

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 24

SPRING, 1949

NUMBER 4



SPRING AT WENDOVER



MOTHER AND SON

Mrs. Sheldon Shepherd of Upper Bad Creek
and her baby, Curtis

Photograph taken by Miss Helen M. Fedde, R.N., C.M.
Printed by kind permission of Mrs. Shepherd

Cover photograph courtesy of Mrs. Paul D. Muncy

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A RONDEAU

By Charles D'Orleans (1391-1465)
Translated by John Payne (1842-1916)

The year has cast its wede away
Of rain, of tempest and of cold,
And put on broidery of gold
Of sunbeams bright and clear and gay.

There is no bird or beast today
But sings and shouts in field and fold,
The year has cast its wede away
Of rain, of tempest and of cold.

The silver fret-work of the May
Is over brook and spring enscrolled,
A blazon lovely to behold.

Each thing has put on new array:
The year has cast its wede away.

MY FIRST DELIVERY

by

LUCY RATLIFF

Medical Secretary, Hyden Hospital

Now don't let the title of this article fool you—titles can be so misleading sometimes. Let me make it clear; I never had a baby, never delivered one, never even helped deliver one. I merely mean by this title that, although I am a grown woman and have been for quite sometime, this is the first, the very first, time I have ever watched a baby being born. I did nothing but take up space in that delivery room, but oh, what an experience! I learned a lot too. For one thing, I figure that if leaving this old earth is as much trouble as getting here—I'm aiming to stick around for a good while longer to make it well worth the trouble.

Like everything else here at Hyden Hospital, it all happened on a busy clinic day—Monday to be exact. On Mondays we hold prenatal clinic at the Hospital. I sat in the doctor's office placidly taking down data on each patient, thoroughly bored with the whole thing and wishing for a little excitement. Aimlessly I glanced out of the window and observed that one of the prenatals had ridden to clinic astride a mule. She tied the mule to a fence post outside the Hospital and came into the clinic and sat in line on the bench patiently awaiting her turn to see the doctor. I noticed, as she came into the Hospital entrance, that she appeared near term and I marveled at the sturdy breed of mountain woman who can ride a mule so near delivery date. After the patient had been sitting for some time on a bench in the waiting room, she mentioned casually that she was "punishin'." Immediately she was sent in to see the doctor. After taking one look the doctor exclaimed, "We must get this woman to the delivery room at once." I glanced up to see why, just in time to see one tiny foot protruding. I heard a hurried scurry of feet as the nurses whisked her to the delivery room. About that time the doctor turned to me and said, "You've been wanting to see a delivery—now is your chance." Before I could answer I was sucked up in the draft made by the student midwives on their way to the delivery

room. Upon arrival I found that, somewhere between the doctor's office and the delivery room, I had acquired a white robe, mask, and cap.

I had the feeling of a poor stray fish washed up with the tide, and I was not quite sure about all my white paraphernalia. At first I suspected this disguise was supposed to prevent frightening the newborn baby. It was comforting, however, to see other figures all tied up in the same rigging. I recognized them by their eyes and realized that they were the student midwives who had come to observe the delivery too. They stood there straight and silent; but how else could they stand in the long white "straight jackets" and "muzzles" they were wearing? I carefully selected a place next to a nurse (student midwife) who had spent a good number of years in India because I knew that this was old stuff to her; she had seen numerous deliveries in India. Just as I slipped into my place of observation the patient uttered a heartfelt, "Oh, Lordy, Lordy." I must have turned the shade of my disguise because my neighbor placed her arm through mine and asked me if I needed air. I shook my head in the negative, but did not look up for my eyes were glued on the delivery taking place, just as though I were hypnotized. There was silence in the room except for an occasional moan from the patient, and the calm, firm voice of the instructor of midwives, now sympathetic and encouraging—now urging the patient in firm, gentle tones to relax—then push, push harder . . . harder. I saw the second tiny foot appear. This was a breech delivery and I could see it was difficult for both the patient and the midwife. The patient was giving full coöperation. It was exciting and wonderful to watch the engineering of this delivery. I stood there breathlessly waiting to see if they would make it; would the baby be alive. It seemed to me the voice of the instructor became fainter and fainter. "Now push . . . p u s h . . . p u s h." Suddenly I felt a tug at my arm and heard a low whisper in my ear; it was my neighbor. She had been keeping one eye on the delivery and the other on me. "You don't need to push," she said; "the patient will do her own pushing." It was only then that I realized, much to my embarrassment, that I had become somewhat hypnotized by the whole

thing and was obeying the instructor just as though I were the patient.

It last the baby arrived, crying and squirming. I was so relieved that I got out of the delivery room just as quickly as I could, feeling now that I had seen everything and all happy about my new experience, and also more or less like a wet sheet which has just gone through the wringer, and my abdomen was a bit sore from bearing down so hard. To the first person I saw I announced that I had at last seen a delivery.

"Fine," said she, "was it a nice baby?"

"Yes," I answered, and then remembering the mother's ride into clinic and the feet-first position of the baby, added, "It wasn't flat-footed either."

"My, you are observing," she exclaimed, much amused. "Was it a boy or a girl?"

I had to admit that I had not even noticed.

LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER

I am reminded at this point of a little story that was written me by one of my very good friends, a padre. He wrote about a little girl who when she was saying her prayers thanked God for mommy and daddy and for brothers and sisters, and then, to her mother's amazement, branched out on her own, and this is what she said: "And, dear God, take care of yourself, because without you we are sunk."

—Speech of Hon. Frances P. Bolton of Ohio
in the House of Representatives, Saturday, April 9, 1949

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

As a New York taxi driver was weaving in and out of traffic at breakneck speed, he remarked to a friend of ours, rocking inside the cab, "My wife always says, 'You should live but not make a habit of it.'"

MASQUE OF THE MERRIE MONTHS

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

APRIL

The name of this fickle month is variously derived. Some, seeking antiquity, borrow Venus' Greek name Aphrodite. A more general acceptance associates it with the Latin *aperire*, "to open," when all the wide array of trees and flowers welcome Spring.

The Saxon name for April was *Oster-monath* in honour of their Eostre, the goddess of Spring, who gives her name to Easter.

The old-world festivals of Spring with all their April fooling have left some quaint practices. Surely the real April Fool is April herself who can never make up her mind whether to laugh or cry.

MAY

May, the merry month of flowers, borrows its name from the mythical Maia, mother of Mercury, whose celebrations for renewed growth in Field and Forest merged into those in honour of Flora, ancient goddess of flowers.

The Merrie England which Chaucer and Shakespeare knew made much of May Day. The bonds of Winter were at last loosed, and both gentle and simple broke bounds when Spring was well established. The branches of budding hawthorn were brought home at sunrise, a bower made for the Queen o' the May, and the Maypole set up later in the day on the village green.

JUNE

Mythology speaks of Juno, classic queen of heaven, for whom it is claimed June is named that she may wear its summer glories as her regal dress.

The name of Junius Brutus, betrayer of Caesar, is also linked with the naming of June. A rival claim comes from *juniores*, which would make it just as aptly and far more pleasantly the month of youth. All such claims are about as true as one another.

In its days of sunshine June's pleasant places are the haunts of summer bees, and when the sun sets the hidden brook singeth its quiet tune.

URGENT NEEDS

We print again our urgent needs in the Spring Bulletin as we have done every year over a long period of time. There seem like an awful lot of them, but only the most urgent are listed. We do not include such routine jobs as whitewashing the barns, reseeding pastures, etc. It strains our budget to carry regular minor repairs and the insurance on our vast properties. We depend on the generosity of our friends to meet the special Urgent Needs we list each spring, and you have never failed us.

Some of you can afford to take on big needs and some can only afford the small ones. All kinds of things are listed, from a crowbar at \$2.75 to a civilian jeep. We are profoundly grateful for every gift from the smallest to the biggest.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Wiring Aunt Hattie's Barn in rigid conduit with moisture-proof and dust-proof fixtures—Estimate.....	\$ 500.00
Wiring Employees' Cottage	100.00
Fluorescent Lights , installed, for Superintendent's office, district nurses' office, clinic and midwives' examining room, kitchen and maids' dining room—9 lights.....	335.30
Replacing Weatherproof Service Wire from Hospital to Wee Stone House	42.50
Autoclave —Rebuilt at factory; includes haulage, express and installation	274.39
(For news about the autoclave and what happened afterwards, see FIELD NOTES.)	
Painting Aunt Hattie's Barn Roof —Paint and Labor—Estimate....	300.00
(Two coats of metal paint—not painted in 9 years.)	
Single Beds for Nurses to replace old, sagging cots beyond repair. Each	28.50
One complete with mattress costs \$28.50. (Note: 12 need replacing; 6 are very bad.) . . . In response to this appeal last year nine of these new beds were given. All but two went to the outpost district nurses who needed them most of all.	
Summer Uniforms for Nurse-Midwives at \$19.75 each. 18 in all. Total	355.50
All Wool Blanket Ends for Baby Blankets for Layettees. 100 lbs....	129.84
(Includes freight.)	
Outing Flannel for Baby Gowns.....	36.05
Six Dozen Baby Shirts	21.00
Beads, String and Seals for Babies' Identification Bracelets.....	13.50
Unbleached Muslin for Patients' Gowns and Draw Sheets.....	52.48
Surgeons' Gowns —1 Dozen.....	31.50
2 Complete Tycos Sphygmomanometers	32.85
Secondhand Timer —perfect condition—for X-ray Machine.....	20.00
1 Typewriter for Clinic Nurse.....	119.48
1 X-ray Film Filing Cabinet	61.25

Replacement of Dishes, Cups, etc.....	88.80
3 Dozen Teaspoons—Silverplate—at \$3.50.....	10.50
1 Dozen Dinner Knives—Silverplate.....	6.50
1 Dozen Dinner Forks—Silverplate.....	3.25
1 Crowbar	2.75

MIDWIVES' QUARTERS AT HOSPITAL

Rewiring Electric Range—Estimated.....	\$ 50.00
Vacuum Cleaner.....	47.75
Resetting Furnace and Replacing Pipe and Galvanized Casing.....	82.20
Slip Covers for 2 Chairs and a Studio Couch—Estimate.....	36.00
Olson Rugs for living room and two bedrooms (New rugs are made out of the wool of the old ones).....	23.70

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence are met by the donor.

WENDOVER

Poultry Netting for Fencing Rabbits out of Garden.....	\$ 6.25
Electric Motor to Replace Gasoline Engine including proper pulleys and changes necessary to connect it with the deep well pump already installed.....	250.00
(This would save approximately \$25.00 a month during summer, in labor, now spent in running the gasoline engine.)	
A Turning Plow—needed when reseeding pastures.....	24.95
Wheelbarrow—Metal Tray.....	14.55
Sprayer for DDT and Orchard Spray.....	9.75
One Roll Galvanized Screen Wire (for mending screens).....	16.85
Pipe Vise.....	5.25
Electric Refrigerator—22 cu. ft. size with Deep Freeze Unit.....	677.00
(To replace kerosene icebox 14 years old)	
Reroofing Cabin with Oak Shingles rived out of our own timber—Estimate	200.00
Boudoir Lamps for guest room and staff room; Pin-up lamps for bedrooms, Upper and Lower Shelves, Cabin and Garden House (1 lamp in each room).....	45.20
2 Electric Irons for Wendover Laundry at \$11.95 each.....	23.90
Asbestos Ironing Board Cover, 2 asbestos iron holders.....	5.95
Electric Hot Plate, two-burner—for clinic.....	16.95
Electric Clock for Kitchen.....	8.20
Painting Kitchen—Paint and Labor.....	25.93
Two-hole Paper Punch.....	4.20
Typewriter Table.....	9.75
1 New Typewriter—12" carriage.....	135.00
3 Dozen Sheets at \$24.90 per dozen.....	74.70
Having Piano Tuned and New Bridle Straps put in.....	25.00
(This is the piano that we use for the neighborhood children's songs and for the Christmas Carols and for the square dances.)	

Wendover terribly needs a real cow barn to replace the three old shed barns that are now tumbling down beyond repair and very unsafe. We keep at Wendover not only the four cows that belong there, but the Hospital cows that are going dry or have young calves—because all four Hospital cows must be fully productive at all times. The new cow barn at Wendover must have six cow stalls and one large calf stall, a feed room, a good foundation stone wall, and proper drainage. We will be glad indeed to send an estimate of what we think it will cost if anyone feels he can give a new piece of construction of this size.

THE CLEARING

Replacing Manure Bent at Bull Pen.....	\$ 139.93
Replacing Hand Pump and Galvanized Drop Pipe—in the well (Materials and Labor).....	164.06
Painting House at Clearing—inside and outside.....	54.87
Wiring House at Clearing for Electricity.....	125.84

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Wiring Center—Non-metallic cable approved by Underwriters— Estimate	\$ 800.00
Wiring Barn—Rigid conduit, moisture-proof and dust-proof fixtures	200.00
Wiring Pump House.....	75.00
Wiring Employee's Cottage.....	75.00
Total	\$1,150.00
Replacing Gasoline Engine with Electric Motor, installing pressure tank unit and making pipe connections—Estimate.....	400.00
Pole Fence in Pasture (Locust posts and labor—Poles given free).....	28.80
3 Revolving Chimney Caps Installed—Estimate.....	40.00
Linoleum (Inlaid) for Waiting Room (Material and Labor).....	150.00
Metal Wheelbarrow.....	14.55
1 Window put in Employee's Cottage—Estimate.....	10.00

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER

Painting the Center: Materials and Labor—local painter— Estimate	\$ 400.00
Cleaning out Septic Tank and Putting New Top on—Labor only....	22.66
Repair of Frostproof Hydrant at Barn.....	15.69
Comfortable Chair for Living Room.....	18.95
Vacuum Cleaner.....	47.75
Washing Machine.....	125.00
Electric Iron.....	11.95
Can Opener—Wall Type.....	2.19
Hatchet	2.75
Folding Rule.....	1.10
Garden Fork.....	2.25

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER

Wiring Center for REA Current in Non-metallic Cable—approved by Underwriters—Estimate.....	\$ 800.00
Wiring Barn—in Rigid Conduit with Moisture-proof, Dust-proof Fixtures	200.00
Total	\$1,000.00
Painting Center—Labor only—local painter.....	175.00
Garden Hose.....	7.49
Casein Paint (4 gallons at \$2.45).....	9.80
3 Paint Brushes.....	7.15
Creosote for Barn and Manure Bent (10 gallons at \$2.35).....	23.50
Servicing and Resetting Furnace and Replacing Smoke Pipe.....	50.00
Curtains for Living Room—material.....	7.50

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

Wiring Center for REA Current in Non-metallic cable—approved by Underwriters (Estimate).....	\$ 800.00
Wiring Barn—in Rigid Conduit with Moisture-proof, Dust-proof Fixtures	200.00
Total	\$1,000.00
Remaking Pull Gate.....	42.40
Reroofing Barn—Materials and Labor.....	77.25
Replacing Stone Retaining Wall at Spring after Heavy Rains.....	42.00
Putting in Stone Culvert in front of Barn.....	20.00
Chest of Drawers for Bedroom (unpainted).....	25.00
Clothes Hamper.....	6.29
Paling Fence to Keep Horses out of Yard.....	23.70
Servicing and Resetting Furnace.....	45.00

POSSUM BEND NURSING CENTER AT CONFLUENCE

Wheelbarrow	\$ 14.55
New Kitchen Range (Cannot get parts for old one)—Estimate.....	86.95
Enamel Floor Covering for Clinic.....	11.50
Stepladder	4.85
Sprayer for Apple Trees.....	9.75
Garden Sprayer.....	8.75
New Furnace—(Under-hood and over-ashpit) installed.....	450.00
Rebuilding Cow Shed, Sawdust Bin, Manure Bent (Used old lum- ber) Moved to give right-of-way for Highway.....	86.05
Draining Wet Weather Spring in Horse Stall.....	18.50
Portable Basket Grate for Living Room.....	7.70
Galvanized Screen Wire for Screens.....	11.34
Reroofing Pump House.....	20.70

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

The repairs and replacements at this center are met by the donor.

GENERAL NEEDS

1 Horse	\$ 175.00
1 Civilian Jeep	1,450.00
(We need three more jeeps badly—and we are praying for not less than one.)	

In Memoriam

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call:
They throng the silence of the breast
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But O 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

—J. W. Chadwick

During the past six months the Frontier Nursing Service has sustained grievous losses in the deaths of many old friends. Although all of them were elderly people, several over eighty, two over ninety, they were each and all young-hearted still—and not one of them had given up his interests and attachments. We shall try in the brief sketches which follow, to say something about each of these friends who are now alive forevermore.

MRS. FRANCES KENDALL ROSS, Lexington, Kentucky
Died October 22, 1948

This lifelong Kentuckian was an extremely modest and retiring person. She had no children of her own, and yet she gave the better part of her life to mothers and children. The two little sons of a sister-in-law, who gave them to her when she was at the point of death, were cherished and reared to maturity. At Christmas and other holiday seasons, the neighborhood chil-

dren had toys given them. Many young mothers welcomed Mrs. Ross many times as a volunteer sitter for their children. In her room she kept a large sewing basket and her fingers were never idle. The Frontier Nursing Service, one of several agencies to which she sent boxes of clothing for children and babies, will receive a third of her residuary estate. In her love for children Mrs. Ross had passed the test for entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

MRS. JOHN W. PRICE, Louisville, Kentucky

Died November 13, 1948

Mrs. Price, known to her intimates as "dearest Miss Pricey," was an adorable woman. It is rare to find anyone at the age of ninety-three who, like her, had kept the buoyancy and the gaiety of youth. With her charm of manner she possessed the deeper qualities of the heart. She was one of the best of friends, one of the kindest of women. Her letters radiated friendship and kindness as well as a freshness that the disabilities of old age could never wholly dim. We in the Frontier Nursing Service are grateful for the affection she showed us over a long span of time. Now for "Miss Pricey" death has opened the door to the land of eternal youth. One likes to think of her as the life of gatherings of old friends. One sees her with that gay young heart moving forward through a long vista of happiness, both given and received.

MRS. FREDERIC M. SACKETT, Louisville, Kentucky

Died December 19, 1948

It was only a few months before her death that I last saw this friend of mine and of the Frontier Nursing Service at the hospital where she had been staying for some time. She had the same friendly smile, the same interest in people and things, the same daintiness, in a hospital room, that had distinguished her at home. It was plain that her nurses loved her—and easy to see why they did. She spoke again to me of the pleasure it had given her, more than twenty years ago, when she and Senator Sackett were in Washington, to open their house for the first meeting the F.N.S. held in the nation's capital.

Mrs. Sackett's marriage was one of complete happiness. Since her husband's death she has been so bereft, and physically so stricken, and so gallant through it all, that even those nearest to her in blood and friendship needs must mingle gladness for her with their sorrow at giving her up. Such a sister, aunt and friend, will always be missed—but for her there is all the wonder of her welcome on the other side. We in the Frontier Nursing Service are grateful for all of her kindness to us in her lifetime, and for her remembrance of us in her will. From the depths of our hearts we wish her godspeed.

DR. HUGH SCOTT CUMMING, Washington, D. C.

Died December 20, 1948

This distinguished member of the National Medical Council of the Frontier Nursing Service honored us with his friendship and with his unflagging interest in our work. A pioneer himself in so many of the things he accomplished, he was glad to lend his vast reputation to pioneer work like ours. When he took charge of the United States Public Health Service in 1920, it was a comparatively small bureau. Under his administration, endorsed by five successive presidents, the Public Health Service became the great agency in the protection of life that it is today.

But he was not only a great leader in his profession; he was also a man of unusual charm and personal magnetism. Tall and scholarly, and equipped with a dry wit, he made and held friends not only throughout the United States, but from Japan to Asia Minor, and from Poland to Panama. . . .

This quotation from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (Virginia) describes Dr. Cumming as he was to his friends. He was indeed "one of the truly notable Virginians of his generation."

Our sympathy goes out in fullest measure to Mrs. Cumming whose life with him had been one of unbroken felicity, and to his son and daughter.

DR. PRESTON POPE SATTERWHITE, New York City

Died December 27, 1948

Dr. Satterwhite was not only a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service but a dear kinsman to some of us as well.

Although he had lived for years in New York, he remained a Kentuckian at heart. He often returned to Louisville, and he directed that his body be buried there beside that of his wife. It is as a kinsman that some of us will always think of him first and remember him best. The hours spent at his apartment in New York, and at his place on Long Island, were passed in happy family talk with his sisters in their lifetimes, and with him.

In an editorial the Louisville *Courier-Journal* writes of him as "that urbane and cultured gentleman," and as a connoisseur in Medieval and Renaissance art. From him the Frontier Nursing Service received the glorious stained glass window of St. Christopher which is stored at Hyden until St. Christopher's Chapel can be built near the Hospital to receive it. This window was in his great entrance hall where I stood before it in loving admiration many times. Preston knew that we in the Service forded rivers as dangerous as the one over which St. Christopher carried the Christ Child in the legend. One day he said to me, "Since you like the window so much I shall have it packed by experts and sent to you." That is how the F.N.S. came to own one of the most perfect pieces of old stained glass in all America. Preston remembered us in his will, but the St. Christopher window is the greater treasure.

It was like Preston to give a window to one of his cousins when he saw her joy in it. It was like him, too, to order for lunch or dinner some old-fashioned dish like duck hash with waffles, because he remembered that we liked it in Kentucky. The large things and the small were so blended in this kinsman that all played their part in a family tradition of clannishness handed down from a long past. Now he has joined the older generations, as we called them, where

"Divided households re-unite."

MR. MARVIN HUGHITT, JR., Chicago

Died February 7, 1949

Nineteen years ago Mr. Hughitt, with his sisters, Mrs. Alfred H. Granger and Mrs. Charles Sumner Frost, travelled in to the Kentucky mountains, when the going was rough, to

attend the dedication of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus on Bullskin Creek, Clay County. These three dear people had given this nursing center in memory of their mother. None of them have been able to return, but it has been a joy to them and to us to remember that they attended the dedication of their building. Through all of these years, the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center has had two nurse-midwives stationed there whose work has been of untold value to a stream of mothers and babies and children; and to the sick of both sexes and all ages.

Now the brotherhood and sisterhood tie that was so close has been broken by the death of Mr. Hughitt. We in the Frontier Nursing Service will always remember him as he was nineteen years ago. We will remember his interest; his kindness; his physical and mental vigor. It was like him and good of him to add, in his will, to the fund he and his sisters had already started for the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center. This memorial to their mother keeps alive her name and that of her son who has crossed the Great River to join her on the other side.

MRS. ATTILLA COX, Louisville, Kentucky

Died February 22, 1949

After Mrs. Cox had died, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* wrote an editorial about her in which it said, "A great spirit leaves the Louisville scene." Few people pass out of a community who leave more friends behind them than she did. Some of the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service were among her closest friends, and they will miss her always. To us she had been a loyal supporter for twenty-one years. This is a long span of time. If her sudden passing gives us a sense of shock and grief, how overwhelming must be the sorrow of her only child and her close circle of friends. We like what the *Courier-Journal* wrote about her so much that we quote it here:

In her later years, she seemed to epitomize all that was gracious, dignified and serene about her own generation. But nobody could have lived less in the past. She had the sort of alert, inquiring mind which is always young, always eager for new intellectual adventures. Above all, she had the warm human sympathy that is ageless. Her influence on many people of all kinds will extend far beyond her own span of life.

JUDGE ELIHU MOSLEY, Muncy Creek, Leslie County, Kentucky
Died February 26, 1949

There never was a better neighbor than Judge Mosley during the twenty-four years since we came to live at Wendover. At that time he was still in his ancestral home, a picturesque two-story, rambling, log house set back in an orchard of apple trees. His kindness to us in those early days included anything we needed that he had to give. Our horses were welcome to his pastures. His advice on how to build a two-story log house was at our service when we built the Big House at Wendover. Once when we wanted a sick child brought down from a distance of ten miles up the river, Judge Mosley got on his horse, rode up in the morning and rode back in the evening with the child in his arms. He was always like that—always ready to do a kindness or to oblige a friend.

Judge Mosley died after a long illness in which he was attended by our Medical Director. Our Wendover nurse was at his bedside when he passed away. A number of us went to his funeral service.

Our hearts go out in fullest sympathy to his wife and children. He will be sadly missed in a community where he had been a prominent and an honored citizen. It is good to think that he has left many descendants. He had twelve children, thirty grandchildren, and twenty great-grandchildren. They have a heritage of intelligence, dignity, character.

MR. GEORGE H. CLAPP, Sewickley, Pennsylvania
Died March 31, 1949

I feel, in myself, the future of life. I am like a forest once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is upon my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. Do you say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers? Then why is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail?

Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me! It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. . . .

When I go down to the grave, I can say like so many others, I have finished my life. But my days work will begin again the

next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.

—Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

On the fourteenth of last December, Mr. Clapp was ninety years old. We sent him a telegram to wish him good luck forever. In reply he wrote us, in his own firm, clear handwriting, that he was flattered to receive a telegram congratulating him on his nineteenth birthday! In this same letter he said, "I have lived through four wars not counting little 'flash ones'." He said that his birthday had gone off successfully. Friends had passed the news around town and everybody made much of the occasion. At the club, where he had a University meeting in the afternoon, he was presented with a large birthday cake, "Much," he wrote, "to the amusement of the assembled trustees." All of this is written to show that at the age of ninety, this dear friend and trustee of ours, this distinguished man, was as active, as humorous, as appreciative as at any time during a long life that had seen four major wars and innumerable "flash ones."

In many ways Mr. Clapp was the most remarkable man that some of us have ever known, and we are glad that he died quickly and with all his faculties unimpaired. There was for him no old age but only glorious living throughout nearly a century, as measured in this world's time. He must have matured early because he entered Western University (now the University of Pittsburgh) at the age of sixteen and was graduated with highest honors in 1887. As one of the founders of the Aluminum Company of America, Mr. Clapp had a distinguished business career marked by the originality and daring characteristic of all pioneers. He found time for many hobbies and among them was a collection of rare shells. In fact, he was a member of the Malacological Society of London and of the Conchological Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Some years ago one of our crowd in here, who shared his interest, was able to find for him an unusual snail. The letters he and she exchanged were delightful, but unfortunately—like so many other letters—they were destroyed in our old Garden House fire. Mr. Clapp's letters were all delightful. There is hardly one of the many he wrote us that doesn't convey both his everlasting

sense of humor and his appreciation of the deeper side of life. To us in the Frontier Nursing Service he was most generous, repeatedly, consistently, over the twenty-one years since he first learned about our work at a small drawing room meeting in Pittsburgh. During all of that time we never once wrote him a letter asking him for money. He was a person who anticipated the need for support of a charity like ours and gave it freely and spontaneously from time to time as he could.

Until late in 1943 Mr. Clapp and his wife were inseparable companions. We could not but think of them as one person. Then we received his telegram that she had died on November 19, 1943. It was the poet Swinburne who wrote, "Shall not the old grief follow after?" The old grief does follow after, as those of us know who are acquainted with grief, all of one's remaining years in this transitory world. There never will be an end to it until the old relationship is taken up again in the "Land o' the Leal." Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Clapp's two daughters who will mourn the loss of a companionship so charming; but for him we know that "all the trumpets sounded on the other side."



MISS ULLA WEGELIUS
Finnish Nurse-Midwife
Taken on a visit with F.N.S.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A PATIENT IN HYDEN HOSPITAL

by

MARIE MORGAN BUNCH

Located in the mountainous part of eastern Kentucky above the little town of Hyden, on the side of a huge mountain, is the hospital where I had my experience as a patient. The scenery around the hospital is very beautiful. You get a birdseye view of the little town, and there's beautiful shrubbery, and large trees surrounding the hospital. Of a morning, I was awakened by the twitter of different varieties of birds flitting from tree to tree, singing their melodious songs of spring.

I, Mrs. Hansford Bunch from the Beech Fork Center of the Frontier Nursing Service, came rushing in to the hospital for delivery. I was greeted by quite a few of the nurses and also the doctor. I highly appreciate the existence of the Frontier Nursing Service as I was treated so kindly by the nurses and doctor. I was shown my bed, and while I was in labor a nurse came and sat by my bedside to care for me.

I had the opportunity of meeting nurses from different states and also England. They will long remain in my memory, as they were such a blessing to me. They had such pleasing personalities, and rendered so much service to me that they became very dear to me. I congratulate the doctor for his service he rendered while I was in the hospital.

The Frontier Nursing Service has been such a blessing to the people of different counties of Kentucky. Had it not been for the Frontier Nursing Service, I would probably have been sleeping in our family cemetery today. As seriously ill as I was I enjoyed the time I spent in the hospital. I extend my thanks to the nurses and doctor of the Hyden Hospital for their cheerful service and for helping me to recover.

I could not have a natural birth, and a surgical doctor was gotten quickly from Hazard, Kentucky, a mining town 30 miles away. He performed an operation and the baby was taken from my side. The first thing I knew when I opened my eyes the next morning a nurse was sitting by my bed to see that all went well

with me. I began calling for water, and she cheerfully gave it to me as many times as I called, which were almost beyond enumerating.

I was given the best of attention from time to time. They fed me through my veins, gave me a blood transfusion, gave me shots, and different medicines in order to help me to recover.

MESSAGE FROM A GREEK FRIEND

THE QUEEN'S FUND

for the Relief of the Northern Provinces of Greece
Leoforos E. Venizelos 40—Athens, Greece

The 15,000 children saved from abduction and sheltered in the Queen's fund Colonies send you their warmest greetings for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yiannina, Northern Epirus
2 F. 12, 48

My dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

Often do I think of you since returning to Greece. I miss you more than I can tell. My hope is that sometimes someday we may meet again soon.

This is a little greetings to all from our Queen's Fund Colonies, where I have been spending all my time and energies to try and give a little hope and cheer to the unfortunate ones from our devastated Northern Greece.

Much love to all,

ELENI ANGELOPOULOU

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Lucy Conant in New Haven, Connecticut

—March 1, 1949

I was so sorry to hear of Bucket's death. Miss Johansen told me when she heard about it. I worked in the Woman's Clinic under her for two weeks as part of our obstetrical experience. I am just about through obstetrics now and next leave for Providence, Rhode Island, for two months of psychiatric experience. Obstetrics was very interesting and I liked it very much. The two weeks on the delivery service was hectic and lots of fun and I got in on thirteen deliveries. I still like nursing as much as ever and am glad that I came to Yale.

From Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (Catherine Mellick) in

Boyce, Virginia—March 7, 1949

I am so terribly shocked to hear of Buck's death. I know how very ill she had been, but it still must be a great shock for you and such a loss to us all. Buck was such a fine and wonderful person, and did so much for so many during her lifetime. She will never, never be forgotten; but we all will miss her so much. It seems strange even to think of the mountains and not have her there.

From Margaret Gay ("Pog") as Vassar College

—March 20, 1949

You'd be surprised the number of times I sit down and describe thoroughly all the details of the F.N.S., complete with special stories or happenings of my six weeks.

Here I am—midway through my junior year, and amazed that it is so quickly gone. Last summer I was a student assistant with a group of foreign students learning English before college, —forty-eight of them, men and women, 17 years to 37 years, twenty-three different countries! We lived in a dormitory at Wellesley College, lake and tennis courts nearby. The session only lasted six weeks so I spent the rest of the summer vaca-

tioning. This summer I'm trying by hook or by crook to get to Europe. I've applied for all manner of student projects, scholarships, travel groups. Right now I'm impatiently waiting to hear results.

From Diana Morgan in Montevideo, Uruguay

—March 22, 1949

I was very sorry to learn of Bucket's death. Her loss is great both personally to all who knew her, and to the Service.

No doubt you are wondering what on God's green earth I'm doing in South America. Well, it all boils down to this: My brother has been sent here as manager of the Squibb branch for three years, Papa had a sabbatical leave due him, and a new grandchild was expected here so we decided it would be a good time to take whatever ship we could get and amble down for the Blessed Event. All passage on American Lines was sold out 'til 1950, and the only thing we were able to book was on a British ship going down the West Coast and not stopping at any U. S. ports. We got her, the "Reina Del Pacifico," in Havana and had a lovely 21-day trip down. We called at Kingston, Jamaica—a beautiful island except for the smell; Cartagena, Columbia; the Panama Canal, which was most interesting—going through the locks, three going up at one end, then a 50-mile or so long lane, and three more going down at the other end; and Lima, Peru, the most picturesque town I've seen in South America—full of old Spanish houses with carved wooden balconies and magnificent studded doors, flower-lined streets both wide and narrow, and lovely desert country with the marvelous sunsets that go with it. We also called at a few insignificant little towns along the Peruvian and Chilean coast to pick up Bolivian tin and copper and loads of guano, and finally Valparaiso which is the port for Santiago, the capital of Chile. We left the "Reina" there and went up into the mountains through the Chilean Lake District that is supposed to be like Switzerland. Unfortunately it rained, but what little I could see of the snow-capped peaks through the clouds looked as if it would live up to its name. There followed a grim two-day train ride across the Argentine pampas which, instead of being the rolling grasslands covered with cattle and horses that I expected, was

nothing but flat sand and sagebrush with nobody about save a few assorted ostriches! I had three baths and a shampoo when we finally pulled into Buenos Aires to get out the carload of dust that had accumulated during the trip over the pampas. We stayed in Buenos Aires five days and enjoyed ourselves greatly. It's a beautiful city, abounding in lovely parks and handsome houses. Mama thought it was like Paris used to be before the First World War. Montevideo is a bright and happy place and all the people are kindness itself and go out of their way to help you.

We arrived here Sunday and my new niece appeared Tuesday morning, March 1st! We stay here until April 2nd when we take the night boat back to Buenos Aires, board the "Argentina" and sail home, via Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro and Trinidad.

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From Susie Hays in San Francisco, California

—March 26, 1949

As you can see I am in San Francisco. Another girl and I drove out here via New Orleans, San Antonio, Tucson, and Los Angeles. Had a marvelous trip despite the weather. San Francisco is a wonderful city, and I might add that it is the only city that doesn't give me claustrophobia. Perhaps that is due to its hills, low buildings, and beautiful views. I plan to leave San Francisco around the end of April to go home. I love California, but there are certain ties at home that cannot be broken.

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From Alison Bray in Adel, near Leeds, England

—March 27, 1949

It is hard to believe that it's almost exactly a year since I left home to visit you. The time has gone very quickly although in other ways it seems ages since I was in Kentucky. I hope that the next year will go quickly too. I can hardly wait to get back to "them thar hills."

I gave a talk about the F.N.S. last Thursday to the Women's Institute at Scarcroft—a village near here where some cousins of mine live. The women were so nice and seemed very interested. They wanted to give me a fee afterwards which of course

I refused, but then they said they would like to send some contribution to you. As they can't send money at present they will try to send some baby things—diapers if possible. Now clothes rationing has ended it is possible to buy things more easily—so I hope they will be able to send something. It's maddening that we can't send money.

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**From Mrs. Philip Cutler (Rose Gardner) in Brookline,
Massachusetts—March 28, 1949**

I felt terribly to hear about Bucket's death, as did all who knew her. She was certainly an exceptional person and will be sorely missed.

I am enclosing Rose Grosvenor's reference blank, and I envy her the good fortune of being able to be down there.

I just got through nurse's training at the Children's Hospital last September. I still think of you all often, and enjoy immensely the Bulletins and getting news of you.

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**From Mrs. R. A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin) in Swampscott,
Massachusetts—March 28, 1949**

The account of "The Bucket's" life and departure from this earth has left me at a loss for words. It was so beautifully compiled, that even though I only knew her slightly, the account made me realize what a truly fine person I had the privilege of coming in contact with.

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**From Mrs. John Martin Eddison (Becky Crane) in
Woodbury, Connecticut—April 17, 1949**

I can't tell you how deeply I was affected by reading the last winter Bulletin. I mean, of course, the account of Bucket's last illness and her great courage. She certainly set an example for us all to follow. It was a long time before I was able to read the entire account because of the tears in my eyes. Mrs. Breckinridge wrote it, did she not? She always tells one all the things one wants to know. I feel a better person for having read these pages recounting Bucket's life and death. This is one Bulletin I will never mislay. You all must feel a very deep sense of loss with the going of so fine a spirit.

From Edith Hall (Edie) in Cambridge, Massachusetts

—April 21, 1949

I was terribly sad to hear about Bucket's death. It was such a real treat to have met and known her back in 1943. And how I long to come down again sometime.

Have been busy training dogs obedience and working for the American Dog Training Association. We have every variety of dogs from large to small, but the most difficult problem of all is to train the handlers to train their dogs. My own four collies have taken a bit of time, showing them in obedience trials at dog shows and giving an occasional exhibition with all four of them. It's loads of fun, though, and quite a growing business amongst dog owners in these parts.

**From Mrs. William R. MacAusland, Jr. (Franny Baker),
in Rochester, New York—May 5, 1949**

Bill (*III*) really is a little boy now. He's over a year, and a devil already. Big Bill has a three-year appointment in orthopedics at Columbia in New York City starting July 1st. He's had it for over a year now and is getting very anxious to get down there and get started. We've got a spacious apartment in Peter Cooper Village which we're looking forward to no end.

Was just sunk to hear the news of Bucket. What a person she was and was a loss she must be to you all.

Fifi (Phyllis Long Howe) and Channing are moving to Corning, 80 miles from us here, come July 1st. Could shoot them for coming just as we leave!

**From Mrs. J. Harleston Parker (Suzannah Ayer) in
North Andover, Massachusetts—May 6, 1949**

I forgot to get you up to date. I still have two children—a boy of six who will be useless as far as you're concerned, and a girl four who already looks as if she might be promising courier material.

My husband is still working at his music and hopes to emerge an organist by next spring. And I am just a simple housewife who dabbles in water colors during any free moments I can grab.

From Mrs. George M. Watts (Weezie Taylor) in**New York City—May 10, 1949**

These have been rather busy years for me. I have been in New York since 1942 working in various jobs. The first was with Gibbs & Cox (naval architects). After the war, I was with W. T. Grant Co. in their construction and planning department; and this job was followed by another at Furno & Harrison, architects. At a dancing class one evening, I met George and then my career plans changed for the better! He is a *Dear* and so much fun. We had a tiny wedding in Hartford with just family and no friends. We live now in a nice apartment in a building owned by George and he rents out the rest of the floors. We also have a prize winner of a little house at Sands Point, Long Island, which was built by George's mother about 1910. She was a writer by the name of Ethel Watts Mumford. Every week-end we whiz there spring and autumn, but George rents it during the summer months. Instead of holding down a regular job now I am trying to start up a free-lance business in furniture design. In other words, I entice factories into buying my irresistible designs both in modern and period styles. I am having some luck, too.

Every now and then I see Mary Littauer and Betsy (Parsons). They both came over to see my Sands Point house last fall and stayed for a picnic lunch while my kitchen was being done over. They seemed to like the place in spite of the fog and pouring rain. Wish we three could journey back for a visit to see you and other good friends at Wendover and Hyden.

I read in the Bulletin about the sad loss of Bucket who certainly was a wonderful woman and most brave in the face of her illness. You must all miss her very much.

From Fanny McIlvain in Downingtown, Pennsylvania**—May 11, 1949**

I hope that I can come down for awhile later in the summer. I have a horse show, dog show and a pet show three different week-ends in June for which I am obliged to work and there is a great deal of preliminary work beforehand. I have been showing one of my dogs quite a lot this spring. She is doing very well and has several points toward her championship. I

am showing one of the puppies for the first time this coming Sunday, and it will be interesting to see how she behaves and shows up beside other puppies.

From Vera Potter in Boston, Massachusetts—May 12, 1949

I am quite excited at this point because my cousin and I are going to England and France this summer. We have to fly over since it is impossible to get steamship passages but I am coming back by boat which I like much better. When over there we plan to get bicycles and tour the countryside, not missing a thing. We are going up to Scotland and over to Wales and I shall try to get my cousin enthused over Ireland. While we are there we might as well see everything. I think I shall probably ditch the bicycle and take to horse or my feet. I never could see running your legs just to give your seat a ride. It's going to be a lot of fun.

Liz Johnson came down for several days last week and visited. She is tired but fine otherwise and it was so wonderful to see her. Edo (Welch) is fine too, or so I have heard. She and Bob are taking off for a tour out to California this summer.

Eleanor Lloyd (Nella) who is in nurse's training at the Children's Hospital in Boston was capped on March 18th, and celebrated by flying home to New York for her sister's wedding. Nella has a vacation this fall. We hope she will spend part of it in Kentucky.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Barbara Neville Miller of Washington, D. C., formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, to Mr. Charles Carroll Morgan, Jr., of Chevy Chase, Maryland. Bobbie introduced her fiance to her grandmother, Mrs. Shackelford Miller, and Louisville friends during the week of the Derby. The wedding will take place on June 15th.

Miss Sylvia Bowditch of San Francisco, California, formerly of Boston, to Mr. Samuel Newson. Sylvia's mother writes:

"Isn't it delightful about Sylvia? We all like Samuel Newson so much, but it definitely keeps her in California as they

will live in Mill Valley. At least she is coming to Chocorua to be married."

Miss Nancy Rockefeller of Greenwich, Connecticut, to Mr. Barclay McFadden, Jr., of Rosemont, Pennsylvania. Nancy has been on the editorial staff of *Harper's Bazaar* the past winter. Mr. McFadden served during the war with the 11th Airborne Division. He is now with George H. McFadden Bros., Memphis, Tennessee.

We wish for these young people a full measure of deepest happiness.

A WEDDING

A wedding of immense interest to us was that of Miss Margaret Burt McDowell and Mr. Baylor Van Meter, Jr., both of Lexington, Kentucky, on April 23, 1949, at Alleghan Hall, the charming home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Charles W. Burt. Mrs. Breckinridge, en route to Washington, stopped over in Lexington for the wedding and tells us that there never has been a lovelier bride than Bobbie. The young couple left immediately after the reception for Kermit, Texas, where Mr. Van Meter is employed by a national oil company.

Bobbie was with us in the early spring of 1947, at a time when we were acutely short of staff in all departments. She was equally adept as a courier, a nurse's aide and as a secretary. We shall never forget her cheerful willingness to be of use wherever most needed, and her unflinching sense of humor. We congratulate Mr. Van Meter on having won such a charming and versatile wife.

A BABY

On Easter Sunday, Christ Church chimes (Glendale, Ohio) played nursery tunes in welcome to Margaret Johnston Weaver, infant daughter of the Very Reverend and Mrs. John J. Weaver (Jean Sawyer) who was born April 9, 1949, in Detroit. This little future courier has been endowed with an heritage that predestines her to a full life of usefulness. We congratulate her parents, and wish for her all the good things that life can hold.

A GIFT TO REMEMBER

by

HILDA SOBRAL, R.N., C.M.

Although Christmas is a joyous time and gifts are many, my nicest gift of the year occurred in May during the aftermath of Dr. Urton's Tonsil Clinic. Needless to say the night duty nurse has many and varied experiences and mine at that time gave me the utmost pleasure—or a gift to remember. Our patients were post-tonsillectomies who had remained in the Hospital because transportation to their homes was unavailable for a day or two. My gift was given to me by such a patient. Louise was a thirteen-year-old girl whose only means of travel home was by mule; and her father could not bring the mule to Hyden for two days after the other discharges.

After the excitement of the Tonsil Clinic the night was lonely. I was having mid-shift tea at 3:00 A.M. From the end of the corridor the sound of soft footsteps resounded in the quiet night. There was Louise in her robe and slippers, smiling shyly. In response to my inquiry, she said that sleep had vanished and she wondered what to do. Eagerly I asked if she would like a glass of milk or a cup of tea. Tea appealed to her—so tea she had.

Our conversation, though not extensive, included her school, teachers, history, and her hobbies. She seemed to lose some of her reserve and we both enjoyed our chat. Then forlornness crept into her voice. Sensing that this was due to the circumstances of her holdover in the Hospital, I hastily suggested that a bath would refresh her. As it was early, and hot water plentiful, I decided to have her take a tub bath. I assembled the necessary articles and then decided to add something of interest. I rushed to my room in the Annex and brought back some bubble bath powder.

With the tub and bubbles in readiness, I invited Louise to take her bath. At first she seemed elated and then frightened. My apprehension arose. Finally, I suggested she climb into the tub, and helped her to do so. Her indecision was so evident that I inquired about previous tub baths. There were no previous tub baths—this was her very first. I gave instructions

and then left with some mental turmoil. I recalled occasional tub accidents. To allay my apprehension, I peeked into the bathroom. It was then I received my gift.

There, in the middle of the tub, sat Louise enfolding the bubbles and swishing them over her with a splash and a little paddle—the joy on her face such as only a child can exude. It was the most thrilling sight I had ever experienced. My tears were evidence of this joyful experience. I shall always be grateful to this little girl for the happy moment she gave to me.

WE MAY THINK OF HISTORY

. . . We may think of history as an extension of our personal experience, a relationship with a wider range of human beings, a bond between us and all the generations that lived before us. . . . There may be some justice in the claim that history is a “science,” but if so it is a science dominated by the fact that its particular kind of truth can only be attained by imaginative self-giving in human sympathy.

—*The Christian News-Letter*
London, March, 1949
By H. Butterfield

SAYINGS OF COUNTRY PEOPLE

Old woman: “My mind was all scattered but I have gathered it up.”

Childless widow: “I am like a lone chimney with the house all burned away from it.”

Young man after the Law put a hand on his shoulder: “I knowed the hawk had lit.”

AFRICAN NOTES

by

JESSICA L. MINNS, R.N., C.M.

This was written by Miss Minns while she was a student at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. She is now on her way back to Africa.

I am a missionary nurse in the Koumra Subdivision of the Tchad Province of French Equatorial Africa among the "Sara Majin Ngai" tribe, one of the most primitive tribes in Northern Central Africa today, I have had not only the blessed privilege of teaching the gospel, but also the tremendous responsibility of rendering a nursing service for which I was not adequately prepared as an R.N. This was especially so in the obstetrical line.

The "Sara" woman in travail is cared for by the oldest woman of her village regardless of her experience or wisdom. By counting the number of full moons since she became pregnant and the size and position of the baby in utero she has some idea when to expect her baby. However, the date of expected confinement is of no particular importance as she makes no preparations. The 'delivery room' is the ground under an Ebolova tree at one side of the dirt hut. If there isn't a tree near at hand, they go out to the edge of the village. The mother must sit on a stone or brick, even though hours in labor, so that the baby will not drown in the amniotic fluid. If the delivery is of long duration it is a sign that the ground is not good and the expectant mother is moved to another patch. Following the birth of the baby and placenta the umbilical cord is cut with the sharp edge of a Kaffir corn stalk about four inches from the navel and the end packed with dirt to prevent hemorrhage. The baby's first bath is muddy colored water baled from the nearby well and sort of dashed over the body and then dried off with the hands. The new unclad black bundle of humanity is then held close to the mother's body as she sits on her pole bed close to the fire on the floor in the center of the hut. The "Mademoiselle Doctoro"—the nurse—was not usually called unless there were complications such as: a prolonged labor, a brow presentation, prolapsed cord, or twins. At

such times she would frantically search the nursing obstetric books and most often find this suggestion, "Call the doctor immediately." This is indeed not very gratifying when the nearest medical man is one hundred miles distant, no telegraph service except from 8 to 10 in the morning. It takes a native porter three days to take a message to the military doctor at the Government Post.

Hence on the field after one of the brow-wrinkling experiences I determined that, God willing, ere another term in Africa I would study midwifery. One evening I picked up a secular magazine and my eye was attracted by the title "Obstetrical nurses." Here was an account of some of the activities at the Lobenstine Clinic in New York City and also of the work of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was the answer to my heart's desire. Hence a few weeks after my arrival in the States last December, I made application to, and was accepted by, the F.N.S. I am indeed grateful for the privilege of studying here and also for the generous scholarship which the Service has given me.

Words are such frail vehicles when it comes to describing the excellency of this course. In the classes with Dr. Barney and Miss Gilbert we are taught the normal, the abnormal, and how to cope with both, even when we can't "Call the doctor immediately." Then we have such wonderful practical experience in the prenatal clinics, the actual deliveries, and the post-partum routine care. Such knowledge and experience is really a "must" for all missionary nurses.

God willing, next June we hope to start an "African F.N.S." on a smaller scale. We will have a new maternity building composed of a delivery room, a service room, and three ward rooms for our native mothers. We also plan to train three native nurse-midwives, establish prenatal clinics, and classes in hygiene along with our regular dispensary work.

We trust that under God's guidance, because of the training received here at the Frontier Nursing Service, that in a short time our African mothers can be brought the blessings of a carefully supervised prenatal period, a safe and sanitary delivery of their little pickaninnies, and taught how to protect their

babies from the ravaging tropical diseases which claim the lives of so many.

God's richest blessing upon the trustees, the directors, and supervisors of F.N.S. for their vision of the need, their sacrifice in meeting this need, and untiring efforts in fulfilling their goal.



BRECKINRIDGE ELLIS

Age: Six Months

Son of Lieutenant and Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis
(Courier, Pamela Dunn)

JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

Mother: "Why are you making faces at that bulldog?"

Small Child: "He started it."

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It was the first time in church for the three-year-old. He was surprisingly patient through the sermon. He toyed with a hymn book, looked around the church with interest, but made no trouble.

Then the minister gave the benediction. The congregation bowed its head. The child looked at his mother in prayer—head down, eyes closed—and ordered in the clarion voice that only one of his age can muster: "Mommy—wake up!"

"I KNOW A BANK . . ."

by

HELEN E. BROWNE, R.N., S.C.M.

Early in the spring Dr. Woodyard and Betty Lester were accompanying two guests from the mouth of Muncie up to Wendover. The river was up so they had to walk by way of the swinging bridge. Any one of you who has walked this way in the spring knows what a wealth of wild flowers grows on the bank alongside the path as it winds around the hill to the bridge. On this occasion the guests were enquiring the names of various flowers, and one lady asked Betty the name of a certain white flower on the bank. "Oh," said Betty, "that's an anemone." The next minute, to her embarrassment, Betty heard Dr. Woodyard tell the other guest that the very same flower was a bloodroot. Later that evening a few of us were gathered in Betty's room, and she told us of the incident and said she really must do something about learning the names of the wild flowers before she displayed her ignorance to many more people. Someone suggested a botany class, and the idea was received with enthusiasm by a number of Wendoverites.

Jean and I were designated to bring specimens to the first class. We collected them from the roadside on the way back from a trip to The Clearing. Jean spied one pretty little white flower way up a rocky cliff and almost fell on her nose picking it! We put the specimens in water until class time which had been set for 7:00 p.m. in the living room of the Big House. There was a good attendance and everyone was very enthusiastic. Some of us knew practically nothing about wild flowers—others had a little knowledge. Miss Ulla Wegelius, a visitor from Finland, knew more than the rest of us put together. She knew the flowers by their correct Latin names, which apparently is the custom in her country. It is a good one too, as the Latin or family name can include so many flowers whereas we tend to think of them much more as individual flowers.

Our first collection consisted of an anemone, blood-root, golden ragwort, rock cress (Jean's pride and joy), and a cinquefoil. The Upper Shelf produced the next specimens. They found theirs on the wooded hillside around their house and brought

a wild geranium, Iceland poppy or celandine, spring beauty, wild delphinium, and a fire pink. At this second class we had a review of our first class and members were delighted that they remembered the names of the flowers and could describe them. This proved that it is worth the time spent in finding each specimen in one of the books from our excellent nature library, and having someone read aloud the description of each flower and its habitat. The Cabin was responsible for the third collection and Lucile Hodges arrived with a wild iris, chickweed, Sweet William, a forget-me-not and a Philadelphia fleabane.

We are all grateful to Mary Quarles who has taken on the task of pressing the flowers and mounting them in a book. There is such an enormous variety of wild flowers around Wendover, we can never hope to learn them all in one year, but we are all improving our knowledge in a very pleasant way.

The latest excitement is a showy orchis in bloom on the hillside by the river which Betty very proudly pointed out to guests she was bringing into Wendover last week. This showy orchis is too rare to pick for a nature study class, but the members of the class have gone to see it.

FROM A TRUSTEE, MARCH 16, 1949

I have spent a large part of the day with the F.N.S. as the Bulletin came as I was leaving the house for a half day in the city. I read going and coming and now it is late, but I must pause and tell you what a perfect day it has been spending so much time with these old friends, learning of their early lives (especially Buck's) and of their present lives in far away places, carrying all their training and character development to far away places thus spreading the influence of the F.N.S. How little any of us realized that this tucked-away work would reach and be written into the history of the world! The letters from China were especially interesting to me. Olen Whetstone has expressed it in a sentence. "The struggle in the world today is a spiritual struggle," etc. The tribute to Buck was most beautiful, indeed, perfect—and I shall keep this copy of the Bulletin near me as I have gained so much from it.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONIES

by

RUTH E. ALEXANDER, R.N., S.C.M., B.A.

Bertha, Odette, and I were peacefully listening to the Sunday afternoon symphony when we heard a knock at the clinic door. Bessie's husband greeted us with:

"My wife's bad off; will you come right away?"

Odette and I dressed hurriedly and started off in the jeep for Saltwell. Our minds were full with many questions and our hearts full of apprehension since we had not yet examined Bessie during this pregnancy. We had urged her to register, but she had neglected to do so.

We arrived at Bessie's, at the mouth of Saltwell, to find her alone. As we entered she greeted us with,

"You better hurry, I'm punishin' turrible."

We questioned Bessie to get a brief history to know when labor had begun. Odette was preparing the set-up for examination and delivery. She gave the patient sedation but this baby was determined to arrive, and quite soon. We had hoped sedation would stop her labor because Bessie was only approximately six months along. She began having such hard pains, and her abdomen was so tense, that we were unable to make out the position of the baby.

A half hour after our arrival, Odette delivered a complete breech. After clearing air passages of mucus, and wrapping the tiny baby securely, I handed her to a relative to be held near the warm stove.

Odette and I exchanged glances of complete surprise, for—upon observation and palpation of the patient's abdomen—we learned there was another baby to follow. Bessie's pains ceased for one hour. The relaxation of the patient gave us sufficient time to determine the position of the second baby—a transverse lie. This cessation of pains gave Bessie a well earned rest. We were able to turn successfully the baby in order for it to be delivered. With a couple of hard contractions, Bessie pushed and delivered, with Odette's assistance, another breech—a very tiny male infant. The boy, weighing only one pound, was not

capable of sustaining life. The small girl had only lived for five minutes. She weighed one pound and four ounces.

Bessie agreed that she would not again wait so long before registering with the nurses. Her answer was,

"If I had known there were two babies, I would have registered up early."

Odette and I were discussing the delivery as we returned to Beech Fork. We knew we would surprise Bertha with our eventful afternoon. When we arrived, there lay a note on the kitchen table telling us that Bertha was not home. She had taken the horse, Bobbin, and gone up Bad Creek on another emergency call. She returned home in about an hour to inform us that her patient had had a miscarriage.

We are glad that all of our Sundays do not contain "unfinished symphonies."

ODDMENTS

Red roofs do not occur in mountain districts anywhere in Britain.

—"Colour in the Countryside"
by Thomas Sharp, *The Countryman*, England

. . . Everywhere there was a human stream flowing from the country into the cities, and some mountain populations seemed born to supply the current.

—Written of 15th Century Italy
Quoted by Sir William Beach Thomas in *A Countryman's Creed*

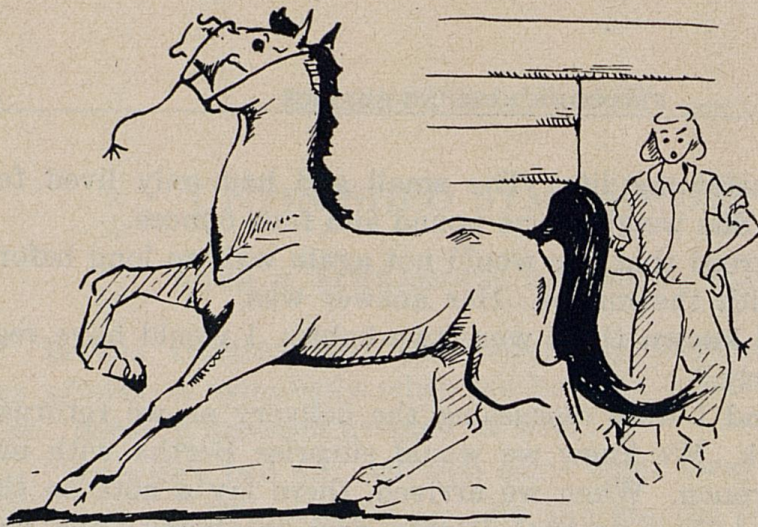
"Change," thought Michael, "there's nothing but change. It's the one constant. Well! who wouldn't have a river rather than a pond!"

—*Swan Song* by John Galsworthy

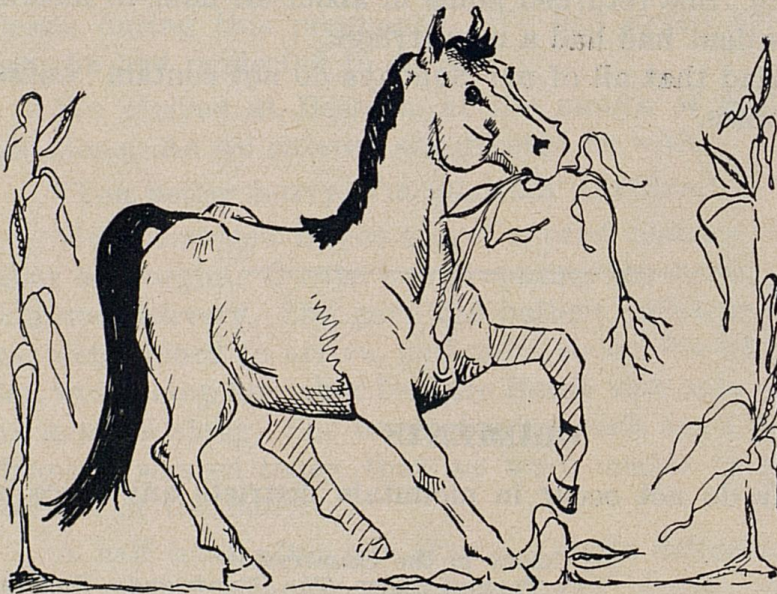
If he had a hobby-horse it was **that**. He loved a garden.

—General Tilney in *Northanger Abbey* by Jane Austen

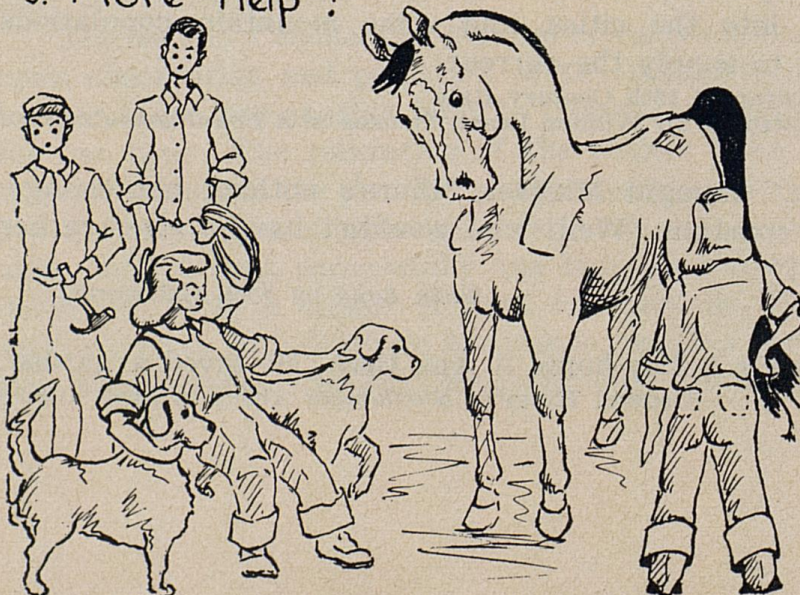
1. Ranger got away!



3. Ate some corn -



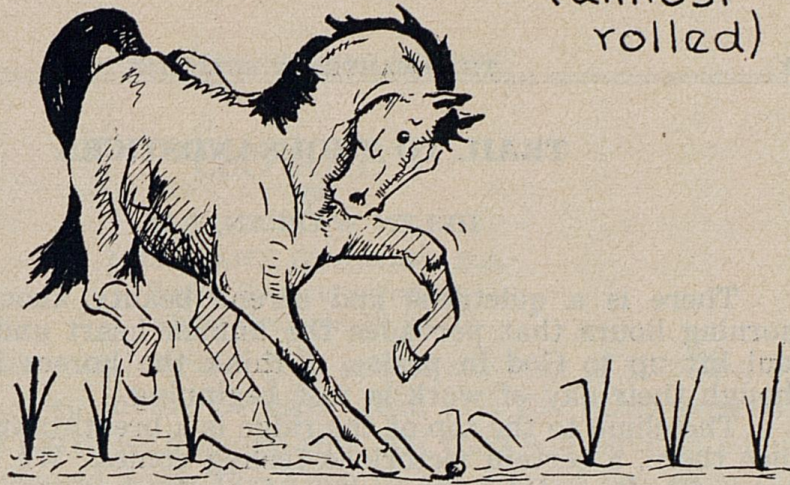
5. More "help"!



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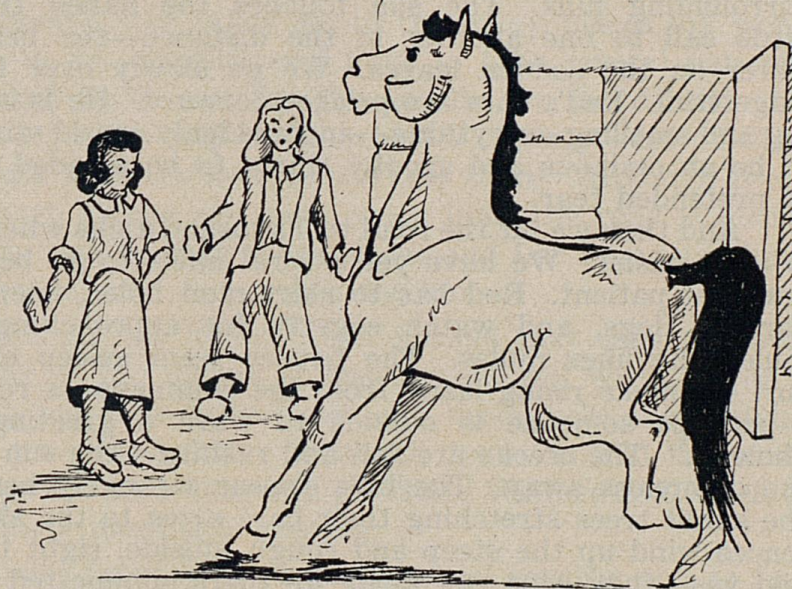
2. Played in the onions

(almost rolled)

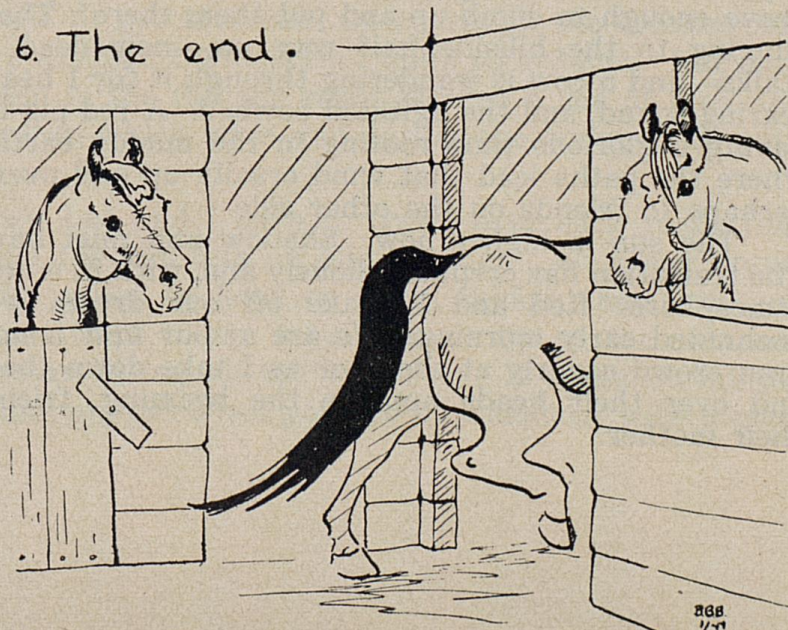


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4. Help arrives to "trap" Ranger



6. The end.



TRAIL TO THOUSANDSTICKS

by

HELEN WARREN, R.N.

There is a quietness and serene beauty about the early morning hours that pervades the human heart and makes the soul lift up to God in praise. I think the horses like it, even though their day of work is just beginning.

The climb to the top of the ridge is a breathtaking one—but once there, a certain victorious feeling comes. We are off—my horse (Red) and I—for a day of planned visits, though one never knows what lies ahead. Below, Hyden is covered by a white mist, which is just now beginning to trail slowly up the surrounding hills. The sun touches the naked trees—a few birds call to one another in the distance—the branches drip water on the sodden leaves. We go slowly over the winding ridge trail. Red's ears are pricked forward. He is seeing, hearing and smelling everything—and suddenly an old stump appears to be an ominous and spooky thing, to be avoided with snorts of pretended fear.

And then we hit the road to Thousandsticks where the going is a bit easier. We have yet several miles to go before we see our first patient. Red has to skirt mud holes, keep an eye on barking dogs, and watch eagerly for approaching horses or mules—he likes mules. The houses seem asleep except for a curl of smoke rising lazily from the chimneys—a rooster crows—perhaps someone is outside to wave a greeting or call a "howdy." The creeks are full and rushing—the sun is warming the dampness away. The hills appear strangely beautiful with the sunlit trees stretching their bare arms to the sky. Wooden fences wind up the steep and rough hillside, right to the top—and yes—they even run along up there silhouetted against the sky. A feat of courage and determination for those who were brave enough to climb up and put them there! The cornfield is clinging to the hillside half way up,—now dead and lifeless stalks—and a cow is wandering through it for I hear a rustling, tearing sound, and the agitated cowbell. A red pig is there, too, having a glorious time rooting in the muddy earth. I wonder where the paths lead that wind crazily up and over the hills—perhaps to friends on the other side.

The sun is higher now. Shadow and mist have vanished. The transition has crept insidiously and, with it, a new awakened atmosphere. Red and I shake off our dream world of the enchanted early morning. We are at our first home. The children crowd eagerly at the door as I take down the saddlebags, and over their heads appears the beaming, friendly face of their mother.

LEO AND I

by

MARY ANN QUARLES, B.A.
Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Leo is the social service jeep and to my way of thinking by far the best jeep in the Service. Jean and the other couriers don't always agree with me on this, but they will have to admit that Leo is pushed down Pig Alley to get started less than the other jeeps.

Since I am the social service secretary, Leo and I are constant companions. Leo takes me to the many places my work requires me to go. Sometimes I have to take several patients over to Hazard to be seen by the oculist or the dentist and occasionally I have a trip to Manchester, county seat of Clay County, to talk with the welfare workers there. Although there are many sharp curves and some steep hills, the road is black-topped all the way to both these places and Leo hums all along the way for it is such easy going for him.

Unfortunately the going is not always that easy for Leo. For often one of the nurses at the centers will write me of a family which has been burned out and needs help desperately, or a family where the father is unable to work, and therefore there is no income until they can get State Welfare Aid which is sometimes many months in coming.

All of these families are seen by social service, and as few of them live right on the highway, it means an arduous pull over dirt roads to get to them. Of course in the summertime the roads are dry and the pull isn't quite so arduous. But once the rains begin in the fall the roads become a sea of mud and ruts. The creeks which were dry during the summer fill with water.

It is when Leo and I have to travel over such roads that my admiration for him hits an all-time high. We never travel more than five miles an hour on them, seldom that fast, and often my heart leaps to my mouth as we tip on the ruts and I am sure we are going all the way over. It is somewhat the same sensation you get when you are in a sailboat with a good

stiff breeze that makes the boat heel over until you can see the keel. Your natural impulse is to lean towards the high side. They tell me that in a jeep, however, you should lean with it. I have tried both ways and must say it is much more comfortable to lean with it.

After one of these days that we spend pulling up one side of a mountain, slipping down the other, and then traveling for a while in a swift stream bed, I feel that Leo can certainly qualify for an amphibian. He is as much at home in the water as he is out. Often when we are crossing a creek the water will pour into the floor of Leo and passengers get their feet good and wet. But unless there is a great deal of rain and the creeks really go into tide, Leo gets through them.

I think that my most memorable trip in Leo so far was one to the Red Bird Hospital in Beverly. It is only a distance of about twenty-five miles, but it took us three hours to get there, the last six miles taking up an hour and a half of that. If we had gone a day earlier, it would have been a fairly easy trip, but the day we chose to go was the first day that it rained hard all day since I had been down here.

A short part of the way we were on the highway. Then we turned off on to a dirt road covered with gravel. The gravel keeps the road from being slippery when it is wet, so traveling over that wasn't so bad. However, the last six miles of road were new. There was no gravel on it and after a summer of baking in the sun it was hard. But there was just enough rain to make a slippery coating of mud on top. The road was very narrow—just wide enough for one vehicle. Also it went over a mountain so that it twisted and turned all the way up and down it.

I have no talent at all for judging distances, so I don't know how deep the drop was over the side of the mountain. I can safely say though that it was a good distance to the bottom, and as Leo's talents don't include flying, I had no desire to take off in the air with him. We crawled those six miles and Leo behaved beautifully.

I was certainly thankful that I had company on that trip. Cookie and Jo went with me and sang and played the harmonica the whole way. They never showed any signs of fear as we went

along, but I don't know which of us showed the greatest relief when we finally hit the highway again.

I sometimes wonder what my work would be like without Leo. However, I find it impossible to imagine because we are such good friends—Leo and I!

A KENTUCKY COUNTRY COAL MINE

by
MADELINE F. COOK, R.N.

I'd never been in a coal mine, consequently when I found out that there was one just around the bend from the hospital, I decided that I would like to see just how that valuable and welcome fuel is removed from the earth. One Friday afternoon just after lunch, two other nurses, Coxy and Helen, and I set out to visit the mine—hoping that we would be allowed to go through it. Our wish was soon fulfilled as the foreman offered to take us through. In a matter of minutes a well trained mule came plodding out of the mine, pulling a cart loaded with big chunks of coal. After this load had been dumped down the chute, we were instructed to hop in the cart. Fortunately we had worn old clothes. We were happy to be riding rather than walking because the height of the tunnel is only about 9½ feet, just high enough for the mules. We were taken through several tunnels until, at last, about a thousand feet from the entrance we arrived at a spot where the miners were loosening the coal from the walls with pickaxes. All the work is done by hand with the exception of the cavities, six feet in depth, under the veins of coal, made by a huge electric drill. Another helper in the loosening of coal is dynamite. They just bore a hole in the wall with a hand drill, put in the dynamite, light it, and run. They use only enough dynamite to crack the veins, thus making the chopping of the coal a bit easier. As each cart is loaded, it is pulled out to the exit to be emptied into the tippie leading to the bottom of the chute. All the men wear helmets with carbide lights which they blew out for a moment to show us how dark darkness can be. It sure was good to see daylight again and to be able to stand up straight and breathe good fresh air. When we returned to the hospital, we were greeted with: "Hurry upstairs and take off those dirty things!" It had been yet another valuable F.N.S. experience.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Marjorie Jackson (Jacko) in Gibraltar—January, 1949

I have come to yet another new place. I have delivered babies in many countries now—in Austria, Italy, England and Gibraltar, all since I was with you all in Kentucky. Now I have little half Spanish babies in the families here. The American fleet is due in here next week. It will be nice to hear the familiar voices again. Please remember me to all I know in the F.N.S.

April, 1949

Dear Bucket, she was very brave. I like to think of her as she was in 1938, plenty of vim and vigour and always cheery. I am leaving the Army, my people are getting older and I feel I should be at home where I can be near them.

From Doris Reid in Burt Lake, Michigan—February 8, 1949

As far as I am concerned God lost the pattern when He made Bucket. There was only one who was so understanding and sincere.

From Nancy Newcomb in Pontiac, Michigan—February 10, 1949

I have never met a woman with such an understanding of all types of people and the ways in which to help them.

From Odette Prunet in Bordeaux, France—February 20, 1949

It was so nice of you to let me know that quickly the news about Bucket. I was always so anxious to get news though I knew they never could be any better as far as health is concerned. But we are so happy to know she is at last at peace now, after all that she had to go through.

How pleased I was to see Jim (*Breckinridge*) in Paris two weeks ago where he is working at the Embassy. I go back next Thursday for a nurse's congress and if I can find some time free I will see Jim again and ask whether Judy has come or not.

Anyway they will come at my brother's wedding next March 12th in Paris. It will be fun to have them.

Everything is all right for me though as everybody else I caught the "flu" in January. It was terrific here in France and we were awfully busy in the hospital with all the patients.

Spring is coming here too and the weather is mild. No snow this winter. We are very busy now with the students having their exams soon. I like this work very much. We are having an American and an English nurse, too, and it is nice for me to have them. This reminds me of Kentucky.

. . . .

From Catherine Uhl Mervyn in Wrangell, Alaska

—February 25, 1949

Like other places we have had a real winter. Lacking four inches we have had 16 feet of snow since Thanksgiving. Along the trail to the road it is like a tunnel. The streams are frozen, so the deer come to the mouth of the creek to drink. Two were just here, and when returning to the woods, one buck stopped for about an hour, eating moss from the trees and nibbling the tops of the huckleberry bushes. He was only 50 feet from the window, and would certainly have made a good moving picture. It seems that we can see the leaf buds swell daily, but the leaves do not fully blossom forth until May. Soon you will be having Spring floods and arbutus.

. . . .

From Edith Mickle (Mickle Minor) in Birmingham, Alabama

February 27, 1949

Last week I heard from my sister about Buck and I want to tell you how deeply grieved I am for you all at Wendover, and especially for you to whom Buck was so very dear.

It is difficult to think of the F.N.S. without all of its loyal and devoted pioneers. We who were privileged to be members of it for a short time realized to the full why it is such a wonderful and inspiring institution.

. . . .

From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Kamas, Utah—March 5, 1949

What a blessed release for our Dear Bucket. You will miss the daily companionship with her that you have had so long.

I've read my copy of *Organdie and Mull* and feel that the nursing world has gained at the loss of the literary world.

I think my children are adorable but they are by no means perfect! The other evening Merrill came home from work and was teasing Emma Jean by tapping on the front door, which has a large glass panel. Not to be outdone she did her tapping with her little broom and broke the door! I cleaned up the mess while Merrill went for another glass. Just finished and looked down the back hall to see Billy pushing a twin tub electric washer down the hall! He is only 16 months old.

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From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Hampshire, England

—March 5, 1949

My thoughts have been with you so much during this sad time. I was glad to hear of Buck's release, but know how terribly you will miss her. Am glad you have Mac back with you.

Aggie sent me *Organdie and Mull* which I enjoyed very much. The people in it seem very real to me. I had two copies of it so have given one to Worcester and have lent mine to Mickle. I am enjoying my quiet life at the top of this old vicarage. For the first time in my life, it seems, I have time to sit down to read and think a little.

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From Clara-Louise Scheifer Johnson (Pete) in Nassau,

Bahamas—March 9, 1949

I've quite enjoyed my work in an office in town six mornings a week. It gives other interests and contacts, although very different from anything I've ever done before. Eric is agricultural manager for a British Corporation here. His job includes such things as landscaping building sites, supervising the farm of cows and pigs, several agricultural sites and especially a hydroponics project which he came out to do. I'm most intrigued, too, as it is quite experimental, this soilless culture of plants.

We have a maid who took care of Eric and his roommate (our best man) before we were married. As long as she is with us we continue to be on our honeymoon. We are sure she is the best cook on the island and are having fun with English,

apple and guava pie, etc.). She does everything for us—including arranging flowers (bougainvillea, hibiscus, croton leaves, etc.) that the gardener next door gives her!

From Bertha Bloomer in Naknek, Alaska—March 16, 1949

The Winter bulletin has just arrived, in only six days too, and in spite of a busy week at the end of six hectic months in Alaska, I'm going to take time out to write a long overdue letter to you in Kentucky. The Bulletin was a beautiful tribute to Bucket. As I read the "In Memoriam" I felt as if I were back at Wendover again with all of you. I know what a great privilege it was for me to work under Bucket during my wonderful years with the Frontier Nursing Service, and I am thankful for that privilege. Her kindness, her generosity and her understanding were blended in a combination as rare as a tree in Naknek—and we have no trees in Naknek. Thank you for all the details which mean so much to all of us to far from our "Kentucky home."

From Thelma Hood in Wooster, Ohio—March 21, 1949

I have just finished reading the Bulletin. I was sorry to read about Bucket. Thanks so much for writing it up. I know you must miss her more than words can express. Your article said so much, and all old F.N.S.ers will appreciate it. It's been almost ten years since I was there but I'm still terribly interested in all of you. Every time I read a Bulletin you amaze me more and more. I'm convinced that in spite of the way the Service has grown you miss no more details than you did in early days. How you do it is a wonder. I was glad to read that Mac has come back; I can hear her "Mercy me" when she saw the changes. I know the improvements in the lights and water made her open her mouth in delight.

From Ruth Waterbury Coates in Chittenango, New York

—March 21, 1949

Bucket's courage and bravery are a legacy to everyone who knew her and I'm sure she'll always be thought of as a "living" member of the F.N.S. organization. The description in the American and Bahamian dishes (turtle pie, conch fritters, pine-

Bulletin of her last year was most inspiring and I'll always keep it.

My little Alice is an adorable little girl and I do enjoy her so much. She is very easy to take care of and is an awfully good baby. She is seven months old now and is developing fast. We have lots of fun with her.

.
From Ellen Halsall in Holly Hill, Florida—March 21, 1949

I shall treasure the Winter 1949 Quarterly Bulletin and keep it near me so that I might again and again read "In Memoriam" to Dorothy Farrar Buck. We nurses who knew and loved her thank you for giving us every detail as only you could do.

I have sent my copy of the Bulletin for Dr. Caffee to read. I know he would wish it. You know they have another son born February 8th, Michael Douglas.

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**From Louisa Chapman Whitlock (Chappy) in Plainfield,
New Jersey—March 24, 1949**

The Bulletin was a beautiful tribute to Bucket.

Don and I are having a lot of fun together. Day before yesterday I met him after work and we went to the Flower Show. The orchids impressed us so that some day we are planning to have a small greenhouse and raise them. It takes seven years for a seed to grow into a blooming plant.

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**From Edith Marsh (Marshie) in Bay Village, Ohio
—March 25, 1949**

It was with deep regret that I read of Buck's death in the last Bulletin. Where else but in the F.N.S. could she have been able to receive such kindness and consideration as she did at Wendover? These are the things that make everyone who has ever been connected with the Frontier Nursing Service proud to brag about it and as I believe I told you once before, it influenced my thinking when I was asked to organize the "Nursing Home" by the County Relief Bureau. I knew that even though our patients would be of all ages and branded as hopeless when we got them, that we could help most of them, not only by

medical care and good nursing care, but by treating each one as a person, not a case.

I don't know whether I wrote you that I had finally sent in my resignation. It was the hardest job I ever had to do, unless it was having to give up the F.N.S., when asthma made it impossible to do a decent job there.

. . . .

From Margery Tait Burton (Madge), "Lefcosia," Comptons Lane, Horsham, Sussex, England—April 3, 1949

Thank you so much for the Bulletin, which came yesterday. How grieved I was to read of The Bucket's death; and how you all must be missing her. We too have had a sad time. My dear mother-in-law died on January 30th after being ill a month. I was very glad to be able to nurse her and attend her for she was a sweet and gracious old lady and I was very fond of her. Fortunately our house was completed and ready, so as soon as we could we settled up the old house, and moved here, bringing my father-in-law with us. It is a dear little house and we all love living here. Make a note of our address, and please use us if we can ever be of any help and perhaps you would be so good as to reprint it in the Bulletin for future use for others? I shall be glad to see any F.N.S. connections.

. . . .

From Nora Kelly in London, England—April 4, 1949

I have just received the Winter Bulletin and thank you so much for sending it. It means more to me than usual, containing as it does all the news of dear Bucket. Thank you so much for sending us the details.

I was so interested to read the remarks of some of the subscribers to the Bulletin. How true they all are! My own copy is lent around to my various friends and colleagues who always say they read it from cover to cover.

. . . .

From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in Morrystown, Arizona

—April 12, 1949

I was happy to get the Bulletin and will treasure it. I love Bucket's picture on the horse. She looked just like that when I helped her at Bowlingtown.

We are going to have to leave the desert in a few weeks. Margaret's brother who lives on San Juan Island in Puget Sound, Washington, just north of Seattle has had a slight stroke. We are worried about him and feel we must go. He is almost 70 years old, and Margaret hasn't seen him for nine years. We will rent a little cottage by the Sound and stay all summer and escape the heat here. Then in the fall we hope to return to our cactus venture, to be ready for the winter season. San Juan is a beautiful Island and has many berries, so we will can and make our stay profitable. We have given a nice family some of our land and they have built near us and will take care of our little desert house and cactus while we are away.

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From Margaret Watson in Rockledge, Florida—April 12, 1949

Many, many times during the war years we used to talk of our days in the mountains. The stories lost nothing in the telling, especially if Madge Tait happened to be the raconteur. We always looked forward to getting the Bulletins, and tho' I never was much of a letter writer, I always enjoyed reading the old staff news. In fact I thoroughly enjoyed all the magazine. They were good days and jolly good folks to work for and to know.

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From Beulah Arnold in Saharsa, India—April 15, 1949

Greetings from Sunny India—the land of the extremes!

We have varied experiences here in India. The people we work with, who come to our dispensaries, are often near death and we wonder if some will come out OK. They have their babies in an oxcart coming to the dispensary sometimes. Many of these patients we never see until they come here with their babies and their families to be treated.

Alice Axelson is just a few miles from our work. She works in the same Province of Bihar. I have not visited their work, but I am looking forward to it sometime. Alice is studying Santah languages. We are studying Hindi. We should know Urdu since so many Mohammedans live around us.

The 17th of April I shall have been in India two years, and finished two years of language study with exams. I'm relieved that this hard study is off my mind, even though I do have one

year more to finish. We are required to finish three years of language study.

I am working with a nurse here who took her midwifery training in England.

From Viola Tillotson (Vi) in Jackson, Mississippi

—April 15, 1949

I enjoyed my work in the St. Louis obstetrical and gyn. clinic very much. I learned a lot. I thought it should be a "give" as well as a "take" proposition, so I gave them plenty of enthusiastic information about the F.N.S. You may have a rush of visitors one of these fine days who will be very curious to see this place that I have put so high upon a pedestal, and so much "out of this world"!

I was very sorry to hear of Bucket's death. I heard the news from Jo Grimaldi (English courier). Please give Mrs. Breckinridge a very fond "hello" for me.

From Marjorie Wood Wittig in Medellin, Colombia,

South America—April 15, 1949

A few days ago I finished reading the splendid winter issue of the Bulletin with all of its interesting news one loves to hear. I for one am so glad for your excellent detailed account of Miss Buck's last few months and the lovely but simple funeral you had for her. How you all must miss her! How glad she must have been to have had her best friends, such superb nurses, to care for her.

You have relayed some delightful surprises—lights at Wendo-ver and the lovely dedication service you had for it; and an electric hot water heater for the Midwives Quarters! How perfectly marvelous! I remember struggling with that other stove and not being a very good fireman, would have to give up, and take a cold bath!

I too have a wonderful surprise. Last Friday, April 8th, I was married. A fine young missionary was in the Language School when I arrived. It was only natural we should become friends, and so the days of our friendship developed into love. We announced our engagement a couple of months ago and then had our lovely but simple wedding a week ago.

We had a host of friends to help with this happy time—the bridal party with three bridesmaids, the best man and two ushers; the singing; taking lots of pictures in color and black and white; the reception for many Colombian and English-speaking friends. The bridesmaids were pretty in blue, yellow, and peach taffeta, designed like mine which was a simple, floor-length gown of white eyelet. My bouquet was white orchids.

We had a glorious six days of our Easter vacation as our honeymoon in a small river town on the Magdalena River. Americans built a nice hotel there some 20 years ago, and the lovely, refreshing swimming pool was a great attraction for us. We were fascinated with the activity at the docks, and the old paddle-wheel boats, we felt sure, were relics of the Mississippi. We went down by train. It took nine hours, but the long trip was not dull because of the vendors and beggars who pled their cause at every stop—and the stops were many. The countryside was glorious. We flew back to Medellin, and it took us only 45 minutes!

My husband and I will be working in Colombia rather than Guatemala. Gene is from Mansfield, Washington, and plans to do agricultural work so we feel we have a good combination in this service.

NEWSY BITS

Alberta M. Morgan has been appointed nursing consultant in maternal and child health with the Public Health Nursing Division in the State Department of Health of Arizona. We wish her all success in the new position.

WEDDING

On April 8, 1949, Marjorie B. Wood to Eugene Albert Wittig in Medellin, Colombia. To this young couple go our very best wishes for their future happiness, and for success in their work in Latin America.

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We all wish to send our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Rodman (Betty Holmes) on the loss of their baby girl, born early in April.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANTHONY GILLET

Wife of Medical Officer at Maun, N'Gamiland via Francestown
Bechuanaland Protectorate, Africa, April 23, 1948

Anthony is more than overworked and our home life is non-existent. We have a hospital here with about 30 native beds and four European, an English Matron and a South African Sister. The native staff, indoor and out, including malaria staff, number 55, and have to be seen to be believed!

There is a European Camp here with District Commissioner, three European police officers, tsetse fly officer, veterinary officer, government mechanic, etc.—in all, about 20 white families including hotel and storekeepers.

We are 350 miles from the railway and elementary civilization. Mail comes in a truck once a week, also supplies. Fortunately, an aeroplane calls in twice a week, and we have a radio transmitter. We have to send for medical planes when there are emergencies in the desert or bush that are unreachable by ambulance.

The local tribe is the Batawana, and they have a "slave-tribe," the Masarawa, while there are a smattering of Damara, a branch of Hereros in Southwest Africa.

In the swamps which start a little way north of us, and occupy an extensive area toward the Belgian Congo and the Zambesi, there are little yellowish Bushmen, uncivilized and fearful little people, dangerous in their fear. They kill for no strong motive, and use poisoned arrows with small bows.

The game is all shot out from Maun to a distance of 25 miles where there are anti-tsetse fly trap fences. Beyond these, of course, there is plenty of sleeping sickness, but the area is incredibly difficult to penetrate, being swamp land; it teems with big game, beautiful to see, free and wild; elephant, hippo, giraffe, zebra, buffalo, buck, and all manner of birds—crocodiles, of course. We get hippo and crocodile and giraffe near and in Maun, and plenty of ostrich.

Our house is above a river, a pretty situation. The river has beautiful lilies at its edges, plenty of fish and duck, also crocodiles, so we cannot swim in it.

We grow all vegetables in the garden, and citrus fruit, paw-

paw, bananas, strawberries, and Cape Gooseberries, guavas, figs, and grapes. We can get meat and milk locally but that is all. Everything else comes from "outside" and is wickedly expensive, though meat only costs us 10 cents a pound and a whole ox-tongue only 12 cents! The milk is very thin and poor and Elizabeth lives on "Klim."

We get snakes and scorpions in the garden and have to keep a constant watch on the children, even Kathryn in her netted pram. (I forget the American for perambulator.)

A mission midwife does the midder here, so that saves Anthony much time. In Mahalapye he had no midwife at all, and we had a hectically busy time always.

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
18th December, 1948

We had to come back to the American continent! We left Maun—my husband, two daughters, and myself—on 28th July and flew to Johannesburg, where we fixed up clipper passages to New York. We spent a day and a half flying there, trained to Montreal and then to Edmonton, arriving very weary and slightly dazed with moving from Central Africa to Western Canada in six days.

Anthony is Director of the Division of Communicable Diseases and Rural Health Clinics. He likes the work and his colleagues. We have found an old house which has plenty of room for the two children, and which we are busy repairing, renovating and furnishing. I love it.

Footnote: Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Gillett were guests of the Frontier Nursing Service several years ago. Their first assignment after their visit to us was British Honduras. They get about!

SMALL SERVICE

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

—William Wordsworth
(1770–1850)

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of Trustees and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place this year at the Lexington Country Club on Wednesday, June first, immediately after a luncheon which all are invited to attend. Although every bit of this Bulletin will be in press before June first, it will not be possible for the issue to be mailed until about a week later. All Committee members as well as trustees, everywhere in the United States, have been notified individually of the meeting more than two weeks in advance—as required by our Articles of Incorporation. This Bulletin notice has nothing official about it. We only mention it as a matter of record.

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We are proud to announce that at the Charter Day Program celebrating the ninety-eighth anniversary of the University of Minnesota, on February 17, 1949, our trustee, Mrs. George Chase Christian, was given the "Builder of the Name" medal by Dr. J. L. Morrill, President of the University, with the following citation:

The Regents of the University of Minnesota
As a token of High Esteem and
In recognition of Services to the University by
Mrs. George Chase Christian
Devoted Citizen and Champion of the Public Welfare
Lover of Good Music and the Arts
Active Participant in the Advancement of her City's
Cultural Life
Loyal Friend, Ardent Supporter and Benefactress
of the University
Whose Many Deeds Greatly Have Advanced Medical Science
Especially Relating to the Cause and Treatment of Cancer
Deem Her to Be and Designate Her As a
Builder of the Name
Conferred on University Charter Day, February 17, 1949

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Miss Mary M. Roberts, distinguished editor-in-chief for

twenty-eight years of the *American Journal of Nursing*, has retired from the commanding post of leadership she has carried brilliantly for all these years. Under her regime the Journal's circulation has increased from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand, but the numbers of people subscribing to a magazine do not always fully reflect the quality of the publication. Under Miss Robert's editorship there have been not only countless articles of practical value to nurses, lucidly written and often illustrated, not only news clearly conveyed in precise English—but stimulus, challenge, and encouragement such as only a great leader can give.

Miss Roberts has honored the Frontier Nursing Service for a long time by a membership on our National Nursing Council, and by her friendship. We join with her vast host of friends in congratulating her on having been the recipient of the medallion of the Mary Adelaide Nutting Award. This award will never be given more appropriately to any nurse throughout all time.

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We are delighted to learn that our trustee and friend, Mrs. Roger Kemper Rogan, has been appointed President for the 1949-50 season of the Woman's Committee for the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, by Mr. Lucien Wulsin, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Symphony. Her husband organized the "Friends of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra" and headed the group until his death. She shared with him an active interest in this—as in every other field of work that they held in common. We not only wish her success in this new venture; we know she will succeed.

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Our British courier, Alison Bray, has sent over to the Frontier Nursing Service a royal gift, namely, ten copies of *The Midwife's Text-Book* of the Principles and Practice of Midwifery by R. W. Johnstone, Professor Emeritus of Midwifery and Diseases of Women, University of Edinburgh, Chairman of Central Midwives Board for Scotland. This is an outstandingly good textbook for the use of nurse-midwives. Alison knew how much we wanted a few copies. She said that although she could not get any money out to us from England, she could send books.

Her sense of liberality may be estimated by the fact that she sent ten copies of the latest edition of the textbook we wanted so much.

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Alison Bray gave a talk this spring about the F.N.S. to the Women's Institute at Scarcroft, which is reported in Old Courier News.

Our courier Fredericka Holdship has just given an informal talk to the Women's Guild of the Episcopal Church, Sewickley, Pennsylvania. One or two of the people who heard her said that Freddy was delightful and that the women sat as if entranced.

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An organization meeting of the Kentucky Public Health Association was held in Louisville during the last week of March. One of our assistant directors, Betty Lester, attended on behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service. She reported that a representative gathering of interesting and interested people had gotten together and that the program was most worthwhile.

TOWN AND TRAIN

In March I made my first trip outside the Kentucky area in thirteen months. Never before—not even when my back was broken—have I been so long without visits to some of our Committees beyond the mountains. All have endeared themselves to me by their understanding of the reason I could not go to them last autumn and winter, and by their sympathy.

We had our big New York Annual Meeting in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 16th. As retiring chairman of the New York Committee, Mrs. Milward W. Martin presided with her accustomed grace and presented Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd as the chairman who succeeds her. I made my year's report, and showed colored slides—new and old. I cannot take the space or the time to relate all the things I did during my two weeks in Eastern cities. Suffice it to say that I attended meetings of the New York Committee, of the Philadelphia Committee, and of the Boston Committee. The Philadelphia meeting was at the home of Mrs. Henry S.

Drinker. There was a large attendance of members, and we were all served a satisfying informal lunch. Our chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, presided with the charm with which she does everything.

To Boston I went by plane, at the suggestion of our courier, Pebble Stone, in order to avoid the fatigue of hours of sitting up in a train. She took me out to La Guardia Field ahead of time so that we could sit on the bridge and she could describe the different kinds of planes as they came down "out of the everywhere into the here." Only fifty-five minutes from airport to airport between New York and Boston!

Our Boston Committee Meeting took place at the home of its honorary chairman, Mrs. Ernest A. Codman, and was followed by refreshments. We had the joy—a truly great joy—of welcoming Mrs. John Rock as our new chairman. Our former courier (Marjorie Bemis), Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., and my young cousin, Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr., were elected as vice-chairmen. The other officers of this Committee, as of the New York one, are numerous and highly competent. Our former chairman, Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, was present at this Boston meeting and took an active part in the election of her successor. I had the happiness of a dinner with her and Dr. Smithwick at their home.

In New York, Philadelphia and Boston, all three, I saw many friends and kinsmen (someone said to me not long ago that nobody in the world seemed to have so many cousins as I have!) and did many things, but this is not a dairy. I did do, for me, one most novel thing by having my portrait painted by William Draper, a nephew of Madame Draper Boncompagni as well as a wonderful artist. It was Madame Boncompagni (a cousin!) who had the painting done.

There is one thing that I would have liked to do but I could not return to New York for it. I should have adored attending the Rummage Party given in April at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth. It was highly successful. Mrs. McAllister Lloyd and Mrs. Wadsworth write us that around a thousand dollars' worth of rummage, including very good *objets d'art*, were brought to the party for sale at the Bargain Box for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service.

From Boston I went straight down to the Shenandoah Valley for six days of divine rest with my sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge at Flagstop. She drove me up to Washington to catch my train for Kentucky. We had the pleasure of meeting for lunch, at the Army and Navy Club, our chairman, Mrs. Adolphus Staton; our honorary chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner; and our courier, Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. In the hours between lunch and my train I was wonderfully taken care of by Admiral and Mrs. Staton.

After over a year of not running around, it was exciting to dash out of the mountains again the last week of April for our John Mason Brown Benefit at the Mayflower Hotel on Monday, April 25th in Washington. I went down to Lexington on Saturday, the 23rd, on purpose to attend the wedding of our courier, Margaret Burt McDowell (Bobbie) and Mr. Baylor Van Meter, Jr. It is rare that I am able to go to the wedding of any one of the dear girls who have worked with the Frontier Nursing Service, but Bobbie had written me to try to come to hers. I found I could fit it in, and so I went. Bobbie's wedding was one of the very loveliest I have ever attended in what is getting to be a long life. A group of us met first in the late afternoon at the lovely house of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wright for what they called "a light supper,"—a most satisfying meal of ample abundance. The wedding was held in the evening at Alleghan Hall, the lovely old place on the Nicholasville Pike that belongs to Bobbie's grandmother, Mrs. Charles Wellington Burt. I went with Mr. and Mrs. David Prewitt. Bobbie made an exquisite bride. The ceremony was to me, as to all who love Bobbie, as moving as it was beautiful.

I got to Washington on the Monday morning, not as early as I could have wished. There was the usual loss of an hour between Central and Eastern time, and Washington had just gone on daylight saving time. This meant that I was two hours out of pocket, and I needed every minute. I dropped my bags at the Sulgrave Club and washed my face. There wasn't time for any more washing before Mrs. Staton took me to Ruth Crane's broadcasting station at NBC. We had an informal and impromptu chat over the air in which Miss Crane said nice things about the F.N.S., and I got a chance to tell what a won-

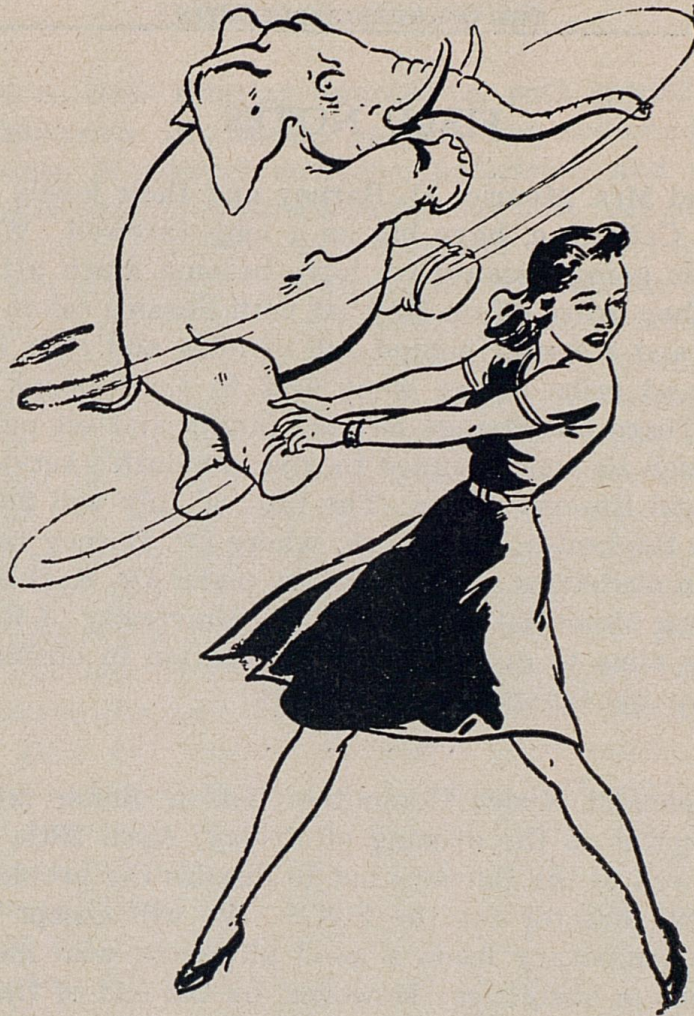
derful time everyone would have at the Mayflower if they attended our Benefit that afternoon. There were several of us for lunch at the Sulgrave Club. After that I had an opportunity to take a bath.

The John Mason Brown Benefit was wonderfully successful. As I stood on the platform, it seemed to me as if the long ballroom was jammed with people. We had, as always in Washington, a distinguished list of sponsors. Mrs. Truman honored us by taking a box in which were the wife of the Chief Justice and other women as agreeable as they are prominent. Mrs. Staton introduced me. I had fifteen minutes to run through some slides and talk about the F.N.S. Then I introduced John Mason Brown. We all thought that his lecture this year was the best he had ever given. And why not? A big man is a growing man. Every lecture every year will be his best.

Admiral and Mrs. Staton had a reception at the Sulgrave Club after the lecture. Mrs. Truman honored us by attending and standing in the receiving line straight through from the beginning to the end. That night I had dinner with the Justice and Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner. It had been a full day.

I stayed over until the evening train on Wednesday, April 27th, for several reasons. I had accepted an engagement to speak, on Tuesday night, to the Social Studies Committee of the Washington Branch of the American Association of University Women. On the Wednesday, Mrs. Emory Land had a luncheon for me at the Sulgrave Club in order to give me a chance to talk a bit informally with several of the hard-working members of our Washington Committee. In between engagements I was able to see some of the children who are dear to me: those belonging to our courier, Mrs. Samuel Neel (Mary Wilson); those of Mrs. Cuthbert R. Train; and those of Mr. and Mrs. Carlile Bolton-Smith. By Thursday I was back in Lexington where we had some conferences about the Annual Meeting. That fine Blue Grass Committee, with Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., as its chairman, was actively lining everything up for a lovely day as well as a busy one at the Country Club on June 1st. On Friday I went back to the mountains where I belong, and to which I am always happy to return.—M. B.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue

New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice O. Barney and their lovely children, Susan and Catherine, have bid us a long farewell. We are all sad at their going because we have become much attached to all four. They drove off on May 1st with Susan's cat in a basket in the car and a trailer behind full of odds and ends like baby carriages and cribs. They went first to their people in New England. There Dr. Barney left his family and set out for the base to which he was assigned to give a month's service in the U. S. Medical Reserve Corps. The first of July will find all the Barneys in Rochester, New York, where Dr. Barney takes up a residency in obstetrics and gynecology under Dr. Karl M. Wilson at the Strong Memorial Hospital of the University of Rochester. Dr. Barney aims to qualify for specialization in obstetrics and gynecology—his favorite field of work.

Our splendid Hyden Committee held a dinner meeting at Hyden Hospital on the evening of Friday, April 29th, not only to bid farewell to the Barneys but to discuss the problem of the next medical director for the F.N.S. We will accept and welcome on a temporary basis a good physician who has special qualifications in obstetrics. However, by the end of the year at the latest, and hopefully sooner, our medical director must be a surgeon and must have an assistant, not a surgeon, who can help him cope with work that has become far too heavy for any one man to carry. At the end of this section of the Bulletin we are writing about the expansion of our Hospital plant. This will explain why we need to have our top man a surgeon and why we will need a second physician. Those of you, our thousands of readers, who have come thus far in this narration, please all of you stop, look, and listen. It may be that among your own circle of friends—perhaps even in your own families—there is a splendid young surgeon who would be as eager to come to us as we would be to receive him.

The post of medical director of the Frontier Nursing Service has never been an easy one to fill, and we have always required and obtained the services of doctors who have had residencies,

in addition to their rotating internships, with special qualifications in obstetrics. Dr. Barney had had two and one-half years of residencies in general medicine, pediatrics, and obstetrics. We are not lacking in applications for our post, but so far these applications have not indicated a degree of maturity and experience that are essential to the immense responsibility carried by our medical director. We must have a physician who is young and strong enough to cope with our work, of course, but he must have had graduate training or experience under the best auspices, or both. Such a man gains so much added experience with us that Dr. Paul Titus has written us that we may tell anyone that two years with the Frontier Nursing Service will be counted as the required two years in general medical practice for anyone who plans to take the examinations of the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology. Aside from this experience, and our wide and varied contacts with some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in America—aside from all that—we gave our medical director a good salary; a lovely house completely furnished even to silver and linen; a jeep, a horse and their upkeep; a medical secretary; free milk from our Bang's tested herd of cows, and a number of other extras. Unlike the physician that goes into a rural area on his own, our medical director has everything at hand, including a modern laboratory and X-ray facilities at our Hospital. It really is the most wonderful post available for a qualified doctor in the whole United States.

We discussed this problem fully with the members of our Hyden Committee. We asked them whether they would prefer our taking a licensed physician who had not all the qualifications we need or to rock along for a while with no physician until we get the right one. They decided that we should not take a permanent medical director until we found one with the qualifications our patients need. It was their own suggestion to put this in the form of a resolution which was unanimously approved. Our dear medical friends at Hazard are helping us until a doctor comes—as they always do in every emergency.

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As this Bulletin goes to the printers on May 23rd, we have no medical director at all. If the post is filled by the time the

galley proofs and second proofs have been corrected then we shall put a sort of stop gap notice somewhere in the Bulletin to let you all know that we have our doctor. Meanwhile Dr. Bruce Underwood, Health Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Kentucky, has been up to see us at Hyden. He is trying to arrange to send us someone without delay, on a temporary basis. Other members on our National Medical Council are also looking out for someone on either the temporary or the permanent basis. We have covered this matter so fully because a notice in this Bulletin is as apt to bring results as our advertisement in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

. . . .

Our first rose at Wendover this year did not bloom until May 9th—in spite of the fact that we had had the mildest winter that we ever remember in the Kentucky mountains. Perhaps the reason was the mid-March blizzard which set things back. This was followed by the highest rivers since the flood in 1947. Coy had to swim his horse to get to Wendover; and Hobart left his horse at the Brashears and swung himself, like Tarzan, across Hurricane Creek, from branch to branch of overhanging trees.

When Dr. Francis Massie and Dr. Eugene Todd came back to Hyden Hospital in April for their semi-annual surgical clinic, they brought with them, to our joy, Dr. Arthur B. McGraw of Detroit, who had not come to one of the clinics for years. He is one of the most welcome people ever to visit the F.N.S. The clinic went off splendidly with many examinations and numerous highly successful operations, but we had a frightful crisis just before the surgeons came up. Our autoclave at our Hyden Hospital, that does all of our dry sterilizing, busted itself. The moment was more than embarrassing; it could have been fatal. Those wonderful sisters at Mount Mary's Hospital over at the mining town of Hazard, quite literally, sprang into the breach . . . not of the busted autoclave but of the crisis. We rushed our stuff to be sterilized over to them. Sister Gabriel, who is the superintendent of the hospital, and Father Kraf, who is the administrator, sized up the situation in a moment and took all of our stuff into their overburdened sterilizers. The two nurses who did the sterilizing worked furiously to get it all done. We

sent them batches of stuff twice a week during the month our autoclave was being repaired. God bless them.

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A number of other kind things have been done for us during the past few months. When one of our horses, Ranger, got a serous cyst, our trustee, Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, sent Dr. Davidson all the way from Lexington to incise the cyst.

Our friends in the neighborhood of the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork have built a picket fence around the Mary B. Willeford Clinic at Stinnett. This has been badly needed for a long time. It will now be possible to have grass and shrubs in the little yard. John Bowling gave palings, rails and posts; Cal Hoskins, Lewis Howard and Clarence Wood made contributions to buy the nails.

From our former nurse in England, Elizabeth J. Macdonald, the little log victory shrine chapel at Wendover has received the gift of a Bible with the following inscription:

For use in
the F.N.S. Chapel, Wendover
In Loving Memory of
A Valiant Woman
Dorothy Buck

Our Hyden chairman and trustee, Mr. Rex Farmer, has presented the nurses at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center of Possum Bend at Confluence, with a Westclox Baby Ben clock which they badly needed, and use all the time.

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We receive so many acts of kindness from so many people that we cannot enumerate all of them, but an incident not long ago is typical of the things people do for us. Betty Lester was taking a patient home in one of the jeeps to Couch Fork off Big Creek. On that rough trail she got a flat. John Couch helped her put the spare on, only to discover that the spare tube was leaking. Without a word to her, John Couch turned to one of his sons and said, "Go down to the corn crib and get my spare." He put his own spare on Betty's jeep so that she could get safely back to Hyden.

We were deeply grieved to learn of the accident to Walter

Green, an official of the Kentucky Forestry Service, who lives at Wooton and who is an old friend of ours. His neck was broken in the accident, and he is lying now at Mount Mary's Hospital in Hazard. There is real improvement and we think, and hope, and pray, that he will recover the use of his entire body.

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The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery graduated six registered nurses on April 15th. All have passed the examinations, oral, practical, and written, conducted under the auspices of the State Board of Health, entitling them to receive their licenses from Kentucky to practice as midwives and to receive the diplomas of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Phyllis Benson and Hilda Sobral were on F.N.S. scholarships and remain with the Service. Margaret Oracko came under the auspices of the Veterans Bureau and is preparing to do special work in obstetrics in a hospital. Of the other three nurses, who are missionaries, Jessica Minns has already sailed for Africa; Ruth Wardell is still in this country; and Gladys Bowers has rejoined her husband in Oklahoma. When he has finished his own training in obstetrics they go out to the mission field together.

Due to late cancellations, the present class at the Graduate School is the smallest we have had since its earliest days. The registered nurse students in this class will get an extra lot of valuable experience—and two of the graduates of recent classes are getting added experience in the Hospital at Hyden and on the districts.

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As is our custom in April and October, we have taken new nurses into the Service on our rotating system. The two accepted for April are Elsie Dorothy Henriksen of Cleveland, and Martha Estelle Morrison of Massachusetts. The non-midwife nurses who come to us are shifted from Hyden Hospital to Hyden Clinics to Hyden Districts and around again. In that way they get an extraordinarily varied and interesting experience where every part is related to the whole. They also get instruction from their supervisors. Under Ann P. MacKinnon (Mac), Superintendent of the Hospital, under Caroline Stillman

(Carlie) in the clinic, and under Eleanor Wechtel (Norrie) in the district, they are taught the value of the work they do.

Our nurse, Beatrice Miller (Bea), stationed for years at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center at Flat Creek, has been granted a leave of absence to join Reva Rubin who is working with displaced persons in Austria. We shall put a notice in a Bulletin when we know the date of their return to us. They are planning to attend the International Congress of Nurses in Sweden in June. Joyce Stephens (Stevie) has been transferred to Flat Creek to be in charge of nursing and midwifery there.

We say good-bye with immense regret to Maxine Thornton, one of the ablest of our younger nurses. She took her training at the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery as a Veteran under the G. I. Bill of Rights, and was not obligated to remain with the Frontier Nursing Service afterwards. It was like her to have stayed on for seven months. We are not sure about her future plans, but after a long holiday we think she intends taking college work towards a Bachelor of Science degree. We shall hope to have her back with us some day.

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Jean Hollins, resident courier, has had her hands full with supervision of all transport, jeeps and horses alike; also cattle; and of the Courier Service during the winter and spring months. She has had good helpers. Vera Potter of Boston stayed on until April as senior courier. The two spring junior couriers, Wistar Lukens of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, and Isabella Hagner of Rockville, Maryland, had hardly arrived before Thumper christened them "Wistaria" and "Belladonna". Both have done excellent work. Rose Grosvenor has come as a junior courier for the rest of the spring, and she too is doing a good piece of work.

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District 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses (our own F.N.S. District) held the spring meeting at the Hyden Hospital on Wednesday, April 27, 1949. Fifteen members of the district were present at the luncheon, which preceded the meeting; and they had the pleasure of entertaining two guests, Miss Annie Laurie Crawford, Assistant Executive

Secretary of the American Nurses Association, and Miss Cynthia J. Neel, Executive Secretary of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses. There was a short business session before the meeting was turned over to Miss Neel, who gave a talk on the aims of the State Association and stressed the importance of each district knowing what the other districts in the State are doing. Miss Neel then introduced Miss Crawford who gave an interesting talk, illustrated with a recorded movie strip, on Public Relations. It was a pleasure to entertain these two guests, and we hope they will pay us a return visit.

With the spring we have begun to receive again a number of overseas guests. The first to come was Dr. Shu-An Yu of the Maternity Hospital of First National Midwifery School of China. She was a most interesting person, and came to us through the interest of the World Health Organization of the United Nations—as did Miss Ulla Wegelius of Helsinki, Finland, whose pictures you will find elsewhere in this Bulletin. Miss Wegelius is not only a registered nurse in Finland but a fully qualified midwife as well. She stayed two weeks with us and we found her a delightful person. She writes us as follows:

I like to tell you how much I enjoyed the time at Wendover and at Beech Fork, the great hospitality of yours and the kindness all of you showed me a stranger from a foreign, far-away country.

All this meant such a lot for me personally but I also hope that I shall be able to give the people in my country something of this experience.

For the benefit of my future work it was especially important and interesting to observe how well the combined midwifery care—public health nursing, works out in your area. We need something of that for the very isolated parts of our country, too.

Another most interesting professional guest was Miss Laura Attrux of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, who is to be Instructor of Advanced Practical Obstetrics at the School of Nursing, University of Alberta. She will be preparing nurses for district work under the Department of Public Health, in that section of Canada where midwifery is as much needed as in the Kentucky mountains. Miss Attrux is very highly qualified in all branches of nursing including obstetrics, and proved to be a most intelligent professional person and a delightful woman as well.

We had visits from particularly interesting nurses of the United States this spring. The first of these to come was Miss Margaret Blee, Associate Professor in Public Health Nursing of the University of North Carolina. She has arranged for some of her students to continue to visit the Frontier Nursing Service from time to time. She was so kind as to write us as follows:

I think you must be some sort of a genius to have surrounded yourself by such capable and charming women. I feel that I have a very good picture of the work that you are doing. I spent one morning with your statistician. Your statistical picture that she gave me is incredulous, compared to the statistics of the country as a whole. I was so impressed with your program and with your personnel that, if ever I wish my faith to be renewed in nursing, I shall revisit the Frontier Nursing Service.

Ever since Miss Emilie G. Sargent, head of the Visiting Nurses Association of Detroit, honored us by coming on our National Nursing Council a great many years ago, we have been pleading with her to make us a visit. She came at last in early May and brought with her that delightful Miss Alice R. Clarke, Editor of R. N. I don't know when we have had a better time than in talking with them, and listening to their talk with each other, at Hyden Hospital in the afternoon and at Wendover in the evening. We haven't in months amassed so much national nursing information as we gleaned in those short hours. It was hard to give both of them up the next morning.

It was a treat to have a visit at long last from Miss Fannie Brooks of Chicago, but unfortunately she was with us for only a few hours. She came with a group of most interesting women from the Home Economics Extension Service of the University of Kentucky, and they were all on a close schedule.

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Our guests were not all professionals. Our courier, Susan Spencer, came back with her mother, Mrs. Egbert H. Spencer, of Barrington, Illinois. Our Social Service Secretary's mother, Mrs. Emmet A. Quarles, of Plainfield, New Jersey, also came down to see us. Mary Quarles had two young college friends in, for a brief stay: Doris White of New York and Antoinette Manos of Camden, New Jersey. The latter is of Greek parentage and writes delightfully. We quote just a bit from her bread-and-butter letter:

That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude shall many times illuminate the passive moments of a city day by conjuring up the image of a bunch of fire pinks exploding through a stone wall or a field of Iceland poppies cascading down a hill in a race to reach the water.

Mrs. Louis Faulkner of Chicago, and her daughter, Margaret, were so kind as to spend a night with us on a motor trip through the South. We must not forget in speaking of guests to make mention of one of our own, Ruth Peninger, formerly of the Frontier Nursing Service, and now working as a nurse-midwife in the State of Georgia. She came up for an all too brief part of her holiday and brought with her a friend, Miss Caroline Whitaker.

. . . .

The great event in the Frontier Nursing Service this summer will be the building of a house as quarters for our nurses at Hyden. All who visit our Hospital know that it is too small and too crowded because the nurses live in one wing of it as well as in the annex. With the building of the new house, we will have the annex free for the domestic staff—and the stone wing of the Hospital will add at least sixteen beds to our bed capacity. Our present expectation is to recondition this wing for a maternity section. This will leave eighteen beds for the general side of the Hospital. We shall be able then to take in all adult accidents and illnesses. We should be able to meet the demands made on us by the needs of our local truck mine groups which now employ many men—most of these our own men, many of them returned veterans. It has been hard not to have the space to give them any but emergency care.

Now, those of you who have followed for years the strains and stresses of our building problems in the F.N.S. can visualize what we shall be going through until that happy day when the Nurses Quarters are finished and occupied. The building is to be of local stone like the Hospital and will lie between the Hospital itself and the Midwives Quarters—just beyond the gate in the road that leads to the pastures and Aunt Hattie's Barn. The work of excavating the site, finished this May, would have been utterly impossible without the help of our trustee, Mr. Chris Queen, the engineer for the Ford Motor Company's properties in Eastern Kentucky. He spent a day with a crew of men

testing for solid rock, after he had made an exploratory survey and had staked off the location for the building. He also figured out the approximate elevations of dirt and rock at various points, and the amount of cubic yards of dirt and rock to be excavated. He made two drawings. One was a cross section of the ground to be excavated, showing his findings as to elevations, etc.; the other was a map of the F.N.S. buildings on the acres of F.N.S. land on Hospital hill, showing the locations of these buildings in relation to the Hospital road and the new building site.

Through Mr. Queen's help we got hold of Mr. Hubert Johnson with his trucks and shovel, and the work of excavation began.

Then our woes began. One of the trucks went over the side of the mountain; another one caught on fire. A few hours later, the shovel pitched Mr. Johnson out breaking his arm. Dr. Barney X-rayed and set it in plaster, and Mr. Johnson got another man to run the shovel.

We reached solid rock at last at the points where Mr. Queen's findings had indicated it would lie. The great bank laid bare behind the excavation is not sandstone formation like that behind the Hospital, but is mainly a section of coal and slate with dirt and rock above it. The work of riprapping this bank must go along with the stone walls of the building so as to let one set of scaffolding do for both.

We have had several conferences at the site with our volunteer consulting engineer, Mr. Chris Queen; with our architect, Mr. Clarence E. Smith of the Combs Lumber Company of Lexington, Kentucky; with our builder, Mr. Oscar Bowling; and with the man who has contracted to do the stone work, Mr. Phil Young. There will be many more such conferences! Agnes Lewis, our executive secretary, upon whom falls the brunt of things, and I are sustained through all the strain of getting the ground prepared and the house erected by the knowledge that it will be one of the most useful buildings in the world. We are honored to make the announcement that this building is the gift of the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Trust in memory of James B. Haggin. It will be known as the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

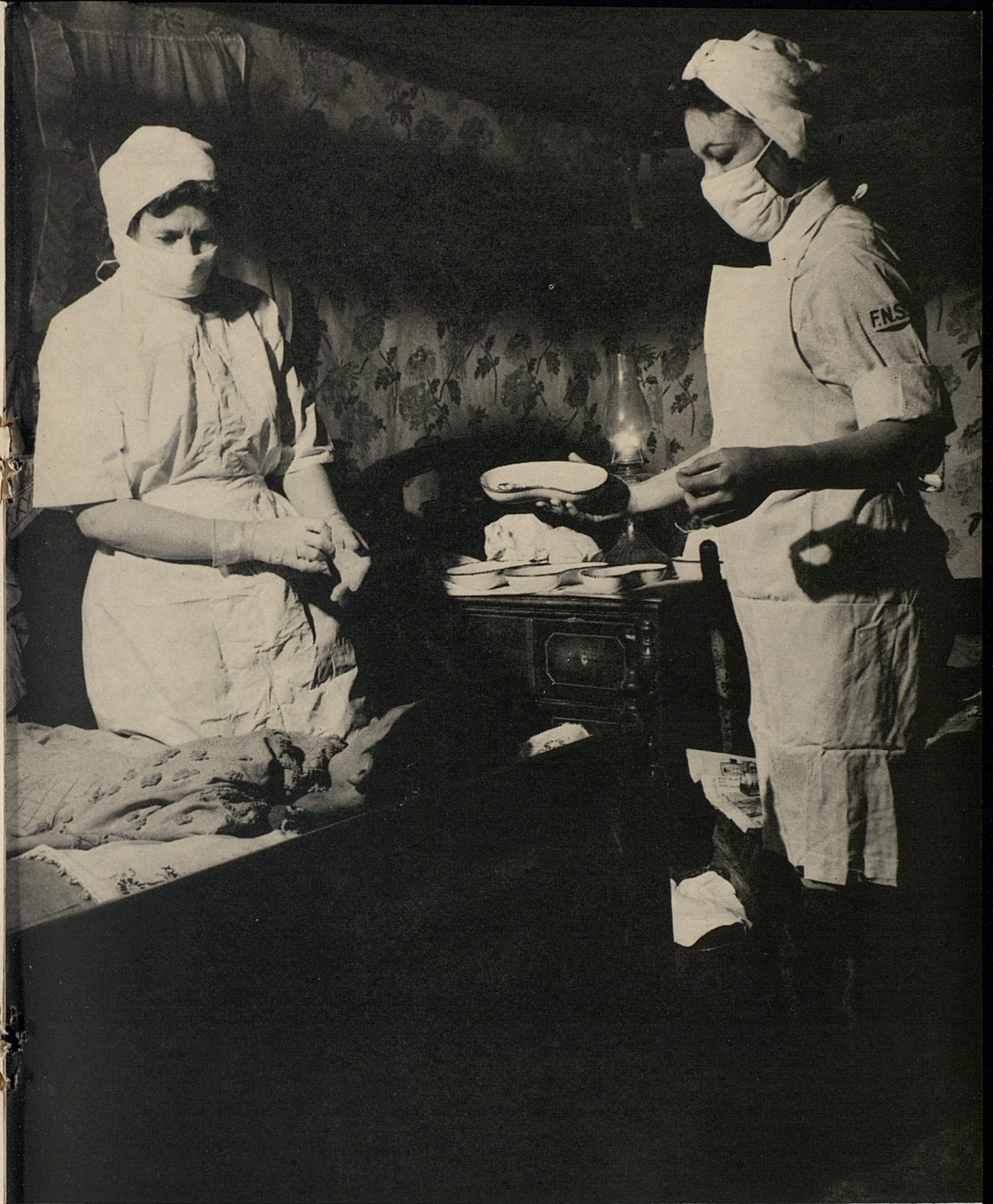
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



SUPERVISOR AND STUDENT

In a Mountain Home

Photograph courtesy of Mr. Hans Knopf, Collier's Magazine

