

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 26

WINTER, 1951

NUMBER 3



ROAD IN FRONT OF WENDOVER
Couriers, Susan Spencer and Jean Hollins

Photograph by Nancy Dammann



ANNA MAY JANUARY, R.N., C.M., MOUNTED ON CINDY
AT WENDOVER

Photograph by Earl Palmer

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

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

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THIS OUR WORLD

We walk in the valley
Of our misunderstanding
The valley made dark
By the walls we erect.

Straight is the stone
And sharp is the edge
Of the cliff that you cut
By your strong and indifferent stride.

High is the wall upheld
By my trembling yet dominant pride.

Each claim is his ledge,
Demanding his right
To stand on the steeps he erected.

We are weary with crying
And sighing and stumbling
While we walk
In the valley made dark
By our misunderstanding.

Quicken the Current, by Mary Cummings Eudy
Harper & Brothers

FOREWORD

This is an issue of the Bulletin that I present with vast pride to our thousands of readers because it is the first, in nearly twenty-six years of publication, with which I have had nothing whatever to do. I am on the last lap of the book I am writing for Harper and Brothers to bring out. Under the terms of our contract they should receive the manuscript at the end of March, but I have asked them to give me extra time in April. I lost the better part of five weeks after Christmas from one of those tiresome virus infections during which one goes on working without accomplishing much that is worth while.

I turned over the preparation of this Winter Bulletin to an editorial board of which Lucille Knechtly is the chairman, and Helen Browne and Agnes Lewis are the members. They have done all of the work—every bit of it. With an almost hellish glee they have wangled a short article out of me, using the same tactics with which I have wangled things out of them. *Figures that are Facts* is, however, short and I had worked up the data for it months ago, with the help of our statistician, Kay MacMillan, and kind gentlemen in the Bureau of the Census. It is our answer to the nonsensical things all too often said and written about the size of our mountain families.

With the rest of these pages I have had nothing whatever to do. I commend them to your perusal with, as I said above, a vast pride.

Your abdicated Editor,

Mary Breckinridge

LIVING AT WENDOVER

by

DOROTHY JEAN WYCKOFF

I've been a lot of places in my eighteen years, but the most exciting and wonderful place is right here—Wendover.

It was indeed a shock after living in a comfortable apartment in Louisville to pile my belongings into a red Army jeep on the highway and come bouncing down Muncey's Creek; to ford the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River which was so high that first day of August that I instinctively pulled my feet up to keep them clear of the water that tried to seep in through the bottom; and, when Jean—the driver—pointed ahead and said "There's Wendover," to see nothing but a mass of leaves on a mountain side. I thought probably we would have to leave the jeep and go the rest of the way by swinging on vines, but we didn't. I really couldn't tell much about our little "village." The population sign down on the road (made and put up by the couriers) reads:

Wendover

Population 21—Approximately

Fall came soon after I arrived, in all its splendid array of color that only these mountains can show. As the leaves fell away, taking that jungle look with them, Wendover emerged with all its quaint log buildings. I wouldn't swap my cozy little cabin room with its cheerful fireplace for all the city apartments in the world.

I wish you could see Wendover under four or five inches of snow. It is beautiful—especially with the river partially iced over. How do we stand the cold? Well, at night we bank our fires to keep them going and crawl into the warmest pajamas we can find (wear a night cap if one takes cold when one's room gets below freezing). In the morning we jump out, poke up the fires, break the record for getting into long "you-know-whats," jeans, sweaters, coats, scarves, gloves, boots and what-have-you.

Two weeks ago a new secretary from Florida came to work in our office. Sylvia had never seen snow and the first three days we had snow we could hardly get her away from the win-

dow and when she went out she didn't want to come in. I never saw anyone so delighted with snow as she.

Wendover isn't Wendover unless the river gets up at least once a month and stays up long enough for our food supply to run low. We begin to wonder how things will turn out and then the river goes down and everything is fine. This past month we have been "marooned" in here for days at a time. We carried food supplies in, and the mail was carried in and out, across the swinging bridge.

You've never heard of a swinging bridge? You've never really lived until you have crossed one! It's a walking bridge suspended across the river and anchored on either side to trees. The first crossing of the swaying object leaves one rather breathless and with the feeling I imagine a tightrope walker has on his first performance.

We have our play, too. On Saturday nights the boys and girls come to Wendover for square dances, and the faster our feet go the happier we are. Sometimes one of the boys brings along his guitar, and we sing popular songs and hillbilly songs, and at Christmastime their favorites—Christmas Carols.

Christmas!—The Frontier Nursing Service is nothing but a madhouse from November on, receiving shipments of clothes, toys, and candy and sending them out in trucks to our centers for distribution among hundreds and hundreds of people. But it is so much fun.

I have now found the most courageous women in the world. I know that I, a lowly secretary, wouldn't go out in zero or rainy weather and ride or walk three to five miles to "cotch" a baby after having been out on district all day. They not only "cotch" babies and nurse sick people, but often rush out on the district to "doctor" a cow, or a horse, or a dog.

All this may sound like hardship, but the nurses are rewarded by the gratitude in the women's eyes as they come to the clinics. They know they won't lose this one because "the nurse" says everything is going to be all right. There may be tears in a child's eyes as he looks fearfully at the big long hypo needle, but he knows, even though it might hurt a little, "the nurse" is trying to help him.

But—I could go on forever about living at Wendover.

A NIGHT AT HYDEN HOSPITAL

by
RUTH WHITE, R.N.

At midnight one lovely autumn night, as I left the Nurses Quarters I thought: I like nights. I like to work nights. It is good to be quiet and alone. Our lives are filled with so much noise and busyness that a bit of silence gives us time to find ourselves and grow. . . .

There was no moon, the stars shone brightly above, and the lights of Hyden in the valley below shone back at them. The wind was soft against my cheek, the world was peaceful and I was happy.

When I entered the hospital, the clinic was dark. That was good. No business from that quarter right away. Upstairs, I learned from the evening nurse that the evening had been uneventful and that even the eight newborn youngsters in the nursery were quiet.

The evening nurse left and I went about my work. The narcotics had to be counted; a syringe and a few baby bottles had to be boiled up in the sterilizer. I checked on my patients and found them all asleep. As I picked up the baby blanket on which I was crocheting an edge, I heard a car approach the hospital. A midwifery case? A new patient? No, only a coal truck on the way to the mine. I continued with my blanket. What was that? Billy was awake and wanted a drink. As I entered the nursery with the glass of water for seven-year-old Billy, I noticed Baby Joe was getting a bit restless. He'd probably be awake soon and screaming for a bottle. I should get it ready now or we would have the whole town of Hyden awake if he had to wait. Before the bottle was warmed he had begun to cry. A fresh diaper soothed him for a moment or two, and by then it was time for him to be fed. The baby and I made ourselves comfortable at the desk. From this vantage point I could not only feed him but also hear what was going on in the rest of the ward.

As I sat there, a pre-natal patient came out into the hall.
"How are you, Bessie?"

"All right, I guess. I think I might be getting sick, my back hurts a little."

Now it looked like we might be having a baby tonight. I'd wait a while to call the midwives.

Baby Joe had finished his bottle and the noise from the newborns' nursery sounded a bit insistent. Eight babies had to be diapered and taken to their mothers; dry pads had to be put in the cribs; and supplementary feedings had to be warmed for our two youngest.

The night watchman appeared at the door of the nursery to tell me that someone was here to "fetch" the midwives for a district case. By the time I had called them, it was time to take the babies back to the nursery. More diapers.

Bessie seemed to be asleep. Perhaps she was not in labor. Everyone else was quiet. The night was still a deep purple.

There was a jeep. Downstairs I met a mother with a young child. She told me he had been sick for two days and was now having trouble breathing. This was a case for the Doctor. After examining the child, he decided that it should be kept in the hospital for a few days. We discussed with the family the arrangements that could be made for the care of the other children if the mother stayed in the hospital with her sick child. I carried my new patient upstairs, got clothes for him, and got the medications ready as the mother undressed the child. They were finally settled. I checked over my patients again.

The sky seemed to be a little lighter just over the tops of the mountains. A rooster crowed in the village. I picked up my blanket.

There was Bessie again. Should I call the midwives, I wondered. It would be nice if babies arrived on some kind of a schedule. I hated to call those girls if this baby was not going to put in an appearance before noon.

"Nurse! Nurse!" That was Mary Ann. At home her Daddy always got up to go to work in the mines and she was always ready to start her day at 4:00 a. m. I gave her a doll to play with, hoping it would keep her happy until it was light enough to color or to look at books.

The newest patient seemed to be breathing much better, but

his mother was restless. I wished there were some way I could reassure her.

The sky had changed from purple to deep blue. All was quiet and I returned to my blanket. Another noise from the nursery. Was Baby Joe ready for a bottle again? In half an hour, I'd be busy getting the patients bathed, the beds made, the babies fed again, and everyone ready for breakfast. There was Bessie, too. At this point I decided to call the midwives. They could take over that patient. I wouldn't add "catching a baby" to the activities of a "quiet night."

BABY POEM

A tearful little babe am I
I'm longing for a feed.
They grumble at me when I cry—
And say "'Tis only greed!"

My skin is limp, my bones feel odd;
I never seem at rest.
And from the liver of a cod
The oil I drink is pressed.

I lie and grizzle in my cot
And struggle with a bottle.
The milk inside is never hot
And just sticks in my throttle.

I feel alone, for I am odd
With good looks I'm not blessed.
And all day long I wish to God
They'd fed me on the BREAST!

Written by Dr. Sidney Owen, England
Sent us by Nora K. Kelly

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Ellen Ordway, New York City, N. Y.—December 8, 1950

Last summer a group of college-ites and I went on a trip across the country ending up in California. We saw just about everything there was to see and had a wonderful time doing it. Now I have a job with William Beebe, the naturalist, and will be going on an expedition with him into the jungles of Trinidad. It is just the type of job I have been looking for and was fortunate to get.

.

**From Mrs. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser (Ann Danson),
Glendale, Ohio—December 13, 1950**

I sat right down and read the Bulletin when it came the other day. Thank goodness, the dishes were washed and beds made when it arrived. Someday, I am going to take time off and pay you all a visit. I haven't been on a horse in six years—so I guess I will be thankful for the good roads and jeeps.

Sandy keeps very busy with her music and ballet lessons and Brownie meetings. Rickey is only in school (kindergarten) for two hours in the afternoon. We are so anxious for July to come so we will be on our way again to Timagami, Ontario, where we have an island with two other families. Sandy and Rickey just love it, and we had a sleeping cabin built for us this fall. We can hardly wait to see it.

.

**From Margaret (Margie) Watkins in Detroit, Michigan
—December 16, 1950**

I was called upon to give a talk about the F.N.S. at school the other morning so I've had you all on my mind the past few weeks. I'm also sending down a few scarfs and mittens which were given to me at school. I'm back at Liggett teaching the second grade after spending the summer in Europe. Two college friends and I went over and we had a wonderful time.

I'm looking forward to reading Mrs. Breckinridge's book when it is published.

From Wistar Lukens, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

—Christmas, 1950

I have missed you all this winter and hope maybe someday I shall be able to see you again. I guess you heard that Bella Hagner got married and is living in Arizona.

. . . .

From Susan Spencer, Clewiston, Florida—Christmas, 1950

We went through the raw sugar mill today just to see how they can get sugar from the burned brown stalks. Tomorrow down to Key West for a couple of days then back to Pensacola for Christmas.

Tucson, Arizona—January 9, 1951

Mother and I had a lovely Christmas in Florida with old friends, even though it wasn't much like the holiday season. Then drove along the Gulf Coast in pouring rain, and didn't get a chance to explore that area at all. Also we were frustrated because the Sugar Bowl game kept us from having a few days in New Orleans. So we went on to New Iberia where the aunt of a friend of ours lives—she took us 500 feet down in the Avery Island salt mines, all through the Jungle Gardens, though because of the cold nothing was in bloom, and then she showed us St. Martinville, the home of the earliest Acadians. I really feel as if I know that part of Louisiana well.

New Year's week-end we decided we'd be safer off the road so stayed in Houston seeing more friends. I ran across a girl I went to Kent Place with who now has two little boys, one red headed! Had fun there seeing the Ballet Russe, Houston Symphony and a very small theatre which they call "The Alley Theatre." Ever since, we've been driving—driving over nothing but prairie, with a few mountains to enliven the scenery the last two days. This cowboy country is immense and parts of it pretty useless even for good grazing, as far as I can see.

Today we parked the car in Douglas, Arizona, and walked across the border into Agua Prieta which, according to our A.A.A. guide book, is a "quaint, interesting town." About all we saw were some wine stores, two little Mexican boys selling gum and another bigger boy. We decided not to go into Mexico before we left Chicago and I'm glad.

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—Christmas, 1950

It was wonderful to get news of you all from Stevie and Lydia at the Thanksgiving dinner. It was such a happy party and we enjoyed it so much.

I am in London at present doing a secretarial course. I find it rather a grind—it's hard to go back to school again after so many years. We even get homework! Anyway, I know it will be very useful and in many ways the course is fun. It lasts for six months which means that I shall finish about the end of April and up to now I have no plans after that.

I had a glorious holiday in Austria in the summer—up in the mountains with wonderful expeditions to glaciers and waterfalls, etc. I was with a very nice party and at the end some of us went on to Oberammergau for the Passion Play. That was something I shall never forget—it was so lovely.

All September I was busy with the Leeds Musical Festival which took place the first week in October. We gave eight concerts and nine public rehearsals in nine days (not to mention all the rehearsals previously)! We had Sir Thomas Beecham and his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Sir John Barbirolli and the Halle Orchestra, as well as many first class singers and soloists. There were nearly 300 of us in the chorus. It was most thrilling—if rather tiring—and well worth all the hard work.

I would love to see the new nurses' quarters and all the electric lights and the many other changes. But most of all, I want to see all of my friends.

.

**From Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons Warner, Boston,
Massachusetts—Christmas, 1950**

A Christmas couldn't go by without my thinking of Cynthia Beatty and myself, the first Christmas couriers, struggling so hopelessly and so well-meaningly with appeals, presents, horses, tides, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera—and of how good you all were to us. I wonder if my daughter Lucy (entered 1959), now only ten but quite a hand with horses, will be coming to you some day. She seems torn between the theatre and horses, but wants to be a writer, too—so anything can happen!

From Vera Potter, Boston, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1950

The Potter family is fine and busy in the process of moving from the Cape to Dover. I'm working at the MSPCA Animal Hospital now and find it interesting and fun. Have had a good season hunting, too, on my new mare.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Edgar Butler (Sally Taylor), West Hartford,
Connecticut—Christmas, 1950**

Just read the new Bulletin from cover to cover and reminisced thirteen years ago! With roads, and now electricity, you sound terribly civilized. Can't wait to read the book!

. . . .

From Lucy Conant, Ypsilanti, Michigan—Christmas, 1950

I got back from Europe early in November—after having a wonderful time. Then after Thanksgiving I came out here to Michigan to work as a Public Health Nurse in the Washtenaw County Health Department.

. . . .

From Peg McDonald, New Haven, Connecticut—Christmas, 1950

I really am crazy about it here (*Yale School of Nursing*). As of two weeks ago, we're in uniform on the wards. I'm really beginning to get into things.

. . . .

**From Mrs. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will),
Binghamton, New York—Christmas, 1950**

Someday I'll write you a letter telling of all our doings—but for now, we've moved here for good and Jim opened his door for practice as an orthopedic surgeon last week. We're waiting for patients now and trying to learn the city.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Richard Stevens (Deedie Dickinson),
Birmingham, Michigan—Christmas, 1950**

Received your last year's Xmas card about a month ago. Apparently it had shuffled back and forth across the country. We started to build early last spring and got caught in a "material shortage." We have bought another old monstrosity (fun fixing it up) but in a delightful section.

From Bobby Slocum, Baltimore, Maryland—Christmas, 1950

Often still I think of all of you. Am teaching in a Quaker school, have 25 four-year-olds. More fun! Was on the Grenfell Mission last summer. Leaves you with so much, as did F.N.S.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch),
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1950**

We are busy and happy. Our latest project is the Dwarf Tree Farm where at long last Samuel is putting to use the knowledge and training he got in Japan in the art of dwarfing trees. They are delightful. We have such fun collecting rocks and driftwood et cetera to go with them.

Note: Recently Sylvia's co-workers gave her a lovely party to celebrate her tenth anniversary with the University of California Hospital where she operates an electro-encephalograph machine used in Infantile Research.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Malcolm Crawford (Dodie Law) in
London, England—December 27, 1950**

How I miss you all! Please let me know what I can do for the English group here and tell Mac I'm going to Scotland for New Year's. You can't imagine how nostalgic I am for the F.N.S. or how I brag about my time with you. But I miss everyone of you down to Tenacity (*our mule*).

. . . .

From Benita Barnes, Cleveland, Ohio—January 10, 1951

At the moment I am going to typing school and I find it is lots of fun although it has become rather dull these past few days. "Practice, Practice" is their motto and I am sure I shall die if I ever hear that word again. Oh, well, it will be interesting to see what kind of a job I do end up with.

I have seen Betsy Brown quite a lot and we have a wonderful time talking about the F.N.S. We spent an afternoon looking at all her pictures and she is coming over tomorrow to gaze upon mine. Speaking of the F.N.S., it was certainly a wonderful experience for me and I loved every minute of it. It really was hard to leave and the adjustment to city life was most difficult. The Service certainly is doing a magnificent job.

From Mrs. John W. Putman (Susan Morse),

Concord, Massachusetts—January 15, 1951

Do you realize that it was twenty years ago that Anne Houghton and I were down with you? Incredible! You spoke in your letter of the "trucks" and it seems hard to think of anything but horse power, because when we were there the road into Hyden wasn't even complete, and there was one Model A Ford, I think, which occasionally managed to clamber through the mud and river beds from Wendover to Hyden! Wasn't that right? How things must have changed!

I have a ten-year-old daughter, Eleanor, who might be of service to you someday and perhaps you could put her name down sometime. She is passionate about horses. I have often told her about the F.N.S. and of course she is crazy to go someday.

Yes, we moved into our little house just two years ago and it's heaven to have a place of our own. We had moved twelve times in the ten years we had been married up to that point. We look right down a lovely valley of swamp and fields with woods on either side. Last fall Mardie and Pete Perry moved into the house just down the road from us so you can imagine how thrilled we are now. Their oldest child is a year younger than Ellie so it's great fun for the two of them to be so close at hand.

.

From Isabelle (Diz) Paine, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts—

January 18, 1951

I just finished my two months in the operating room (*Children's Hospital, Boston*), thank heavens. Now I am back on the wards which I like much better.

.

From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin),

Arlington, Virginia—January 20, 1951

On the 10th of November, Bobby was called back into the Marine Corps and is now taking a concentrated three months' training course at Quantico, Virginia. He was commissioned in 1947 when he graduated from Yale but all the field tactics are completely new. Fortunately Rob and I were able to follow

shortly thereafter and we have made two moves since. As yet we don't know where we'll be the end of February but are naturally counting on staying in this country for awhile longer.

—February 10 1951

This unpredictable military world has really left us guessing. After writing you what we assumed to be our future, Bobby was selected in a small group to leave for Korea the middle of March. This came as quite a shock since he has only had three months of training. Undoubtedly there will be further training before actual combat duty but apparently this will not take place in this country. Consequently, I am returning to Boston and will look forward to carrying on my position as courier chairman.

.
From Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson),

McLean, Virginia—January 24, 1951

All the Neels are loving the busy life in the country and I don't see how we lived before! Sam is so tired after a day's work around here he can barely move, but he gets such pleasure out of seeing things take on some order—including about 3,000 feet of post and rail fence he had put up himself. Of course I find a few things to do also.

Amy is now in kindergarten nearby and loves it, and little Wendy can't understand why she is home alone. Her turn will come!!

We have just been given a gentle and pretty female golden retriever as wife for Bruce, so we have hopes of perpetuating the line of Penny's descendants.

P. S.—Shades of the past—I just chased about eleven heifers out of my garden. Our blue-grass looks good to them!

.
From Mrs. Edward William Proxmire (Elsie Rockefeller),

Madison, Wisconsin—February 5, 1951

It has been a miserably cold winter here in Madison—zero or below since Thanksgiving. We've been here exactly two years now and love it. Both Bill and I find the days much too short. Bill was elected to the State Legislature in November—

this was his first attempt so we were very pleased. Our son Teddy was just three years old and Elsie will be two years in April. Having no help you can see I don't have many "spare moments" but the children are such fun I find myself neglecting such dull things as laundry and housework.

We bought an old farmhouse and ten acres of land. The house we did over, and it's quite divine. We rent out our back seven acres for corn so don't have to worry about it ourselves. Last summer I put in my first vegetable garden; but between the children, the dogs, and Bill's campaign it wasn't too successful.

We have three Welsh terriers, including Michael who was at Wendover with me; and three weeks ago we were blessed with six puppies who are now residing in a large box in the kitchen. Luckily it's a farmhouse-sized kitchen. When the children get riding their tricycles in there and the dogs dodging them, cooking dinner is like running an obstacle race!

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Barbara Bentley of Los Angeles, California, to **Mr. Allen Rose**, now in the U. S. Army and stationed at Fort Ord, California, on September 2, 1950. Barbara writes us:

"He does steam engineering and we hope to go to Alaska to live as soon as we are both free to do what we wish."

Miss Diana Morgan of Princeton, New Jersey, to **Mr. Alfred Van Sartvoord Olcott, Jr.**, of Riverdale, New York, on November 25, 1950. The wedding is to take place in the spring.

Miss Eleanor (Nella) Lloyd of New York City, to **Mr. William Lloyd Helm, Jr.**, of Gray Barn, New Canaan, Connecticut, early in January. This engagement is of particular interest to us in the F.N.S. as not only is Nella a beloved and outstanding old courier, but her mother, **Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd**, is the Chairman of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. We were counting on Nella's coming to us as a graduate nurse after completing her training at Children's Hospital, Boston. Our disappointment is tempered only by the thoughts of their happiness.

May these young people find inner joy and peace in this troubled and confused world of ours.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Payne Ingels, Jr. (**Pat Mickle**) of Tulsa, Oklahoma, a son, Steven Ward Ingels, on November 14, 1950. Weight—5 lbs. 15 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Forbes Perkins, Jr. (**Frances Williams**) of Chicago, Illinois, a son, John Forbes Perkins III (Kip)—their first son and third child—on November 21, 1950.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Webster (**Barbara Brown**) of Cleveland, Ohio, a son, Harvey Brown Webster, on December 16, 1950. Barbara writes:

"We are once more the proud parents of a beautiful son (*their fourth son*). It doesn't look as if the F.N.S. will ever see a Webster down there.

"We couldn't have had a nicer Christmas present and if all goes well I should be out of the hospital Christmas Eve. I would hate to miss Christmas with the children—they are all so excited this year."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carter Taylor (**Penelope Thompson**) of Barrington, Illinois, a son, Quintard Taylor, on December 18, 1950. Weight 8 lbs. and 12 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis DeWitt Hall (**Elizabeth Campbell**) of Tucson, Arizona, a daughter, Alice Clause, in December, 1950—a day or two after Christmas, we understand. Weight, eight pounds and eight ounces. Their second child, but first daughter; and a little courier for us.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Channing Howe (**Phyllis Long**), of Boston, Massachusetts, a daughter, Pamela—their first child—on February 15, 1951. Another little courier for the F.N.S. in 1970!

LESLIE COUNTY WELCOMES THE RETURN OF DEER TO ITS RUGGED MOUNTAINS

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service through the coöperation of the Division of Game and Fish is stocking big game in Kentucky mountains again. There have been large areas stocked with Deer and Turkey.

We now are glad to welcome a large game refuge in Leslie County. The area is known as the Ford Tract which lies in Leslie County, between the Middle Fork and Red Bird Rivers.

It is agreed by all the "old timers" that this area is the best suited for deer and turkey in Eastern Kentucky.

According to Elvin H. Witt, conservation officer, Mr. John Delime, a P. R. Project Leader, has trapped to date a total of 18 white-tailed deer in Kentucky woodlands refuge and released them on the Ford Tract in this county. Mr. Delime points out that these deer will increase at the rate of 1½ deer per year. There were 14 doe and four buck in the releasing by Mr. Delime.

Let's all get behind the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and our Division of Game and Fish and help them by giving them our fullest coöperation in the protection of the fine game animals which have nearly been extinct for the last half of a century.

—*The Thousandsticks*
November 9, 1950

JUST JOKES—HICCUPS

A man rushed into a drugstore and asked the pharmacist what to do to stop hiccups. His answer was a slap in the face.

Shocked and angry, the stranger demanded the reason for such action.

"Well," replied the pharmacist, grinning, "you haven't any hiccups now, have you?"

"No, but my wife still has them out there in the car."

—Charlie Streit in Dawn Patrol in R.N.

JUST JOKES—JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION

Paratroop instructor: "All you have to do is jump, count to 10, pull your rip cord, and your parachute will open."

G. I.: "What happens if I forget to pull the cord?"

Instructor: "That's what we call jumping to a conclusion."

DESTINATION—BASKETBALL

by

POLLY PEARSE

Senior Courier from Rochester, New York

It was on the blackest, coldest and slipperiest night of the worst blizzard the country had had in twenty years (so Brownie heard on the radio) that a small troupe of hardy girls left the cozy fire in the living room at Wendover to wend their way to Hyden and the much anticipated basketball game of the Hyden teachers versus the F.N.S. staff. The proceeds from the game would go to the March of Dimes.

We left with admission money and donations from those at Wendover who, on any other night, would have gone with us to cheer us on. The air was cold and damp. The river was up, and Jean took us in Bounce to the swinging bridge. At the dinner table we had talked a lot about how unsafe the swinging bridge had become, and Brownie had calmly announced that at one time one of the cables had been cut. Consequently, as we waved goodbye to Jean and mounted the icy steps to the bridge, we were a little wary, and with our hearts in our mouths we crossed—safely. There were many slips and slides and screams as we went along the path around the mountain to the highway. There we all climbed into "Apple Pi" and cautiously chugged our way to Hyden. The road was treacherous. We drove twenty miles an hour the whole way.

We arrived at the high school building a few minutes late, and had to rush into our costumes. As we marched across the floor on the way to the boys' dressing room which was to be ours for the evening, we were greeted by the ludicrous sight of the women teachers on the court dressed in baggy baseball outfits! There were lots of children in the balcony as well as townspeople, and the atmosphere was very gay. We hurriedly put on our costumes and joined our cohorts from Hyden Hospital. Great fanfare greeted us as we emerged. We raced onto the court . . . seven maidens all dressed up in long red underwear and white, raggedy men's shirts with the sleeves out and big red and blue numbers painted on the backs.

After a mock warming-up period when we all tried des-

perately to make baskets in dramatic ways (with few of us succeeding) the game began. Mr. Ray Howard, the Hyden High School coach, was the brave referee. Betty Helen Keen, Anna Lee Hoskins, Virginia Roisom, Mildred White and Laura Osborne, with the help of Wilma Morgan and Gladys Melton, formed the Hyden Teachers' team. Although we had meant to be funny, the game started off rather quietly with little horse play—and three baskets for the F.N.S. As the teachers caught up, however, the tension mounted, and we began to play in mock seriousness. "Lil" McKim, "Kitty" Macdonald and Mary Jo Clark did a super job as F.N.S. forwards, and the teachers did equally well. The ball kept moving around the court with fierce dribbling and wild back and side passes which somehow always found a receiver. It was really wonderful to watch their teamwork, silly as they were. The guards were none the less distinctive. Our "Liz" Ivory, who had been overguarding in the previous practice game was equally amusing with her new technique of half hypnotism, half suggestion; with gentle, waving motions of her arms in front of her opponent, and soft cooing sounds issuing from her mouth! "Miki" Friedmann and "Edie" Kennell were most effective by making loud yells and exclamations just as a flustered forward was about to pass, and I was less successful with a technique of blocking and tackling the opponent—a tactic which caused several foul shots to be given to the other team.

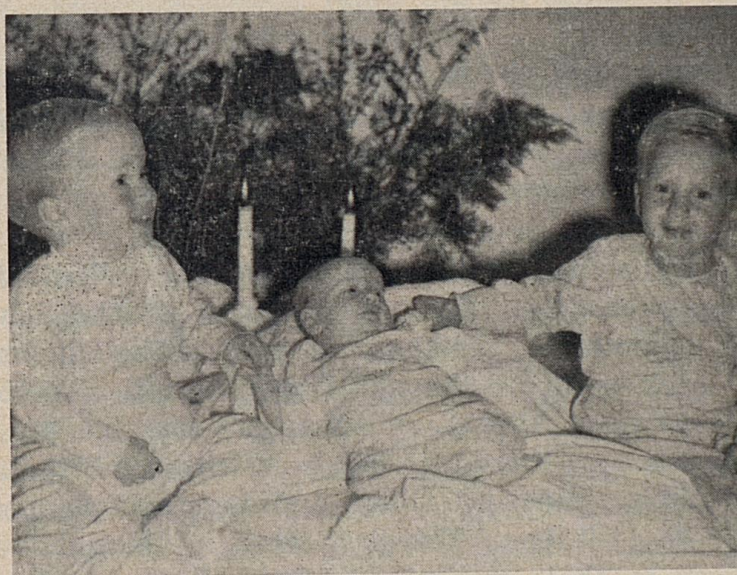
As the game progressed action became faster and the horse play increased. More and more the ball seemed to be carried instead of passed, or else rolled along the floor, and in one final burst of enthusiasm "Liz", made a basket on the teachers' side! Then it was discovered that for a few minutes Hyden, in a final effort to surge ahead, had put four forwards in the game. As Mildred White, the extra one, laughingly was chased off the court her bloomers accidentally (?) fell down, revealing a gaily colored pair of men's shorts.

The teachers' supporters were led in their cheers by two male teachers, Mr. Huffman and Mr. Curtis, dressed as Hawaiian beauties. Our few supporters (nurses who could get off duty from the Hospital) led themselves in rousing cheers, and occasionally Mr. Huffman would lead for them too. With

much cheering by everybody the game ended with the score 25 to 23, and the F.N.S. victorious.

All players were invited to the Hospital afterwards for coffee and donuts. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the slippery road, we all climbed into jeeps. Our jeep, jam-packed with teachers and Wendover players, started up the treacherous hospital hill without chains, but the weight of so many bodies in front and back insured us from slipping too much. We started out, gaily singing "Off we go into the wild blue yonder . . ." We *did* make it to the top, without mishap.

The party at Haggin Quarters couldn't have been more fun with Mac as our gracious hostess. The hot coffee and donuts were delicious. The spirits of winners and losers alike were high. We had all had lots of fun, and the affair had netted the Polio Drive \$65.53! It was with many regrets that those of us from Wendover, and the Hyden teachers finally had to start homeward through the cold and wintry night.



CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM R. MacAUSLAND, JR.
(Former Courier, "Franny" Baker)
Left to right, Stevie, Gusta, and Rus

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Margaret Field in Riverton, New Jersey—November 1950

My fall has been really crowded with speaking engagements. The big rush of the moment is connected with the fact that all Methodist missionary societies are studying health this whole year, and the F.N.S. works in just fine when they come to rural health in November. Everywhere I find people most interested in the Service and I am delighted to be able to tell them about the fine work which is being done. Dr. Whitaker is most coöperative about releasing me for these occasions.

I shall think of you all particularly on Thursday. I cannot ever forget, no matter how far away I roam, the happy companionship of the F.N.S., the excitement, romance, and adventure of that life, the hard work, and the tremendous opportunity each day and night. Part of me will always be there in the hills.

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From Genevieve Weeks in Indianapolis—November 1950

I left Boston last September to take a job here as Assistant Professor of Social Work in the graduate school of Social Work of Indiana University. I am enjoying it very much. I supervise students' theses and later shall alternate with another member of the faculty in teaching a course called Methods in Social Research. Last June the Director of the School took me to Bloomington to see the main part of the University. On the way back we drove through Brown County and stopped at Nashville to meet Mrs. Lory. You can imagine my surprise at finding someone there who had been with the F.N.S. We had a grand time comparing notes, and together planned a trip sometime to visit you. The first week in December you will all be very much in my mind. I have been asked to give a talk on the F.N.S. Besides describing the work of the Service in general I shall need to emphasize the Social Service Department, since these students are all in the Social Service field. Would that I could fly over for a day and get some recent case

histories to illustrate the variety of jobs handled by the secretary.

. . . .

From Alice Young in South Dakota—November 1950

It will soon be Thanksgiving and another dinner at Wendoover. At 10 o'clock I will have a cup of coffee and will be thinking of everyone there when Mrs. Breckinridge toasts. Gertrude Isaacs stopped by for several days en route to Canada to stay until the New Year. We talked most of the F.N.S. and people there. It is snowing today. The horses are out grazing still, and the colts look like bears. They are so round with their winter coats. I believe the pintos and the buckskins are the prettiest. I thought there could only be one Jefferson (*her horse in the F.N.S.*), but I see him often here among the horses. That was an excellent picture of him in the Bulletin. This is a 35-bed hospital exclusive of bassinets. I am Acting Director of Nurses which includes handling all the personnel except the doctors, and the maintenance of two houses on the hospital property. Thank goodness there are no meals to plan. The cook plans around what I buy. We have a deep freeze like the one at Hyden. I do miss Lassie and still look up and expect to see her, but she is much happier where she is. She always enjoyed visiting a center and it is where she belongs.

. . . .

From Myrtle Onsrud in Chirala, South India—November 1950

We have been very busy these past few weeks, many patients with 'ordinary' fever, malaria, typhoid and dysentery. It is so distressing because so many of these diseases are preventable. Very little Public Health is being done. It is such a tremendous problem. We are hoping we can organize some health work before long. Soon our nurses will be preparing for our Christmas drama. They are singing carols and all the familiar ones are just as beautiful in the Telegu language as in English. A few days before Christmas they will decorate their wards with bells and chains made from colored tissue paper, also fresh flowers and casarina branches. Our hospital has 166 beds, but at present we have 182 patients. We have

three doctors, two women and one man. The work here is interesting and I am busy and happy.

. . . .

From Elda Barry in Brindaban, India—December 1950

We have had 396 deliveries in the hospital so far this year, so we will be well over 400 by the end of the year. All that I learned and my experience with the F.N.S. has been so useful in my service here. We teach the course to graduate nurses. I have many happy memories of my association with the staff at Hyden and Wendover, and with the people on the district.

. . . .

From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—December 12, 1950

I enclose a list of F.N.S. members past and present who gathered for Thanksgiving here in London this year. It was the biggest party yet, and it is something we all look forward to every year. As you see, at the top of the list is one of your very oldest members. It was just by chance that I met Billy Williams and invited her to the dinner. We thought of you and talked about the old days, told stories and swapped experiences. Everyone wished you could just walk in.

I have made another move and am now Matron of the Watford Maternity Hospital. It has 53 beds and very large districts attached and is a Part II training school. I took up my appointment on October 1st, and as I walked in one door the decorators, plumbers and builders walked in the other. They are in squads all over the place, knocking down walls here and building new ones there with the usual disastrous consequences—no solid foundations here! The result—all work stopped while the architects, contractors and I tried to find a way out. The answer was found and the work went on. The midwifery, of course, never stopped. The day the men started to tile the delivery room we had a caesarian, two manual removals and a forceps delivery! I have been complimented on the way we took it all in our stride and carried on. I feel, thanks to my F.N.S. training, I am able to cope.

Tonight they gave out the American casualties which simply shocked everyone. Nothing I am sure must stand in the way of a settlement, it all seems so useless. I suppose there are

a lot of boys from the mountains in Korea, probably babies that I delivered.

F.N.S. members present at the Thanksgiving Dinner in London were: Billy Williams, Ada F. Tubman, Lydia Thompson, E. M. Jackson, G. I. Doubleday, B. Waller, E. Mickle (Major), May V. Green, D. Dunstan, N. K. Kelly, Vera Chadwell, Alison Bray, Joyce Stephens, E. J. Macdonald, Peggy Tinline and Janet Coleman.

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From Jean Kay in New York—December 1950

I had a good trip abroad last summer. We went through Germany by car and saw the Passion Play; then to Switzerland and France. Channel boats were crowded, due I suppose to Britain releasing the gasoline ration. The English were all in France. Hence we had to drive to Dunkerque to pick up a boat there for Dover. We toured from Land's End to Invernesshire; up one coast and down the other. We stopped off in lots of cathedral towns. We viewed the Lake District through a mist, at least the sun came out once at Windermere. I must get in touch with Vanda to compare our respective trips.

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From Katherine Ratcliff Armstrong in Juneau, Alaska

—December 1950

My thoughts have been in Kentucky all day and my heart in Washington, D. C. Just twelve years ago today you walked up the aisle of the Hyden Presbyterian Church with me. Rolland (*her husband*) is in Washington as chairman of the Alaska Commission on Children and Youth. He is a delegate to the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth.

We have travelled far in these past twelve years. After spending fifteen months in northern Michigan we came to Alaska and Rolland had the church in Fairbanks. Allison was born there. Then we stayed for seven and a half years in Anchorage where Charlene was born. Last year Rolland was made a Field Representative for Alaska, working under two departments of the church, and we moved to Juneau which is more centrally located. We do have two very nice little girls; Allison was nine in July and Charlene was seven in August. They are of average intelligence and behave as well as could

be expected. This last June we spent at Sitka. Ruth Herron is the nurse at Sheldon Jackson Junior College, and she took her midwifery training at Hyden, going there from New Mexico. Ruth took a vacation trip up the highway with us. We drove up to Anchorage, Fairbanks and Circle City and we did a lot of talking about the Service. I have had one more contact from the F.N.S. lately—Bertha Bloomer has been here in Juneau and I talked with her for a full evening.

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From Edith Batten in Nova Scotia—December 1950

It may surprise you to know that I am sailing back to England on December 22nd, on the S.S. Scythia from Halifax to London. Yes, Parky and I plan to retire together. We do not know where we will pitch our tent, but we both would like to be within reasonable distance of London and either near the river or the sea. This little hospital is a nice little hospital, but it is launched now and I have had the thrill of being its first Matron, and now I am happy to hand over to a Canadian. In fact, she has been my Senior Nurse all the time I have been here.

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From Jo Green in Alaska—December 1950

I am still here in the winter wonderland. It is beautiful out now and the temperature is running well below zero all of the time. My rotation date was March but it looks as though we will stay put for a while. I am glad I had a trip home this summer. I flew down, bought a new car and drove back up the Alcan. It is a beautiful trip and I was glad to have had the chance to drive it.

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News of Dr. Carroll H. Luhr in Japan (*from his mother*)

—January 1951

He is very pleased with his assignment in Japan, and is doing some OB-GYN work caring for dependents, many of whom live there. As Chief of OB he has delivered 12 or 15 babies but in times of emergency everyone works everywhere. He is busy most of the time. There is hot water only at certain times of the day so most of the work is done rapidly at those times.

It is an eight-hundred-bed hospital, but at times the patients number two thousand. They receive casualties from Korea, all of whom are given a bath, a change of clothes and a meal. After medical care for those who need it, they are sent on to other hospitals in Japan or back to the States. He tells me that his F.N.S. experience has been a great asset. They could certainly use some of your midwives there in setting up prenatal clinics in outlying areas, and in training native nurses. He considers himself fortunate and is especially grateful for all the home news which you send.

. . . .

From Frances Fell in Ecuador—January 1951

Dr. Luis Camacho from Ecuador who visited the F.N.S. in 1949 is about to be appointed Assistant Director of the Maternidad Hospital in Quito. He will be responsible for the operation of the new Prenatal Clinic and the teaching of the medical students and midwives. He and I are going to work together on the bag contents and routines for the new service. We have Mothers' Classes at Dr. Camacho's center and they are much enjoyed. I gave a demonstration baby bath yesterday. The young janitor was part of the group, and he listened as attentively as the prenatales. We have a dried milk program in coöperation with U.N.I.C.E.F. so we can serve a milk drink at each class session.

. . . .

From Minnie Meeke in Omagh, Northern Ireland

—January 10, 1951

You will be grieved to hear that dear Mother passed away on December 10th. I had been at home taking care of her and was there when the end came. Everything was done for her but her heart could not stand the strain of pneumonia. The winter here has been very severe with lots of snow and icy roads. I had a great rush of babies during the festive season. I had one on Christmas Eve and one on Christmas Day, and one every day that week. It was my first Christmas baby in Omagh. Many thanks for the Bulletin which I read from cover to cover. Best wishes to all for 1951.

From Ruth Herron in Sitka, Alaska—January 14, 1951

I came to Alaska in August 1949 as I felt I needed a change in work and the doctor thought the change in climate might help my hay fever. Last summer I had a month's vacation and had a wonderful trip into the interior with Katherine and Rolland Armstrong. They were grand people to travel with and we talked about Kentucky and the F.N.S. My particular work is to care for the health of the students at Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Sitka. Last fall the College decided to allow the citizens of Sitka to use our hospital and I am the superintendent, so I really have two jobs in one. I give classes in Home Nursing to the senior girls and First Aid to the boys. This year I am helping with other campus activities; I am on the Saturday Evening Program committee and I help with one of the Sunday Evening Westminster Fellowship groups.

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From Doris Reid in Burt Lake, Michigan—January 1951

The slides arrived safely and were shown to a group of nurses, graduate and practical, at Little Traverse Hospital where I work. On another evening they were shown at a community gathering here at Burt Lake where many people have been interested regarding the work I did in the hills. Of course it added much to have a picture of the best horse in the Service—Jefferson—to show. There are many of us who are interested in your book and are waiting eagerly for the opportunity to read it.

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From Peggy Brown in Cuba, New Mexico—February 11, 1951

Dr. Howe and I have been in Cuba for three weeks today and we are fairly well settled in now. This is a very nice new Health Center building where there is a doctor's office and examination room, and at the end we have a little flat where we can fit in quite well. The building is heated by gas and we keep nice and warm. We have a gas cooking stove and an electric frigidaire, so we are very lucky, and we have plenty of hot water all the time which is wonderful. We spent the first few days unpacking and getting settled. There is no drug store

here so we have to carry all the drugs and supplies we need. We were officially opened on February 1. So far we just have one prenatal registered for home delivery next month. I'm hoping we will have more soon. Dr. Howe got a small jeep for me to use and I call her 'Cactus Gamp.' About a week after we got here there was quite a heavy fall of snow and it turned very cold indeed, going down to 42 below zero! Fortunately no pipes froze. We are a short distance from the town of Cuba, which reminds me of Hyden in many ways, and 83 miles from Albuquerque with a good road all the way.

Newsy Bits

Our loving sympathy goes to Minnie Meeke on the loss of her mother on December 10, 1950, and to Eva Gilbert on the death of her father on January 14, 1951.

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Dr. and Mrs. James M. Fraser have settled with their four children and a Great Dane on the side of a mountain at Grand Lake, Colorado. They write, "We are very happy here and the winter is as beautiful as summer."

Catherine Mirabito is back at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester where she is head nurse on a male surgical ward.

The Rev. and Mrs. John R. Rodman (Elizabeth Holmes) and daughter Debbie are now in Knoxville, Tennessee, where Mr. Rodman is Associate Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church.

Nancy Newcomb wrote in December, "January 1st, I leave for Sheppard Air Force Base as a 1st Lieutenant U.S.A.F. (A.F.N.C.)."

Patricia Simmons (Pat) is planning on working for her master's degree in Child Growth and Development.

Gertrude Isaacs (Trudy) has returned to Kansas where she is working in a doctor's clinic at St. John.

FIGURES THAT ARE FACTS

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

We in the Frontier Nursing Service have an immense respect for facts. Our statistics are carefully compiled, checked and re-checked. We dislike to hear or to read loose statements that are backed up by no reliable figures. Even worse are statements made in which figures have been twisted to convey a false meaning. This is done more frequently than people realize, and it is sometimes deliberately done. If the sources of all figures were given, then people could readily see for themselves whether or not such figures represented facts.

So much nonsense has been written about the size of mountain families that we think our readers might like to see a few statistics that are true. From Table 20 of the Fifteenth Census Report, *Population*, Volume VI, the Bureau of the Census in Washington has estimated the average number of related persons in urban households in 1930 as 3.62 persons and in rural-farm households as 4.45 persons. The same unrounded estimates for 1940 are given as 3.32 related persons in urban households, and 4.14 related persons in rural-farm households. The number of related persons includes the head of the household and all other persons in the household related to him by blood, marriage, or adoption.

The Bureau of the Census writes us that a valid comparison can be made between the average number of related persons in rural-farm households in the United States and the average number of related persons in Frontier Nursing Service households—because we, in the Frontier Nursing Service, carry our patients on a family basis. For each year of our work we have the number of families we have carried during that year, and the number of people in those families. At the conclusion of this article, we give the figures for the twenty years from 1930 to 1950 inclusive. This period includes the war and post-war years. Although the families carried by the Frontier Nursing Service have risen in number in recent years, there has been a substantial decline in the average population per family since 1938.

Two things should be borne in mind by those who study the following table. First, the years referred to are the fiscal years of the Frontier Nursing Service which end annually on April 30th and begin on May 1st. Second, the comparison to which attention is drawn is between the average population per family for Frontier Nursing Service units, and the averages given by the Bureau of the Census for related persons in rural-farm households of the United States. This was 4.45 persons in 1930 and 4.14 persons in 1940. Our average population per family, during the past twenty years, has been a fraction of one point above the comparable national average. Figures for other rural areas must also have been a fraction of a point above, as well as below, the national average—or there could not be an average.

In concluding, we tender our thanks to Mr. Howard G. Brunzman, Chief of the Population and Housing Division of the Bureau of the Census, whose kindness in giving us the national figures has made possible this comparative study.

**AVERAGE POPULATION PER FAMILY FOR
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE UNITS:
1930 TO 1950, INCLUSIVE**

Year	Number of Families	Population in Families	Average Population per Family
1930	1,345	6,972	5.18
1931	1,675	7,806	4.66
1932	1,775	8,289	4.67
1933	1,891	8,965	4.74
1934	1,364	6,793	4.98
1935	1,416	7,036	4.97
1936	1,417	7,121	5.03
1937	1,480	7,412	5.01
1938	1,651	8,402	5.09
1939	1,668	8,377	5.02
1940	1,712	8,517	4.97
1941	1,745	8,471	4.85
1942	1,794	8,706	4.85
1943	1,752	8,455	4.83
1944	1,637	8,012	4.89
1945	1,663	7,796	4.69
1946	1,807	8,286	4.59
1947	1,866	8,567	4.59
1948	2,039	9,302	4.56
1949	2,152	9,763	4.54
1950	2,155	9,753	4.53

"NEW EYES FOR THE NEEDY"

by

MARY JO CLARK, B.A.
Social Service Secretary

Again this year the Frontier Nursing Service has been fortunate enough to receive a grant of money from "New Eyes for the Needy, Inc." with which to provide prescription glasses for the needy children in our area.

"New Eyes for the Needy" is a non-profit, volunteer organization supported by individuals and groups all over the country who send in old eyeglasses and bits of gold scrap. Usable frames are set aside to be fitted with new lenses; sun glasses are distributed through the American Foundation for the Blind; and magnifying glasses, or old age glasses as we call them, are distributed through the Frontier Nursing Service and other organizations. Metal frames and gold scrap are sent to a refinery to be melted and redeemed for cash. The money thus received creates the fund to provide new prescription glasses for those who otherwise could not afford them, and for the new lenses to be fitted to frames.

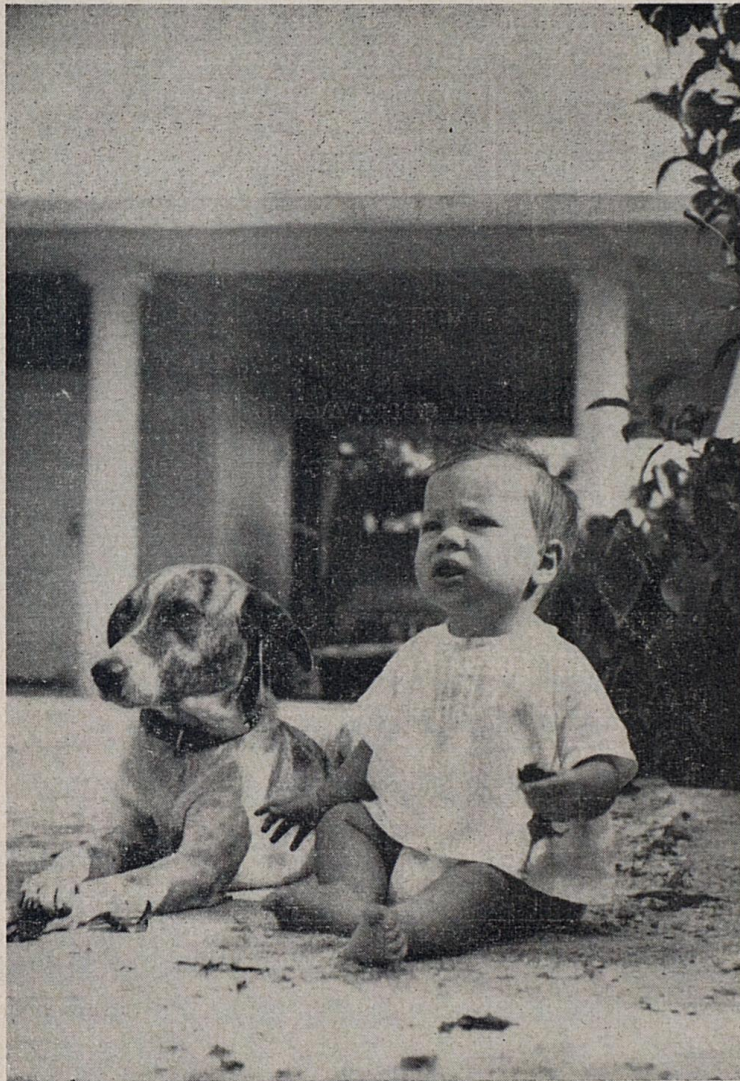
To maintain this magnificent work "New Eyes for the Needy" must constantly receive more old eyeglasses and bits of gold scrap. If any of our readers have old eyeglasses tucked away, dig them out! They can be made vitally useful again by sending them to

NEW EYES FOR THE NEEDY, INC.
SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY

TO THE RISING GENERATION

"To the rising generation I would say two things: First, in these days when freedom is greatly curtailed and regulation almost universal, do not lose your own individuality; it is your most precious possession; and next, never be content with what is mediocre and ugly. You may sometimes have to accept it, but never be content with it."

Her Majesty the Queen, at St. Andrews's
University, 20th September, 1950. Taken
from *The Times*.



LITTLE MISS HEATHER ANNE JOHNSON
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson
(Clara-Louise Schiefer, Former F.N.S. Social Service Secretary)
And Watchdog, Bob

RECOMPENSE

Dedicated to the Staff of the Frontier Nursing Service
By Mrs. James Adam Eckert, Remsen, New York
(Mother of Suzanne Eckert Underhill)

At the heavenly gates one summer morn
A little dog angel sat forlorn.
Saint Peter's coaxing was of no avail,
He kept his paws on the bottom rail.

Soon an old gray mare came a hobbling up,
Whinnying softly, she passed the pup.
A kitten climbed on to the topmost bar,
A cow came, and a cur with a scar.

A wise old collie, who was lame and blind,
Came limping along, not far behind.
Many birds flew in, with a muted song,
And joined the waiting animal throng.

"For whom are you waiting?" St. Peter said
Patting the little dog on the head.

"For those who saved us from hunger and thirst,
And want and cruelty, down on earth.

"Through life unto death we are faithful all,
So here we wait to answer their call.
They are needed now among the mortals
But they will come, and through these portals."



That Good Samaritan of the Hills, Mrs. Will Sandlin, holding little Mark Muncy, and standing back of the cradle his daddy made for him.

OUR MAIL BAG

From Kentucky:—

For many months I have wanted to write you and tell you how much I enjoy the Quarterly Bulletin. I read it from cover to cover and there is never an issue without something to inspire and help. This last issue with the beautiful prayer by Charles Kingsley—thank you for it, and the pictures of the adorable children in the Nativity pageant and the four future couriers. They have been a delight.

From England:—

I should have started this letter to you earlier this evening, but your Quarterly Bulletin arrived today and I always read it from cover to cover as soon as it arrives. It is so interesting to read about what you are all doing.

FROM OUR AUDITOR

My dear Mary Breckinridge:—

Many thanks for your felicitations on my soon three score and ten.

To become a septuagenarian I have never had a yen.

But when the celebrations come, as they do now and then,

It is nice to hear such pretty words and not "it might have been."

As I look back thru many years, each filled with a glad-some chore,

And count the friends I have around and those who've gone before,

My heart near bursts with gratitude, and I realize more and more

That just our cherished friendships are the treasures of life's store.

The years seem fastly fitting by—their passing we can't stay

What e'er the future holds in store, we'll learn it day by day.

To be worthy of your friendship, when I'm made of common clay,

Is to me a treasure truly, and to keep it I shall pray.

W. A. HIFNER, JR.

January 9, 1951

Note: Mr. Hifner celebrated his seventieth birthday on January 10, 1951.

LOST IN THE HILLS

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

(See inside front cover page for picture of the author and her horse.)

On a hot day in July, donning a fresh, new uniform, I started up Camp Creek and over the ridge to Hurricane. I stopped by to see Molly who was expecting any time now and questioned her as to how she felt. She reckoned she felt all right except for a few miseries earlier that had ceased. Upon my departure I informed her just how I was going and gave her detailed instructions as to where Ed could meet me, in case her miseries started again.

Cindy and I started on, me with a weather eye to the horizon, because we had been having violent thunderstorms every day that week, and one must never get caught in a thunderstorm in the mountains as "one will sure be kilt stone dead by the lightning." At the moment Old Sol was beating down on old Mother Earth with all his fury and not a breeze stirred. Even the rocks moved reluctantly under our feet and not a leaf stirred; the very air seemed weary and exhausted. Cindy and I seemed to be the only objects in the whole universe trying to move. To save Cindy I dismounted to walk up the first mountain—which was my undoing. While trudging and heaving up, I lost my trail, and went down the wrong mountain—me sliding and Cindy literally coming down on her haunches. It was too steep and slippery to try to get back up again. To this day I cannot tell east from west or north from south in these hills. On and on we went, down one mountain and up another, through brush briars and rail fences and finally Cindy's foot got hung on a broken-down wire fence. Oh, for a pair of wire cutters! Cindy seemed really glad to have a chance to rest a spell. After much coaxing, pulling, pleading and crying with her I finally pulled the wire loose. I circled back, being very careful to stay on top of the mountain for I had been up and down four or five. I came to several big rocks, sort of stepping stone affairs from which I could see out of the jungle I was in. My heart heaved a sigh of relief when I saw a house. I hitched Cindy and started for the edge and whooped and yelled like an Apache Indian.

No answer! My throat by this time was so dry I was beginning to sound like a big bull-frog. I thought to myself, "I must get to that house somehow." So I started crawling through briars and brush and to my dismay discovered that I had to cross three mountains, not one, before I could reach my house! I got there only to find no one at home. By this time I was completely whipped, or so I thought, and I was panic stricken because I could not tell where I had left Cindy. I started back, croaking "Cindy" as loud as my husky voice would permit me, but even Cindy, who nickers when she hears me, stood mute—not a sound. Find her I did, at last. "Come on Cindy, it is up to you and me to get out of here." She pricked up her ears and stood still, snorting, when we came to the stepping stone rocks. "I am no goat," she seemed to say, but after much coaxing we got by and scrambled on down until we reached a corn patch. "Now, it will be easy from here on," I said to myself, but alas! Mother Nature and the wiles of mankind were still not kind to me. Every trail I tried led to a wire fence or down the hillside. I thought, "Heavens, these people got up here some way to plant this corn patch, there must be a way out somewhere. Yes, there it is and a good trail." We started off again, but I had not reckoned with the jungle growth and in a few minutes I realized that it stopped on the edge of a cliff. Here in the mountains slips occur—there would have to be one just here for us to get into. Down Cindy went up to her knees. Fortunately there was a large tree which stopped her fall, but over which I hurtled and went rolling over and over like a tennis ball. Grabbing a small bush I managed to stop my descent. I picked myself up and went scrambling up after Cindy. On we went trail hunting again and at last found a real one which led down to a creek I had never seen, and after a while, to a house. "Where am I?" I asked. After proper instructions I got on to Hurricane, wondering if Ed had been trying to find me. By this time Mother Nature evidently thought she had been patient enough with me. Huge clouds were forming and the thunder and lightning were very close as I rode into Wendover. The wind howled and the heavens opened. A posse of the Wendover crowd were getting ready to come and fetch me home. (They would never have found me.) My fresh, new uniform was fresh no more

and I had scratches on my face and arms and had skinned both knees—even my boot laces were in shreds! I scrambled off poor bedraggled Cindy. Looking back I saw Ed coming—Molly's time had come. I quenched my thirst and after changing into another uniform off I went again. On arriving at Molly's I heard the old familiar cry, "Lordy, look down on me and have mercy," and I knew it would not be long. I got ready as quickly as I could and ten minutes after my arrival I caught an eight-pound girl. This I had to do by a grease light (a rag lit and placed in a saucer of grease). I had left Wendover in a hurry and had forgotten to renew my flashlight batteries and it had failed. As I was making Molly comfortable, she said "H't shore is awful gitting you out in this here weather. I told Ed this evening that this here still spell was a weather breeder." I thought to myself "this here weather" is nothing compared to "them thar hills." I had no sooner thought it than little Johnnie and Susie who had been awakened by the new arrival came in all goggle-eyed to see their little sister. But I noticed that Johnnie seemed more interested in me at the moment. Edging closer to his mother he said "Mommie, has that thar nurse been a'fittin'?" Yes, the nurse had been a'fittin' all right and almost got licked. As I rode into the night I could almost hear old Mother Nature saying "Never try to race me or to out-manuever me, for I am Master of the Universe."

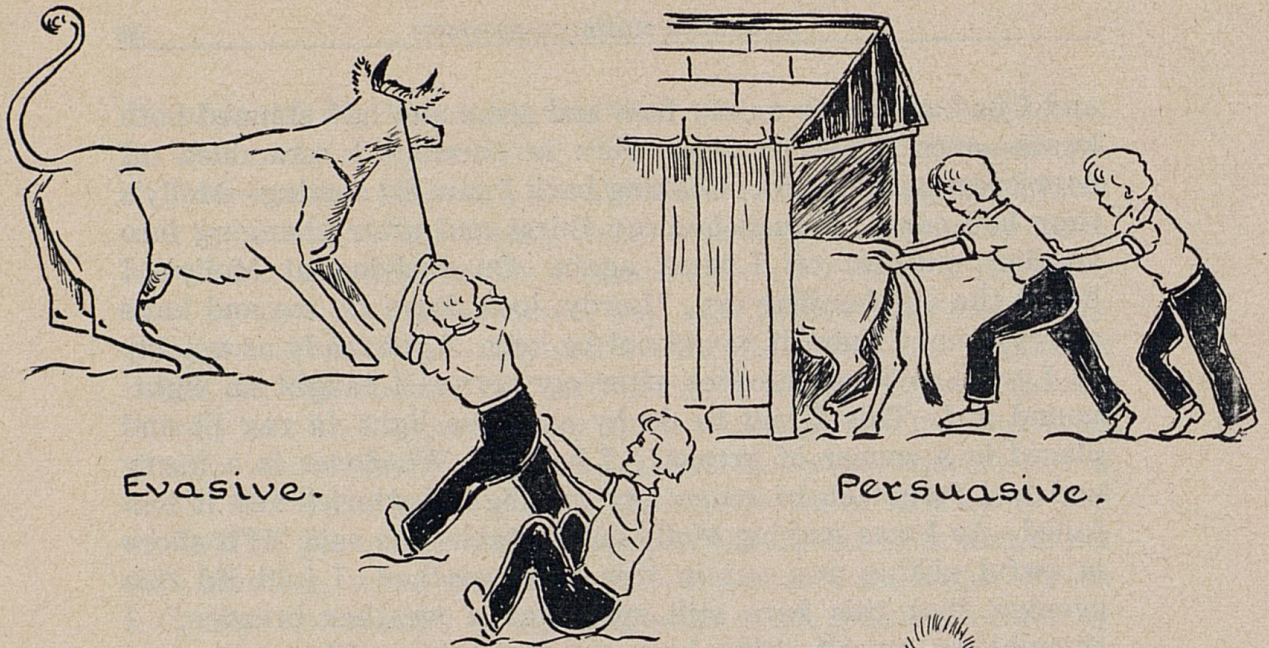
AN INTERESTING POINT

An interesting point made recently by the Norwegian Ambassador at Hood College, Frederick, Maryland, about the United Nations:

"The United Nations is not an association of pure democracies, but of states with all kinds of government. Where we draw the line—or where we want to draw the line—is between those who attempt to impose their form of government on others and those who do not. The real dividing line in the world today is not between democracies or non-democracies, but between aggressors and non-aggressors."

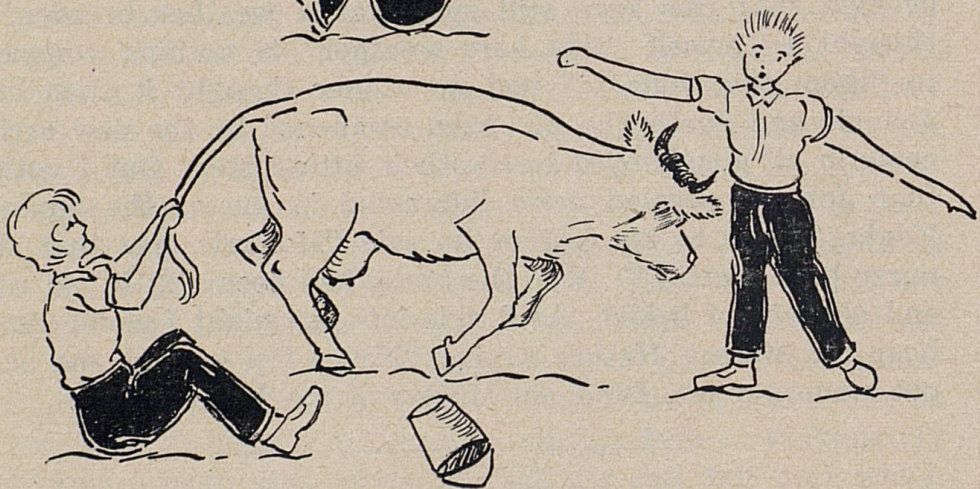
—*This and That from Washington*
by Frances P. Bolton

The Trials of a Cow, new to Milking.



Evasive.

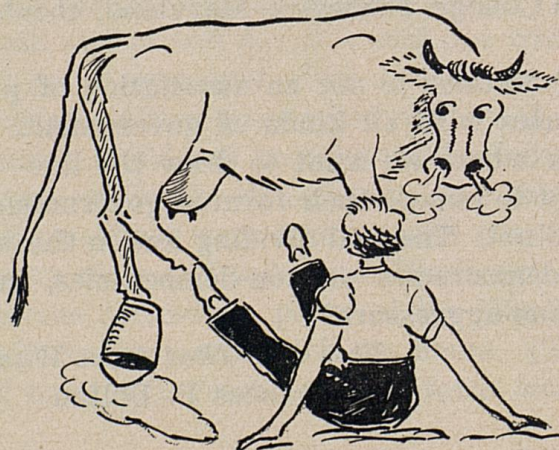
Persuasive.



Elusive.



Offensive.



Defensive.



Passive!

ROSE EVANS

THE PERILOUS MIDDLE FORK

PART I—I WAITED

by

BETTY LESTER, R.N., S.C.M.

When I woke up at 2:00 o'clock one morning and heard the rain beating against my window, I knew I should get up to take Mr. Turveydrop—the jeep assigned to me—across the river before it got beyond the fording point. The river was already full, and by morning there would be a “tide” which would mean we could not cross for maybe two or three days. I had to take a patient to the TB sanatorium in London that day and with roads in their snowy state, a jeep was the best means of transport.

I awakened the couriers who sleep next door to me in the Cabin, and “Liz” came with me in the black night, down the road and into the river. Unfortunately I went a little too low in the ford and drowned out in a rather deep hole. There we were, and the only thing to do was to wade out to get help. Liz had the jeep door open before I could move, ready for anything, so I gave her instructions to go to the house opposite us where Mr. Shelby Asher and his family live. She was to ask him to go in his truck to Hyden and get a wrecker and driver to pull me out.

When she had gone, I sat with my feet in the water which was coming in on the floor. I persuaded Bruno, my dog, whose favorite position is standing beside me, to get on the back seat. There we sat with the lights on, watching the water slowly rising and listening to the roar of the river. The question came into my mind—how soon is the order “Abandon Ship” given? But I was in no danger so we just waited and watched for the lights of the rescue party.

When we were safe on the highway side of the river, we decided to tow the jeep to the garage in Hyden. Mr. Asher suggested he would follow in his truck to bring me back the four miles to the Mouth of Muncey from where Liz and Bruno and I would have to go round the mountain path, cross the swinging bridge and walk the mile to Wendover. The coöpera-

tion of the Ashers is typical of that between us and our mountain friends—they can call on us at any time, and we can call on them.

PART II—I WADED

by

ELIZABETH IVORY, Junior Courier from New York City

A flashlight jolted over the wall above my roommate's bed. I rose up sensing a figure at the head of my bed.

At first I thought it was Lilly wandering in her sleep, an improbable but comforting thought. It wasn't. I recognized the nurse, Betty Lester. She asked, a little tensely, "Who wants to come with me to take a jeep across the river? The river's coming up!"

Lilly sprang up to dress and I sank back momentarily relieved. But I had a premonition!

Lilly and I had tossed a coin for the chance to go on the first delivery call. She would go on it so I should take the first non-delivery call. The logic was an excuse, not a reason, and Lilly acquiesced, probably startled by my enthusiasm to go out this cold, rainy night.

In a few seconds I was in blue jeans, shirt and half-laced boots.

Outside I followed my flashlight to the brink of the hill and down the rocky path to the jeep, which was wallowing in mud like a deep-sea fish.

As I reached the door Betty cried out above the rain.

"Are you both coming?"

"No, Lilly's staying," I answered and got in.

"Where is Lilly?" Betty asked, rightfully puzzled.

I gave my weird logic about the coin toss on the delivery call.

As we slithered along the road my head began to clear and I began to wonder what madness had sent me out on the unexciting job of getting a jeep across the river before a tide blocked the ford.

We entered the ford and water began to slash at the hub caps. There was so much mist that the car lights barely re-

vealed the matted bushes on the far bank, much less any trees to steer by.

The jeep rose on the ridge of gravel in mid-stream.

As I was considering my impetuous eagerness in forcing Lilly back to bed and confusing Betty, the jeep ran up on a hidden rock and went down with a thud that stopped the motor.

Betty tried to start again but all we could hear was the roar of the river. A flood had changed the bed of the river a few days before and with all the marking rocks gone, and a deep mist, we had gone low enough to wet the vital parts of the motor.

Betty explained that she was going to wade out. But adventure was what I had come for! I jumped out and headed for the near shore, with a cold current tugging above my knees.

The bank was half-frozen, ankle-deep sand and beyond that was a meadow which seemed like a boundless waste in the darkness.

Reaching the paved road I looked back. Betty's lights blinked through the mist and went out. Water has covered the jeep lights I thought, and plunged along the road.

The dogs at the Asher house, where Betty had directed me, set up a howl as I began to shout. In a few minutes Mr. Asher and I were on the highway in his pickup truck.

In a panic I told him that the jeep headlights were covered with water! Mr. Asher, believing my terrible tale, replied, "We *can't* pull the jeep out with this truck," and he stepped on the gas. We lost no time getting into Hyden for a wrecker.

After waking the garage man we got a great yellow wrecker with flashing red lights, and started back.

We drove quickly but cautiously to avoid a slide that covered half the road. I thought of poor Betty. While I had been riding around in a heated truck, she had been sitting for nearly an hour in Mr. Turveydrop, with the cold water probably coming up around her.

We entered the swelling river by the stream bed of Muncey Creek. As we turned into the river Mr. Turveydrop's lights went on. Betty had put out the lights, of course, to conserve the battery—they had not been submerged as I, in my panic, had thought.

After a few tries at getting the tow chain attached under a foot of choppy water we were hauled around and pulled out.

While Betty and Bruno and Mr. Turveydrop were towed into town, I was sent back to Mr. Asher's house. Mrs. Asher had built a log fire and had put out warm, dry clothing for me. I was comfortably ready for the walk back to Wendover when Betty and Bruno returned.

My faithful premonition had led me on a most eventful first night call.

AN ACT OF HEROISM

Even in a military era when heroism and bravery are so commonplace, the story of the airline stewardess who lost her life in helping passengers to escape from a burning plane at Philadelphia is outstanding.

Miss Mary Frances Housley, 24, the stewardess, had been an airline employee for only six months when her sense of responsibility for the safety and comfort of her passengers was tested too severely. Press dispatches told how she opened the plane's door and calmly advised passengers to "take your time." Twenty-one escaped.

Someone said he heard a woman scream for her baby. Miss Housley left her post of safety at the door. The stewardess, four other women and two babies died in the burning plane. One of the babies was found clasped in Miss Housley's arms.

The mother's cry had been heeded by a brave young woman with a supreme sense of duty.

—*The Lexington Herald*,
January 18, 1951

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, reports that the Silver Anniversary Fund has not only reached, but has surpassed the goal of \$50,000.00. The total of the Fund as we go to press is \$54,430.93. The following is a report which Mrs. Belknap has personally sent to all our Trustees:

REPORT OF SILVER ANNIVERSARY FUND

Contributions from Trustees.....	\$46,928.52
Contributions through Pittsburgh Committee Through drive sponsored by Mrs. William A. Galbraith and Mrs. William R. Blair, Jr.....	1,708.00
Contributions through Boston Committee Through drive sponsored by Chairman, Mrs. John R. Rock.....	826.00
Contributions through Rochester Committee Through drive sponsored by Chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers.....	936.00
Contributions through New York Committee Through drive sponsored by Chairman, Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd.....	1,385.00
Miscellaneous gifts.....	2,647.41
Total.....	\$54,430.93

It is most gratifying to Mrs. Breckinridge to know that the Silver Anniversary Fund is reaching beyond the \$50,000.00. Prices of everything we must buy are reaching far beyond what they were at the beginning of this fiscal year. The "above and beyond" in money that has come and the gifts that may still be sent to the Fund before the close of our fiscal year, April 30th, will help meet the "above and beyond" in our budget during Mrs. Breckinridge's book-writing months.

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The Nursing Education Club at Teachers College, Columbia University, sponsored a Silver Tea for the Frontier Nursing Service in December. Ruth Alexander, who is studying for her master's degree at Columbia, was asked to give a talk about the F.N.S. Ruth wrote us:

"I showed some colored slides of the Service. Of course there were questions and much interest in your work. All

seemed to be very delighted in participating and of course I had fun doing it."

Not only did we receive the silver contributed, but a wonderful box of Christmas gifts for our children which the members brought to the tea.

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Mrs. Adolphus Staton, who has carried so ably the responsibilities of Active Chairman of the F.N.S. Washington Committee, finds it necessary to relinquish the post. She writes that her outside activities are limited these days, but her heart is very much with the F.N.S., and she shall continue as an Honorary Chairman. We are honored indeed to have Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth succeed her as Active Chairman.

The Executive group of the Washington Committee met at the home of Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse), in February and decided on Thursday, March 29th, as the date for this year's John Mason Brown Benefit lecture at the Mayflower. Mrs. Samuel Neel (Mary Wilson) was appointed Benefit Chairman. Our friends in Washington and vicinity, who look forward from year to year to this lecture and to the social time afterwards, please note the date on your calendars.

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Although it is a bit early to announce it, we want everyone in and around Boston to know that the Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, in combination with the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital, plans a Boston Pops Concert Benefit for Tuesday, June 5th.

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In December the Frontier Nursing Service received another huge check from the Bargain Box in New York. Mrs. Samuel Ordway of the New York Committee wrote us as follows:

"Mrs. Stockly wished you to know that of the total amount of \$3,500.00, the Philadelphia Committee should be credited with \$1,600.00. Mrs. Biddle and Mrs. McIlvain, who are responsible for this, must have worked very hard to have sent us such fine things, and have been most coöperative with us. They have collected and thanked their donors and delivered the rummage to us to suit our convenience. It has been a very great help to us to have their assistance. We are pleased and proud of their part in the Bargain Box work and we are happy to acknowledge so much to their credit in the six months they have been at this work."

Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain writes us that in addition to the above, another lot of "super rummage" was sent to the Bargain Box by the Philadelphia Committee which netted over \$500.00; and that they are redoubling their efforts to collect more and more articles.

Dr. George W. Kosmak, who has been a member of long standing on our National Medical Council, was honored last September by the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists in England, when this ancient and famous medical organization bestowed on him an Honorary Fellowship. Dr. Kosmak visited the Frontier Nursing Service in 1948 at which time he was guest speaker at the Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives.

Another member of our National Medical Council who has been honored recently is Dr. Fred L. Adair of Chicago. The American Committee on Maternal Welfare, Inc., has established the Fred Lyman Adair Foundation in his honor. The objects of the Foundation are to learn more about the care of women before, during, and after pregnancy; to find ways to give every baby the best possible start in life and to improve all phases of medical, hospital, and nursing care for women and babies.

Miss E. Charlotte Waddell has announced her retirement from active hospital administration. She has held the post of administrator of Woman's Hospital in Detroit for the past 22 years and has seen the hospital increase its number of beds from 65 to 246. Miss Waddell is a nurse-midwife and has always shown a keen interest in midwifery and the Frontier Nursing Service. She is one of the earliest members of our National Nursing Council. We wish her many years of happiness in her new home in Grand Rapids.

The service for the dedication of the British Commonwealth and Empire Nurses' War Memorial Chapel was held in Westminster Abbey on November 2, 1950. Members of all the nursing services were represented as well as hospitals in Britain which had suffered casualties among their staff. In the Chapel

is a bronze casket containing the Roll of Honour in which are listed the 3,076 names of nurses, midwives and auxiliaries who died in the second world war.

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Our Research Director, Dr. Ella Woodyard, attended the regular fall meeting of the Kentucky Psychological Association at Louisville on December 1, 1950. She presented a paper in the afternoon session on our research in the possible connection between plentiful amounts of Vitamin B₁ in a mother's diet and the intelligence of her offspring.

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We get letters fairly regularly from Pvt. David Johnson. In November he wrote happily, "I have been getting mail each day since my address came out in the Quarterly Bulletin, from some whom I know and some I never heard of." David was wounded in December and sent to a hospital in Japan. In January he wrote, "I am getting along fine and hope to be out of the hospital soon. The doctor says that I won't have to go back to Korea, and that sure did sound nice to me."

JUST JOKES — ASSORTED

Friend: "Ah, Professor, I hear your wife has presented you with twins. Boys or girls?"

Professor: "Well, I believe one is a boy and one is a girl, but it may be the other way 'round."

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One day while in the jungles a marine ran into a tribe of cannibals. The head of the tribe confided to him that he once attended college in the United States.

"Do you mean to say," asked the marine, "that you went to college and that you still eat human beings?"

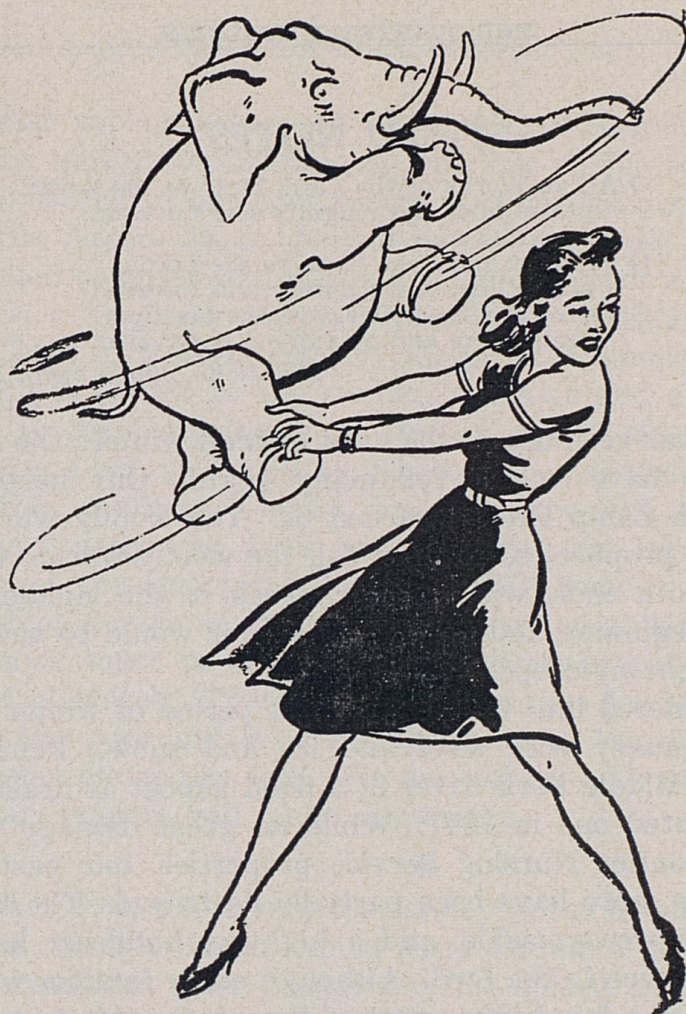
"Oh, yes," replied the chief, "but, of course, I use a knife and fork now."

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The gentleman was interviewing an applicant for a job as his personal valet. "You may have trouble with me," he said. "I have a wooden leg, a glass eye, a toupee, an artificial arm and false teeth."

"That won't bother me, Sir," replied the the applicant. "I used to be on the assembly line in a war plant."

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

O All ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him, and magnify him for ever.

.....
O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord:
praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord:
praise him, and magnify him for ever.

—*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini*

This has been one of the most difficult winters the Kentucky mountains have known for many years. Our neighbor, Ira Morgan on Camp Creek, warned us. The woolly worm guides him in his prophecies, and last fall the woolly worms were very dark on both ends, with a light streak in the middle meaning that the beginning and the end of winter would be severe, with only a slight mild spell in the middle.

We entered into the second dark period of winter near the end of January with sleet and ice and snow. February 1st found the Middle Fork River in a flood almost as drastic as the unprecedented one in 1947. While no great damage was done to any Frontier Nursing Service properties, our pastures and fences once more have been partially destroyed. The Wendover road was unrecognizable, and a highway bulldozer had to dig out an entrance to the ford. Although many families were made homeless for a few hours, most of them were able to move their household goods before the water reached them. Our neighbor, Elmer Brashear, had left his almost new truck parked below Wendover where, under ordinary circumstances, it would have been well out of the reach of the river. The water completely covered the truck. As the water level dropped, so did the temperature and by nightfall the ground was covered with ice and sleet and snow.

All of this concerns our territory in general. As to the Frontier Nursing Service specifically,—the Christmas festivities for the thousands of our children always leave the staff deflated. This year a virus bug took advantage and just after Christmas one after another at Wendover were put to bed. Mrs. Breckinridge did not escape. The infection finally settled in her left ear, and no treatment we could give her here had any effect on the ear or the acute dermatitis which spread around it. On

January 24th we rushed her off to St. Joseph Hospital in Lexington. She took Ruth Offenheiser with her so she could work on the manuscript of her book as the doctors and nurses would permit. The Sisters at St. Joseph moved her from the small room she had engaged into a lovely large one, with a sofa, two arm chairs, a fireplace, and a private bath. Within a week's time Dr. Carey C. Barrett and Dr. Joseph H. Saunders had her well enough to return to the mountains. Alas and alack! We could not go for her because of the icy roads. Jean Hollins' face took on a strained look as she waited and wondered and watched the weather. Finally, on February 5th the roads cleared for exactly two days, and Jean got our Director and the Editor of the Quarterly Bulletin safely home.

According to the contract, the manuscript of Mrs. Breckinridge's book must be in the hands of Harper and Brothers by the end of March. There just isn't any time for her to give to editing the poor old Winter Bulletin. The Wendover staff have become editors pro tem. We are novices—all of us—and we hope our readers will make allowances.

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February 17th was a very special day in the Frontier Nursing Service. Mother Nature must have known it because she gave us a beautiful, warm, sunny day for almost the first time since Thanksgiving, and the very first snowdrops were blooming in front of the Big House.

It was the day of Mrs. Breckinridge's seventieth birthday and she had given us permission to have a little, a very little, celebration. After all it was to be her first birthday party since her childhood! We started by declaring Saturday, February 17th, to be an F.N.S. holiday. The celebration began at eight o'clock in the morning, when the entire Wendover crowd—men and women—flocked into Mrs. Breckinridge's room and sang "Happy Birthday to You." Each one greeted her personally.

All the staff members had been invited to come to Wendover for a noonday dinner. Forty-five were able to leave their posts, and came. Mrs. Breckinridge had already told us, long since, just what menu she would like; spoon bread with turkey hash, mustard greens, young green onions and a cake with seventy candles. We have the world's best cook on our staff, so we were

all delighted when Dr. Woodyard offered, with the able help of the kitchen staff, to prepare the dinner. The cake was baked by Audrey and decorated in yellow and white by Thumper, and to complete the color scheme, we had daffodils in the living room. Of course everything was simply delicious as are all dinners prepared by Dr. Woodyard. Mac proposed the birthday toast ending with a few words of Gaelic, "Lang may your lum reek," which translated means, "Long may your chimney smoke." During the morning the Hyden telephone operator called to say that she had so many telegrams for Mrs. Breckinridge she just did not have time to read them all over the telephone. Please could someone call at the office for them! After dinner Mrs. Breckinridge opened the first birthday present she has ever allowed the staff to give her. It was Freeman's *R. E. Lee* in four volumes and a set of books she has wanted for her own for many years. Each member of the staff has signed her name in Volume I. We are looking forward to Mrs. Breckinridge's eightieth birthday in 1961, and another such gala occasion. Although it is impossible for many of us to get our tongues around Mac's Gaelic, in all of our hearts is the wish for you, Mrs. Breckinridge, "Lang may your lum reek!"

. . . .

The Hazard Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. W. W. Reeves, is working hard to help us meet the costs of the renovation of Hyden Hospital. Due to the soaring prices of everything, the costs of the renovations far exceeded the original estimates. On the fifth of January a group of women from the Hazard Committee visited the Hospital. Miss MacKinnon (Mac) served lunch, and took them on a tour of the wards to see the improvements.

On the evening of January 19th Mrs. Breckinridge, with Mac, Agnes Lewis, and Jean Hollins, drove to Hazard and attended a dinner meeting of this group at the Grand Hotel. Mayor M. K. Eblen presided and introduced Mrs. Breckinridge, the honored speaker of the evening. Almost seventy Hazard friends attended, and their interest and enthusiasm gave Mrs. Breckinridge a tremendous lift.

The Annual Meeting of District 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses was held on Saturday, December 30th, at the Midwives' Quarters in Hyden. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Jane Furnas; Vice-Presidents, Betty Scott and Katherine Macdonald; Treasurer, Evelyn Mottram; and Secretary, Helen Marie Fedde.

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Joyce Stephens (Stevie) and Lydia Thompson returned from their holiday in England in early January. They spent several days in New York as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Morrison of the New York Hospital. Miss Verda Hickcox, Professor of Obstetrical Nursing, was kindness itself to them and showed them around her department in the Hospital, and our Vanda Summers who is on the administrative staff, took them on a conducted tour of other sections of this enormous medical center. From New York Stevie and Lydia went to Washington where they were fortunate in having an interview arranged for them with Mrs. Frances P. Bolton. Lydia is one of the nurses at Possum Bend so could give Mrs. Bolton firsthand news of her center.

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In January we gave up with much regret two of our best nurse-midwives. Margaret McCracken has gone home to be with her mother for a while. She has been with us off and on for nearly six years. She took her midwifery course in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and was the Wendover nurse for two years before she was transferred to the outpost center at Brutus. We hope to have her back again some day. Joan Court came to us just over a year ago to further her experience in rural nursing. We are sorry to lose her and wish her luck in her future work. She hopes to go back to India where she has already done some excellent work in the Province of Bengal.

We welcome as a member of the Wendover secretarial staff Miss Sylvia Morse of Orlando, Florida, who came to us in late November. Our winter, with all its snow, has been a novelty to Sylvia.

For several weeks prior to Christmas we had another delightful student from Keuka College, Miss Dorothy Jones, who came to us for her period of field work. She not only observed the Social Service activities with Mary Jo Clark, but was most helpful in all of our Christmas activities.

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Jean Hollins, resident courier, has been fortunate this winter in having a full corps of helpers. She has been assisted by Polly Pearse of Rochester, New York, senior courier, who completed her work as Christmas Secretary early in January, and junior couriers—Lillian (Lil) McKim of Long Island, New York; Elizabeth (Liz) Ivory of New York City; and Maxine (Miki) Friedmann, Door County, Wisconsin. Liz and Miki are Bennington students spending their winter field term with us. They have had to cope with such things as the flood, icy roads, high "tides"—and deep fords, a more graphic account of which is given elsewhere in this Bulletin.

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Our guests during this winter season have been few but charming ones. A very dear friend of Mrs. Breckinridge's and of the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Lyda Anderson, came to us in mid-January for one day. The river came up, and we kept her for a week! There was much happy reminiscing in the evenings around the Wendover living room fire of her days as Superintendent of Hyden Hospital, early in the war.

We were honored on a January Sunday, to have a visit from Archdeacon Hansen of Lexington, Kentucky. With him came Dr. Karl Tatum and Mr. Eugene F. Martin of Hazard. Archdeacon Hansen conducted Evensong in our little Chapel.

Also in January we had the pleasure of a visit at Hyden Hospital from Dr. Bruce Underwood, State Health Commissioner of Kentucky, Dr. W. O. Johnson, Dean of Obstetrics and Gynecology in the University of Louisville, and Mr. Raymond F. Dixon, Executive Officer of the State Department of Health. They drove over from Oneida, and Mrs. Breckinridge joined them at Haggin Quarters for one of Mac's delicious luncheons.

As we go to press we have our first foreign guest of the

year. Dr. Sharyu Pandit of New Delhi, India. Dr. Pandit is Advisor on Maternal and Child Welfare for the Government of India, and is a Fellow of the World Health Organization.

On the afternoon of Sunday, February 4th, Miss Ruth Morgan, daughter of our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Gillous C. Morgan, became the bride of Mr. Robert B. Asher in a private ceremony at the Presbyterian Church in Hyden. Several of us were invited to the reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. Once again "Old Man Winter" and the Middle Fork River interfered and only those from our Hyden Hospital were able to attend this happy gathering.

Our readers will be sorry to learn that Dr. Paul E. Adolph has been advised by his physicians not to return to such arduous duties as those of our Medical Director. He is making a good recovery from his recent illness, and has been doing some writing for the Medical Year Book. He and Mrs. Adolph expect to live in or near Chicago—not too far from their two boys who are in school at Wheaton, Illinois.

To our delight and relief, Dr. Rex V. Blumhagen is able to stay with us a while longer as our temporary Medical Director. He and his family are a real joy.

WHICH COMES FIRST?

It is a well-known fact that Americans write the month before the day of the month, and that the British write the day of the month first. That the American custom is probably the older may be deduced from this conversation between Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane, engaged in deciphering a code:

Lord Peter: "Now, is he more likely to have written June somethingteen or somethingteen June?"

Harriet: "Most English people write the day first and the month second. Business people at any rate, though old-fashioned ladies still stick to putting the month first."

—*Have His Carcass*

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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.

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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.

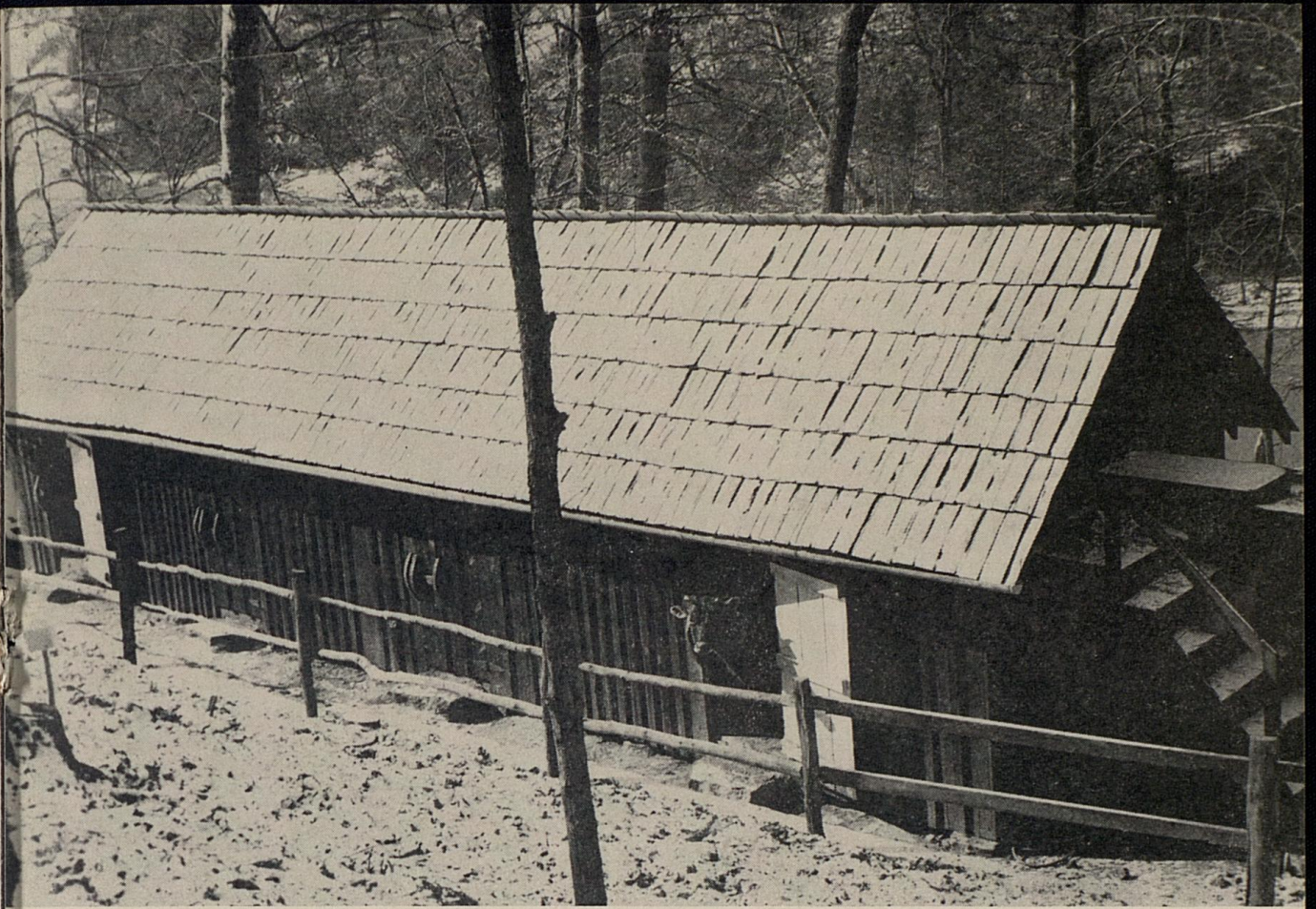
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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**



COW BARN AT WENDOVER

Photograph by Nancy Dammann

