

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 33

WINTER, 1958

NUMBER 3



BABETTE



MISS MARY RUTH SPARKS, Secretary to the Medical Director
DR. W. B. ROGERS BEASLEY, Medical Director

Starting off for an Outpost Nursing Center Clinic in Budget, the jeep

Read Miss Sparks story **The Day I Passed the Test** printed in this Bulletin

Photo by courier Beth Burchenal

Cover drawing of Babette by Rose Evans.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 A Year

Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

VOLUME 33

WINTER, 1958

NUMBER 3

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

Copyright, 1958, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

CONTENTS

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A Memorable Friday	<i>Luree Wotton</i>	23
A Young Citizen in Hyden Hospital (Illus.)	<i>Scope Weekly</i> Inside Back Cover	
Alleluia! (Verse)	<i>Andre Kopolyoff</i>	2
Babette's Living Memorial	<i>Anna May January</i>	3
Beyond the Mountains		33
Editor's Own Page		4
Field Notes		44
Memories of FNS Horses	<i>Lucile Hodges</i>	5
Old Courier News		11
Old Staff News		25
The Day I Passed the Test	<i>Mary Ruth Sparks</i>	7
Winter at Wendover	<i>Rebecca Brown</i>	31

BRIEF BITS

Cucumber Soup	<i>Mrs. Walter A. Hull</i>	30
Don't Try to Explain	<i>Ellen Thornecroft Fowler</i>	31
Dog Psychology	<i>The Seeing Eye Guide</i>	30
Four Future Couriers	<i>A Photograph</i>	32
Heart of England	<i>The Countryman</i>	10
Just Jokes		22
No More Sam	<i>Postal Service News</i>	8
Old New York	<i>Henry James</i>	32
Our Mail Bag		43
Peter Richardson Ehrlich	<i>A Photograph</i>	9
Recipe for the New Year	<i>Frances P. Bolton</i>	47
Serviceable Children	<i>Greville MacDonald</i>	43
Taken Off Her Own Hands	<i>Sarah Orne Jewett</i>	24
To a Mouse	<i>New York Herald-Tribune</i>	24
Understatement		10
White Elephant		42

ALLELUIA! CHRIST IS RISEN

Easter Song of Little Russia
(English version by Harvey Gaul)

—Andre Kopolyoff

Ice has gone from all the rivers,
Cypress trees begin to bloom;
Now the wood-dove coos his spring song,
Gone the days of dark and gloom.
Peasants in the field are planting,
Singing as they drop the seed:

Alleluia! Christ is risen,
Christ the Lord is ris'n indeed!
Alleluia! Christ is risen,
Christ the Lord is ris'n indeed!

On the steppes the flow'rs are gleaming,
Winter's wheat is cool and green,
March-buds glisten in the valleys,
Lowlands glow with mossy sheen.
Peasants on their farms are singing
As the oxen munch their feed:

Alleluia! Christ is risen,
Christ the Lord is ris'n indeed!
Alleluia! Christ is risen,
Christ the Lord is ris'n indeed!
Alleluia!

Used by permission of the copyright owner,
Oliver Ditson Company, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

BABETTE'S LIVING MEMORIAL

by

ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M.

Five years ago, early on a dark stormy night in February, Hobert Cornett, our foreman at Wendover, came for me; he reckoned Mildred's time had come. We were all a bit on the anxious end of the bone, because it had been nine years since her last baby. Hobert's heart was set on a girl—a girl it must be. "Now Hobert, I can't guarantee a girl. I will do my best. Perhaps Babette will help us out."

Earlier in the evening the wind had howled and screamed with all its fury, blowing down fences and limbs over the creek road.

Babette, old in years and wisdom, was saddled by Hobert and, as we got on our way the wind only sighed through the tree tops; the rain had become a soft drizzle, gently brushing our faces as we rode along the creek road—covered with tree tops, limbs, and one chicken coop (no chickens)—and across broken bridges. Large billowing clouds chased each other over the night sky. A bright star now and then made an effort to cast her brilliant rays upon mother earth. The night seemed almost holy as Babette, Hobert, and I slowly rode up the road and creek beds, finally arriving at his home.

As Hobert unsaddled Babette I thought to myself, "Babette, I am counting on you tonight, do not fail me." Sighing gently, she nuzzled me with her soft nose and went on her way to the stall, perhaps to keep her vigil.

I prepared and made ready for what I prayerfully hoped would be the arrival of little Agnes Cornett. Then we settled down to a hot cup of coffee and patiently waited with Mildred.

In due time a bouncing baby was born. I only glanced at Hobert. Little Aggie had arrived.

After making mother and baby comfortable I prepared to go. "Now Hobert, you have worked all day and been up all night, I can get back all right." Hobert, the fine gentleman he always is, said, "I wouldn't think of letting you start back alone on a night like this, I sure will see you over that awful bridge." So off we started, the night darker and blacker than ever just

before the break of day. But our hearts were light and gay—little Aggie had arrived; all was well with mother and babe.

After Hobert had seen me over the dangerous bridge, and the day was breaking, Babette and I went on alone. Then I fell down (not her fault but mine, because I insisted she go where there was no place to go). She sighed and picked herself up. I remounted and we got ourselves back down into the rushing creek bed where we belonged all the time; then on to Wendover with no further mishaps.

As I unsaddled and brushed Babette down I gave her a piece of candy, which I always carried, and put her to bed. Little did I realize that Aggie would be her last baby. She had not failed Hobert or me.

May little Aggie, as I am sure she will, be always as gentle and wise and steadfast as Babette.

I believe that Babette, in a green pasture, cared for by St. Francis, thinks with tenderness of this little girl, and is pleased to have such a living memorial.

EDITOR'S OWN PAGE

We are sometimes asked to explain the system of publication of *Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin*.

As all our old subscribers know, the Bulletins are edited at Wendover and published in Lexington at the **end** of each quarter, in order to give the winter's news in the winter number, etc. We try to get the articles and stories down to our printer in Lexington by the last week of the quarter. As this "copy" reaches him, he sets it up in type and mails his "galley proofs" up to our office at Wendover. We correct the "galley" and return it to him. After this, he "pages" the Bulletin and sends us the "page proofs." These have to be checked with the galley and returned to him.

After all of this has been done, it takes the printer several days to run some 5,000 Bulletins through his presses, stuff them in their envelopes (which we have already taken down to him), and carry them over to the Lexington post office for mailing. When we are expeditious in getting most of our copy down early, then the Bulletin gets in the mail by the end of the first week of the new quarter.

MEMORIES OF FNS HORSES

by

LUCILE HODGES

(From Huntsville, Alabama—December, 1956)

. . . Babette's going brings back memories of many other FNS horses.

Glen, from whose back I got my first glimpse of Wendover—around eight o'clock at night after almost a day with Mac at the Hyden Hospital. Marvin Breckinridge was there taking pictures and she was my guide.

Little Nell, the small mare used in teaching us beginners what was meant by the running walk.

Remus who always knew which way I wanted to go better than I did myself.

Dude who shared my sandwiches as well as my apples as we rode along.

Doc who took me through snow and ice up Muncy Creek with sandwiches for the nurse-midwife (Dougall) on the first—and last—delivery I ever had the courage to attend.

Bruna that I was riding bareback when someone told me that the secretaries were not supposed to ride her.

Darky who stumbled in the ford at the Mouth of Muncy, picked himself up, went in again over his shoulders and recovered his footing without dislodging his rider—me.

Traveler, the only horse who ever swam with me aboard.

Lassie and **Lady Ellen**, both of whom I had rather ride than to eat even when I was hungry.

Penny (the first one) who took me with a child patient from Hyden to Bowlingtown when one of the fords (Elkhorn, I think) was very high and I was very scared. Getting that child safely across the river was due to Penny only.

Commando who nibbled grass by the side of the road while I picked and ate blackberries.

Calico, as easy to ride as she was pretty to look at.

Puck, given to shying and leaving his rider wondering what he had seen or heard.

Silver, rearing gently—her way of asking for a cone of ice cream at Hyden (a treat for which "Harry" spoiled her).

Little Bess who let me bring a dog (in a sack) from John's Creek to Wendover.

Royal Bill, out of control from Camp Creek to Wendover. I can see some of the couriers yet as they ran from the old log Garden House to "pick up the pieces." (The Brashears had phoned to say that a horse was running away with one of the secretaries.) Luckily, I remembered that the telephone wire was low at the Mouth of Hurricane—and ducked!

Charming Billy who taught me that no horse, however gentle, likes to be approached unaware. I startled him by patting his hip without speaking. (Each hoof hit a knee and Dr. Kooser gave me two weeks in bed to think over my carelessness.)

Lacey on my last horseback ride from Wendover to Beech Fork.

Boots who never seemed to mind how many of the dogs I took along.

Nellie Gray, Lady Jane, Birdalone, and Carmenetta were among those gentle enough to meet guests.

Gloria carried many a heavy mail sack from the Head of Hurricane without a protest. (Perhaps that is why she once bit me through thick gloves, causing a blood blister for weeks.)

Diana and Lady Jean were fast and spirited. So was the **Old Gray Mare**, but I was afraid to ride her. She never ran away with me but I always had the feeling that she would if she wanted to!

Betsy and Flint were almost as easy to ride without, as with, the saddle. Flint gave me my longest bareback ride—up to Stinnett by way of Muncy Creek and back to Wendover by the river road.

There are many, many more of them—both living and dead—but I have reminisced long enough. I, too, loved Babette.

THE DAY I PASSED THE TEST

by

MARY RUTH SPARKS, Secretary to the Medical Director

Before coming to Hyden Hospital I had been told by the nurses about the outpost clinic trips on Fridays, and that I should bring my red flannels, etc., since Dr. Beasley never put up the jeep curtains throughout the winter, all of which talk I did not take too seriously. I came in March and the first jeep trip to the Possum Bend Center at Confluence was uneventful. It was a mild spring day, we were back early, and I thought "this is not bad."

The day of our Flat Creek Center Clinic dawned dreary and cold, with an icy rain. I received no encouragement at breakfast from the clinic nurse concerning the possibility of the trip being postponed, so I donned all my winter clothes, with plastic covering. I still hadn't resigned myself to jeans, the more or less standard costume for such trips. The nurse insisted that I sit in the middle, out of respect for my gray hair I guess, but even thus protected I soon felt drips all around.

It seems there are different routes to Flat Creek, and on this date we were supposed to go via Gilbert's Creek. Each of the two roads at the junction looked impassable to me but the doctor and nurse decided one didn't look as foreboding as the other. We soon reached the conclusion it was the wrong turn, but being more or less in a "point of no return" position, we jogged on. Time and again I thought, as the jeep went down into a muddy rut, that it would not come back up; but I had not yet learned the enduring performance of such a vehicle, expertly piloted by the doctor. I timidly asked the nurse what we would do if we stalled; she replied that we would have to walk until we saw smoke from a house. Since I had not seen any sign of a dwelling since we started on this so-thought Gilbert's Creek road, this was not much assurance.

We came to a river (or so it looked to me), which turned out to be Elisha's Creek. While I was wondering where the bridge was we started right through the water. In my astonishment I hadn't looked down until the nurse said, "Miss Sparks, lift your feet up," and then I discovered to my horror that the

water was up to the top of my plastics (I have since acquired rubber boots). They do give me credit for not screaming but claim I closed my eyes (in silent prayer they assumed), and I tell them maybe that is what brought us through.

We finally emerged at the home of one of our patients, and a very good friend I later found, who came out bareheaded in the still pouring rain and sympathetically informed us that we could not get through but would have to retrace our route and take the other road. This was bad news, but I reasoned that if we had come over it, we could get back. And we did.

Gilbert's Creek road was not quite as bad as Elisha's Creek had been, but the doctor did practically have to float through another creek-river, the nurse and I disembarking and taking a path.

We eventually arrived at the Nursing Center, where a warm welcome, with a glowing fire and hot coffee, awaited us.

There have been many subsequent rough trips over rock cliffs and creek beds—Shoal Mountain and Hell-fer-Sartain, for instance. But Dr. Beasley always says I passed the test on that memorable day in March.

NO MORE SAM

Winnfield, Louisiana, Clerk W. L. Sowers reports two postal cards and one letter which amused him.

The message on one card which was studied because of incorrect address read: "I've decided to marry your daughter provided you buy the license."

The second read: "I'll come back if you stop your nagging but I ain't gonna farm that old pore land."

The letter was addressed to "Sam _____, Box 685." But the present boxholder returned it inscribed: "No more Sam Dead Gone 3 years."

—"Chuckles," *Postal Service News*, June 1957

HEART OF ENGLAND

Keep this for your 1958 holiday!

We have said some hard things in the past about British Waterways' lack of enterprise in encouraging the use of canals. Now it gives us a new lease of life. It is a good thing to see a board of directors also be provided with a weekly Shakespeare course instead of starting for shallow water and being drawn to the Langolles. We can spare our weekly change of twenty-five pence to the Company. It has been doing very well for itself and the ways to the coast. It is at Oxford.



PETER RICHARDSON EHRLICH—16 months

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ehrlich
(Old Courier, Selby Brown)

One of our babies was nearly ready to make his advent into the world. The mother, who wanted him so very much, bore her pains without complaining, although the sweat was pouring down her face from her hard labour. When the end she made her only remark: "Oh, stroke!"

HEART OF ENGLAND

[Keep this for your 1958 holiday.]

We have said some hard things in the past about British Waterways' lack of enterprise in encouraging the use of canals. Now it gives us much pleasure to applaud their initiative in announcing, in a most attractively designed and well-illustrated brochure, a series of five-day 'Heart of England' cruises between Oxford and Birmingham this summer. Meals will be taken on board or at first-class hotels, where night accommodation will also be provided. There will be visits to Sulgrave Manor, Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon, and an evening at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is included. These are luxury cruises indeed, and we wish them all success. Oxford is also the starting point for privately operated 'hostelboats,' which cater for shallower pockets. These seventy-foot canal boats, horse-drawn and equipped like a youth hostel, make a two-week journey to Llangollen by way of Birmingham, where passengers who can spare only a week may leave or join the cruise. The all-in weekly charge is **six guineas**, compared with British Waterways' **twenty-five pounds**. For some years the enterprising Canal Cruising Company, with headquarters at Stone in Staffordshire, have been hiring boats to holidaymakers who want to navigate themselves, and their success has evidently encouraged British Waterways to equip boats of their own. Some of these are now available at Chester on the Shropshire Union Canal.

The Countryman, Summer 1957

Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire, England

Subscription price for an American is \$2.00 a year

UNDERSTATEMENT

One of our babies was nearly ready to make his advent into the world. The mother, who wanted him so very much, bore her pains without complaining, although the sweat was pouring down her face from her hard labor. Near the end she made her only remark, "Oh, shucks!"

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Harald Vestergaard (Ellen Wadsworth),
Copenhagen, Denmark—December 6, 1957**

I thought of the F.N.S. on Thanksgiving as I prepared my first turkey and will also think warmly of you all in the Christmas Season. As a matter of fact, I gave my health nurse here a bag of old clothes and shoes for some needy mothers and babies—shades of GRAB! I hope all goes well and that the New Year brings all good things and thoughts.

.

**From Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (Cath Mellick),
Boyce, Virginia—December 17, 1957**

It is time to wish you a very Merry Christmas. I still often long for that wonderful buzzing and those hectic days at Wenderover before Christmas. I shall never forget my year in the thick of it.

Our news is much the same as usual—life in the home doesn't change very much from day to day—but every minute seems to be full of children—their plans and thoughts. We are growing up, however, with all the growing pains going along with us. Tys went away to school this fall. He is at Saint Paul's—and holding his own—and happy. It truly changes life completely when they start to go. Donald and Drewdie are getting very grown up—and our baby boy—one year and a half—is an absolute menace in the home—but hale and hearty and such fun.

Tyson is still busy buying, selling and now importing horses. Some of the personalities he seems to import with the horses have proven to be quite interesting at times and not so interesting at other times—always fascinating—so there is never a dull moment. We had a wonderful August all together in Edgartown, with everyone loving it.

.

**From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),
Ames, Iowa—December 19, 1957**

Another nice Christmas season when we think of old friends and people who have meant a lot to us all through our lives.

This is a strange Christmas for us as my husband is in South America—Guatemala—for Christmas. He's on a year's leave from his work here and traveling for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and Christian Education. He had pneumonia in Bolivia, at an altitude of 12,000 feet; and we are grateful to the doctor and nurses in a strange country, speaking a foreign language, who gave good care to a stranger.

Our oldest boy is very happy as a freshman at Swarthmore College—the big thrill for us this Christmas will be when he gets home on Sunday. Our daughter is twelve and persuaded me to unlimber and go horseback riding with her this summer. I was amazed and delighted to feel quite at home in a saddle after at least 23 years! She's afraid she won't be a good enough horseman to go as a courier in six years. I suggested that she might be valuable if she learned to type well. "But Mother," she wailed, "I don't want to type!"

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack), Dalton City,
Illinois—Christmas, 1957**

Our farming operations have slowed down although we sell Christmas trees at this time of year. I think some people come to roam the woods as much as to choose a tree. They stay for hours, exploring the trails. One wooded path leads up a hillside along the creek. When I ride my mare there I can imagine myself in the mountains in Kentucky.

But to get to my family. Bob, my husband, has taken a job with the Lindsay-Schaub newspapers, writing editorials for them. The editorials not only appear in the two Decatur papers but in several other newspapers in Illinois.

Our boys are Jack, fifteen; Ronny, twelve; and Larry, four. I can't believe Jack is a teen-ager except that he does act like one. He is interested in machinery and loves to work outdoors on a tractor. In fact, he just loves to work. Ronny is more entertained by a book.

I take Larry to kindergarten five days a week, and while he is there I attend a class in zoology at Millikin University in Decatur. I am finding it difficult; and, furthermore, my family does not like my retiring from the family circle at night to study. One day I asked the boy who grades the papers if it was con-

sidered a "hard" course. He answered, "Are you kidding? This is where we flunk out the pre-meds who aren't going to make it." Sometimes I wonder how I am going to make it, but I struggle on.

It seems like ages ago since my mother and sister brought me to the mouth of Muncy Creek and we rode the trail to Wenderover to leave me there as a courier. It was a wonderful experience. Now, I must take a "soon" ride up the hill along the creek.

. . . .

From Anne Kilham, Colorado Springs, Colorado

—Christmas, 1957

I am going up to Denver, Friday, for a few days before Christmas then having Christmas with the Marshalls, here in the Springs, then I'm going down to Santa Fe.

Just finished, or will have finished in a couple of weeks, a fascinating course in geology. This is a great region for studying this subject. Also am taking American Literature and Graphic Arts. Next semester I'm taking Ornithology and Evolution, which should be interesting.

Have been very busy with the C C Mountain Club, climbing almost every week-end. In fact, we climbed three peaks over 14,000 this fall.

. . . .

From Celia Coit, Agoura, California—Christmas, 1957

More than ever I am enjoying living in the mountains, especially after adding on a large bedroom and a new bath. Mother was to come out for Christmas and I was getting things ready when she died very suddenly just before Thanksgiving. A real shock to all of us but how wonderful for her. I'm so doubly glad now that I took my two weeks' vacation this fall to visit her at Green Lake. She was in great spirits after her latest trip abroad—where she'd been for six months or so.

. . . .

From Mrs. Charles F. Weeden, III (Mary Sayres),

Buffalo, New York—Christmas, 1957

Highlights of our news include the arrival ("Kentucky-style") of a daughter, Ann; our return from Seattle, Washington, where my husband and I did graduate work; and our present residency here in Buffalo.

**From Mrs. John Ramsey Pugh (Weezy Myers),
Berlin, Germany—Christmas, 1957**

I am back in the horse game again, due to the fact that the only Horse Platoon left in the Army is here in Berlin! It won't last much longer, I am afraid; however, there are **many** people in Berlin (of all nationalities) who love to ride, and Johnnie is working very hard to keep a stable of horses for their use.

We left three horses behind when we came over here, but have now acquired two, which we bought at Dublin in August. We are training them for show jumping.

I remember like yesterday, my tour at Wendover, and that crazy (but nice) rearing horse!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd (Libby Boardman),
Clayton, Missouri—Christmas, 1957**

I am sitting writing Christmas notes while Frank is reading the Bulletin out loud—interspersed with such statements as, "This is a really **good** organization!" Now that we have moved to Clayton where Frank is Superintendent of Schools, we feel very near Kentucky and hope to drive East some day via Wendover with my young daughter who lives and breathes horses and still hopes to be a courier one day (she is twelve).

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch),
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1957**

I flew the kids back East for a marvelous visit with mother in New Hampshire last summer. The children couldn't have been better travellers and we all had such a good time. Sam joined us later and we stayed until the middle of October and saw the autumn coloring past its height—such a glorious sight. Even Chipps and Sambo were delighted and collected the different colored leaves with joy. Chipps is now in kindergarten and loving it. Sambo at two and a half is full of fun and energy.

. . . .

**From Barbara Clap, Cambridge, Massachusetts
—Christmas, 1957**

I'm at Teachers College, Columbia, for the year. I went to visit Little Red School House in Greenwich Village about a month

ago and I met Norma Cummings. She's at New York University. I love New York and hope to stay in, or near, Manhattan next year.

.

From Justine (Dusty) Pruyn, New York City, New York

—Christmas, 1957

The Bulletin just came today and I read it, as always, with great enjoyment and nostalgia. Now, I am back at work in New York. This time, however, at Life Magazine answering letters to the Editor. It's fun, as it is varied and involves some research; but it's good hard work!

.

From Lenore (Len) Fredrickson, Rochester, New York

—Christmas, 1957

My summer at Embudo Mission Hospital was great and helped me a lot in my decision towards nursing.

I saw Mary Sayres Weeden in September and was with her when she brought her baby girl—Ann—home from the hospital. They are now living in Buffalo and are very happy.

I met Mrs. Harper Sibley last month and we talked about the FNS. She wanted to know how Mrs. Breckinridge was and all. I was so glad that I could give her a first-hand report, even though it's two years old.

.

From Mrs. Bosworth M. Todd, Jr. (Joan Henning),

Louisville, Kentucky—Christmas, 1957

We have moved into a new house which is small but very comfortable, and we love our new neighborhood. Sam is almost 21 months old now and is keeping me really busy. He grows more adorable and interesting by the day as he is learning all kinds of new things. Bos is still with Hilliard's and is also teaching an investment course at The University of Louisville night school which he loves doing!

Mary Helm Myers has a baby girl, born in September.

.

From Mrs. Parker G. Montgomery (Jan McMillan),

Katonah, New York—Christmas, 1957

I feel very badly that I haven't caught you up on events!: we

were married June, 1956; and John Bishop arrived August 28, 1957. We're living in the country, a long commute from New York City; and are now looking for a horse to add to our menage of baby, dog and two heifers!

. . . .

From Parker Gundry, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

—Christmas, 1957

I have a Special Studies teaching job here at Moravian Preparatory School and am living with my aunt and uncle. I bought me a car and am very independent; but I may move into an apartment, come the New Year. I am teaching ninth grade civics and two sections of twelfth grade government, plus an assortment of gym classes. Monday evenings, I trip over to Lehigh to attend an educational psychology class to get some education credits. I have had an interesting time meeting some foreign students from Lehigh through the wife of a professor.

Thank Mrs. Breckinridge for being such a wonderful woman to have had such an amazing creative and useful idea—that of building the FNS and all that it means and does. I try to explain the FNS to people but nothing except a real experience with it can make such a place come alive to anyone. I even have many pictures, but no picture of the spirit of the FNS—none of what it really is.

. . . .

From Mary (Timmy) Balch, New Delhi, India—January 24, 1958

Since September I've been working for our Regional Legal Counsel. He is on call for our missions in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nepal, Ceylon and India. As a result, he isn't in Delhi a great deal. I run (or try to run) the office here for him while he is away and am enjoying it immensely.

In November I moved out of "The Toy," my former living quarters, to my own apartment—large, light, sunny and utterly delightful; and I have nice neighbors and a view across the golf course. The jackals howl and roam in packs, but they don't often come up to the front door.

I have inherited a dog, Miss Bos, who has a very fine Golden Retriever for a mother and a very large question mark for a

father. She is very good natured, but unfortunately she loves all the "Wallahs" as well as my friends. I feel like an idiot holding her by the collar with her wagging tail behind the door while I try to discourage a silk, leather, shoe, kashmeri, magazines and the multitudinous other wallahs that are always around. A "Wallah" is a fuller brush man of all trades—a very definite part of India like the bullock carts, sacred cows, et cetera.

My tour of duty is up June 27th, and I have to decide pretty soon just what I'm going to do next. I'd like to be in Boston for a year, and then we'll see.

One of the most important things I've learned here is that life still goes on, regardless. I'm going to have to change my thinking completely and readjust to the good old U. S. A.

Five of us drove to Jaipur right after Christmas and got thoroughly lost. Driving in India is an experience because road signs are practically unheard of, and seven-tenths of them are written in Hindu. We ended up with the nose of the car practically in a very lovely and picturesque lake. This was after we chased a camel one-half mile down the road(?) way, hoping all the time he wouldn't kick the car. The roads are not paved, except for the main ones and they are mostly just one lane wide; and the back window of the station wagon was out, so you can imagine what we looked like—60 dusty miles and several hours late—when we pulled into Jaipur! Dirt roads are one thing, but these are dust roads!

Tomorrow I hope to go hunting. I'm the official jeep driver on some of the trips the Marines and Navy take. My courier days certainly gave me the experience! No rivers here, though, mainly sand, ditches, holes, and fields.

Have joined the Polo Club and have been doing quite a bit of riding with them. No Polo, though, I leave that to Susy [her younger sister]. Guess I told you she played in Hyderabad. She is now at Wellesley.

I hope to go to Lahore next month for the Army Horse Show. It is supposed to be the best on the sub-continent. I have cousins living there, too.

Indian Air Force is practicing for their part in the Independence Day Parade on the 26th and the noise is deafening.

From Mrs. James E. Thompson (Etty Bartlett),

New York, New York—January 29, 1958

I have caught up on lots of FNS news from Jane Leigh Powell whom I see frequently at Roosevelt Hospital where I, also, do a great deal of volunteer work. I missed hearing Mrs. Breckinridge talk as I had a child sick a-bed that day. I was awfully sorry not to see her.

To bring you up-to-date. I am married to a hard-working surgeon. Our eldest, Betsy, graduated from Wellesley last year and is now a student teacher at the Perkins School for the Blind, outside Boston; and she adores it. Next in line is Jimmy, who is a freshman at Yale. Then, Jeff, our "postwar" member who is only ten. At times we feel we have a grandchild. That straightens you out on all the Thompsons!

. . . .

From Kate Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio—February 2, 1958

Junior League is busier than ever. My term ends in June and there are so many things I wish to accomplish before I finish the job. It is fascinating because one can do an adequate job with some effort and time; but there is so much room for improvement and expansion.

Now I speak to Fairview Park Hospital Senior Student Group twice a year.

. . . .

From Mrs. John Rutledge Cheshire (Julie Davidson),

Washington, D. C.—February 4, 1958

I am so sad that Tenacity is no longer with FNS. Wendover has certainly lost one of my favorites. I miss my trips back to Wendover.

The Leslie County mothers probably never realize the unusual care they get from the FNS nurses. Here in Washington you wait at least an hour to see the doctor, you see him for five minutes and that's it. But the poor doctors are so overladen with patients, I can hardly blame them.

Mary [her sister] and Swifty were back from Bagdad for a few weeks. She is thriving on her life there. Apparently there is a lot of riding—even a hunt that rides over the desert jumping ditches instead of fences. Luckily Iraq is pro-American so far.

So this makes the atmosphere pleasanter for people who work in the Embassy.

From Susan M. Spencer, Tucson, Arizona—February 10, 1958

This coming Sunday the Tucson Community School where I teach the four-year-olds is having its wild west show for the benefit of the equipment fund. The children have already begun coming to school in their cowboy clothes. Heaven knows what they will be doing by the end of the week! Then the following week is the Fiesta de los Vaqueros or Rodeo Week. The town really goes whole hog for this and if you are caught downtown without three articles of western clothing they put you in the "hoosegow." Silly, but the tourists love this sort of show. Actually the rodeo parade is something special, for every vehicle is horse-drawn.

I am glad to know that at least you have one courier. The winter must be rugged if the reports we read in the newspapers are accurate. We have some friends who went to Florida instead of coming out to Arizona this year and each time we read of a new cold wave in Florida we weep for them.

If I were you I should think I would lose my temper at the jeeps while pushing them around to get them started. Perhaps the gadgets which are installed at the University of Alaska might help—meters which can be attached to the battery of your car to keep it warmed up.

Hearing that Tenacity is no more made me dreadfully sad. I don't suppose you have any horses I would remember either. Two of my second cousins want to become couriers in a few years when they are old enough, but it was disillusioning to them that jeeps almost equal the number of horses in the Service.

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—February 14, 1958

Twenty years ago this week I set off on my first "American Adventure." It is hard to believe that it was so long ago, and that ten years have gone by since my last visit. I suppose I should come over again this year, but am afraid that is impossible. However, I never give up hope that I shall get back someday.

I am still at home and we always seem to be very busy. I spent two days this week with a college friend whom I hadn't seen for years and it was so nice being with her again. Next month I want to have a day or two in London, and hope to see Joan McClellan which will be fun. One of my great friends in Uganda was an American woman, Sue Stille, who was head of the Y.W.C.A. She is at present on leave and may be in England for a bit on her way back so I am looking forward to seeing her again. I miss Africa very much.

We have had some very cold weather and quite a lot of snow, but today is milder, though stormy, and snowdrops and crocuses are out in the garden. I shall never forget the lovely Kentucky spring with the wonderful flowers. I think dogwood and the tiny irises were my favorites (and blood root because it was the first to bloom).

. . . .

From Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon (Mary Bulkley),

Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan—February 20, 1958

Last fall was a busy one. Eleanore, now two, is fast on her feet and not much of a talker. I find that when I finish a day of chasing after her, I get behind on letters and all the things I mean to do. Mother was again in traction at Ford Hospital for four months after an automobile accident. Fortunately, it was her less useful leg; so she is now getting around again on crutches with her usual spirit. A few weeks later Bill went off his horse and broke his shoulder, but that too is all mended. In the middle of this, a new puppy arrived to the children's joy and my harassment. A Welsh Corgi, he proved wonderfully trainable, and needed to be told something only once—wish the girls were like that.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Lucy Conant has returned to New Haven and is with the School of Nursing and also is getting some supervisory experience at the V.N.A.

Anne Reynolds is working for two psychiatrists in New York City.

Kay Pfeiffer Vaczek and her family are now living in Iowa

City, Iowa. Her husband is teaching at the University and writing. One of his books is **River and Empty Sea**—Houghton, Mifflin.

.

Celia Coit lost her mother just before Christmas—Mrs. Chandler was planning to spend Christmas with her in California. **Mardi Bemis Perry's** mother, Mrs. Albert Farwell Bemis, died February 1, after a long illness. We have just learned of the death of Mrs. Harold C. Beatty, mother of **Cynthia Beatty** who was our first Christmas Secretary. We send our love and deepest sympathy to Celia, Mardi and Cynthia.

WEDDINGS

Miss Mary Forrest Zabriskie of Washington, D. C., and Mr. F. Coit Johnson II of Long Island, New York, on December 21, 1957, in Alexandria, Virginia. Mr. Johnson is now lecturer in English and assistant in administration at C. W. Post College, Brookville, Long Island. He is studying for his master's degree at Columbia University Teachers College. Although Mary could not remain with us for her full courier term, she made a real place for herself and was an enormous help to us. We wish this young couple the very best that life can hold and deep happiness in their life together.

Miss Amy Wade Stevens of North Andover, Massachusetts, and Mr. Bruce McCormick Putnam of Rangely, Colorado, on December 28, 1958. It is not often that any of us are so fortunate as to be able to attend the wedding of an old courier; but three of us had the happiness of being with Amy on her wedding day.

Amy Wade Stevens became the bride of Bruce McCormick Putnam on December 28th, 1958, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, North Andover, Massachusetts. Amy first won our hearts as an irrepressible courier. Next, she had the strength and courage to be Aggie's secretary and was a masterful Keeper of the Red Purse. Still undaunted, she returned and was tops as Christmas Secretary.

Amy's mother, Mrs. Buchanan Charles and Mr. Charles had a delightful luncheon at the Andover Inn the day of the wedding. The bridal party, relatives, and an FNS delegation of three were there. Agnes Lewis, Freddy Holdship and Jinny Branham were the lucky ones. From their various reports there is no doubt that the church wedding was beautiful, and the reception at the Charles' gracious home was enjoyed by all who were wishing this fine young couple Godspeed.

Since their wedding trip to Nassau, Amy and Bruce are

living in the metropolis of Rangely, Colorado—population 800 approx.—where Bruce is a petroleum engineer. Though the mail address is just Box 567, their home is on Magnolia Drive!

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Potter (Barbara McClurg) of Chicago, Illinois, a daughter, Helen Barton (named after her father's family) on October 7, 1957. She weighed in at 8-pounds and 10-ounces. We have entered her in the Courier Service for 1975.

The news has just reached us that a son, their second, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Vaczek (Kay Pfeiffer) last May 27, 1957. (See Bits of Courier News.)

JUST JOKES

An amateur artist finished a portrait of a friend and was very proud of his work, so he called in a physician to look at it. The doctor looked at the painting for several minutes without making any comment. The artist couldn't stand the suspense any longer so he asked, "Doc, what do you think?"

Suddenly the doctor answered, "Looks like a gall bladder attack to me."

.

An army engineer second lieutenant ran into a problem. How to cross a deep, muddy swamp too wide to bridge with their ordinary spans.

Advising his commander of the predicament, the young officer was told: "Nonsense! Nothing is impossible. Requisition what you need and I'll see that you get it."

Shortly afterwards he received a requisition slip: "Need fifteen men eighteen feet tall to cross swamp sixteen feet deep."

.

"These shoes are too narrow and pointed," said the customer.

"But, madam," replied the salesman, "they are wearing narrow, pointed shoes this season."

"That may be," answered the suffering woman, "but, unfortunately, I am still wearing last year's feet."

A MEMORABLE FRIDAY

by

LUREE WOTTON, R.N., C.M.
Hyden Hospital Nurse-Midwife

It was a chilly Thursday evening at Beech Fork Nursing Center, where I was getting my district experience as a student nurse-midwife. I remarked to Peggy Kemner, the center nurse-midwife, that I had a feeling I should retire early. Sure enough, my "feeling" was not in vain. At 10:00 p.m. we were called by an anxious papa-to-be.

Quickly I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes; dressed and helped gather the saddlebags and flashlights. Soon we had arrived at the home—in nice time to make the mother comfortable and to prepare our equipment for the delivery. All went well, and at 1:00 a.m. on Friday morning a baby boy arrived, crying lustily. After the necessary things were done we went back to the nursing center to catch a few hours sleep.

Friday is a busy day at Beech Fork. Peggy Kemner and I went to the Mary B. Willeford Clinic at Stinnett for the morning. There we saw many prenatal patients and other folks. After noon we bumped down river in a jeep, crossed the river by boat, and walked up one hill and down the next on a regular visit to a mother, and her baby, we had delivered the week before. They both continued well. The baby, who weighed only five pounds at birth, was doing nicely. We had a few other calls to make, including one to our mother and new baby of the night before. Then home to supper and bed. However, it was only a few hours before the cow bell on the door rang again, and we heard a voice saying, "You better come quick." We knew he really meant just that, and as we were already in practice from the night before, we were soon on the way.

This time we arrived just ahead of a sweet little baby girl. We looked at the clock and it was not yet midnight—it had been truly a memorable Friday.

TO A MOUSE**On Being Shot up 1,642 Feet in a Rocket**

*Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!*

Robert Burns was certainly absent from that conclave of the Austin, Minn., Rocket Society, composed of high school boys, which launched a home-made rocket with a live mouse inside it last Saturday. Powered by a "solid" fuel, the contraption rose 1,642 feet over the countryside at a speed of over 200 miles an hour. Then, quite logically, it crashed back to earth, its tiny passenger being killed instantly on the impact.

Perhaps this experiment proved something, though we doubt it. Let youngsters fire off tiny Sputniks if they can. But why imprison a mouse, or any other living creature in one, if no knowledge is to be yielded by its death? Killing a mouse, suddenly, may be necessary to prudent housekeeping. Subjecting one needlessly to 3,284 feet of darkness and terror shows little reverence for life. If increased interest in science is to lead merely to greater callousness the world will not have moved ahead.

New York Herald-Tribune
Thursday, December 5, 1957

TAKEN OFF HER OWN HANDS

She had no gift of entertaining herself, and was always glad, as one might say, to be taken off her own hands.

—*The Only Rose*, by Sarah Orne Jewett

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Helen Farrington in Ann Arbor, Michigan

—November 1957

The School of Public Health where I have all of my classes but one is just across the street, so I shouldn't be too uncomfortable with the cold this winter. I'm taking seven courses of various subjects—statistics, PH administration, environmental health, mental health seminar, PH nursing seminar, and one education course much against my will. They are of varying degrees of interest, some are worthwhile and some not so much so. Nevertheless, I'm very glad for the year here. I've met some wonderful people which I seem to do everywhere, and know that I'm learning many things which is what I came for.

.

From Dr. Frances L. Zoeckler in Kermanshah, Iran

—November 1957

The Asiatic flu hit Kermanshah at this time so that we were busy night and day seeing victims of this disease. Fortunately for the most part it was mild. Most of our hospital staff succumbed. The nurses had a difficult time keeping the floors staffed, with four nurses off on vacation and two to four nurses down with the flu most of the time.

.

From Isabella Dougal Marraine in Winter Haven, Florida

—December 1957

This is a large county and at this time of year we have many health problems due to the number of migrants who arrive to pick fruit. I found eight children and three adults in two rooms the other day, and one of these rooms was also used for cooking. One adult was the grandmother, aged 72. Due to the cramped conditions one child got quite severely burned with coffee. He is eighteen months and the baby is three months. The Red Cross are going to help them some. At these camps the washing and toilet facilities are communal but that is not a draw-

back as they are inspected by our health personnel and usually are clean. The rent of the two rooms furnished was \$10.00 weekly.

.
From Frances Fell in the Philippines—December 1957

Miss Montilla enjoyed her stay with the FNS very much. The maternity has fifty deliveries a day now and it is very crowded. The D. O. S. in Manila had 7,000 babies in 1957. Best wishes to all.

.
From Nancy Wilson in Berea, Kentucky—December 1957

Greetings and best wishes to all the FNS members both old and new. Yes, it's good to be back on sure enough Kentucky country since my move to Berea College this past fall, and am hoping it may be possible to work in a brief visit before too many more weeks slip by.

.
From Betty Holmes Rodman in Denver, Colorado

—December 1957

Am enjoying my job—as secretary in the Space Technology Laboratories of the Rame-Wooldridge Corporation—which supervises making of the Teton missile for the Air Force,—an exciting business these days. We still love living in Colorado—we ski and ice skate and enjoy the casual life here. We look forward to the Bulletin eagerly as always.

.
From Louise Fink Bockman in Nome, Alaska

—December 1957

It doesn't seem possible that it is ten years since I spent Christmas at Wendover. So much has happened in the ten years, but the memory of Christmas, and the spirit that is Wendover at Christmas time is still fresh.

.
From Betty Hillman (Hilly) in London, England

—December 1957

Had such a good time at Watford last week. I expect you've heard that we [FNSers] were featured on Radio Newsreel. The reporter took recordings from Kelly, Peggy Tinline, Double-

day, and Jo Anne but only Kelly's and Jo Anne's were actually broadcast.

.
From Lois Harris Kroll in Titusville, Florida

—December 1957

This may be our last winter here. The cold spell this year convinced Hank. Our avacado, lime, and guava trees froze—as well as most of the garden. We ate turnips and turnip greens tonight for dinner and have plenty of cabbage. But it is discouraging. We've talked about Oregon for years and Hank plans on leaving early this spring and looking the place over—also Northern California. It's a beautiful state—better schools—and not so far from Alaska. So we may make our permanent winter home there.

.
From Betty Ann Bradbury at St. Walburg's Convent,

Covington, Kentucky—December 1957

I am a busy postulant again, teaching a course in Health to high school freshmen and "Home Nursing Care of the Sick and Injured" (Red Cross variety) to high school seniors. Next semester I will be teaching "Mother and Baby Care" and am thrilled at the prospect! You can bet I'll share my FNS experiences with the girls and I wish I had my old slides to show them. Perhaps I could borrow some from you sometime.

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

—December 1957

This past year has been an on-going of our regular activities for all of us except George, who graduated from Taft in June, and entered Princeton as a pre-medical freshman in September. Bill is now in his third year there in geological engineering. Mary-Alice is a junior in the high school here in Penn Yan, filling in the gaps in curricular education with band, cheerleading, student government, and chorus. Ann puts in most of the time on home-making, with church, Scouts, blood bank, and various community activities sandwiched in. Henry has a full time job in medicine and surgery, with three or four trips a year to attend the meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Baptist Foreign

Society—this past year at Philadelphia, New York City, and Green Lake, Wisconsin.

.

**From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete) in
King's Lynn, England—December 1957**

We're still in England, due to a very last minute change of plans. Expect now to be here through August 1958. The children are as delighted as can be, especially as they are loving school and meeting their English relatives. We thought of you the other day when we drove through Wendover, Bucks!

.

From Elda M. Barry in Vrindaban, India—January 1958

Although it was over ten years ago that I was in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, I recall often the many pleasant experiences I had and the splendid people I met while there.

Although our general hospital has a bed capacity of only 125 patients, last year we had 399 deliveries conducted in the hospital. The larger per cent of these deliveries were normal, but we had to have the doctor a number of times when caesarean sections had to be done; we had 32 last year. We also had nine pairs of twins. A good average for only 399 deliveries, I believe.

.

**From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in South Cerney, England
—January 1958**

We are all prettied up with the first snow of the winter here. It's dry and freezing and so lovely and clean—at present. The old gray stone cottages all look snugly hunched under their white icing—their inmates all hunch snugly over their fires, and I'm hoping the baby who is due stays snugly hunched where he is for a bit!

.

From Ellen Marsh in London, England—January 1958

Rose McNaught was over in England last autumn. It was lovely to meet her and renew our acquaintance. We had a nice time at Peggy McQueen's at Welling. This year I did not go to the Thanksgiving reunion at Watford. I usually do, but we had a Bazaar at our church and I was very busy. Our church

was burned out during the war, but March 1st it is to be reopened. It will be a joy to worship in a real dedicated building once again.

.
From Ruth E. Wardell in Guatemala—February 1958

Each time that the Quarterly Bulletin comes, it stills seems as fresh and enriching as the first time that I read it quite a number of years ago.

The work here among the Mam Indians has grown considerably until this one nurse clinic handles some 7,500 to 8,000 patients a year. Maternity work continues to grow. Just this afternoon I took a patient in to our nearest government hospital because of complications. When I first began here I saw very few normal cases, but am now encouraged with the number of normal ones that I am receiving. The prenatal work has helped a lot. Also, the people are becoming aware of the facilities available to them.

.
From Jo Anne Hunt in London, England—February 1958

Did you ever hear me mention Bermuda? Well, there is a district post vacant in May and I have applied. The set-up sounds very similar to FNS and I think I would enjoy it very much. I shall set up a small holiday camp for FNS and those who feel in need of recuperation can just fly over—in one of FNS's helicopters!—and stay with me for a few days. If I go I shall certainly plan a visit to FNS this year.

.
From Ruth Burleigh in Tacoma, Washington—February 1958

I was up on Mt. Rainier at one of the ski areas two weeks ago. Up to that time ten feet of snow had fallen there. The new fallen snow on the many evergreens and on the surrounding mountains make a perfect winter wonderland scene. And I forgot to take my camera! My reason for being there on this particular week end was that I was the duty nurse for the 850 "younguns" of the Tacoma-Pierce County ski school. No serious injuries that day.

.
We have just learned of the death last year of the mother of one of the old staff, Nola Blair. We extend to her our love and deepest sympathy.

CUCUMBER SOUP

Ingredients

- 2 cups unpeeled, chopped cucumber
- 1 medium sized onion (chopped)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 2 cups chicken broth or 2 cups water and
2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 cup light cream or 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup peeled, finely chopped cucumber,
chopped fresh mint or chives

Cook together until tender the unpeeled cucumber, onion, salt, pepper and chicken broth. Blend cornstarch and a little cold water until smooth. Add cornstarch to cucumber-chicken broth mixture, cook, stirring constantly for two minutes. Put all through a food mill or a sieve—mashing it through. Chill. When ready to serve, add cream and chilled, peeled and chopped raw cucumber. Serve cold with mint or chives and a little whipped cream on top, if you like! (This smells heavenly as it cooks, and is so refreshing served cold.)

Contributed by: *Mrs. Walter A. Hull, Hazard, Kentucky*

DOG PSYCHOLOGY

Some time ago an article in the magazine section of a Sunday newspaper propounded the theories of one of Britain's leading child health experts and one of this country's outstanding authorities on baby and child care. Their contention is that baby talk to an infant is a big help in giving babies more interest in life, a healthier appetite and a greater feeling of being loved.

Personnel at the school, as well as visitors and students have long observed the custom of Mr. William Debetaz (vice-president in charge of the Training Division) of talking to the dogs and speaking to them by name. His explanation always has been that this makes the dogs feel they are recognized and accepted. This psychology is carried out further in the actual training of Seeing Eye dogs—the dogs trained through affection and tone of voice.

Humans and animals alike adjust to life through love and affection.

—*The Seeing Eye Guide*
September, 1957, Morristown, New Jersey

WINTER AT WENDOVER

by
REBECCA BROWN

Oh Winter, ruler of th' inverted year . . .
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art.

—William Cowper, *The Task*, 1785

Having worked at Wendover as an "extra secretary" in the loveliness of the spring, summer and fall, I thought I was probably in for quite a let down when I came to help out during the Christmas time. I was never more mistaken! There were, of course, no blooms on the flowering trees, but bare branches were starkly beautiful against a leaden sky. The river did not glisten as in the sunlight of summer, but it had the same greenish tint and flowed with the same soft rhythm. I had to wear heavy boots and carefully skirt the puddles when walking the Wendover road, but the cardinals were so bright against the deep green of the pines, and sometimes the mist so thick and pearly, that I was unaware of the puddles until I had stepped in one! The rocks were covered with moss and nestling among them were various small red berries, which gave the effect of a winter garden.

Late one night, after it had rained all day, I stepped out on the cabin porch and beheld a fairyland. Raindrops had clung to the branches of each tree, to the bushes and fronds of the yucca lilies above the blossom patch. Then the moon had transformed each drop into a tiny glittering prism.

Now my cycle of the seasons is completed and Wendover is lovely in each of them.

DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN

Scene: A Scottish Castle.

Time: Late 19th century.

Mark, English humorist, speaking:

"A wife should never try to explain away her husband; she should merely accept him, as we accept old age and Sunday and the income tax, as things to be endured rather than murmured against."

—From *Place and Power* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler
D. Appleton and Company, 1903



FOUR FUTURE COURIERS

Kathy, 15; Gale, 13; Kemmy, 11; Rosalie, 10.

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ford W. Thompson, Jr.
of Clayton, Missouri (Old Courier, Kitty Randolph)

OLD NEW YORK

Mrs. Almond lived much farther up town, in an embryonic street, with a high number—a region where the extension of the city began to assume a theoretic air, where poplars grew beside the pavement (when there was one), and mingled their shade with the steep roofs of desultory Dutch houses, and where pigs and chickens disported themselves in the gutter. These elements of rural picturesqueness have now wholly departed from New York street scenery.

—*Washington Square*, by Henry James (1881)

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, authorizes us to announce that the annual meeting of the trustees, members, and friends of the FNS will take place on Wednesday, June 4, 1958, at the Louisville Country Club. Notices will go out at least two weeks in advance. But put the date on your calendars right now.

.

The *Vicksburg Sunday Post* of February 2, 1958, printed a long article entitled *Russia—Then and Now* by J. B. Dabney of Vicksburg. With the permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers, this article quoted extensively from the Russian section of *Wide Neighborhoods*. Mr. Dabney, an old family friend and connection by marriage of mine, has prefaced the quotations with a delightful bit of personal writing.

.

We have received from Professor S. L. Townsend of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Melbourne, the fascinating annual report of the Victoria Bush Nursing Association in Australia. Professor Townsend is so kind as to link the exploits of our Frontier nurses with those of the Victoria Bush nurses.

.

Kay Davis, former editor of *To Dragma*, official organ of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, is now Mrs. Frank H. Carter of Wayland, Massachusetts. We are happy to announce that she has become a member of the Boston Committee of the FNS. Our former nurse-midwife Martha (Mardi) Morrison, now with the Boston Lying-In, has also become a member of the Boston Committee. She has done yeoman work in speaking on the FNS to New England groups, including the New Hampshire Daughters of Colonial Wars.

.

We have been most interested in the two newest pamphlets put out by The World Calendar called *On the Square With Time* and *Workable World Harmony*. Those of you who want to read them may obtain copies by writing

The World Calendar
P. O. Box 224
Lenox Hill Station
New York 21, New York

Our Agnes Lewis, Executive Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, had the most delightful holiday that ever was, beyond the mountains this winter. First, she went by train to Atlanta to spend Christmas with her older sister, Mrs. Mary Kate Duskin. After a week she took a plane to Boston. Courier "Jinny" Branham met her at the airport where they waited about an hour for courier "Freddy" Holdship's plane. Then they all three drove out to the Branhams at Hingham, Massachusetts, for a visit. The next day, December 28, Aggie, Freddy, and Jinny went to the wedding of courier Amy Stevens at North Andover. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Charles at a luncheon before the wedding. They reported that Amy was a lovely bride.

On January 2, "Jinny" Branham and "Mardi" Bemis Perry were hostesses for a courier tea in Aggie's honor at the Union Club in Boston. About twenty of Agnes' courier friends from accessible parts of New England attended this tea, and Aggie never had a better time. She and Jinny spent a week end with Freddy (going by plane) at her home in Sewickley near Pittsburgh. Aggie's vacation wound up with brief but delightful visits with the families of her two nephews in Dayton and her niece in Cincinnati. She came back to Wendover looking like a million dollars.

TOWN AND TRAIN

On Friday, January 10, Peggy Elmore and I left Wendover for **New York**, where we arrived Saturday afternoon. We both had pleasant personal engagements on the Sunday. With my sister-in-law, Martha Prewitt Breckinridge, who was in New York for a brief stop, we went to the Little Church Around the Corner. There were other doings with family and friends that evening and on the Monday, one of which deserves special mention. The Jefferson Pattersons were in the U. S. on a brief leave from his post as Ambassador to Uruguay. Monday afternoon

Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, Marvin's mother, had the family and a few intimate friends at her place for tea. Marvin and Jeff brought their two children, Patricia and Mark, with them and all four looked very fit and happy.

Tuesday morning, the 14th, Peggy and I had the great pleasure of attending the regular monthly meeting of the FNS New York Committee. In the greatly regretted absence of its chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, the vice-chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, presided. It was a joy to listen to the reports of those who had been working so hard and so efficiently for the FNS at the Bargain Box. There isn't space to name each one, but I delighted in thanking personally Mrs. James V. Hayes, the chairman of the FNS Bargain Box Committee, and Mrs. Walter Binger, the treasurer. The courier chairman, our own Pebble Stone, had come in from the country and we had the chance of a talk with her afterwards at lunch. That night we had dinner with Mrs. Horn and her sister, Mrs. Charles Williams of Mississippi, who is a kinswoman by marriage of mine.

On Wednesday I went by train out to Harrison, New York, for my annual day with Jessie Carson. Although our friendship goes back to the old American Committee for Devasted France days, when she and I were both "Cards," she is remembered in the FNS for her yeoman's work as contact secretary in our early years. Old friends in all those cities where she organized our initial committees, these old friends always like news of her. She takes her permanent invalidism with humor and gallantry.

Thursday afternoon, January 16, was the day of our big New York Annual Meeting. The weather, anything but auspicious, prevented a lot of friends from coming into New York from the country but more than a hundred people struggled over to the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom. Most of them stayed for tea and a social chat afterwards. I was especially moved to meet among the many with whom I talked Jean's mother, Mrs. Harry B. Hollins, and Mrs. William M. Haupt, bless them. Mrs. Helen Joy Lee, daughter of our vice-chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, turned up from Stonington, Connecticut. I was able to call on her, while I was speaking, to confirm the size of some of the big rallies we have in the mountains because she had attended one at the Bowlingtown outpost nursing center. It gladdened me

to meet Dr. and Mrs. Howard M. Freas (he a former medical director of ours) at this meeting. Among the couriers, well represented from New York, was Marion Shouse Lewis, in from Pennsylvania. Among the distinguished nurses I have space to mention only one and that is Mary Roberts, editor emeritus of the *American Journal of Nursing*, and my great and good friend.

Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, vice-chairman of the New York Committee, presided over the meeting with charm and in high good humor. Mrs. Hayes presented me with a Bargain Box check for \$2,500.00. Needless to say this gift started me off on my talk in high good humor. The check brought the money the Frontier Nursing Service has received from the Bargain Box since the start of its fiscal year on May 1, to \$4,500.00. We are grateful to each and everyone of you who have had a part in this.

Peggy and I still had a few more days in New York all crammed with appointments. To my great joy, Mrs. Samuel Ordway consented to take over all the donor and invitation files of the New York Committee. Peggy spent the Friday morning after the meeting with Mrs. Ordway at Mrs. Horn's place going over the files and explaining the system under which they were carried for years, before her health began to fail, by Mrs. Herman F. Stone. Mrs. Ordway is as meticulous a worker as was Mrs. Stone. We had Kitty Macdonald, old FNSer now with the Maternity Center Association in New York, for a delightful hour at tea. That evening I had dinner at the Club with Alan Dunn, brother of my brother-in-law, and his wife Mary Petty, such dears, both of them.

Peggy and I spent our week ends quite differently. She went out with Leigh Powell to her place on Long Island. I spent the Saturday in Greenwich, Connecticut, with Dr. and Mrs. James C. Greenway, who were so kind as to send their car for me. His family and mine have old, warm ties of friendship. As for Mrs. Greenway, she was the Harriet Lauder that I first knew when we were young teenagers in Russia about 1895. Many long memories are woven through this friendship. On Sunday Mrs. Francis Boardman and I lunched with Mrs. Archibald Douglas, and there again were dear ties of friendship. In the morning I had gone to my Little Church Around the Corner. Miss Hattie Hemschemeyer, Associate Director of the Maternity Center Asso-

ciation, had tea with me. On both the Saturday evening and the Sunday evening I dined with cousins.

Monday was a busy day. Peggy and I had an appointment at 10:00 a.m. at the headquarters on Fourth Avenue of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to discuss the possibility of an assistant to Dr. Beasley. We were most kindly received by the Reverend Claude L. Pickens and had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Bentley. Our next engagement was at Harper and Brothers on 33rd Street with Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, my editor for *Wide Neighborhoods*, and one of the most delightful people I know. We lunched at a place on Park Avenue with Miss Jane Hinchcliffe, an associate of the Ford Foundation, who had been the FNS advisor on the handling of the Fund's \$10,000 hospital grant. It is most satisfying when these business relationships result in social contacts that are true and lasting. That afternoon I attended the members tea at the Cosmopolitan Club and that night I dined with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Mellick, in town for the winter.

Tuesday also had its pleasant and worthwhile engagements but it was time for us to get out of New York. We took a Baltimore and Ohio train Wednesday for **Washington, D. C.**, and the big John Mason Brown Benefit held by the Washington Committee at the Hotel Shoreham on Thursday, January 23, at 11:30 a.m.

The Benefit was utterly delightful and a huge success. Nearly all the more than 400 seats in the Shoreham ballroom were filled and John Mason Brown was at his best. Mrs. Eisenhower headed our list of distinguished patronesses, and was so gracious as to have a photograph taken with herself and our Washington Chairman, Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield, for publication. All of the advance publicity was due to the superb volunteer work of Mrs. Arthur Krock. After the meeting there followed those delectable social moments when you meet again so many of the people you like and rarely see. Then Admiral and Mrs. Warfield, John Mason Brown, Peggy and I, our Benefit chairman, Mrs. Nelson Perin and Mr. Perin, and the Jefferson Pattersons had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thoron and their son.

It was a special happiness to me to have for tea at the Sulgrave Club that afternoon our own FNS nurses, Carol Banghart and Molly Lee, who are doing significant work at the Johns

Hopkins Hospital (of which Carol is a graduate) since their return from England. They had come over from Baltimore for the Benefit and had stayed long enough to have a visit with us.

That night I had the joy of dining at the Club with our first Washington Chairman, Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, who has been my personal friend since before she started the Washington Committee on its successful career. I didn't get to see our second Washington Chairman, Mrs. Adolphus Staton, but had a long telephone conversation with her. I had a talk also with that dear member of our early Washington Committee, Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, mother of our courier Louise Pugh, whose recent deep grief had kept her from attending the Benefit.

On Friday, January 24, Peggy and I parted for the week end. She went up to New York to divide her time between Leigh Powell and Noel Smith while I went to the **Shenandoah Valley** to my sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge. I had lunch first, on the Friday, with Mrs. Richard B. Wigglesworth especially in order to see something of her father, Mr. Percy Booth, our trustee and my old friend. I was picked up at Mrs. Wigglesworth's house by my niece, Mrs. James T. Breckinridge (Judy), and taken out to the house she and Jim have bought across from Mt. Vernon. I had the happiness of a brief visit with their three adorable children, the youngest of whom I was meeting for the first time. The two older ones I had not seen since they went out to Indo-China. It is good to have them all safely back in their native land! My sister-in-law met me at the young people's house and drove me down to "Flagstop," her place in the Valley.

I love the Shenandoah Valley. This long weekend with Dorothy Breckinridge was pure joy. I saw something of her sisters, who live at the ancestral place of "Hawthorn," and a few of her friends. On Sunday, my loved nephew Jim Breckinridge (a major USMC) spent several hours with us. On Monday afternoon Dorothy and I went to the place of Mr. and Mrs. Tyson Gilpin, Jr., which lies beyond Berryville. Young Mrs. Gilpin, our former courier Catherine Mellick, had several friends of her own generation to meet me at tea. Before I left, her three youngest children came in, and I met for the first time her adorable baby boy. Mr. Gilpin came in too so that I saw him again.

On Tuesday, January 28, I took a Baltimore and Ohio train

from Harpers Ferry, where the Shenandoah flows into the Potomac, and went to **Philadelphia**. Peggy Elmore had arrived at the station, from New York, fifteen minutes before I did. Our hostess, my dear friend, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, and her daughter, our own courier Fanny, along with Peggy, met my train. For the next few days we were the guests of the McIlvain's, completely at home and very happy.

On Wednesday, the 29th, we had a wonderful meeting of the Philadelphia Committee at the Acorn Club. Such a joy it was to see so many old Philadelphia friends and among them several of our couriers. The only regretted note, and it was deeply regretted, was the absence of our Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker. She had to go to a hospital for an operation. I went to see her later in the week with Mrs. McIlvain and found her looking completely lovely, refreshed, and anticipating eagerly the getting back to home and husband.

The committee members had all been told they could bring guests, with the result that there were some thirty-six people at the luncheon. Mrs. McIlvain, as the honorary chairman, presided with her usual charm, and Mrs. Clifford B. Lull, the secretary, gave a report on Philadelphia's share in the returns from the Bargain Box in New York. As the result of teas held at the homes of various members, a most valuable lot of rummage had been collected since May 1. All of this had been sent by Mrs. Drinker in her station wagon to the Bargain Box in New York, and Philadelphia had been credited with the proceeds of the sales. Before the end of the meeting I made my report on the doings of the Frontier Nursing Service in the field of work.

My sister, Mrs. George Warren Dunn, is one of the Delaware members of the Philadelphia Committee. After the meeting she and Colonel Dunn drove me down to their place, "Brackenwood," in Delaware. I had the joy of twenty-four hours with them. Then they drove me back to the McIlvain's and stayed for tea. It was hard to tear ourselves away from "Deerbrook," the dear McIlvain family, and those friends I had been privileged to see. But at the end of the week Peggy and I took a train for **Boston**.

We put up at the little old Lincolnshire Hotel on Charles Street where I have stayed on my Boston visits for many years. There were flowers and notes in our rooms, and telephone calls

welcomed us. Ahead of us lay a quiet Sunday which Peggy spent with courier Virginia Branham out at her place at Hingham. I went to Trinity Church (Phillip Brooks' old church) for the morning service with my young cousin Susanne, Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr. Afterwards Susanne took me to her house at Chestnut Hill for a family meal. That evening I dined with two people of whom I am exceptionally fond, Mr. and Mrs. Guido Perera. With us were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Higgins and two of the Perera's fine sons.

Monday was our big day in Boston—a luncheon meeting of the Committee at the Chilton Club. Our Boston chairman, Mrs. Nelson M. Knight, and our vice-chairman, Mrs. Theodore Chase (courier "Dottie" Newman), came by the Lincolnshire for us. We drove first along Beacon Street to pick up our honorary chairman, that dear Mrs. Ernest A. Codman, who looks younger every year that she gets older. There was a large attendance at the meeting over which Mrs. Knight presided with efficiency and charm. One of the absent members was our former chairman, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (courier "Mardi" Bemis). She had insisted we carry on with the meeting in spite of the bereavement in her own family that prevented her coming. This we did, and she was continually in our hearts.

The most fascinating thing that occurred at that meeting was not my talk, although I gave it gladly, but a full report, given by various members, about Boston's **Pre-Christmas Preview Benefit** to take place the last three days of October, for which invitations will go out in September. For nearly a year the Boston Committee have been doing superb preparatory work on this Benefit, and they have six months' work still ahead of them. In our Spring Quarterly Bulletin we will give a complete report so that all of you in New England will know all about it long in advance. This brief mention is by way of sharpening our knives to whet your appetites.

On Tuesday Peggy and I had a number of engagements. It was my cherished privilege to call on Dr. and Mrs. Jason Mixter at an apartment they had taken for the winter on Beacon Street. Although "Dr. Jason" is not so well as when I last saw him, he rose to meet me with his old glad smile. I did so love my half hour with them both. I had the happiness of lunch with Mrs.

John Rock and her daughter, Ellen, whom I had known since she was two years old, and who was now a bride-to-be. There seemed to be no end to the things we had to talk about, all of them fascinating. I also saw Mrs. John Elder (former social service secretary Anne Cartmell) and our courier Lela Van Norden, who popped in to take Peggy out to lunch. That evening John L. Grandin, Jr. drove us out to Chestnut Hill for a family dinner, and a chat with their three fine boys, before Peggy and I took the night train for **Washington**.

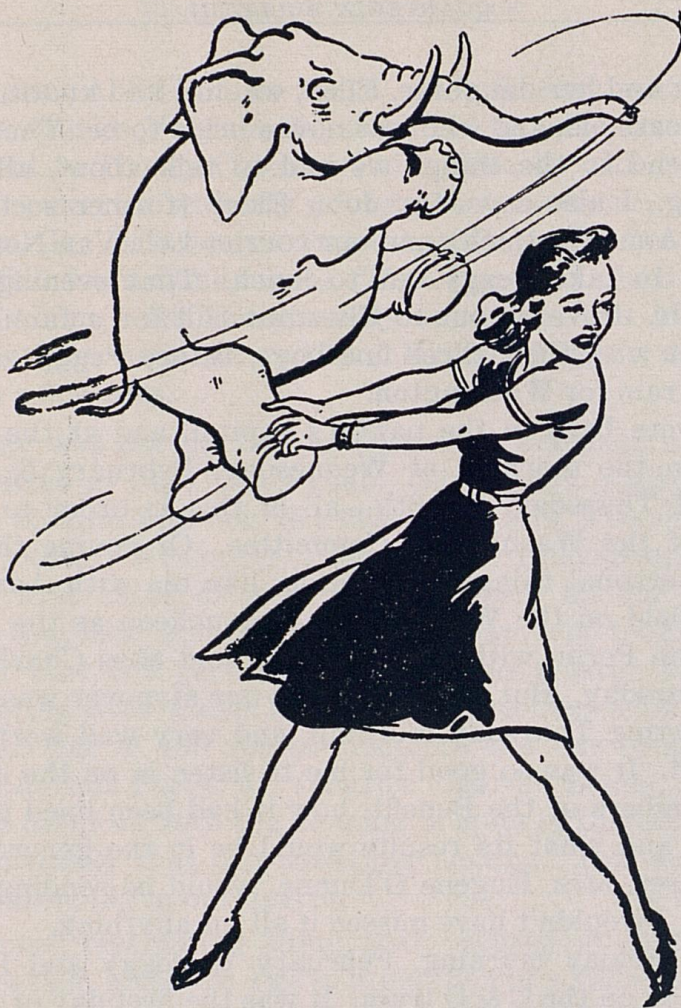
We were back in the nation's capitol, and at the Sulgrave Club, from the morning of Wednesday, February 5, until the evening of Thursday, the 6th—all of this in order to attend a meeting of the Washington Committee. Of course there were pleasant personal things in addition, like tea with Admiral and Mrs. Warfield on the Wednesday and luncheon as the guests of Mrs. Nelson Perin, with Mrs. Warfield and Miss Charlotte Ray, on the Thursday. But the reason for our stopover was the committee meeting Thursday morning, and very well worthwhile it was indeed. It was so good for me to listen in on the discussion by the members of the Benefit, how it had been lined up, how it had gone, and what its results would be in the generous check the treasurer, Mrs. Eugene O'Dunne, would be sending down to Kentucky. I wouldn't have missed it all for anything.

Early Friday morning, February 7, Peggy and I came in to Lexington on the C & O train. It was the first day of the awful storms of snow and sleet and ice and cold weather. After Peggy had checked the roads leading up to the mountains with the Highway Patrol, we decided to leave almost at once in Peggy's car. Bad as the roads were they were going to get worse and the sooner we got over the long drive the better. It was impossible to cross the river by jeep between Hyden and Wendover so we took the walk around the mountain and over the icy swinging bridge. And then home!

I never come back to the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains without a heart overflowing with warm memories of the Frontier Nursing Service committees and friends that live beyond the mountains. What everlasting dears you all of you are! May God give each one of you a happy Easter.

Mary Breckinridge

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received thousands of dollars from the sale of knickknacks sent by friends from sixteen states besides New York. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook; odd bits of silver.—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
1579 Third Avenue
New York 28, New York

OUR MAIL BAG

From Miss Lillian Chang in Formosa: I am serving my country as chief of nursing and midwifery department in State Health Administration. At the same time I am going to teach midwifery hoping to write a textbook in Chinese. Give my love to all your staff and friends. Your work impressed me so much.

From Mr. Murdo Morrison in Scotland: I have now passed my 85th birthday but I cannot say that I have seriously felt the onset of old age. In any case age has not dimmed the intensity of my interest in your Nursing Service. I continue to be deeply impressed by the constant repetition of one item of your Annual Reports and it is this: "there were no maternal deaths."

From an old subscriber in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: Your Quarterly is always inspirational reading to me as each one tells its story of dedicated love and service and joy.

From an old subscriber in Wisconsin: The Bulletin is so thorough in giving us all the FNS news. I wouldn't miss it for the world!

From an old subscriber in New York City: My family reads the FNS Bulletin as avidly as I do. I feel as if I knew so many of your nurses, and all of your horses! personally, after following them for so many years. . . . My husband says he feels it would be worth dying to have you write his obituary—the only defect being that he could not see it in the next Bulletin.

SERVICEABLE CHILDREN

. . . On Sunday evenings we kept open house . . . The gatherings were often large, always happy, . . . the family and guests together washing up the tea and supper things. There was no ostentation, and refreshments were, if lavish, quite simple. The serviceable children [11 of them] were worth double their number in servants. . . .

—*George MacDonald and His Wife* by Greville MacDonald
George Allen Unwin Ltd., 1924

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

Like everyone else, we were terribly concerned over the broken hidden water main in Jersey City and the length of time it took to locate and repair it. This incident brought back all of our own smaller scale horrors of that kind. Our water main from the 200 foot well below Joy House to the great tanks on Thousandsticks mountain above Hyden Hospital—this water main is 812 feet long. The water comes down to the Hospital buildings and Joy House by gravity from the tanks, thus making the total footage of water main well over a 1,000 feet. When we get a break anywhere on the side of the mountain we have to dig and dig in order to locate the break and mend the trouble.

We sympathized all over again when the booster pump at Hyden Hospital broke down during the worst of the cold weather. An old spare pump was put in until a new one could be obtained and installed so the Hospital did not have to go on short rations of water as it has in the past. The extreme cold that we had in February played havoc with pipes, jeeps, and pumps at Wendover, Hyden, and the outpost nursing centers. The rivers and creeks were icy and frozen. One morning the ice in Muncy Creek had to be broken with an ax before a jeep could get out to the highway from Wendover—and jeeps become most reluctant to run after one of these icy baths. The couriers resorted to blankets, hot water bottles, and to starting the jeeps during the night to keep them going. Our Wendover foreman and his men have made hurried and frequent trips to all the centers to repair the damage done by the zero temperatures. Hobert knew he had seen everything when he had to remove a piece of water pipe and put it in the kitchen stove before it would finally thaw!

As this is written we are having warm, sunny spring weather. We know it will be cold again before spring finally comes but these days are a most welcome break and reassure us that spring will come before too long.

On December 3, Mr. James A. Newman, Field Agent in Forest Extension Service of the University of Kentucky, led a

discussion meeting on forestry practices in Leslie County. Mrs. Breckinridge, Betty Lester, and Marian Adams attended the meeting and were much impressed by the talks of the speakers and the questions asked.

Our good friend and Blue Grass Committee Chairman, Mrs. Floyd Wright, gave Wendover a Magnavox phonograph for Christmas and three records to start a Wendover collection. The phonograph has given us all the greatest pleasure and we are in the process of acquiring records to further enjoy this marvelous gift.

Of particular interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was the marriage on December 29, 1957, of Miss Patricia Anne Farmer, daughter of our trustee, Mr. Rex C. Farmer and Mrs. Farmer, of Hazard to Mr. David Nickell Huff. We wish these young people every happiness.

On January 16, 1958, Dr. Beasley attended an Obstetrical and Gynecological Seminar at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. Mrs. Beasley accompanied the doctor to Nashville and while they were away, Wendover and Hyden Hospital had the pleasure of having Battle and Gabrielle, respectively, stay with them while Rogers visited his young friends, Randy and Dale Moore, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie J. Moore.

Betty Lester and Maryellen Fullam attended a Conference of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers at the Mountain View Hotel in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, February 12, through 15. It was a most interesting meeting with over 200 workers from the Southern Highlands present.

The Red Cross Bloodmobile will be in Hyden on Saturday, April 12. The nurses are advising all of us to eat plenty of spring greens to be eligible to donate our pints of blood.

In the Autumn Bulletin we welcomed Maryellen Fullam to the staff as Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary. Noel

Smith was still with us and she stayed on until just before Christmas to help with the children's Christmas parties. We were terribly sorry to see her go.

Charlene Tucker came to us in the fall as a Christmas volunteer. We were delighted when she decided to stay on with us and came over to Wendover in early January to help in the Record Department.

We are also delighted to welcome to the staff of Hyden Hospital Patricia Heller and Betty Snyder, both graduates of the Bryn Mawr School of Nursing in Pennsylvania.

.

The courier service has been carried during the hard winter months by Jean Hollins with the excellent help of Beth Burchenal.

.

For some years we have known that eventually we were going to need new floors in the living room, dogtrot, and offices in the Wendover Big House. Our friend and trustee, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, had seen this need on her visits to Wendover and had offered to replace them. This winter parts of the floor seemed to be sinking into the basement and had to be jacked up anyway, so Agnes got the materials and workmen lined up and Mrs. Rogan gave us our new floors. They are a joy to look at, much easier to keep clean, and, oh, so much safer to walk on.

.

We have not had many guests this winter but we have enjoyed the few who have braved the winter weather to come in to see us. Ralph Burchenal, Beth's brother, spent a week-end in February, bringing with him Thomas C. Haydock. Our professional guests have been Miss Maria Covarrubias, a social worker with the Andean-Indian Mission in Bolivia who was sent to us by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; Mrs. Lillian Chang, Divisional Nursing Superintendent and Public Health Officer of Tiawan, Formosa, who was returning home after having taken her midwifery training in England; and Miss Faith Adamson, a British nurse who is in charge of all aspects of nursing in British Honduras and who was in this country on a WHO Fellowship. Miss Adamson, who spent several days in Lexington, wrote us as follows:

"Thank you also for introducing me to Mrs. Bagby with whom I spent a most enjoyable time today. We drove around miles of your most attractive country—it certainly is 'rolling'!—and saw several horse farms—then returned to 'Rolling Acres' for lunch (what a charming place that is) having been joined earlier by Dr. Hunt. It was a perfect day for seeing the country—clear and sunny—and one could see for miles around."

In the Autumn Bulletin we reported that a drive had been organized by the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service to raise the money for several badly needed additions to the Hyden Hospital equipment. The drive has been extended until March 15, and Mr. Atta Wise and his assistants are working diligently to meet the goal they set for themselves. A full report will be given in the Spring Bulletin.

POSTSCRIPT

On Sunday afternoon, February 23, just before this column went to the printer, Helen E. Browne (Brownie) had a sub-arachnoid hemorrhage (a small hemorrhage). Dr. Beasley came to see her at once and has had her under continuous care. Brownie improved so rapidly that within two days she greeted us with her very own smiles. Dr. Beasley is keeping her in bed for an adequate length of time, and is sending her on a holiday when she is well enough to travel.

We all consider it a privilege to divide Brownie's work among us until she can carry it again.

RECIPE FOR THE NEW YEAR —

Take equal parts of kindness
Unselfishness and thoughtfulness;
Mix in an atmosphere of love:
Add a spice of usefulness,
Scatter a few grains of cheerfulness,
Season with Smiles.
Stir in with a hearty laugh—and
Dispense to Everybody.
And may the Infinite bless you
Now and always.

—Frances P. Bolton, Washington, D. C., 1958

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-Chairmen

Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.
 Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.

Treasurer

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Ky.
 Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.
 Mr. James W. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
 Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.
 Hon. Thruston B. Morton, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Montevideo,
 Uruguay
 Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio
 Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.

Chairman Emeritus

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

AUDITORS

Hifner and Potter, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. William R. Blair, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.
 Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.
 Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York
 Mrs. George S. Burnam, Richmond, Ky.
 Mrs. H. Bissell Carey, Farmington, Conn.
 Mrs. George Chase Christian, Wayzata, Minn.
 Mr. William L. Clayton, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. William W. Collin, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.
 Mr. Dewey Daniel, Hazard, Ky.
 Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Leonard Davidson, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Addison Dimmitt, Louisville, Ky.
 Dr. H. L. Donovan, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York
 Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York
 Mr. Emmitt Elam, Hyden, Ky.
 Mr. Rex Farmer, Hazard, Ky.
 Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.
 Mrs. William A. Galbraith, Sewickley, Pa.
 Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.
 Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago
 Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.
 Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Baylor O. Hickman, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
 Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb (ret.), Chevy Chase, Md.
 Mr. Will C. Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.
 Miss Mary Churchill Humphrey, Glenview, Ky.
 Dr. Francis Hutchins, Berea, Ky.
 Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Cleveland, Ohio

Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mrs. Bruce Isaacs, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. Henry James, New York
 Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
 Kentucky Health Commissioner
 Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
 Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, New York
 Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.
 Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
 Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
 Mrs. Keith Merrill, U. S. Virgin Islands
 Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
 Mrs. George Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
 Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
 President Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority
 President National Society of Daughters of
 Colonial Wars
 Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
 Mr. Chris Queen, Manchester, Ky.
 Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
 Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
 Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford, Richmond, Ky.
 Mrs. John Sherwin, Cleveland, Ohio
 Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.
 Mrs. Adolphus Staton, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York
 Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago
 The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England
 Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New York
 Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, New York
 Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Maitland, Fla. | Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. Robert A. Aldrich, Portland, Ore. | Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky. |
| Dr. Arthur W. Allen, Boston, Mass. | Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Thomas Parran, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Dr. James W. Bruce, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Bayard Carter, Durham, N. C. | Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio |
| Dr. Henry W. Cave, New York | Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. C. L. Combs, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove, Jersey City, N. J. | Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Allan B. Crunden, Jr., Montclair, N. J. | Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Baltimore, Md. |
| Dr. L. T. Davidson, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. R. Gordon Douglas, New York | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Isadore Dyer, New Orleans, La. | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago | Dr. Lillian H. South, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. W. O. Johnson, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York |
| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Brookline, Mass. | Dr. Bruce Underwood, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa. | Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn. | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Hartman A. Lichtwardt, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Dundee, N. Y. |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York |
| Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago, Ill. | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Rustin McIntosh, New York | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Woods' Hole, Mass. | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y. |
| Dr. F. S. Mowry, U. S. Virgin Islands | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y. |

inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Harvey Chenault, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Edward H. Ray, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky. |

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Lillian Hudson, New York |
| Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York | Miss Katherine Read, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, New York | Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York | Miss Emilie G. Robson, Boston, Mass. |
| Miss Ruth Doran, Washington, D. C. | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Elizabeth M. Folchmer, Baltimore, Md. | Miss Ruth Spurrier, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I. | Miss Vanda Summers, New York |
| Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass. | Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Janet Geister, Chicago | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va. |
| Miss Lalla M. Goggans, Washington, D. C. | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Jessie Greathouse, Lexington, Ky. | Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md. |

FIELD WORKERS**AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**

Director
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,
S.C.M., LL.D.

Secretary to Director
Miss Peggy Elmore, B.A.

Associate Director
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

Field Supervisor
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Assistant Executive Secretary
Miss Marian Adams

Bookkeeper
Mrs. Eileen Minton

**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and
Postal Clerk**
Miss Lena Gray

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director
W. B. Rogers Beasley, M.D.

Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Mary Ruth Sparks

Hospital Superintendent
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Bella Vaughn

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor
Miss Edith Mickle, R.N., S.C.M.

Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Miss Noel Smith, B.A.

Wendover Resident Nurse
Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

Resident Courier
Miss Jean Hollins

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Margaret Kemner, R.N., C.M., B.A.; Miss Betty Palethrop, R.N., S.C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Miss Beulah Olson, R.N., C.M.; Miss Nancy Hero, R.N., C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss E. Jane Furnas, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Margaret M. Foster, R.N., S.C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

Miss Joyce E. Hilditch, R.N., S.C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

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

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Olive Buncè, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE ,Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

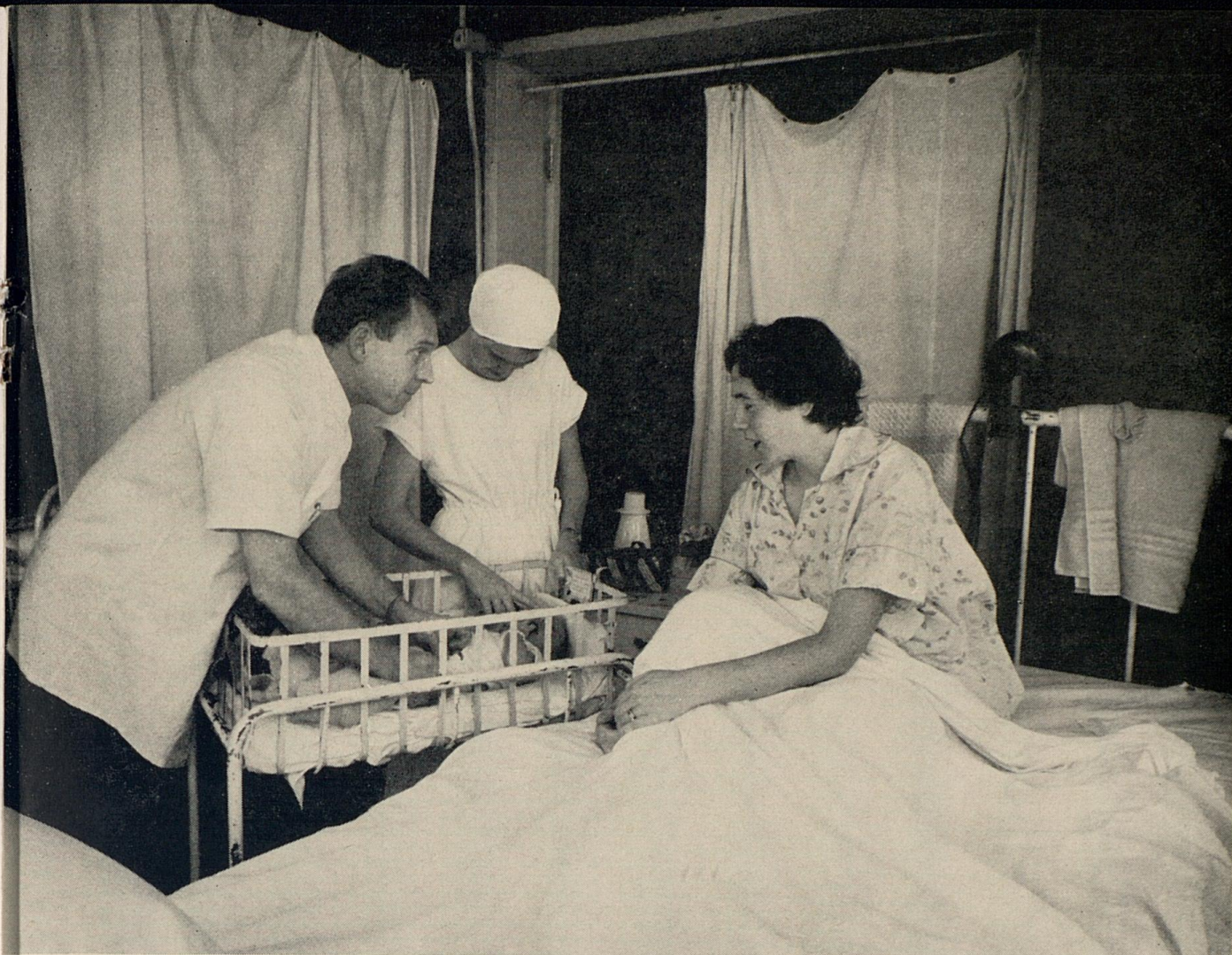
HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

.

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



A Young Citizen in the Maternity Wing of Hyden Hospital

Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley examines the baby with the help of an FNS student nurse-midwife while the mother watches approvingly.

Those FNS babies who are born at Hyden Hospital stay in their bassinets by their mothers except at night.

This picture is used through the courtesy of **Scope Weekly** of January 22, 1958, where it first appeared in an excellent pictorial write-up on the Frontier Nursing Service.

