

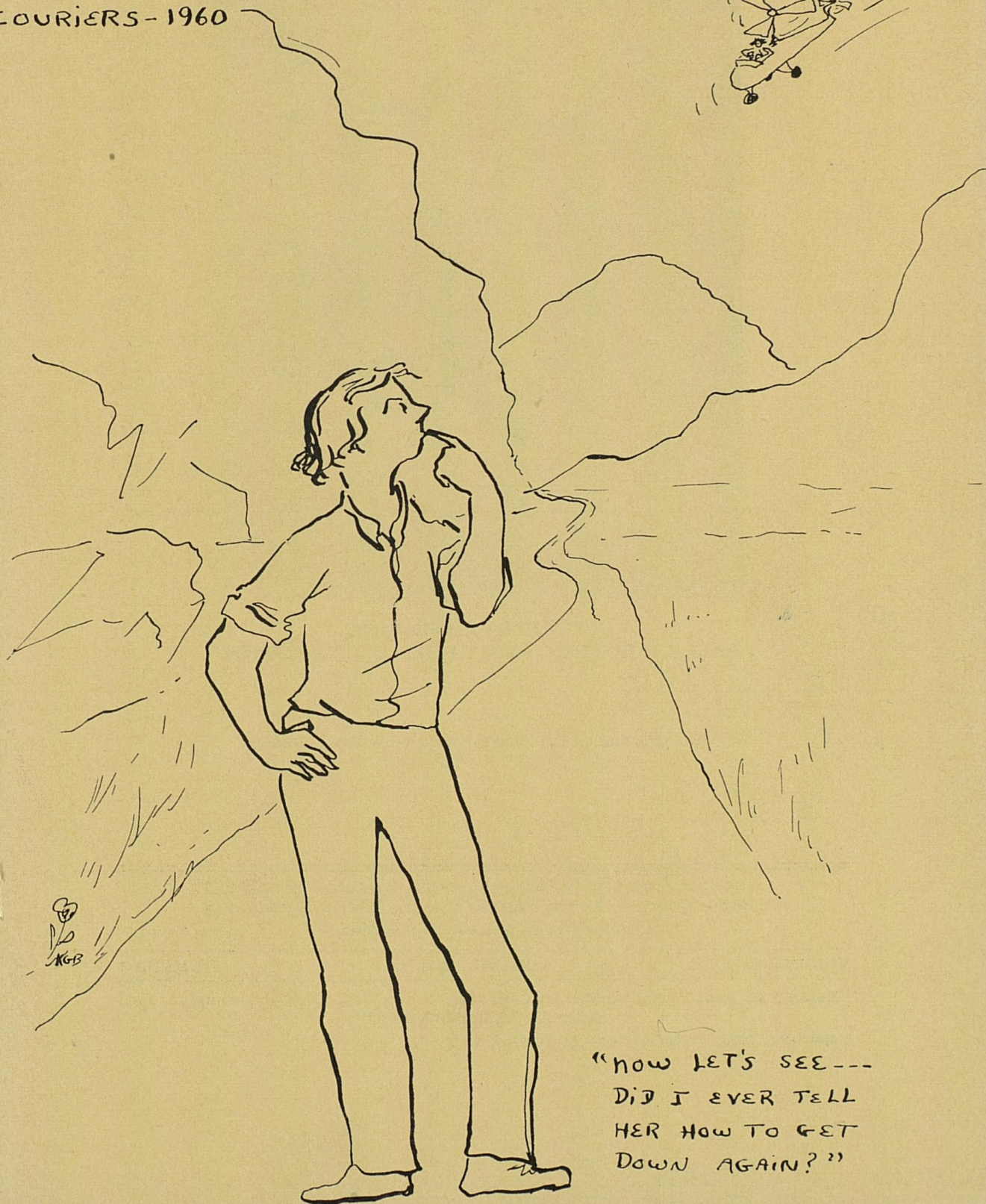
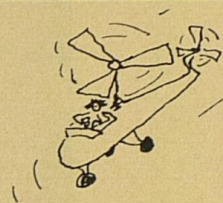
The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.
TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 29

SUMMER 1953

NUMBER 1

COURIERS-1960



KG-B

"NOW LET'S SEE ---
DID I EVER TELL
HER HOW TO GET
DOWN AGAIN?"



COURIERS—Left to Right
SALLY FOREMAN, KITTY BIDDLE, LILA CANER

The drawing on the Bulletin cover is by Kitty Biddle

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
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VOLUME 29

SUMMER, 1953

NUMBER 1

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HIFNER, FORTUNE AND POTTER
 CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
 145 EAST HIGH
 LEXINGTON, KY.

To the Officers and Directors,
 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 30, 1953, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and supporting schedules.

In our opinion all recorded receipts have been duly accounted for.

During the year you received new endowment and reserve funds amounting to \$56,816.37, and these funds now total in excess of \$604,000.00.

Due to deaths, and depreciation, the investment in live stock and equipment was decreased by \$5,175.00 during the year.

From the date of your organization to April 30, 1953, you received:

Contributions and Income.....	\$3,595,999.26
Endowment and Reserves.....	604,854.34
Total	<u>\$4,200,853.60</u>

These figures would be impressive for any business, but for an organization such as yours, they are truly astounding.

Your books have been closed under our direction and are in accord with this report.

Respectfully submitted,

HIFNER, FORTUNE AND POTTER
 Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky
 May 20, 1953

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
for the Fiscal Year
May 1, 1952 to April 30, 1953

PREFACE

As has been our custom since we were one year old, we present our annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service, to its trustees, members, and subscribers.

We have, as in previous years, divided our report into two sections. One section is about money, and one section about work.

I.

FISCAL REPORT

Our annual audit is so detailed, and therefore so voluminous, that we do not print it in full. The figures that follow are taken from the Exhibits and Schedules of the last audit. We have divided these figures into four categories, each one covering one page, to make easier reading. The auditors' own Summary is the first category. The second is their list of Endowments and Reserves. The third category covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category we have put into two columns—to the left the expenditures of the last fiscal year taken from the audit, and to the right the Budget accepted by our trustees for the current fiscal year, based on last year's expenditures.

Under a fifth category, called Inventory, we account for all our properties. All five categories are given in sequence on the following pages.

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORT
From Official Audit for Fiscal Year
May 1, 1952 to April 30, 1953

Receipts (not inclusive of new endowments) for the fiscal year, of which \$124,612.11 were donations (the balance of the receipts was from endowment income, benefits, fees, and so forth)	\$ 210,323.67
Expenditures (For Running Expenses—including repairs, replacements, and upkeep)	199,842.59
Cash Surplus for Year	10,481.08
Less Charge-offs, Depreciation, etc.	8,231.92
Net Surplus for Year	<u>2,249.16</u>
 New Endowment received in the past fiscal year	 <u>56,816.37</u>
 New Land, Building, Livestock, and Equipment in the past fiscal year	 \$3,056.92
Less—Charge-offs (deaths, depreciation, etc.)	8,231.92
New Decrease	<u>5,175.00</u>
 Value of total Land, Building, Livestock, and Equipment of Frontier Nursing Service	 <u>\$ 357,509.86</u>
 Total Endowments of the Frontier Nursing Service to date (This is the value at dates of gifts. Present value would probably exceed this amount—including Reserve Fund)	 <u>\$ 604,854.34</u>
 Total Contributions and Income (exclusive of Endowment) from Organization to April 30, 1953	 <u>\$3,595,999.26</u>
Less:—	
Total Expenses (exclusive of Land, Building and Equipment) from Organization to April 30, 1953	<u>\$3,247,051.28</u>
 Remainder, in Cash and Cash Items	 \$ 16,128.95
In Land, Building, and Equipment	357,509.86
Temporary Loans	2,565.82
Total	<u>\$376,204.63</u>
Less Indebtedness	27,256.65
Total	<u>\$ 348,947.98</u>

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 Baby Crib.....	\$ 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.....	16,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby Crib.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,686.79*
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.....	78,349.52
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	1,100.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	5,000.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....	12,750.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....	25,375.00
Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....	17,257.50
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and its Endowment.....	46,456.96*
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....	1,953.70
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....	5,000.00
Richard D. McMahan Legacy.....	943.23
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford's Fund in Memory of her two children.....	10,000.00
Cassius Clay Shackelford (a boy)	
Rodes Clay Shackelford (a girl)	
Hattie M. Strong Memorial.....	10,000.00
Norah Oliver Shoemaker Baby Crib.....	1,000.00
Beulah Bruce Brennan Memorial.....	2,000.00
Anna Rosina Gooch Memorial.....	10,000.00
Jeannie B. Trull Legacy.....	29,703.45
 Total Endowment.....	 \$569,854.34
RESERVE ACCOUNT:	
Mrs. Louise D. Crane.....	\$ 4,000.00
Mrs. Frederic Moseley Sackett.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Eliza A. Browne.....	16,000.00
M. T. M. Hanrahan Fund.....	5,000.00
	35,000.00
 Total	 \$604,854.34

* Income added to principal.
All others at original amount of gift.

REVENUE RECEIPTS
Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid
May 1, 1952 to April 30, 1953

SUMMARY	Contributions	Benefits and Bargain Box	Totals
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Fund	\$ 3,804.50		\$ 3,804.50
Baltimore Committee.....	1,079.00		1,079.00
Boston Committee.....	7,523.32		7,523.32
Charlottesville Committee.....	65.20		65.20
Chicago Committee.....	7,142.87		7,142.87
Cincinnati Committee.....	5,027.86		5,027.86
Cleveland Committee.....	8,305.66		8,305.66
Detroit Committee.....	6,734.50		6,734.50
Hartford Committee.....	792.50		792.50
Kentucky:*			
Blue Grass Committee.....	12,302.50		12,302.50
Louisville Committee.....	11,004.00		11,004.00
Miscellaneous Kentucky.....	4,193.00		4,193.00
Minneapolis Committee.....	2,314.00		2,314.00
New York Committee.....	20,074.89	\$ 7,448.00	27,522.89
Philadelphia Committee.....	5,911.55	552.00	6,463.55
Pittsburgh Committee.....	9,726.00		9,726.00
Princeton Committee.....	1,034.00		1,034.00
Providence Committee.....	1,186.06		1,186.06
Riverdale Committee.....	1,416.00		1,416.00
Rochester Committee.....	3,598.47		3,598.47
Washington, D. C. Committee.....	4,750.88	3,246.84**	7,997.72
Miscellaneous	5,448.85		5,448.85
Totals	\$123,435.61***	\$11,246.84	\$134,682.45

* Total for Kentucky \$27,499.50.

** 1952 and 1953. Also includes \$1,176.50 which should have been donations from 54 donors, but list was received too late to be itemized.

*** This includes the \$1,546.50 given by the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS

Fees for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.....		\$ 7,850.00	
Payments from Patients:			
Income from Nursing			
Centers	\$ 8,649.46		
Medical and Surgical Fees..	7,692.50		
Hyden Hospital Fees.....	11,734.15		
Hyden Hospital Clinic			
Supplies	10,737.47	38,813.58	
Royalties through 12-30-52 on			
Book <i>Wide Neighborhoods</i> ..		2,713.84	
Local Sale of Book <i>Wide</i>			
<i>Neighborhoods</i>		451.20	
Wendover Post Office.....		3,134.88	
Investment Income.....		21,833.07	
Sales of Books and Post Cards..		51.73	
Transferred from Eliza A.			
Browne Legacy.....		792.92	75,641.22
Total All Revenue Receipts..			\$210,323.67

LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

	1952-1953	1953-1954
I. FIELD EXPENSE:		
(Hyden Hospital, Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, Wendover, and Six Nursing Centers)		
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 59,283.76	\$ 62,000.00
2. Medical Director and Vacation Relief (Note 1).....	6,852.27	6,000.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 2).....	17,691.66	18,000.00
4. Running Costs (food, minus board of residents; cows, fuel, electricity, laundry, freight, haulage, et cetera).....	36,307.07	37,000.00
5. Feed and Care of 22 Horses, 5 Mules (Note 3).....	9,491.41	9,500.00
6. Jeeps (14), Truck, Station Wagon Ambulance.....	4,555.79	4,500.00
Total Field Expense.....	\$134,181.96	\$137,000.00
II. ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSE:		
1. Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, postage, printing, telephone, telegraph, et cetera.....	\$ 25,119.66	\$ 25,000.00
III. SOCIAL SERVICE.....	\$ 8,363.89	\$ 8,000.00
IV. GENERAL EXPENSE:		
1. Social Security Tax.....	\$ 1,106.79	\$ 1,200.00
2. Insurance (Fire — \$288,800.00 coverage, Employer's Liability, full coverage on truck, 14 jeeps, and station wagon).....	5,193.67	5,200.00
3. Interest.....	270.00	270.00
4. Quarterly Bulletins (covered by subscriptions).....	4,868.92	4,000.00
5. Statistics.....	2,095.00	2,000.00
6. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors and Nurses for study and observation, professional books and magazines.....	487.90	500.00
7. Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses beyond the mountains.....	162.00	300.00
Total General Expense.....	\$ 14,184.28	\$ 13,470.00
V. MAINTENANCE OF PROPERTIES.....	\$ 17,992.80	\$ 20,000.00
Total Expense.....	\$199,842.59	\$203,470.00
VI. LAND AND BUILDINGS, MOTOR VEHICLES, EQUIPMENT AND LIVESTOCK.....	\$ 3,056.92	\$ 4,530.00
GRAND TOTAL.....	\$202,899.51	\$208,000.00

Note 1: Approximately 1/4 of his time spent on districts.

Note 2: Approximately 1/3 of supplies relayed to districts.

Note 3: Eight animals belong to FNS employees, who must ride to work.

LAND, BUILDINGS, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

INVENTORY

Our auditors set a value of \$357,509.86 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

Hyden

A stone Hospital, one wing of which is the Mary Ballard Morton Memorial, one wing the Mary Parker Gill Memorial, and the frame Annex, a Memorial to "Jackie" Rousmaniere; Joy House, home of the Medical Director, a gift of Mrs. Henry B. Joy; Aunt Hattie's Oak Barn, gift of Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong; Mardi Cottage, the Quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; The Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; three water tanks; two employees' cottages; and out-buildings such as garages, work shop, pig house, forge, pump house, fire hose house, and the Wee Stone House.

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Big 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 cow barn, horse hospital barn, mule barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, pump house, jeep shed, 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; two wells.

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

Frame building and oak barn; employee's cottage; deep well, pump house and water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

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

Clara Ford Nursing Center

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Log building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water 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; fire hose house; walled-in spring; water tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

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

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn; fire hose house; walled-in spring; deep well, pump house and water tank; 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

Eighteen horses; one mule; one registered Brown Swiss Bull; fourteen cows; one heifer; one calf; registered Duroc brood sow, and four piglets; over two hundred chickens.

Equipment

Equipment includes: fourteen jeeps; one Ford station wagon-ambulance; one half-ton truck; 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-two dwellings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

II

REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept in this department on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service secretary maintained by the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund.

1.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

During the whole of the past fiscal year our Medical Director was Dr. F. William den Dulk, who is a surgeon as well as a physician. Since this was his second year in the Frontier Nursing Service, and since thousands of people liked and respected him, we had a busy year. It was not until the summer of the current fiscal year that Dr. den Dulk left us for private practice in the State of Washington, and Dr. Frances L. Zoekler took over the duties of Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service. In October and in April Dr. Francis Massie, with his excellent staff, came up from Lexington for general surgical clinics.

Our gratitude is extended anew each year toward the physicians and surgeons in Hazard, Louisville and Lexington who have given courtesy care to patients and members of our staff sent to them; to Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati for reading, without charge, the X-ray pictures mailed to him by our Medical Director; to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati and the Children's Hospital in Louisville which have continued to give free care to the children we have taken to them; to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission, which has taken care of all the children we referred to them; to the Kentucky State Board of Health for the kindness and coöperation of its Commissioner and the Directors of its Divisions, particularly that of Maternal and Child Health.

2.

HYDEN HOSPITAL

Hyden Hospital—with 25 beds and 12 bassinets—was occupied 7,199 days last year by 1,166 patients with a daily average

of 19.7 patients at a cost per patient day of \$9.56. Of the 1,166 patients cared for at the Hospital during the fiscal year, 216 were sick adults, 430 were obstetrical patients, 251 were children, and 269 were newborn. There were 9 deaths in the Hospital, of which 9 were newborn. There were no maternal deaths. There were 197 operations performed. At the Medical Directors' clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital, there was a total of 10,593 visits received during the past fiscal year.

3.

DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 9,609 people in 2,137 families. Of these 4,756 were children including 2,396 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 19,854 visits and received 22,642 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 1,015 sick people of whom 6 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 4,379 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 3,323 specimens for analysis.

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

4.

MIDWIFERY

Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) attended 459 women in childbirth, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 459 women, 16 were delivered by our Medical Director and our consultants. There were 455 live births and 4 stillbirths; 7 deliveries of twins; 359 new cases admitted; 448 closed after postpartum care; 7 miscarriages. There were no maternal deaths.

Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 55 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 9 live births, 3 stillbirths, and 42 emergency miscarriages (25 early and 17 late). Postpartum care was given to 4 other unregistered mothers. There was no maternal death.

Outside-Area Cases

There were 191 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these, 31 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into our district or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 7 such patients of 7 live babies, in their own homes, with no maternal deaths.

5.

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has two classes annually, each of six months' duration, which start on October 15th and April 15th. During the past year 12 registered nurses were graduated from the School. The twenty-sixth class since the School opened in 1939 is now in attendance. When its work is completed on October 15th the School will have sent 127 nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to render service all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, and Alaska, the Philippines, and in various parts of Africa, Japan, India, Thailand, and South America.

6.

GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 81 overnight guests who stayed 854 days. In addition Wendover

entertained for meals 196 guests for 250 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 78 days, and day guests for 355 meals.

Guests of the Service during the past year have included not only Americans, but persons from the following lands: England, Germany, South Africa, India, Ethiopia, Egypt, Thailand, Holland.

7.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Sixteen couriers and nine other volunteers worked for the Service a total of 1,150 days. During the time the volunteers were with the Service they lived at Wendover, Hyden, and the outpost Centers.

8.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

During the past fiscal year the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service has given financial aid to 135 families or individuals, as follows:

- Provided monthly allowance to one person
- Provided monthly pension to one person
- Administered an Idiot's Claim for 2 persons
- Gave grocery orders to 18 families—a total of 30 orders
- Gave garden seed to 3 families
- Aided 8 burned-out families
- Purchased 4 bus tickets to Lexington for patients
- Purchased medicine for 6 patients
- Purchased shoes and clothing for 5 persons
- Purchased cow for one family
- Paid school bills for 3 children
- Made loans to 2 persons
- Purchased glasses for 38 patients
- Paid dental bills for 6 patients
- Paid Lexington hospital bills for 5 patients
- Paid Red Bird hospital bill for one patient

Paid Hazard hospital bills for 2 patients
Paid Hyden hospital bills for 23 patients
Paid fees at outside clinics for 2 patients
Paid for coal for one family
Paid for room and board in boarding home for one mother and baby and one child.

Many patients have been transported to and from the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital and outpost centers. In addition there were:

- 18 trips to Hazard with 59 patients—49 children and adults for eye examinations, 9 patients to the dentist, 1 patient to Hazard hospital.
- 1 trip to Houston Mission School, Houston, Kentucky with 1 child.
- 1 trip to a Kentucky Crippled Children's clinic in Manchester with 18 patients.
- 12 trips to Lexington with 15 patients—3 children for eye examinations prior to surgery, 4 patients to Lexington hospitals, 8 patients to the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission.
- 13 trips to Cincinnati Children's Hospital with 8 patients.

General services and aid have been given other families and individuals, such as:

- Distributed hundreds of articles of clothing, shoes, books, etc. to needy families.
- Obtained 4 bus passes for indigent patients.
- Gave special assistance to one family with a young deaf child.
- Supervised college student doing field work in the Social Service Department.
- Assisted with the distribution of toys and clothing for Christmas and helped with the Christmas parties.
- Helped with the Annual Wendover Easter Egg Hunt.
- Services and time given in a number of other cases of a miscellaneous nature, and in coöperation with the County Welfare and Health Departments, the local Red Cross Chapter, the county judges, the county child welfare and vocational rehabilitation repre-

sentatives, and the Frontier Nursing Service medical Director, district nurses, and hospital staff.

9.

CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys 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, Christmas trees, and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous response of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

III.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEAR TOTAL

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

Patients registered from the beginning.....	41,111
Babies and toddlers.....	16,335
School children.....	7,840
Total Children.....	24,175
Adults	16,936
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	9,476
(Maternal deaths, 11)	
Inoculations	184,185
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	13,846
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	124,640

* For 23 years and 6 months. The FNS Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

CONCLUSION

From an administrative point of view, this past fiscal year has been one of our hardest. Only those of the second World War were more difficult. Our executive secretary, Agnes Lewis, was away until Christmas. This meant that upon less accustomed shoulders fell the brunt of such repair and upkeep on our vast properties as could not be deferred. The whole Hyden Hospital water system—from the 200-foot well with its deep well pump, its booster pump, its two motors, its controls, on up to the

reserve tanks on the side of the mountain, and then on down to the septic tanks and drainage fields—this whole system started the year on the blink. We coped for months with various parts of it—in turn—under the direction of our indefatigable trustee, Mr. Chris Queen, the Ford Motor Company engineer on Red Bird River.

In October came the forest fires, with weeks of terrible tension. Early in November our assistant director, Ann MacKinnon, the superintendent of Hyden Hospital, suffered the devastating heart attack from which she died in early February. Another assistant director, Betty Lester, who was field supervisor, took over as Hyden Hospital superintendent, but that left the field with only such supervision as the administrative assistant director, Helen E. Browne, could give it and continue with her own work. There isn't space to tell how we have met these shortages of key people. But we do want to pay special tribute to our outpost center nurse-midwives, who carried their heavy responsibilities superbly, without the help from headquarters to which they were entitled, and to our local committees who backed them up.

It is a source of happiness to us that we can report an easier year as regards our financial affairs. Our revenue receipts not only met in full our expenses of just under \$200,000.00, but provided the extra funds needed for a new jeep, other equipment, and livestock. We had the pleasant experience of spending several thousand dollars less than the budget authorized by our Board of Trustees. We are proud to report that for the first time in our history the fees from our patients came to more than ten percent of our total running expenses. As a matter of fact, they met 19.42 percent of these expenses.

An even higher percent of the costs of running Hyden Hospital was met by its outpatient clinic and its ward patients. Many of these patients are now insured cases—miners, truck drivers, et cetera—who can pay the full costs of their care. For the ward patients this works out at \$9.56 per patient day. Charged against the Hospital (in our audit) are the salaries of its nurses and two secretaries; the wages of its male and female employees; the repair and upkeep of its buildings; its water and sewage; full insurance coverage; feed and care of a

herd of cows, as well as food for people; hauling and freight; laundry, telephone, electricity, coal, et cetera. Charged against the Hospital also is three-fourths of the Medical Director's time (one-fourth being prorated to the districts); two-thirds of all drugs and medical supplies (one-third being prorated to the districts); and one-half the cost of running the station-wagon-ambulance—one-half being prorated to the districts.

The extent to which our patients have met the costs of running the Hospital is shown in the following table.

Hyden Hospital and Health Center—total running cost.....	\$68,838.20
Hospital and Clinic Receipts 1952-1953.....	29,885.16
Percent of running cost met by receipts.....	44.7%

We have never deviated from our policy of giving free care to children. This is now paying us substantial dividends from parents who can afford to pay for the care of their children. Many times during the past year, we have received donations of from five to fifty dollars from grateful fathers who want to help us in giving free care to the children whose parents cannot pay.

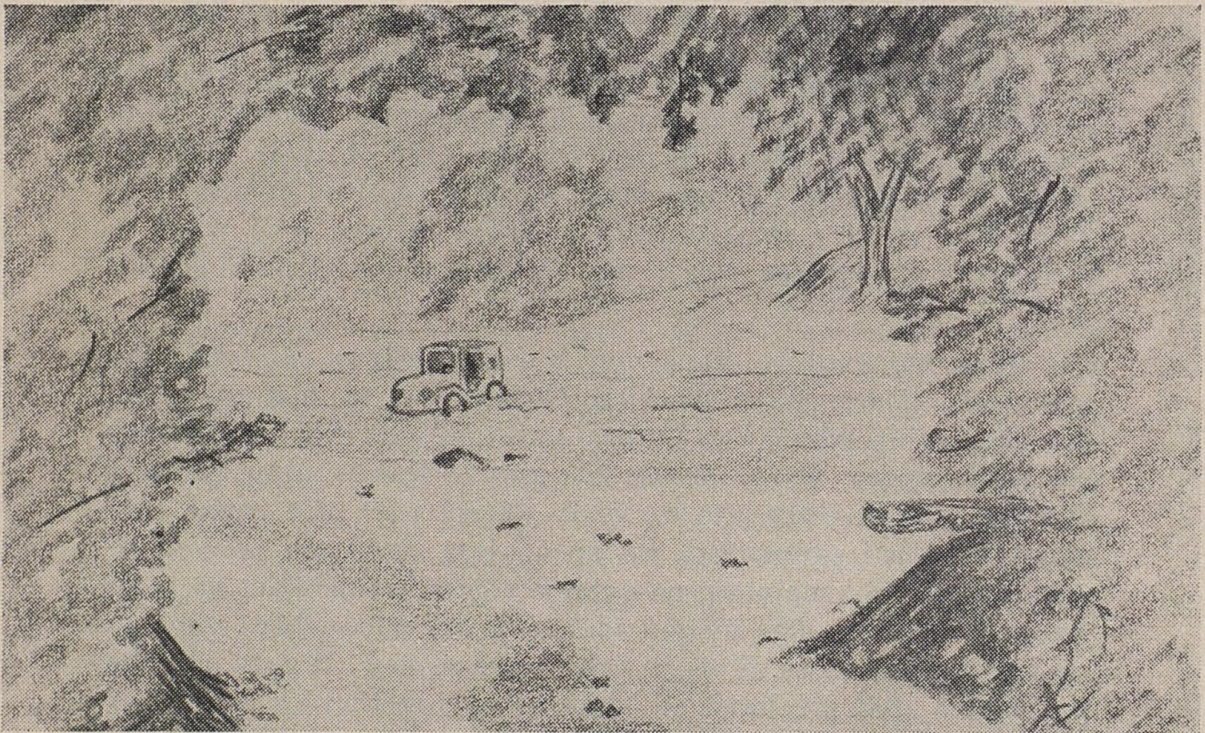
Now we want to thank you, our subscribers, including the members of our hard working Committees in distant cities, for the fidelity which has enabled us to present this satisfactory financial report. Every dollar you give to the Frontier Nursing Service goes directly into its work, except part of a penny. On what is called promotion, we spend less than one percent of our budget. We maintain no outside offices, we conduct no campaign for funds. The money that you, our subscribers, send to us is not spent in an effort to raise more money. It goes into the enterprise that we have all undertaken together, in behalf of rural children and their families. Apart from the thousands of children we serve in our field of work, we reach tens of thousands more that you and we will never meet—through the people who come to observe and to study our frontier techniques. These techniques have been put to use in the service of remotely rural children and their families on every continent, and many islands, of this planet. Of far more worth to you than our

thanks is the unspoken gratitude of those nameless ones, to whom you and we are alike unnamed.

MARION S. D. BELKNAP, Chairman
(Mrs. Morris B. Belknap)

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director



MUNCY'S FORD OF THE MIDDLE FORK OF THE KENTUCKY RIVER

IMPRESSIONS OF A RETREAT AT WENDOVER

Introduction

For those who come out of the mountains, after a visit to the Frontier Nursing Service, the return is made with as many different impressions as there are different visitors. All will be true impressions, for the Service is many-faceted, rich and deep, and the power to give seems stintless. I have had the privilege of three visits to Wendover. Each has given me something special, something to treasure and to use in my life outside the mountains. For each I am deeply grateful, but for this last one, a week in June, I am profoundly grateful. My need was great and it was met in a unique way. Perhaps others have found a week at Wendover turn out to be in the nature of a religious Retreat. Frankly I did not expect it, but that is what it was for me. And frankly that is what I needed most. . I came somewhat worn and tired, with pressing anxieties on my heart. I was having to look forward to a strenuous trip north which promised to be full of psychological problems and difficulties that had to be faced before I could go back to my home in California.

Everything in the mountains conspired to help me and prepare me for what was ahead. I stayed rather quietly around Wendover and let strength and serenity soak into me. When I left it was with lifted heart and fresh courage. The help remained with me throughout my journey. My Retreat at Wendover was more successful than I could have hoped or dreamed.

Night

Quietness and tranquillity. The soft sound of trees and night-creatures. The strong bold outline of shadowed mountains looking up at the guardian stars. Soft night-air blowing in at the windows, a breath of peace soothing the busy mind and disposing it for sleep. Silence within the shrine of the heart.

Enoch

A quiet walk beside the river up to a ford beyond the Wendover boundaries. The water smiling and twinkling, gay and care-free in the afternoon sunlight. Why be troubled on a day

like this, made for humorous insight into the nature of things! I meet my old friend Enoch, the noble beech tree. We bow—at least I do. He raises his eye-brows. I notice that strewn around his splendid intertwined roots are the untidy remains of the past picnics of interlopers. What desecration! I look up at him aghast. He smiles. "A parable," he whispers. "Girl"—considering our relative ages I am still a girl to him—"Girl, tidy up your own life if you want to solve your problems ahead." I run for a basket and pick up cans, rinds, and papers. He thanks me with old-world courtesy. I put a reverent hand on his sturdy reassuring trunk. "Help me," I whisper, "to tidy up myself." "I will," he sighs—or is it the breeze? "But you are a lot harder to tidy up than I am." Musing, I walk back by the river. He returns to the deep life within him and walks with God.

The Graveyard

Walking up the road within the Wendover boundaries. A hot and sultry Sunday with dust rising at every step. A turn to the right, and I mount a stone stairway into the woods. There, enclosed behind a paling, are two graves—sacramental signs in earth of two gallant souls creatively alive. "Bucket" and "Mac" I salute you for all you have given here in the mountains, and are still giving with even greater freedom and love! One must kneel in thanksgiving to the Creator of souls. Thunder and big slow drops of heavy rain. Tears for the dead? No! Relief and joy that someday we shall be as they are—freed from the limitations of our earthly training school—free to give and to love eternally.

Fellow-Creatures

More on the circumference of this experience but still a vital part of it are the pleasant country sounds and the rhythms of the animals going about their varied business. The spontaneous romping affection of dogs calling forth a pat here or a tid-bit there! The self-sufficient waddle of geese who regard one with a cold superior eye—am I **that** self-centered I wonder? The friendly head of a horse thrust out from a stall in greeting as one walks by—have I always a welcoming gesture for those who pass? Wide-eyed calves with their fresh enthusiasm for life.

Busy, anxious and often flustered hens—with no time for meditation. Even Edna, whose ponderous and piggish relaxation makes one pause and question—am I as spiritually lazy as **that**? “O ye beasts of the Lord, praise ye the Lord”—for we are all children of one Father.

Community

Encouraging and sustaining power of loving kindness that encircles one constantly here at Wendover! Such gaiety and humor and warm laughter at meals. All breaking of bread between friends is a sacrament, releasing unseen energy and life. Friendly exchanges of words, a quiet-flowing stream revealing understanding at bed rock. A quick concerned glance which says, “You are one of us.” The silent reassurance of help given in silence from kind unselfish hearts. One is held in an unbroken bond of fellowship because “underneath are the Everlasting Arms” encircling us all.

The Chapel

Here is the heart of the Frontier Nursing Service beating steady and strong with life from above. “Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.” And the Light-bearer here is Adeline the Anchoress, of whom Mary Breckinridge has told us in *Wide Neighborhoods*. She it is who has sustained this work from its inception until now when it has come of age. She still sustains and nourishes, loves and intercedes for it, and for all who are a part of its ever-widening life.

The sun streams through the windows of this little room onto the altar. The cross glows. The altar-flowers lift their small translucent cups to catch the shining. The mind of the kneeling worshipper is stilled, at peace. The heart opens wide to let in light. The radiance of St. Adeline fills the chapel, and above—beyond and within hers—the Light of lights embraces all.

As the edge of dark draws near one rises blest.

“Chela”

KANEEZ HAS A BABY . . .

By JOAN COURT, Public Health Nurse Attached to the World Health Organization Advisory Team on Maternal and Child Health in Lahore, Pakistan

From November 1949 to January 1951, Nurse-Midwife on the Frontier Nursing Service Staff

District midwifery in Lahore is often complicated by the fact that very few of our mothers seem to know where they live and seldom give us their correct address.

We often wonder how they find their way home. On subsequent home visits we get completely lost.

It would be less confusing if they told us to turn right at the third buffalo, and then follow the white horse with the lame leg to the fourth water tap by the Pipul tree . . . or perhaps WHO should recruit only public health nurses with second sight. It's worse than London in the blackout.

We have just had our hundredth home delivery since starting this project last year, and we do enjoy this part of the work.

The important thing is to be philosophical. There is, for instance, the little matter of getting things ready for the delivery.

The most unexpected patients make excellent preparations: baby clothes of the pattern we advise and neat bags of boiled cloth, and they have the room clean and orderly for the occasion.

Others, in spite of repeated home visits, never quite get down to it, and in the end send for us too late.

One like that was Kaneez, a problem mother if ever I saw one, with ten pregnancies to her credit and two children who managed to survive infancy.

Sweetly vague, with her hair hanging in wisps from under her burka, she attended our ante-natal clinic from the earliest months, but unfortunately rarely on the right morning.

She would send for UNICEF milk, but always an hour too late so that the poor Health Visitor had to dirty her pots and pans again and make some more.

She was always demanding little dabs of gentian violet and vaseline at the most inconvenient moments.

Then, suddenly, she would desert us for weeks and it would take hours of home visiting and offers of soap (bribery) to persuade her to come to the clinic again for examination.

Kaneez was a lady of uncertain temper.

Some days when we visited her she would be very angry for no apparent reason, not speaking, but going on with the cooking and slapping the chappati angrily while giving us fierce looks. At other times she would be sweet and docile and do everything we asked—except, of course, prepare her things for delivery.

As her time drew near it became routine to ask the midwife who had been on night call: "Has Kaneez delivered yet?"

Eventually, at five o'clock one morning, she sent her booking card, and we rushed like mad, the student (her first district case, poor girl) pinning up her hair as we drove through the gate.

We arrived there just in time. The baby was born, of course, but the cord was not cut.

Kaneez was lying on the bed looking faintly surprised, and the baby, which she had forgotten to pick up, was lying, squalling and naked, in a puddle on the mud floor.

An obliging neighbour, string and vegetable knife in hand, was about to cut the cord. No-one was at all pleased when we demanded water to boil the ligatures and instruments, but we quietly got on with it and then bathed the mother and baby.

Kaneez did not like the idea of feeding her baby at the breast; it was not her custom for the first three days, but we eventually persuaded her.

We put the infant in her arms and, when it was sucking well, turned our backs for a minute to strap up the delivery bags.

When we looked again the same helpful neighbour had taken the baby and was giving it a drink of nice sweet tea, hot and strong, throwing it expertly into its mouth with her grubby fingers while our Kaneez looked on approvingly.

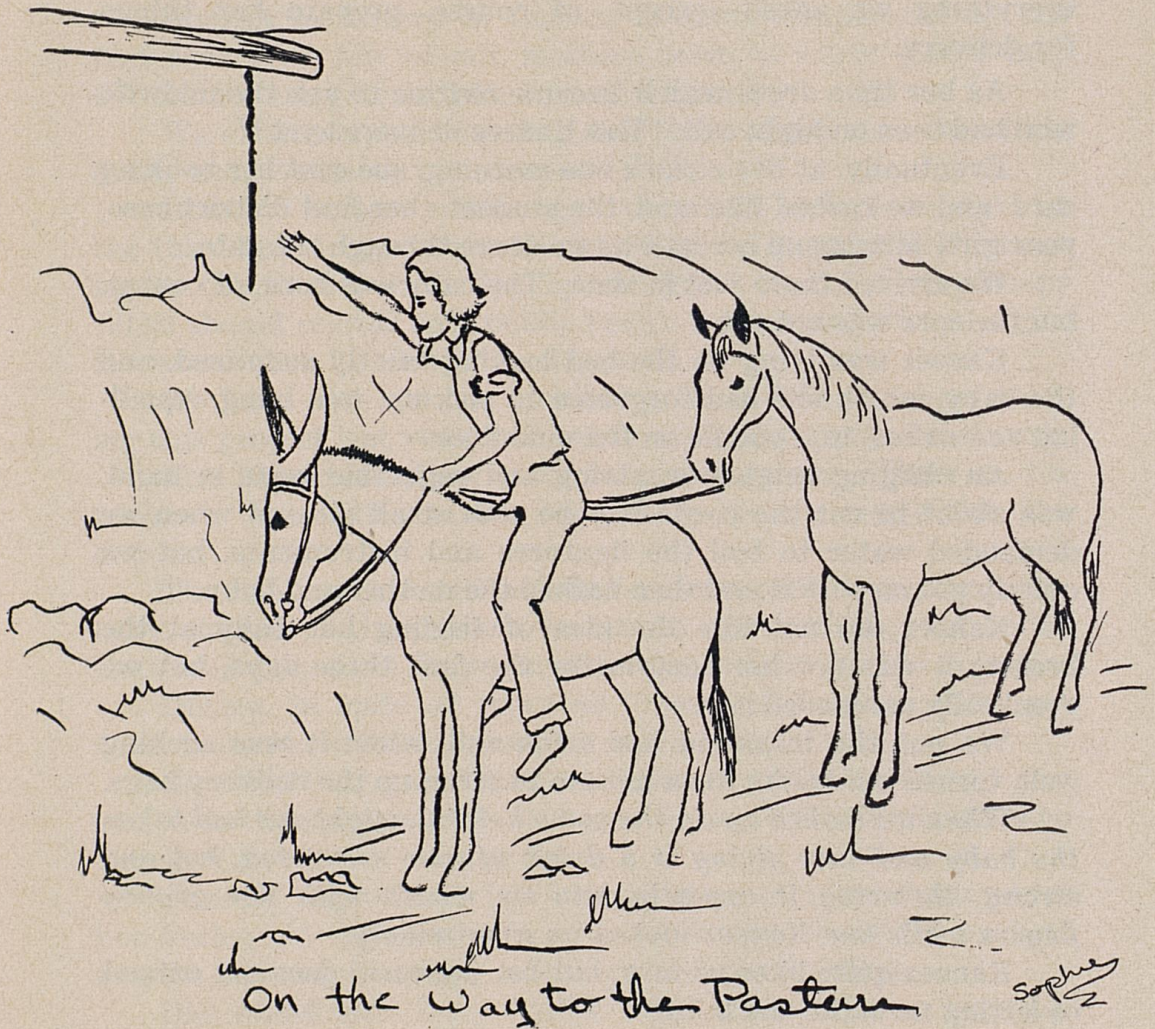
Kaneez quite likes us now, but her approval does not extend to letting us bathe the baby.

She prefers to attend to its toilet herself, giving it a daily massage with ghee and atta (*clarified butter and wheat flour*) an attention which the flies greatly appreciate.

But, bless her, she's not typical . . . and our students, I

hasten to say, *do* get a fair percentage of deliveries under reasonable home conditions.

WHO Newsletter
World Health Organization



ME AND MARVIN

by

LEE HATHEWAY, Litchfield, Connecticut Courier

I had heard about "Marvin," the horse at Brutus, with her habit of shying quite badly. But none of these stories about her affected me in the least until the day Jean informed me that I was to ride Marvin from Brutus to Bowlingtown.

The time drew near, all too near for my comfort. Everyone said that the ride was a lovely one, but when I informed them what I was riding, they looked a bit skeptical. And I got more nervous.

Sunday, in all normal places a time for rest, was the day set for this excursion, and it dawned a dismal one. But equipped with Jean's raincoat, I had no excuse.

When we had loaded "Monday" with all of the grab that any jeep could possibly hold, Paula (acting chauffeur for the occasion) and I were off. Down the Wendover road, across the river, and into the creek went "Monday." But there she stopped—PLUMB DEAD. The river had been high, but we didn't think high enough to dampen the spark plugs. But she was most stubborn and just would not start. We hopped out and pulled up the hood, finding the spark plugs dry as a bone. Was she flooded or what? Again and again we tried to start her, but no response. We were really getting a bit annoyed, and thought that even without reason, we would dry the already dry spark plugs. Finding no rags available in the jeep, we used the second best—our clean shirts. Perhaps "Monday" just wanted us to dirty our shirts, for after that process, she started up like a dream. And once more we were off to unknown experiences.

There was no one to greet us upon our arrival at Brutus, and the thought of having to catch a wild horse was not relished by either of us. So we decided that the first move would be to unload all of the grab—to kill time if nothing else. Soon, however, Jim arrived to relieve us of one frightening duty. But although he agreed to catch the horse, he also gave me more fears about the coming ride. "You're a pretty good rider, h'aint you? That horse shys terrible bad. She h'aint been ridden for a right smart while. But I reckon you'll be all right. They wouldn't a sent

you out here iffen you couldn't ride pretty good." By this time any confidence that I might have had in my riding was pretty well shot, but there wasn't much I could do except try to appear calm.

While Jim caught the mare and saddled her, I choked down a sandwich. After that ordeal, there was no other way to procrastinate. The horse was waiting. Shaking profusely, I climbed on her, and we were on our way, for better or for worse, I wasn't at all sure which.

I was surprised and pleased to find that Marvin literally plodded up the road. This was fine with me but too slow. However, I didn't dare nudge her with my heels for fear of the consequences.

Soon we turned off onto the path which goes up over the mountain. Here were all sorts of new things that Marvin had to shy at—mostly things that I couldn't even see. But soon I heard a familiar sound: that of several cow bells. Cows are harmless, I thought, and continued on my way. Soon, however, the cows came in sight. Yes, the first one was a cow. But, following her, was an animal that looked too much like a bull for comfort. A second look verified my original horror. What to do? Marvin didn't seem to mind. I was the one who was shying this time. I discovered that there was a creek running alongside the path. But the jump was too much for the mare. Panicky, I turned her around and trotted down the path to the place where the creek and path originally separated, and hurried into the creek. Although Marvin didn't think much of walking on stones, I was much relieved, and felt that I could stand anything that she might do. But, she did nothing all the way to Bowlingtown. In fact, I actually had to give her a few kicks to help her along. We reached Bowlingtown safely. And this all goes to prove—never believe anything anyone tells you about a horse.

Village woman, to her daughter, assistant in the local shop:
"Have you got a packet of aspirins, Joan? I've got a terrible headache." Joan: "It's all your own fault, mother. I expect you've been reading again."

The Countryman, Burford, England

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Anne Harris (Toni), Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, Scotland

—May 30, 1953

When I got the Quarterly Bulletin in April and saw the picture of Roag House on the cover, I suddenly decided that I was going to come over [from Paris] for the coronation several days earlier and find Dunvegan on the Isle of Skye and Roag House; and so I did.

I left Glasgow at 5:46 in the morning from Queen's Station for Mallaig. It was a perfectly gorgeous trip by Fort William and Loch Lomond. At Mallaig I boarded the boat, getting to Parfree about 5:00 p.m. The voyage was beautiful, though cold (and I had no warm clothes with me as Paris had been so intensely hot I couldn't imagine any place on earth being cool). At Parfree I took a bus, which should, I suppose, only take an hour, but we had to stop and deliver mail, milk, passengers, etc. along the way, and the groceries for people who had given the bus driver their marketing lists when he came into town that morning. If anyone deserves "for he's a jolly good fellow," it's that bus driver!

We finally reached Dunvegan midst a torrent of rain and a blanket of fog, the like of which I could not imagine anywhere outside of the Hebrides. The driver asked me where I wanted to get off in Dunvegan and I said I didn't know. He said, "at The Hotel?" and I said yes, that would be fine. As the bus departed I stood there in the rain, bag in hand, still scanning the moors for Roag House and MacLeod's Table behind it. I was abruptly brought back to the fact that I was standing in front of the door in the rain by the clang of a dinner gong inside, so entered rapidly before someone took me for the village idiot standing wide-eyed and in a dream in the midst of a down pour. It was a charming country lodge with a homey communal spirit. A cheerful young Scotch boy took me to a room. I was terribly anxious to know how far away Roag House was and so asked the boy. "Roag House?" he said, "aye, it will be about 3 miles

up the road. There'll be a Miss MacKay living there now." [MacKay is pronounced Mac Ki'] I had to smile at the name of the inhabitant, MacKay, for the only Scotch song I could ever get Mac to sing me (and it was only as a special treat) was:

"When I greet MacKay
And MacKay greets me."

Now, I was terribly excited to realize that I had at least gotten to the right part of Skye (I knew she must have lived near Dunvegan for the Bulletin said her school certificate was from there), and that the next day I could see Roag House. Everyone at dinner talked to everyone else. This being "Skye week" (at least the last two days of it) all the MacLeods had gathered there with kilts and tartans galore. That day there had been a piper's retreat on the other side of the Loch up to the top of a hill where there was a cairn in memory of the last MacLeod chief. One charming MacLeod family, he 6'6", at a near table asked me to join them for the ceilidh (pronounced kaylie) in Watenioth, nearby. I went and spent a most delightful evening listening to pipers, Gaelic songs, a fiddler and an old knock-kneed village singer doing words to a beat and wild rhythm, which is used at reels where they don't have music, and the old women sit against the wall tapping their feet and chanting.

The next day was sunny on and off, with short storms coming and going intermittently. The air was fresh and invigorating. The wind made me feel quite alive and free and at peace after the heat, culture, turmoil and rush of Paris that is now becoming invaded by tourists. I recognized Roag House the minute I saw it from the top of the road. As I walked down I could imagine Mac as a girl going down there too in summer, with the heather in bloom, and all the way my romantic imagination seemed to run ahead of me. All she had told me of Skye came racing back to me and was alive. As I approached the house, a tiny little woman in a bonnet peeked out the window at me. I felt rather like an intruder, and was rather apprehensive as she opened the door a wee bit to see what I wanted. I said, "Would this be Roag House?" "Aye," she said, looking me over closely through tiny silver rimmed spectacles. "And did the MacKinnons live here?" I asked. "Aye," she said, "and what would you be wanting?"

The rains had begun again and I was becoming more and

more aware of the statistics which state that Dunvegan has 72 inches of rain a year. I asked if I might step in a minute to explain my mission. She stepped back, more reassured now, and led me through a wee door into a neat wee room, to a chimney and a blazing fire beneath. "Sit ye down," she said, "and forgive me my dress but I've been working today." I smiled and said I thought she looked charming and continued with my story. "Do you know that I have come here because of Annie MacKinnon?" I asked. "Aye. And she's dead now," she added quickly. "Yes," I said, "I know. That is why I've come." I then explained my relationship with Mac and showed her the Bulletin. Her expression changed immediately and she became quite sad and gentle, the lines softening around her mouth and her eyes teary. "Aye, and she was a good girl. She was a conscientious one too—aye, and she's gone now—time passes and they do too, but I'm still here. I have to stay around a bit longer." She explained that she was a MacLeod and that her sister Christina MacKay, had married Alan, Mac's brother. She was not there and so I did not meet her at all.

We sang the song together about "When I greet MacKay," and laughed a little. But she seemed sad and rather lonely, for she had outlived them all. She wanted me to stay longer, but I was sneezing and getting a cold, so was forced to leave before my cold got the better of me and of her both. She asked me to come back again. I promised to have a copy of the Bulletin sent to them and left, as she said "God speed you on your voyage," feeling quite warm and different from when I had arrived. I turned at the top of the road and looked back. I could see smoke coming out of the chimney, and the azalia bushes being blown like an umbrella inside out by the wind, and the square chunks of peat stacked neatly on the other side of the road. I went quickly back to the Inn but with a lasting memory of Roag House out on the moors, backed by MacLeod's Table and the Loch between.

The legend of MacLeod's Table (there are three tables but I speak of the one seen in the water color of Roag House) was explained to me. When the Chief of the MacLeod's was invited to dine in state at the King's palace in Edinburgh, a Duke at the dinner party turned rather scornfully to the Chief and

said, "Well, you've never seen the like of this table and these candles, back in the parts ye live in, have ye?" And the Chief, annoyed by this scorn, said, "Where my clan is we have a table and candles bigger than you can even imagine." The King (James V) overheard him and said he would like to come and see this, and so he was invited. The Chief was humiliated for he knew he had no such thing. But suddenly he thought of the table-like top of the hill (1,200 ft. high) and had a path made to the top. There he had his banquet, with all the clansmen standing round holding the torches for candles. And when the Duke came with the King for the feast, he apologized for his scorn. It has ever since been called "MacLeod's Table." Incidentally, it isn't a legend. It's all supposed to be historical fact.

At night before supper I saw Dunvegan castle (11th century) where all the MacLeod chiefs have lived and the present Chief (a woman) lives now. Walls 9 ft. thick, built on a rocky cliff with a shore below. After supper I went to another ceilidgh where they sang the "Skye Boat Song." Afterwards we all had tea, and then reels to warm us up, with Angus White, the town Gaelic singer. He's most amusing, except that he delighted in dancing with me, but more on me than on the floor!

And so at 6:00 a.m. I had to bid "Farewell to Skye"—to catch the 8 o'clock boat to Mallaig, which is almost in now. I couldn't stay any longer as there are no boats out on Sunday; it takes 24 hours to reach London, and I have to be in my coronation seat at 6:00 a.m. Tuesday. I must end quickly for we are docking now, and I want to mail this to you at Mallaig. Much love to you all,

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From Jane S. Bidwell, Weston, Massachusetts—May 30, 1953

It was so good to get the Bulletin and to hear all the news. I can't tell you how sorry I was to read about Mac's death.

After spending the majority of 1952 on a cattle ranch, I found myself on the John Jay Ski Tour which went abroad for one month of skiing in Austria, Italy and Switzerland.

The tour left the States in February of this year, flying by KLM to Amsterdam and then to Zurich and Zurs, Austria, our first stop. Here we had a delightful week of skiing under the

hot sun, which we were lucky to have for our entire trip. Cortina, Italy, was our next port of call. The scene for the coming 1956 Olympics. Here we ran into poor snow conditions—no snow to speak of! We enjoyed a day in Venice riding in the gondolas and sightseeing. By this second week, which was very gay in spite of the skiing, we became acquainted with our group of thirty-eight. It was a top notch group.

Klosters, Switzerland, was delightful. We arrived in the middle of the night, feeling weary after an all-day train trip, to be met by half of Klosters at the station, an accordion and all. It was the best week of the trip for me which ended in a party at the hour of 11:00 a.m. given by the management of the hotel.

Grindelwald had us situated in view of the magnificent Jungfrau. During our week's stay we enjoyed an 18-20-mile ski trip down the Aletch Glacier. After the tour I returned to Klosters with a few others to ski for two more weeks. Paris was next. A fabulous city with its chateaus, castles and cathedrals near by.

I visited English friends in Portishead outside of Bristol and had a few days in London as well. Two weeks in Holland with Dutch friends seeing the brightly colored bulb fields; a side trip of two days to Belgium, and to finish my stay I went to Norway. In Oslo, with Norwegian friends, I saw the play "Maria Stewart." I also saw the Norwegian royalty and the visiting Dutch royalty who attended the performance.

. . . .

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

Massachusetts—June 9, 1953

Yes, I do remember Erin; he was at one of the centers when I was there and I can well imagine how deeply saddened all those who knew him must be. How typical of Jean to forget her discomfort and administer aid to the ailing horse. Jean always amazed me with her varied knowledge of animals. Now that our household has increased due to the additions of a dog, cat and goldfish, I wish I knew more along Jean's lines.

. . . .

From Mrs. Carleton Byron Swift, Jr. (Mary Davidson),

in Japan—June 24, 1953

Carleton Byron IV is not courier material but we are enjoy-

ing him more than thoroughly. Each day brings forth a new talent.

I trust the Washington Benefit was a success. Please give my congratulations to Mrs. Breckinridge on being Kentuckian of the year.

We are happily situated in Japan. I have never been in the Far East before, but find it not too difficult to adapt. They adore children which means that help for the baby is no problem. I had a saddle block for anesthesia, but the vast majority of Japanese babies arrive without the aid of any anesthesia—like Kentucky!

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From Justine Pruyn (Dusty), Colebrook, Connecticut

—July 1, 1953

I have been painting metal porch chairs—all white as Mother doesn't care for exotic, exciting color combinations—weeding the garden, sorting laundry, etc., which is all reminiscent of Wendover three weeks ago. Besides that I have managed to land a job in the town six miles from here.

Now don't faint when I tell you what it is—I'm working as a regular employee in a clock factory, hours 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., though I think I may change to work from 8:00 to 5:00. I'm very new at this, having only begun two days ago; but already I have a vacation coming up—a long, long week end for the Fourth of July—so I can't say that they're working me too hard! All I have done so far is to bend hair springs—a fussy, but not too difficult a job. What I have to do is to get the hub of the spring in the exact middle of the coil. It takes tweezers to do it with as the springs are quite small and it's sort of tricky until you get the hang of it. A good worker can do at least 400 an hour, but as yet I'm not quite at 200. I think it will be an interesting and broadening experience; though quite monotonous. The people there are as nice as they can be which makes quite a difference.

.

From Kay Amsden, Pomfret, Vermont—July 19, 1953

As of now my time is planned until March 1955 so I'm afraid I won't get back to Kentucky before then. I finish camp

August 14; and August 15 we leave for California. I have to be back at Sweet Briar September 17. After I finish at Sweet Briar the end of November, I have been offered a job with the Hofmann's (where I used to work in the summer) helping with the horses and going fox hunting. I shall be there until the end of February and then my training starts the first of March.

Camp is nerve-racking, but fun—we have wonderful counsellors and campers.

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**From Mrs. John Martin Eddison (Becky Crane),
Woodbury, Connecticut—August 12, 1953**

Ann Hinman Lilley and I often talk over our wonderful days with the FNS. I was so glad that she loved it as much as I did. I keep up with the news in the Bulletin—still my favorite reading matter!

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From Susan Spencer, Minocqua, Wisconsin—August 17, 1953

Hilly and Stevie have given me so much news that I almost feel I've been back to Wendover. No word from them this week, but I expect they should be leaving Minneapolis for the West. Hope they make the other side of the Rockies before snow flies. [See Old Staff News.]

The first week in September I board the train for Seattle. My job there will be teaching physical education to first through twelfth graders in a small day and boarding school—The Helen Bush School for girls. I'm looking forward to it with a little trepidation, but also with the expectation of enjoying every minute of it. I will be sharing an apartment with another Smith girl of my vintage.

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**From Julie Hatheway (Lee), Litchfield, Connecticut
—August 24, 1953**

Believe it or not, this is about the first chance I've had to sit down and try to write a letter since I've been back. Life has been hectic, but, as usual, fun.

To begin with, the wedding was great fun; continual parties from the time I arrived Thursday afternoon till Saturday night.

I, with Beech Fork blisters, dirty and broken-off fingernails, chigger bites, and a farmer's tan, loved every minute of it. No one really noticed the defects after the party had been going on a bit. But, although it was fun getting "dressed up," I missed the blue jean, no lipstick atmosphere of Wendover.

Festivities came to a quick end on Saturday, and I somehow managed to get home by midnight. Monday morning found me off to my new job. Driving out to camp that first morning I felt vaguely the same way I did arriving at Wendover. But I had a slight advantage—this time I expected the unexpected; and I hadn't the least idea of what to expect. Well, it turned out that my main job was leading discussion groups with the "CIT's" (Counselors In Training). They are girls about 14 or 15 who are training to be counselors and I'm the one who is supposed to be training them. I (having never been a counselor), am supposed to be leading discussion groups on "Leadership," et cetera. It's a job too, because most of them aren't the least bit interested in anything except boys. But there is a brighter side to the story. The mornings are spent happily with the "younguns" teaching them dancing and that is great fun. They are all so cute and are really a pleasure to work with.

I miss all of you, the jeeps, horses, Tenacity, the cows and even Edna.

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From Nancy Dammann in India—August 15, 1953

I was distressed to read in the last Bulletin of Mac's death. She was a wonderful person. I know how you and the FNS must miss her. She certainly meant a lot to us couriers. She was the chief reason we always sought an excuse to do an errand at the hospital. The FNS won't seem the same without her.

I was also sorry to read about the forest fires. I hadn't realized that it was so dry at home. I hope you don't have the same problem this summer. They must have done a terrific amount of damage.

I keep remembering your argument that deforestation is the cause of the floods and droughts with which your part of Kentucky has been inflicted. The same thing has happened in India and is beginning in Nepal. In South India it is really tragic. They have cut down many of the trees on the mountains running

down the center of South India. And as a result the monsoon has failed for the past five years and there has been famine. It is horrible. Here of course wood is the only fuel. There are no mines although there are probably coal deposits in the mountains. It costs a fortune to bring in kerosene since there are no roads into Kathmandu. So the trees are gradually being cut down and Nepal is getting less and less rain.

It looks like I'll finally be getting home soon. I have reservations to leave Hong Kong October 14th and am beginning to count the days until I land in San Francisco. America is a wonderful country as one realizes after one has been away as long as I have.

But my Kathmandu assignment has been an interesting one. Last March I accompanied the Point IV public health doctor and an Indian eye specialist on a trip to Tansen, West Nepal. We had to walk the last 18 miles over two mountain ridges and up a third. There are no roads in most parts of Nepal. Frankly, I'm getting too old for that sort of thing. It was really rough. We spent one night in a village hut, sleeping and eating on the floor. Along the way we made a malaria survey. Parts of Nepal boast one of the highest malaria rates in the world. It's a bad situation since there are only about 20 qualified (in our sense of the word) doctors in the whole country. There is no preventive medicine. If the average villager gets malaria that's it—nothing can be done. But Point IV is starting a malaria control program which will, I am sure, make remarkable differences in this country.

At Tansen the eye specialist held what he calls an eye camp at which he operated on some 100 cataract cases. For reasons I can't explain, cataracts are very common in many parts of Asia. To a spoiled American the clinic was an eye opener. Some of the patients had walked five to ten days to get to it. After they arrived they were lined up in rows. The doctor walked up and down diagnosing the cases. Those with cataracts he sent to one side where they were given drops preparatory to being operated on. Fifteen minutes after the last case was diagnosed operations began, in an improvised operating tent. The doctor had two compounders with him and all of the rest of the help were student volunteers from the area. After the operations

the patients were put in a nearby school house where they were cared for by volunteers. I never heard a word of complaint and the operations all proved successful. Of course they weren't as skilled as might have been performed in America. The doctor had neither the time nor the equipment. But the patients all regained their sights. I kept comparing in my mind the operating tent and bedless school where the patients lay on the floor with our modern deluxe hospitals at home. We are a lucky and spoiled nation but a darned wonderful one.

There was much excitement here a couple of months ago when the Everest group returned. But you, of course, have read all about it. I remember how excited we were when the British Ambassador announced the achievement at the Embassy party held in honor of the coronation. We were lucky enough to meet them and they were really a fine group of men. My favorite was Tensen, who is completely unassuming and has a delightful sense of humor.

I hope I get to see you during my leave. In the meanwhile I hope everything goes well and that you have no more forest fires, etc. to contend with.

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From Paula Granger, Madrid, Spain—August, 1953

I wanted to thank you all for the six weeks I had with you, send my love to all, report on Mary Ann Quarles and tell you of Spain.

My family had a grand time with Mary Ann for dinner and she seems to love Washington and her job. It was an awful lot of fun to see her and to find her doing so well; and she certainly pumped me about FNS. Instead of talking about CIA, which she can't do, she tells people about FNS!

I sailed on the Constitution one week ago and had six sunny, exciting days at sea. We had tea with the captain, were royally entertained and looked out for and had a fine time. Spent two nights in Gibraltar at the Hotel Rocu! It is a magnificent mixture of English, African and Spanish and we got endlessly confused with pesetas, dollars, pounds and miscellaneous money. We explored Gibraltar and slept out on Spanish galleries overlooking the harbor and listening to Spanish guitars. Then we

flew to Madrid in a tiny plane that flew low over the mountains to Cordoba and Toledo; spent two hours in Madrid wrestling with luggage and Spanish and are now on the train going to the northern coast of Spain. Spain is lovely—the air is clear and the yellows, browns and blues stand out sharply. Kentucky is cool compared to this! All the trees are planted and miles of barren rock and dry fields make me think sometimes that they brought us to Siberia instead!

[Paula is spending her junior year—at Smith—in Spain.]

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Ellen Wadsworth, who is with the Scandinavian Student Travel Service, New York, was in charge of the office during the month of July while her “boss” was in Denmark. In early August she was requested to fly to Copenhagen for a conference.

Alison Bray was leaving on July 20th for a trip to Africa.

Jolly Cunningham and a friend stopped over night at Wendo-ver en route to Dallas, Texas, to attend a Physical Therapy Convention. It was lovely having them.

Elly Massie Stalford is back in Lexington with her family for the time being. She is hoping that she will be allowed to join her husband, Lieutenant John Stalford of the Marine Corps, in Japan later this fall.

Freddy Holdship and her sister, Moo, have just returned from a trip abroad—too wonderful, Freddy writes, for words! They went first to England for the Coronation; and on to Holland “to rest their feet,” to Ireland where they were rowed for twelve miles through all the various lakes, canals, and even the rapids; and finally to Scotland. Here Jo Brown Grimaldi met them and they motored together for several days.

ENGAGEMENT

Miss Polly Pearse of Scottsville, New York, to Second Lieutenant Percival Taylor Gates, Jr., United States Air Force, of Suffield, Connecticut. Lieutenant Gates is serving in Korea. Polly came to the FNS as a junior courier in the fall of 1950.

She stayed on as Christmas Secretary and then as senior courier through the spring. Our warm congratulations go to Lieutenant Gates and our affectionate regards to Polly.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr. (Diana Morgan), of Hopewell, New Jersey, a son, Charles Townsend Olcott, on June 30, 1953.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George McAnerney (Doris Sinclair) of Atlanta, Georgia, a daughter, Lydia Hart McAnerney, on August 19, 1953, weight 5 pounds 15 ounces.



ZELIA'S FIRST DISTRICT DELIVERY—APRIL 1953

Patient: Mrs. Carlo Feltner

Supervisor: Miss Ruth Vander Meulen

Graduate Student: Zelia Machado of Brazil

Baby: Zelia Ruth

Printed by kind permission of everybody except the baby.

OPERATION PAINT BRUSH

by

PAULA GRANGER, Bethesda, Maryland Courier



For once it was wonderful not to have a doctor at Hyden Hospital, for operation hospital stopped and operation paint began. Williamsburg green, spray blue and sunlight yellow were splashed, rolled and brushed on the walls of the Hospital—upstairs and down—with abandon and relish—covering greys, dull yellows and cream. The woodwork was painted and painted twice again a glowing white—and a new sparkle was added to the ceilings. The painters—the nurses and I—on the first Monday morning, put on clean pants and shirts which at the end of the Hospital holiday were splotched and sprayed a wild array of colors. Patients, who had come for treatment, remained fascinated, and visitors gave suggestions, moral, and sometimes ladder, support, and tried to avoid sitting on the freshly painted benches. Several prenatals, unwarned, peeled themselves with anguish from the waiting-room benches, leaving the clinic zebra-striped a bright green.

The waiting room was our biggest success, painted in sunlight yellow and glossy white, with our beautiful green benches

covering the worst mistakes we made. Day shift, evening shift, split shift, night shift—and always me—painted, covering walls, our pants, hair and faces. The rollers we used sprayed in all directions, sometimes catching a passer-by unawares and necessitating operation paint removal. We stood on stepladders (with steps lacking), files, chairs, desks, radiators and each other. I, as the courier—alias the runner down to Hyden—would get a lucky break by having to take the district jeep to town to get paint, rollers and remover. Usually the essentials would run out on Wednesday—the shopkeepers holiday—so that in order to have that essential of essentials, paint remover, we would ransack the clinic and wildly telephone Wendover and the centers.

As painters, we recommend ourselves highly although our time was equally divided between putting paint on and removing it from the floors, the walls and ourselves. We covered the walls quite adequately, barring a few experiments and an occasional shortage of paint, which forced us to thin drastically or mix left over paint, and necessitating coverage of our efforts with a desk or bench to conceal some of the worst areas. Temperamentally we remained balanced and happy, although by mid-afternoon each day the disease of silliness would catch us, our methods would become slap-dash and several overturned paint cans changed radically the color of shoes and ankles. We used muscles that we had never used before and would awake in the morning sore and with painter's colic, only to re-put on stiff paint pants and brush variously colored hair.

At the end of two weeks the Hospital was magnificent but we were relieved to change from painter to nurse, and courier, and joyous to think that clinics would soon begin again. The courier, however, did not escape—paint smattered and temperamentally worn, I was shipped back to Wendover to attack the Garden House rooms and hall. Now, leaving Wendover with my paint-covered pants stiffly standing in my duffle and with paint on the brain, I feel fully equipped to paint anything anywhere anytime but I am wildly hoping never to see a paint brush again.

REFLECTIONS ON TENACITY

by

JOANNA NOBLE, Brooklyn, New York Courier

“. . . And this is Tenacity, the mule . . .” We were being introduced to the Wendover livestock. We looked into the darkish stall and saw a rather petite animal with dainty little feet, soft brown eyes, and oh-so-expressive ears. “She is used for plowing in the garden.”

Our first personal acquaintance with Tenacity was taking her for her morning roll. Around and around she went in circles of smaller and smaller radii until she seemed to have literally screwed herself down onto her side. And then what ecstasy! And how silly and helpless she looked wiggling away like a bug flipped on its back, with all four legs waving in the air. “Go, go, go, Tenacity.” She rolled and rolled on one side, but she never could quite make it all the way over the dividing line to her other side. Up she got and shook out a small cloud of dust. Then down on the other side, screwing herself in the opposite direction. Poor courier, at the end of her halter rope, getting dizzy from walking in circles.

Then back into her stall . . . or so we thought. Tenacity seemed to have different ideas. She went beautifully almost into her stall . . . then stopped right outside. Persuasive tugs at her halter rope were of no avail. She planted all four feet firmly and seemed to have a neck like tough rubber. Pulling on the halter would bend the neck, but the rest of the animal remained rooted to the spot. It took more forceful coercion in the form of loud clucks from behind, and a rather timorous slap on the rear end to get her in motion again. Strangely enough, everyone seems to have a rather healthy respect for Tenacity’s heels. Something in her past history, no doubt?

Tenacity is not without large influence over the rest of the denizens of the barn, we discovered. Billy, in particular. For some time after seeing Tenacity’s performance, Billy seemed to think it great sport to imitate his next door neighbor. He would plant himself fixedly right outside his stall looking for all the world like a larger version of Tenacity. Without the appeal of the oh-so-expressive ears and dainty feet, however.

One bright morning, we rode some of the horses down to the river. I took Tenacity—or to put it more honestly, Tenacity took me. I had just triumphed over the odd looking conglomeration of straps that was her bridle, and gotten it what I thought was secure, when with an emphatic shake of the oh-so-expressive ears, she slipped the whole thing off with apparent ease and unconcern. After several explosive remarks from the surrounding ring of couriers, she was recaptured, rebridled, and I climbed safely aboard. Down Pig Alley we went, while I clutched firmly at her bushy mane to avoid sliding right over her head. What a disturbing lack of withers!

At the bottom of the hill, she performed what might have been interpreted as a slight buck had she been a horse, but since she was a mule, we decided it was simply exuberant spirits. Into the river for a nice refreshing drink. And it was so good for the feet to amble through the water for a while!

Home again . . . On the way up Pig Alley, she stumbled and fell down on her knees. "These mules are wonderfully sure-footed . . ." She was up again almost before I realized what had happened. Back at the barn, we discovered two scraped knees. Two of us kept her occupied with an almost constant supply of candy ". . . she works beautifully for candy . . ." while Kate daubed blue lotion on the scraped knees. We got them covered at last, shut the door to her stall, and heaved a sigh of relief. The soft brown eyes and oh-so-expressive ears were looking out at us quizzically over the top of the stall door. "Isn't she sweet?"

Everybody loves Tenacity—even Kate ". . . as long," she once put it, "as she's on the inside of her stall and I'm on the outside, and the door is shut between us."

OUR LETTER BAG

From Virginia:

When the recent issue of The Quarterly Bulletin was received and I had read it through and through—as I always do—Urgent Needs included—I decided that, since I am not one of those who can afford to replace any guttering, I could at least get down to my level—the trash can group. Accordingly, I wrote the enclosed check. . . .

CHARITIES HAVE NO BUSINESS SENDING YOU AND ME "GIFTS"

THE NEW YORK TIMES

New York, April 13, 1953.

GIVING TO CHARITIES

Sending of Merchandise by Charitable Organizations Is Disapproved

To the Editor of The New York Times:

In a recent letter your correspondent reports her annoyance at being sent merchandise as "gifts" by charitable organizations, with a covering letter asking for a contribution in return. She mentions in her letter receiving personalized pens, pencils, ash trays, and she might well have added name stickers, auto license tags, medallions, and so forth.

She is quite right in objecting to the method. Fully 99 per cent of the sound charitable and philanthropic organizations in the United States also object to and refuse to use this method in fund raising; it has in fact been ruled as substandard for a quarter of a century.

Sound organizations know that a charity sending personalized merchandise as a "gift" is being false (charities have no business sending "gifts" to people who do not need or want them); they know that the real purpose is to make the recipient feel uncomfortable if he does not return the "gift" or give money; they know that the cost of fund raising by this method is usually excessive, ranging in recent experience as high as 84 cents out of each \$1 contributed.

What is the remedy? Distrust automatically any charitable organization that sends you such merchandise, and refuse to give. Reasonably sound philanthropic organizations never use the method. Kill the profit in the method by throwing into a wastebasket all merchandise so received, along with the appeal letter accompanying it and any follow-up letters. The public can help sound philanthropic organizations to stamp out this undesirable practice by thus starving it out of existence.

For your readers who are interested in other problems

related to wise giving there are readily available in New York City two nonprofit advisory services:

Local—Advisory reports on local health and welfare organizations are available free from the Contributors Information Bureau of the Welfare and Health Council, 44 East Twenty-third Street, New York 10, N. Y. Telephone: ALgonquin 4-5500.

National—Advisory reports on national and international philanthropic organizations are available from a non-profit membership organization: National Information Bureau, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York 17, N. Y. Telephone: LEXington 2-8595. The N. I. B. publishes a small folder, entitled: "Giver's Guide to National Philanthropies 1952-53," which it will be glad to send free to readers who ask for it.

D. PAUL REED,
Executive Director, National
Information Bureau

NATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU
Incorporated (1918)
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Telephone LEXington 2-8595

THANKSGIVING DAY REUNION

Nora Kelly has much pleasure in inviting all old members of the Frontier Nursing Service now in Britain, for tea and dinner on Thanksgiving Day, November 26th, from 3:30 p.m. at the Watford Maternity Hospital, King Street, Watford, Hertfordshire.

Hospitality can be arranged. Will members wishing to attend write to Miss N. K. Kelly.

There are frequent trains from Euston and Baker Street to Watford High Street Station; also Green Line bus service from Victoria. Trains from the north stop at Watford Junction.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Sybil Johnson in Southern Rhodesia—May 1953

I have just received the Bulletin with the news of Mac's death. She certainly deserved her rest. Her life is an example to us all. I know how much you must miss her. I shall never forget her welcome to me on my arrival at Hyden. "What shall we call you? It can't be Johnnie as we have one already." I remember shyly suggesting I had a Christian name, and from then on was known by that and no other.

Agnes sent me your book, and I have much enjoyed it and was most interested in the beginnings of the FNS—also your work during the First World War.

I now live on my own farm, but am still district nursing on the lines I learned with you. When I joined the Service in 1936 there were only two district nurses. Now there are 14. So far there are not too many laws, etc., but I fear they will come. The book work has grown, the distances to travel are still large, but the roads are definitely improved from when I first came. Most of my work is welfare and ante-natal. Very few mothers are confined in their own homes, preferring to go to the Maternity Homes in the towns. Confinements are all free whether delivered at home or not. I also have two native clinics in my charge. African orderlies run them with supervision. We are very popular for maternity cases.

I was granted 500 acres of Crown Land in '48 and am trying to make a little profit out of it. I have cattle, horses, chickens, ducks and rabbits; also a vegetable garden which, when it is not under water, does quite well. I sell milk and eggs; also ducks and chickens and rabbits. My horses and dogs are more pets than anything, tho' I do occasionally have luck and sell some.

From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) and Elizabeth Hillman

(Hilly) in Minocqua, Wisconsin—June, 1953

We descended upon the Spencer's a week ago today, and

are having a wonderful time. No one could be kinder and we feel very much at home. So much so that we have decided we should start to work before we wear our welcome out! Yesterday we went job hunting with Susan. At Rhinelander we drew a blank. Then we went on to Phelps, northwest of Minocqua, about 40 miles to the Northwoods Hospital (isn't that an intriguing name?). We called them from Rhinelander and when we arrived were made most welcome. They needed nurses! We found ourselves hired. It's a very nice, small hospital of about 15 beds and brand new, only having been in operation one year. The superintendent was very nice and offered to let us live in her trailer. The hospital overlooks a lake and is on the outskirts of the small village of Phelps. The trailer is a fixture about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the hospital and is nearish to the lake also. So we start there Friday morning and plan to stay there a month. We get \$10.00 for an 8 hr. day as floor nurses!

From Phelps, Wisconsin—July, 1953

We're very much enjoying ourselves in Wisconsin. An 8-hour day gives one plenty of time to roam around. We work 7:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. except for two days each week when we relieve the 3-11 and the 11-7 nurses. We're fortunate in having this trailer. There's plenty of room, comfortable bed, electricity, and we're quite close to the lake and can make use of a neighbor's beach which is nice and sloping and just right for me (*Hilly*). She took me fishing last night and I caught eight perch, three of which I've just had for breakfast and they were very good. I made an extra effort and even managed to bait the hooks in the end.

The hospital is new and very modern, but not so much fun as Hyden. The townspeople built it themselves. One doctor lives quite close. The other doctor lives ten miles away at Land O'Lakes and has lots of horses. Mrs. Cook, the superintendent, took us up one day and said we'd love to ride. He said we were welcome any time. We've been twice so far. He owns about 70 acres of woodland with trails bull-dozed through them. The last time we went his two small daughters took us and certainly gave us a wild ride. Even Stevie's knees were almost skinned, and I was decidedly stiff! They have the sweetest pair

of miniature ponies which are just like dogs, they're so friendly. It really is lovely country—the roads are all so pretty—no advertisements and even the telegraph poles hidden behind the trees. We hope to go up to Lake Superior on our next day off.

I (*Hilly*) was taken to a Finnish bath yesterday by Hilda, the laundress. She said that she hoped I wouldn't be like the ladies from Boston who brought sheets to drape themselves with and I said I was just that same type and took an extra bath towel and safety pins. However, there was just Hilda and me and I felt it would be too anti-social to use it! It was quite an experience. It wasn't a public bath but belonged to a friend of theirs. We sat on little benches and threw cold water on some rocks on top of a wood stove. I think I might have lost a pound or two!

By the papers it does sound as if you have been having a heat wave. I do hope the corn, etc. is not hurt like it was last year. Sunday and Monday here were lovely, hot and sunny and we had grand swims in the lake. Yesterday it was very humid and thundery and oppressive. We had a heavy thunderstorm after lunch. A 17-year-old boy was killed by lightning in Eagle River. Three of them were laying iron drain pipes in a field. All three were struck. One was not much hurt and, when he came to, managed to crawl to their car and go for help.

I (*Stevie*) am doing 12-hr. night duty (seven to seven) at the house of a private patient for Dr. Schmitt. The home of the patient is 12 miles out of Phelps on Sand Lake and is beautifully situated. The house is of logs and is built right beside the lake. The garden is huge and slopes down to the house and lake with a great herbaceous border. It's a beauty. I am staying in one of their little log cabins. They have 3 of them in the garden and it is so cute.

Hilly came up for me at 2:30 today and we drove to Camp Nicholet for girls. Mr. Shraede, the owner, was in the hospital ten days. It's a super camp on Lake Franklin—canoes, yachts, horses, etc., etc., for 95 girls. I've always wanted to see one.

Tomorrow a Benefit tea for the Northwoods Hospital is being given at the Sandlake Club. We are invited by Mrs. Schmitt as her guests. Apparently it's a most exclusive club, and is reputed to be the largest log building in the world. Oh my—how

long does it take to get sophisticated!! I'm getting cold feet already. And what's more, heaping coals, a reporter from the Milwaukee Sentinel is supposed to be coming to interview us tomorrow.

. . . .

From Vera Chadwell en route to Hong Kong—June, 1953

Yes, I am once more on the move. It will be nice to see yet another part of the world, and I am told it is very beautiful and very interesting. I have been posted to BMH, Bowen Road, Hong Kong, and expect to be up there for eight months or a year, then return to Malaya—probably Singapore until I go home. This trip is lovely—sea calm, deep blue with the tiniest “white horses” at times. The sunsets are past all imagining—they are glorious and take one's breath away.

At this stage one wonders what the new posting will be like. There will be some people, at least, whom I know there and with whom I have worked in Malaya. It was hard leaving my friends behind at Kinrara. I was there fourteen months and that is quite a long time—in the Army—to stay in one place. I was beginning to make roots there.

How lovely is the first sight of Hong Kong—many islands in a blue sea. One sails between them through one place where it is narrow, and on into a beautiful harbour. So much life and activity. We could see the hospital sitting high up on the hill, dark red against a green background. We came up, the four of us, in an ambulance. Such a stiff climb round and round—finally reaching our destination high up on the hillside. What a heavenly view of the harbour we have. One could not wish for a better one.

Late last evening it was beautiful in a different way for there are thousands and thousands of lights blinking down below—all colours—they look like gems sparkling.

Yesterday afternoon, after some unpacking, I went with two other girls for a swim in one of the lovely bays here. We went across to a little island, to a place belonging to the yacht club there. It was so warm and lovely—the colour photographer's pride and joy.

This hospital takes general cases, women and children. It is not so large as Kimrara and there are only fourteen in the

mess. The 'boys' and room amahs here are very good. Most people enjoy this posting, and I feel I shall too.

. . . .

From Margaret Ferguson in Rome, Georgia—June, 1953

I wanted to tell you that Corky, at a ripe old 16 years, just said, "I'm tired of this creaky old body" and took off in that general direction. I'm sure his wee spirit is, at this moment, searching over Thousandsticks for Barry and Skye. His little body rests beneath a mass of Kentucky columbine growing overhead, and my rock garden all about him. He was a reminder of perhaps some of the happiest days of my life.

I just never get time to look about for old friends. We are trying to get the tuberculosis problem backed into a corner before our old hospital buildings fall apart. I have charge of Colored Division, a 900-bed unit. If you think they don't run me in circles you should be here sometimes. Oh me! What a problem dark brown chillun can be. I love it, tho' and think we are really doing a good job. The new drugs help but are not the "Wonder Drug" as yet. It does do wonders in cases other than pulmonary. We have had miracle results in tbc, miliary and meningitis. We get them with a combination and usually babies. So far we have had about 15 babies and all have lived.

I do have a tiny farm at last. It is nothing to look at now, but I hope to have a nice spot one day. My mother is with me. She likes it, but is a bit slow. She no longer takes part in my wild planning and building. I let her boss. I have a cow, a mule, 2 hogs going on more, chickens, a beef, 8 hives of bees which are not too friendly, 3 cockers and a yellow tom cat whose wife died. We have fun. The mule is worked by 2 of my orderlies who come on their days off. They are glad for the extra cash and I am glad to have the work done. I do the milking and feeding. Mama gathers the eggs. She likes that.

Audrey Dyer, Gonnie, Penny, Mitch and Jo Kinman have been to see me. They all work with the State Health Department.

. . . .

From Reva Rubin in Seymour, Connecticut—July, 1953

I'm finishing up my work on my Master's degree in Mental Health Nursing now. Bea (Miller) is working at the V.N.A. in

New Haven. She seems to enjoy it very much. I plan to work in Bridgeport this coming year at the new collegiate school of nursing there. I shall be working with some old friends and colleagues, so I am looking forward to it.

Marian Cadwallader was here at Yale for awhile and I enjoyed meeting her. We had a preview of the film she and Hannah Mitchell helped make on midwifery in Georgia. I became quite nostalgic over it.

Bea gave a talk on the FNS this past spring to the V.N.A. board members. She used some of Mardie Morrison's pictures and it was a very well received talk. She's been asked to do it again this fall for a local church group.

.

**From Dorothy Gressman Hamel in Mount Pleasant,
Pennsylvania—July, 1953**

What a pleasant thrill it was to be back in the Kentucky hills of Leslie County again. It was wonderful to see you, "Brownie," and Agnes again and we enjoyed your hospitality of Sunday afternoon, July 19, 1953. Wendover is still the lovely place I remembered ten years ago with very little change. I was also glad to have the opportunity to meet Betty Lester at Hyden of whom I had heard so much during my stay with FNS in 1943.

Best wishes to you and to all the FNS.

.

**From Dr. F. William den Dulk in Ripon, California
—July, 1953**

After the exams we looked over Washington and all the various opportunities of which there are quite a few. We then went south to our home here, taking our time and camping in the wonderful Red Woods.

Here in Ripon it is hot as all get out. Terrible! We shall hurry back to Washington (State). The address of my office will be:

3110 East 125th Street
Seattle 55, Washington

This is in Lake City district just north of Seattle and a very

nice area. The office is beautiful and all ready for me to start in. All I shall need is patients!

Danny is fine—will be baptized next Sunday. The Grandparents and relatives think he is swell—and so do we.

Should anyone know the whereabouts of Stevie or Hilly, would you let them know our address so they can come to see us when they reach Washington.

.
From Margaret Watson in Rockledge, Florida

—August, 1953

I've been living in a kind of dream world since being in England to see the Coronation. Now, however, I'm getting back to normal and am trying to catch up with my affairs which naturally includes my Bulletin subscription.

While I was at home I had two weeks in Scotland motoring with one of my sisters. We went over to Skye and spent two wonderful days and evenings there. No wonder Mac loved her native Skye. It is one of the most fascinating and wonderful places I've ever visited. My only regret was that our time there was so short, but one day I hope to return.

London was wonderful and it was a marvellous experience to be in the city during the Coronation festivities. It is a memory that will stay with me for as long as I live.

WEDDING

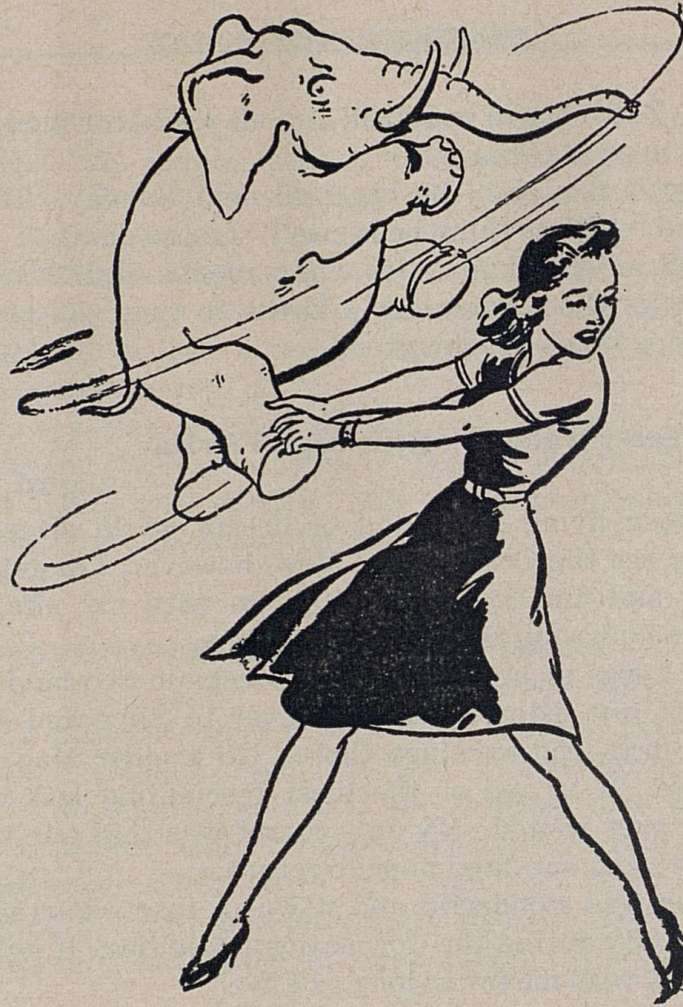
Miss Elizabeth McLeyne Dinkle to Mr. Galen Roger Work on September 5, 1953 in Baltimore, Maryland. Our very best wishes to this young couple for many happy and useful years together.

OUR LETTER BAG

From Massachusetts:

Our giving is getting more and more impersonal . . . I like to feel that I am helping to send a woman into a home situation where not only her superb modern techniques, but also her native resourcefulness, tact and kindness are vitally necessary.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.

THE VOCATION OF NURSING

"Isn't Life a wonderful adventure—and Death more wonderful than Life? I believe we will find it, too, worth-while. Before I start away from home, I am always melancholy and fearful. I feel like it is to be a dive from a great height into cold water. Then nearly always it is so interesting and so worth-while, and I am so glad I did not keep on in the easy way. Death, too, will be like that, I think."

Curry Desha Breckinridge, R.N.
In a letter written in January, 1918.

Several times in this Bulletin we have had occasion to sketch the lives of British and American nurses, to whom nursing had been a vocation, and some of whom gave themselves in that spirit to the Frontier Nursing Service. Among the young nurses who come to us today are many in whom this spirit is as real as ever it was to an older generation. When Henderson Daingerfield (Mrs. Attila Norman) sent us the poem with which this sketch is concluded, she wrote us that she had written it for Curry Breckinridge when she was graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing in Chicago in 1908. Linda Neville in Lexington, who had kept many things bearing on Curry's life, sent us the data upon which this sketch is based.

Before I started to write about Curry I pulled out from my bookshelves an old copy of George MacDonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*, which Curry had given me in the eighties in my childhood in Washington. Henderson writes me that the Daingerfield children had a copy of the same book, and that it was given them by Curry. She must have loved this book, and, loving it, she must have been an imaginative child.

The daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William Campbell Preston Breckinridge, Curry was born in Lexington, Kentucky. Among her brothers and sisters were Desha Breckinridge, who succeeded his father as owner and editor of *The Lexington Herald*, and Sophonisba P. Breckinridge of the University of Chicago. As a young girl, Curry, groping in her search for her true vocation, qualified as a kindergarten teacher in order to help the children in the poorer parts of Lexington, where she also organized a night school for boys. She was one of the early workers at the Hindman Settlement School in Knott County. It

was not until 1905 that she came to know what she had been created to do. After her graduation from the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing, she accepted, as her first piece of work, a supervisory post at the Elgin State Hospital for the mentally ill. This service was made possible through her friendship with Miss Julia Lathrop, then a member of the Illinois State Board of Charities. She chose tuberculosis as her next field of work, and was one of the first nurses in that field.

Early in 1915, the Murphy Unit was organized in America for service in France with the British Expeditionary Force. Curry, who had always loved France, went over there with this unit. After the United States had declared war she transferred to the American Red Cross, and was assigned to work in Paris under Dr. Blake—whose wards were filled with cases of terrible head injuries. Curry came home after twenty-two months in France, worn in body and spirit. Early in April she sickened. She died at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago on June 23, 1918.

In a memorial, written by her sister Sophonisba Breckinridge, this is quoted from one of Curry's earliest letters from France:

"You remember how father used to talk about the best soldier he ever knew—he was so faithful in details that no matter how long the march, no matter how weary or hungry he might be, he always looked after his horse first, then his accoutrements, then himself, so that he was always ready."

In another letter, after the beginning of her illness, Curry wrote, "I feel so alone, like a shipwrecked person on a raft, and so weary. Too weary to think of anything—except how the soldiers need to be cared for." At her request, her friends sent "smokes to the soldiers" instead of flowers to her.

Curry had never forgotten the poem Henderson Daingerfield wrote for her when she started her career as a young nurse. During her last illness she pulled it out from under her pillow and handed it to her sister to read. She said to Nisba, "Of course, I have not been able to live up to those verses, but I have tried, you know . . . These lines tell what nursing means."

M. B.

Tonight is our training ended
And we go to the work we planned,
Knowing a nurse's duty,—
To obey and to understand.

If we do it for money only
We are cursed as the soul is cursed,
Who is offered the best and highest,
And takes for its choice the worst.

At best we shall grow disheartened
At the days full of little things—
Our spirits shall plod foot weary,
Where, dreaming, we sped on wings.

But this is the nurse's lesson
That nothing is "great" or "small"—
Each day shall appoint our mission—
Each moan shall renew our call.

We must answer with help and comfort
For the strong man's agony,
For a woman's awful travail,
Or a baby's fretful cry.

When the Word made flesh was with us
His days with their age-long peace,
Were brimming with acts of kindness
In a little, narrow place.

Each call as it came He answered
As equal before His eyes,—
Healing the rich man's servant
Or bidding the dead arise.

He was fast asleep and weary
And they waked Him with outcries rude.
The Lord who had made the heavens,
Took thought for a sick child's food.

Is our work, then, too little?
Lord Christ, from Thy high estate—
Put the touch of Thy hand in our hands
And make all our service great.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth so much has been written, spoken, felt by so many millions of people that we feel a bit hesitant to say what the event meant to the Frontier Nursing Service. Many members of our staff are British as you all know. To each of them the lofty symbolism made a poignant appeal, in which we all of us felt privileged to share. Those of our trustees and friends who were in London have supplemented the news with personal enthusiastic descriptions, as well as with many illustrated magazines. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Rex Farmer in Hyden the FNS staff were able to see the coronation on television. This would not have been possible even one year ago.

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The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service has arranged for a benefit under the chairmanship of Mrs. Frederick R. Weed and vice-chairmanship of Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., to take place Tuesday evening, October 13, in the music room at the home of Mrs. Edward Dane, 360 Heath Street, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Mrs. Dane will be remembered in FNS circles as old courier Jane Ewall. The benefit is a lecture by John Mason Brown. Those of our friends who live in and around Boston will receive notices in the mail giving them the opportunity to buy tickets ahead of anybody else.

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In *The American Journal of Public Health* for July we read that our friend and member of our Medical Council, Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood of Boston, assistant professor of maternal health, Harvard University School of Public Health, has been nominated Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Health. We send our congratulations to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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The FNS has completely revised its saddle bag leaflet, with which most of you are familiar, with its cover picture of a brown saddle bag and a nurse's blue-grey uniform jacket hanging over a post. We use it for distribution at our meetings. Since this

leaflet gives, in question and answer form, all of the salient facts about the FNS, it is possible that some of you may want copies to distribute at your own meetings. A number of you talk to various groups about the FNS, bless you. Write us how many saddle bag leaflets you want and they will be sent to you post-paid. We like to keep them in circulation.

. . . .

The Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, has gotten up a most attractive illustrated brochure to meet its own publicity needs not only in Chicago but in the many communities around Chicago where there is deep interest in the FNS. Mrs. Boyd, and other members of her committee, plan a busy autumn. They are taking Mrs. Boyd's new colored movie of the FNS, and the new brochure for distribution to every group that asks for a speaker. A number of engagements had already been lined up before people scattered for their summer holidays.

M. B.

COMMODORE PERRY'S PROPHECY

On July 8, of this year, exactly one hundred years after Commodore Perry had landed in Japan, we heard Charles Collingwood on CBS Radio give a quotation from Commodore Perry that impressed us profoundly with its prophetic insight. At our request Mr. Collingwood has been so kind as to send us the quotation which follows.

“. . . the last act of the drama is yet to be unfolded . . . the people of America will, in some form or other, extend their dominion and their power . . . upon the eastern shores of Asia. And I think too, that eastward and southward will her great (Russian) rival . . . stretch forth her power to the coasts of China and Siam; and thus the Saxon and the Cossack will meet once more, in strife or in friendship, on another field. Will it be in friendship? I fear not! The antagonistic exponents of freedom and absolutism must thus meet at last, and then will be fought that mighty battle on which the world will look with breathless interest; for on its issue will depend the freedom or the slavery of the world.”

FIELD NOTES

Compiled and Edited by Peggy Elmore

We have always wanted a wedding at Wendover and that wish was fulfilled when, on June 6, Primrose Edwards was married to Robert Bowling of Eriline, Kentucky. The ceremony was performed in the living room at Wendover by the Reverend Edwin Warren Taylor, rector of Christ Church, Harlan. The bride, given in marriage by Dr. F. William den Dulk, wore an ankle-length dress of white organdy over taffeta and carried a prayer book and spray of pink carnations. Miss Vivienne Blake was her maid of honor. Miss Eloise Bowling, niece of the groom, was the flower girl and Mr. Don Wooton was his best man. Mrs. H. E. W. Edwards, mother of the bride, arrived from England for the ceremony.

It was a lovely wedding but the preparations for it were made in typical FNS style. The living room, with an altar in front of the big windows, was decorated with wild daisies, cucumber tree blossoms, and flowers from the garden. Even the deer over the mantel conformed to the spirit of the occasion—he wore white satin bows on his antlers. Jean and Stevie made the fruit punch in a garbage can, previously unused, and covered it with a white feed sack. The maid of honor had a slight jeep accident on the way in to Wendover but fortunately neither she nor the record which was to provide part of the wedding music were injured. And Prim, on the morning of her wedding, had to teach her relief nurse at Red Bird how to milk the cow!

After a wedding breakfast at Wendover, Prim and Robert left on a short honeymoon. Their transportation to their car was provided by Hobart Cornett, in a black topper, in his bright green, mule-driven wagon.

As a gift to Prim, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, Mrs. Jewel Galloway, Mrs. Maynard Marcum, Mrs. Chris Queen and Mrs. Don Wooton baked a beautiful wedding cake, with which they sent the following verse:

With loving hands this cake we made,
For this your wedding day.
May all these wishes baked right in
Remain with you always:

Peace, Hope, Joy, Contentment,
And most of all, Love.

To this we add the best wishes of all the FNS staff.

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In March, Miss Leota Sullenger, Home Demonstration Agent for Leslie County, started coming to Wendover once a month to organize a Homemakers Club for the women of the district. The Social Service Secretary and the district nurse coöperated with Miss Sullenger by telling the women about the club and urging them to come. In these Homemakers meetings Miss Sullenger demonstrates such things as nylon flower making, fabric stencilling, china painting, style trends, and recipes. The club gives the women an "opportunity to study homemaking problems under trained leadership." At the June meeting there were enough members to elect officers. Mrs. Walter Pace was elected president, Mrs. Bruce Morgan vice-president and Mrs. Leonard Howard secretary-treasurer.

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The Middlefork Fish and Game Club was organized at a dinner meeting at Wendover on Tuesday, July 21. Mr. Elvin Witt, Fish and Game Warden for Leslie County and Mr. Bill Dempsey, Leslie County Soil Conservationist, presided over the meeting and the following officers were elected: Mr. W. F. Brashear, president; Mr. Hobert Cornett, vice-president; the Rev. Billy S. Meek, secretary-treasurer. Mr. Leonard Howard was elected chairman of the publicity committee, aided by Mr. Elmer Brashear and Mr. Delmar Morgan. The purpose of the club is to preserve wildlife and to prevent violation of the fish and game laws. The club now has twenty-four members and is the first group in this section to admit women as members.

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In early June Anne Eristoff (Nano) and Justine Pruyne (Dusty), two former couriers, came down from New York for two weeks to help Jean Hollins and Helen Stone (Pebble) until the new junior couriers arrived. They were a tremendous help and stayed over a couple of days to help "break in" Paula Granger of Bethesda, Maryland, Julie Hatheway (Lee) of Litch-

field, Connecticut, and Joanna Noble of Brooklyn, New York. Pebble left us in late June. Jean went to her home in New York for her holiday after Kate Ireland came back in July to relieve for her. For the August-September courier period Kate has had with her Joan Henning (daughter of our old courier Jo Yandell) and Mary Helm, both of Louisville, Kentucky, and Sue McIntosh of Tyringham, Massachusetts.

It was a pleasure to have with us in June and July Mabel Hobart (Muffie) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who came down to do volunteer work at Hyden Hospital. Muffie helped in the clinic, on the wards and ran errands for Betty Lester and the hospital nurses.

We said goodbye with regret to Mary Ann Quarles when she left in July for her new job in Washington, D. C. Mary Jo Clark is spending her summer vacation from Syracuse University relieving in the Social Service Department. She will be with us until September when Anne Cartmell of Watkins Glen, New York, comes to take over the duties of Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary. Anne spent ten days at Wendover before she left for Europe for the summer. We know that she is going to carry Social Service in the tradition of Mary Ann and Mary Jo.

We are happy to welcome back to our staff two nurse-midwives as temporary vacation reliefs—Margaret McCracken and Lydia Thompson. Lydia has been in Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the past year and Margaret has been with the Army Nurse Corps in Korea. Lydia brought with her Miss Daisy Matthews, an exchange teacher from England, to show her a little of Kentucky before she sailed for home.

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When Joan Henning and Mary Helm arrived on August 1, they brought with them a new addition to the FNS staff—Black Rebel, a horse—the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Helm and Mary and Tom Helm, of Louisville. Black Rebel has settled down in his new home with complete contentment. It is a joy to have him and we are very grateful to all the Helms.

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The twenty-sixth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery started last April 15. In addition to Ninalei Bader,

Betty Ann Bradbury and Dorothy Helwig—who had been with the FNS for a number of months before the class began—we have with us Geraldine Chappell, on leave from the mission field in India, and Zelia Machado from San Paulo, Brazil, sponsored by the Kellogg Foundation. The Kellogg Foundation also sent Maria Galaz from Santiago, Chile, for three weeks observation with the School. These two attractive South Americans speak excellent English but when alone together Zelia spoke Portuguese and Maria Spanish. And oddly enough, they understood each other perfectly!

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The Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority held their convention in Memphis, Tennessee, this summer. Mary Jo Clark and Mary Ann Quarles drove down to the convention and spoke to the delegates on the work of the Frontier Nursing Service at the philanthropic dinner on July 1. We at Wendover had a delightful time entertaining Mrs. Harold J. Dudley, third vice-president of the AOPi's, Miss Katherine Davis, editor of *To Dragma*, and Miss Joyce Hollensbe when they came by to see us on their way to convention. Mrs. Dudley had been in to see us two years ago but this was Miss Davis' first visit in nearly fifteen years.

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Our new medical director, Dr. Frances L. Zoeckler, arrived in Hyden on July 8. It is with more pleasure than we can possibly express that we welcome her on our staff. Mr. and Mrs. Donald H. Bartholomew and daughter Betsy drove her down from Rochester and were her guests for a week. Dr. Zoeckler brought them in to Wendover one evening for an all too short visit. They were delightful people.

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Mr. Paul Love, American Red Cross First Aid and Water Safety Representative, gave the First Aid Instructor's course at Hyden Hospital during the week of July 27-31. For three hours every evening in the lounge at Haggin Quarters fourteen nurses and Dr. Zoeckler attended lectures and practiced bandaging and artificial respiration. We are most grateful to Mr. Love for the time he gave to teaching the class. The nurses are now qualified to give First Aid instruction to the people on their districts.

As Field Notes goes to press Kitty Macdonald is giving the basic First Aid course to the Wendover staff.

. . . .

After our autoclave had to be returned to the manufacturers for repair, Father Kraft and Sister Gabriel kindly gave us permission to take our sterilizing to Mount Mary Hospital in Hazard. Each time the girls go they are invited to lunch at the hospital.

. . . .

In June we had the pleasure of a visit from our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap. It is always a joy to have her at Wendover and we were all deeply sorry when she had to cut short her visit because of the illness of her son.

Dr. Ella Woodyard, with her nephew, Franklin Lane, were with us for two brief visits this summer. Dr. Woodyard has bought a home in Oklahoma City, and she returned to get the furniture and household things she had left here when she first went to Oklahoma last fall. It was good to have her back even for so short a time.

We were delighted to have a visit in June from Miss Margaret Gage of Santa Monica, California. She has been part and parcel of the FNS over the years and her visit meant more to us than we can begin to express. It is Miss Gage who wrote the article signed "Chela."

We were happy to welcome to Wendover Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Granger and Christopher, Jr., when they came for Paula at the end of her courier period. Unfortunately, Paula had to hurry home to get ready for her junior year abroad and the Grangers were only able to stay one night.

Betty Ann Bradbury brought her mother, Mrs. Frank M. Bradbury, and her brother, Frank, Jr., of St. Petersburg, Florida, to dinner at Wendover one evening in August. Frank spent several weeks with Betty Ann but Mrs. Bradbury was only at Hyden for a few days. We hope that we will have the opportunity to see more of her later on.

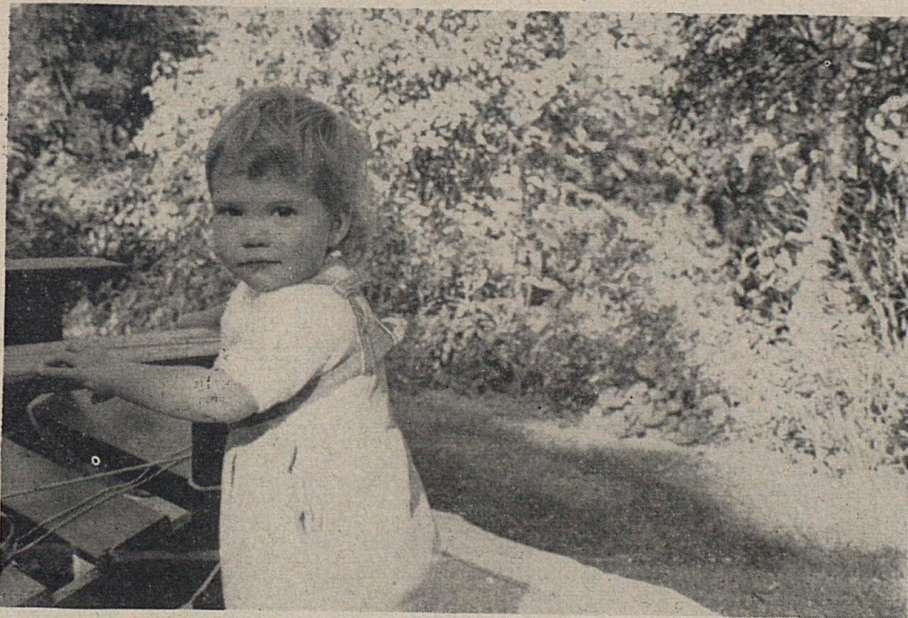
As this Bulletin goes to press we are delighted to have with us Mrs. Harold M. Hastings and Miss Margaret Roberts of Detroit, Michigan. Miss Roberts is an old friend who has been

to see us several times but this is Mrs. Hastings first visit to Wendover. She is assistant chairman—to Mrs. Joy—of the FNS Committee of the Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars.

This summer our foreign guests have come to us from Denmark, Thailand, South India, and two doctors from France. In addition, the University of Kentucky has sent us three charming guests from the Philippines and from Beirut, Lebanon—interested in the Social Service Department.

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Mrs. Breckinridge has just returned from a three weeks holiday as this goes to press. She visited her friend, our trustee Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, at her island camp in the Georgian Bay. On her return through Toronto she was met at the train by Marion and Allen Ross who took her to tea at the Royal York Hotel across from the station. She reports she had two hours with the Rosses which was all too little time to catch up on the long past. But Marion promises a visit to Wendover within the year.



EDITH CORWIN WATTS
Courier for 1970

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Watts (Old Courier Louise Taylor)

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| Miss Lyda W. Anderson, DeKalb, Ill. | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
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| Miss Sally Johnson, Boston Mass. | Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York |

FIELD WORKERS

AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY

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

Secretary to Director
Miss Peggy G. Elmore, B.A.
(Until September 15)
Miss Lucille Knechtly
(After September 15)

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

Field Supervisor
Post Vacant

Executive Secretary
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

Assistant Executive Secretary
Miss Juanetta Moore

Bookkeeper
Miss Lucile Hodges

Statistician
Miss Mary K. MacMillan, B.A.

**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and
Postal Clerk**
Miss Mary LaMotte

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director
Frances L. Zoeckler, M.D.

Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Hope Muncy

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

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Bella Vaughn

**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery**
Miss E. Jane Furnas, R.N., C.M., B.S.

Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)
Miss Mary Jo Clark, B.A.
(Until September 15)
Miss Anne Cartmell, B.A.
(After September 15)

Wendover Resident Nurse
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Resident Courier
Miss Jean Hollins

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss E. Katherine Macdonald, R.N., C.M.; Miss Barbara Yeich, R.N., C.M., B.S.

Frances Bolton Nursing Center
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)
Miss Mary D. Hewat, R.N., S.C.M.

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

Caroline Bulter Atwood Memorial Nursing Center
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)
Miss Vivienne Blake, R.N., S.C.M.

Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)
Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)
Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

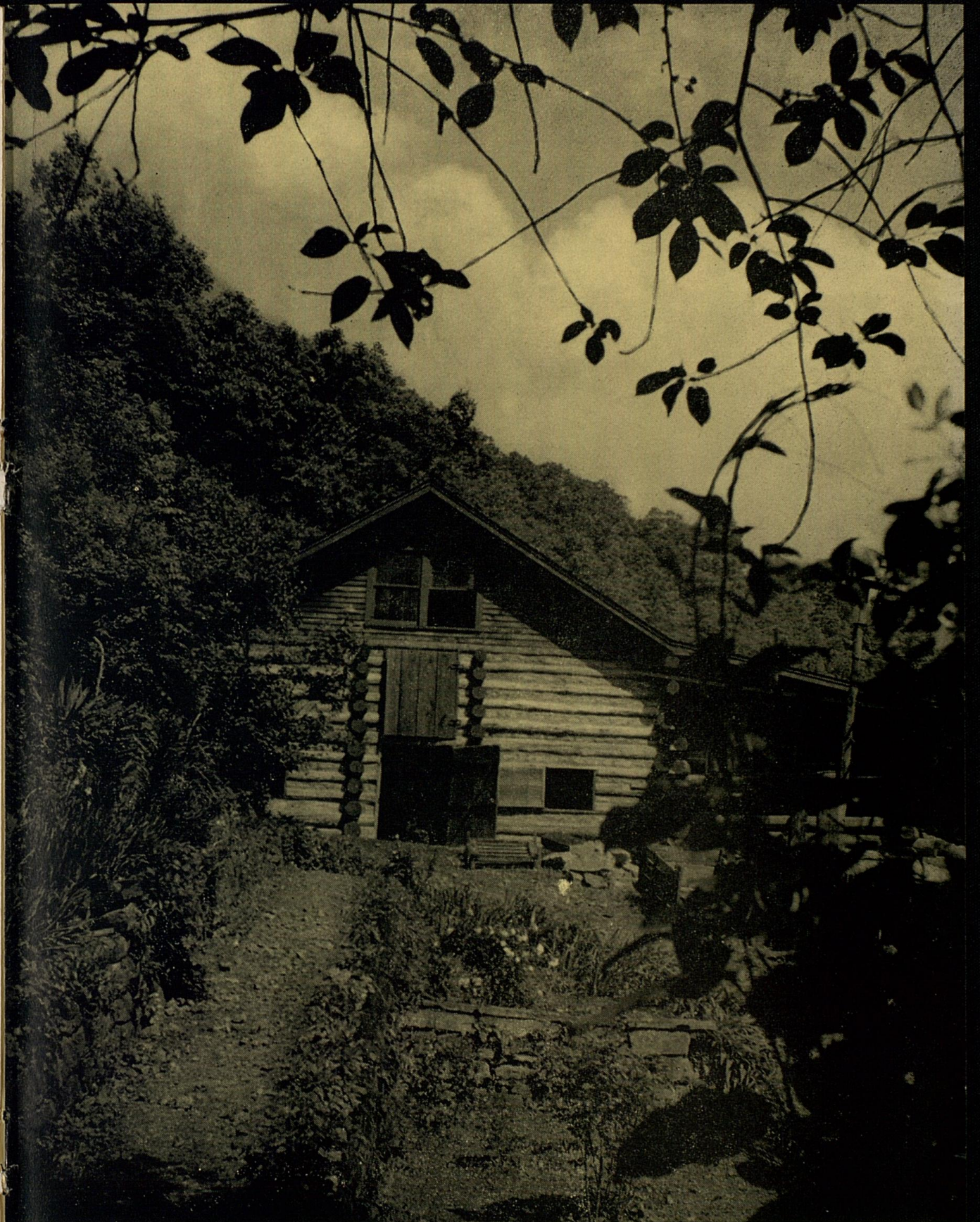
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send 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 compiled with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by truck or wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

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

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



WENDOVER HORSE BARN

Photograph by Earl Palmer

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