

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier-Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 21

SUMMER, 1945

NUMBER 1





"JANE"—OUR JEEP
(See Field Notes)

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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VOLUME 21

SUMMER, 1945

NUMBER 1

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THANKSGIVING DAY 1945 IN LONDON

All members of the Frontier Nursing Service staff, in or near London, are requested to meet in the foyer of the Regent Palace Hotel at 6:00 p. m. on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November the twenty-ninth. Please communicate with—

MISS NORA K. KELLY
The South London Hospital for Women
Clapham
London S. W. 4, England

. . . .

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are glad to express our thanks to *Scenic South* for permission to use the picture on our front cover, and to Mr. Earl Palmer of Middlesboro, Kentucky, who took the picture. We thank Mr. Palmer also for taking the picture on the inside front cover. We are grateful to Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (Marvin Breckinridge) for the picture of the Hyden Hospital on the inside back cover.

. . . .

NEW MEDICAL DIRECTOR

September 4, 1945—We are glad to announce that Dr. Henry S. Waters comes to us next week as our new Medical Director. Dr. Waters is a graduate in 1932 of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Between 1934 and 1941 he was the Director of a Mission Hospital of 95 beds and 20 bassinets in the Philippines. He was interned by the Japs and was released from Santa Tomas in February of this year. He has a wife and three children. More about him will come in the next Bulletin. This insertion goes down to our printer in Lexington with the corrected Bulletin proof sheets.

HIFNER AND FORTUNE
 CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
 145 EAST HIGH
 LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Trustees,
 Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,
 Lexington, Kentucky
 Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1945, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

Contributions and gifts, in cash, have been checked against the Treasurer's receipts and reports and traced into the bank.

Disbursements have been verified by means of canceled checks and supporting vouchers, and the bank accounts have been reconciled and found correct.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

An auditor's comments should usually be confined to such observations as are necessary to properly explain the exhibits and schedules. However, as this is the twentieth consecutive report we have made for the Frontier Nursing Service and its predecessor in name only, The Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, and as the current year is one of the most successful the organization has experienced, we deem it not inappropriate to call your attention briefly to the remarkable development of the organization.

Our first report covered the period from May 28, 1925, to April 30, 1926, and showed the following facts:

Revenue Receipts	\$9,712.00
Expenses Paid	6,622.92
Property Owned	3,996.18
Endowment	None
Money Borrowed	1,640.00

The report for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1945, compares with the first year as follows:

Revenue Receipts	\$136,152.12	Increase 14 fold
Expenses	118,002.02	Increase 18 fold

Property Owned 263,652.80 Increase 85 fold
 Endowment 421,976.49 Increase, entire
 Money Borrowed None Decrease, entire

During this twenty-year period, your income, endowment, and expenses were as below:

	Total	Average Per Annum
Revenue Receipts	\$2,069,137.30	\$103,456.86
Endowment Receipts	421,976.49	21,098.82
Total Receipts	\$2,491,113.79	\$124,555.69
Expenses	\$1,787,011.84	\$ 89,350.59

The Revenue Receipts of \$2,069,137.30 have been accounted for from year to year in the following manner:

Expenses Paid	\$1,787,011.84
Invested in Land, Buildings, Equipment and Live Stock	263,652.80
Cash, Unexpended April 30, 1945	18,472.66
Total	\$2,069,137.30

In looking over the list of contributors on our first report, we find the names of many persons who have made annual contributions throughout the twenty years. It seems to your auditors that the mere fact that this group, associated with others, has through the years contributed over two million dollars to enable the Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, through her intuitive knowledge and untiring zeal, to develop and bring to full fruition her idea of a distinctive service to mankind, and then has contributed over four hundred thousand dollars to perpetuate that service, constitutes a tribute that is reserved for very few, and an expression of faith that is extremely rare. That faith visualizes better minds in better bodies in the youth of the land who now defend us in the mountain passes of the Alps; the atolls of the Pacific; the jungles of many islands; and wherever ships sail the seven seas; and the youth of the land who will follow to preserve the peace that is to come.

Respectfully submitted,

HIFNER & FORTUNE

Certified Public Accountants

Lexington, Kentucky,
 May Twenty-fourth,
 Nineteen Forty-five.

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
May 1, 1944, to April 30, 1945

In May, 1945, we were twenty years old. We have lived to see the boy babies we brought into the world follow their country's flag in war. We have watched our girl babies grow up into womanhood, marry, and become mothers. We are caring for a second generation of motherhood and a second generation of children.

From the tiny beginning in an old house long since pulled down, in a rugged country where travel was by horseback for days in any direction, we have grown with the development of our territory into so stable an organization that we could open a field of training to prepare workers for frontier service in nine southern and western states, and in countries as far apart as Liberia and China. During the years in which the Frontier Nursing Service has been working and growing, among a people who are working and growing too, we have been caught in the mighty maelstrom of the great war. Without impairing the quality of our work, but under conditions of almost indescribable difficulty, we have given members of our staff for war service to every continent and many islands. We have kept our own field in operation by training new graduate nurses in our frontier technique and in midwifery, to replace those who had gone. This has meant a constant outgoing and incoming, and then outgoing again. That such a program has been possible of attainment is due to the quality of the staff of the Service and their willingness to take work like ours in the spirit of war service.

We now present the report of our twentieth fiscal year.

I
FISCAL REPORT

The fiscal statements in this annual report are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, which was duly made

by Hifner and Fortune, certified public accountants; and the figures in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Our receipts this year from all sources for running expenses, retirement of debt and new endowment were \$172,135.97 (Exhibit B of the audit). Of this total the sum of \$35,983.85 is new endowment. The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 3,922, the largest number we have ever had. Total gifts and contributions were \$98,650.31 (Schedule B-5 of the audit), inclusive of \$2,739.02 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and chapters for Social Service. Our investment income from endowment for the year was \$13,702.09. The grant of Federal scholarships for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was \$5,293.33 and the income from the Wendover Post Office was \$1,331.71. The Bargain Box revenue from the New York Committee and the revenue from the Benefits held by the New York and Washington Committees brought in \$7,222.76. The total receipts from medical, Hospital and nursing fees was \$8,350.57. These are the main sources of income for the past fiscal year (Schedule B-1 of the audit).

ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service at the close of the fiscal year are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby's Crib.....	5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby's Crib.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,118.87
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown	1,000.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,127.36
William Nelson Fant Jr. Memorial.....	77,159.43
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	300.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	3,250.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial Fund.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	5,000.00

Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....	12,120.00
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Total	\$421,976.49

CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks and petty cash funds was \$18,472.66.

INDEBTEDNESS

During the past fiscal year the Frontier Nursing Service was able to clear off the last \$5,000.00 from a total of \$50,000.00 loaned by its Trustees during 1930-1932, to enable the Service to tide over that difficult period. This was a very proper celebration of the completion of our twentieth year. We now have no general indebtedness whatever, but we still owe certain older members of the old staff the sum of \$14,312.42, representing the amount, on a two-thirds basis, of unpaid salaries, voluntarily loaned the Service, during the same years of adjustment and reduction. A part of such endowment income as is unrestricted is devoted to lifting this indebtedness each year.

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$263,652.80, all without lien.

INVENTORY

An inventory is taken every spring of the property of the Service. Among its major holdings are the following:

Hyden

(See Picture Inside Back Cover)

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and a frame Annex, Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cot-

tage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; two water tanks; two tenants' cottages; and outbuildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forage, engine house, fire hose house, and the Wee Stone House.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Old House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"); the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and the Lower Shelf; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the heifer barn, horse hospital barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, engine house, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

Georgia Wright Clearing

A caretaker's cottage and barns; extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade.

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

Frame building and oak barn; water tank and engine house; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

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

Frame building and oak barn; pump and tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens; deep well.

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

Log building and oak barn; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

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

Frame building and oak barn; tank and fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

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

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

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

Frame building and oak barn; tank; fire hose house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Subsidiary Clinics

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

Livestock

Twenty-eight horses; two mules; one filly; fourteen cows; three heifers; three calves; over five hundred chickens; pigs.

Equipment

Equipment includes: two old Model A Ford cars for district use; one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; one new half-ton truck; two old Chevrolets; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishings in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

II

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

Two years ago the Frontier Nursing Service reported that its Medical Director for the past twelve years, Dr. John H. Kooser, would be leaving us during the summer for the Navy and that we would have facing us the problem of finding his successor. Dr. James M. Fraser took over in August, 1943. He is leaving us this August for a private practice where he can specialize in obstetrics. Thus, at the close of the fiscal year, we again found ourselves facing the problem of locating a Medical Director. It may be necessary to fill in on an interim basis with first one doctor and then another until there is a return to civilian life of a considerable number of the physicians now in the Armed Forces. It may also be necessary to carry on for weeks

at a time with no Medical Director. At no time have we been able to get any physician to relieve for Dr. Fraser's vacations.

It is possible for the Frontier Nursing Service to carry on for a brief period of time without a Medical Director only because Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard and his assistant, Dr. C. S. Jackson, not only carry our major surgery in ordinary times, but stand by to help us when we are without any doctor at all. Dr. Collins gives emergency orders for injured and gun-shot and acutely ill patients and allows us to relay, in our station-wagon-ambulance, such patients to his mining hospital at Hazard. For complicated obstetrical cases taken into our own Hospital in Hyden, he comes over to us at any hour of the day or night, in all weathers, and with no cost to us. Because of the shortage of physicians in the mining areas around Hazard he and Dr. Jackson are burdened beyond words with their own practice, and their obligations to their mining patients. Even so, they never fail the Frontier Nursing Service, and only we know at what terrific cost to themselves.

Dr. Francis Massie came up from Lexington in May, 1944, for the surgical clinic he gives the Frontier Nursing Service each year. He performed 13 terribly needed operations. We want to add as a foot-note to the Annual Report, that he was with us again from May 16th to 19th, 1945, with his assistant, Dr. Todd, his anesthetist and two nurses. They, with the help of our own Medical Director and staff examined 116 patients and Dr. Massie performed 18 operations. Dr. Massie calls these gift-visits to the Frontier Nursing Service a holiday!

We are grateful to Dr. H. H. Caffee of the Oneida Hospital for coming to our Hospital to do complicated and operative obstetrics, and for his help on more than one occasion to the nurses at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus in Clay County.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was occupied 5,200 days last year by 549 patients with a daily average of 14.2 patients. Of these patients, 330 were adults, including 220 obstetrical patients, 66 were children and 153 were newborn. There were 14 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of

which eight were newborn and none were obstetrical. Fifty-seven operations were performed. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital there was a total of 5,124 visits received during the past fiscal year.

DISTRICTS

In the 13 districts carried by the Frontier Nursing Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and 7 outpost centers, we attended 7,796 people in 1,663 families. Of these 4,385 were children, including 2,010 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 17,648 visits and received 17,197 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Included in this figure are 5,124 visits at the Medical Director's clinic in Hyden. During the year 152 field clinics were held with an attendance of 4,468 people. Bedside nursing care was given to 522 sick people in their homes of whom 19 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 6,946 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 1,723 specimens for analysis.

This part of our report has reference to general district nursing only and does not include the midwifery carried day and night by the nurse-midwives along with their district nursing. The figures for midwifery are covered under the following section.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the student midwives of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) delivered 362 women in childbirth, including 2 miscarriages, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Exclusive of the miscarriages there were 357 live births and 5 stillbirths. There were 2 deliveries of twins. There were 326 new cases admitted and 381 closed after postpartum care. There were no maternal deaths.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the nurse-midwives and midwifery students of the Graduate School were called in for 9 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in

8 live births and 1 stillbirth; for 13 emergency miscarriages (6 early and 7 late); and for postpartum care to 9 other mothers. There were no maternal deaths.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 139 women in the group of cases outside the area covered by the Frontier Nursing Service. However, as these cases either come into district, or into the Hospital at Hyden, before delivery and receive the same prenatal care as regular in-district cases, the new policy is to transfer these outside cases from outside to regular, when they come into a district or into the Hospital.

Of the 139 outside cases registered, and given prenatal care, 47 did not come into the Frontier Nursing Service for delivery. The remaining number, 92, were delivered by the Frontier Nursing Service and the figures are carried under regular deliveries.

In all categories of women attended in childbirth there were 384 deliveries. This makes a drop of 23 patients from last year when we delivered 407 women. Even so, we have brought more babies into the world during the year than there were days in the year; but the absence of fathers, long overseas, is reflected in our total figures.

THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The School has during the year graduated ten registered nurses in midwifery. These include one from Arkansas, one from Louisiana, and one from South Carolina. These three returned to their own states to work under their State Boards of Health. Of the five nurses remaining with the Frontier Nursing Service to work as nurse-midwives, two came from New York, the others from California, Pennsylvania, and Texas. The other two graduates were missionaries, one of whom is now in Alaska and the other has returned to her mission field in Liberia, Africa. There are at present three other students halfway through the midwifery course. These include one home missionary from Kentucky, one foreign missionary, and one who is preparing for the foreign mission field. Three additional students were enrolled for this class but due to the shortage of nurses everywhere they were unable to take the six months' leave of absence from their posts.

CADETS

The Frontier Nursing Service continued the training of cadets from the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in remotely rural nursing, under the terms of the Bolton Act. The first four cadets we had taken completed their training with us, were graduated from the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and passed their State Board Examinations. After that the Misses Cyr and Alexander joined the Army Nurse Corps while the Misses Bloomer and Chapman entered the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, completed the course, passed their examinations, and are now members of our staff. Two more cadets, the Misses Bertholf and Boyer, came to us for the six months' training. Upon its completion they were graduated from Johns Hopkins Hospital, Miss Boyer married a missionary with whom she expects to go to China, and Miss Bertholf took a post at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. We have now arranged to take two cadets this coming winter from the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. Like the Johns Hopkins cadets, these two will have had a preliminary period of instruction in a visiting nursing association before they come to us.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

The Social Service Department gave care to 9 dependent or semi-dependent children during the past year. They were placed as follows:

5 in private homes in the mountains
4 at Houston School

Numbers of dependent children were eligible during the past year under the Aid to Dependent Children's Act and needed small funds, or none, from the Social Service Department, but the Social Service Secretary cooperated with the welfare workers in the counties in connection with them. Other children who needed aid received it through allotments from their soldier fathers, but Social Service time in a number of cases was given in connection with these children, particularly with some who are motherless.

Social Service gave intensive care to 15 families (widows and bed-ridden fathers) and, through the generosity of a Chicago trustee, gave garden seed, seed potatoes and potato grower, onion sets, sweet potato slips, and so forth, to 12 of these fam-

ilies. The Social Service Secretary had the assistance of the County Agricultural Agent in the selection of these supplies. Two of these families had tuberculosis patients who were receiving special care from the nurses under the supervision of the Medical Director.

The Social Service Secretary acted as the agent for a family receiving state and county "Idiots' Claim."

The Social Service Department received and distributed hundreds of articles of clothing and hundreds of books and gave food and other assistance.

The Social Service Secretary took 87 patients to dentists and oculists in Hazard and paid the charges, which were refunded later by such of the patients as could meet them through work or produce.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad issued 42 passes to the Social Service Department for patients and attendants taken out on this railroad for medical and hospital care in Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 89 overnight guests a total of 281 days and 185 guests for a total of 476 meals only. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends. No exact record has been kept of the guests at the Hyden Hospital and six outpost centers.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-five couriers and other volunteer workers worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1,703 days. Five of these volunteers worked as Nurse's Aides at the Hospital a total of 197 days. During the time the volunteers were with the Service, they lived at Wendover, Hyden and the outpost centers.

CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys, fruit and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas and clothing to those that needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus and Christmas carols.

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

There are now nearly 4,000 subscribers to the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, including a number of city, university and hospital training school libraries in areas as far apart as Boulder, Colorado, and Nova Scotia. The Bulletin is published in conformity with Government wartime regulations and its exact tonnage annually is set by the War Production Board. We are deeply grateful to hundreds of our subscribers for the letters they have written us expressing their interest in the Bulletin. The subscription price of \$1.00 annually covers the cost of printing and illustrating the Bulletin, and mailing it to all subscribers, with second-class mailing privileges—in fact there is a small surplus.

III

BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1945-1946

The budget for the current fiscal year, voted on and passed by the Executive Committee and the Board of Trustees at their Twenty-first Annual Meeting in Lexington, Kentucky on May 30, 1945, is again set at \$109,000.00. We are glad to find that we have not had to increase the budget; but the sum allowed for Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements will not cover all that will be needed to keep in reasonably good condition our many and widely scattered properties. It is our custom in our Spring Bulletin each year to list the major repairs and replacements and ask for special money with which to handle them. To the extent to which we get this money we carry on with the repairs. Replacements must be met even if we have to borrow the money, because it is not possible to do our work without replacing worn-out tools, instruments, engines and horses and cows.

The heaviest item in our Budget as listed is for salaries, and yet no one in the Frontier Nursing Service, except the Medical Director, gets more than \$135.00 a month out of which each member of the staff pays her own living expenses. There is hardly anyone on the staff who is not worth double the money; but it is a large staff (although not large enough since the beginning of the war) and the sum total of all the salaries makes a large figure. The budget follows in detail:

Field Salaries	\$ 59,000.00
Field Expenses (General):	
1. Dispensary and Hospital supplies, freight and hauling, car expenses and gasoline, laundry, fuel, etc.)	18,350.00
2. Bulletin, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, advertising, telephone and telegraph, office supplies, etc	8,000.00
Feed, Care and Purchase of Horses.....	9,000.00
Social Service Department.....	3,000.00
Repayment of Borrowed Money.....	1,000.00
Insurance (Fire, Employer's Liability, insurance on four cars, a station wagon and a truck).....	2,600.00
Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements.....	3,850.00
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (Scholarships only)	3,200.00
Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses (Invitations, stamps, petty cash sent to outside city committees for annual meetings and benefits, etc.).....	1,000.00
	<u>\$109,000.00</u>

IV TWENTY-YEAR TOTALS

It will be of interest to our members to read a few totals covering the whole twenty-year period of our work.

Patients registered from the beginning.....	27,397
Babies and toddlers.....	11,456
School children	5,902
Total children	<u>17,358</u>
Adults	10,039
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	5,963
Inoculations—Total	136,604
Typhoid	96,590
T.A.T. or Toxoid.....	22,956
Other	17,058
Nursing visits paid in homes.....	363,432
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' regular clinics.....	336,205
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' special clinics*.....	98,457
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital**.....	7,277
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital**.....	71,896

CONCLUSION

This is a long report, but we feel it is due the friends of the Frontier Nursing Service to tell them as fully as possible what has been done with their money.

* These include clinics held by visiting physicians in gynecology; neurology; eye, ear, nose and throat; tracoma; orthopedics; pediatrics; helminthology (worms, including hook worm); and pellagra.

** For 16 years and 6 months. The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

We trust this will be the last full fiscal year we shall ever have to carry through under the strains and stresses of war. It is not possible at the present time to plan far ahead, but we want to state two things:

First, when building operations are possible again, we must increase the size of our hospital plant. The most needed building is a residence for the nurses. If we can get them out of the Hyden Hospital we will be able to utilize the space they vacate to double our hospital bed capacity. Ours is the only hospital in this vast mountain area which gives free care to children, and we have not the space to take in all the children who need to come. Since the children matter more than all the world beside, and since their fathers and mothers matter too, we must find a way to enlarge our accommodations.

Second, we must continue to build up our endowments. Since the close of our fiscal year, and therefore not included in this report, we have received a second gift of \$5,000.00 from Mrs. Morris B. Belknap of Louisville and a \$5,000.00 legacy under the will of the late Miss Elizabeth Agnes Alexander of New York. We hope by the close of this fiscal year that our endowments will have reached the \$500,000.00 mark which they are nearing. Endowments, wisely and conservatively invested, are the foundation of a philanthropy; and the income from them continues the work of beneficent and kindly people throughout the years to come.

So long as the race survives, there will be birth and death with the need of medical and nursing care. So long as the world harbors children there will be the need of medical and nursing protection for them. The Frontier Nursing Service not only meets these needs in its own mountain territory, but also through the workers it trains in frontier skills, the Service reaches thousands of children and their mothers scattered over the globe—thousands none of us shall ever see. Like the ripples from the stone cast into a pool is our endowment income—with its outgoing and ever-widening beneficence.

We submit this report with our very grateful regards.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman
C. N. MANNING, Treasurer
MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

THE NICKEL

By

JANE RAINEY, R.N., C.M.

It was corn husking time on Bull Creek—I remember the season because the man said he “jarbed” a husk in his eye.



Clinic was full. One likes to remember such days—the big clinic at the little far-off places. . . . Sizerock, Grassy, Hell-fer-Sartin, Bull Creek, Essie. Well, the school is across the creek from this one, and at dinner time the kids came over for this and that, mostly to be weighed. This time, though, there were five youngsters sitting around the porch edge, each with a basin or pan of soap and water, absorbed

in their task of washing clean the numerous sores on legs and ankles that children always have at the end of summer. A few others stood around the yard watching. Inside, two prenats awaited their turn. One had a year-old baby on her lap, and a two-and-a-half year-old played near the other. Aunt Cindy, aged 80, rocked back and forth on a straight chair. Each time the clinic shuddered in anguish at the impact of chair and floor. She was “nussin”



Tishabell's least-one while Tish got doctored for the "pisin." Aunt Cindy wanted her "shot." She always walks the five miles over the hill from out of district every year for it. "Why, hit holps th' rheumatiz a sight," she tells the others sitting around.

I kept going out to see how the kids were progressing with their own treatments, and getting the others tended to in turn. Babies were weighed; diets discussed; a diphtheria and pertussis combined vaccine was given and date to return stressed; the prenatales and their always-important visits could not be neglected on any point.

Onto this scene came the man. His eye was swollen and a tear trickled down his cheek. Said he'd "jarbed a husk in hit, and hit mighty nigh put hit out." I examined it closely but couldn't see anything but an inflamed cornea. A drop of argyrol seemed to soothe it, and, at his urgent request, I put a bit of patch over it. Mute evidence, maybe? I urged him to go out to the eye-doctor if it wasn't a great deal better tomorrow.

"I aimed to pay ye, but I've got nary a bit o' change."

When I asked where he lived, as he was a stranger to me, he named a creek way out of district. So I told him he could bring a nickel some time when he was by this way. "Well," was his reply—and that's that, I thought, and promptly forgot all about it.

We would have to hustle now; the school bell would ring soon and these kids had to be fixed first. "White salve," the wonder cure, and a bandage would do the trick. They really had done a good job with their soap and water. Soon another clinic would be done, things straightened up in the little clinic hut, and doors and windows locked until next week.

FIVE MONTHS LATER

I was walking through the snow in a snow suit with a red hood on, which nearly covered my face. My friend and I were



on a strange creek many miles from F.N.S. boundaries. As we passed a barn, we noticed a group of men shoeing a mule. "Least wise" one was working, the others were "sittin' roun' helping." Suddenly one of the men got up and called when we'd nearly gone by, "Ain't you the nurse what I owed that nickel to?" Never saw the man before, I thought to myself.

"No," I answered. "I don't think I'm the nurse you are looking for. I don't remember you owing me anything."

"Yes, ma'am, you are the very one—I don't forgit a face. Here's your nickel."

"Tell me what I did that you owe me a nickel for."

"Well—if hit warn't for you I'd be blind now I know," he replied. "Last fall you fixed my eye up at your clinic, over the hill thar, an' hit's plum well now."

"I certainly do thank you for this nickel."

"Well—'taint nothin'. Better stop an' warm."

"We better go on."

"Well . . ."

"Well . . . good-bye." I clutched the precious nickel and remembered that clinic day, the kids and the man.



COMMISSION WEIGHS PLEA OF NURSING SERVICE FOR PHONE IN ISOLATED LESLIE COUNTY AREA

By **ALLAN M. TROUT**

The Courier-Journal Frankfort Bureau

Frankfort, Ky., July 11.—The Public Service Commission today turned from the comparative simplicity of utility empires and tried to reconcile the cost of one telephone with the impoverished economy of the isolated mountain community between Possum Bend and Bowlingtown in Leslie County.

Commissioners Thomas B. McGregor, J. J. Greenleaf and Charles E. Whittle gave solemn attention and asked sympathetic questions as the two contending witnesses tied a Gordian knot from the imperative need for a telephone, on one hand, and the inexorable limits of a dollar, on the other.

Commission Weighs Case.

The commission thanked the litigants, frankly confessed it had no ready judgment, then retired to chambers to search the abstractions of justice for equal shares to give to both sides.

The case for the telephone was presented by Miss Minnie Grove, Lexington, representing Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, director of the internationally famous Frontier Nursing Service in Leslie County and environs.

The case against the telephone was presented by Otis Roberts, manager and part owner of the Leslie County Telephone Company, whose father, Will Roberts, built the first line in Leslie County in 1906.

Miss Grove testified first. She reminded the commission the Frontier Nursing Service practices midwifery among poor mothers in isolated mountain sections; that it maintains an 18-bed hospital at Hyden and nursing centers in various parts of the county.

Possum Bend Has Phone.

One of the nursing centers is at Possum Bend. It is connected with Hyden by telephone. Twelve miles beyond is another center at Bowlingtown. From 1930 until the fall of 1944, there was a line from Bowlingtown to Possum Bend, and thence to Hyden. But the line went into disrepair and the center at Bowlingtown now has no telephone.

If there was a good road between the two centers, Miss Grove continued, a courier could motor from Bowlingtown to Possum Bend, telephone Hyden for medical help, and be back at Bowlingtown within half hour.

Willing to Donate Wire.

But only a trail connects the two centers, and it requires four hours to traverse on horseback. Suppose, Miss Grove continued, a mother in childbirth at the Bowlingtown center desperately needed the physician at Hyden. It would require four hours to get to the telephone at Possum Bend, and four more hours for the physician to arrive even after he reaches Possum Bend. In cases of life and death, Miss Grove reminded the commission, the more than eight hours is unduly long.

The witness said Mrs. Breckinridge is willing to donate the wire if the Leslie County Telephone Company will restore the line between Possum Bend and Bowlingtown.

Roberts next took the stand. He said he is sympathetic with the Frontier Nursing Service and at all times is willing to do everything he can to help it. He said there is no doubt but that the nursing center at Bowlingtown needs a telephone, and badly at that.

But the line, he said, was built by his father 35 years ago. The wire had disintegrated into rust, the trees it once was nailed to have

been logged away, and poles have rotted out and been reset so many times they are no higher than a man's waist in lots of places.

Losses Are Reported.

Roberts said his company has got 85 subscribers who pay gross income of around \$225 a month, adding that he is in debt and losing money every day of the year. Roberts said he has been trying to sell the system; that he made the Ashland Home Telephone Company, Hazard, an offer to sell, but it didn't even answer his letter. He said the Southern Bell sent an agent to look at his system, but that the agent left and never was heard from again.

Even if Mrs. Breckinridge gave him the wire, Roberts said, there are not enough trees or fence posts to string it on between Possum Bend and Bowlingtown, because that country has been logged out. He would have to buy \$1,000 worth of poles, and pay labor costs of \$2,000 to set them. Because the country between Possum Bend and Bowlingtown is so poor, Roberts

said, \$30 a year from the Bowlingtown center is all the revenue he could reasonably expect. Thus it would take him 100 years to recover his capital outlay of \$3,000 at the rate of \$30 a year.

Upkeep Cost Is Cited.

Nor is that all, Roberts continued. The line from Possum Bend to Bowlingtown follows a trail traversable only by foot or horseback. It would require two days to service the line by foot, possibly less by horseback. But just one repair trip a year, he said, would cost him more than the \$30 a year the nursing center would pay for the service.

As he sees it, Roberts said, the only way out for Mrs. Breckinridge is to tie in with the fire alarm system maintained by the National Forest Service. He suggested line construction that would take the Bowlingtown center through a personal switch in the home of Will Gay, thence by private line to Brutus, on Bullskin Creek, thence by Forest Service line to Red Bird, thence back to Hyden.

WHY NOT RADIO COMMUNICATION FOR BOWLINGTOWN?

When Mr. J. L. Galloway of the Ford Motor Company, Peabody, Kentucky, read the above article in the Louisville Courier-Journal, he got in touch with us and asked why we didn't try to solve the Bowlingtown Nursing Center communication problem by radio transmission between the Bowlingtown Center (in Perry County) and the Possum Bend Center at Confluence (in Leslie County), where there is a telephone connection of sorts.

We abandoned the idea of trying to re-establish telephone connection between Confluence and Bowlingtown after a meeting on August 7th at the Ashland Home Telephone Company office in Hazard, Kentucky, called for us by Mr. P. H. Hyden, Secretary of the Public Service Commission of Kentucky. This meeting was attended by five leading telephone managers and supervisors representing three telephone companies. All of these gentlemen

gave their time to discuss with Miss Lewis and the Director the problem of connecting Bowlingtown by telephone with either Confluence or with the nearest point on the L. & N. Railroad (in another direction) and so on to Hyden via Hazard. These executives said that the cost would be prohibitive for them, much as they would like to be of help to us. They said that in their opinion radio transmission was the only solution.

The distance between Bowlingtown and Confluence by horseback is some ten or twelve miles, part of it being a dirt road and part of it only a rough trail. One river has to be forded and one mountain has to be crossed. Mr. Galloway, who has flown his own plane from above Bowlingtown to above Possum Bend at Confluence, gives us the following information:

1. True Course—Confluence Center to Bowlingtown Center is 292 degrees and 30 minutes.
2. Reciprocal True Course—Bowlingtown to Confluence Center is 112 degrees and 30 minutes.
3. Air Line Distance from Confluence Center to Bowlingtown Center is 4.31 miles.

Mr. Galloway is so kind as to give us additional data of a highly technical nature to enable the Federal Government "to spot and determine a 'fix' on the location." These additional data give the information that from Hyden, Kentucky, where our Hospital is located and where our Medical Director lives, to Bowlingtown Center "the True Course is 334 degrees and 5 minutes, and the distance is 9.94 miles, air line."

Naturally it would be more rational to arrange radio communication direct between the Bowlingtown Nursing Center and the Hyden Medical Center, if it were possible to get powerful enough transmission. However, this course is complicated by a range of mountains instead of only one mountain. We figure that the trip from Bowlingtown to Elk Creek, up Elk Creek and along the ridge, and then down to Hyden Hospital by way of Bull Creek and Thousandsticks, must be at least twenty-four miles. It involves a good six hours' travel by horseback—the only way in which the course is covered on the ground.

We have been in correspondence with four reliable manufacturing companies of radio transmission battery sets, which are the only kind we can use between Bowlingtown and Possum Bend at Confluence as there is no electricity at either of these

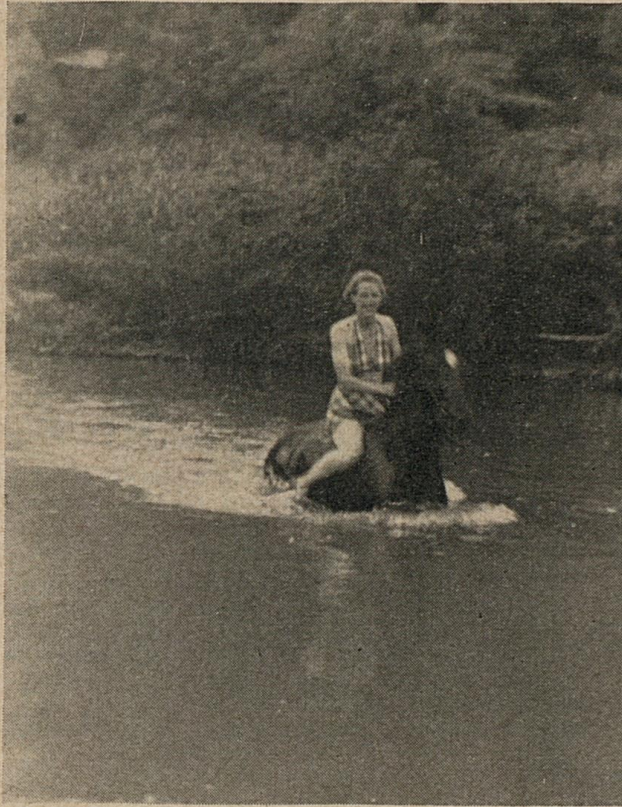
centers. For no more money than it would cost us to donate the telephone wire between Confluence and Bowlingtown we could buy two radio transmission battery sets and put one in each of these centers. Calls from the Bowlingtown nurse for our doctor, and such calls are pitifully urgent at times, could be taken by the Confluence nurses and transmitted to Hyden by telephone, if the line were up and the connection clear, which is usually the case. However, there are times when this line is down or the connection is blurry and, therefore, a direct communication by radio with Hyden would be better if it were possible. Since Hyden has electricity such a connection would involve one battery set at Bowlingtown and an electrically operated set at Hyden.

It is our intention to put in an application to the Federal Trade Commission—the chairman is Paul Porter, formerly with the Lexington Herald and an old friend of ours—for a license to operate radio transmission from Bowlingtown either to Confluence or to Hyden. But what kind of transmission do we want? The information given us indicates that it is going to be a real problem to transmit air power through mountains. We doubt if police radio equipment would do it, or whether the ordinary Walkie-Talkie would do it. The radio transmitters used by aircraft are better bets. Transmission radio telephone marine equipment (suggested by Jim Breckinridge, a Lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps, who has just been to see us on leave) seems to cover a greater distance, but it is questionable whether marine equipment can penetrate intervening hills. There is a paucity of mountains between a ship and a near-by shore.

The correspondence we have had with the various manufacturers of radio equipment is so highly technical that we cannot understand it. One thing only is clear in all of the letters and that is the interest of each of these firms in our problem and their desire to help us to solve it. Once again, as so often, we are impressed by the kindness of people.

We have gone into so much detail about this problem because we hope that some of you will have the technical information with which to help us. We just don't feel we can cope with another winter without means of communication between the Bowlingtown nurse and the doctor. That last critically ill

mother on Elk, whom we barely pulled through after eight hours in getting medical aid, brings home to us once too often the fact that communication may mean life instead of death.



FANNY McILVAIN
(Philadelphia Courier)

Bathing "Erin" in the Confluence Ford of the
Middlefork of the Kentucky River.

THIS MAN'S WORLD

By PAUL GALLICO

There is a war story that I cannot get out of my head. It keeps singing there, for it is poetry and music and light and all that is noble and good in man.

I read it in the newspapers some months ago and I cannot even remember the names of the two men involved in their moment of superb and immortal beauty. The story was on an inside page and no more than a few paragraphs.

It had to do with a Flying Fortress that got into trouble over the target in Germany. Flak and fighters got her and she commenced to burn. The captain ordered the living to bail out, and one by one they cleared from the doors and hatches.

Now this story was reported by the last man but two to leave the dying ship. It seems that the kid in the turret had been wounded, but worse, the mechanism of the turret had jammed and it was impossible to get him out. He was hurt. He was trapped. He was only seconds away from the end of a life yet un-lived. Before God and man he was in mortal fear.

One hand emerged from the space in the ball turret, the fingers clutching pitifully, a shoulder and part of the boy's head visible.

So there were three men left on the burning ship, the screaming boy in the turret, the man at the door, his hand on the trip cord ready to take the dive to safety, and another, a gunnery sergeant who was waiting his turn to go. It is this gunnery sergeant who gave rise to the music that should ring in all men's hearts.

For the man at the door heard two sentences spoken before he hurtled into space. The trapped, wounded boy cried, "Don't leave me. Don't leave me alone here."

And the gunnery sergeant, the chute harnessed to his back, all the instincts to survive, to live that life storming in his breast, took the hand of the frightened boy in his and held it fast.

And the last thing the escaping crewman heard as he dove was the gunnery sergeant saying, "Take it easy kid . . . I'll take this ride down with you."

The flyer's chute budgeoned and he swung safely from it. He looked up, but no other chute blossomed to follow his. He saw only, tumbling out of the sky, the flaming Fortress, falling first lazily, then in grim and ever tightening circles, carrying to oblivion the boy who could not leave and the man who chose to keep him company so that he need not spend those final terrible moments alone.

"I'll take this ride down with you . . ."

Rough, shaggy, hard boiled. Exquisitely tender, moving and superbly beautiful.

How empty are the spoken phrases of love against this human deed of love and pity for a fellow human. They were shipmates, these two, and they must have been friends. They had lived together, and, a faint, whispering sigh, lost in the screaming storm of war, they died together.

Surely, if there is anything left of the love and the spirit of Christ abroad in this flaming bitter world, a part of Him was in that dying ship above the clouds.

He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," clasped a frightened, lonely child's hand and said likewise, "I'll take this ride down with you . . ."

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OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Elinor Butt, Bennington College, Bennington,
Vermont—May 29, 1945**

It is with a mixture of feelings that I send you word that I have been accepted at the veterinary school at Pennsylvania for next fall, which of course means that I won't be able to get down to good old Wendover for the January-February term. I am both glad and sorry—sorry to miss another courier period, but glad that I am really to get into veterinary medicine.

.
**From Private Nancy R. Hillis, Fifth WAC Hospital, Tilton
General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey—June 11, 1945**

I'm working as a medical technician, which means nursing really, in Tilton General Hospital here at Fort Dix and I love it. The boys are wonderful—their morale is marvelous. We work twelve hours but are so busy it doesn't seem that long. For the past two months I have been working nights and "floating" to wards where a WAC or ward boy has a night off. I've done and seen things I never dreamed I would do. Except for the dizzy hours (from 7:00 a. m. to 7:00 p. m.) I love the work.

.
**From Mrs. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will),
Rochester, New York—July 7, 1945**

Maybe I had best bring myself up-to-date with you. Last year I was with Jim (*husband*) in Boston. We had only one room and a share-the-bath arrangement.

After nine months Jim again went into active duty with the Navy as a Lt. (j.g.). He was assigned to the west coast in October and proceeded along. I planned to follow later but to our amazement Jim was shipped out in two days. At the present time he is his own boss on an Aux. Tanker (oiler) in the Pacific, playing doctor to a crew of about two hundred men and twenty-five officers. My child and dog, Dianne, and I are living with my mother and sister. I wish like everything that I could

have lent you a feeble hand this past winter, but you see I am a proud mother of a babbling, bouncing, boisterous little girl. She's lots of fun and makes the time go faster than before.

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**From T/S Nancy Dammann, Headquarters AFWEPAC,
Ag-Class, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California
—July 10, 1945**

Manila is quite a pleasant place to be stationed. Best of all—as far as we and most other G.I.s are concerned—we have no details. Filipinos shine our shoes, do our laundry (for sums growing larger every day), sweep up the area and do KP. All we have to do is make our beds, which is easy—we just spread out our blankets on the canvas cot (there are no mattresses and few sheets, about one apiece, all procured through the Navy). We are still wearing old, faded men's pants and field boots, but with luck we may be out of these soon.

We live on a university campus. Some live in a class building but most of us live in tents put up on the athletic field. The class buildings make wonderfully cool offices compared with those heat-absorbing tents of Leyte. Manila itself is very depressing: it has been so horribly ruined. All of the interesting and modern sections of town have been ruined. Only the dirty suburbs are left. What few buildings are left are occupied by the army. It is amusing to look in the windows of once beautiful office buildings and see the same old cots and mosquito nettings, GI socks hanging out to dry, and so on. In front of many buildings at noon time will be a line of patient GIs sweating out a chow line, mess kit in hand. I was in a building one day which was minus most of its roof and a good deal of the second floor. In order to go from one office to another, one had to walk over a temporary bridge placed across a bomb hole. In some offices everyone has to move on rainy days away from the hole in the ceiling. We have been lucky to get what we consider the nicest headquarters in town. The buildings are completely undamaged.

As for recreation, it is not much different from what it was in Hollandia or Leyte. We continue to go to our GI parties (only now they are at non-com clubs in fancy ex-homes), tour the country in jeeps and sit on our rain coats through an open-air

movie. The restaurants and night clubs are frightfully expensive and after one gets over one's first thrill of eating off of a tablecloth it does not seem worth it.

There are some interesting sights to see around here: Chinatown, especially its cemetery, is fascinating; Dewey Boulevard, although not in too good shape, is beautiful; and Corregidor of course is a must. This is a beautiful island but the remains of war are too fresh here (the smell included) to enjoy it very much.

. . . .

From Mrs. Charles Lynn Stone (Dickie Chase),

New Castle, Delaware—July 27, 1945

The baby is wonderfully well and Charlie, my little boy, seems pleased with her. Please do enroll her for 1964! Nothing would please me more than for her to have a chance to be part of all that you have built up there centered about Wendover. Although it is fifteen years since I was at Wendover (is it possible!) you would be amazed how often I talk of the doings there and how clearly it all comes to my mind's eye when I think of it—certain bits of trail, or the skyline coming over Shoal, or the dark cool shade near Tug Point, and all the different nurses at the different centers, and not forgetting mountain friends. So I hope "Miss Muffet" can be a courier, too.

. . . .

From Helen S. Stone (Pebble), Bear Mountain, New York—

July 27, 1945

I did hate to leave Wendover so, and time will come when I am sure I shall regret having done so. When winter comes this job, and getting to it, will be really rugged!

My work is very interesting and a lot more detailed than I expected. There are three shifts—00:30 (midnight)-8:30 a. m.; 8:30 a. m.-4:30 p. m.; and 4:30 p. m.-00:30 a. m. I started on the day shift for a week, then a week on the evening one, and then part of a week on the night shift. It is really tough as I do not get home until 9:30 a. m. and it is pretty difficult to try to sleep in the day time. The night shift, I think, is terrible! The day one drags, and I like the evening one the best, as I am a late stayer-upper as you know and I still get some night sleep

and yet have practically all day off. I started this night shift July 20th and will be on it through August 9th. They are tearing up the road past where I live and the order of events is: a crane hauls a huge cement block up and then drops it to crack the cement road, a bulldozer pushes it all to one side, a steam shovel loads it on trucks, the trucks dump on a place about two hundred or three hundred feet from my window, and then another bulldozer gives it a push. So even though they are not working at my feet they still are dumping there. All that is hardly conducive to sleep!

. . . .

WEDDINGS

Miss Mary Elizabeth Rogan of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Major Joseph Thompson Callaway, Air Corps, Army of the United States, on Saturday, May 19, 1945, in Christ Church, Glendale, Ohio.

Miss Margaret Persis Black of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Mr. Stephen Alexander Richardson, on Sunday, May 27, 1945, in South Tamworth, New Hampshire.

Miss Charlotte Goodwin of Hartford, Connecticut, and Captain William Bradford Craig, Army of the United States, on Monday, June 25, 1945, in Hartford, Connecticut.

Miss Elizabeth Cuddy of Blue Hill, Maine, and Lieutenant Edward Townsend Moore, United States Naval Reserve, on Thursday, July 26, 1945.

We extend our fervent good wishes to these young couples for long, happy and useful lives together in a peaceful world.

. . . .

BABIES

Born to Lt. and Mrs. Louis Rodman Page, Jr. (Sheila Clark), in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, a son, Louis Rodman Page IV, on May 6, 1945.

Born to Lt. and Mrs. J. B. Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will), in Rochester, New York, a daughter, Jean, on May 19, 1945.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser (Ann Danson), in Cincinnati, Ohio, a son, Robert Frederick Muhlhauser, Jr. (Rickey), on June 1, 1945. Ann writes:

"Rickey weighed 8 pounds and 11½ ounces at birth. This morning—aged two weeks and two days—he weighed 9 pounds and 5 ounces, so he is gaining nicely. He has lots of reddish brown hair, wide-set dark blue eyes, a nose like my brother Ned's, a cute little mouth, my pointed chin and Bob's small, close-set ears! He is getting cuter every day.

"The hospital was over-crowded and I spent my first four days in a sun room with three other mothers. It was rather fun. Dr. Crudgington said June first was my date and we just made it by nine minutes!"

Born to Lt. and Mrs. Charles Lynn Stone, Jr. (Dickie Chase), in New York, a daughter, Mary Wigglesworth Stone ("Miss Muffet"), on June 30, 1945.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wells, Jr. (Eleanor Fields), in Wetherfield, Connecticut, a son, Richard Kimball Wells, on July 7, 1945. Weight 8 pounds and 6 ounces. Eleanor wrote us on July 13th:

"He is a big husky lad, takes his milk like everything, and promptly falls asleep. I expect to take him home from the hospital next week, in blue jeans, a straw hat and with a fish pole over his shoulder."

Born to Lt. and Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson) in Washington, D. C., a daughter, Amy Bowen Neel, on August 21, 1945, weight, "exactly eight pounds." Mary wrote us on August 25th:

"Announcing the arrival of a future courier . . . she is a ringer for her brother at this age, dark hair and eyes. All well with me."

We are happy to note that Ann, Shelia, and Eleanor who had daughters, now have sons; and Dickie and Mary who had sons now have daughters. The babies are coming just right this year.

. . . .

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Mrs. Job Darbin Turner, Jr. (Anne Preston), of Lexington, Kentucky, is doing Red Cross work in Detroit. She is very busy

with the work connected with the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers, as well as being a housewife.

Marian Lee, of Detroit, is working at United Aircraft in Hartford, Connecticut, in the drafting department. She is also a Nurse's Aide and works in one of the hospitals in Hartford. "Douglass," one of "Penny's" children, is a beautiful dog and lives on the farm in Connecticut and Marian gets home to see him about every two weeks.

Frances Hamlen, of Boston, has been a counselor at the Putney Camp in Vermont this summer. She has been helping direct the work projects and other outdoor activities and has been in charge of week-end trips.

A letter from **Linda Hardon** in Tucson not long ago said that she was coming East soon. Haven't heard whether she ever got here or not though.

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to **Mary Gellatley** of Pittsburgh and to **Elizabeth Mudge** of Brooklyn in the recent deaths of their fathers.

Postscript to Old Courier News—added as we send down corrected galley proofs. At 7:00 a. m. on August 29th we heard over the radio that Colonel John R. Pugh was one of the officers liberated with General Wainwright. We immediately telegraphed a thousand congratulations and all our love to his wife, our courier Louise Myers Pugh (Weezie) in Washington.

PEANUT MILK

By Mary E. Moore, Belgian Congo Missionary

This is how the peanut milk is made: We heat the peanuts just enough to slip the thin outer skins off. Then they are put in a big wooden mortar which is one of the essentials for the African cook (so many of their foods are partially prepared in it) and pounded until they are like corn meal. This meal is carefully measured and thoroughly mixed in a measured amount of water. A small amount of calcium carbonate is added and it is then heated slowly for about an hour. The resultant milky fruit is strained and the milk is ready for the formula. It may be sweetened with crushed bananas or cane syrup or sugar, all native grown. The only foreign ingredient is the small amount of calcium carbonate. This milk makes strong, healthy babies.

A COURIER'S LETTER HOME

by

SHIRLEY ANN YOUNG
(Detroit Courier)

Wendover, Kentucky
Friday evening,
June 29th, 1945

Dear Mother, Daddy, and Joanie:

My most exciting experience with the F.N.S. so far is just over—going on rounds. Because the couriers need to know the way to the various centers in order to be able to answer an S.O.S. for extra horses, tack, help, medicine, or any of the million and one things a courier carries in those roomy saddlebags, soon after her arrival at Wendover a new junior is taken on "rounds" of three centers at a time.

Celia, acting as guide, and I collected letters and messages for all the nurses, an extra raincoat for Cherry at Confluence, a saddle blanket for Brutus, and the various other articles that accumulate in the supply room of the Garden House in boxes marked "lower rounds" and started out downriver from Hyden en route to the centers of Confluence, Bowlingtown, and Brutus. It was a beastly hot day, and luckily the sun beat down upon us on the way to Hyden enough to impress us with the need of hats, so we stopped at the general store there and bought two straw models, which, though they looked ridiculous, practically saved our lives during the trip.

We had traveled along for about an hour when suddenly there appeared stretched across the road some sort of brown object, which we finally determined to be a cow! At first we thought it was sick, but soon discovered (most emphatically because of the warm weather) that it was dead. The horses, of course, balked at passing it but after our dismounting and after much persuasion they did pass, holding their noses high in the air. Some children were playing nearby, and we finally dragged out the information from them that the cow had fallen off a cliff! She was lying just where she had fallen.

After fording the river twice and envying children in swimming all the way, we arrived at Confluence just in time for

lunch. It's a cute little center tucked in under a hill and it has a very homey atmosphere. Jane Rainey, one of the nurses, was young and attractive and full of fun, and "Cherry" Evans, the other, who came in from an outlying clinic just before we left, is one of the two English nurses left in the Service. She seemed very pleasant and very capable.

We rode on up and up, till finally we were at the top of a ridge from which we had a perfect "Monticello" view—very, very lovely—and then down again past typical little cabins. Suddenly we came to and crossed a river, and it was like stepping into another world. A whole valley opened up before us with nice, level fields and clapboard houses, *painted*, with grassy yards fenced off. Flowers, here as everywhere, grew in profusion, and every stick and stone was in place. It was like a spiritual uplift. This was the valley of Bowlingtown, civilized and prospering because of its comparatively rich ground. I quite lost my head to it.

At the center there we were greeted by lean, smiling Grace Reeder (nurse) and a delicious dinner of ground beef, lots of vegetables, and home-made ice cream. How good it all tasted after the long day's travel, and how good our hot baths felt! The house just suited me, too, being white with green shutters and furnished simply but in good taste with walnut tables, desks, etc., made by a local cabinet maker. We just relaxed that evening and had a good visit with "Gracie."

Next morning after splitting a little kindling, tamping down some fresh clay in the horse stalls, and cleaning up the tack there, we took Grace's horse and our two down to the river for a bath. They splashed and rolled and we soaped and rinsed them, and all six of us had the best time! That cool water felt wonderful after the hot sun.

Right after lunch we started out for Brutus and rode all afternoon in the beastly heat. We kept passing mountain people, and here I learned something quite characteristic of them: if you look back after passing them you always find them looking at you. Strangers are enough of a novelty that they stop whatever they are doing and watch till you're out of sight.

Many of the houses were painted or partly painted, and I was fascinated by a local style of decorating the porches; the

pillars are in two colors—usually orange and blue—each pillar having a wide horizontal stripe about half way up. We found this even on houses where nothing was painted but the pillars. Apparently it is a sort of mark of distinction.

We climbed over one mountain so steep we had to get off and lead our horses, and finally arrived at Brutus about 5:30 P. M. Audrey and Jean, the nurses, were waiting for us and greeted us with ice cold grape juice. Never did I have anything taste so good! The thermometer read 90°, and that was late afternoon.

That evening after tending to the horses and admiring Audrey's gardens (roses and vegetables) we scraped, cleaned, and painted Audrey's truck. I had no idea we could be so successful, but she had quick-drying, amateur-special enamel and within an hour and a half the old truck looked quite spiffy (though just a little like a hearse, we thought).

Next morning we got up at 5:00 A. M., fed the horses and groomed them, ate a substantial breakfast, and started on our way in order to get as far as possible on the 25-mile trip home before the sun gained its power. The sky was perfectly lovely (much daintier than the sunset) and never will I forget the mist on those hills! We miss so much by sleeping late. The way back was perfectly beautiful all the way—mostly it was green and woodsy and much like the Columbia River Valley, Celia and I agreed. We climbed another mountain by foot—very rough and very miserable—and finally arrived at the Hospital about 1:30 P. M. Brownie soon provided us with delicious cold chicken soup and green salads, which helped cool us off. Then after the hot, open ride over—Wendover. How glad we were to see it—it was like a haven of coolness.

We distributed the messages we had brought back and then proceeded to tell of our experiences. Everyone here, naturally, was very interested to hear about the nurses and the centers. The Service is small enough that all its activities can be followed with personal interest, and each member makes her contribution to the personality of the Service as a whole. This is especially nice, I think.

Now, having been on rounds, I feel initiated to life here and I am a part of it all already. All my love to you three, SHIRLEY.

WET

by

ELSIE NORA KELLY, R.N., S.C.M.

It had been raining hard all day, and the creek was rising rapidly, a swirling muddy flood. In the afternoon Tom came for me as Lucinda had gone into labor. "You can't ride your horse," he said, "because of the quicksand." So we had to walk, first through a muddy cornfield. Then we climbed over a fence, proposing to cross the flooded creek on a foot log. When we got to the foot log, however, the water was swirling over it, and it was swaying from side to side.

Now I am no acrobat, and the steadiest foot log makes me so giddy I need to hold on to someone to get across dry footed. This crossing was beyond me. Tom and I held a consultation on the bank. He offered to cut a stave with which I could support myself; but I looked at the swaying log and the swirling water, and just couldn't do it. The only other way across was to wade. Tom is a little man, but I am fairly tall and came off best. I got soaked to my waist, Tom to his armpits.

We had a long trek up a branch in our water-logged boots and wet clothes, saluted by teasing and laughing offers of clothes from the neighbors. When we arrived at the log cabin I shut myself up in the kitchen and stripped off wet clothing, dressed in the white midwifery uniform from my saddlebags, but kept on my thin anklets which soon dried on my feet. I had to spend the night in this scanty attire, whilst Tom kept a fire in the cooking stove to dry my breeches. They were suspended from two rafters by the broom, which I had threaded through the slots on the waistband.

By morning, with the baby safely born, I put on my dry riding uniform and wet boots. Fully clothed again I staggered back to the creek and re-waded it to reach home and breakfast.

"After the war, everybody ought to have a long holiday and strawberries and cream galore—we are tired enough for that. Instead we shall have to work as hard as ever, and most people will not see why."

Quoted in *The Christian News-Letter*, England

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Nora Kelly in London—April 28, 1945.

I cannot write without mentioning what a stunning sense of shock the country as a whole suffered when we heard of Mr. Roosevelt's death. I cannot think what it must have been like to you all in America. Everyone had thought how ill he looked at the Yalta conference, but I don't think anyone had anticipated such a sudden death.

One of my midwifery pupils told me she once applied to the F.N.S. but was advised to take her midwifery first. Yesterday I gave her the new Bulletin just to keep the idea going.

My second class of students had three failures. However, as a good part of their training was during the flying bomb period when part of the time I was in Yorkshire, and they were with me half the time and half the time in London, I suppose it could not be helped. My March class was again 100% passes at the final examination, and I am hoping for great things for my June crowd.

My mother is far from fit these days and the worry of my sister and her family in Holland does not help. My sister's baby, born early in December a few weeks after they were liberated, weighed 8 pounds on April 15th. It is being fed dried milk and American flour. We are able to write to them now and they are hoping to get a home together again. For five weeks before the baby was born they were living in a cellar in which they couldn't stand upright. If only we could do something to help!

Love and good wishes to all whom I know.

. . . .

From Ada Worcester Tubman in Sussex—May 8, 1945

At last! These last days have been so thrilling, that now it has come I don't quite know how to behave. This morning I went into the town and every child had its flag and tricolor hair ribbon, and it seemed as if every dog wore a favor also. Everyone beamed, but every so often I had a very strong desire to weep. The time of Dunkirk stands out in my mind particularly

—the weather was just like it is now. Now it is over in Europe and we have been going quietly to bed every night for weeks. It is remarkable how soon one gets used to the absence of “doodle bugs” and such.

David has gone off to church. I went with him on Sunday, and the way was simply beautiful. Primroses are nearly over and the woods have the lovely blue mist of thousands of bluebells. The season is very advanced and we shall soon have roses, but late frosts rather spoilt our hopes of a bumper crop. I haven't really got anything to say. It was just that today, being V-E day, I felt I'd love to talk with you a bit.

.

From Lois Harris Kroll in Alaska—April 30, 1945

Little Henry, our offspring, born Feb. 21st, 1944, is named after his father and looks very much like him. We think we did

not do so badly for two old folks. He is lots of fun and lots of work. He has never been sick and began to walk at ten and a half months which isn't so bad living on the water all the time. He really has his sea legs!



On His First Birthday
Henry Frederick Knoll II

We live on our scow which Henry made himself; he logged the logs, sawed them, and built it. We have a Chrysler marine engine and get around very well. We are starting in the canning business and are learning much. Last summer we put up 150 cases of salmon—hand packed red salmon. This past winter we canned 80 cases of shrimp and now we are

getting ready to go canning salmon again. We are taking a

couple of native girls with us this summer. As a rule they are good fish workers. We plan on putting up 300 cases of fish and maybe more. Then we will go to Anchorage to sell our pack.

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From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Utah—May 13, 1945

My husband was shipped to Lincoln, Nebraska, almost a month ago and as he was to be assigned to troop trains, I came up here to his home to get a much-needed rest.

The last day I was in Los Vegas I had letters from Emma, Maurice, and Bruce. Emma (*her sister with the Red Cross*) was flying over the Pacific. They had stopped at some island to refuel. She said they had a big fighter escort and were heavily guarded at all times. Maurice (*her nephew and one of the Service's first babies*) said he was leaving the following week and he had an idea he was headed for Japan via Alaska from the equipment and clothing he had been issued. He hoped it would be his last battle. Bruce (*her brother*) had just been awarded the bronze star and given a promotion. He lacks fifteen points of getting his discharge. I think he will be routed via the United States. He has been at the front since last August.

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**From Annie Ellison and Violet Clark (Ellie and Vi)
in Devon—June 5, 1945**

I am on holiday at a very conventional place called Torquay in Devon, the kind of place where one strolls around gardens or lolls in deck chairs listening to the band. That was Torquay prior to 1939. Now, although the war is so far advanced that we can show lights and ring church bells, there are no bands and the gardens are either built on by one or other of the Forces, or are ill kept. Just to get a rest and be sure of one's nights in bed is a holiday after all these years of worry and work and little leisure.

The weather now figures in one's conversation again. You know how erratic it can be. Here we are in June and it is cold and wet, yet in March it was, judged by our standards, a heat wave!

What a wonderful thing it is that such a powerful enemy

as the German is so utterly crushed. Just a year ago tomorrow was D-Day and in that short time what an achievement! I know we are not out of the woods. There will be trouble for years—perhaps forever—but the danger is removed from our doorstep. Folks can go to bed without wondering if it will be their last night on earth. The German was to us what the Jap is to you.

We celebrated V-E day as you did, but rather restrainedly. The young folk let off some animal spirits and we all brought out flags and lit bonfires—but the real day of rejoicing is yet to come.

One day you may be coming over here, but it is not very attractive yet. There are ruins everywhere and a general air of neglect and dilapidation—but it is wonderful what a coat of paint will do!

I must add how very sorry we all were to hear the sad news of Mr. Roosevelt's death. It was as great a shock to us as though it had been Mr. Churchill. We are very fortunate in having such outstanding leaders.

Ellie and I are always talking about you and showing people snaps. I must end and wish the very best of luck to you all.

. . . .

From Sybil Holmes with the British Middle East Force—

June 7, 1945

Thought I'd let you know that I was still alive and very much kicking. Fact is I'm bored silly, in dock with bacillary dysentery and feeling quite fit again, though I know the powers are right keeping me in bed. I don't like it any the better for that.

I had every decent thing I possessed stolen from my baggage when it came from Eritrea here. Isn't it rotten? No mufti, no undies, no anything left. I flew from Asmara to Khartoum and had to send my baggage by M.F.O.

Being group 22 I hope to be home early next year. My younger brother and sister are both in the Far East and my eldest brother is en route.

I met Madge Tait and Margaret Watson in Cairo. They are just the same. Margaret is on a 28-day home leave now.

From Dr. Kooser in California—June 12, 1945

I was quite put out that I was unable to visit the hills, but my leave was only for a total of 20 days, six of which were spent in travel. The children were not quite through school and by the time they were, we had time only for a short trip to eastern Pennsylvania. Then it was time to leave again.

The above address is a civil affairs staging area. My status is nebulous but there is a good chance that I may get to work with a new nationality this time.

My very best to all.

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From Minnie Meeke in North Ireland—June 13, 1945

I was home during February, March and April as mother was seriously ill, twice with pneumonia and then with a stroke. My committee was very kind in granting me three months' leave of absence. It was good to be so near home and be able to take care of mother. She made a marvelous recovery and is able to walk with help but not alone.

I am planning to go to Belfast during the first week of July to have my re-entry permit renewed.

I thought deeply of you all when the sad news of President Roosevelt's death was announced. It was a pity he did not live to see the war over in Europe. We here appreciate how much he helped Britain and also the whole world.

Sincere good wishes to the Frontier Nursing Service.

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From Millicent Watkinson (Milly) in Virginia—July 10, 1945

We live on the top of a mountain in the club house with the office at the bottom, so there are 110 steps to climb three times a day and more. I could drive my car up but it's a dreadful road and I should have to leave it out all night, and the kids have to pass it coming and going and, of course, they can't keep their little fingers off anything.

My sisters (*in Great Britain*) are so delighted that they can now sleep in peace. I am thankful all of them escaped. We still have two boys in the service.

From Edith Anderson Lawrence in Louisiana—July 13, 1945

Last month George and I had a week in New Orleans and Biloxi. It was wonderful! Of course we practically killed ourselves having a good time sunning, tennis, and swimming. We came back to rest. Sixty miles from Leesville we got involved in a bus strike, so George had to call Camp Polk and have a peep sent down for us.

That was our last fling together. He went P.O.E. last week. Our little three-room duplex is so empty and dismal and the situation is not helped by having to spend my evenings packing his uniforms, etc.

My nice boss-lady sought to distract me and, as she had some gas, we drove to Galveston for the week-end—213 miles. The beach wasn't much, but the salt water was wonderful.

My boss is due a vacation so I have promised to take over until August 15th. Travelers Aid with the U.S.O. is really fascinating work. We have a co-operative setup with the camp and the A.R.C. We also work with the post chaplains. I work until eight tonight, but the G. I.s do not start coming in until around seven. Some are headed this way now, so bye for this time and do remember me to all.

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From Marian Cadwallader with the United States Army—

August 21, 1945

A year ago Pat and I were in Leslie County. Now we are in the Ryukus where it is hotter, in more ways than one. Pat is elsewhere on the island. It took us a long time to get this far, but now we are indubitably overseas and working in tent hospitals with all the attending discomforts. Please remember us to all who are interested.

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NEWSY BITS

We welcome two new babies into this world: Susan Dale, weight 7 lbs. 1 oz., born June 27th to **Clara Dale Echols Winship**, and Emma Jean, born July 28th to **Grayce Dale Morgan Turnbow**.

Esther Thompson (Tommie) will be married in September to Charles Corum, Trudy Belding Corum's brother-in-law. Our best wishes go out to them.

Reappointments. Now we know the war is over. We have recently received two welcome letters stating that the writers are only waiting for shipping space before returning to us: **Betty Lester** and **Elsie Nora Kelly (Nellie)**.

. . . .

ALUMNAE NEWS

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—June 15, 1945

I had my "round-up" on June 1st, the hottest day of the year. Forty babies came and after it got so hot I expected forty casualties. One even brought chickenpox, but we tried to keep him isolated.

On June 3rd I had my 100th delivery out here. It took place in the same corner of the same little room where I had my first. Both were third babies for their mothers and both mothers' first names were Ethel. The first was a boy, the 100th a girl.

So far we've handled 186 cases on this service and I have 20 prenatals registered at present. How's that for one little corner of the county in 2 years 8 months?

I was distressed to see in the Bulletin that Dr. Fraser is leaving. Hope you will find another one soon.

We are having an institute for local white midwives here first week in July. They are still much needed down here.

Best wishes to all.

. . . .

From Nadine Benge in Louisiana—July 3, 1945

I am still doing general public health nursing and have been offered a promotion, as supervisor in the unit—seventeen on the

staff. My midwifery has come in handy in conducting prenatal classes. We try to get them to come in weekly, especially the soldiers' wives. There are so many of them!

I was up in northern Louisiana for six weeks during April and May while the flood was on. I had a good time and worked hard. Didn't do anything except give typhoid immunizations. Our work was mostly by boat.

We're having a crippled children's field clinic here August 18th. Each parish (county to you) has one yearly. We have a permanent clinic in Lafayette and New Orleans twice a month, and usually send our children there the rest of the year. We have about 45 new patients coming in for examination.

We are losing a lot of our nurses. Some of them have husbands who are coming back from overseas. I'm glad for them, but it is giving us a lot more to do. Anyhow, I like it. Remember me to everyone.

. . . .

From Nancy Wilson in Alaska—July 10, 1945

I can hardly realize that I have been here for over two months though, as I look back, I have really had a taste of quite a number of seasons already. The plane that brought me over from Fairbanks was still wearing skis and we landed on a nice stretch of crusty snow right behind our hospital. The rivers and lakes of this flat Yukon basin area were still pretty well frozen up. The "break-up" season proved to be one of the worst on record. I couldn't help but compare it with some of the F.N.S. tides, landslides, and floods. Our entire hospital basement was flooded (we are 270 yards from the normal edge of the Yukon) for several hours, and we waded around in 8 or 10 inches of water in the kitchen, operating room, and the wing wards on the main floor. All the heating, water, and power house systems were curtailed too for 5 or 6 days. Even the Government radio system went on the blink due to huge pieces of ice that cluttered up one end of town. Besides caring for our own hospital patients we took in 18 refugees that camped out on the T.B. solarium porch along with another 50 natives who were forced to move out on a small hillock behind the air field.

Since those days, summer has stepped up in earnest for almost overnight the trees, bushes, wild flowers, and gardens have come into their own. Sad to say, we also have mosquitoes and I have taken to wearing a head net and liking it. People tell me that the mosquitoes begin to leave by the middle of this month.

Thus far the actual hospital work has kept me busy. Besides helping out with some of the meals in the kitchen there has been a fair amount of operating room work as the doctor is a surgeon as well as an obstetrician. We also help out in a daily afternoon clinic. I have had the opportunity of making several village calls.

I am sorry to say that my prospects for direct midwifery work are not too promising right now, even though the hospital does average around 30 deliveries a year. I do feel this is the type of place where midwifery work could be most advantageous, for a large percent of the actual deliveries among the natives occur out on the trap lines where no medical aid is available. One of the two other nurses here, Grace Crosson, completed the midwifery course at Maternity Center about a year and a half ago. We find quite a lot of enjoyment in comparing notes and talking over some of the problems together.

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From Catherine Lory in Indiana—July 30, 1945

I've had some interesting cases. On Friday, the 13th (and I'm not superstitious), I had a marginal placenta. I called the clinician when I found what I was in for, but we had a still-birth—my first loss and I felt it keenly. The following Sunday had a 10½-lb. boy and the next day another 10½-lb. boy. Both were normal cases. I have two more due soon and then my own first grandchild is coming along. I'm moving my daughter-in-law down from Indianapolis to the house next door to me and, when she is due, I'll take her to the hospital for the clinician to deliver. Then my daughter is coming home to have her baby. Did I tell you about my twins? Identical males, 7¾-lb. and 8¼-lb. I sure was proud of them.

At home I'm trying to get my house fixed up and doing

canning as things come on. I have beans and apples canned and have made plum and blackberry jelly and jam.

Best luck to you all.

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OUR FORMER CADETS

One of the best of good times had at Wendover was when **Lt. Ruth Alexander** and **Lt. Madge Cyr** came here for a week-end out of their short "overseas" leave early in August. **Bertha Bloomer** and **Louisa Chapman (Chappy)** were able to come in from their outpost centers for one night to make the reunion of Johns Hopkins' ex-cadets complete.

Mabelyn Bertholf (Lyn) has accepted a position at The Johns Hopkins Hospital. A few days after leaving the Frontier Nursing Service, on June 23rd, **Olen Boyer**, married the Rev. Harold Whetstone. Her letter, below, tells us all about the wedding.

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From Olen Boyer (Mrs. Harold Whetstone) in Connecticut—

July 27, 1945

We had a grand day for the wedding; the weather was never more perfect and everything worked out beautifully. The church altar was banked with flowers and palms. The two bridesmaids wore white lace and net gowns and carried yellow roses. The matron of honor wore white brocaded satin and carried red roses. The flower girls wore white street length dresses and carried mixed flowers. I wore an ivory satin gown made with a sweetheart neckline, a beaded belt made in a scroll effect and ending in a long train. A double strand of pearls which Harold gave me, and an arm bouquet of white roses and an orchid, and a white kerchief were my accessories. My veil was three-quarter length, falling from a crown of orange blossoms.

The ceremony was beautiful. My father escorted me to the altar and at exactly 3:17 p. m. Harold and I were pronounced man and wife. What a thrill! I had never been quite so happy in all my life! The song "O Perfect Love" seemed to fit our needs.

After greeting the people and posing for the photographer in the church, we were ushered to the door where we were plowed down under a storm of rice. Finally through the mist we saw our vehicle waiting for us—a surrey with a fringe on top drawn by, of all things, a Farmall tractor!!! It was all decked out for us in pink and with signs of all kinds. The driver was in a black dress suit and derby. It was the slowest ride to New Ringgold I've ever had, but I've never had more fun. We were followed all of the five miles by about 25 cars. More fun!

Our honeymoon was wonderful, too. Three days in Poconos and three in New York. But we were glad to get to New Haven and our apartment which we like to call "Little New Haven." It doesn't seem as if we had been married five weeks; time has gone by so quickly. Yet in another way it seems as if it has always been so. It is a wonderful life and I'd recommend it to anyone who has found the right partner.

Harold is going to Language School and learning oodles of Chinese. I started work with the Visiting Nurse Association this week. Give my love to all the folks.

Q. AND A.

Q. Does a man falling from a great height, without a parachute, lose consciousness?

A. Falling through two or three miles of thin air will not cause loss of consciousness unless the individual is scared.

---*Hartford Courant*

Scared of what, for heaven's sake?

---*The New Yorker*

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Sally Ellen aged four to her nurse to whom she is much attached:
"Billy Jean lied to us. She said you was no kin to us."

Anna thought Trudi delightful. Trudi's new friends always did think her delightful; and she never had any old ones.

The Benefactress, by "Elizabeth,"

The Macmillan Company, 1901

WHOOPLAREA

by

RUTH PENINGER, R.N., C.M.

For three weeks I had planned to go to Whoopflarea School on Buffalo Creek (in Owsley County) to start Typhoid Inoculations, and something came up each time. This time I thought I must get there. I left the nursing Center on Bullskin Creek (in Clay County) early because I had to go to Mudlick (in Perry County) first to see a new mother and baby. On Leatherwood Creek (in Perry and Leslie Counties) there were messages waiting that I must see two sick babies. One was farther down on Leatherwood and one on Newberry. Then the mail man left word as he rode past on his mule to ask me please to stop and see one of his youngsters who had had swollen tonsils for several days. I saw them all and then started across Spruce Pine branch to Buffalo. But I was late.

About half way up the trail, a fallen tree blocked the path. On one side there was no possible way around but a cornfield; the other side looked innocent enough so we tried it. About two steps, and down went Chum and off went I. He had stepped in soft soil around a decayed log. I was off and up, but Chum stretched himself out flat and stayed there. Had he broken a leg or just what? I released the saddle girth, untangled the corn stalks from his legs and waited. After endless minutes he rolled about, got up, shook himself, and walked away without even a limp. I mounted and we were again on our way to Whoopflarea School. We arrived at 2:30 p. m. with no more delays, but alas, school had let out and the children were on their way home. So I too started home.

A short cut led over the hill and down Wild's branch, so that was the way I chose. I hadn't been over that trail for sometime and the wind had been at work. We went over, under, and around logs that were too large to move out of the way. We got to the foot of the hill at the head of Wild's branch and right in the path was a tree too big to move. Certainly we couldn't go over or under it; and a way around didn't look very promising, with briars thick and high above my head. Chum wouldn't

go unless I went first. The experience he had already had was enough for one day, he considered. So I went first, leading him. I tried several ways and each time had to come back. At last, we were around the tree and in a cornfield, but nowhere could I find a path. We went on through the cornfield thinking it would take us somewhere. It did: to a briar patch up on the side of a hill where I could look down to where the path probably was, but with a fence between. So on through the briars we went. I tried riding, but Chum just wouldn't go so I walked and led him.

At last we came to the edge of the briars and the fence was down. In the distance I saw a barn where I knew I would find the trail. But—there was another cornfield to go through to reach the barn. I was weary and Chum was so anxious to get home he stepped on my foot. The soil was soft and I wasn't hurt much, so, with just one or two tears, we hastened on our way to the path that led home. Chum and I had traveled in four counties, Clay, Perry, Leslie, Owsley, to give the inoculations to the Whoopflarea School, and even so, the children had missed their inoculations. Before we reached the Nursing Center on Bullskin Creek, I had mentally arranged for the next trip—and that one was successful.

PRAYER USED IN AIR-RAID SHELTERS IN ENGLAND

Increase, O God, the spirit of neighbourliness among us, that in peril we may uphold one another, in calamity serve one another, in suffering tend one another and in homelessness and loneliness in exile befriend one another.

Grant us brave and enduring hearts that we may strengthen one another, till the disciplines and testing of these days be ended, and Thou dost give again peace in our time, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS

This picture of the heir to the House of Orange was taken when she was about the age that her youngest daughter is now. It was given us by a stewardess on the Rotterdam years ago. We print it now in honor of the return to Holland of Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana, her husband and her three little girls; and as a gesture expressive of the high regard in which we hold the Dutch people.

LOST

by

ROSE GARDNER
(Boston Courier)

Brutus to Hyden! I had done it only once before and now I was to show the way to one of the new junior couriers, Ann Putnam. Full of false bravado we left Brutus at 8:30 in the morning. Much to my amazement we passed the familiar landmarks of Sizerock and Split Rock with no difficulty—that is, very little. By this time most of my self-confidence had returned and I even went so far as to tear up the map. In answer to the startled and somewhat skeptical expression of Ann, I gaily explained, “The rest is easy, we can’t go wrong.”

The minutes passed and finally we came to what I supposed was the mountain we climbed. To be cautious, however, I asked and was reassured that it was the way to Thousandsticks. So up and up we went, and suddenly things began to look horribly unfamiliar. I kept telling myself that I was extremely unobservant last time and, therefore, would not remember anyway. Then, the trail levelled out and my last bit of reassurance left me—this did not happen last time! I turned to Ann and tried to say with an air of flippancy—“The inevitable has happened, we are lost.”

After a brief consultation we decided to take the first trail down. Unfortunately, no trail down appeared. I was beginning to get that panic-stricken feeling, but kept up the casual devil-may-care attitude with Ann. Finally we came to a trail which although doubled back, went down. This we took, only to be confronted by a gate and acres of corn. In desperation, we decided to dismount and inquire at a house one-fourth of a mile away. Our lungs being in better condition than our legs, we shouted to the people asking how to get to Thousandsticks.

“Right over thar.”

“You mean you go right over there?” I hollered back.

“No, right over thar.”

“We take a right?” I screamed.

This conversation carried on across a sea of waving corn

seemed to be getting us nowhere, so with a last "right over thar" we yelled a thank-you and set off. Strangely enough we did find the trail "thar" and soon found ourselves at Bull Creek Clinic. There we decided to give the horses, as well as ourselves, a rest. Mae Rohlf, a student nurse-midwife, was cleaning up after her clinic and we decided to wait for her to guide us back over Thousandsticks to Hyden—we weren't taking any more chances!

Upon return to Wendover we were fired with the question, "Did you have any trouble?" "No trouble at all," I answered bitterly!

NAME, PLEASE?

That familiar query, "Name, please?", is going to cause some Georgians trouble from the cradle to the grave. Birth certificates reveal some unique taste in names, for example:

Green Woods	Providence Paul	Plenty Kitchens
Dough Bell	Shack Buggs	Write Little
Patience Mules	Sugar Blanks	Shaker Fender
Southern Georgia	Brown Roache	Polite Guest
Silver Lockett	Urban Rumble	

—Georgia's Health, May, 1945

JUST JOKES, IRREGULAR

Gentleman (at the police station): "Could I see the man who was arrested for robbing our house last night?"

Desk Sergeant (surprised): "This is very irregular. Why do you want to see him?"

Gentleman: "I want to ask him how he got in without awakening my wife."

JUST JOKES, K. P.

The soldier had been peeling potatoes until his hands ached. Turning to a fellow K.P. he said: "What's the sergeant mean when he calls us K.P.?"

"Ah dunno," replied his co-worker, "but from the look on his face I think he means 'Keep Peeling'."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

But such wonderful things came tumbling out of the closets when they were opened—bits of mouldy pie, sour bottles, Mrs. Jellyby's caps, letters, tea, forks, odd boots and shoes of children, firewood, wafers, saucepan-lids, damp sugar in odds and ends of paper bags, footstools, black-lead brushes, bread, Mrs. Jellyby's bonnets, books with butter sticking to the binding, guttered candle-ends put out by being turned upside down in broken candlesticks, nutshells, heads and tails of shrimps, dinner-mats, gloves, coffee-grounds, umbrellas. . . .

—*Bleak House*, Chapter XXX, Charles Dickens.

It is our intention to write about patriotism in relation to world citizenship. A generation steeped in Dickens from childhood, the older generation, will understand readily where Dickens comes in. To us who have always loved him, hardly anything can happen that doesn't recreate his immortal people in our minds. When we meet a hypocrite we remember Mr. Pecksniff (*Martin Chuzzlewit*) who warmed his back at the fire "as though it were a widow's back or an orphan's back or anybody's back but his own." When we see a man disappointed in love we remember the one in *Nicholas Nickleby* who "turned scornful and became a genius." An irrelevant person reminds us of "Mr. F.'s aunt" in *Little Dorrit*. A person burdened with parcels suggests Mr. Peter Magnus in the mailcoach with Mr. Pickwick, in *Pickwick Papers*. A tearful drunk brings to mind "Mr. Dolls" from *Our Mutual Friend*. Even nameless characters like the "unwholesome boy" who succeeds to Cady Jellyby's job upon her marriage, are alive forevermore to the generation raised on Dickens.

Mrs. Jellyby, her eyes fixed on Borrioboola-Gha in Africa to the neglect of her home, whose friends include a man working for the brotherhood of man, but hardly on speaking terms with his own numerous family, Mrs. Jellyby shows us that the way to world collaboration will never be reached by those who by-pass the claims of their native land.

We are led to these reflections by a lot of remarks, including letters to the press and magazines from broad-minded people who say that patriotism is outmoded. They claim that to be citizens of the world, and to work for world co-operation, one

must discard such an antiquated sentiment as patriotism. To all such we would reply that only the patriot is so great a lover that he can enlarge his mind and heart to include the world. We would not yield to anyone in their need, or in their longing, to get along with other nations and to form ever closer ties with more and more of them. But "tall oaks from little acorns grow" and those who cannot love their own people best are not going to love any other people at all.

A few homely analogies will help to make this clearer. The man who kicks his old mother out into the snow and bashes in the heads of his wife and children is not the man to put on the Board of the Family Welfare Society. The woman who doesn't want children and if she has them neglects them, is not the woman to put in charge of an orphan asylum. The person who chisels those in his own community will loot the United States if the chance comes his way. The bad citizen of his own country will make a bad world citizen. Those who love their own countries first are the persons best prepared to follow that command of the Christ, "Be all inclusive (in your goodwill) even as your heavenly Father includes all." (*St. Matthew, Chapter 5, Verse 48. Translation by Charles Cutler Torrey.*)

On the night before Edith Cavell's execution she said to her chaplain, "Patriotism is not enough." Why isn't it enough?

In *The Spectator* of London there appeared a letter recently from a young soldier, quoted by F. Tennyson Jesse. It was written by this young man to his wife and she received it in an English village while he lay dead in Burma; but it had been written in England and it had been written in the hope that it would never have to be delivered. In the letter this young man, who so ardently loves his wife, reveals what patriotism means to him:

"I meant it when I said that I would rather sever my bonds with you, lose all our love, all our life that has been so perfect, plunge myself into a darkness of which I know nothing, since I believe in no life after death—rather lose everything than see England defeated. . . . Do you think I love England more than I love you? . . . How can I possibly compare the two? . . . When I try to separate the two, I find I cannot do it.

"Can you see now," he continues, "how difficult it is for me to sort out my thoughts and write about dying, when all the time sorrow is plucking at my heart as I think of you reading this: reading that I who love you so completely have left you with these thoughts in my head, and have left you with the full

knowledge that all your life your arms will be outstretched towards me, and your dear heart weighed down by an inescapable misery."

No, patriotism is not enough. This whole letter, as the editor of *Light* of London writes, in commenting upon it, "is a passionate protest that so great a love should be at the mercy of so mortal a body. . . . This young man is just one, who happened to have the gift of expressing himself: to think of how many more there may be like him is to emphasize the tragedy of an age which has largely lost the way of the Spirit."

There is a country, to which so many of our youngest and brightest and best have lately gone, where the ennobling affections of the patriot and the lover find their true home. With Socrates we believe in that principle of life "which does not admit of death." With Christ we believe that we are welcomed "with musick and dancing." Although the symbolism is too lofty for the mind to grasp, we do believe that "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." We do not believe that the separation between the two countries is so entire as many people imagine. We think they overlap. We think that the influence of the one upon the other gives brightness to all our days.

. . . .
"Out of the stress of the doings
Into the peace of the doneness."

Spoken by a Lancashire man, over CBS,
April 15, 1945

We go to press before the end of August. The formal surrender of Japan will have been signed when our pages are printed, but whether or not there will be peace in "the doneness" is something no one can foresee. Victory, yes, we have that, O thank God! For the moment that is enough. We know that although nothing can restore to this world the dear men who have died, there are thousands who need not die now the war is ended.

The suddenness of the war's conclusion reminds us of the doddering old member of the peerage who dreamed he was addressing the House of Lords, and woke up to find that he was!

. . . .
The abrupt termination of lend-lease, upon the cessation of hostilities, may be required by the law which set it up, but we should devise quickly some other way of meeting the immediate

needs of our allies. We should also see that UNRRA is abundantly equipped to prevent cold and hunger this winter in the territories that have been rendered pitifully destitute. It is all very well to talk about getting our friends on their feet so that they can take care of themselves. Naturally they want to stand on their own feet as soon as possible for they are normal people. But those of us who worked in a devastated area the last time know that there just isn't any food until the next crops have been put in the ground and harvested. You cannot eat them until they are harvested. We also know that milk producing animals just simply aren't there and it takes quite awhile to get even a start on herds. In the meantime milk for young children and pregnant women must be handled by imported supplies.

We in America who have suffered no hardships during the war, only a few inconveniences, we cannot in honor allow our friends to suffer deprivation during the first year of peace. Let us all re-read the parable of the Good Samaritan, and note that he made provision for the long convalescence of the man who fell among thieves. Legal things like loans can come next year. Let's give, individually and as a nation, wholeheartedly, completely, fully during this first year of peace. If we can't do it without retaining our own war controls then, in heaven's name, let's retain them. And don't let us think this is "enlightened self interest" for there is no such thing. It is direct obedience to the will of God. It is not His will that even one of His little ones should perish.

. . . .

We have received the fifty-second Annual Report of the Council of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, to the Patron, Her Majesty Queen Mary, and have read it with deep interest. We are glad to see tribute paid to our nurse of former years, Miss Edith Batten "for her devoted work in the face of great difficulties" at Bryn-Y-Menai. We note with pleasure that a box of assorted gifts for convalescent nurses was received there from the British War Relief Society of Boston, Massachusetts. A number of the Frontier Nursing Service friends in Boston helped gather those assorted gifts.

In reading that a District Nursing Service is now within reach of 98.7 per cent of the population of England we wonder

when the same thing can be said for the United States. We congratulate the Queen's Institute on their midwifery statistics for 1943, the last year for which there has been a complete tabulation. The Queen's nurses who are midwives delivered 84,459 women in childbirth and assisted physicians in a further 42,539 deliveries, with a maternal mortality rate of only 1.38 per 1,000 live births, and this in war-time!

The Queen's Institute gave general approval to the plan of the College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists for a complete National Maternity Service, but laid special emphasis on the necessity of medical calls from midwives being taken only by medical practitioners with special experience in obstetrics. Such men are almost as rare as hen's teeth in American rural areas.

In all British reports we are intrigued with some of the names on the Advisory Boards and Executive Committees. As an example we quote that of "Lt.-Colonel The McGillicuddy of the Reeks, D.S.O." We are glad to learn that "The McGillicuddy" personally signed every letter in an appeal for funds to augment the Queen's Nurses' Pension Fund.

Another thing that intrigues us in British reports is the way in which people are thanked for personal gifts. "The Committee are grateful to the Chairman, the Honourable Violet Vivian, for her useful gift of a new laundry sink." It charms us to know that our Edith Batten has got that sink.

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Many of you know that your Director, the Editor of this Bulletin, is a graduate of St. Luke's Hospital Training School for Nurses in New York. You will join her in sadness that Major Edwin B. Eckerson, formerly assistant attending surgeon at St. Luke's, was one of the fatal casualties on the hospital ship *Comfort* when it was bombed by a Japanese suicide plane. At the time of his sudden death Dr. Eckerson was performing a brain operation on a soldier patient aboard the *Comfort*, of which he was chief surgeon.

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Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey of Charleston, West Virginia, a fellow of the American Academy of Pediatrics and a member of our Medical Council who constantly thinks of us, sent us an

editorial from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of July 28th called "Pseudodoxia Pediatrica" in which the favorable maternal mortality figures of the Frontier Nursing Service are mentioned with commendation.

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Our trustee, Mr. Bethel B. Veech of Louisville, sent us a column from the *Louisville Times* quoting from the letter of a soldier, who strolled into a Red Cross club in Paris and read an illustrated article about the Frontier Nursing Service in a French magazine called *Voir*. A French friend, from whom we had not heard in years, wrote us upon seeing the article in *Voir*, and a copy of *Voir* itself has reached us from a courier, Mary Wilson (Mrs. Samuel E. Neel) of Washington, D. C. Although the story about the Frontier Nursing Service as written up in *Voir* is not accurate and is exaggerated in parts, it reads better in French than in the bits translated for the *Louisville Times*. As an example of what we mean, "*un pays sauvage*" is translated as "a savage country." The columnist in the *Louisville Times* has apologized handsomely for the translation, but we want to remind our readers that the French word *sauvage* when applied to children means timid or shy, and when applied to scenery means wild, but not savage. We have in the English language so many words of Latin origin that are used differently from the original meaning that a literal translation of any of them is apt to be misleading. I remember my own confusion in France long ago when I discovered that when you gave an enema you syringed out the patient's ear.

The Frontier Nursing Service gets an immense amount of unsolicited publicity. Sometimes it is innocuous and sometimes it is detrimental; occasionally it is funny. The highlight of such publicity was reached for us when Goebel's Propaganda Bureau attacked us over the air. The broadcast was heard by Vanda Summer's brother, a clergyman in England who understands German, and he wrote us about it.

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The twenty-first Annual Meeting of the trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service took place in Lexington, Kentucky, on Wednesday, May 30, 1945, with the Chairman,

Mr. E. S. Jouett, presiding. The Blue Grass Chairman, Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., and her committee made all of the arrangements for the luncheon preceding the meeting, and considerably more than one hundred people found it possible to attend. Out-of-State trustees who came were Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit; Mrs. Herman F. Stone of New York, and Mr. Ross W. Sloniker of Cincinnati, Ohio. All of the old trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service were re-elected and the following four new trustees were elected: Mrs. Clarence LeBus, Jr., Lexington, Kentucky, Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Kentucky, Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Kentucky, and Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Illinois. The treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, presented the annual audit of the Service to the trustees and members, and the director gave her annual report. A summary of both reports is printed in this Bulletin. Another milestone passed!



"SANDY" MUHLHAUSER
(Future Cincinnati Courier)

Daughter of Mr. Robert Frederick Muhlhauser
and Mrs. Muhlhauser (Ann Danson)

FIELD NOTES

We have no Medical Director as we go to press. Dr. Fraser has gone to a town in Oklahoma where he has an opportunity to take the obstetrical side of the practice of a leading physician. Obstetrics is his speciality, and Oklahoma is Mrs. Fraser's home and the state where her parents live. It is so natural that he should want to take advantage of this opportunity, and he was so considerate in advising us long in advance that he would be leaving, that we let him go with all our good wishes for him, for his dear wife and lovely babies—but with a sorry situation to face for ourselves.

Quite an immense correspondence, carried on for weeks, has failed so far to locate a new Medical Director, although we are quite willing to take one on an interim basis. In fact, we think we will do better with someone on an interim basis until there has been considerable demobilization of physicians from the Armed Forces. By the time you read this we may have located a satisfactory physician, but then again, we may not. We will appreciate the efforts of any of you in our behalf.

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Until September we have a guest physician. The Children's Bureau requested us to entertain for a period of observation, Dr. Lucy Chao of Fukien Province in China. She was here for several days with Dr. Fraser, and then arranged to come back to us after a week in Louisville with the Crippled Children's Commission. As she is on a fellowship she refused any remuneration from us, and we, in consultation with Dr. Blackerby, the State Health Officer, decided that the Frontier Nursing Service should receive no fees from the patients she sees while she is with us. Dr. Chao's dearness and charm and medical capacity are such that we all of us love her. We think of her as a bit of lend-lease in reverse, and it delights us to know that in this crisis our help has come from China. A big piece of our hearts will go back to China with her when she returns.

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During the period in which we will have no Medical Director, a period which may last for weeks, Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. C. S. Jackson of Hazard will be standing by. They have given

emergency orders to our hospital nurses to use for such acute cases as are relayed to them at Hazard, and for those cases kept in our Hospital at Hyden to be visited there. They will come over at any hour of the day or night to handle obstetrical complications. The normal obstetrical cases we can take care of ourselves, since we are midwives. For the big hospital outpatient clinics on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, we will not have any medical advice. Since the patients who come to these clinics are ambulatory, we can relay urgent ones to Hazard to Dr. Collins or Dr. Jackson, but only the urgent ones because Dr. Collins and Dr. Jackson already have all they can carry in the way of work.

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The picture of our Hyden Hospital on the inside back cover of this Bulletin gives an idea of how small it is in relation to the demands upon it. As soon as building operations are possible, and not too costly, it is essential for us to put up a residence for our nurses in order to double our hospital bed capacity. It is better to get our extra ward space that way than by adding another wing to the Hospital first. When we get the nurses out of the Hospital, we can turn the hospital space the nurses now occupy into ward space for patients.

The hospital buildings, and those in the grounds, are all special gifts. We do hope that among the many people who want to give us a residence for the nurses there will be one who can afford to do it. This building should be of stone, to conform with the hospital buildings which it will adjoin. It should be large enough to house not only the present staff, but the additional nurses needed when there are more hospital beds.

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On the inside front cover of this Bulletin you will have seen the picture of our jeep, "Jane." Friends of ours in Detroit, who have made thousands of jeeps for the army, got permission from the War Department to lend us one. She came down to us with a mechanic, Mr. Carmie Frizzini, who taught our couriers how to drive her and take care of her. She is thoroughly greased once a week because of having to ford and re-ford the Middlefork at Muncie on her trips in and out of Wendover. There

never was anything like our jeep "Jane" and we wonder how we ever managed without her.

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Not long after "Jane" arrived, Marion Shouse Lewis drove your editor in the jeep to Manchester in Clay County to speak at the Presbyterian Church to that group of dear women who had made some baby quilts for our layettes. On the way over we met a road construction gang in another and larger jeep. Marion said that at the sight of her big brother "Jane" just quivered with thrills.

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Another talk we made during the summer was in early June at the annual meeting of the London Woman's Club, a "shortage dinner" at the Laurel Hotel. Barbara Barnes (Barnsie) was the courier driving on this occasion, and Agnes Lewis went along to consult the London Bucket Company. At Red Bird River we picked up Mrs. Celia Marcum. We had a delightful evening at London with an attendance of more than seventy members at the Club dinner. We don't know why they called it a "shortage dinner," and all we can say is that we should like to attend one of their full dinners after restrictions on food have been removed. The menu for the "shortage dinner" consisted of tomato juice cocktails, chicken, young green beans, potatoes, salad with young, tender lettuce, hot biscuits and plenty of butter, olives, ice cream and homemade cake.

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Through the London Bucket Company Agnes Lewis got hold of Mr. Frank Wise who spent two weeks in our territory. During eight days he, Aggie and one of our men, with Barnsie driving in "Strongmoore," the red truck, went to all six outpost nursing centers. Mr. Wise put all the furnaces and pipes in perfect condition for the winter, repaired the plumbing, overhauled engines where necessary. The rest of his time he divided between Hyden and Wendover and the Clearing. He worked from the break of day to the edge of dark and he did not leave us until all the work we needed from him had been done.

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Our junior couriers for the summer months were, first,

Shirley Ann Young of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and Rose Gardner of Brookline, Massachusetts; second, Anne Shirley Putnam of New York City, and Jolly Cunningham of Hartford, Connecticut. The work of all four has been so good that we have not felt too much a shortage in senior couriers. Barbara Barnes (Barnsie) of Belmont, Massachusetts, stayed on with us as senior after her junior period was over, and she was tops. Until our next seniors come Jean Hollins has transferred from her Nurse's Aide post at the Hyden Hospital to Wendover, to take charge of courier duties.

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Our Fanny McIlvain left the management of her farm to drop in on us for a few days in June. While she was here she was wonderful help from the courier angle, and it was an utter joy to have her around.

We had another pleasure during July in a visit from Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse). Marion not only did wonders with the transportation and animals, but got an immense amount of painting accomplished as well.

We mentioned in our Spring Bulletin how much painting Mrs. David Bridewell (Celia Coit) had done at the Hospital. Since there was a lot more to do Marion took it over. She painted the hallway, stairway and operating room at the Hospital and the kitchen at Midwives Quarters. In fact for about two weeks she practically lived on a ladder.

Celia Coit Bridewell, who handles a lot of our transport, has also done some much needed painting at Wendover. She has painted the pig garbage can and labeled it PIGS, and the garbage can for orange and lemon peelings, coffee grounds and tea leaves she has painted and labeled PEELINGS. She has painted each a different color. This helps in keeping the contents separate. Even pigs won't eat orange peelings; and coffee grounds and tea leaves make them nervous. We have a place where we bury these oddments, and they are the only left-overs at Wendover that don't feed something.

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While Dorothy Buck was in New York attending the meeting of the "Committee to Study and Evaluate Standards for Schools of Nurse-Midwifery" in the National Organization for

Public Health Nursing, she turned over to Celia the six o'clock morning feeding of hundreds of baby chicks, the filling of their water jars and cleaning their pans, the collecting of eggs, the closing up of the varmint-proof chick houses at night. She left a two-page memorandum to assist Celia in these duties and concluded it with the following general advice:

"Study on how the day's work could be better done. Help the Wendover nurse in everything possible. Get all needed material from Buck's file for the boss (and be sure it is in good condition whether you find it so or not). Do any odd painting jobs. Keep all addressing up to date. Take the dogs to walk. Brush the dogs. Swim the dogs. Deflea the dogs. Love the dogs. Hold yourself in readiness to do any and all jobs of which you might be considered worthy. My blessings to you!"

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We were terribly distressed to have our nurse, Jane Rainey, called back to New Orleans again by the continued serious condition of her father. Our hearts went with her all the way.

Jane's sudden departure put a stop to a quite wonderful extra piece of work she had taken on at the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence. She shared our distress over the children who are drowned each summer in our rivers. Since she had received instruction in teaching swimming she volunteered to teach both boys and girls to swim. Hers was a popular course in which parents were enrolling their children.

In the *June Bulletin of the Department of Health* of the Commonwealth of Kentucky there is an article called "Swimming and Safety" which states that approximately seven thousand persons in the United States lose their lives each year from accidental drowning. For the past ten years in Kentucky an average of 139 persons have drowned annually.

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We are delighted to have back with us Hannah Mitchell, formerly a Supervisor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and lately in charge of the Midwifery School of the Panama City Hospital in the Republic of Panama. Mitch is going back to college this fall to complete the work she needs to get a degree. Until then she is relieving Helen Browne (Brownie) who is on vacation, as Superintendent of Midwifery at our Hospital at Hyden.

We are happy to be able to announce the appointment of

Miss Nola Blair, the nurse in charge of the Wendover district, as Field Supervisor of the Frontier Nursing Service. This post has been vacant a long time because during the terrible shortage of nurses we did not feel that we could fill it. We are still just as short of nurses, but this condition will undoubtedly improve in 1946. In any event we must give more help to our outpost nursing centers than we can possibly do without a Field Supervisor whose time is wholly theirs.

Nola Blair is one of our younger nurses who has acted as supervisor in the training of our cadets with marked success. Her abilities are of a high order, and she seems peculiarly suited to work of this character.

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The Leslie County Fair will be held at Hyden again this year on September 20, 21 and 22. We will be honored by the visit from Governor Simeon S. Willis. The Frontier Nursing Service will again take part in the riding contests, and send some of the Service cows for exhibit.

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We regret to announce that the Reverend Campbell Symonds and Mrs. Symonds are leaving Hyden for special work under the National Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church. They are both so gracious and so charming that we shall miss them always. We realize our rare good fortune in having had two people of such distinction at Hyden over a period of years.

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The story of the season's guests goes back to late May. We mentioned in the spring Bulletin that we were expecting a visit from the British Consul for Southern Ohio and Kentucky, Mr. A. H. Tandy, and Mrs. Tandy, and that the Reverend Frank Moore of Cincinnati would come with them. To our delight our trustee, Roger Rogan, of Glendale, Ohio, came along too. It was a delectable crowd.

Pebble's mother, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, of Lawrence, Long Island, came to see us before the Tandy party had gone. Just after they left another beloved trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit made her annual visit. For years Mrs. Joy has come up to Wendover after the Annual Meeting of Trustees. This

year she and Mrs. Stone both came before the meeting and drove down with us to Lexington.

The next guests were a group of graduate students from that dear institution, The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. We count on a visit of several of these nurses each spring. Our "Tommy" Thompson was one of this welcome group.

We had all too brief visits from Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, General Secretary of The Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses, and Miss Amy Frances Brown who is with the State Board of Health, both of Louisville.

In July our own Minnie Grove who has been with Mr. Manning ever since she left us in the hills, came up for a brief holiday. It was such fun to have her back. We have written elsewhere of the delight of welcoming back our ex-cadet army nurses. Ruth Peninger had a visit from her mother and sister at Mardi Cottage, the Midwives Quarters in Hyden, but we saw something of them at Wendover, too. Lucille Knechtly had as guests two delightful sisters, Lillian and Norma Wolf, from Cincinnati. Miss Frances E. Schlosser from Kaifeng, Honan, China, spent a brief period of observation with us in preparation for her return to Yale-in-China.

The U. S. Marine Corps came to see us in the person of one of its Second Lieutenants, James T. Breckinridge, who gave us three days of his leave. It was Jim's father, an old Marine, who, on his first trip in here in 1925 dubbed our nurses "The Marines."

The last of the summer's guests was "Andy" who as Edith Anderson was our Social Service Secretary under the Alpha Omicron Pi grant. As our readers know she has been Mrs. George Lawrence for quite some while and has recently shipped her husband to the Pacific. On her way back to Utica, New York, for a visit to her father, she made us a visit. Andy was always a great favorite in here and many were the people gladdened by her return.

. . . .

On the Sunday following V-J Day a little group of us held a thanksgiving service in our Victory Shrine Chapel. On our Service Flag is the number 934, and under the gold star is the number 29. This is what the war has meant to our territory in terms of young lives. In a bound volume lying before the cross

are the names of all of these men, the creeks and post offices from which they came, and the branch of the service in which they fought. To the extent to which we have been able to gather it we have also listed in the book the decorations these men have won and the positions of trust to which many were assigned. It is staggering to reflect upon the battles in which these young things have been engaged, and the places where they have gone, boys who, most of them, had never left the neighborhoods where they were born. We have seen their letters from India, New Zealand, Holland, Germany, France, Belgium, North Africa, Jerusalem, Sicily, and more Pacific Islands than we knew the names of a few years ago. One of these young men wrote from Germany, "To you I say, 'listen to the living and hear the dead.' To you, in this letter I am sending a small fragment of myself."

At our service of thanksgiving we remembered especially those 29 young men who had died, and their people. Shall we ever forget them, or their buoyancy? One, who was killed in Germany, wrote letters full of zest for everything he met up with, and full too of his own willingness to take his part, to carry his end. "At present everything is going exceedingly well with me. We are working pretty hard. Of course we don't care for that because we realize it is for a good cause." Another writes from India, "Please don't worry, and may God bless you and keep you for I love you." Still a third wrote from the Holy Land, "I saw the tomb where Jesus was buried . . . the manger he laid in when he was a baby. I saw the rock he prayed on . . . and Mother, I even saw the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. . . . Just received the Purple Heart. It sure is a pretty medal."

The only son of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Deaton of Wooton, Benton Paul Deaton, was killed on Luzon Island. He was a Lieutenant of Engineers. He fought in New Guinea, in the Admiralties (where he was wounded and received the Purple Heart), in the invasion of Leyte (where he received the Oak Leaf Cluster for construction of a bridge under enemy fire) and his Division was one of those that drove into Manila. For this he was awarded the Bronze Star. That closes the picture of his life in this world. He leaves a wife and a little son.

"To you I say, 'Listen to the living and hear the dead.' "

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S.C.M., LL.D.

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Quarterly Bulletin Secretary
Miss Hazel Meyer

Assistant Director and Dean
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S.C.M., M.A.

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Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
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Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery
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(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
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AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)
Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.; Miss Mary LeFevre, R.N., C.M.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Jane Rainey, R.N., C.M.

Clara Ford Nursing Center
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Miss Doris Reid, R.N., C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Audrey Dyer, R.N., C.M.; Miss Jean Bradley, R.N., C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlington, Perry County)
Miss Gladys Moberg, R.N., C.M., B.A.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.
and sent to the treasurer,
MR. C. N. MANNING,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington 15, Kentucky



**HYDEN HOSPITAL AND HEALTH CENTER OF THE
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**

(Photograph by Marvin Breckinridge Patterson)

**LEFT—A PART OF MARY BALLARD MORTON WING
RIGHT—A PART OF MARY PARKER GILL WING**

NOT IN PICTURE

Jackie Rousmaniere Annex (at back) and Joy House (Residence of the Medical Director) and "Aunt Hattie's Barn" and Mardi Cottage (Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School) and Cabins for Employees and the Wee Stone House.

For further details see—FIELD NOTES

