

*The Quarterly Bulletin*  
of the  
*Frontier Nursing Service*

VOLUME 25

WINTER, 1950

NUMBER 3



Joyce Stephens



BETTY LESTER, R.N., S.C.M., mounted on CINDY  
PADDY, the Collie, to right

Middle Fork of the Kentucky River at Wendover

Photograph by Lucille Knechtly

The cover drawing by Joyce Stephens is of  
The Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center  
At the Mouth of Flat Creek in Clay County  
On Red Bird River

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## WORTH WHILE

By EDWARD S. MARTIN

I pray Thee, Lord, that when it comes to me  
To say if I will follow Truth and Thee,  
Or choose instead to win as better worth  
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard-fought field,  
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,  
Home to obscure endurance to be borne  
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal  
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,  
Than ever come to see myself prevail,  
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—  
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event  
As suits Thy will: where'er the prizes go,  
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

—These verses are taken from a  
copy of *Poems* (Scribner)  
Given us by the author, March 1, 1930

## F.N.S.—FROM A NEIGHBOR

by

MRS. F. C. ROHRER  
Church of the Brethren  
Creekville, Clay County, Kentucky

It was late in the year 1942 that Elder Manly H. Deeter and Rev. H. M. Coppock came to see us in Wabash, Indiana, where we had just moved into our recently purchased home.

Among the things they told us regarding the interesting Flat Creek territory was this. "One of the nicest things there is the Frontier Nursing Service. They have a nursing center\* within a quarter of a mile from where the church plans to buy property. You will like these nurses."

In the general feeling of depression that always comes upon me when we go into strange places to live, that statement brought a glow of encouragement and was a determining factor in our coming here.

We arrived at our church property near the Mouth of Flat Creek, but our furniture and supplies had not arrived with us. Our three girls and I had three meals of lettuce sandwiches.

Then Nurse Peninger came to see us. She welcomed us, and quickly recognized the situation as one where she could help. Without a word about it to us, she went back to the Center. Two hours later she had the maid bring us a big basket filled with fried chicken, potato salad and all the other good things for a delicious meal. That meal has been remembered a long time in thankful hearts.

As the years come and go, we meet these nurses and find in each one many special qualities that are pleasing and helpful to us in their territory. At night I enjoy praying God's blessing upon them as they willingly leave the Center in hot or cold, rainy or snowy or fair weather, by jeep, truck or horseback to be of service to someone in need, and I hear them pass our home.

The "extra-curricular" things these nurses often do adds luster to their personalities and to the Service. To illustrate this, there was that blessed meal sent by Miss "Penny"; those inspiring special numbers sung at church by Miss Geyer; Miss

\* Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial—picture on cover.

Reid's sparkling wit and ability to be a real friend; Miss Miller's stability and charm; Miss Rubin's wit and keenness of thought; lovely blonde Miss Isaacs and her warm heart; Miss "Ginny's" friendliness and broken toe! Miss Stephens and her amazing acquisition of Americana in so short a time—and Mrs. Breckinridge! One feels that she is one among us. One looks into those steady, deep-thinking, blue-gray eyes and one knows her life and all that she is and has is dedicated to the great work of F.N.S. She has been able to build and sustain an institution of inestimable value in the areas which the F.N.S. serves, under unbelievable handicaps, always bearing her burdens with a keen sense of humor and a real joy in living and all that is alive.

We are truly thankful for the many services which the Flat Creek Center nurses have rendered to us of the Church Unit. We appreciate keenly the efficient and faithful care that these nurses give to the mothers and children, as well as others, where travel is so great a handicap and the need for medical aid is as great as anywhere else.

Of the many people who come to see us, most have been told of the F.N.S., its work and its good nurse-midwives. We have encouraged them to visit the Center. Invariably they come back thrilled with what they have seen, the courteous treatment they have received, the beautiful Center, and good livestock. Some of these visitors have counted it a privilege to send back layettes and checks to help in this program.

At this writing the church people have coöperated in the effort to build a small clinic at Mud Lick where the Flat Creek nurse can meet patients once a week. The land has been granted and foundation rocks and sills laid. As soon as the Lord gives good weather, we all hope to do what we can to make this building ready for use. Three tall pines on the clinic ground make it a very attractive place. Our Aid Women plan to make sheets, cases, curtains and aprons for the new clinic. It will be a little token of our sincere regard for F.N.S.

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The United States is suffering more than ever from a faulty distribution of floods. This country cannot long endure half parched and half soaked.

—Howard Brubaker  
*The New Yorker*, February 11, 1950

## WHEN THE STORK FLEW OVER FLACKIE

by

MILDRED DISBROW, R.N.  
Student Midwife

Hallowe'en goblins weren't the only things flying over Flackie shortly after midnight in late October. No! The stork, three horses, two nurses, and father-to-be were flying too, but low, that is!

Four of our midwifery class had already had their first deliveries. Hospital ones they were, which I had "observed," so I wasn't too much worried about being on call for my own first delivery. The murmurs about the two cases "over the hill" and the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of the students who had been "over" for pre-natal visits weren't for me; they would be for someone else. After all Scottie (a former F.N.S. district nurse now taking the course) and I had already found a seven-month pre-natal going into labor that afternoon. I felt sorry that her baby was coming early but at least I felt assured of a hospital delivery.

So, carefully laying out my white uniform and accompanying garments, I calmly retired at 11:30 p.m. to await the call summoning me to the Hospital. About midnight I heard Edna (another student) on the telephone saying, "Yes, Disbrow's on call." I thought to myself, I might as well get up—but wait! What is she saying? "Sadie—over on Flackie—oh gosh." My heart, which had been placidly beating away, now jumped as if it had been shot with adrenalin, which it probably had. I jumped out of bed when Edna came to relay the message and started floundering around in an effort to get the right wearing apparel. My mind was in a jumble with thoughts of mountain riding, night riding, horses, should I wear long underwear, would we get there in time.

As I dashed into the Hospital I found a calm man sitting there, grinning. He was attired in mining clothes, a cap complete with carbide light sitting on the back of his head. My supervisor, Alice Young, was systematically getting the last-minute things together and stopped only long enough to ask if I had gloves. Then she said, "Let's go." I prepared to follow,

with the saddlebags slung over my shoulder, but found myself being relieved of them by the prospective father. Off we went to Aunt Hattie's barn to saddle the horses. The night watchman and the father helped us. I found our equine companions to be Lacy for Alice and Doc for me. Doc is a huge animal 17 hands high.

As we rode off, I learned that Doc doesn't like to follow but wants to lead. So lead he did, over a trail I had never seen before. We forded the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, followed Owl's Nest creek and then rode up a small mountain in the Appalachian Range over to Flackie. When we reached the top we hurried over the gap to the other side. Then began the nightmare—we had to go down. We dismounted, walked down the slope, leading the horses behind us. The descending path was a mass of leaves made slippery by the night dew; and that's just what we did—slip! I was afraid of getting too much in Doc's way as I already had a set of purple toes acquired from setting my toes where a horse wanted to set his, and did. So grasping Doc's bridle firmly by the bit (something he didn't like and let me know by gently nudging me with his nose) I set off. Every time he nudged me I thought he was going to bite me and, in haste to keep ahead, slipped and fell flat on my back. I felt sure that Doc would trample right over me. Doc, however, relieved at finally having his bridle to himself, just stood and watched with amusement as I scrambled to my feet and started off again. This time, I made sure that there was considerable slack in the bridle rein and a considerable distance between me and the rest of the procession. As we reached the bottom and our destination, I almost hugged my friend Doc. Why he wasn't almost human; he was much more than human.

Without stopping to do more than hitch up the horses, we dashed into the house to see the new baby which we were sure had preceded us. However, we found a thirty-four-year-old woman lying quietly in bed smiling at us. When questioned, she replied, "Oh no, my babies never get here fast."

After Alice had made the necessary examinations and decided that we had lots of time, she went out to unsaddle the horses. She brought their saddles to the porch for it had now started to rain. The barn was too small for two extra horses,



and it was a little sadly that we left our good friends beneath a tree in the rain.

Looking around the house, I found it consisted of three rooms: a kitchen with a coal stove, large table, smaller table for milk and water pails; an end room with a bed on which lay an older boy and later on, the father for a few hours; the middle room, in which we were, held three beds, one for the mother, one for one of the older girls, and one for—my eyes nearly popped out! There were, one, two, three, four, five “younguns” asleep on that bed! A neighbor woman who had come in to help, had already boiled and cooled some water and had another container of water boiling in the open fireplace. Our patients are always instructed to have cool, as well as hot, boiled water ready for us at a delivery.

After what seemed a very short night, during which I learned the names and ages of the youngsters so I could greet them by name in the morning, it looked as if Mr. Stork might be due to drop his bundle. We awakened the father who went for more coal, and the oldest girl, who herded the “younguns” into the end room to dress before the other fire.

At 7:30 a.m. a cute little blonde-haired girl made her way into the world to be greeted by a very enthusiastic family. It seems hard to believe that in this age of small families a ninth child would receive such an ovation. I’ve been told, however, that each new one is welcomed with all the joy that the previous one brought. This made me very happy because, after all, my first baby should be something extra-special.

As we finished our chores, we were ushered into the kitchen by the eldest girl and found waiting for us a table laden with fried eggs, fried chicken, the best biscuits I’ve ever eaten, and coffee. We more than did justice to this meal. As we ate, the children gathered round, refusing to join us, but grinning their welcome and their thanks for a new baby sister. I was glad now that I knew them well enough to call them by name.

I almost hated to leave; they seemed so glad to have us there. As we went out to get the horses we remembered we had no raincoats with us and it was still raining. You may be sure we did not tarry en route, but came straight home—straight up, over, and down that mountain. The horses seemed

glad to travel, and looked at us as if to say, "Whatever kept you so long? We heard the baby hours ago."

When we arrived home an hour and a quarter later we stopped only long enough to report to Miss Gilbert, who urged us on to bath and bed. They say that after many deliveries you forget the first one, but I have a feeling that is one experience that I'll never forget. I'll bet Doc won't either.

They say there are no atheists in fox holes. Well, there weren't any on Flackie that night either!

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### PITFALLS AWAITING THE INEXPERIENCED NEWCOMER AT THE WENDOVER TELEPHONE

by

ELIZABETH HILLMAN, R.N., S.C.M.

I lift the receiver, only to replace it quickly on hearing a loud conversation taking place, sit back and take up a magazine. The telephone rings, I jump to it—"Is that M——'s Garage? Can you send ——?"—I butt in, "No, this is Wendover. You must have the wrong number." An amused laugh and I hear Aggie's voice, "Is that you, Hilly?" I feel somewhat confused, murmur apologies and put the receiver down. It rings again, and yet a third time but I ignore it firmly. After there has been silence for a few minutes, I venture to pick up the receiver again, wind the handle in the approved fashion, and after a while a voice says, "Waiting?"—I think this over and the voice repeats, a little impatiently, "Waiting?" I gather she's waiting for a reply from me so I say, "Can you get me the nurses at Red Bird?" This was the correct move for the voice says, "I'll try." After a few minutes another voice comes in saying, "Busy?" I ignore this, thinking it must be two operators chatting, but it comes in again, this time louder, "Are you busy?" She seems to be addressing me, but I don't quite understand, so I say, "Well, I don't really know. How do you mean—busy?" A loud chuckle, and this time it's Thumper. She seems much amused. With great relief I now hear Gwen's voice saying, "Hello, Red Bird speaking," and at last I can go straight ahead.

## A MOONLIGHT NIGHT ON DEVIL'S JUMP

by

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

At 2:00 a.m. on a cold night in January I was awakened by what sounded like an urgent "Hello." Bill had come for me. He greeted me with "Hit peers like the missus' time has come and she seems to be a-hurrin'." I hurriedly dressed, thinking that if she was "a-hurrin'" too much Mr. Stork would beat me over Devil's Jump or up Hell-for-Certain creek whichever route he chose to travel. I had no choice except Devil's Jump at this time of year as Hell-for-Certain was frozen over—believe it or not.

Kelpie, knowing as well as I that a baby was on the way, took off in a determined effort to beat the stork. A full moon was coming up over the mountain, the sky full of bright twinkling stars and the snow on the ground seemed full of small diamonds. "Not too bad," I thought, "I don't even have to use my flashlight." As we travelled on up Wilder Branch, Kelpie and I in the lead, I heard a yell in the rear from Bill on his mule Tom. "Let's turn off the trail and go the short cut to the Jump." "All right, Bill, but are you sure we can get up the creek?"—Complete silence. Thinking he had come down the creek on the way to get me, I let him go on ahead and I took up the rear. As we approached the creek Bill was leading his mule, so I decided to get off. As I was dismounting Bill and Tom had entered the creek. I heard something thrashing about and, looking up, I saw the four legs of the mule flying north, south, east and west, up and down. Bill's legs weren't doing much better, but after a bit they both got their footing on a thin layer of leaves along the edge of the creek. By this time I had gotten down into the creek. Kelpie stood on the edge and kept shaking her head as if to say "No, no, a thousand times no." No amount of coaxing could induce her to change her mind. I had not only gotten into the creek, but had slid into a very large deep basin of ice and found myself alternating between the sitting and kneeling position, sliding around like a seal on ice, but not nearly so gracefully. Bill, seeing my predicament, came creeping slowly and carefully along the narrow

edge of the creek and with all the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh rescued his lady from her castle of ice. "I reckon we better git back t'other way." So back we started. As we approached Devil's Jump, Bill reckoned he better "see about them bags" so he gave them a good re-tie. I am sure he was thinking, since we had another creek to cross at the foot of Devil's Jump, he wanted to be sure that he didn't lose both the nurse and the bags.

As we were rounding the bend in the creek I saw Granny standing in the back door with her old grey bonnet and corn cob pipe, gently tapping her foot and clapping her hands. I thought to myself, "she can't be calling a square dance." As I got a little nearer I heard, "Hurry, hurry!" Well, Bill had done such a good job of tying on the bags, I could not get them off, so I left them to Bill and rushed on into the house.

Very shortly Bill did come in with the bags, and Granny was right—Mr. Stork was about to arrive—so I hurriedly got ready. Little tow-headed, sleepy children were hustled out of bed and into their clothes and out into the night to Granny's house. Very shortly a seven-pound boy arrived. After making mother and baby comfortable, and having breakfast, I repacked my bags and was about to leave just as the children were returning. Dan, one of the small boys, looked me and the bags over carefully and seemed satisfied. Then he discovered the new baby, whereupon he rushed over to his mother, "Mommy Mommy, her's leavin' the baby, her's leavin' the baby!"

As I departed I wondered if he thought I had left a "brought-on" baby, or the stork had the wrong address.

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### NETTLE

Tender-handed stroke a nettle

And it stings you for your pains;

Grasp it as a man of mettle,

And it soft as silk remains.

—Aaron Hill (1684-1747)

## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Celia Coit, Santa Barbara, California—November 23, 1949**

The Nurses Quarters sound absolutely keen and how well I know the need for them.

Although I like the job I have here with the Sansum Clinic, because the working conditions couldn't be better and the general atmosphere more friendly, democratic, cheerful, et cetera, still, it isn't like medical work in a hospital where you have emergency cases and patients who are really ill. With us, patients come for a diagnosis or check-up, they walk in and out and—I don't know, everything is so plush and easy. Every now and then I will go into a long monologue on how life is lived and enjoyed in the hills and I make myself quite nostalgic.

Mother wrote she'd met, heard, and been captivated by Mrs. Breckinridge. Christmas time reminds me of the two happy ones I had at Wendover.

**From Mrs. Charles Lynnwood Brown (Kirby Coleman),  
Raleigh, North Carolina—November 26, 1949**

Home again safely with no mishaps. Dr. Woodyard and I had a nice time chatting going to Harlan, and I caught a bus out of there straight to Knoxville. The bus drove through one patch of snow storm, then a patch of sun, and so forth all the way. Lynn's Sunday school director in Knoxville met me, and we had a nice visit. The bus I planned to take to Raleigh had recently been discontinued. There were other buses out but with three-hour wait-overs in Asheville. So, despite the fact that it was blowing and snowing hard in Knoxville, I braved the airplane, expecting to crash into a mountain; but no, with my good luck on weather, the plane sailed along smoothly, I slept most of the time, and arrived safely at Raleigh at 10:30 with Lynn there to meet me.

It was certainly grand to be back down there again with you all. Hope I can get down again sometime. I'll put in to the bus company a plea for a reasonably direct bus there and back. In the meantime, I will practice up on Canasta!

**From Peg McDonald, Sweet Briar, Virginia—November 27, 1949**

I haven't much time to make this anything but a note, but do want to pass on the glad tidings. I was accepted into the next class at the Yale School of Nursing. This is the class entering next fall, and just what I wanted, so I'm thrilled to death.

Several weeks ago when I went up to New Haven to see Miss Bixler, the Dean of Yale School of Nursing, I spent the week-end with Miss Peacock. It was she who arranged the appointment for me and we both stayed with charming friends of hers, the C.-E. A. Winslows of New Haven. I do think Miss Peacock is a grand person, don't you?

**From Elizabeth Brown (Betsy), Cleveland, Ohio**

—November 28, 1949

The trip home was very successful—made all connections and was given a very enjoyable, entertaining trip to the Lexington horse farms by Mr. Clarence Kerr. He couldn't have been nicer.

How I miss the place and people already!

—December 3, 1949

Never will I forget those two months with the Service. Undoubtedly you have heard those same words many times, but it is certainly difficult to put into words the value gained from being associated with such a worth-while organization. Needless to say, trying to appreciate the conditions of the mountain people and getting a picture of the history and work of the Service was interesting beyond bounds.

Please give Mrs. Breckinridge my very best and extend to her my greatest thanks for giving me the opportunity to collect those everlasting, worth-while impressions and experiences of her Service.

—December 29, 1949

It won't be long now before the European trip begins. We sail the 17th of January on The America and travel through Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, England and Scotland, landing back in the U. S. on the 10th of July. I'll try to keep you posted with post cards.

**From Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton),**

**New York, N. Y.—December 3, 1949**

We are now almost settled in our apartment in Stuyvesant Town. We are so lucky to have it. It is so enormous compared with our other living quarters since being married. This is part of a tremendous project put up by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—ten blocks of twelve-story apartment buildings! There are nine thousand children in the project. Frannie Baker McAusland is here and we see each other quite often—our husbands play football together on Sunday afternoons in a park on the East River—their weekly exercise. Frannie's little boys are adorable—and so well behaved and happy. Hope I can do as well. Little Wade has grown and changed so since we left that little Canandaigua hospital, I can hardly believe it. He seems very healthy—a double chin and rolypoly—and most sociable and chatty. I'm afraid I've turned out to be a disgustingly doting mother but he does get more fascinating and more fun each day. Now I can hardly wait to be able to present him with a little sister (and a future courier!)

I thought of you all on Thanksgiving. The Bulletin ruins the day when it arrives. I bury myself in it and although there are many—most—I do not know, it is fascinating to read of personal experiences and views of lands all over the world. It gives one such a far greater understanding of the situation "abroad," than can possibly be gleaned from the daily paper. Those stories by Anna May January et al are fine too—so typical and reminiscent. It's amazing how much those six weeks have meant in my life—and all those who have ever been in Wendover. I love Mrs. Breckinridge's bits of wisdom and jokes too.

**From Mrs. John E. Morley (Harriet Morley Wendell's**

**mother), Cleveland, Ohio—December 12, 1949**

Harriet is alone with her four children as Howard is touring with Miss Churchill in "The Philadelphia Story." She now has one son a Boy Scout, another a Cub and she is a Cub mother.

**From Alison Bray, Adel near Leeds, England**

**—December 14, 1949**

I had such fun at the F.N.S. Thanksgiving dinner in Lon-

don. It was a very nice party this year and we all enjoyed it. You will have heard of our visit this summer from Mrs. Dorothy Breckinridge's two sisters and their friend. It was wonderful to have them and we only wished they could have stayed longer. Susan Spencer and her family came in for tea one day and it was grand to have them.

. . . . .  
**From Rose Grosvenor, Boston, Massachusetts**

—December 17, 1949

I am living up in Boston and working at the Massachusetts General Hospital. It's a wonderful job in the Physical Therapy Department and I love it.

I had to give my dog away as I couldn't take care of him in the city, but I have a couple of gold fish!

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

**Missouri—December 19, 1949**

We moved to a new house when Polly was three weeks old and have built an upstairs since we moved in, so it has really been a busy fall for us. Polly is lots of fun, very fat, and won't take any naps so I am busy all day keeping her entertained.

I saw Jan McMillan when we had Thanksgiving dinner at her house in Detroit, and she was certainly enthusiastic about her six weeks at Wendover. I couldn't get over hearing about the electricity and all the changes since the winter of '45.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. William Warner, Jr. (Betsy Parsons), Boston,**

**Massachusetts—December 19, 1949**

Time for the annual greetings and as usual I have a twinge of homesickness for the hills and the old hands such as are left. Even now I can hardly stamp a batch of letters or cards without remembering the sending out of appeals and bulletins!

We are settled here after quite a spell of Maine island life. The children are pretty grown up now, 13 and 9.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Carter Taylor (Penny Thompson), Barrington,**

**Illinois—December 20, 1949**

Right after I married I was in an automobile accident,



smashing every bone in my face except my chin—cheek bones, nose, forehead, eye bones. Anyhow, I'm fine now and can start thinking of better things.

—February 9, 1950

I am working at a hospital again and last week the head of it asked me to give an hour's talk on the Service, to all fifty of the student nurses. I never enjoyed talking so much. I could hardly stop in an hour. Many questions were asked and they seemed quite interested.

. . . . .  
**From Jane Bidwell, Weston, Massachusetts—January 4, 1950**

I just wanted to thank you and everyone else for a wonderful three months. I have never enjoyed myself more during Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's than I did with the F. N. S., and probably never will again unless I am in Kentucky. I really hated to leave and all I can say is that I am glad I didn't have to go through the line on departing.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Gibson Daily (Barbara White), Millstone,  
New Jersey—January 12, 1950**

My four daughters will be eager couriers some day—in fact ten-year-old Pam is already looking forward to it with happy anticipation. Pam rides our mare and takes Nancy on her daily outing on the pony.

Gib is practicing his architecture and building in Peapack, New Jersey, and we have a small functioning farm with berries, vegetables, lamb, chicken and pigs we raised, in our freezer.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Russell Near (Prudy Holmes), Potter Valley,  
California—January 25, 1950**

All the news in your letter and in the Bulletin interested us a lot. The new nurses quarters sound excellent. The description is satisfying a pet beef of mine that the nursing profession has long enjoyed less than its due. At the hospital where Holly was born, the overworked nurses in this boom town didn't even have a chair where they could rest a moment. It is a peculiar phenomenon, in this state at least, that the two worthy professions of nursing and teaching have, through the idealism of their

calling, concurred in a material symbol quite disparate to their social contribution.

Always follow Mrs. Breckinridge's itinerary with interest—and regret, though no surprise, that it doesn't extend to the coast.

Our life is very happy on our hill-land ranch, much of which reminds me of your steep hills. The winter is spent in wood cutting and feeding. The spring brings the harvest, and late summer is for ploughing. The seasons here are not as the poets have commemorated. Unsung is the lovely November spring, when the early rains bring green to the baked brown hills.

My husband has become a pretty all-round cowboy and farmer in the myriad trades needed on the perhaps now anachronistic "small farm." Sometimes it occurs to me what a handy courier he'd be, for our life is not unlike the bucolic aspects of the F.N.S., and we laugh warmly at some of the details which slip into the Bulletin of your medically modern scientific organization. I think often of the interesting discussions around the far corners of this troubled world, through your wide-flung graduates.

**From Elizabeth Johnson, Bryn Athen, Pennsylvania**

—January 25, 1950

After I left Kentucky last spring, I spent several busy months at Bennington, Vermont, finishing my thesis and then, unbelievable as it seemed to me, I was graduated in June. I'm still not used to the idea of not having to go to school anymore. But it seems to be a fact and I'm free; something I had been wishing since I was very small.

Last summer I spent all the time I could on the ranch, breaking colts and on pack trips. With the coming of fall, we gave up pack trips and settled down to fixing up the place for winter, putting aluminum roofing on the barn and house where they needed it, cutting great supplies of fine wood and logging.

Usually up at Steamboat Springs we have snow in September, and so much by December our house is buried. So mother has a little winter home in Colorado Springs to move to when things become too impossible up at Steamboat. But this year

winter was amazingly slow in coming and even when we left just before Christmas, there was hardly any snow.

At Colorado Springs we spent a very busy time preparing for Christmas. Then hardly had we accomplished everything for this day, when we were heading East, for my oldest sister, Mansi, was to have a baby. And as she had heard of my baby experiences in Kentucky, she was sure I was just the one to be with her on the arrival of her first child.

Mother and I hurried to Bryn Athen and very shortly I was an aunt, mother a grandmother, and my sister's husband a father!

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Robinson C. Pagon (mother of Betsy Pagon Blanchard), Annapolis, Maryland—February 2, 1950**

Betsy, as you know, is now living in Columbus, Georgia, and has three little girls. Speaking impartially, they are really extra special and I feel sure that some of these days they will be enroute to you and the Frontier Nursing Service. The family is very happy in their surroundings, and Betsy and Mercer are leading most strenuous lives—Betsy's hands being full with the babies and Mercer with a large pediatric practice.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Frederick E. Bissell, Jr. (Susan Adams), Dubuque, Iowa—February 7, 1950**

Don't forget our Susie! She is just nine but we have bought her a pony to get her in training for Wendover.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Barbara Barnes Ragle** and her husband are now living in Middlebury, Vermont. While he goes to college she keeps well occupied with teaching in a one-room school house and says that it is lots of fun.

**Dorothy Caldwell** writes that they achieved something in the way of a record when they sent to market a Brown Swiss veal calf five and one-half weeks old that weighed 245 pounds and brought top price.

## AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Ellen Mary Hare of Radnor, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Henry Meigs of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Ellen Mary wrote us a little in advance of the announcement so that we in the F.N.S. could, in our thoughts, attend the announcement party on Christmas Day. It was so characteristic of her to want to include us in that happy occasion. Mr. Meigs is one of the luckiest men we know. We send our warmest congratulations to him and our best love to Ellen Mary.

## A WEDDING

Miss Peggy Harrison and Mr. Robert Robbins were married in November and, when we learned about it they were out West looking for a ranch. We are hoping for a letter soon giving us their address and all their news. We wish them success in finding a ranch and send them a thousand good wishes for every happiness.

## BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Near (Prudy Holmes), of Potter Valley, California, a daughter, their second, Holly Holmes, on June 6, 1949. Her mother writes:

"This Holly character is a small red-top, born last June sixth—Holly Holmes Near. My friends say it sounds like a real estate development, but if we persist with girls, it was the only way to name her for a grandfather. She's a sturdy girl with a dry sense of humor and it's good not to be 'only child parents' at last."

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Mercer C. Blanchard (Betsy Pagon) of Columbus, Georgia, another daughter, Margaret, on June 6, 1949, making a grand total of three little couriers.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Tuck (Linda Hardon), of Tucson, Arizona, a son, James, on June 11, 1949. Belatedly Linda writes:

"I thought I'd better get my two cents worth in, namely, James Allen Tuck—born June 11, 1949. He's a big boy now and very cute. Larry, who will be three in February, thinks Jimmy is wonderful which makes life much simpler."

Born to Dr. and Mrs. John F. Perkins, Jr. (Frances Williams), now of Chicago, a daughter, Katharine, on August 31, 1949. Fran writes,

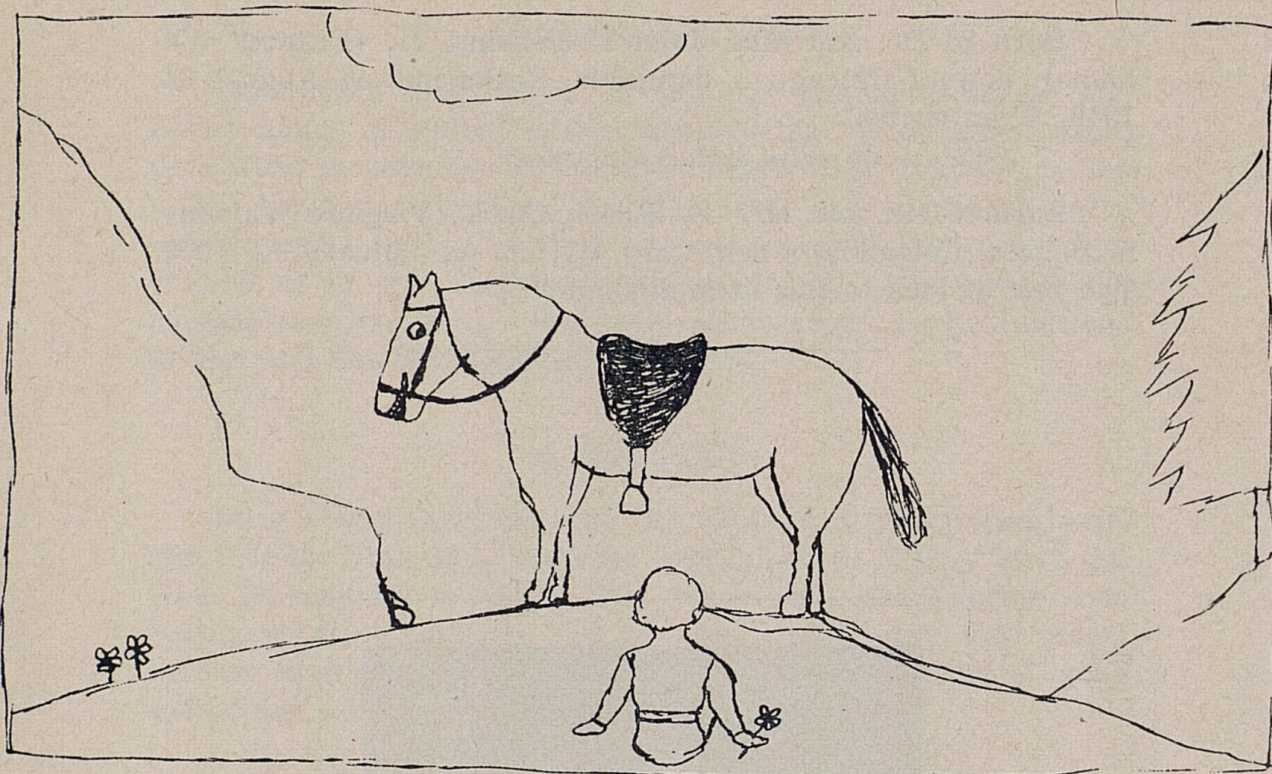
"We are all pretty excited about her."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilson Clark (Virginia Watson), in Bogota, Colombia, a son, Cary Wilson, on January 12, 1950. The best of luck to this little diplomat!

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FATHER AND SON



There ain't a day that is the same  
When Doc's the horse I'm ridin'.  
He's got a pace, and that's a fact  
But not described as glidin'.

The other day I took a ride  
An' got off for a posy,  
Then chose a rock from which to mount  
(I thought it was a dozy).

I pulled him close, an' stretched ma' leg,  
And almost clambered on  
But he just moved his hind part out  
Then grinned at what he'd done!

—Betty Farmer, R. N.  
Student, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

## TENDERFOOT

by

MARY BRILL

Secretary to Hospital Superintendent

When I set out for Hyden I was in a confused frame of mind, half longing to stay home and half curious about the unknown. It was adventure in the sense that I hadn't any preconceived knowledge of the place or of the people with whom I would be living and working.

I was scheduled to arrive in Hyden sometime in mid-afternoon, but due to a late start from Cincinnati I was only in Richmond at 4:30 p.m. The bus finally started on the last lap of the trip and each mile we traveled brought us into a country of higher and higher hills and desolate wilderness. I had the lost feeling of leaving familiar, safe places behind, traveling into a place without human habitation. The longer I rode, the darker and lonelier it appeared, and the more I longed to be back in the city with its comforting noises, crowds and confusion. There certainly wasn't any way to get back, unless I got off the bus in the middle of nowhere and started walking. Around 8:00 p.m. I saw a few lights shining faintly, and several buildings of various sizes, but for the most part, dark and deserted. When the bus stopped, the driver brightly announced, "Hyden." I stood up in a hesitant sort of way and inquired when the next bus returned to Richmond. When he replied "5:30 a.m." I realized with a sinking heart that the only thing to do was get off and face it. Then I saw the drug store, brightly lighted, with a few people standing around, and finally found courage to go in and ask about contacting the Hospital. A very friendly person pointed out the telephone and said to ask for the Hospital. I walked back, picked up the receiver and waited; then waited awhile longer for the operator to say, "Number please." Before long someone saw my predicament and told me to turn the handle on the side of the little box which was the phone. It was a novel idea to me, but I cranked away and much to my surprise, a voice said, "Hyden." By the Hospital I was told to wait where I was for someone to pick me up.

Within a few minutes a jeep dashed up, and out jumped two women. I was feeling so very lost that just seeing someone who had a vague idea of why I was there had a comforting effect. Before I could realize what was happening I was hustled into the jeep, luggage stowed in the rear, and, with a roar, we were off. I had never before been in a jeep and I fully expected it to fall apart at any minute. By this time I had found out that my rescuers were Alice Young (Graduate School Supervisor) and Miss MacKinnon (Hospital Superintendent). Mac, as I came to call her, proceeded to tell me that I would be staying at Wendover for a couple of weeks and the reason why, but at the time nothing could possibly penetrate, and I was beyond questioning or resisting anything. Suddenly our driver hailed an approaching jeep and within a matter of seconds I was transferred bag and baggage.

When the new driver started off I was positive she was mad and bent on the destruction of us all, because we started down a tortuous little road into a black, creepy woods, which looked as though it led nowhere. Then suddenly what to my horrified eyes should appear but a river with nary a sign of a bridge. Without a word from either of the other two occupants we splashed directly into it. At this point my blood curdled. I didn't say a word because I was afraid it would be my last. The river sounded like a wild, rushing torrent to my heightened imagination. I waited tensely for the cold water to rush over me, and then with an audible sigh of relief I saw that we were on the other side of the river and safe, or so I thought momentarily. Then came the road. That road! I've never quite decided which held the most terror, the river or the road. I later saw that we were practically on level ground, but at the time I was certain we were riding precariously on the brink of a chasm. I was sitting on the outer side and each time the jeep swerved to the edge in a tip-tilt manner I swallowed my heart. I didn't want my companions to know my utter terror so I tried to keep quiet, but I'm not sure how successful I was. Perhaps I was incapable of speech and for me that is a statement.

When the long road ended I was ushered into a large, warm and bright kitchen. People were everywhere. From the stove came the tantalizing aroma of fudge cooking. In a short time



hot coffee and food did their part in making me decide to withhold judgment until further investigation.

After three months with F.N.S. and several river crossings, I can laugh at my first impressions, but I am sure I will never forget them.

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### MURDER OF WORDS

Did not a satirist define a don as "a man with an infinite capacity for acquiring facts, but none for drawing the right inferences?" The intellectuals usually pervert our language, which but for their dominance would never have lost the hundreds of fine words that it has created. The countryman has always been a great maker of words, almost all of them either fitting sound to sense or expressing a visible likeness. Contrariwise, the urban mind continues to multiply the worse and to exile the better words. They even give the taint of vulgarity to the stronger word, as if muck were not a better word than manure, which after all really means manual labour. Surtees knew the force of the vernacular when he put the condensed advice "Muck's your man" into the mouth of the Yorkshire huntsman, as a political cry. The murder of words, or their imprisonment is one of the recurring and increasing crimes of the urban mind. Many sad, if ludicrous, examples continually occur. A most rural husband put to his new and most urban wife the innocent question: "Have you shut up the bitch?" and she answered with horror: "How can you call the poor dog by such a vulgar name?" Or again, in a reading aloud came a passage referring to the broadcasting of seed, at which phrase one of the listeners laughed. "What a funny metaphor!" she said. So thoroughly, so quickly are elemental things over-laid. It is already forgotten that there were broadcasters before the British Broadcasting Corporation and fields before the new masonry of Portland Place.

—*A Countryman's Creed*,  
Sir William Beach Thomas

## OUR MAIL BAG

From Massachusetts

"On January 6th my family and I spent a delightful evening seeing and hearing Ruth Draper in her monologues. She is most gifted and seemed to me even more charming and versatile than when I heard her thirty or more years ago. I do hope a large fund was raised that evening for the good cause.

"I would like to tell you how much I enjoy the F.N.S. Quarterly Bulletins. I read them from cover to cover, and though I have never been to your mountains nor actually seen your wonderful organization in action, yet I seem to know it all from the Bulletins, and if I were young again I should come begging for a job as nurse to the new babies! As it is, I have fourteen grandchildren who seem to keep me pretty well occupied!

"One thing that interests me particularly is the obvious fact that you are a reader of *Punch* and of George MacDonald. I keep all the old Bulletins but a few are outstanding in my memory, especially some during the war years.

"Your account of Dorothy Buck's last illness and death is touching and inspiring beyond words. What a splendid person she must have been. As it happens, one of my married daughters lives in Foxboro, Massachusetts, and attends the church which must have been Dorothy's father's church—a funny little coincidence!

"When the out-look on world affairs is particularly black and discouraging along comes an F.N.S. Bulletin to give us new hope and to tell us what is being done by people in one corner of the world, and also to show how that influence spreads and gives light 'to them that sit in darkness.'

"May I bore you with one personal item? I have collected the works of George MacDonald all my life and I think I own almost everything he ever wrote. I am sure you too must have a good number of his books. I also have his *Life* by Greville MacDonald which I notice you too own.

"This letter requires no answer. 'Ships that Pass in the Night may speak each other in passing.' But you hailed first, and this is just my reply signal!"

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Sybil Johnson in South Rhodesia—October 31, 1949**

I have just finished reading the Bulletin, and as I always mean to write directly I have read it, and never do so, am just doing it for a change! I enjoyed Peacock's article re the building of Beech Fork Centre—that was the first outstation I went to. I do wish travelling was not so expensive, as I would like to come out to Kentucky again. I rather envy Mac coming back to the F.N.S. I suppose I shall stay in S.R. for keeps now, as I have a piece of Crown Land, and am in the process of developing it. I hope to start on the first building tomorrow. I have to take my pension next year, and must do something so am going to try and farm out here, but shall have to continue working to pay for the building, etc. I hope the government will keep me on here. My experience in Kentucky and all I learned whilst with you has been invaluable. At the moment we are suffering from a drought, and the heat is getting us all down.

I went to England this summer, the first time for over 12 years. I was glad to visit the old country again, and enjoyed my four months over there. I flew by flying boat both ways, which was a grand experience too. I had a wonderful summer for weather, and only had one really wet week in June when I went to Scotland, which was rather disappointing. I think I met all my friends and relations, and was very sad at not being able to see Peggy Tinline. I forgot to ask you for her address. I hired a car and toured England; I wanted to see the country as much as people. Poor England, she has suffered, and does not seem very far on the road to recovery even now. The people seemed so apathetic to me, and when I suggested that perhaps a little more energy might be put into work, and something done to educate the people who were perpetually striking, I was told they had all gone through so much that they are tired and could not do anything more, which seemed a great tragedy to me. How this devaluation is going to be a

remedy for their shortage of cash and goods I cannot see. We have devalued here, and as far as I can see the cost of living will just rise. I know it is going to cost me a lot to build my house, much more than I anticipated.

I still have three mares and one colt; I shall breed I hope when I get onto my farm. I bought a bulldog bitch in England, and she came out by boat, stood the journey very well, and I hope will bring me fame and cash with her litters!

How are things in the U.S.A.? I suppose just as many shortages in some things as we have. I gather prices have gone up alarmingly. I wish travelling was not so expensive as having been out of the country, my wanderlust has returned and I should like to carry on again. If only I was 20 years younger!

Best wishes to the F.N.S. and remembrances to any of the staff I may know.

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**From Josephine Green (Jo) in Alaska—December, 1949**

This country is really beautiful and the climate is just right. Now we are having our long nights with only about four hours of daylight. The sun never really gets up now, it just seems to go around the horizon. I have seen quite a bit of the territory since I came up. I have my car with me and plan to drive down the highway next September. I flew out the Chain and up to the Pribolof Islands in September. That is the breeding place of the fur-bearing seal. My work continues to be in obstetrics and I have been getting a fair number of deliveries which, of course, I like. We have about forty babies a month which keeps us busy because of the help situation. Best wishes to you for a Merry Christmas.

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**From Dr. and Mrs. James M. Fraser in Fort Smith,  
Arkansas—December 1949**

Jim felt he needed some special surgical work so we are here for a year, then back into private practice. We are thinking about Colorado to settle down in and raise our family, which grows in size and number. Our latest, Scotty, was born last February and is already walking everywhere. They are babies

for such a short time. It keeps one busy to keep a baby in the house.

We think of you all often and your work there. Give our regards to every one.

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**From Amy Poston in Okinawa—December 1949**

I have a big trip planned. Leaving here on the 22nd of December, flying to Hongkong, China, for six days, then on to Bangkok, Siam. Hongkong is occupied by the British. Too bad you are not here to brush me up on my Pip-Pip's and Cheerio's. Anyway I'm a tea drinker, first class. This trip will be a wonderful holiday after a year on Okinawa. My contract is up next July and I hope to get down to see you next fall. My next venture will be South America or Alaska. The more I see the more I want to see.

—January 1950

Had a wonderful trip seeing the "Far Away Places." Hongkong is a large city with crowds of people milling around. There is practically no residential district. The poorer people sleep on the floor where they have their business and cook in a small room in the rear. There are very few large stores; the majority of the stores are owned and run by Chinese or Indians and are tiny. Dealing with the Chinese is so tiresome. Even the smallest article takes over half an hour to buy. You name a low price and they name a high one—they come down and you go up slightly. This goes on and on and the more you put your heart and soul in the business of bargaining, the better they like it. I bought a beautiful banquet-size tablecloth of Irish linen with cutwork. They asked \$65.00 American dollars and after about two hours of arguing and two trips, I got it for \$50.00. Gosh, there are so many lovely things to buy—jewelry, ivory, linens, and wonderful British woolens. It is impossible to buy clothing ready made. You must select the cloth, show them the desired style, they take your measurements and make it within twenty-four hours if necessary.

Bangkok was my favorite. I have never seen such architecture as in their temples. Most of them are inlaid with small stones and dazzle you. One dome is covered with solid gold.

One of the famous Buddhas, called The Sleeping Buddha, is 150 feet long and 40 feet high. The inside is cement and the outside pure gold and the bottoms of the huge feet are inlaid with mother of pearl. The most beautiful was the marble temple, an immense structure of gleaming marble with rows and rows of buddhas surrounded by the most intricate arrangements of flower petals. My eyes nearly popped out seeing so many shiny things. Everything is centered around the king or their religion. The king is 22—his predecessor has been dead two years but they continue to serve him food daily on gold plates. The Siamese people are very friendly.

I'm back in the old routine in Okinawa now. The weather has been nice. I expect to visit Japan in July.

**From Della Int-Hout (Inty) in Morristown, Arizona**

—December 2, 1949

We have been busy the past weeks with our cactus boxes—several new customers and repeat orders. They are such attractive boxes, all different sorts of cactus huddled together in colored cellophane with two lovely colored rocks—all ready for the dish garden. Margaret planted 1,000 cactus last week. They are nursery grown and we get them by van freight. Do you remember little Wilma, the crippled child? She is still with my sister-in-law, and is so happy that she can now read anything she wants. She is doing so well, and her letters are a joy to me. Anne Snow (courier) is married and lives in Tucson. She stopped to see me this summer while I was on the Island, and wrote she may stop again this winter. She was with the Service at the time of the flood.

**From Nora Kelly in London—December 13, 1949**

I am always thinking of the F.N.S. and use that experience constantly in my teaching. My pupils all know about midwifery in the mountains and I am sure it helps to make them keen midwives. I have 100% pass list for the C.M.B. this year. I am hoping one day to come to Wendover for a visit, wouldn't that be wonderful?

We had a very nice Reunion on Thanksgiving Day this year, the best yet, 12 in all from all over England; Devon, Yorkshire,

Worcestershire, Surrey and of course London. It was nice to see all the old faces.

I gather from the Bulletin that jeeps are more trouble than horses, and of course have no real compensations as they are ugly and have no soul. I have three wonderful horse pictures in my room and they are a great joy to me. I could not imagine having a picture of a jeep could you? I am extra specially busy just now, as we have no matron since early November, so I am Matron, Assistant Matron and Tutor, and travel between the two units by station wagon. Our Lordship Road unit is the last word in modern building and equipment, but our Hampton Court unit is a converted hotel on the river bank and is all rather makeshift, but everyone seems to like being there. Today we have been struggling to get heaters for some of the rooms and a sterilizer installed in the labour ward. All through the war we improvised but we had an inspector from the C.M.B. the other day, and he said we must improve our ways. Our antenatal clinic at Hampton Court is held in the hall of the Thames Yacht Club, and there is no water laid on, nor is it warm enough. Since the hall is kindly lent to us we cannot put in improvements. I do not know why this has all happened just while I am merely acting matron! Please give my love to all and my best wishes for the New Year.

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**From Jean White Byrne (Jerry) in Knoxville, Tennessee**

—December 19, 1949

Though it's eleven-thirty and the end of a hard day, I couldn't resist taking another few moments from my "sleeping hours" to write and say how wonderful this issue of the Bulletin is and how very much I've enjoyed reading it this evening.

As always it brought Wendover and the F.N.S. closer, and the news of old friends is always so welcome. I found many familiar names and am glad to know where these old friends are and what they're doing.

I am Dr. Acuff's "organization and public relations" secretary, medical secretary, editing secretary, raise funds, do some bookkeeping and sell turkeys! Nothing like variety—which is only one among many reasons for the pure enjoyment that was mine while at Wendover.

We've had fun during the past year drawing plans for our home. Of necessity many preconceived ideas have gone out the window, but as our house becomes more clearly defined, it looks better and better. It will be different, to say the least, but homey and comfortable above all else. We're hoping to build in the spring and then can do a great deal of the work ourselves—providing we can cut loose from our offices at a decent hour each day. We're both looking forward to the hammers, paint, shavings and most of all, to the building of our home.

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**From Lois Harris Kroll in Seldovia, Alaska—December 21, 1949**

I think of you and the F.N.S. often and wish you the very best this coming New Year. The boys and I have been putting up our Christmas tree today—they are all excited this year. Herbie is three and Henry will be six in February. Henry wants a sled and Herbie a wagon—which is what they are getting. My husband is outside this winter on business and we miss him a lot. However, we are going to have a turkey and company so won't be too lonesome.

We have lots of snow but it's not too cold yet—12 degrees above is as cold as it has been here this year. It probably will get colder though. No doctor in Seldovia—a nice little hospital standing unoccupied—and many babies en route. They need a nurse-midwife here. The P.H. nurse is busy and tries to get the prenatals to Anchorage or Seward in time for delivery.

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**From Clara Dale Echols Winship in Tennessee**

—December 22, 1949

So often I think of you and wish I wrote more often. All my wishes for a happy holiday season to you and all the F.N.S. Christmas this year at Wendover will be strange without Bucket. I still hope that we can come over some Sunday in the spring. Susan would be so thrilled with the horses and all the animals. She is 4½ now, plump and pig-tailed and full of Christmas. Tomorrow we go out for greens for the house and her dolls' house. Jimmy at 1½ doesn't know what it is all about, but if Susan is for it he is too! He is a love of a boy, big and happy and handsome. They are both dears.



**From Maxine Thornton in Zanesville, Ohio—December 22, 1949**

We've been very busy, as of course everyone is, getting ready for the children's Christmas. I have eight large school districts, and we have lived in a rag doll factory for months. Mother made such lovely ones for me. I am afraid I was of very little help except with the stuffing and Mother complained that they need not all be as fat as I. My district is very nice; I have so many poor families that there is plenty of work to be done each and every day. I have not changed a bit and can still talk for hours on end. One of my little first graders said to me one day, "Nurse, how can you talk so long and never stop to breathe, even teacher has to do that!" I do miss you all so much and though I don't write much I think of you often.

**From Dorothy Barney (Mrs. Maurice Barney)  
in Rochester, New York—January 1, 1950**

We had a marvelous gift of plane tickets to my home in New Hampshire. You should have seen the four of us flying! After the start it was fine and we had a wonderful time. Everett is still Susan's pet. They are almost brother and sister it seems. Just were home two nights then back here for our tree Monday eve. It really is remarkable how a small room can accommodate a tree and gifts—how we did it I'll never know. We gave Susan a new carriage and, with Cathy's little bike, the room was quite overflowing.

**From Louise Mowbray (Charlie) in Springfield,  
Massachusetts—January 8, 1950**

It is not possible to tell you how happy it made me to see you the other evening, even for those brief few minutes.

This also takes my thanks for the opportunity to enjoy Ruth Draper—who is so extremely human as well as being a great and finished artist.

It is my sincere hope that sometime in the not too far distant future I may plan a visit to Wendover and the F.N.S.

**From Dorothy Frazer Martt (Dotty) in Cincinnati, Ohio  
—January 15, 1950**

All during the last seven months, while we have been living

in Cincinnati, I have hoped for the opportunity to return to Kentucky for a visit with the F.N.S. I am a patient soul and still waiting—it may come yet. While Jack (*her husband*) has been receiving physician at Cincinnati General I have kept busy at Children's Hospital in the clinic, and have been keeping house "on the side." But the past week has seen changes. We have moved across town to Dunham Hospital—Cincinnati's TB institution. It consists of a very attractive group of buildings located on a hill and surrounded by a fair sized strip of woodland. Jack is here as a resident and we are living in the apartment house furnished for the doctors. In July we expect to move again—to Dayton for a residency at the V.A. Hospital there. Just after Christmas we had dinner one evening with Lucy. Marty and her husband were also there. It was good to browse over our photo albums together and talk about days in Kentucky. Do give my best wishes to all.

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**From Edith Marsh (Marshie) in Bay Village, Ohio**

—January 24, 1950

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed seeing you at Mrs. Ireland's home. I was about all in when I got there. At that time I felt I might never see you again for my heart was getting worse all the time, and I felt I wouldn't make it through the holidays. I had been following the treatment which we used at the Nursing Home. It certainly worked better for me than any other treatment I ever saw. I am practically oedema free and can get about better than I have been able to for almost one and one-half years. I still have to go very slowly—as a leaky valve in my heart can't very well be repaired—but by being careful I can be much more comfortable. When I feel so much better it's hard to limit my activity.

I get the urge to get to work but just what I can do remains to be seen. I have had such plans for the development of the New County Hospital which they expect to build in the very near future. I did have many suggestions for different things to be included in the plans for the building which were accepted by the architects. The Nursing Service is what worries me. The Medical Staff is now under W.R.U. Medical School and it seems to me that they are not going to do so well unless there

is some decent nursing to go along with it. I sure would love to be on their staff to help organize these plans for a better nursing group, which should include P.G. work in geriatrics, affiliation with training schools for student nurses—for practical nurse students, male nurses, etc., etc. It could be worked out in such an interesting way as to make it a very memorable part of a nurse's training.

Life Magazine certainly spread themselves. I was so angry about some of the things that were said I could have exploded all over them. Some of the things they printed showed some understanding of the obstacles which have had to be surmounted but others just seemed to belittle the mountain folk so much. How much time did they spend down there getting data? In your remarks that were quoted in the article, they showed your underlying resentment to what they were doing—I hope it didn't do too much damage—and I hope you sent the Editor of Life the tribute to Will Sandlin which you have written up in the last Quarterly Bulletin.

I was amazed to open the Autumn Bulletin and find the first article my "Christmas Reveries." My memories of the F.N.S. are counted as my most valued nursing experience—and each day brought something new. There never was a dull moment. I wish every nurse could have some time with you all. They would all benefit.

The Cleveland meeting gave me quite a thrill for there were so many young people there, as well as the old standbys. That is very healthy it seems to me and should mean many young friends ready to help.

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**From Rosalie Edmondson in Knoxville, Tennessee**

—January 26, 1950

I fear the story of Leslie County in December Life Magazine will hurt the cause of the F.N.S. among some people. That writer certainly irked me the way he buried any favorable comments in the middle of paragraphs and far into the article so that his own preconceived thesis had most prominent space.

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**From Margaret Mitchell in Georgia—February 1, 1950**

I am very interested in the bits of news which I get from

the F.N.S. such as the fact that the new building is nearing completion. Miss Hannah Mitchell was at a meeting with me recently, at which we showed the F.N.S. slides. She tells me that she plans to start the midwifery school in Atlanta by the end of the year. She has some wonderful plans and I will be happy to have a part in them. I have not been doing midwifery—as a matter of fact I thought I would never want to—however, I had not been at work many weeks before I realized that I would not be happy until I was back doing deliveries. Consequently I plan to start “floating” in the near future, that is, relieving for vacations in the two counties where the nurse-midwives are now working. By late summer a new maternity shelter should be in operation and I will have a permanent post. Thus Georgia will have three types of service—home deliveries, hospital deliveries and the maternity shelter in which to train nurse-midwives. Perhaps you could come and visit us some day. Please remember me to everyone.

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**From Ada Worcester Tubman in Hampshire, England**

—February 1, 1950

Directly after Christmas I went to Bedford College in Regent's Park, to attend the Women Public Health Officers' Winter School. It was most interesting, and at first I loved it. We each had single rooms, and there were four of us from West Sussex. Three of us were in a row, which was nice, because we three knew each other. The fourth member was from the south coast, but we soon roped her into the party. We were allowed coal fires every evening, which were lovely. I had some tea, and we had managed to get a teapot and cups, so we had many little parties. On the 10th of January we had to move out to let the students into their rooms. We stayed in hotels. About that time I had a cold coming, so it does not stand out in my mind as being so pleasant. The noise of London streets and the smell of hotel rooms just “got me down” and I was thrilled to return to our lovely hills and woods.

Kelly's Hospital was on my list of “observation” visits, and I enjoyed seeing it. K. was not there that day. I saw her the week-end after I returned. She was spending a week-end with Mickle, and we all had tea with Wallie.

**From Dr. Marthe E. Howe in Zuni, New Mexico**

—February 12, 1950

I am expecting my mother in another two weeks if my sister doesn't get a relapse, and if we don't have another blizzard in which all roads disappear and if the bridges don't wash out—like Confluence—and very like Kentucky. I have a wire from Trudy that she will be in next Tuesday; hope she has chains and is carrying a shovel and a few boards. I have just set up a lying-in OB ward and have the MCH people from the Public Health coming down to look it over. It would be easier if the patients and visitors didn't have to have signs made in English, Zuni and Navajo. It makes it well nigh insoluble that there is no written Navajo—but there is the sign language and it is most stimulating to figure out little cartoons about washing hands and putting on masks and not pulling the cords off the babies, or chewing them off which is considered by some a preferable technique. Wonderful place—this mountain top!

. . . .

**From Ruth Wardell, Guatemala, C. A.—February 13, 1950**

This comes to let you know that a graduate of the Graduate School of Midwifery has found her way down to the beautiful country of Guatemala. How I enjoyed reading the minutes of the meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. It just seems that I am ready to devour any and all news from Kentucky. Many, many thanks.

At present, I am studying Spanish here in Guatemala City. But by the end of this summer I am hoping to start working among the Mam Indians of Guatemala. Just in midwifery alone; absolutely no help is available aside from a one day a week clinic held at the Mam Indian Center. This is an area the size of the State of Connecticut. I am so thankful for the excellent training received at the Frontier Nursing Service.

**NEWSY BITS**

**Ruth Davis** writes from Georgia, "Penny and I 'caught' 123 babies in 1949, and helped the doctors with 300 of their cases."

We are happy to welcome Maribeth, baby girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Grover T. Polsgrove (**Mary Jane Pattie**) on January 24th, 1950.

Our sympathy goes to the relatives and friends of **Mrs. Eleanor Jones Horsley**, who died on December 14th, 1949, in Yorkshire, England.

#### WEDDINGS

**Miss Nadine Bengé** to Mr. Thomas Stoma in Lake Charles, Louisiana, on January 2nd, 1950.

**Miss Jean Bradley** to Mr. Everett Lee Holmes in Las Vegas, Nevada, early in January 1950.

**Miss Sally Anne Tyler (Timmy)** to Mr. Anthony Dryez in Lexington, Kentucky, on February 4th, 1950.

Our very best wishes go to all of you for your future happiness.

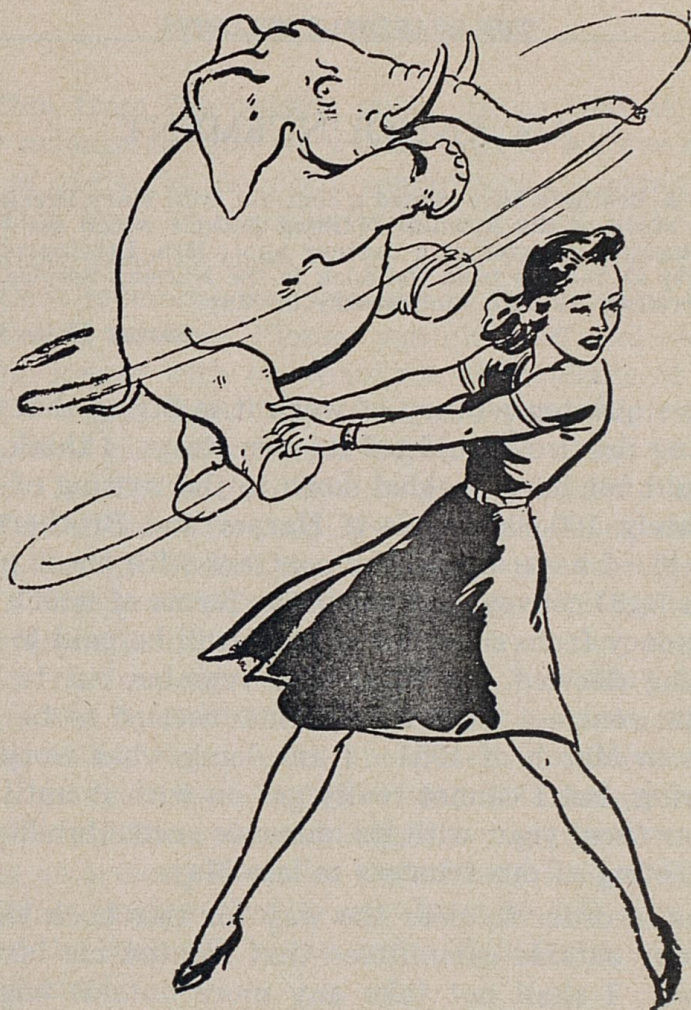
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#### A SILVER TEA

Mrs. James Moss, member of the Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, gave a Silver Tea on Valentine's Day in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Frontier Nursing Service. She and her friends made little brown cardboard saddlebags into which everyone was invited to drop silver. She was assisted in receiving by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Moss; her mother, Mrs. William C. Coffman; Mrs. S. C. Henning and Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Chairman of the Louisville Committee. Mrs. Henning and Mrs. Coffman, trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service for twenty-five years, gave brief talks on the Service. Mrs. Hutchings sang mountain ballads. The refreshments were delicious, and everybody had a good time. The silver collected in the little saddlebags came to more than \$70.00, and there were some checks contributed as well.

We are making special mention of this Silver Anniversary Tea because the idea is one that could be carried out by any member of any Committee anywhere, and it is amazing how silver adds up into real money when a large number of people deposit it.

## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue

New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Harper & Brothers have signed a contract with Mary Breckinridge for the story of the Frontier Nursing Service which she founded in Kentucky a quarter of a century ago. Mrs. Breckinridge will turn over all income from the book to the Nursing Service, which is celebrating its 25th anniversary in May.

—Harper News Release

After a quarter century of work it is fitting that the Frontier Nursing Service should tell its own story. I think, however, that I would not have buckled down to the writing of a book of approximately 100,000 words if Harper and Brothers had not asked for it. I have signed the contract with these publishers, and also a legal conveyance under the terms of which all royalties and money from subsidiary rights will be paid to the Frontier Nursing Service. Nothing now remains but to write the book! The contract calls for the manuscript to be given the publishers in March of 1951. I am doing what work I can on it this spring, but I cannot really get on with it until after the close of our fiscal year, with its immense accountability, and the Annual Meeting of our trustees in late May.

It was in order to clear the way for this book that I went to all of our outside committees that wanted me last fall and this winter. I shall not take any more outside engagements for over a year. I need a little holiday in June or early July, but, aside from that, I shall stay at Wendover and give the greater part of my time to writing.

The first part of this book will be more or less biographical. By this I mean that those circumstances in my life, some of them going back even to my childhood, which have a direct bearing on what came to be the Frontier Nursing Service, will be told. People often ask me how I thought up our plan of work. The odd thing is that so sensible an idea took so long to beat itself into my brain.

The work of the Frontier Nursing Service weaves in and out of the pattern of the Kentucky mountains. In this pattern I belong because of my Kentucky heritage. Therefore, this story of the Frontier Nursing Service will be written from the inside. So much that is erroneous, often ludicrously so, has



been written from the outside about us, as well as about the Kentucky mountains, that we will be glad to tell our own story. Members of our eight mountain committees are going to review parts of this book in manuscript, and I shall make whatever changes seem wise to them. The older members of our staff will add their memories to mine and to the mass of early data I shall have to review. Please, you old staff and old couriers who are no longer with us, write me of incidents of our early days that I might have forgotten; and you, old friends from anywhere, send me early letters if you kept them.

When I really settle down to giving hours every day to writing, I shall have to drop my correspondence almost completely. Although I shall read my mail, my secretary, Lucille Knechtly (Thumper) will handle it for me. She knows so many of my correspondents, at first hand and by letter, that this will be easy for her and agreeable to them. I couldn't have given the time to the book if Thumper had not come back to me. I am writing this to let you all know well in advance how your letters are going to be handled. Ruth Offenheiser will be the book secretary. Brownie and Aggie are giving her up to me, and taking on a new person for their heavy load of F.N.S. mail.

Anything further that I may have to tell you about the progress of the book will be put under Field Notes in later issues of the Bulletin.

Mary Breckinridge

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### TRUE TALES

"Is you Miss January or Miss February?"

"Miss January, just like the first month of the year."

Little face resting in one hand, in deep thought.

"How did you get yore name?"

"Why, John, just like you got your name from your pappy."

More thinking, and after a bit:

"I thought you narses and them teachers picked 'em out of books."

A. M. J.

.....

Mother, referring to her small baby crving vigorously as it was put to the breast: "He looks sech a little fellow, but he sure has mighty big ways."

P. B.

# EDNA, DUCHESS OF WENDOVER

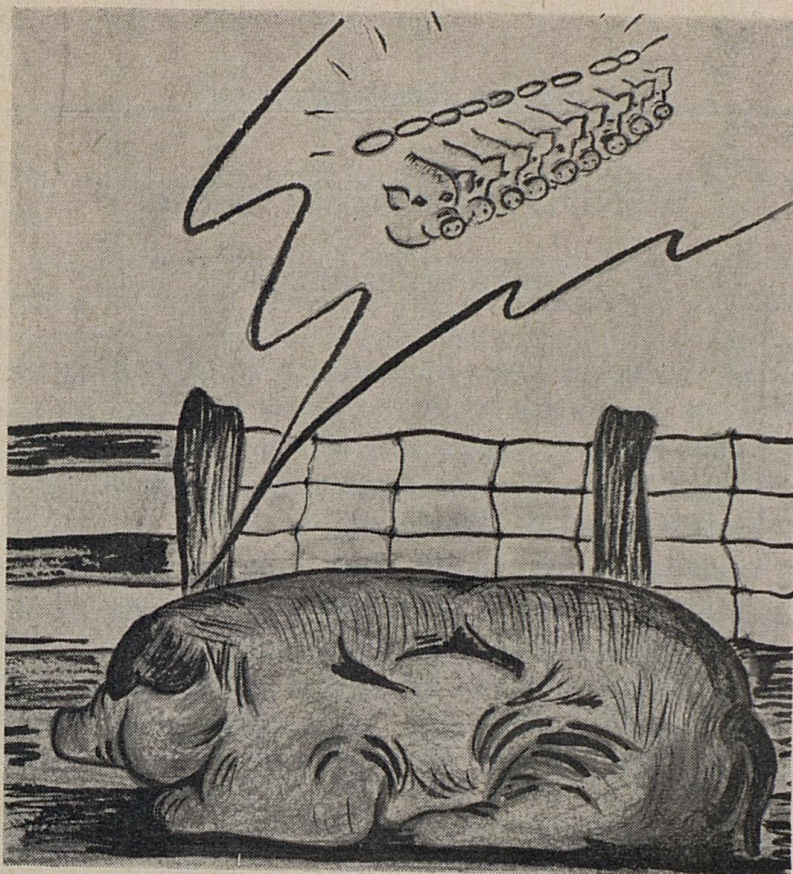


Residence of the Duchess

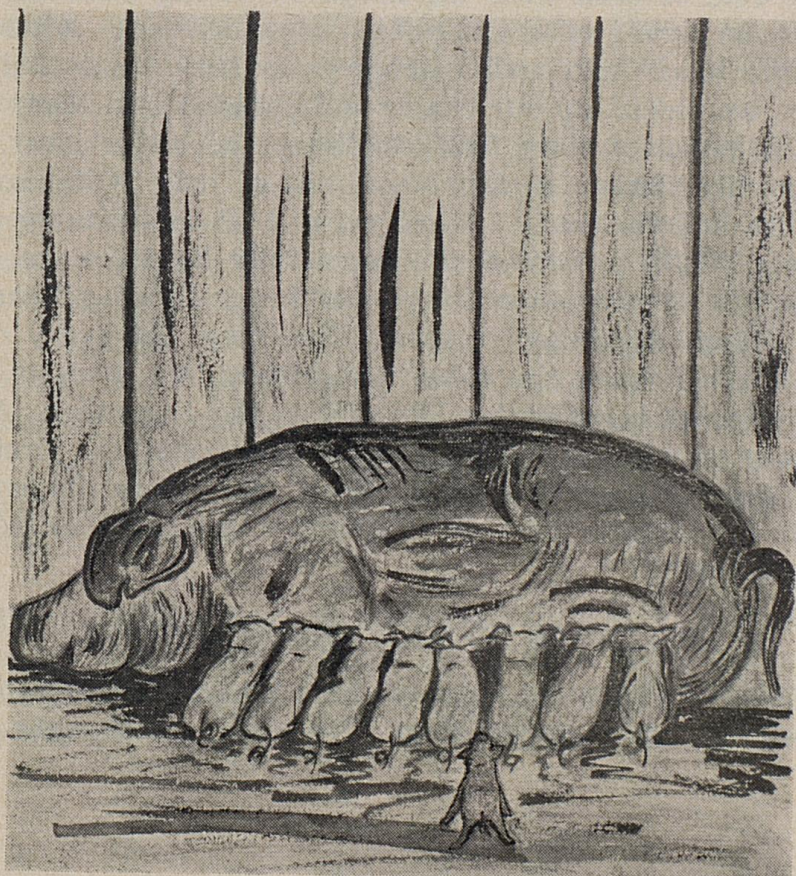


Her Dreams Come True

By PHYLLIS BENSON, R. N., C. M.



The Duchess Dreams



"Self Demand Feeding"

## WENDOVER "SHELF" PARTY

by  
RUTH OFFENHEISER

All at Wendover were honored by an invitation to a progressive New Year's party on the Upper Shelf given of course by the Upper Shelfers. Each one was to come prepared to tell of something that took place during the month of the year, in which she first came to Wendover.

To begin welcoming in the New Year we were ushered into Mary Jo's spacious abode. She served a refresher course and we heard of the antics of January, February, March and April. Also, to add greatly to the hilarity of things, Doris Schwartz, a guest at Wendover, told her "goat story"—an incident happening during her presence at an air evacuation hospital during the War.

Next, we moved en masse into Thumper's room, where the aroma of frying hamburgers assailed us as Thumper was playing the role of cook over the fireplace. Along with the hamburgers she served salad and coffee—most delicious. After satisfying the inner man and hearing from May, June, July and August, we picked up our chairs and paraded into Mary Ann's room. In honor of Mary Ann's birthday and under cover, Willa had speedily thrown a cake together—as only Willa can—between tea and the party. When we had all comfortably seated ourselves, Willa presented the beautifully lighted cake, all to Mary Ann's surprise—we think—and naturally we all sang the usual "Happy Birthday" to her. (She blew out every candle, too!) While helping the cake to disappear, we listened to the tales of September, October, November and December. Among this group was Jane's and Marce's joint contribution. First of all they asked for adjectives which we all enthusiastically supplied, much to our chagrin when we discovered Jane had inserted them in the following:

### BULLETIN TO MRS. BRECKINRIDGE

Knowing how poorly you are kept up on the *delectable* news of the *lousy* Staff at Wendover, we thought it

fitting and proper that we write you this newsy bulletin.

Thumper, coming to the rescue one day, saw *scintillating* Tenacity close on the *obnoxious* tail of Jeff, who was going out for a ride. In the rear was Tommy with his laughing, *glamorous* rider. Thumper ran to the tackroom for a halter. Then she came trotting back and placed the halter around Tenacity's neck. However, animal proved stronger than the human as *stupid* Thumper was dragged. Hilly came to the rescue and the gate was closed on this *idiotic* adventure.

EXTRA—EXTRA Have you heard about the missing *feline* dog known as Bruno, who belongs to that *soppy* Better Lester. Bruno was tripping the light fantastic with all the *crummy* neighborhood dogs.

Do you all realize that this party is in honor of *delicate* Mary Ann, who is celebrating her *7th* birthday!

What was that we heard about Ruth, the *foul* groom, who was brushing the *peaceful* Cindy, so she thought? When she had finished, she was informed that she had done the *hilarious* Jeff.

A Peek into the Future—We see Aggie, the mastermind of the Wendover Task Force, enthroned in a large room with a push button panel labeled with names such as—Bounce, Meltons, Walter Begley, etc. One *disgusting* tap and contact is immediately made.

FLASH—A Race with the Stork—*Muddy* Doris Schwartz was seen flying down the road the other morning in order to have witnessed a baby "cotchin'."

This has brought us to the *woody* end of a *muggy* year and we want to wish you an even *bitterer* year in 1950.

This little presentation ended our fun at Wendover—but the evening had really just begun as the Wendover Staff was invited to the traditional New Year's Eve party at Hyden Hospital where good food and games were enjoyed by everyone.

## JOSEY

by

GERTRUDE ISAACS, R.N., C.M.

When you work in clinic you expect anything. And you get it.

Last Tuesday was no exception. I had all my work done and was viewing the clinic with a satisfied feeling that all was in order for the following day, preparatory to going off duty. A fatal thing to do. For no sooner had the thought passed through my mind when I heard the clinic door open and a husky voice saying to the secretary, who was also preparing to go off duty, "He got shot with a twenty-two, and we are afraid he won't make it."

I rushed into the clinic waiting room. There were four young men facing me. I looked from one to the other to see which one looked most nearly "killed." Except for the woe-begone expression on their faces I could see nothing wrong with them. So I asked which one of them got shot. Then one of them hesitantly pulled out a bird from under his jacket and said, "It is a Hoot Owl. He got out of his cage this afternoon and somebody shot him, bad. You reckon anything could be done for him? We've had him a year and think a sight of him."

The poor thing looked petrified and his eyes were pleading for someone to take care of his wing which was limply hanging at his side. So in spite of the fact that I knew precious little about the anatomy of an owl, I could not refuse to look at him.

The owl submitted very meekly to the examination, whereupon the owner remarked, in a very worried voice, "He'd never let you do that if he weren't real bad off."

I could detect no broken bones. However, he did have a large flesh wound on his left shoulder. After I had treated this and spoken a few kind words to the owl, he became quite "pyeert," as if to say, "You have helped already."

After the bird was taken care of the owner said to me, "I suppose you think we are crazy making such a fuss over a hoot owl, but he is our pet and we call him Josey."

I reassured him by telling him that I had pets too and would hate to see them get hurt. He then thanked me very

kindly for looking after his bird, and promised faithfully to let us know how the bird progressed, but we never heard.

We hope Josey got well.

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### TALE OF A PICKPOCKET

#### A Fruit Grower's Diary

This is the tale of a pickpocket who felt his own pocket being picked at the races. Turning around he caught the thief, a very pretty girl. Being two of a trade they fell in love and married. A year later a fine boy was born but he had one disability, his left hand remained tightly closed and could not be opened. They visited a child specialist who tried to force the hand open and made the baby cry. The specialist then pulled out his gold watch and chain and swung the watch in front of the baby. The little fellow's eyes glistened and gradually, as the watch swung, his left hand opened and out fell the midwife's gold wedding-ring.

—*The Countryman*, Burford, England  
Autumn, 1949

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### A HEN TO BE PROUD OF

At Edinburgh, on April 10, 1939, a chicken, subsequently wing-banded as No. L1641, was hatched. Soon after the outbreak of war she laid her first egg. A high producer, with 273 eggs to her credit during her laying year as a pullet, she settled down, in spite of war-time stringencies, to her job of laying eggs. Just how efficiently she did it is shown by her record in subsequent years: 215, 211, 184, 152, 173, 142, 101 and 64. She went into the moult in the autumn of 1948, having equalled the world's record of 1,515 eggs. But her calcified and thickened arteries could not withstand the strain imposed on her by the moult, and as winter approached she died. One more egg only, and she would have made history.

—*The Countryman*, Spring, 1949, England  
Contributed by A. W. Greenwood, D.Sc., Director  
Poultry Research Centre, Edinburgh

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

From our former Greek guest and everlasting friend, Eleni N. Angelopoulou (whom we call Angel) we received a fascinating report, part in Greek and part—thank God—in English, on The Queen's Fund for the relief of the Northern Provinces of Greece. On the flyleaf "Angel" wrote, "My heartiest wishes for the very best in the New Year to you all from this Greece just recovering through American good will."

. . . . .

We are proud and glad to be able to announce that our trustee, Dr. R. Glen Spurling, is recovering from his dangerous coronary illness. He will have to walk softly for awhile, but expects to be able to resume a limited amount of work in June.

One of the valued younger members of our New York Committee, Mrs. Allerton McEwan, has had to go through an operation. We are happy to add that she has been at home for some weeks, and is making a good recovery.

. . . . .

Mrs. Walter Raymond Agard of Madison, Wisconsin, was asked by the Alumnae of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority to speak on the work of the Frontier Nursing Service at their annual Founders Day dinner. She writes:

"It was a most pleasant occasion for me. I haven't made a speech for several years, so feared it might not be quite what I hoped to put into it. But the response was warm and a number of them were so much moved that I felt reassured. They eagerly took all the leaflets sent so kindly by "Miss Thumper." They said their little group would love to have you address them. They were delighted with your messages and were much pleased to think supplies for layettes are needed. They suggested they work on them at their monthly gatherings. They very kindly gave me a pretty handkerchief in gay wrappings which has a capaciousness I'll enjoy. It was a privilege to be with them that night."

The F.N.S. extra slides have been traveling all over the country for staff and ex-staff members to show. Early in January they went to Dalton, Georgia, where Hannah Mitchell and Margaret Mitchell showed them to nursing groups. Next they went to Margaret Oracko in Dayton, Ohio, to be shown to a group of nurse students there. Then they went home with Martha Morrison, Hyden Hospital nurse, to Boston, Massachu-



setts, to be shown while she is there vacationing. "Mardie" will send them to Mrs. James Burt (Jane Sanders) for showings in Texas in late March. As we go to press plans are afoot for the slides in Michigan—after they have returned from Texas.

. . . . .

On February 22, 1865, the General Assembly of Kentucky enacted a law making possible the founding of the University of Kentucky. February 22nd, is, therefore, Founders Day. This year the University has set aside an entire week to mark its founding and to include the dedication of its new Fine Arts Building. Our representative for many of the ceremonies is our nurse-midwife, Miss Helen Marie Fedde (Hem) who is working at the University for her Master's degree.

. . . . .

The International and Fourth American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology will be held at the Hotel Statler in New York City from May 14 to May 19, 1950. The Frontier Nursing Service will have a booth, an exhibit, and a representative in New York for this important occasion. The representative, one of our Assistant Directors, Miss Helen E. Browne, will get to New York on Thursday, May 11th in order to allow herself time to set up the exhibit. We are sure that members of the old staff and couriers will be glad to give their free time to Brownie, not only in setting up the exhibit, but in staying with it during the following week. Will all of you in New York who read this please write direct to Brownie at Wendover, and tell her the days and the hours when you will be free?

. . . . .

#### TOWN AND TRAIN

My autumn tour in the Midwest lasted four weeks to the day. This winter one in the East lasted one month to the day. On both tours I have made a special effort to go to every committee that wanted me because it will not be possible for me to travel next fall and winter, as I have to stay at home and put every hour that I can into writing the book for Harper and Brothers. I was greatly pleased that so many of the Eastern committees wanted me this year, and got up most successful

meetings. I did everything by train this time, instead of by air, because winter weather is too uncertain for planes. This makes a lot more fatiguing travel, but one is sure to arrive eventually where one has to be.

I left Lexington on **Tuesday, January 3rd**, and reached Boston the evening of **Wednesday, January 4th**. There were two lovely interludes en route. Marion Shouse Lewis met my train (The George Washington) in Washington and sat with me for the twenty minutes in which the pullman was being switched from the Chesapeake and Ohio to the Pennsylvania. Pebble Stone met my train in New York and drove me to the Cosmopolitan Club where we ran into Mrs. Milward Martin who gave us the thing that I most wanted—a cup of tea. Then Pebble drove me over to the Grand Central Station where I took a New York, New Haven and Hartford train for Boston.

**Thursday, January 5th**, in Boston was a busy day. I had to get out on the world very early in the morning to go to a hair dresser and get the grime of the railroads—to say nothing of the deeper grime of the Wendover barns, chicken yards and gardens—taken off of me. After lunch with friends I drove out with our Boston Chairman, Mrs. John Rock, to the Beaver School where I spoke to a delightful group of girls and showed slides. Then we drove to the Woman's Free Hospital, for the Boston Committee Tea in the lovely living room of Hyams House. This enabled me to see and talk with the members of the committee as well as make a report to them. As a special courtesy the committee had invited two or three nurses to come from each of the Boston hospitals, which was nice for them and for me.

When the tea was over I hurried back to the Lincolnshire, my little hotel on Charles Street, and got into evening clothes with lightning speed. That night Mr. and Mrs. Guido Perera gave me a dinner at their house on West Cedar Street. I don't know when I have had a better time than with them and their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Fremont Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Murray Forbes, Jr., and Mr. Hamilton de Forest Lockwood, Jr. There was only one drawback to the evening, but it was a big drawback. Faith Perera had just gotten a bunged up leg from a

fall, and had to spend the evening in bed. We were with her in her bedroom all evening, before and after dinner, and she was the life of the party.

**Friday, January 6th**, was our big day in Boston. In the morning Mrs. Rock and I called for Miss Draper and took her to the John Hancock Hall for her to check the lighting at the theatre and to select the few pieces of furniture she would need that night. I skip over the rest of the day, although it included lunch at the Union Club with my friend, Mrs. Charles Moss, and dinner at the John Rocks. The climax of everything was Miss Draper's performance for us that night at the John Hancock Hall. This is a small but beautiful modern theatre, with first-class acoustics and lighting. Miss Draper gave the whole evening to the Frontier Nursing Service Benefit. Those of us who have heard her many times realized yet once more the power and the charm of her genius. There never has been anybody to equal her in the field she has made her own.

Over a thousand people were drawn to us that evening, because of Miss Draper, in spite of a heavy downpour of rain. The Boston Herald said that it looked like an opera opening with a long line of cars, and the people in galoshes and raincoats "in true Boston style." Mrs. Theodore Brown of Milton sent her car to take Miss Draper to and from the theatre. Our Boston Committee members and sponsors were on hand, as well as hosts of old couriers, to act as hostesses and ushers. William Draper had sent his portrait of me by air express to stand on an easel in the foyer and get its appraisal by one of the most artistic crowds in America. I was given the honor of saying a few words of appreciation of Miss Draper just before the curtain rose on her first sketch. A pretty touch was given to her curtain calls by Mrs. Rock who had one of the Boston couriers present her with a great sheaf of red roses tied with long, red ribbon. All through the evening little ripples of amusement and satisfaction passed over the large audience. Among the newspaper comments we have chosen this one from the *Christian Science Monitor*:

Ruth Draper's magic has lost none of its potency. A large audience greeted her with enthusiasm at the John Hancock Hall on Friday evening in a benefit performance for the Frontier Nursing Service. Her gallery of portraits was undoubtedly

familiar to most of those there, yet the freshness of Miss Draper's creative insight made each piece a renewed delight.

Here were the incomparable Englishwoman opening a bazaar (portrayed with satire so gentle as to be essentially an affectionate tribute), the Bostonian lady viewing an art exhibit, the New York society woman sandwiching an Italian lesson into her bulging day (a profound social comment disguised as a piece of hilarity), and the flat-voiced clubwoman discussing doctors and diets over the luncheon table (a Helen Hokinson cartoon come to life).

The deeper note Miss Draper is capable of striking was not so evident in this performance. It was there, underlying the richly human inflection of "Three Generations in a Court of Domestic Relations," and it rose to a moment of dramatic intensity in her French war piece, "Vive la France—Autumn 1940," given in French. But in this postwar world, sated with tragedy and all too often numbed to indifference by what it has seen, Miss Draper perhaps did well to emphasize the enduring humor of human behavior. Certainly the laughter she evokes has value and leaves us with a keener appreciation of the muddled, foolish, aspiring human race.

**Saturday, January 7th.** I spent a restful morning, talking to old friends who dropped in to see me—Miss Winifred Rand and Dr. John Rock. Our Honorary Chairman, Mrs. E. A. Codman, gave me a luncheon at her home on Beacon Street, a house where I have spent happy hours over the years. Among the guests were three mothers of couriers of our early days: Mrs. Ingersoll Bowditch, mother of Sylvia; Mrs. Ralph Williams, mother of Fran; and Mrs. A. Farwell Bemis, mother of Mardi. Another guest was Mrs. Weston Howland who has not given us a courier as yet, but even so, she is an old friend.

That night I had dinner with my young cousins, the John L. Grandin juniors, with whom my cousin, Mrs. Waring Wilson, mother of Susanne Grandin, was staying.

**Sunday, January 8th.** This was the one clear, cold day of my stay in New England. Mrs. Codman drove me down to Marblehead to see my lifelong friend, Mrs. I. H. Jones, whose husband had been ill. I stayed with her while Mrs. Codman visited her lifelong friend, Miss Edith Fabens, who has also been ill. We returned to Boston for a late lunch. In the afternoon I was with Mrs. Otis Russell for a little gathering to see not only her, but Mrs. Mason D. Harris (Zaydee DeJonge), up with friends from Fitchburg.

**Monday, January 9th.** This day I spent in Providence. Mrs. Edward Jastram met my train in the morning and took me to

Mrs. Gammell Cross' house for lunch with those members of the Providence Committee who were in town. It was a delightful luncheon, and I did not know until it was over that Mrs. Cross' cook had just broken her leg and a caterer had been called upon hurriedly to cook the lunch and send it over for her maids to serve. All of it tasted as good as homemade food.

After lunch we all went over to Gammell House, the lovely home of Mrs. Cross' mother, the late Mrs. Gammell, where I first spoke in Providence over twenty years ago when Mrs. Gammell was my hostess. Mrs. Cross has given Gammell House and most of its furnishings and portraits to the Providence Visiting Nurse Association. It makes perfect headquarters for the V.N.A., and preserves intact a place as full of memories as it is of beauty. The fact that Miss Mary Gardner was with us that day added to the significance and charm of what was a large and successful meeting. Our former chairman, Mrs. Leonard Colt, introduced me and introduced her successor as Chairman of our Providence Committee. This is Mrs. Ten Eyck Lansing whose book about a courier in the Frontier Nursing Service, *Rider on the Mountains*, is having a successful sale.

After the meeting was over and I had been all over Gammell House, Mrs. Jastram with her car and chauffeur took me back to the station for my train to New York.

**Tuesday, January 10th.** Mrs. Stone and Pebble came by for me before eleven that morning and drove me to Mrs. Walter Binger's house where I attended the regular monthly meeting of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. It is always a joy to me to get in on one of these routine business meetings and see how well this committee handles its work. After the meeting we all piled into cars and went back to the Cosmopolitan Club where the New York Committee gave me a luncheon. Sweet of them, and I liked it.

That evening I went out to my own hospital, St. Luke's, to have dinner in the nurses' cafeteria at 6:00 p.m. with Miss Ruth K. Moser, Director of Nursing. After dinner we went up to her apartment in the Eli White building for a chat on nursing problems in which a number of her assistants joined us. I spoke that night with colored slides to a meeting of the Alumnae Association of St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in the big audi-

torium. All of the student nurses who were off duty, the head nurses and supervisors, were invited to attend. My own classmate (class of 1910!) Miss Minerva Keller, showed my slides for me. It was an audience after my own heart. When the meeting was over we gathered in the reception rooms for things to eat, and I had a chance to meet many of the nurses and doctors. The evening was arranged by Miss Eleanor M. Pise, the President of the Alumnae. Several of my classmates were able to come so that we had a bit of a reunion among ourselves.

**Wednesday, January 11th.** My friends tell me they don't know anyone in the world who has as many cousins as I have! There certainly were a number of them stopping at the Cosmopolitan Club this week, and they had planned it so as to be on hand for our New York meeting. Mrs. John C. Breckinridge had stopped by for several days en route from her home at York Village, Maine, to her home at Santa Barbara, California. Her daughter, Marvin, one of our earliest couriers and taker of our early moving pictures and lots of photographs, had come from Washington. She was back from Egypt with her husband, Jefferson Patterson, and will shortly be going to Greece. Mr. Patterson will be the United States representative on the Balkan Committee of the United Nations and will have his headquarters at Athens. In addition to these two, my cousin, Mrs. Waring Wilson, of Kentucky, skimmed down from Boston in time for the New York meeting. Marvin and I got together for a quiet lunch in the members' room, our first conversation in more than four years.

Wednesday afternoon came our big New York meeting in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. The room seemed to me to be filled with people. They were such a nice crowd, so friendly and encouraging, that it was a joy to talk to them. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. McAllister Lloyd, presided with charm. She introduced several members of the New York Committee. Mrs. Stone gave the financial report for New York from the last fiscal year's audit. Mrs. Stockly, Chairman of the Bargain Box Committee, gave the Bargain Box report and presented me with a check for \$2,500.00 for the Frontier Nursing Service from the latest Bargain Box dividends that she said would represent \$100.00 for each of our twenty-five years. All of you who send

rummage to the Bargain Box, and you are many in many parts of the United States, will be pleased over this and over the fact that the Bargain Box sent the Frontier Nursing Service in our last fiscal year a total of \$8,500.00 in dividends.

Mrs. Lloyd then introduced another one of my cousins, Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, Publicity Chairman of the New York Committee, and Mrs. Kirkland introduced me in rather moving words that included a lot of throwback to our childhood. After all of that I gave the report on the Frontier Nursing Service and showed my colored slides.

When the formal meeting was over and refreshments were passed out among the crowd, I had a chance of talking with a great many old friends. Some of them are such stand-bys that I would be greatly disappointed if I didn't see them rooting for me in the "Amen Corner" every year.

My portrait was displayed there too, on an easel, with the artist, William Draper in personal attendance, bless him. This portrait will be given to the Frontier Nursing Service by another cousin, Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, who commissioned it. She, dear thing, had picked up a horrid virus infection and couldn't be with us that afternoon. Since the picture was painted last March it has been at several of William Draper's exhibits.

The evening was not yet over because, unknown to me, a most wonderful treat was headed my way. A lot of the cousins, including young ones like Brooke and Betty Alexander, had gathered in the Cosmopolitan Club lounge where Mrs. John C. Breckinridge was serving us much needed tea. We were having such a good time that we had still not dispersed at 7:15 when one of the uniformed boys of the Cosmopolitan Club came up to me and said that the office wanted to speak to me. I had planned on a quiet evening in bed, because I knew I would be tired, and I said to the boy that I would come down in a few minutes, before going upstairs to my room. He returned almost at once to tell me that the office wanted me because a ticket for **South Pacific** had been turned in through their agent, and did I want it? Did I want it! My cousins fairly pushed me out of the room, and all my fatigue was forgotten. It is just as lovely a musical comedy as the reports of it affirm. I don't wonder that tickets have to be bought about six months in ad-

vance to get to see it. It was almost a miracle that mine fell in on the one and only evening I had free.

**Thursday, January 12th,** was a comparatively quiet day. I spent most of the morning with a delightful public stenographer, Miss Woodward, at The Barclay, whom I have used for many years when I am in New York without a secretary. After I had gotten caught up on my mail, I did some of the usual things one always has to do in New York, including a pleasant hour with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Haskell. I dined that night with Mrs. T. N. Horn, an old friend, and the sister of my cousin, Mrs. Charles Pierce Williams, of Greenville, Mississippi. Isabel Horn had brought Adah Williams back with her after the death of her husband who was not only a kinsman of mine, but a friend from the days of our childhood. It was a quiet family evening, and very dear to me.

**Friday, January 13th.** This was the day of our meeting in Princeton and a foggier day I have never seen, even on the coast. Pebble came in from her place on Long Island to drive me out to Princeton. We had to get started right after an early lunch because we knew the driving would be bad. I might add that it was even worse coming back that night, and we had to go at about thirty miles an hour. The Princeton meeting was held in the really lovely large old-fashioned house that belongs to the Sherley Morgans, parents of our courier, Diana. Mrs. Morgan was a delightful hostess, and Diana was there to help her. In spite of the thick fog, the drawing room was full of old Princeton friends including our Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Caspar Goodrich, and our active Chairman, Mrs. H. Russell Butler who introduced me. Another old friend whom I was delighted to see there was Mrs. Walter B. Howe. I showed our slides again, and talked with them. After that we had tea, over which we lingered. This wasn't prudent, considering the fog and the long distance back to New York.

**Saturday, January 14th.** I had planned this morning for two hours of shopping because I did want to get some new corduroy clothes to wear at Wendover. My old ones are getting disreputable. Mrs. Kirkland went with me to five leading shops where we found not one single corduroy garment, except a few



funny little short coats. It was discouraging. I rarely shop because I haven't time to do it and, when I do, it is for something quite desperately needed. Luncheon with another cousin, Mrs. Henry Waite, as well as with Mrs. Kirkland, took some of the depression away from me. That evening I had the pleasantest kind of a little dinner with four of my own old F.N.S. staff at Alice Ford's apartment at Tudor City. Aside from Alice, there were Wini Saxon, Vanda Summers, and Doris Sinclair.

**Sunday, January 15th,** I went to "The Little Church Around the Corner" in the morning, as I always do in New York. It is one of the churches of which I am fondest in the world. Then I had lunch with the young cousins, Brooke and Betty Alexander, and their two children. Their boy, Breck, is named for my child and is my godson. The girl is just as charming. Brooke and the children and their cocker spaniel walked with me down to the Henry Sutphens where there was a late afternoon party and where I was staying for a family dinner with these loved cousins.

**Monday, January 16th.** I got off for Rochester at 9:00 a.m. on the New York Central's "Empire State." We hit the town in the late afternoon, and I went at once to a room that had been engaged for me at the Hotel Sheraton. Rochester friends had flowers to greet me, and these I put by the pictures of my little son that travel with me wherever I go.

My first engagement, for that night, was pure enjoyment. The Sibleys had invited me to the Sixty-Second Annual Dinner of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce to hear Paul Hoffman, Administrator, Economic Coöperation Administration, make an address. The Young Harper Sibleys took me and our Rochester Chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, to this dinner. It was a first-class meal, including broiled tenderloin steak. However, the speeches, all of them, were even more first-class than the dinner. I knew that I should be intensely interested in whatever Mr. Hoffman had to say about E.C.A. I didn't realize how much I should enjoy the preliminary speeches of the Rochester men. Nor had I known that the Ambassador of The Netherlands would be speaking, and that Mr. Alan Valentine, President of the University of Rochester, would make a response. Mr. M.

Herbert Eisenhart presided over one of the very best evenings of public addresses to which I have ever listened. In fact, there wasn't a dull word from anybody—something rare at meetings of that kind.

There is one thing I want to mention right here, and that is how much I enjoyed the Rochester bath tubs! In an honest effort to conserve water, every day I was in New York City, I took to sponging with not over two inches of water in the tub. In Rochester I soaked to the chin!

**Tuesday, January 17th.** This was a busy day. It began with photographers and reporters from the Rochester papers. They were all nice ones.

I went to lunch with Helen Rogers at the Chatterbox Club where I was the speaker. It had been years since I had the pleasure of meeting with this entrancing crowd of women, but I remembered what an eager audience they had been, and was not surprised at the eagerness I found in them again. Helen Rogers introduced me in words too moving to repeat, more especially as they were simple words and did not include either of my introductory abominations—"vision" and "ideals."

After the Chatterbox Club meeting I went with Helen to her house where six members of the Junior League Board called on me for an interview. They were, all of them, charming women.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer came for me later in the day for a meeting at 4:00 p.m. at the Genesee Hospital, of doctors, hospital administrators, head nurses of the maternity division, and a scattering of others. In among the scattering was our own Doctor Barney, former Medical Director and now taking a residency in obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Rochester Medical School. In the scattering also was Dr. Alexander E. Dodds, who is, right now, Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. But more of him later. Among the older men who sat with us around a large table were Mr. Larry Bradley, Director of the Genesee Hospital; Dr. Shirley R. Snow, Head of Obstetrics at the Genesee, and Associate Professor at the University of Rochester Medical School; Dr. John H. Schultz, Attending Physician at the Genesee Hospital; Dr. William L. Madden. This impressive gathering called itself a "Round Table

Conference on Rooming In and Self Demand Feeding of Infants." Mrs. Spencer, a member of the Board of the Genesee Hospital, had enticed these distinguished and busy people to talk with me because our babies have always stayed near their mothers at the Hyden Hospital, and because they are breast-fed. It seems that the Genesee Hospital is planning an addition or a renovation or something, and has under consideration the possibility of arranging to let mothers keep their babies and breast feed them.

Never have I met a more delightful group of men and women than those attending this round table. It seemed odd to me, a nurse-midwife, that there could be anything these administrators and physicians could learn from me. As a matter of fact, they learned nothing. We leave our babies near their mothers because it is natural; the mothers nurse their babies because that too is natural. Nobody ever came down to tell us how to be unnatural. When great modern hospitals begin to feel their way back to nature, they seem to run head-on into awful obstructions of architecture and service alike. Their problems bewilder me, because they seem to be real problems. Nobody disputes the fact that mothers and babies belong together, but it is worse than fitting in the pieces of a puzzle to bring this togetherness about. My advice to the Genesee people was that they buy a good brood sow like Edna, Duchess of Wendover, and arrange a place for her in the hospital grounds. If they all studied carefully her way with her own young through at least one or two litters, they would begin to get the hang of what people now call "self demand" feeding.

As to this business of "rooming in," as they call it now, I personally am of a doubtful mind. The mother should have her baby near her, but the mother should not have the responsibility or the care of her baby for at least a week after it is born, in my opinion. Childbirth is exhausting no matter how normal. It calls for hard exercise, not one bit like reducing exercises. I have borne two children and I know. The woman who has just gone through childbirth rates a rest, and she should get it. Give her her baby, yes, whenever she wants it, but not the care of it and not the responsibility for it.

Mrs. Spencer took me back to the hotel, but her husband

had gone home to rest. He was due in the hospital shortly to get ready for a gall bladder operation. When we parted and I was wishing him good luck, he slipped a hundred-dollar check in my hand for the Frontier Nursing Service, in a pre-celebration of getting rid of his gall bladder. (I just want to add that he made it all right and got rid not only of a bad gall bladder, but of a huge rock imbedded in it.)

Back at the hotel again, I got into evening clothes and was ready for Dr. and Mrs. Karl Wilson when they called for me at 6:35 p.m. They, like the Spencers, are old friends and particularly dear to the Frontier Nursing Service for whom Doctor Wilson has done so much. He and Doctor Snow were going to do even more, but as yet they didn't know it!

We went around to the house of Mrs. E. Willoughby Middleton, the dear mother of one of the dearest couriers who ever came to us. Dr. and Mrs. Shirley Snow were among the guests at this intimate, small dinner. It was a wonderful little dinner, delicious in itself, and with much delightful informal conversation in front of a great wood fire before we went in to dinner, and afterwards. We drifted naturally into conversation about the problems confronting both the medical and the nursing worlds today, and how much we felt that none of us were meeting them as we should. From these general problems it was easy to pass on to the special problems of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was then that Doctor Wilson and Doctor Snow took into their kind hearts the fact that we at Hyden had not a Medical Director at the moment. It was then that they said they could spare one of their best residents in obstetrics to go down to us and stay until summer. He would have to be persuaded, of course, and that was left to the next day and to me.

**Wednesday, January 18th.** There had been a plan afoot for having me speak in the morning to the Columbia School, but I woke up just a little tired, with the fullest kind of afternoon ahead of me. I begged off from the morning engagement, which was not one arranged for in advance of my coming, or I would not have begged off no matter how tired.

I had lunch at the Chatterbox Club with Miss Helen Rogers and Mrs. Karl Wilson. Later our courier, Barbara Whipple, now Mrs. John Schilling and voluntary secretary of the Ro-

chester Committee, came for me and we drove to the Genesee Hospital where I had an appointment to talk with Doctor Dodds. He and Doctor Barney and Barbara and I sat in a cozy little room and discussed Doctor Dodds' coming down to us. There was much poking of fun between him and Doctor Barney, and a certain amount of it between Barbara and me. The upshot of it all was that Doctor Dodds agreed to start driving down on the Saturday. When Barbara took me back to my hotel I was able to send home a telegram that he would soon be on his way, and to telegraph the Kentucky State Board of Health to arrange for his license. Never have I sent two telegrams with more happiness.

This was the night of our big Rochester meeting, and I had no idea of how big a meeting it was going to be. It had started snowing hard. In leaving the Genesee Hospital with Barbara I had slipped and fallen, and had been shaken a bit in the old broken back. Mrs. Roland Will had arranged a quiet dinner of a few old friends, but I telephoned to ask her if I could just stay at the hotel until time to drive to Cutler Union. She is as understanding a person as her daughter, our courier, "Scoopie," and she consented at once.

Helen Rogers came for me and we drove to the Cutler Union, a great hall on the grounds of the University of Rochester. It holds seven hundred people and I think they were all there that night except for about twenty in the first two rows. Hall and gallery alike were packed. I hadn't reckoned on the fact that not only did we have a splendid Rochester Committee behind us, but that the Alumnae Association of the University of Rochester was sponsoring the evening too. As an honorary alumna of the University, I had University backing as well as F.N.S. Committee backing, and medical and nursing and hospital backing. It added up to a lot of backing, even in a snow storm.

Mrs. Harper Sibley introduced me in quite a wonderful way because she included in her introduction the University of Rochester Alumnae, the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority Alumnae and the medical and nursing groups. She said just the right thing about everybody, and then she said some very nice things

about the Frontier Nursing Service. I showed my colored slides as I spoke.

After the meeting, when we met in a long lounge at the back of the hall, many old friends came up to speak to me. Among them was Dr. Rowland Leiby who, like Doctor Dodds, had been lent us by the University of Rochester Medical School, as our Medical Director, when he was a senior resident in obstetrics there. It was good to see him again and congratulate him on his engagement to a charming girl. Dr. Craig Potter presented me with a framed picture of my mare, Babette, that his courier daughter, Craig, had taken when she was with us and had sent to be given me on this eventful evening.

All evenings, no matter how thrilling, come to an end. It was time to say goodbye to Rochester. **Thursday morning, January 19th**, I took the "Empire State" back to New York. We were nearly three hours late. I went straight to the Cosmopolitan Club and to bed.

My last three days in New York were all quiet ones, with no speaking for me. On **Friday, January 20th**, I had lunch with Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, Mr. Eugene Exman, and Mr. John Chambers, all editors of Harper and Brothers, for a discussion about the book on which I must soon get busy. Real people they are, all three, with brains and no pretensions.

From the restaurant I slipped down to the Cunard White Star docks to see "Pebble" Stone off on the Franconia. She was with her old squash team, headed for England. She will find time to visit several of our mutual friends, including Mrs. Frederic Watson, Mrs. Arthur Bray, our trustees, and Alison Bray, our courier. Pebble looked splendid, and the Franconia looked so comfy that I longed to climb into a deck chair and stay on her for ten days!

Mrs. Stone took me back in the car she had to the Cosmopolitan Club, but she couldn't stay to tea. My cousin, Margaret Boncompagni, came to have tea with me—her first outing since she picked up that horrid virus infection. That night I dined quietly with my Kirkland cousins.

**Saturday, January 21st.** I had a lovely visit that morning with Mr. William Haupt and gave him a report on the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses at Hyden Hospital. I spent

the better part of the rest of the day with Miss Woodward at the Barclay, handling a batch of mail. That evening I dined quietly at the Club with my friend, Mrs. Francis Boardman.

**Sunday, January 22nd.** Again I went to "The Little Church Around the Corner," and my Sunday was quiet until the afternoon. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. McAlister Lloyd, and Mr. Lloyd, had a party for me that afternoon at their place, with all the committee members and husbands who could attend, and a number of other people as well. It was a wonderful party, and gave me the chance of chatting informally with as delightful a set of men and women as one could meet anywhere. It was one of those sparkling parties where everybody had a good time, including Nella Lloyd, who was at home recovering from a virus infection. Those virus infections! Or colds, as we used to call them, or flu-ish germs or whatever they are. They did seem to be widespread. I little knew that in two days I was to meet one face to face! I stayed for dinner that night at the Lloyds, as did a few other family intimates like the Seymour Wadsworths and the George J. Stocklys.

**Monday, January 23rd.** I went to Philadelphia. Our Chairman of the Philadelphia Committee, that warm friend of mine, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain and her daughter, Fanny, courier and warm friend too, met me at the Paoli Station and we drove over to Downingtown. Smoky Ridge Farm is one of the country places in the United States most dear to me in itself—in its horses, dogs, in the three charming grandchildren that come in and out, in the great old trees, and in its feel of quietness and peace.

**Tuesday, January 24th.** This was the day of our big Philadelphia meeting in the Barclay Hotel ballroom. It was also the day that the so-called virus infection hit me. It started just as a cough, but a nasty cough. We had about an hour's drive down to Philadelphia, and arrived at the Barclay in plenty of time for the meeting. There was a crowd of some two hundred people to whom I spoke with my colored slides. After a couple of glasses of water I got my voice under control and the cough didn't bother much.

My slides were shown as a courtesy by Dr. Joseph A. Wag-

ner from the Pennsylvania Hospital. He not only gave his services, but brought the projector with him. To our warm friends, Dr. and Mrs. William D. Stroud, we owe our contact with that kind Doctor Wagner.

When the meeting was over we had one of the best teas ever served in a public place. I didn't know the Barclay was famous for its teas, but this one had not only first-class tea, but a lot of the most unusual and delightful oddments to go with it. At the tea I had the chance of meeting and talking with a host of Philadelphia friends. I missed sadly one old friend who had never failed to stand by us through every Philadelphia meeting over the years, the late Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson.

On our way back to Smoky Ridge Farm the McIlvains and I stopped off for a little visit with Mrs. Carroll B. Nichols, at Bryn Mawr. I also picked up some cough lozenges put out by a reliable chemical house. I didn't know then that I had a "virus infection." I thought all I had was a tired throat.

**Wednesday, January 25th.** Those dear McIlvains drove me all the way in to the State of Delaware. My sister's husband, Colonel Dunn, has his headquarters in Delaware at Wilmington. The Duns have bought a two-hundred-year-old farm house two miles out of Newark. This place my sister calls Brackenwood. It had been modernized by the people from whom she bought it, but without in any way detracting from its ancient charm. Sixty acres of land go with it, including a spring, a pond, a branch, and a bit of forest land. Her son, who was an airman in the war, is completing his belated education at the University of Delaware. It seemed sensible to buy a house, since one has to live somewhere and there never is anything suitable to rent.

The McIlvains stopped off at Brackenwood long enough for tea. Both my brother-in-law and nephew had come back before they left. My sister's older daughter was there with her two adorable baby girls. She had parked them with their grandmother while she and her husband took a bit of a holiday in Mexico. Grandparents need a house!

**Wednesday, January 25th.** I spent this day quietly at



Brackenwood with my sister. By then I had all the things the matter with me that my friends had been having, those so-called "virus infections." I was careful not to get close to anybody. What made me feel really badly was the fact that one of our trustees lives in Newark, and we have friends in Wilmington. I had meant to telephone them, but I was coughing too much to telephone. Aside from that, I was afraid they would insist on coming to see me, and that would not have been good for them.

**Friday, January 27th.** I felt a little better for the time being and, in any case, I had to carry on with my schedule. My young nephew, "Dusty," drove me in to Wilmington to catch a train for Washington. All of this traveling to Boston, and return to Kentucky, was done on a round-trip ticket bought before the first of the year when the rates went up. It allowed for a lot of stopovers, and I sure took advantage of that allowance.

I had asked Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse) and Mrs. Samuel Neel (Mary Wilson) to meet me in Washington and have lunch with me in the station restaurant before I took a train for Harper's Ferry. There they both were, smiling and charming. I didn't get anywhere near them, but we had a good lunch together, and talked over Washington plans. I told them I expected to get quite well in the Shenandoah Valley. I caught the train for Harper's Ferry where my sister, Mrs. James Carson Breckinridge, met me and took me straight to Flagstop, her place, some thirty miles up the Valley.

**Saturday, January 28th and Sunday, January 29th.** These were two days of unalloyed rest. Whatever microbe or bug or insect was bothering me fell into reasonable abeyance during that time. I went nowhere and saw only the members of Dorothy's family from Hawthorn.

**Monday, January 30th.** Dorothy drove me straight from Flagstop to the Sulgrave Club in Washington, where I was put up by our Washington Chairman, Mrs. Adolphus Staton. She, dear person—and I am thankful to say, a cousin—had to go to Florida with her husband. Admiral Staton had not been well, and the doctors advised a complete change for him.

It was like Mrs. Staton to have arranged for everything in connection with my three days in Washington before she went South, and like the other members of our Washington Committee to have carried on superbly in her absence.

I lunched on Monday at the Sulgrave Club with the Jefferson Pattersons. This was a family threesome, to give Mr. Patterson and me the opportunity for a real conversation together, and to give Marvin and me another meeting.

That afternoon Marvin took me out to the meeting of our Washington Committee at the home of her brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Major General and Mrs. Howard C. Davidson. In the absence of Mrs. Staton the chair was taken by Mrs. Lawrence Groner, our former Active Chairman and now an Honorary Chairman. There was a large attendance of members for this business meeting where the discussion concerned itself chiefly with the Washington annual John Mason Brown Benefit at the Mayflower Hotel. This year this benefit takes place on the afternoon of Friday, May 5th. It was decided, after full discussion and a vote, to have the Benefit followed by refreshments in the Chinese Room, and to have the price of the tickets include the refreshments. Last year we had not been able to do this because we were not able to get the Chinese Room, next to the Ballroom, so we reduced the price of the tickets. Out-of-town people who had come from Virginia, Maryland and even from Delaware to attend the Benefit, said how much they had missed not having a cup of tea last year, and all of the nice hot things that the Mayflower serves with it, and how much they had missed the opportunity of meeting and talking with friends when the lecture was over. When Mrs. Groner and other members of the committee reported how much regret had been expressed over the lack of refreshments, the committee came to the decision that it was better to have them, even if it meant charging more for the tickets. The Mayflower teas that used to be \$1.00 per head now cost \$1.50 per head. This \$1.50 will have to be added to the cost of the ticket. The conclusion reached was that the teas were worth it.

After the business meeting was over General Davidson and his daughter, Mary—our former courier—presided over a delightful tea. Mrs. Patterson helped also in filling the place left

vacant by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Davidson. The absence of Mrs. Davidson in Baltimore recovering from an illness, was the only marring thing to the afternoon.

Mrs. Samuel Neel (Mary Wilson) took me home with her after the tea party for a glimpse of her three children, who grow more charming each year. Needless to say, I didn't get within a yard of any of them.

I dined that night with Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr., and an intimate group of mutual friends gathered to meet me at their house. The elder Mrs. Reeve Lewis was there too, as was Mrs. Lawrence Groner. Justice Groner was not well enough to attend. It was an evening so agreeable and relaxing that my seediness got a bit unseeded! I had a guilty feeling about this so-called virus infection anyway. When other sufferers had spoken of theirs, I had boasted proudly that I had not had a cold—not even a snuffle—in more than four years. Pride certainly went before the fall in my case.

**Tuesday, January 31st.** I had a quiet morning which got me in good shape for the rest of the day. I did not even have to go out for lunch. The exquisite luncheon Mrs. Lawrence Groner gave for me was in a private room at the Sulgrave Club. I knew well all of the other guests, those charming Washington women who do so much for the Frontier Nursing Service. It was a sheer pleasure to meet and talk with them.

That afternoon we drove to the museum belonging to Mr. and Mrs. George Hewitt Myers and connected by a long passage with their place. As many of you know, the museum is a lovely room hung with tapestries. The Washington Committee had arranged for me to make a report on the work of the Frontier Nursing Service to them personally, and show slides of the work at the same time. Only committee members were invited to this meeting, but members had the privilege of bringing friends if they wished. Although I should have loved a large meeting with all of our Washington friends invited (and we shall have it the next time I am in Washington) I realized that, with a disintegrating voice, it was just as well that this was to be a committee affair and therefore small.

When I had seen and talked with that kind Mr. George Jorgensen from Edmonds Optical Company who was showing

my slides as a courtesy, I went with Mrs. Myers over to the house and sat with her in her drawing room until time for the meeting. She was her usual kind self, and presented me with some most useful cough drops. The two adorable children of our former courier, Louise (Mrs. John R. Pugh) were visiting their grandmother. Although I did not let them get too close to me, I was able to see and enjoy them.

After the meeting was over and the committee had dispersed I was taken to General and Mrs. Davidson's house again. The Jefferson Pattersons were staying for a few days in the guest house in the garden, and I wanted above all things to see Marvin's fourteen-month-old baby, Patricia Marvin. We decided that it would be safe for the baby to have me do this if I did not pick her up or touch her or even get close to her. A few of the Pattersons' diplomatic friends they had known in different parts of the world dropped in for tea. The baby sat on her mother's lap and was more charming than words can express. In preparation for Greece, she has been taking a lot of horrid shots and had a fresh smallpox vaccination. Nothing could daunt her gallant good humor or her smiling reception of her mother's friends.

Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth came for me and took me to her home for a quiet family dinner. The only guests invited were the Carlile Bolton-Smiths who are old family friends. My godson, young Carlile, came to see me a few minutes before dinner to present me with a flower he had bought for me himself. The two younger daughters of the Wigglesworths also came in before dinner, but their oldest girl is at Farmington and I missed not seeing her again. Mr. Wigglesworth is a most interesting man, as I discover anew every time I meet him. His wife I have known since her girlhood in Kentucky, and I have been glad she married whom she did—if only for the pleasure it gives me to meet and talk occasionally with her husband!

**Wednesday, February 1st.** This was my last day in Washington and it was decided that I should spend it quietly at the Sulgrave Club. Mrs. Berkeley Simmons was so nice as to have a few of the members of the Washington Committee to lunch with me informally right at the Club. That was pleasurable, and not in the least fatiguing. It resulted in Mrs. McConihe

sending her chauffeur back to the Club with a bottle of extra good cough lozenges. Nothing could exceed the kindness of these Washington friends in their avoidance of anything crowded or big for me, in view of the state of my voice, and in the personal cherishing care they gave to me.

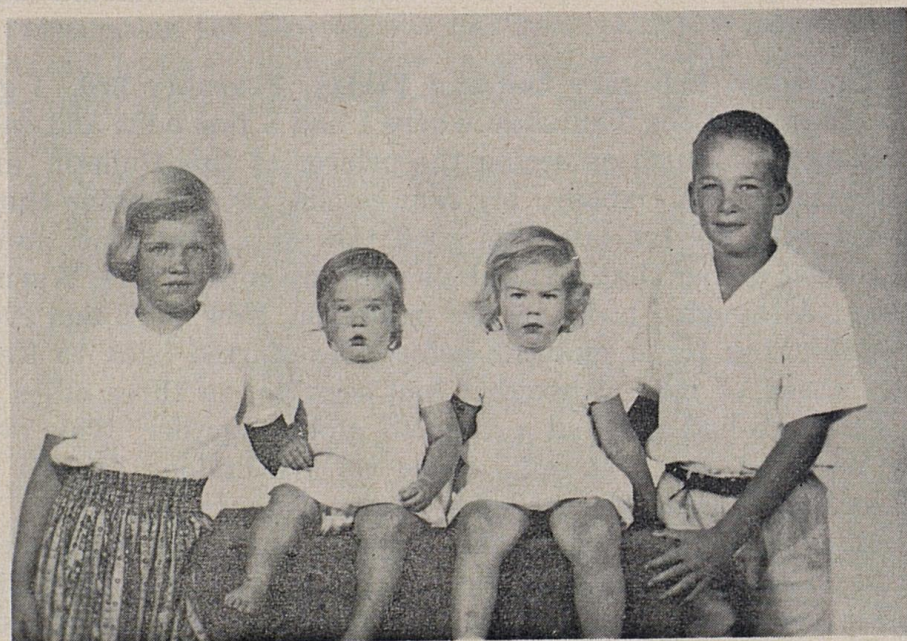
At 6:30 p.m. I took the George Washington on the Chesapeake and Ohio for Lexington, Kentucky. I knew in advance of getting on the train that there would be no diner, so I took along a package of sandwiches from the Sulgrave. Sure enough, on all of our seats we found little paper slips telling us just how much coal it took to haul a diner and that the coal strike didn't allow for that much coal. It read like a problem in logistics. Sandwiches were passed around, but the ones I had brought from the Sulgrave proved better. As far as I was concerned, I was so grateful that the coal strike hadn't taken the train off altogether that I could easily dispense with the diner. In the morning coffee was passed around, but I had carried mine in a thermos.

**Thursday, February 2nd and Friday, February 3rd.** I got to Lexington on the Thursday where I had a few odds and ends of things to do such as seeing the printer of this Bulletin, and our treasurer, Mr. Dabney. My dear cousin, Dr. Josephine Hunt, lunched with me for our first good talk in a long time, and I had a quiet dinner that night alone with my cousin, Mrs. Waring Wilson. Although I had seen her in Boston, New York and even in Washington for a moment before she started back to Kentucky ahead of me—although I had seen her in three cities in the East, we had not had a moment alone together. This evening provided our first talk. Since we are lifelong friends as well as first cousins, we needed a couple of hours together.

Mary Ann Quarles had come down to Lexington to meet me and to do several errands at the same time. With her were Ann MacKinnon (Mac), just for the trip and to see me the sooner, and Helen Marie Fedde (Hem) the nurse on our fellowship at the University of Kentucky. We left Lexington early on the Friday, stopping only at Dr. Hunt's house to pick up a large rug that she was giving for the new Nurses' Quarters, and got to Hyden in time for tea. Evelyn Mottram got tea ready as soon as we reached the hospital, and I found two strong cups

of it most reviving. I didn't attempt to go over the Hospital or to see the new building. I chatted awhile with such of my Hyden family as were off duty. Doctor Dodds came out of the clinic to see me. It was good to be welcomed by him in Kentucky. He prescribed a cough syrup with codeine for me which I expect is what I had needed all along. We drove in a jeep to the Mouth of Muncy. The river was up, as it has been almost continually all winter, so we had to walk around the mountain and across the swinging bridge. At the bridge end we were met by a jeep that brought us the rest of the way to Wendover. After greeting such of my Wendover family as were off duty, I went straight to bed from where this summary of my adventures has been written. It has taken days to get rid of that cough, and get back a normal voice. Everything all right as we go to press.

M. B.



CHILDREN OF DR. AND MRS. ANDREW YOEMANS (Betty Pratt)

From left to right: Elizabeth May, aged 8; Susan, aged 18 months; Laura Day, aged 3; and George, aged 9½.

Betty writes, "I hope these three girls will be couriers sometime. The three-year-old can ride the pony bareback all by herself, so she seems promising!"

## FIELD NOTES

The year's fruit must fall that the year's fruit may come, and the winter itself is the King's highway to the spring.

—*Castle Warlock* by George McDonald

It has been a wet winter with more than one good "raft tide," as we called a full river in the days when our men floated their rafts of timber down on the swollen waters. The fords have been impassable for jeeps and trucks most of the time, although the horses could often make them. It is on horseback again that the mail has been brought up from the Mouth of Muncy on many a day.

Speaking of mail, as this goes to press we only have three trains a week because of the coal strike. Theoretically the first-class mail is coming in by bus on the alternate days during this emergency, but letters are slow in getting in and out of the mountains.

In spite of the nasty weather, work has been going on steadily on the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses at the Hyden Hospital. Except for removing the débris from the big mountain slide behind the building, and finishing up the septic tank and drainage system, the work since Christmas has mainly been indoors. It is practically finished as of the end of February. We are planning for a house-warming in April, after the nurses have moved over to the new building. Our various mountain committees will help on this, both in preparing food, and acting as hosts and hostesses. We intend to keep open house all one afternoon and evening.

The spring issue of the Quarterly Bulletin will have a picture of the new building, or of the whole hospital plant as seen from the mountainside across Rockhouse and Hyden, on its cover. Our wonderful volunteer photographer, Nancy Dammann, is back with us now and taking pictures every day that it doesn't rain. Inside the spring Bulletin, we will have a complete writeup by Agnes Lewis of how the building went from the beginning.

We are more grateful than we can express to Mrs. Henry

B. Joy for the gift of the refrigerator for the new Nurses' Quarters, and to friends who have given the furnishings for 9 of the 16 nurses' bedrooms. We are ordering charming, small brass plaques for each room that has been furnished in memory of a friend. On these plaques is engraved "In Memory of—" and then the name. If the donor wishes, the dates of birth and death are added. Where the donor has furnished a room in the name of a living person, we are putting on the plaque, "In Honor of—" followed by the name of that person.

It will be noted that we still have seven unfurnished rooms. We will appreciate deeply seven gifts of \$150.00 with which to furnish these rooms. This money covers all of the freight and hauling charges, and the following furniture: a comfortable single bed with metal frame, coil springs and felt mattress; a chest of drawers, bedside table, desk table and straight chair; an unframed mirror, one comfortable chair, one bedside rug, one pin-up lamp, one gooseneck table lamp, a metal waste-paper can, curtains and shades.

So many are the gifts from Dorothy Buck's friends, sent in her memory, to furnish the nurses' lounge and small upstairs sitting room, that we are able to buy things as lovely as they are suitable. No memorial could have pleased her more than one that adds to the comfort and the happiness of the staff she loved so well.

. . . .

In our last Bulletin we related mournfully that when Dr. Martha E. Howe left us we would have no Medical Director. Dr. W. O. Johnson of the University of Louisville School of Medicine came to our rescue by lending us Dr. Carroll Luhr, one of his residents in obstetrics, for a period of two weeks. It was a comfort indeed to have so kind and so well prepared a physician for our patients for those two weeks. In "Beyond the Mountains" we have told how we came to get Dr. Alexander E. Dodds who is with us until summer. In having a man of his preparation and character, we are lucky indeed. However, we are looking ahead to next summer when we want to secure a Medical Director for a period of not less than two years. Heaven knows we get inquiries and applications enough, but they are nearly all from young men who have just finished a rotating



internship and have had no residencies or experience in obstetrics or, indeed, in anything else. We have never been willing, and we are not willing now, to have any but a highly qualified physician for our patients. We think we have the best patients in the world and the most interesting medical post in America. We supply a furnished house, all transport, and a decent salary. We have a hospital with an X-ray plant, a microscope and other laboratory facilities. How are Americans to get qualified doctors for rural areas, when a post like ours is hard to fill?

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Jean Hollins went home to Long Island for Christmas. On December 24th we received the following characteristic telegram:

"Merry Christmas to all the animals, to you and everyone else, with love."

While Jean was away, Jane Bidwell, senior courier, held the fort magnificently. We have been lucky in having three juniors this winter—all of them first-class. They are: "Dodie" Law of Winnetka, Illinois; Polly Thayer of Haverford, Pennsylvania; and Connie Getz of Glencoe, Illinois. Polly and Connie are Bennington College girls, with us for their winter field work period.

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It is rare for us to have a guest over the Christmas Season. The one who came this year, Miss Doris Schwartz, is rare also as a person. She spent three or four weeks with us, and threw herself whole-heartedly into all of our activities. With our permission she is writing the story of her observations for the *Reader's Digest*, and a professional story for the *American Journal of Nursing*.

On Christmas Eve she gave us a card on which she had written:

"It has been a wonderful week! I suppose one would call it a few days of 'orientation' to the Frontier Nursing Service? But it has truly been far more than an 'Orientation' in the opportunity it allowed of getting to know some of the rare human beings who make up the Frontier Nursing group. The story of what F.N.S. has accomplished is an impressive and a dramatic one. But it is surpassed, I think, by the fact that in this extraordinarily mixed up—and almost wholly material world of

today—there are still groups of people to be found, who work energetically and with a balance of long-range vision, and that rare and ever-so-necessary ingredient, humor, for the common good of a community.”

Our useful and dear Christmas Secretary, Mrs. Charles S. Moorman, stayed with us all through the Christmas holidays, in order to clean up her work and write her last notes of thanks.

On the Monday evening, between Christmas and New Year's, we had the pleasure of a visit from the Reverend John C. Petrie, Rector of Christ Episcopal Church in Harlan. He made the long trip over the Pine Mountain in order to hold an early Communion Service in our little Chapel on Tuesday morning for the staff here at Wendover, and those from Hyden who could come.

In January Dr. Juanita Yadao of the Philippines, and in this country under the auspices of the United States Public Health Service, came to us for an all-too-brief period of observation. In spite of very unkind weather she was able to observe a home delivery, to spend a night at the Midwives' Quarters at Hyden, and to attend the midwifery clinic at the Hospital. Dr. Yadao related to us many of the interesting experiences she had with the Maternity and Children's Hospital in Manila where she supervised the work of the resident physicians for five years, and where she will resume her duties upon her return to Manila.

Doctor Luhr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll H. Luhr, and Mrs. C. N. Kennedy of Louisville visited him in Hyden over a week-end, and came to Wendover for Sunday tea and dinner. They were enthusiastic guests, and pleased us no end with their compliments to Edna, Duchess of Wendover.

We were delighted to have as overnight guests the parents of our junior courier, Connie, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Getz of Glencoe, Illinois. Another unexpected pleasure was the visit of Mrs. Arthur Byrne (Jerry) and her sister Ruth who is attending the University of Kentucky. Jerry was driven from Knoxville by Nancy Dammann who has come back to us hoping to get some snow pictures and to help with the courier work. Ruth came up from Lexington and after the week-end returned to Knoxville with Jerry.

The last of the winter guests were Mrs. George E. Batcheller and Mrs. John B. Thayer, grandmother and mother of Polly, who came to Wendover for the night only and took Polly away with them the next morning. They were completely delightful people and perfect guests.

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Betty and Brownie were invited to attend the December meeting of the Younger Women's Club in Manchester. They were dinner guests of Miss Gene Hieronymus, the Clay County Public Health Nurse, who afterwards drove them to the home of Mrs. James Thurman for the meeting. Betty gave a short talk about our work after which the members of the club asked questions while refreshments were being served.

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Elizabeth Hillman and Gwendolen Jelleyman arrived the second week in December. Both had their general nursing training at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham, England—and their midwifery in Edinburgh at the Simpson Memorial Maternity Pavilion. Hilly is at Wendover and Gwen at Hyden.

Gertrude Isaacs, good nurse-midwife and nice person, left at the end of the year. She writes that she has been accepted by the Indian Service for temporary duty and is stationed at Fort Defiance, Arizona.

. . . . .

Mr. Harvard Castle, of the Wilmot-Castle Company, Rochester, New York, has just presented the Hospital with a new instrument sterilizer, a most welcome and useful gift. It is in memory of his mother, Mary Wilson Castle, and was given to us on her birthday.

Few gifts have meant more to those of us who live here at Wendover than the wrought iron holder for fire irons which is now mounted on the stone fireplace in the living room of the Old House. It was designed and forged for us by one of the dearest of friends, Dr. John A. Caldwell, a member of our Medical Council, and the father of our old courier, Dorothy. It is a work of art and a cherished gift.

Nothing pleases us more than to receive gifts well in advance of Christmas. Mr. Rutheford Campbell, Hyden, has

given us over sixty pieces of new costume jewelry—a big help towards Christmas 1950!

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The evening of Friday, February 24th we had a meeting of the Hyden Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, at Hyden Hospital. Mr. Rex Farmer, our Chairman and trustee, presided. There was a large attendance and much business was transacted. The meeting was preceded as always by a dinner; Miss MacKinnon had prepared a good one with roast beef.

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After a full discussion about available dates for a house-warming at the new Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses, the Hyden Committee selected two alternative dates in April. The second one suits the Frontier Nursing Service very well indeed—Tuesday, April 25th. We ask the chairmen and secretaries of our mountain committees to note this date as we shall enlist their help in preparing refreshments for the house-warming; and in acting as hosts and hostesses with the F.N.S. staff. We shall be open to all who come to see the new house on Tuesday, April 25th from 3:00 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. We shall serve coffee, sandwiches, and cake to all comers during those hours and show everybody over the new house. Early in April we shall put a full notice in *The Thousandsticks* and shall post notices at Post Offices. These notices will give arrangements made by the Hyden Committee for the handling of cars, jeeps and trucks.

When the nurses move out of their old quarters at Hyden Hospital into the new building, we want to start at once the changes needed in that hospital wing to make a good deal of this space available for patients. A few changes are also needed in the old wards. These were discussed in detail by the Hyden Committee together with estimates of the costs. It was unanimously decided that the Hyden Committee, with such help as could be enlisted from Hazard and Harlan, would endeavor to raise the \$3,000.00 needed for these changes, for repainting, for sanding floors and laying linoleum, et cetera. Mr. Emmitt Elam was unanimously elected as chairman of a Hyden sub-committee to raise this money. He was instructed to choose himself the members of his committee.

Questions were asked about the new hospital furnishings that would be needed. These are not included in the \$3,000.00 estimate. The heaviest costs for furnishings are the beds and mattresses.

1 Gatch Bed.....	\$57.50
1 Felt Mattress.....	19.75
Total .....	<u>\$77.25</u>

This price does not include freight and haulage which would come to about \$10.00 additional.

It will be an enormous triumph for all of us here in the Kentucky mountains if Mr. Elam and his committee succeed in raising the money to convert this wing for hospital use and so make available more care, for those who most need it, in the one-thousand-square-mile area served by Hyden Hospital.

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### SHOUTING TO CHEER US

. . . And sometimes, as to one who stretches out his hands in yearning for the further shore, there seemed to come to her [Florence Nightingale] voices of encouragement. "I heard the other day," she said in 1863, "of two Englishmen who were nearly lost by being caught by the tide on the coast of France, and a little French fisher-girl ran all along the wet sands to show them the only rock, half a mile from the shore, which the tide did not cover, where of course she was obliged to stay with them. It got quite dark, the water rose above their knees, but presently they heard a sound, faint and far off, and the little girl said, 'They think the tide is turning, they are shouting to cheer us!' I often think I hear those on the far-off shore who are shouting to cheer me."

—*Life of Florence Nightingale* by Sir Edward Cook

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

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



## FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.

2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.

3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.

4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.

5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.

6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

. . . . .

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

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

## Its motto:

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

## Its object:

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

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

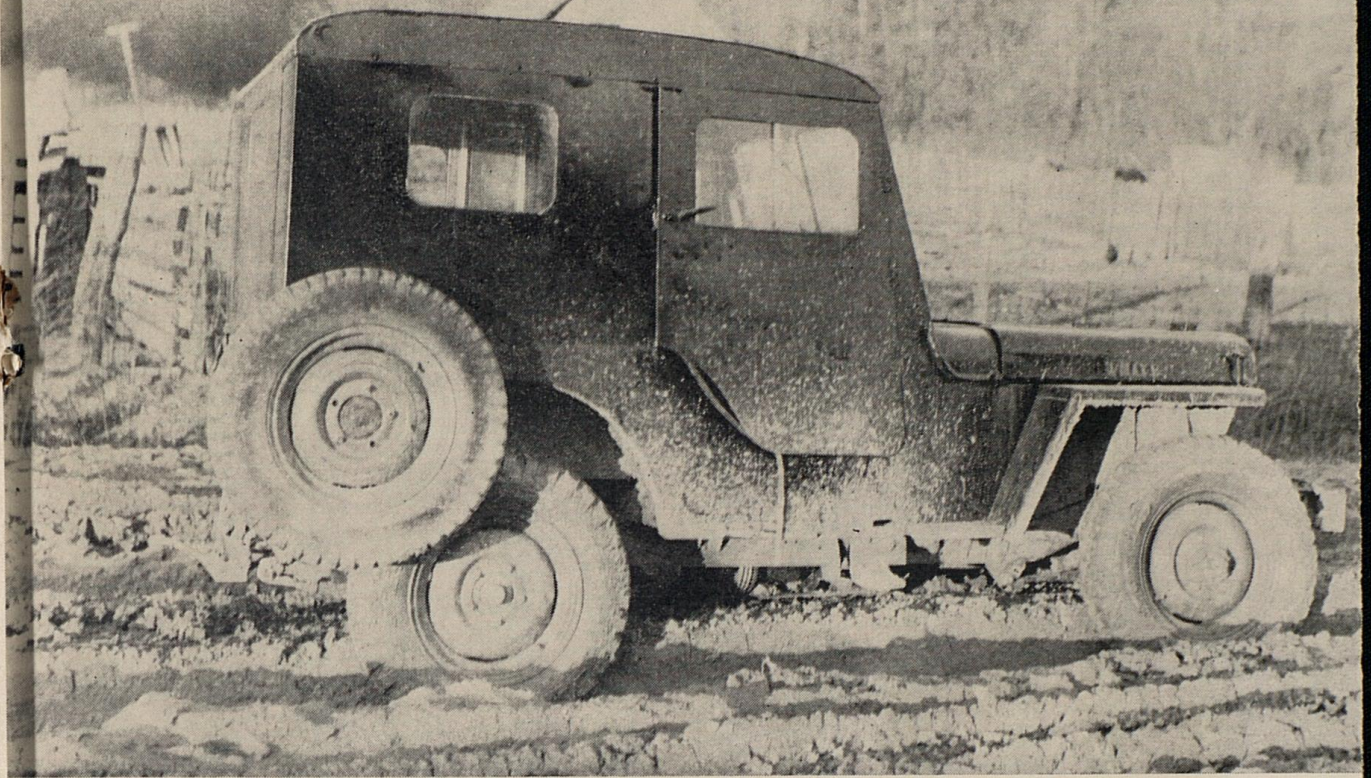
**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

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

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

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



"LEO"

The Social Service Jeep of the  
Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority

On the road to Brutus, Clay County, Kentucky

Photograph by Nancy Dammann

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