

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 29

SPRING 1954

NUMBER 4





AGNES LEWIS
FNS Executive Secretary
At her desk,
Struggling with URGENT NEEDS

Photograph taken by Mary Jo Clark

Cover photograph taken by Earl Palmer

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AN IRISH BLESSING

May the blessing of Light be on you,
light without and light within.

May the blessed sunlight shine on you and warm your heart till it glows like a great peat fire, so that the stranger may come and warm himself at it, and also a friend.

And may the light shine out of the two eyes of you, like a candle set in two windows of a house, bidding the wanderer to come in out of the storm.

And may the blessing of the Rain be on you—the soft sweet rain. May it fall upon your spirit so that all the little flowers may spring up, and shed their sweetness on the air. And may the blessing of the Great Rains be on you, may they beat upon your spirit and wash it fair and clean, and leave there many a shining pool where the blue of heaven shines, and sometimes a star.

And may the blessing of the Earth be on you—the great round earth; may you ever have a kindly greeting for them you pass as you're going along the roads. May the earth be soft under you when you rest out upon it, tired at the end of a day, and may it rest easy over you when, at the last, you lay out under it; may it rest so lightly over you, that your soul may be off from under it quickly, and up, and off, and on its way to God.—C. R.

Card No. 15B558

By permission of Marian Heath
Sudbury, Massachusetts

THE DAY'S WORK

by

OLIVE BUNCE, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

The day begins early here at Bowlingtown. I like to get up at 5:30 a.m. or thereabouts and ponder about the day's work over my early morning tea. Leatherwood Creek, with several routine calls to make, plus a sick visit or two and one or two old people to see—I must confess for my enjoyment as much as for theirs. My first cup of tea . . . will I ever get around; my second cup, and I know I will.

It doesn't take long to light a fire in the kitchen stove and prepare breakfast. Ten minutes to wash the dishes and find out the latest news from dear old Aunt Hannah who comes every morning to milk Flossie the cow. Then it's time to feed the animals. First Corky the parrot—to the music of pure jungle sounds; then the horses, Missy and Lacy. Next Mabel the rabbit, and finally my flock of chickens. Of course I have to stop and talk to them all. I like it and they expect it. Some of the replies aren't very intelligent but I can't expect a great deal from them first thing in the morning.

By now it is broad daylight and I prepare the saddlebags for the day's work. Syringes to boil, salves and pills to check, and all the little necessities that people ask me to bring the next time I'm up the creek.

Seven o'clock and time to groom and saddle Missy for work. Then back to the house for morning clinic from seven-thirty to eight. This copes with daily dressings and treatments and requests for sick calls. At last I'm ready to start the day.

Missy feels good in the mornings and those miles of level road to the first call go by quickly. Barnabas, my dog, trots alongside, leaving us only to chase imaginary rabbits. Jess and Tilda are waiting for me, smiling as usual. Both are getting on in years but are not at all old in spirit. While I am giving his weekly injection to Jess, we have a wordy tussle—which is the tougher—Jess or the needle. So far we haven't reached a satis-

factory conclusion. A brief discussion on our gardens follows and then I leave them to journey another mile to an old lady. An injection of hormone is enlivened by a discussion on her cow, due to calve in two weeks. A brief inspection of the animal in question (I must confess I know nothing about cows—not even how to milk) and then on to Saul Post Office. Here I weigh a lovely little stranger that I was privileged to bring into the world only two weeks ago. A first child, and so loved I am proud to have had just a little part in him. A thorough check for the mother follows and I leave them, quite happy in my mind about them both.

The next part of my road lies on a beautiful bridle path—rather rough but so pleasant after the dusty road. One more baby visit to a seven-month-old child, very healthy and a bundle of energy, and I arrive at the home of the Spurlocks—loved, I think, by all the Service. Lunch is ready and I join them, feeling thoroughly welcome, and with a hearty appetite for Mrs. Sarah's good cooking, that I am not at all ashamed to display. A few of Jim's "tall stories" and I am ready to ride up the creek a little farther to visit an old man who has not been more than a mile from his homestead in 15 years. A bad accident with a mule and a sled put him in the bed, but I find he is recovering nicely. Oh, will I ever get those windows open! One of the children has cold blisters. These are swiftly treated, and then we aim for home. Missy is anticipating her evening feed, and Barnabas his hambone, so we pause only for a moment to chat with the school children on their way from classes. Always they ask the same question, "When are you coming to give shots," although they know these are not due until August.

We arrive at the barn where Missy has a good rub down and goes into the pasture to cool off before her feed. With my mind on tea I start towards the house only to find a note in the door. Could I make a visit? Mother is "bad off." Luckily the call can be made by jeep, and twenty minutes driving on quite a reasonable road brings me to the house. The patient has a severe cold and is "asmotherin' to death." She is soon given treatment and made a little happier and, with a promise to call tomorrow, I once more head towards the nursing centre and at last tea. The animals are now fed and the records attended to.

Then a light meal to cook and clear away, and then the livestock to water, and bed down for the night.

By eight-thirty p.m. I'm ready for bed and hoping to stay there . . . but who knows? Ellen's baby may come tonight.

HOWLERS

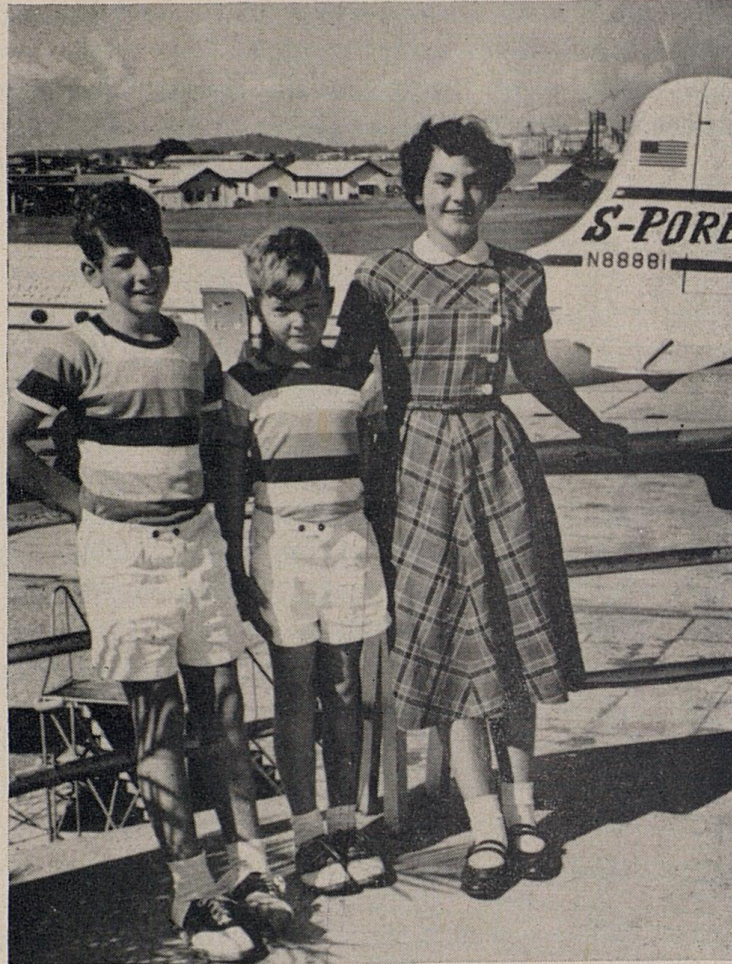
1. What do you know about Jezebel?

Jezebel was a very wicked woman. One day she was sitting at a window and they said: "Throw her down." And they threw her down, and they said, "Throw her down again." And they threw her down again, and they did so unto seventy times seven; and last of all the woman died also, and they gathered up the fragments that remained thereof, twelve basketsful, which they hid by fifties in a cave, of which some remain to the present day and the rest have fallen asleep.

2. Who was Sir Walter Raleigh?

Sir Walter Raleigh was a very polite man. One day he put his cloak down in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to step on, and she said, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" which means "I am afraid I have dirtied your cloak." Raleigh replied, "Dieu et mon droit" which means, "My God, you're right."

—Contributed by Eve Chetwynd



ADA McCREA, BILLY, RICHARD III
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hays Hawkins, Jr.
(Courier, Christine Ekengren)
Singapore, Malaya

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE IN 1834

Making a noise in chewing or breathing hard in eating, are both unseemly habits, and ought to be eschewed.

Many people make a disgusting noise with their lips, by inhaling their breath strongly whilst taking soup—a habit which should be carefully avoided. You cannot use your knife, or fork, or teeth too quietly.

—Reprinted in 1945 by the *Turnstile Press Limited*,
London, England

URGENT NEEDS

HYDEN HOSPITAL

1. Boiler Room—Cut off from Remainder of Building: by metal lath and plaster and a self-closing door of fire resisting construction—materials and labor.....	\$ 232.19
2. Windows—Replacing two Ordinary Windows with Fire Resisting Windows: (metal frames with wire glass)—windows and installation.....	116.89
3. Door—Hospital to Annex—Made Fire Resisting: materials and labor	30.30
4. Coal Bent—End Partition Wall (Wooden)—Replaced: with concrete block wall and a fire resisting door—materials and labor	65.00
5. Exit Lights—4 (Internally Illuminated): installed over exit doors—lights and wiring.....	261.71
(Above items necessary in order to meet Fire Safety Requirements.)	
6. Spot Light—Annex: to light area in front—material and labor	75.35
7. Electric Range—Heavy Duty: installed with vent pipe and metal hood—equipment and installation—estimated.....	725.00
8. Water Heater (coal fired) and Hot Water Tank (220-gal. capacity): to replace small heater and tank installed when Hospital was built—equipment and installation—estimated.....	550.00
9. Old Waiting Room Converted to Social Service Office: partition wall, cupboards, proper lighting, painting—materials and labor.....	455.95
10. Superintendent's Office Converted to Office of Medical Director: moving laboratory sink, fluorescent lights installed, putting rods and curtains around examining tables, painting—materials and labor—estimated.....	225.00
11. Kitchen Floor—Asbestos Tile Laid: to replace worn-out linoleum—materials and labor—estimated.....	90.00
12. Small Refrigerator for Wards: for formulas, vaccines and drugs	129.95
13. Physician's Office Scales: clinic use.....	57.50
14. Sewing Machine—Treadle Type with Electric Motor Installed: to replace very old inadequate machine used for mending hospital linens—price quoted.....	95.98
15. Typewriter Table—Metal—Portable: for use of Hospital Superintendent	12.85
16. Patients' Gowns: 1½ dozen @ \$26.50 per dozen.....	39.75
17. Patients' Bedside Bells: 8 @ \$4.50 per dozen.....	3.00
18. Food Mill	4.50
19. Teakettle	3.95
20. Bedpans—Replacements: 1 dozen.....	33.60
21. Patients' Bathrobes—Heavy Seersucker: 1 dozen.....	52.50
22. Electric Heater for Night Nursery	22.95
23. Lawn Mower (All Steel)—Replacement	18.62
24. Pruner—Heavy Duty	4.49

MARGARET VOORHIES HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

1. Porch off First Floor—Screened: materials and labor.....	\$ 154.19
2. Dining Room Painted: (walls and ceiling only)—paint and labor	18.58
3. Washing Machine: largest size.....	199.95

4. Refrigerator Repaired: parts and installation.....	8.50
5. Electric Fans for Nurses' Bedrooms: 7—(10" dia.) @ \$12.46....	87.22
6. Shades for Ceiling Light Fixtures: living room and dining room—replacements—3 @ \$4.30.....	12.90
7. Electric Iron.....	12.95
8. Rack for Fire Hose.....	14.50
9. Bedrooms—Curtain Material (Dimity): 1 bolt (50 yards).....	22.35

MARDI COTTAGE

Midwives Quarters

1. Electrical Wiring Repairs: breaker replaced, circuits added, all connections checked and made tight—material and labor...\$	149.20
2. Barbed Wire Fence—Haggin Quarters to Midwives Quarters Horse Pasture: replaced with board fence—lumber, nails and labor.....	40.00
3. Split Bottom Chairs Repaired: 11 @ \$1.50 (less discount).....	15.00
4. Kitchen, Cupboards and Back Porch Painted: paint and labor..	33.47
5. Small Stove—Coal Fired: for stand-by cooking stove when electric current goes off—stove and installation—estimated	20.00
6. Washing Machine—Wringer Assembly Replaced.....	19.31
7. Fluorescent Lamp for Students' Study Table: estimated.....	19.00
8. Shades for 5 Windows: (includes 1 venetian blind for bathroom	17.91
9. Serving Platters: hotel china; 2 large size @ \$5.25.....	10.50
10. Porch Chair—Aluminum Frame.....	10.45

WENDOVER

1. Big House—Small Lavatory: removing shelves, installing fix- tures and laying asbestos tile, to convert linen closet into lavatory—materials and labor.....\$	591.04
2. Big House—Linen Cupboard on Sleeping Porch: to replace linen closet—materials and labor.....	78.68
3. Garden House Attic—Chest 2-½' x 6': for reserve supply of linens—materials and labor.....	39.45
4. Chicken Lots (4)—Fencing: new wire, some new posts; 5 new gates—materials and labor—estimated.....	200.00
5. Pasture Fencing: exercise lot, horse pasture, cow pasture; new posts and wire where needed—materials and labor.....	175.62
6. Electric Motor (3 H. P.) for Pump: completely installed.....	185.41
7. Old Tool Shed—Covered with Boards: getting out board timber, riving boards and putting on roof—labor.....	56.92
8. Wooden Drains above Garden House: to be replaced—lumber and labor—estimated.....	60.00
9. Upper Shelf—Chimney Caps: 2 @ \$12.50—Installed.....	30.00
10. Cabin and Big House—Grate Baskets: 2 @ \$8.50.....	17.00
11. Big House—Interior Painting: kitchen, employees' dining room, hallway, lower bathroom and two offices, including cupboards; (Hazard painter)—materials and labor.....	225.77
12. Lower Shelf—Interior Painting: 6 small rooms and bathroom —paint and labor (by our men).....	75.00
13. Garden House (Second Floor)—Bookcases: to replace cases loaned us; 4 large size—materials and labor.....	67.60
14. Big House Living Room—Olson Rug: size 8' x 12½'.....	68.38
15. Big House Living Room—Desk Chair: repaired and refinished	25.00
16. Breakfast Tray: for guests.....	5.40
17. Horse—Palomino ("Prince Charlie").....	125.00
18. Saddle Blankets: 3 @ \$6.50.....	19.50
19. New Typewriter.....	175.00

20. Transfer Check Files: 3 @ \$12.50.....	37.50
21. Fibre Card Index Files: 3 @ \$2.05.....	6.15
22. Vacuum Cleaner—Heavy Duty: for use in cleaning hot air furnaces and registers.....	131.05
23. Washing Machine.....	199.95
24. Chicken Feeder.....	6.75
25. Paint Scraper.....	2.50
26. Pipe Wrench—24".....	8.33

NEW TRUCK

Truck: $\frac{3}{4}$ ton, with stake bed, overload springs, heater and defroster (less trade-in value on old truck (1950 model)).....\$1,410.40

THE GEORGIA WRIGHT CLEARING

Caretaker's Pre-World War I Cottage—Reconstructed (Essential)

1. New Roof: board roof replaced with asphalt shingles—materials and labor.....	\$ 592.74
2. Kitchen—Rebuilt: made larger; 2 additional windows and small back porch added—materials and labor.....	646.87
3. Miscellaneous Repairs: to house, porches, screens, etc.—materials and labor.....	326.76
4. Painting—Interior and Exterior: (Hazard Painter)—materials and labor.....	290.54
5. Drainage Around House: guttering; rock retaining wall back of house; open rock and cement drain at side of house; drain tile under steps to connect with culvert—materials and labor.....	149.59
6. Electrical Wiring: wires in kitchen moved for reconstruction; one circuit added; reconstructed kitchen and back porch wired—materials and labor.....	73.72

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

1. Widening Road to Barn: to prevent jeep accidents; (locust posts for retaining wall given)—labor.....	\$ 40.25
2. Water Tank—Repairs: caulking or patching leak in bottom; 2 new hoops; overflow pipe assembly; tank and hoops painted; roof coated with tar—materials and labor—estimated.....	100.00
3. Cow Barn: cement drain and board floor—materials and labor—estimated.....	45.45
4. Clinic and Bathroom: asbestos tile to replace linoleum (28 years old)—materials and labor—estimated.....	86.10
5. Living Room: Olson rug for hearth; size 4' x 5'.....	12.94
6. Living Room: slip covers for 3 chairs—materials and making—estimated.....	47.00
7. Bedspreads: 3 @ \$3.95.....	11.85
8. Ironing Board: metal.....	10.95
9. Clinic Scales: portable.....	6.49
10. Double Bit Axe.....	3.67

BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial

1. Living Room Chairs: (old ones past repair); 2 platform rockers @ \$39.95.....	\$ 79.90
2. Bedrooms: Olson rugs; size 30" x 54"—4 @ \$7.46.....	29.84
3. Clinic Windows (2): material for curtains—6 yards @ \$.44....	2.64

4. Bedrooms—Bedspreads: 4 @ \$3.95.....	15.80
5. Hot Plate: single burner.....	17.49
6. Vacuum Cleaner: new motor put in.....	19.06
7. Gay's Creek Clinic: portable scales.....	6.49

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial

1. Center—New Asphalt Shingle Roof: (includes repair of guttering)—materials and labor.....	\$ 451.21
2. Floors—Clinic, Clinic Waiting Room, Patients' Lavatory and Nurses' Bathroom: asbestos tile to replace linoleum (23 years old)—materials and labor.....	274.80
3. Sleeping Porch: to prevent rain blowing in and leaking through floor to ceiling in clinic; 7 windows—materials and labor.....	83.28
4. Chicken House—Fenced In: materials and labor—estimated....	30.00
5. Barn Hydrant: broken pipe replaced—materials and labor.....	13.90
6. Chest of Drawers—Unpainted	25.95
7. Bedside Rugs—Loop Pile: 3 @ \$5.95.....	17.85
8. Bedroom Mirror	5.49

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER

"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton

1. Canvas Top for Jeep "Bolt": replacement.....	\$ 115.05
2. Washing Machine: (badly needed).....	159.95
3. Bathroom—Floor: replacing rotten boards in floor, and worn-out linoleum—materials and labor—estimated.....	40.00
4. Chicken House—Fenced in: materials and labor.....	23.45
5. Cross Fence Between Yard and Pasture: getting out posts (timber given), wire and labor.....	84.75
6. Fire Screen: (folding type).....	5.40
7. Living Room—Platform Rocker	39.95
8. Living Room Draperies: material for 2 tailored panels and valance; 6 yards @ \$.89.....	5.34
9. Living Room Fireplace—Basket Grate: replacement.....	8.50

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial

1. Water System: (Necessary Because Spring Now Runs Only in Winter:)	
Well: drilling and casing.....	\$ 298.25
Electric Pump Unit: deep well pump, motor (1 H.P.), pressure tank, sucker rods, drop pipe, couplings, working barrel—equipment and labor—estimated.....	540.00
Pump House: frame with concrete floor and insulation—materials and labor—estimated.....	480.00
Pipe Line to House: ditching, pipe, fittings and connections—materials and labor—estimated.....	232.00
Our trustee, Mr. Chris Queen, the engineer in charge of the Ford Motor Company holdings on Red Bird River, has been so kind as to work out the type of equipment needed, has drawn up plans for the pump house and will supervise the installation of the equipment.	
2. Fire Hydrant and House: cracked hydrant replaced; house rebuilt—hydrant, materials and labor—estimated.....	200.00
3. Food Chopper	6.49
4. Lamp Shade	3.59
5. Hatchet	3.95

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Clara Ford

1. Driveway: reconstructing large stone and cement culvert; re- building low retaining wall and repairing rail fence along side of driveway—materials and labor (contract).....	\$ 106.00
2. Power Lines—House to Barn: insulated wire (26 years old) replaced; yard light installed at barn—materials and labor —estimated	140.00
3. Washing Machine: (badly needed).....	159.95
4. Chest of Drawers—Large, Unpainted	25.95
5. Desk with Drawers—Unpainted: for record work.....	39.95
6. Steel File: 2-drawer sections for family records; 2 @ \$12.00....	24.00
7. Gooseneck Lamp: for desk work.....	2.69
8. Bedspreads: 3 @ \$3.95.....	11.85

SONG FOR SPRING

Tall cedar trunks are darkly seen
Cool, amidst the tender green,
The dogwood boughs of shimmering white
Reach out to render light for light.

Perfume of lilacs, sweetest smell
Of all the scents I love so well,
Breathes ardor round the mottled thrush —
His lovely notes together rush.

And over each and over all
A gentle harmony doth fall,
For Pan has brought his pipes along
In answer to the thrush's song.

Julia May

LIVE AND LET LIVE

by
J. ALICK BOUQUET

One of the stories about St. Werburgh [*England, seventh century*] is that of the wild geese. Flocks of wild geese devoured the greenstuff in the kitchen garden of one of her convents. As a punishment some of the geese found their way into the cooks' pots. St. Werburgh summoned the flock of geese and preached to them, whereupon they promised to amend their ways. But the following day the geese ravaged the garden again. St. Werburgh expostulated, and so did the geese. "Last night," said the geese, "we made a resolution to behave, but in spite of this your cook caught two of us and baked them in a pie!" St. Werburgh agreed that it was not fair. She sent for the cook and the pie. St. Werburgh prayed, and made the cook pray too. And the geese in the pie came back to life. She then ordered that no goose should be eaten in the convent so long as the geese did not raid the garden. Thereafter peace reigned between the geese and the cooks, and both sides took for their motto: "Live and Let Live."

In the days of St. Werburgh it was accounted a miracle to pacify the geese; nowadays, I imagine, we reckon as the chief miracle that she pacified the cook. But it is a pleasant story, whether you are a goose or a cook, and the motto still holds good for both sides—Live and Let Live.

A People's Book of Saints
Longmans, Green and Co.—1933

BIRDS AND MEN

Said the sparrow to the robin, "I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings Rush about and worry so."
Said the robin to the sparrow: "Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father Such as cares for you and
me."

—Anonymous

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Lila Caner in Vienna, Austria—February 17, 1954

I am in Vienna looking over the ruins of what must have been a wonderful city. Now it is dirty and grubby like so much of Europe that has been worn out and poverty stricken by the last war. I've done several weeks of skiing at St. Anton and am now on the road to Italy.

Pisa, Italy—April, 1954

I have been reconstructing the ruins of Pompeii and also trying to sun myself on the Mediterranean but the weather wasn't favorable. I have at last reached Pisa where tomorrow I will look at the most famous tilt in history. Next week I'll be back skiing in Zermatt.

Zermatt, Switzerland—April, 1954

We are now skiing in the shades of the Matterhorn and it is really great. The scenery is so wonderful. We have been climbing a good deal and even made a trip across the border into Italy on skis. Quite an experience.

From Mrs. Bronson W. Chanler (Evie Rogers),

South Hamilton, Massachusetts—March 17, 1954

Bim and I have a wonderful old farmhouse in the country with lovely land around us and a garden and one very productive apple tree.

AND David Stuyvesant Chanler arrived very hectically the day before Thanksgiving (sorry not to produce a courier this time!). We got caught in a traffic jam in the pouring rain trying to get into Boston through a miserable tunnel and arrived at the hospital with less than fifteen minutes to spare. I really thought he was going to be born in the car. Now he is big, fat and gurgling—we have a golden Labrador puppy and a big tropical fish tank to keep him quiet.

Kitty (Douglas) Brady lives nearby (45 minutes) in Cambridge where her husband is going to the Harvard Business School. They have a splendid six-month-old son, Nicholas, Jr.

From Mrs. Harald Vestergaard (Ellen Wadsworth),**New York City—March 26, 1954**

Like every other Kentucky veteran, I often think about the winter of 1952 and 1953 when I too was an active part of the FNS. I find myself telling Harald, my "delightful Dane" quite a lot about what goes on there. He is now very curious to see Wendover and vicinity. We are the U. S. representatives for not only SSTS (Scandinavian Student Travel Service) but also AUTOurist, another travel organization. It is directed by a Dane and this is his first year of having a branch in New York. See the travel section of the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune* for details any Sunday until the middle of May. Harald is the New York manager and sometimes I interview people when he is busy.

The deal which AUTOurist offers is a combination of a flight to Europe and the rental of a Volks wagon for three weeks. On this arrangement one must pick up the car in Copenhagen or Hamburg and return it to one of these places. But too many people want to start in Paris and end in Paris or Italy or Gibraltar or heaven knows where!

As it is now we will probably fly to Copenhagen on a charter flight on August 6th. We have a flat there for a year as a starter—I'm learning Danish.

. . . .

From Mrs. C. Lynn Brown (Kirby Coleman), Raleigh,**North Carolina—April 1, 1954**

We moved into a new house just before Christmas—it's really a dream house. We had our open house for the congregation before Christmas, and right after Christmas we had a baby girl to go with our three-year-old son. I'd hoped that I'd get to Wendover this spring but it doesn't look like it. I'm dying to get back into those mountains again.

. . . .

From Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton), Upper**Montclair, New Jersey—April 8, 1954**

The reason for my prolonged silence is our move. We began looking for a house a year ago, found this one and moved out here last July. Between measles, an eye operation for Wade,

Jr. (a minor one involving an eye muscle), painting the entire downstairs and all the other business incidental to a move, I have kept rather busy.

The boys are thriving on the country air and the increased freedom and space. We are on a dead end street with a lovely park full of enormous trees at the end of the street and around behind the house. It is an old, settled neighborhood and we love it. Please let me know if there are any couriers in this vicinity. If any live close enough, we could go together in to New York for meetings.

.

From Anne Dexter Smith, New York City—April 9, 1954

I did not go into publishing as I had originally intended. I am one of two secretaries for a group of six doctors at the Cornell Medical College in the New York Hospital. The work is research in infectious diseases. I couldn't love a job more. The department consists of some of the nicest people I have ever met; and mastering the medical terms is a pleasant challenge for me. Being a secretary in our department means doing anything that has to be done for anyone—each day is a surprise.

.

From Mrs. Percival Taylor Gates (Polly Pearse),

Dayton, Ohio—April 15, 1954

Val is stationed at Wright Field, so we shall probably be in Dayton until he is out of the service—eighteen more months. I haven't seen Benny or Katie but hope to get up to Cleveland before too long. It must be beautiful at Wendover now. I shall never forget spring in the mountains—there is nothing else quite like it.

.

From Mrs. Rutherford P. Lilley (Ann Hinman),

Woodbury, Connecticut—April 20, 1954

I guess I have never written to tell you that we are the proud parents of a two-year-old daughter, Jane Hinman Lilley. I watched my first delivery with Anna May January and find that modern hospitals, marvelous as they are, can't compare with the kindness and understanding of the FNS nurse-midwives!

It seems so long since the wonderful summer I spent with you all. I do wish often that I could get back, and I chuckle to myself thinking of once-in-a-lifetime characters like "Bounce" and "Tenacity."

I was terribly sorry to hear of Mac's death. She was such an integral part of the FNS that her absence must leave a great gap for you all.

. . . .

From Mrs. C. P. Wood (Edie Verbeck), Manlius, New York

—April 29, 1954

While Parker and I were in Florida this winter, we came across your book [*Wide Neighborhoods*] which I borrowed. I loved it all and felt like the fifteen years since I was with the FNS were so many months. I, also, felt as if I knew many of the people mentioned, from having heard about them before and since.

How I wish I could come via Wendover again. Sounds like there have been vast changes since 1939. The hospital without Mac wouldn't be the same to me. Two years ago I ran into Vanda Summers one week-end at my old school in New Jersey.

We have three girls now: Sally, age 10; Phoebe, 7; and Wendy, 6. Do hope one of them can come to you as a courier or Christmas secretary.

We live on a very old farm. The house and barns were built in 1840. Parker is in the Life Insurance business in Syracuse so we don't work the land ourselves but we have recently acquired a mare, "Banff," who looks like sweet old Lady Ellen; and a hunter from Culpepper, Virginia, named Odd Joy. He is a dreamy horse. Then we have a Great Dane, a "Spointriever" (Spaniel, Pointer and Retriever)—plus two kittens.

. . . .

From Mrs. R. F. Muhlhauser, Glendale, Ohio—May 3, 1954

I have just returned from the Presbyterian Sunday School where I told them a bit about the FNS. Mrs. Cromwell, their superintendent, asked me to do this because they had decided to send Mother's Day offering to the FNS. I showed them a map of the Service, *Wide Neighborhoods* and a Kentucky road map so that they could see where you are in the State.

Bob, Sandy, Rickey and I spent the children's spring vacation in Sarasota, Florida. We drove, and when going through London, Kentucky, it was a great temptation to turn east and drop in on all of you. If the vacation had been longer, we might have done so.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Pebble Stone is in Civil Air Patrol and is now Chief Observer at the Lawrence-Cedarhurst Ground Observer Post.

Jan McMillan and a friend are having a most interesting trip covering the Mediterranean area from Morocco to Turkey and Syria.

Joan Henning is working with children at the Crippled Children's Hospital in Louisville.

Pog Gay Thomas and her husband, Charles Allen Thomas, Jr., were in Lexington, Kentucky on April twenty-third for the celebration of the 175th convocation of Transylvania College. In the afternoon they attended the dedication of the new library [*see Beyond the Mountains*], at which ceremonies Mr. Thomas' distinguished father made an address; and in the evening they were guests at the convocation dinner at the Lafayette Hotel when our treasurer and our director received citations.

Mardi Bemis Perry is convalescing at her home in Concord, Massachusetts, after undergoing an operation on her back [*spinal fusion*]. We are happy to say that she is making a splendid recovery.

Kitty Biddle is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, working in the slide and photo lending department.

AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Susan Hays of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to Mr. Burt Kerr Todd. This exciting news has just come to us from Susie, herself, as follows:

I am marrying Burt Kerr Todd on the fifth of June and we are rushed to the point of exhaustion. We were invited by the King and Prime Minister of Bhutan to visit their country on our honeymoon so we are going to continue around the world.

Burt has visited there before and wrote an article for the *National Geographic* on Bhutan. We plan to go to many fascinating places and hope to be able to write some articles on our experiences and the places we visit. Our trip will last four to six months, and then we shall return to live somewhere around Pittsburgh. It is all so fabulous and exciting."

We wish for Susie and lucky Mr. Todd the best of luck on their trip around the world and every possible happiness in their life together.

BABIES

Born to The Reverend and Mrs. Charles Lynwood Brown (Kirby Coleman) of Raleigh, North Carolina, a daughter, Juliana Randolph, on February 12, 1954. Kirby writes:

"A rebel born on Abe Lincoln's birthday, and don't think all the people in Winnetka [*her home*] didn't write to comment on that fact!"

OUR MAIL BAG

From New Jersey—

May I express a word of appreciation for that profoundly moving prayer (old English) in your Quarterly. I have passed it over to my clergyman, thinking he may use it in a service. Never did our bewildered humanity have deeper need of "love of enemies!"

From Massachusetts—

I enjoyed every page of the winter Bulletin (as I always do) especially the Sixteenth Century Prayer. We need that kind of prayer more than ever today.

Several other subscribers have written that they liked this prayer.

OPERATION HARRIET

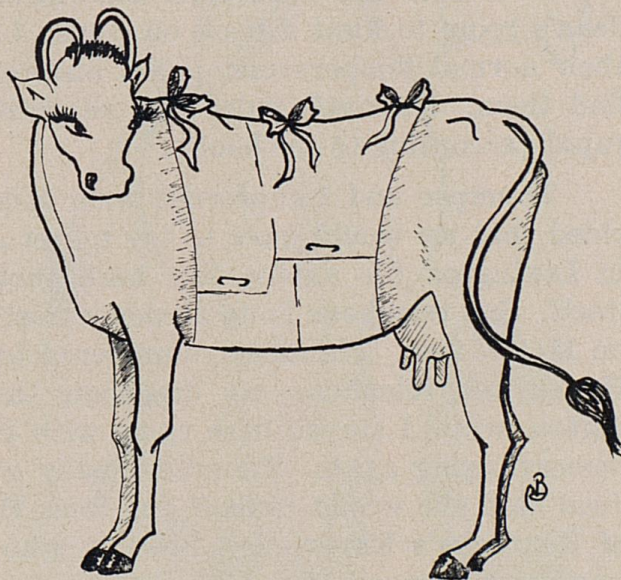
by

JANE FURNAS, R.N., C.M., B.S.
(Field Supervisor)

Illustrated by Constance (Connie) Bicknell, Cleveland, Ohio, Courier

"There's a cow down there ableeding to death!" was the greeting I got from a breathless junior courier as I was returning to the Garden House from breakfast one Saturday morning. Horrors! I was practically paralyzed. My thoughts flew in every direction. Jean and Brownie were gone—they always take care of cow emergencies. I knew absolutely nothing about cows and only since I came to Wendover had I learned to help water them without my heart pounding in fear of them. I knew it must be Harriet who was bleeding because she had developed an abscess near her milk vein after having had milk fever. Well, there wasn't time to think any further, but I did remember that Thumper had lived on a farm so I gave her a frantic S.O.S., and together we ran to the cow barn. Sure enough—Harriet's abscess had "burst" and there she stood knee-deep (a slight exaggeration, but it did seem like that to us in our state of excitement) in blood and pus and the usual morning state of a cow stall. Oh, my word! The abscess hole looked like a cavern, and in my imagination I could see intestines coming through at any moment (a condition that often occurs, we learned later from the vet).

We sent Hobert for Mr. Fawbush Bra-shear. He came, and together we washed the hole with hot water. Alas! We got the



wound clean, but started a fountain of blood pouring from the milk vein.

It was obvious that Harriet wouldn't be with us much longer if she continued to bleed so profusely. Someone went for a roll of cotton from Anna May January, the Wendover nurse-midwife, and using it as a tampon we finally got the hemorrhage down to a mere drip-drip-drip. Then Norma Cummings, a junior courier, ran to Anna May for a huge roll of adhesive. We wrapped adhesive around Harriet's middle and by pulling it quite tightly it held the cotton in the cavity, and controlled the bleeding.

We could see that Harriet wasn't in good shape. Her respirations were labored, and she swayed like she might fall, but at least, for the moment, the hemorrhage was stopped.

While all this was going on we wondered if Mrs. Breckinridge had missed her secretary. Of course we knew she would be in full accord when she found out why Thumper hadn't appeared to take her morning dictation. Also, Norma kept asking me if I really needed her around, and I kept telling her yes. After the crisis was over, Norma confided that her one desire through it all had been to get far away from the gory scene.

Now that the immediate emergency was past, I went to Jean's room to hunt a book on cows. I found one that told me their normal temperature, pulse, and respiration, and where to find them. Harriet's pulse and respirations were dangerously rapid (according to the book).

Thumper and I conferred with Mrs. Breckinridge and decided that we would have to try to get Jean over the telephone in Lexington for advice, but here another problem presented itself. Our telephone from Hyden was still down from the storm on March first. Thumper volunteered to go to the exchange in Hyden and telephone my diagnosis through to Jean in Lexington, while I stayed here to be with Harriet should she start hemorrhaging again. Thumper finally got the call through and Jean said she would consult Dr. Ross Brown of the University of Kentucky's Experiment Station, who is always helpful with her veterinary problems, and phone back orders for Harriet's care, until she returned the next day.

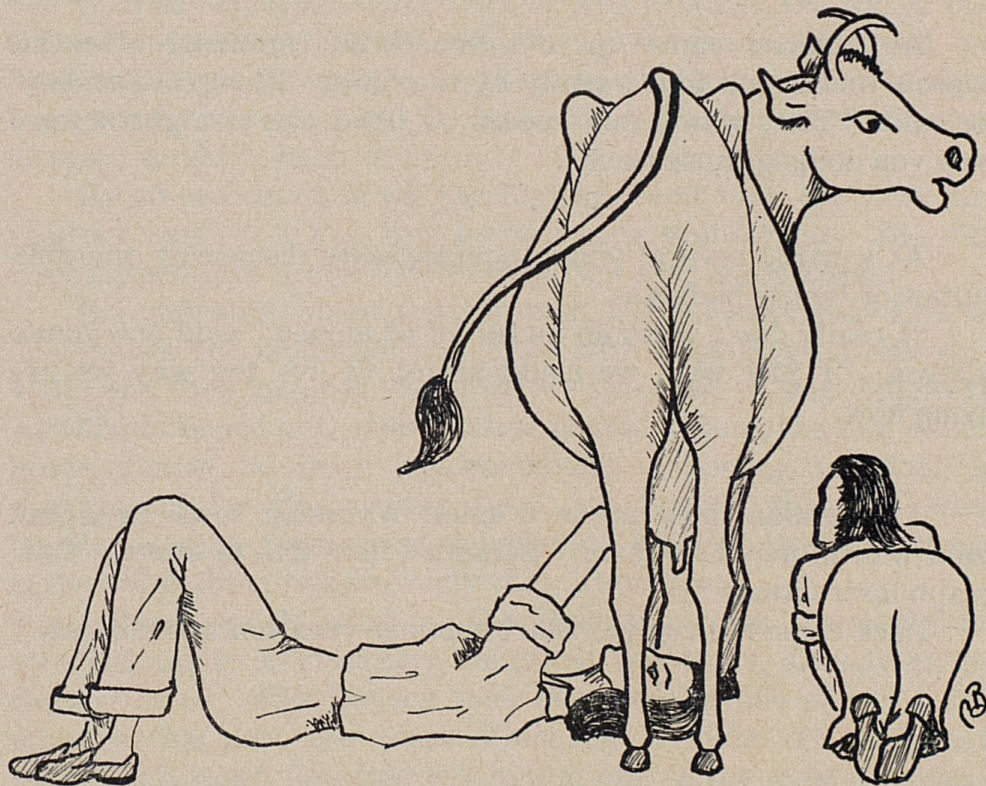
We gave Harriet massive doses of penicillin; cleaned her stall and scrubbed it until it was practically surgically clean; put down lots of hay for her to lie on, and inspected and cleaned her stall hourly. We gave her all the water she would drink, and a bran mash. I didn't have the slightest idea of how to mix a bran mash, but Mrs. Breckinridge gave me instructions.

What sighs of relief when Jean returned the next day!

We decided not to bother Harriet's dressing for another day because we were afraid of starting another hemorrhage. She was eating and drinking and seemed in excellent spirits. The adhesive was holding the packing perfectly.

From the third day after the abscess opened, Brownie, with the rest of us assisting, did daily dressings on Harriet. Brownie made binders out of bleached feed sacks and tape. These fitted all the way around Harriet's abdomen and held the dressings in place. Every night Brownie laundered binders!

The cavity was actually about 12 inches in diameter, and



at least 2 inches deep. At first we used hydrogen peroxide to wash it out, and then packed with gauze on which had been sprinkled sulfanilamide crystals. During the six weeks of these daily dressings, the solution used was changed several times—sometimes a clorox solution, sometimes silver nitrate, et cetera.

Harriet was the most wonderful patient, and seemed to love all the attention. I certainly grew more fond of her than I ever dreamed I could become of any cow. The wound started to heal, and at the end of six weeks the cavity was completely filled in with new flesh and hide. She is giving almost five gallons of milk daily, and is now going to pasture with the other Wendover cows.

JUST JOKES

An admirer came up to a senatorial candidate after his speech, and shook him warmly by the hand. "Congratulations," he said. "That was a fine speech. I liked the straightforward way you dodged those issues!"

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At a party several young couples were discussing the difficulties of family budgets.

"I really don't want an awful lot of money," said one young matron. "I just wish we could afford to live the way we are living now."

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A salesman, held up in a small Wyoming town by a bad snow storm, wired his firm: "Stranded here due to storm. Telegraph instructions."

Back came the reply: "Start summer vacation immediately."

ON LEARNING TO DRIVE A JEEP

by

BARBARA CLAPP

(Cambridge, Massachusetts Courier)

It's not unusual for people to come to the FNS who don't know how to drive a jeep. And so it was no surprise when Miss Rayson, new dean of the midwifery school, arrived from England without a driver's license. Here it is essential that all nurses and nurse-midwives be good jeep drivers.

Our new dean really had a double handicap; first, as with all neophytes, she had to learn to operate a jeep (a nervous strain) and, secondly, in England the "right side" of the road is the "wrong side!" Maybe I should add a third handicap which would apply to all drivers new to the FNS. Usually roads are roads, but here in Kentucky many turn into creek beds and rivers!

During my four weeks at the Hyden Hospital, I acted as one of Miss Rayson's instructors in jeep driving. On one of our trips I suggested that we explore a new road. After all, no progress would be made were there no challenge, and the highway, it seemed to me, had become too automatic. It offered few chances to shift, back or turn.

So off we drove down the highway and took the first dirt road we came to. Yes, this proved quite a challenge. The dirt road turned into a creek with deep ruts and many rocks.

One morning, about a week later, Betty Lester asked me to drive down the mountain into town with Miss Rayson and stay while she took her test for a driver's license. I was delighted. As things turned out, after we had waited around the new courthouse almost an hour (spasmodically reviewing questions in preparation for the written test), we learned that the state trooper coming from Hazard had been delayed, and would not arrive until about twelve-thirty that afternoon.

After a quick lunch at the Hospital, down the mountain we went again. Fortunately the officer was there, already giving the eye tests. Miss Rayson took her place in line and in a few minutes this part was over. Then she sent me out to repark Blake (the jeep). We had left him in one of the most congested

parts of town, in front of I.G.A. I parked him below the post office and returned to the courthouse to find the applicants—six or seven—answering the written questions. As soon as each finished, the test was corrected. Miss Rayson missed only one out of twenty questions. I believe she had expected worse.

I told Miss Rayson where I had parked Blake; in a few minutes the officer announced that each applicant for a license was to bring his vehicle to the area below the post office! We were the first to get there. But soon came the officer, riding in a pickup truck with one of the other applicants. I jumped out of Blake and said that I'd wait. Much to our surprise the officer told me to climb back in with Miss Rayson, who was to drive, while he followed us.

So off we went all smiles. When we returned to our starting point a few minutes later, I jumped out of the jeep and ran back to see if we should go any place else. But before I said anything, the officer asked me if I'd like to be his assistant! He than said for Miss Rayson to go to the courthouse to pick up her license, and to be careful!

All was over. Congratulations Miss Rayson!

KENTUCKY CHEESE PUDDING

Recipe from Mrs. L. L. Hamilton, President of Hodgenville Woman's Club.

(President Eisenhower took a second helping.)

In a baking dish place a layer of rolled cracker crumbs moistened well with a medium cream sauce. Add a layer of grated American cheese, a layer of grated pimentos (one can to a recipe) and a layer of grated boiled eggs (four to a recipe).

Repeat layers. Be sure the crumbs are well moistened. Otherwise the pudding will be dry.

Top with buttered crumbs. Bake until pudding is heated thoroughly.

From *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky.

April 24, 1954

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Cecilia Lucas Brandenburg in Middletown, Ohio

—March, 1954

Your note came just when we were in the process of moving. A real big move—right down stairs! Nevertheless it was the same as moving to an entirely different place. We had painting and repairing to do, and to make matters worse both children got sick. Yes, I said “both” children—we now have two. David was born last April. He’s just a little doll and such a “Momma’s” boy. He just loves his sister and she keeps him entertained. I am fortunate that she is a well behaved child as she will have the right influence on him. Richard [*her husband*] is now in his own office with two other associates. He has been very busy, working day and night, so I call him my Sunday husband! We are learning to play bridge which will afford some relaxation for him. Please tell Pad I still love him and wish I could still take him for a walk and a swim in the river.

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From Viola Tillotson (Vi) in Chicago, Illinois—March, 1954

I have been in Chicago since June, at the Hines V. A. Hospital, until the Research Hospital opened its doors in September. Of course at that time there wasn’t anything or anybody in the building, except for a few people in ‘Supply,’ the men who were still working on the building, and three of us nurses. A couple of weeks later two other nurses joined our force and we held the fort for a month and a half before anyone else arrived. We called that period “The Dark Ages”—no lights (in some areas) and no telephones. We have gone a long way since then, ordering everything from scratch. It has been a good experience and really very much of a challenge. I am glad I have had the opportunity to get down on the ground floor!

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From Anne Nims Nixon (Georgie) in Omaha, Nebraska

—March, 1954

My thoughts have been so very much with you lately. It is

fourteen years since I was with you, and I now fully appreciate my year with you and realize how much I learned from my experience. I have just finished helping the boys pitch their tent. We have had such a mild winter and they have been begging for it. Robert immediately set up a cot, table, chairs and strung up an electric light and radio. I finally convinced him that it would be too cold to sleep in the tent tonight. Suzanne is the light of our life. I hope that one day she will be a courier or a nurse with the FNS.

At long last I have devoured your wonderful book, and loved it. Please let me say again that any member of the FNS is welcome here any time. We have a rather large ranch-type house with extra rooms for guests, and as my husband and his father own a cattle and hog feed business, I can always promise the best in steaks!

. . . .

From Minnie Meeke in Omagh, N. Ireland—March, 1954

I will be one of the delegates from Northern Ireland at the International Congress for Midwives in September. I am the Treasurer for the Royal College of Midwives (Omagh Branch). Two nurses are being sent from this branch. I hope to see someone from Kentucky there.

. . . .

From Mary Heisey in S. Rhodesia, Africa—April, 1954

A little while ago I was called to the hospital for a labor case. This will be our 81st baby for our humble little four-bed hospital. There have been four sets of twins and another in the offing. I was a happy girl when, in February, we were successful in getting an African nurse just out of training. With her help and that of a girl who finished the Homecraft course last year, I am greatly relieved. We closed school on Thursday for a three weeks' holiday. We are always glad for a breathing spell as there are so many things for which we do not have time when school is on. The Homecraft school is on a larger scale this year. We have 50 girls instead of 33, an enlarged garden, and several new classes. I surely do enjoy the FNS Bulletin. It has that same charm it had for me before I saw Hyden, plus

all the added interest of knowing the people and places. I wouldn't give up my FNS experience for anything.

From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in Seattle, Washington

—April, 1954

I see the den Dulks occasionally. They are busy in their spare time, fixing their garden—all are very well. I do hope it will be possible for me to get around the Olympic Peninsula in June, to see the rhododendrons. They are supposed to be magnificent. My plans are beginning to take shape. I have booked a passage on a boat carrying ninety passengers and freight from Vancouver to Australia, in July. She sails via Honolulu and Suva (Fiji). From Suva I shall take a local boat to Auckland which goes about every four weeks, so I may stay in Fiji for a week or two—it should be interesting. I am still hoping to see something of Alaska before I leave for New Zealand.

From Elizabeth Hillman (Hilly) in Breton, Alberta

—April, 1954

I have just spent a wonderful week-end with Lydia (Thompson) at Alder Flats. It has just one street, a mile long, with houses on either side, and at the end of the road is a lovely view of the Rockies. Wolf Creek is a mile away and from there to the Saskatchewan River is a game reserve and beyond that big game hunting as far as the Rockies. Buck Lake, the little resort between here and Alder Flats is nice. The lake is frozen over yet, but later there will be a lot of fishing. On Sunday we went for a wonderful ride in the game reserve. It was the first time the horses had been ridden this year after roughing it all winter, but they seemed to be in good condition. We rode for about four hours and saw bear tracks, moose, elk and lots of beaver houses and dams. The creeks are still frozen and it was all so peaceful. We are having another cold spell—there was about a foot of snow this morning.

We went to a most interesting Conference in Edmonton—all the lecturers were very good, and we enjoyed the city and revelled in the baths. I have a hip bath in my woodshed at Breton, but I think it will stay there! There is the thought of

pumping water to fill it. It won't be long until we are off to Banff for a Convention, but after that no more excursions.

We went to church at Alder Flats on Easter Sunday. It was in someone's kitchen and so nice. Afterwards we had coffee and sandwiches. We never go very far without running into someone from the Old Country. It is rather like village life in England.

. . . .

From Alice Young in Mt. Edgecumbe, Alaska—May, 1954

At present I am stationed at Mt. Edgecumbe School and Medical Center. It is located across the channel from Sitka on Japonski Island. Sitka is the first capitol of Alaska, where the Russians first settled and had any roots. It is probably the richest town in historical events in Alaska. The School (five grades) has an enrollment of 650 students from all over the Territory (Indians, Aleuts, Eskimos, etc.). This is graduation week and I am busy attending all their various events. The Hospital has 400 beds. We set aside 60 beds for the Crippled Children's program, about 50 for medicine and surgery, and the rest are for TB patients. The nursing personnel consists of registered nurses, practical nurses (men, women and natives) and nurses' aides. The School for Practical Nursing for the natives is located right here.

Fishing boats and ocean-going vessels sail right by my windows—I am only 100 feet from the water, and small sea-planes land right out here on the water and taxi to the float. Eagles were on the beach the other day when the tide was low. The mountains are still snow-capped—I walked three miles to Blue Lake yesterday. Two-thirds of the way we walked through a foot of snow, and two of the snow slides we walked over are at least 50 or 60 feet deep, so we are told. It is bear country all around us, but we did not see any. It is now 9:00 p.m. and the sun is just setting behind the mountain—the color is beautiful.

NEWS

We are grateful to the Sheridan School Parent Teacher Association of Petosky, Michigan for their donation to the Frontier Nursing Service, which they so kindly sent after hearing a talk on the FNS by Doris Reid of Burt Lake, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Eberly (Clara Meyer) are the proud parents of a son, Daniel Juan, born on March 10, 1954 in Bloomfield, New Mexico.

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Our loving sympathy goes to Bridget Ristori Tothill on the death of her husband, Dr. Vincent Tothill, in Cape Town, South Africa, on March 25, 1954.

To Mr. Stanley Rhine and his family we extend our deepest sympathy on the death of his mother, Mrs. Lenore Rhine, on March 11, 1954, in Cincinnati.

WEDDINGS

Miss Rosette Germano to Mr. Geraldo Combo on November 26, 1953 in Kula, Hawaii.

Miss Hazel Ruth Sheidler to Mr. Keith E. Hursh on December 31, 1953 in Seward, Alaska. Hazel writes that they will live in Kenai, Alaska where Mr. Hursh works with Civil Service.

Miss Sylvia Ann Morse to Mr. Albert Raymond Simpson on March 4, 1954 in Knoxville, Tennessee.

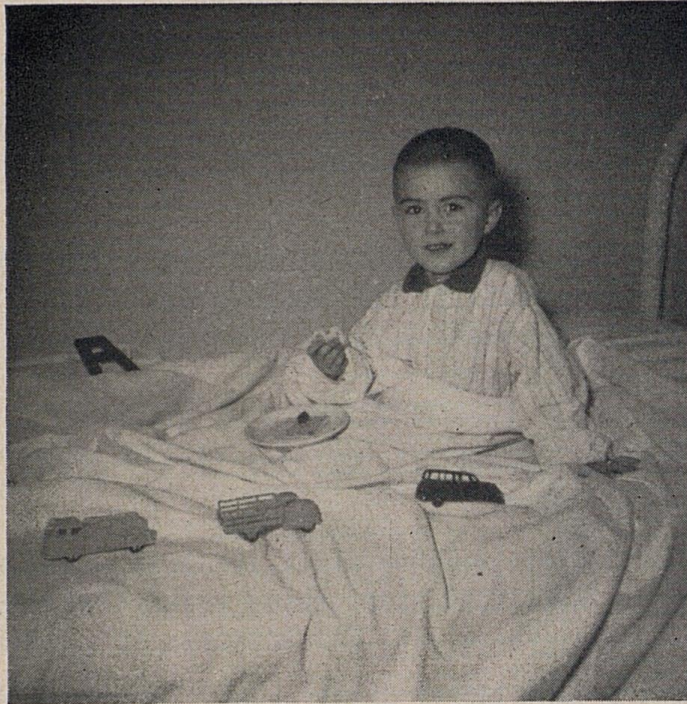
To all these young people we send our very best wishes for their future happiness.

COMMENTS AND CORRECTIONS

Mac's Memorial—the bronze plaque has only just arrived and been put up in the drug room. We plan a June dedication. We really do expect to get a full report on this memorial in the summer Bulletin, with pictures of it.

Stephen Crane at Brede Place—in our winter Bulletin we said this article would come out in the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. We now learn that its publication has been postponed to the July issue. Look out for it.

Ash Wednesday—Lent—This article was written by the Reverend Allen W. Clark in 1953. In sending it down to the printer, we failed to delete the date for Ash Wednesday of 1953. Sorry.



MARCUS DAVID MUNCY

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus H. Muncy

Picture taken on his last day in Hyden Hospital

Marcus' father and mother have given permission for us to print this picture and the following letter, which they wrote us March 13, 1954:

"Mere words can't express our gratitude to the FNS for the care given Little Marcus in his recent illness.

"Many children dread to return to a hospital where they have received the 'needle treatment' but Little Marcus said this morning: 'Let's go back to the Hospital some day and see that doctor lady; she liked me.'"

In Memoriam

“. . . departed spirits make a common cause with their kindred, whose turn has come to labour, struggle, and die in the battle of life. . . . Only in appearance, and to our outward senses, can the living and the dead be divided. In reality they are not sundered. Their cause is one, their end is one.”

—*The Supremacy of Man*

John Pulsford, D.D.

Pub. by Andrew Melrose in London,
Nineteenth Century

“They into spirits are changed, earth-haunting, beneficent, holy, . . .”

—Plato's *Republic*, Book V

Quoted from

Hesiod's *Works and Days*

MISS LUCY M. BAYLEY, Rochester, New York
 MAJOR LOUIE A. BEARD, Thomasville, Georgia
 MR. WALTER K. BELKNAP, Louisville, Kentucky
 MR. LEONARD F. BRASHEAR, Hyden, Kentucky
 MRS. THOMAS LAWRENCE BRUMMETT, Pine Bluff, Arkansas
 MRS. CHARLES WESLEY DEMPSTER, Chicago, Illinois
 DR. WILLIAM WALLACE DIMOCK, Lexington, Kentucky
 MR. HAROLD J. DUDLEY, Towson, Maryland
 DR. GAVIN FULTON, Louisville, Kentucky
 MISS EDITH M. HADLEY, New York City
 MRS. DAVID C. HANRAHAN, New York City
 MISS CARRIE L. HUNT, Lexington, Kentucky
 MISS FLORENCE M. JOHNSON, New York City
 MRS. MARIUS JOHNSTON, Lexington, Kentucky
 MRS. ERNEST C. KANZLER, Detroit, Michigan
 MRS. RALPH N. MAXSON, Lexington, Kentucky
 MR. PAUL RICHARD PARKS, Wooton, Kentucky
 MR. WILLIAM D. STIGER, Long Island, New York
 MISS TOMSON WHITNEY WEBB, Lexington, Kentucky

The author of *Creative Prayer* (E. Herman) called *The Supremacy of Man* “a unique treatise in what may be termed mystical eschatology—a classic in its own genre.” I got a copy from London twenty years ago and first read it then. During this past Lent I re-read it, and selected the lines with which this *In Memoriam* is prefaced.

One day not long ago I had an idle hour in the living room of Wendover Big House. From the bookshelves along the walls I pulled out Plato's *Republic*, and read over the passages I had marked when I was young. The lines that are quoted from Hesiod seemed to me to join themselves with Dr. Pulsford's lines in their awareness of the sympathetic companionship of the people we call dead.

But it is we who are less than alive, shadow-boxing in a phantom world. The Divine Grace, which alone sustains us, is mediated often through those friends of ours who have entered into Reality.

Miss Lucy M. Bayley of Rochester, New York, a Canadian by birth and a nurse by profession, spent herself in service to others, in this country and in France in the first World War. She loved and supported the Frontier Nursing Service from the time that she first learned about it. **Major Louie A. Beard**, one of our trustees, had such large interests that we cannot do more than touch upon his distinguished career. A West Point graduate, a great horseman, a great sportsman, a great worker in agricultural research, he was a man of such stature that the FNS was honored to hold his affection. **Mr. Walter K. Belknap**, the only surviving son of our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, and brother of our committee member, Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, was a friend of the Frontier Nursing Service. **Mr. Leonard F. Brashear**, the Executive Vice-President of the Hyden Citizens Bank, a man prominent in public affairs in our part of the world, was one of the best friends the FNS ever had. As a neighbor of our Hospital at Hyden, he often shared with us the dahlias of which he had a rare collection. His memory will flower always in our hearts.

Mrs. Thomas Lawrence Brummett of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the daughter of old friends of my father, I had known since her childhood. She supported generously the FNS almost from the time of its inception. In a letter I had from her before her death she wrote: "You do not know how often you are in my thoughts and prayers with love and sincere interest and concern. God bless you and keep you and all of your girls." **Mrs. Charles Wesley Dempster**, one of our trustees and a former chairman of our Chicago Committee, was another personal

friend of mine as well as a loyal friend to the FNS. It is hard for me to realize that her welcoming smiles will not greet me in Chicago ever again.

Of **Dr. William Wallace Dimock**, former head of the department of animal pathology at the University of Kentucky, it is hard to write without telling at length of his steadfast kindness to the Frontier Nursing Service and its animal kingdom. In the death of **Mr. Harold J. Dudley**, the Alpha Omicron Pi officer who is in closest touch with us, has lost the husband who sustained her in all of her public work. In the death of **Dr. Gavin Fulton**, a member of the FNS National Medical Council, the babies of Louisville and our mountain babies have lost an old friend.

Miss Edith M. Hadley was a member of the American Committee for Devastated France in the long ago. Like so many of the old "CARDS" she adopted the Frontier Nursing Service as a special charity and was generous to it always. **Mrs. David C. Hanrahan**, another woman who had come to care about us in the same way, gave royally towards our support. When she first read *Wide Neighborhoods*, she mailed a check to the FNS for \$5,000.00 because she liked the book. In **Miss Carrie L. Hunt**, my cousin, we have lost one whose affection for us goes back to our early beginnings.

The loss of **Miss Florence M. Johnson** is one of the hardest we have ever been called upon to sustain. A brilliant nurse, she was Dean of Nurses of the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross. For her work in the equipping of 10,000 American nurses, and transporting them to France and Germany during World War I, she received the Florence Nightingale medal of the International Red Cross—the highest honor in nursing. After the war years, Miss Johnson met the ships bringing hundreds of overseas nurses to these shores. Nearly every overseas nurse who came to the Frontier Nursing Service was greeted by this charming woman, in such a manner that she knew at once that America would be hospitable and kind. Our gratitude to Miss Johnson, and our affection for her, know no bounds.

Mrs. Marius Johnston, the wife of Dr. Johnston and the mother of our Blue Grass Chairman, Mrs. F. H. Wright, was an

old friend of the Frontier Nursing Service whose interest did not flag during her long illness. I shall always remember **Mrs. Ernest C. Kanzler** as I last saw her in her Grosse Pointe home, at a party she gave in January for the FNS. A charming hostess, truly kind in look and word, she was outgiving of herself. Since our early days (in 1928) **Mrs. Ralph N. Maxson** had been one of our most loyal friends. **Mr. William D. Stiger** was another friend whose support went back over a long period of time, and he has bequeathed us a substantial gift from his residuary estate. In the death of **Miss Tomson Whitney Webb** we have lately lost yet one more of our early friends in Lexington.

Of **Paul Richard Parks** of Wooton, Kentucky, I am writing last of all because he is the only one of those we have lost within the year who was young. On February 3, at the age of twenty-eight, he was killed by a fall of slate in a mine of which he was an engineer. Richard, a veteran of World War II, had escaped death in war, only to meet it here at home. He was the only surviving son of his mother, a widow. He has left a young widow and an infant son. We who were his neighbors and old family friends, have shared in the common grief of all his neighbors and friends, and of his kindred.

Our sympathy goes out to all the families of those whose deaths we in the Frontier Nursing Service feel deeply. Our prayer is that God may bless and comfort them every one, as indeed He will. And often He will do this through the spirits of those "which they have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Postscript

Fred Wharton Rankin, M.D.—a member of the Advisory Committee of the FNS National Medical Council—has just died, May 22, at his home in Lexington, Kentucky. The admiration one holds for men who are both great and good, is mingled with profound affection when one has had their friendship. Of Dr. Rankin's public career, and the honors showered upon him in peace and in two wars, there is no call for us to write. But none knew better than the Frontier Nursing Service how kind he was. The first patient we took to him—a young child needing surgery

—we carried 30 horseback miles to the railroad, and then down by train to Lexington. That was only the first.

We bid Fred Rankin farewell with saddened hearts, but with a full assurance that he will carry on in the world where he is now, and that we shall know him there. We may even be granted the high privilege of working with him again.

M. B.



SUZANNE KAY NIXON
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Nixon, Jr.
("Georgia" Nims)

THE STORY OF NURSING

by

BERTHA S. DODGE

Published by Little, Brown and Company

Mrs. Dodge has presented lucidly and interestingly the pioneers of nursing—Florence Nightingale, Linda Richards, and Clara Barton—followed later by such nurses as Lillian Wald and Mary Breckinridge, who opened up other fields in nursing. The chief characteristics of all these pioneers are, first of all, love of suffering mankind, the will and courage and zeal to get something done about it, plus a great deal of native intelligence and good family background. They seem to have lived and practised one of Carlyle's maxims, applicable in his time, and more so today in our era of over-specialization and academic theory: "As I grow older I believe in facts more and more and in theory less and less."

The necessity and value of better preparation of women for the nursing profession is of the utmost importance, or else how can the nurse keep up with medical science and the allied sciences? Mrs. Dodge's concept of the duties of the hospital nurse, the Public Health nurse, the Red Cross nurse, their opportunities, heartbreaks, and challenges, their relationships to one another and to their patients, is presented always with the patient as the end product of their efforts, aims, and cares rather than as a by-product.

Mrs. Dodge's *Story of Nursing* is ably and clearly told. She has presented nursing as an art rather than as a career reeling with its top-heavy burden of degrees and academic theory. Let us hope that more of the women who take up nursing will remain in the ranks of the bedside nurse. There they will always be able to serve their great art. So it seems that in their era of nursing—with so many skills to be learned and with the patient under the care of so many different categories of nurses, aides, technicians, et cetera—that we who are nurses must beware that we do not become skilled technicians of sorts, and forget that nursing is the greatest of all arts.

Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Kentucky had the honor of playing host to President Eisenhower on Friday, April 23. His plane landed at Fort Knox where he made an official inspection. From Fort Knox he drove to Hodgenville to the Lincoln Shrine where he spoke briefly. Luncheon was served him by the Hodgenville Woman's Club. The President was so delighted with a cheese pudding that he asked for a second helping, and for the recipe to take back to Mrs. Eisenhower. We have tried this cheese pudding at Wendover and think so well of it that we print the recipe elsewhere in this Bulletin.

After his drive back to Fort Knox the President went by plane to Lexington for the dedication of the Frances Carrick Thomas Library—built to house Transylvania College's rare manuscripts and papers as well as books. Mr. Eisenhower gave an informal address in honor of the 175th Convocation of the first college to be built west of the Appalachian mountains. His talk suited the theme of the Convocation: "Priorities in a Confused World." It was so fine that we have kept the complete text. Other speeches were by Dr. Colgate W. Darden, President of the University of Virginia, on "Priorities in Education" and Dr. Charles Allen Thomas, President of the Monsanto Chemical Company, and an alumnus, on "Priorities in Science." Dr. Frank A. Rose, President of Transylvania, planned a wonderfully complete program in honor of his ancient institution.

At the banquet on the Friday night the speaker was the French Ambassador, His Excellency Henri Bonnet. In his fine international address, he referred to the visit of Lafayette at Transylvania. In the course of the evening, awards with citations were presented to 29 Kentuckians for their usefulness to Kentucky in fields of public service. Our treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, and I were among those so honored. Among the others were several friends of the Frontier Nursing Service.

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Kentucky's State Health Commissioner, Bruce Underwood, M.D., became the first president of the American Association of Public Health Physicians at its organizational meeting in

Chicago on February 8. The group organized to provide "a greater degree of medical leadership in the national public health field."

Membership is limited to doctors of medicine who are full-time employees of local, state and federal public health agencies in the United States and its territories and who are members of the American Medical Association and the American Public Health Association.

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The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service held a big rummage party for the Bargain Box in the ex-members Squadron-A Armory in the early evening of March 5. It was an immense success. Lots of really valuable things were donated for sale in our behalf at the Bargain Box.

The Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service met for tea at "Oxmoor," the country place of its chairman, Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, on the afternoon of March 26, with two special features to delight the members and their friends. Our Chicago Chairman, Mrs. Kenneth Boyd, had sent down to Mrs. Bullitt her lovely colored moving pictures. We sent down from Wendenover Miss Eve Chetwynd, Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, to stay with Mrs. Belknap, attend this meeting, and talk on the Graduate School. Mrs. Bullitt's guests were delighted to get so much information about a branch of our work with which most of them were not familiar.

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On World Health Day, the Bob Hope Daytime Show chose me as woman of the week to represent "that vast army of women who are pioneers of health—the world's nurses." It was indeed an honor for "nurse Mary Breckinridge in Kentucky" to be chosen to represent the world's nurses, the more especially as my selection had been suggested to Mr. Hope by the Public Relations Unit of the American Nurses' Association. I was, therefore, the choice of nurses themselves. The facts in Mr. Hope's citation came from *Wide Neighborhoods* which he said was "as exciting to read as any fiction." We all are grateful to him for his courtesy and for an autographed picture of himself, which he sent us with a lovely note.

Among those who have written us that they have reviewed *Wide Neighborhoods* during the past few weeks are: Mrs. Lloyd E. Engel for the Everett Woman's Book Club, Everett, Washington; Miss Helen Ward for "Ladies of the Leaf," Ardmore, Oklahoma; Mrs. Charles H. Woods for the P.E.O. Sisterhood, Lincoln, Illinois; Mrs. Ruth S. Rainey for the Alabama Study Club, Camp Hill, Alabama; Mrs. Tracy L. Hamann (a personal friend since her girlhood) for her Mother Craft group at East Peoria, Illinois.

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The Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees, and the Committee Members, of the Frontier Nursing Service, takes place this year on Wednesday, May 26, at the Louisville, Kentucky Country Club. Members are invited to bring their friends, as all of you know who have received your cards of invitation two weeks in advance of the meeting.

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This spring issue of our Quarterly, like the winter one, has to be flung together after a trip beyond the mountains.

No words of mine could ever describe how grateful I am to the people who write me that they like this Bulletin and read it "from cover to cover." I could do a better job as its editor if I didn't have to rush at it.

This last trip of mine away from home has been rewarding in so many ways that I wish I could do justice to it. However, here goes.

TOWN AND TRAIN

On Friday, April 9 the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service held its spring meeting in a private dining room at the Pendennis Club in **Louisville**. I stayed with Mrs. Morris B. Belknap until Sunday afternoon, saw several Louisville friends, and went to Christ Church Cathedral with Mrs. Belknap Sunday morning. That afternoon I caught a train for **Philadelphia**.

My visit with our chairman there, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, and our former courier, Fanny, at their country place, was a joy. We had a meeting of the splendid Philadelphia Committee

as the luncheon guests of my young cousin, Mrs. Edward B. Hodge. There was such a large attendance that I had the opportunity of seeing many friends.

From Philadelphia I went to **Washington** to stay at the Sulgrave Club, where Mrs. Lawrence Groner put me up until Saturday afternoon, April 17. Luncheons and dinners with some of the people I know and like in Washington, and church on Good Friday, filled in the crevices of my time between two big engagements.

On Wednesday, April 14, our Washington Committee staged its huge luncheon meeting at the Terrace Banquet Room of the Shoreham Hotel. The setting was exquisite because Jefferson Patterson had sent flowers for every table. The crowd of women, and quite a lot of men, was distinguished and representative not only of Washington, but of the nation. Among those who came from other cities were our New York chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, our Delaware trustee, Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, and a member of the Foreign Study Club of Toledo—Mrs. Don C. Minick.

At the head table Lady Makins, wife of the British Ambassador, was our guest of honor. She sat at the right of Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (my young cousin Marvin) who presided over the meeting in a manner that filled me with family pride. Also at the head table were Mrs. Humphery, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, an old Frontier Nursing friend from Cleveland; Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Secretary of Defense; Mrs. Reid, wife of the Justice; Senator Cooper, Kentucky's junior senator, and Mrs. Clements, wife of the senior senator; Mrs. Wadsworth; Mrs. Paul, President of the National Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars; Miss Doran and Miss Taylor, representing nurses and the FNS Nursing Council; and Dr. Parks, representing physicians and the FNS National Medical Council.

To my left sat Mr. Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*. Marvin introduced him, and then he introduced me in words so affectionate and kind that my knees trembled when I stood up to speak.

After my talk the room was darkened for the showing of Marvin's moving picture taken nearly a quarter century ago—*The Forgotten Frontier*.

Although this luncheon was not a benefit, and people only paid the Shoreham Hotel bill, it was financially remunerative because 120 people sent \$2,022.00 in donations to our Washington treasurer, Mrs. John W. Herron.

Aristotle has been credited with the saying, "Gratitude is an aristocratic virtue." Whether he said it or not I don't know because I have never read Aristotle. But I do know that our sentiments toward the Washington Committee for this wonderful meeting are highly aristocratic.

We have the same sentiments for the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, at whose twenty-first annual meeting I spoke on Saturday, April 17, in the Chinese Room of the Mayflower Hotel. Their National President, Mrs. Joseph Barnett Paul, is one of the most exquisite women as well as one of the best presiding officers I have ever met. One lovely thing she did for this luncheon was to ask the FNS National Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, to introduce me. After that it was easy to stand up and speak before a group of women, many of whom I know personally, and almost all of whom I know through exchange of letters.

After I had spoken, a delightful thing happened. In the words of *The Washington Post*—"A little boy almost stole the show." Gene Buckle, aged four, son of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Buckle of Richmond, Virginia, and grandson of Mrs. V. Eugene Holcombe, State President of the Daughters in West Virginia, pulled a toy wagon between the tables in the Chinese Room straight down to the head table. In the wagon was a small trunk filled with baby clothes for the Frontier Nursing Service babies. Gene, an adorable child, smiled serenely as he presented the trunk to me.

My sister-in-law, Mrs. James C. Breckinridge, had come to Washington as the guest of old China friends (our former Ambassador, Nelson Johnson, and Mrs. Johnson) for both of the meetings. After the one at the Mayflower, she drove me down to the Shenandoah Valley where I stayed with her at "Flagstop" for Easter Sunday and Monday. Our Easter Service at the country church, filled with country flowers, was conducted by Bishop Strider.

Tuesday morning, April 20, I went to **Baltimore** to be the guest of Miss Anna D. Wolf, Director of the School of Nursing at Johns Hopkins Hospital, with whom I stayed until Wednesday evening. Rarely have I had a more delightful visit anywhere, and I have never had a more wonderful hostess. Miss Wolf, who met my train, took me to a guest room and bath next to her suite in Hampton House. Another guest of hers, who came later, was Lucille Knechtly (Thumper). She had attended the Washington meeting at the Shoreham, and then spent a long weekend with the Eric Johnsons (Clara-Louise Schiefer) and their two children on the eastern shore of Virginia.

Miss Wolf had several of her assistants to lunch with me in her private dining room on the Tuesday. Afterwards she, Dr. Russell Nelson, the hospital Director, and I talked with, and were photographed by, the press. Then I was given the rare luxury of a whole afternoon for rest.

That night Miss Wolf gave me a dinner in the private dining room of the hospital, to which she had invited more than twenty outstanding physicians (with their wives) and nurses, of Maryland and Baltimore. Among her guests she included several of the Alpha Omicron Pi Baltimore Chapter so that I could see something of these friends. But Mrs. Harold J. Dudley, National Vice-President, was able to look in on us for only a moment because of her husband's critical illness.

I wish there were time and space to name all of the people I met that night. After dinner, I spoke in Hurd Hall to what looked like a vast crowd of people. It was certainly one of the friendliest, most responsive audiences it has ever been my privilege to address. Our old friend, Dr. Nicholas J. Eastman, introduced me, and the Frontier Nursing Service, in words that seemed to come right from his heart. After I had finished speaking our old friend, Dr. John Bergland, bowed me off the rostrum in heart-warming words that went back to a family friendship of more than one generation. One of the FNS nurses, a Johns Hopkins graduate, Nancy Boyle, who was on the tag end of her holiday, attended this meeting. So, I asked her to get up and give an account of dramatic doings in which she had shared with her colleague, Mary Hewat, at the Possum Bend Nursing center. Miss Ethel Turner, a British nurse-midwife who

had been with the Frontier Nursing Service some twenty years ago, was also in the audience. She is now Superintendent of the Baltimore Instructive VNA. Nancy Kooser, my godchild, who is now at Goucher College, attended this meeting.

On the Wednesday Thumper and I went with Miss Wolf to lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Harry R. Slack in Guilford. My friendship with these two goes back to my earliest Baltimore visit, when I stayed with the late Mrs. John William McMillan, and first met Bessie Slack. After lunch we had our coffee on a terrace overlooking the garden, and chatted until it was time to return to Hampton House. There we had tea in Miss Wolf's living room. She had invited Miss Anna Mary Warder, her Assistant and Head of Obstetric and Gynecologic Nursing at the Johns Hopkins, to give me an opportunity of talking with her. Miss Warder had brought along two delightful young internes, so that our conversation tended to be on the professional side.

It is always hard to leave, but Thumper and I had to catch an evening train for **Cincinnati**. There Thumper visited Hazel Meyer, who, as our Quarterly Bulletin Secretary years ago, was one of the most efficient and well-liked members of the staff. I stayed with Mrs. Roger K. Rogan at **Glendale**. Then **Lexington** and the 175th Convocation of Transylvania College, with several parties thrown in. Then home.

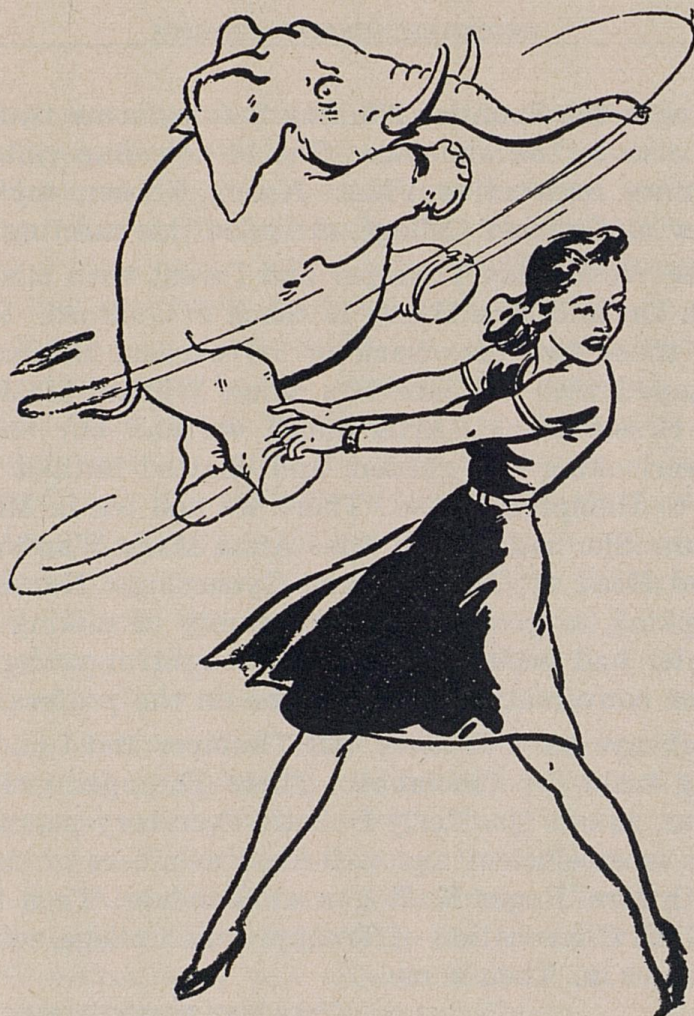
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

"MEDICINE'S THE GREAT THING"

The Professor examined the papers carefully. "The *Medicine's* the great thing, you know. The *Diseases* are much less important. You can keep a *Medicine*, for years and years: but nobody ever wants to keep a *Disease!*"

Sylvie and Bruno by Lewis Carroll

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1175 Third Avenue
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

The biggest event in the lives of this generation at Hyden took place on May third when the new courthouse was dedicated by Senator John Sherman Cooper. Despite a heavy rain, an enormous gathering of people came from all over Leslie County, from neighboring counties, and from other parts of Kentucky. County Judge Elmer Begley was master of the ceremonies, which included an invocation by the Reverend Elmer Sizemore, a flag raising by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, a flag ceremony by the Hyden Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts, and music by the Hazard High School band. The speaking was exceptionally fine. Judge Elmer Begley gave a history of Leslie County, starting back to when it was first made a county. Circuit Judge William Dixon gave a first-class talk in advance of introducing the guest speaker, Senator Cooper. The Honorable Flem D. Sampson, ex-governor of Kentucky, was called on for an impromptu talk, as were several others from among the guests, many of whom were introduced to the crowd.

Senator Cooper's talk began with the Magna Carta, and ended with Kentucky. He took justice as his theme, and spoke of its long, slow growth. In listening to him, one felt that the dedication of a courthouse had a secular significance not unlike the sacred significance in the dedication of a church.

The courthouse itself is so modern in style that one misses the steeple of the old one, which had seen its day, and had become unsafe for use. However, this modern style of courthouse allows for the airiest and most perfectly lit courtroom most of us have ever seen, and we are proud of it.

The FNS was proud, too, to have many of the distinguished guests, and our own officials, make a tour of Hyden Hospital in the afternoon, and then come to Wendover for tea.

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Whenever we want road improvements in here we start what Mrs. Breckinridge calls "a whispering campaign." The FNS and the citizens along Bullskin Creek in Clay County con-

ducted that kind of a campaign for years before we got results. And what results! The primitive stretch of trail that lay along the Clay-Leslie County line, and the two WPA roads that ran into it at each end, are being replaced by a splendid new road that gladdens the hearts of all those who have whispered! Now, even in the foulest weather, we have only 24 miles of jeep travel between Hyden Hospital and the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus on Bullskin.

We ask all of our readers to join us in a whispering campaign to get something done about the road between Hyden and Confluence—a gravel road heavily traveled by coal trucks. We have written the Commissioner of Highways, Mr. William P. Curlin, that we hope he will have this road oiled periodically in dry weather, pending the time when he has the money to black-top it. As matters stand, the dust is so awful that it constitutes a grave danger to motorists who often have to use headlights in the middle of the day. Apart from that, the road is a health menace. As Mrs. Breckinridge says, "One streptococcal throat spittle out of a coal truck cab on that road can infect everybody living on it, and everybody passing over it. This dreadful dust is blown everywhere, and nobody but God could possibly figure out how many germs it carries."

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The American Red Cross Bloodmobile came to Hyden again in April for a most successful visit. Leslie County more than reached its quota. One hundred and three pints of blood were taken from 130 potential donors.

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Mrs. Breckinridge had the honor of addressing students of the Leslie County High School at the banquet the juniors gave the seniors in Hyden on May 8. Her topic, "Cultivating Culture."

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"The young things" at Hyden Hospital formed a basketball team this spring, and called themselves The Hill Jills. In April the Junior Class of Hyden High School challenged them to a game in the school gym. The Hill Jills lost, but only by three points, and much fun was provided for players—and onlookers.

When Dr. Massie came up from Lexington for his 1954 spring surgical clinic, he brought with him three assistants: Dr. J. B. Holloway, Miss Louise Griggs, and Miss Betty Wilson. They were at Hyden Hospital from Wednesday morning, April 14, until Saturday morning, the 17th. They examined 50 patients, and did 17 major operations.

Our good friends at Mount Mary Hospital in Hazard again allowed us to go over and use their huge sterilizer (the small one at Hyden Hospital cannot possibly take care of surgical clinic needs.) Pauly Kennedy Keen came up from Lexington to help prepare for the clinic, and then helped in the operating room. She brought her young son along. He spent the days in his crib in Mrs. Vaughn's office, and was a delightful source of diversion for all the staff.

The group of Hyden women who not only furnished but came up and served sandwiches, milk and coffee to the patients (and relatives!) who had come on the Wednesday for examinations were: Mrs. Rex Farmer, Mrs. A. E. Cornett, Mrs. Mark Muncy, Mrs. Ernest Morgan, Mrs. J. B. Harry, Mrs. Carl Tincher, Mrs. P. P. Estridge, Mrs. Fred Brashear, Miss Imogene Brashear, Mrs. Otis Roberts, and Mrs. J. D. Begley.

To one and all who helped make this a most successful clinic, we say a heartfelt "thank you."

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In early April Dr. Zoeckler was called home to Rochester because of the illness of her mother. We are glad to report that Mrs. Zoeckler improved, and our doctor was able to return to Hyden in advance of Dr. Massie's clinic. Dr. Zoeckler hopes to bring her mother to live with her at Joy House, when she returns from her holiday in late June.

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Through the kindness of a member of our National Medical Council, Dr. John Parks, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the George Washington University School of Medicine, we have as a relief for Dr. Zoeckler's six weeks vacation, Dr. Donald Roger Whitehead. Dr. Whitehead is a resident on Dr. Parks' staff. He and Mrs. Whitehead have come to us in advance of Dr. Zoeckler's leaving so that the doctors will have a couple of days to overlap.

We welcome to our staff, as Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Miss Eileen Rayson who has come to us for two years from St. Luke's Maternity Hospital, Bradford, England. She, like Miss Eve Chetwynd whom she succeeds in the School, holds the Midwife Teachers Diploma of the Central Midwives Board of England, and is well qualified in every way for the post she has taken with us. We say goodbye to Miss Chetwynd not only with regret, but with gratitude to England for having loaned her to us for six months.

We welcome another British nurse-midwife, Miss Audrey C. Williams from Kent. At the moment Miss Williams is being orientated at Hyden Hospital.

We have welcomed back Florence Shade who has come to us for the summer months to relieve for vacations on the districts.

It was with much regret that we said goodbye to several of our valued staff members this spring. Betty Hillman (Hilly) left FNS in early April to accept a position as nurse with the Division of Public Health in the Province of Alberta. Another ex-staff member, Lydia Thompson, joined Hilly in this venture. Each of them has a rural district near Edmonton.

As this Bulletin goes to press we are saying goodbye to Barbara Yeich who, since January, 1953, has been one of the nurse-midwives stationed at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork. Georgia Hibberd, a graduate of the April, 1954 class in our School, is taking over Barbara's district.

At Hyden we have said goodbye to Darline Wilke and Eunice Ree. For the past year Darline has been Hyden district public health nurse, and Eunice a valued hospital nurse.

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The students of the twenty-eighth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (which began April 15) have come to us from all over. Three of them are from mission fields—Evelyn Nickerson from the Belgian Congo; Valborg Torkelson from South America; Myrtle E. Weeldreyer from Nigeria. Janet Reinbrecht of Pennsylvania is taking the course in preparation for a post in some foreign mission field. The other two members of the class, Josephine Sagebeer of Connecticut and Barbara

Otty of Quebec, Canada, are FNS scholarship students and will remain with us after graduation.

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The junior couriers who have been with us during the spring months are: Julia Davidson of Washington, D. C.; Barbara Clapp, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Constance Bicknell of Cleveland, Ohio. Kate Ireland, with her golden Labrador retriever Martini, came down from Cleveland for two weeks in April. Freddy Holdship of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, came in mid-April, and will stay until the end of May. Jean Hollins has just left for her annual summer visit with her family in New York. Katie will return, when Freddy leaves, to carry the work of Resident Courier while Jean is away.

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For the traditional Easter Egg Hunt at Wendover on the Saturday before Easter, Mrs. Breckinridge's hens provided (over and above the Wendover breakfast needs) 14 dozen eggs. "The young things" from Hyden Hospital staff came and helped "the young things" at Wendover color the eggs. Anne Cartmell was in charge. Barbara Clapp, dressed as the Easter Bunny, led the children to the knoll below Wendover Big House for the hunt. Then there were refreshments and games. Between 50 and 60 district children attended.

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The people on Olive Bunce's district at Bowlingtown decided she should have a new electric refrigerator to replace the old kerosene one that was showing signs of its years of faithful service at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center. So they held a box supper at the Gay's Creek schoolhouse. Not only did they raise enough money for a new refrigerator with a deep freeze unit, but there was money left over to apply on a new linoleum rug for the kitchen floor.

When Mr. Louis E. Hillenmeyer of Hillenmeyer Nurseries in Lexington learned that the snow storm on February 28 destroyed our "horse apple tree" by the Wendover barn, he did a very kind thing. He sent us not one but two young yellow delicious apple trees, and one of them is replacing the favorite that went down in the storm.

The Ladies Aid group of the Flat Creek Brethren Church, who meet each month, have made for our nurse-midwife at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center, two sets of saddlebag linings and several small cotton bags. Mrs. Henry Ledford, the secretary of the group, is the daughter of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mullins.

Mr. Roscoe Elam has given us a pair of new rubber boots for use in cleaning out cisterns here at Wendover. We ordered them, and he gave them to us. Very nice and useful.

Ninalei Bader and the citizens of the Jacks Creek area in Clay County are grateful indeed to Prim Edwards Bowling's mother-in-law, Mrs. Asher Bowling, for having given the FNS the use of a two-room building and some of its furnishings to use as an out-of-district clinic. The people in the area had a working to put the building in shape. Mrs. Asher Bowling, the Alfred Bowlings and Prim and Bobby Bowling cooked dinner for the workers.

The Wendover guest book has had seven pages of names added to it this spring. There have been former couriers—Kitty Palmer of California who had been visiting relatives and friends in the Blue Grass and came up to see us; Joan Henning and her friend, Bodley Stiles of Louisville. There were a group of Oberlin students who visited Anne Cartmell and "camped out" under Stable Rock above Hyden Hospital. There were a group of friends from Hazard who came to see us with Father Reimando of the Mother of Good Counsel Church. There were old staff members—Rose McNaught of New York, her first visit in years, and she could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the movie house and super market in Hyden; Theda Fetterman and her friend, Carmell Ambrose of Painesville, Ohio; Peggy Elmore and Mary Quarles who each have an apartment in Lexington, Kentucky, and who come up frequently for week-end visits. There were friends of couriers; friends and relatives of the staff—we wish we could write of them all.

Two special visits we must mention. In March Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Lingle of Cincinnati, Ohio, brought their daughter, Judy, down for an all-too-short visit with Agnes Lewis. Mrs. Lingle is Agnes' niece.

In May Mrs. Breckinridge—and the rest of us—had a rare treat. Her two cousins, Mr. Joseph and Mr. Waller Carson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, came to visit her, and were a delight to all.

In April Dr. and Mrs. Selim W. McArthur of Chicago visited us with their niece, Anne McArthur and a friend, Mrs. Emaline Burrows. Since his retirement the McArthurs have lived on a farm near Elkhart. Therefore, they were interested not only in our professional problems, but in the animal husbandry ones of the couriers as well!

We were also honored to have as our guest Mrs. Charles D. Toffemire, State President of the Missouri Daughters of Colonial Wars who came to us for a brief visit en route home from Washington, where she had attended the annual meeting of the National Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars.

Our foreign guests this spring have come from the Belgian Congo—Dr. and Mrs. William S. Hughlett, friends of Betty Bradbury; from England—Miss Barbara Harvey and her friend, Miss Pat MacDonald of Canada; from Costa Rica—Dr. Ines Jiminez who came to FNS through the Institute of Inter-American Affairs and Point IV; and from Belgium—Miss Huguette Merchiers. Miss Merchiers, sent to us through the American Nurses Association, is a Fulbright student, in this country to obtain additional experience in midwifery in preparation for a post in Turkey under the World Health Organization.

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District 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses held its first 1954 meeting at Haggin Quarters, Hyden Hospital, in March. Members were delighted to welcome Mrs. Cynthia Neel Warren, secretary of the State Association, as guest speaker. Mrs. Warren gave a most interesting talk on current events in the nursing world.

As we go to press District 13 has called a spring meeting at which it will be honored to have as guests Mrs. Myrtle Applegate of Louisville, Kentucky, Miss Janet Geister of Chicago, and Mrs. Linnie Laird of California. These great leaders in nursing will come to us from the biennial Convention of the American Nurses' Association. A most stimulating meeting is anticipated.

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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' examination of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to 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 gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE and sent either by parcel post to Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky, or by freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

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

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

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



MARY B. WILLEFORD MEMORIAL CLINIC
Stinnett, Leslie County, Ky.

Photograph by Henry Craig,
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