fishers*, a note about our need for a permanent medical director, and for their kind words about our work.

In the *Nursing Mirror* of 20 May, 1955, there is a pictorial article on the Golden Jubilee of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies in the Woolwich section of East London. Helen E. Browne (Brownie) and I took our training as midwives at this hospital, in different years, of course, and hold profound admiration for the quality of work that was done there, and still is.

In January, 1955, was the one-hundredth birthday anniversary of Dame Rosalind Paget. Those who have read my book, *Wide Neighborhoods*, will remember the references to this distinguished gentlewoman who guided the early days of midwifery, as well as district nursing, in England. In the January, 1955 issue of *Midwives Chronicle & Nursing Notes*, which she founded, there is a biographical sketch about her that we wish we had the space to insert in full. No one privileged to have had her friendship could ever forget her.

From Dr. H. L. Donovan, President of the University of Kentucky, we received a copy of his address at the 1955 Kentucky Dinner of The Newcomen Society in North America on April 14, all of which we have read and much of which we have marked because of our extreme interest in it and our very real affection for the University of Kentucky.

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We were honored to have an illustrated article on the Frontier Nursing Service printed in the current issue of *International Nursing Review*. It was written by the Honorable Eve Chetwynd, S.R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D., who was dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery for six months, and, needless to say, it is delightfully and factually written.

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The Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service met on November 15 at Oxmoor, the beautiful old country place of its chairman, Mrs. Marshall Bullitt. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, and Mrs. Bullitt both write us that it was an animated meeting, well attended and most successful. Mrs. Belknap spoke to the members for about fifteen minutes, telling them some of the many phases of the work with which she is always abreast and deeply familiar.

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In response to several inquiries, we wish to say that we can mail autographed copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* from Wendover for anyone who wishes to send them as Christmas presents to friends. With each autograph I shall write a special greeting. But you should send us the card that you want to go in each book, along with the names and addresses of the recipients. The books will be mailed for the price of \$4.00, postpaid.

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And now, may a happy New Year come to each one of you and to all this troubled world.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

For many months now we have been without a Medical Director. The one whose coming we announced in the summer Bulletin was able to stay with us for only six days.

All of our many friends will want to know how we have managed. We have received unending kindness from Dr. Gene Bowling, the young graduate of the University of Louisville, who is practicing in Hyden. He has come up to Hyden Hospital sometimes twice in one day to see and prescribe for our sick children, and the occasional sick adult whom we have had to take in. The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati has taken a number of our sick children, relayed on to them, for free care. Dr. Cecil W. Ely of Manchester has examined and prescribed for many of our Red Bird River patients. As for our complicated obstetrical cases and the children who meet with accidents and for whom we are responsible, we have relayed them by ambulance to Mount Mary Hospital at Hazard where they have been taken care of by Dr. O'Donnell and Dr. Boggs. We have sent prenatals in our Ford station wagon over to the Hazard Clinic for examinations.

Despite all this great kindness on the part of many medical friends, Betty Lester, Hyden Hospital superintendent, finds it very hard indeed to run a hospital without a resident Medical Director. Ours does need to be highly qualified, especially in obstetrics, and able to handle at least minor surgical emergencies. All along we have been in correspondence with many people and agencies, and our friends over the country are working in our behalf. We welcome help from all of you.

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At a beautiful and impressive ceremony on Saturday, September 3, at the Evangelical United Brethren Church, Helton, Kentucky, our Miss Georgia Hibbard and Mr. Robert Stanley of Salem, Ohio, exchanged marriage vows. The Reverend E. A. Russell officiated. Mr. Burton Rogers, Director of Pine Mountain School, played the wedding march.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard of Denair, California, could not attend their daughter's wedding, Mrs. Hibbard had asked Mrs. Breckinridge to be "Mother for the Day," an honor she carried with deep appreciation. Mr. Fred Nantz of Mozelle, Kentucky, presented Georgia in marriage.

After the wedding ceremony, a reception was held at the Beech Fork Nursing Center, where Georgia had been stationed, and a scrumptious dinner was served by Helen Farrington and several friends from the Beech Fork neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are now living, and teaching, at the Stinnett Settlement School here in Leslie County.

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The Leslie County Horse Show was held in Hyden on October 29. Congratulations go to Camp, Flicka, Trigger, and their riders who won over \$150.00 in prizes for their FNS. The prizes won were as follows:

**Best FNS Walking Horse:**

- 1st prize—Camp, ridden by Eileen Rayson
- 2nd prize—Flicka, ridden by Molly Lee
- 3rd prize—Trigger, ridden by Jean Becker

**Best FNS Five-Gaited Horse:**

- 1st prize—Flicka, ridden by Molly Lee
- 2nd prize—Trigger, ridden by Jean Becker
- 3rd prize—Camp, ridden by Eileen Rayson

**Best Walking Horse in County:**

- 2nd prize—Trigger, ridden by Jean Hollins
- 3rd prize—Flicka, ridden by Molly Lee

**Best Woman Rider (Morning Class):**

- 1st prize—Eileen Rayson on Camp

**Best Woman Rider (Afternoon Class):**

- 1st prize—Molly Lee on Flicka
- 3rd prize—Margaret Hobson on Trigger

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We are grateful indeed to Miss Ann Asbury of the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission who came up from Lexington in September with Dr. Andrew M. Moore and held a clinic at Hyden Hospital.

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The couriers—and the horses—are indebted to Dr. George C. Bishop, of Hagyard and Hagyard in Lexington, for driving all the way to Wendover on the first Sunday of October to give professional advice and treatment to Peru and Prince Charlie.

The members of the Red Bird Sewing Circle, under the leadership of Mrs. Cleveland Marcum of Big Creek, Kentucky, have made 132 baby garments for FNS during the past year, as well as making new curtains for the Clara Ford Nursing Center, and keeping abreast of all the Center's mending.

The Altrusa Club of Lexington has sent another gift of a huge bolt of lovely flannelette, which will be made into baby gowns, receiving blankets, et cetera, by the Red Bird and other local sewing groups.

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In October Betty Lester and Jean Becker attended a regional meeting, in Louisville, of the American Red Cross Blood Bank—an organization which has been most coöperative with Hyden Hospital.

Helen Browne (Brownie) attended the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses in Louisville, in October, and was elected to its Board of Directors. She is looking forward to working with this group in professional nursing during the coming year.

As this Bulletin goes to press, Bobbie Hunt, our A O Pi Social Service Secretary, is attending the annual conference of the Kentucky Welfare Association in Lexington.

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All on the Wendover staff, and the patrons of the Wendover Post Office, will greatly miss Mrs. Cornelius Morgan (Eileen Hacker) when she leaves us this November, but we understand her wish to stay at home with her little son, Gary. We welcome Mrs. Keith Creech (Wanda Jo Morgan) of Wooton, Kentucky, who is taking on Eileen's duties with the same kind of efficiency and friendliness.

It was with real joy that we welcomed Polly Hicks of Andrews, North Carolina, who came in September to take over the post of statistician.

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The junior couriers who have come to us this autumn are: Treon McGuire of Cincinnati, Ohio; Anne Kilham of North Attleboro, Massachusetts; Virginia Branham of Hingham, Massachusetts. Leigh Powell stayed on as resident courier until after



Jean Hollins returned in early October. One of Leigh's last "projects" before she left was to help make ten swings, two seesaws and a huge sandbox for one of the local three-room schools where there are 49 in the first and second grades.

One nice thing about the thought of Christmas this year is that we have known for some weeks that Courier Linda Branch would be coming to take over the duties of Christmas Secretary. The shipments from all of our friends beyond the mountains have started pouring in, and Linda is busy in the basement of Haggin Quarters—Santa's FNS workshop.

The two Keuka College students with us this autumn for their Field Periods in Social Service are Claire Ameele and Marcia Bennett. Their work with Bobbie Hunt will include helping Linda with her stupendous task of receiving, sorting, and distributing gifts and candy for some 5,000 children.

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We have welcomed to our staff of nurse-midwives this autumn three Britishers—Josephine Anne Hunt, Kathleen Quarmby, and Joyce Hilditch. "Joanne" is stationed at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Center at Beech Fork. "Katie" is filling the post of Hospital Midwife, and "Joy," at the moment, is helping Anna May January on the Wendover district.

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The students of the October 15, 1955 class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery have come to us, most of them, from faraway places. Four have come from the mission fields—Elizabeth Beers from Pakistan; Margaret Holton from the Belgian Congo; Ruth Nephew from French Equatorial Africa; Pauline Wanner from British West Africa. Geraldine Glassenapp of Wisconsin is taking the midwifery training in preparation for work in the mission field, under the Baptist Church. Barbara Jones of Minnesota has entered the class on an FNS scholarship, and will remain with us after graduation.

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Mrs. Breckinridge has met with the committees of the out-post centers this autumn, and reported successful meetings everywhere.

At Brutus and Bowlingtown the committee meetings were

followed by rallies. Some 400 attended at Brutus. Everyone brought a basket lunch, and two sheep were donated and barbecued for the occasion.

At Bowlingtown the committee members and neighborhood supplied and served the bountiful dinner for over 700 people. Schools in five surrounding communities were dismissed for the day, and the children were brought in the school buses. The affair was held in Mr. Ford Barger's big field across the road from the center. There were songs, by the children; speeches; and a baseball game. At both rallies Mrs. Breckinridge entertained the children with her giant stories.

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In early September, while Ann Wigglesworth was still with us as a courier, we had a visit from her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Booth, their daughter Judy, and her friend, Mary Clark. Mr. Booth, who had visited the FNS in earlier years, was astounded by the changes in our part of the world, particularly in transportation.

Later in September Mrs. Olivia Hughes, President of the Irish Countrywomen's Association, and Miss Doreen Smith, her associate, were brought to us by Miss Marian Kingman and Miss Gladys Jameson of Berea College. These Irish ladies were in the country under the auspices of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation to study various rural adult education programs.

We thoroughly enjoyed the alert group of young people from the Westminster Foundation of Iowa State College who had tea at Wendover one afternoon in September. Those nineteen young people, under the leadership of Mr. William H. Henderson (husband of our courier, Kathleen Wilson) spent a busy week renovating the Community Center buildings at Wooton.

Two delightful groups of nurses visited us this autumn—one from St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, and another from King's Daughters Hospital in Ashland, Kentucky.

On October 21 the Hazard Committee came to Wendover for lunch and a meeting afterwards. This group takes an active interest in the welfare of the FNS staff. The six outpost centers have been "adopted" by various members of the committee. To be remembered with visits and delicacies, at different and unexpected times, means much to the nurses at the outposts. The

entire FNS staff has been invited to a pre-Christmas tea with the Hazard Committee on Sunday, December 4.

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THREE GENERATIONS OF HELENS

One of the highlights of the autumn for all of us was the visit of six days from our beloved trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, with her daughter, Mrs. Lee, and her granddaughter, Mrs. Peterle, both of Stonington, Connecticut. Mrs. Lee brought many of the slides she had taken on her travels around the world, and graciously showed them to groups at Wendover and Hyden. All three attended the Bowlingtown rally with Mrs. Breckinridge where—it was reported—Mrs. Joy shook hands with practically all of the 750 men, women and children who attended!

We were happy indeed to have Miss Lalla Mary Goggans, Regional Nursing Consultant of the Children's Bureau, come to see us in early November. Another welcomed November visitor was Mrs. H. M. Hastings of Detroit. Mrs. Hastings is Chairman for the National Project of the Society of the Daughters of Colo-

nial Wars, and their national project is the Frontier Nursing Service.

As this Bulletin goes to press we have with us for an all-too-short visit, our good friend, Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville. Mrs. Moorman cannot be called a guest. She is one of us, and finds something useful and helpful to do the minute she arrives. Ninety-two names have been added to our guest book since the summer Bulletin was printed. We cannot name them all, but every friend and relative of the staff and couriers, the old Service friends, and the new friends—all have been welcomed by Wendover.

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As our friends know, Thanksgiving is the one day of the year on which as many of the FNS staff members as can get together for noon dinner at Wendover. At almost the same hour the old staff members in Great Britain have their FNS reunion. We always have a moment of silence, when we remember those staff members who are gone from this world. Then we sing together our Thanksgiving hymn: *Now Thank We All Our God.*

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### ODDMENTS

The fellow who is best at throwing mud is usually the one who is closest to the gutter.

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Never repeat any gossip until you have verified it. If it is true, then never say anything.

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### MISTAKES OF A BIG MAN

A big man is not one who makes no mistake but one who is bigger than any mistake he makes.

—*The Thousandsticks*

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**FIELD WORKERS****AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**

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Miss Juanetta Moore

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**Statistician**  
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Postal Clerk**  
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Vacancy

**Secretary to Medical Director**  
Miss Hope Muncy

**Hospital Superintendent**  
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**Resident Courier**  
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**AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS****Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Helen Farrington, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Josephine A. Hunt, R.N., S.C.M.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Miss Carolyn Banghart, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss Josephine Sagebeer, R.N., C.M.; Miss Audrey Williams, R.N., S.C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)

Miss Ruth Burleigh, R.N., C.M., B.S.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

. . . . .

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 coöperate 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.

## A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

## Statement of Ownership

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

### THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

of Frontier Nursing Service

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

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

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1955.

LUCILLE KNECHTLY, Notary Public,  
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires March 8, 1959.)



ROGER SIZEMORE  
and his dog Whitey  
Bowling Bend, Ky.

(Photo given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sizemore)

