

The Quarterly Bulletin
of the
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 30

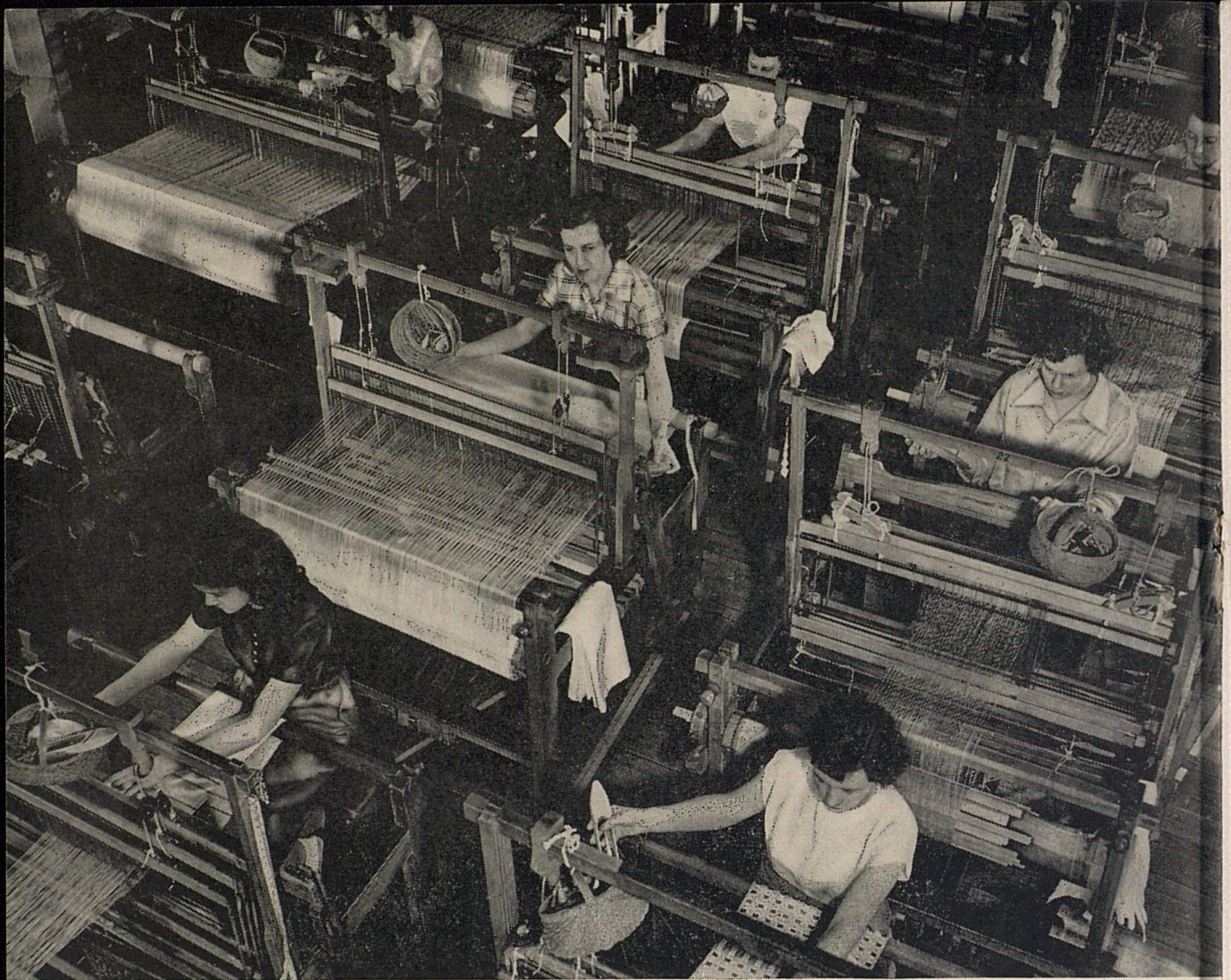
WINTER, 1955

NUMBER 3



WINTERTIME ON THE WENDOVER ROAD

The girls are Jane Furnas and Jean Hollins
The horses are Peru, Fanny and Camp



BEREA COLLEGE STUDENTS WEAVING IN LOOM ROOM OF
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES

For story, see page 3

Courier-Journal—Photo by H. Harold Davis

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year
Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

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

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CONTENTS

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
A January Baby	<i>Anna May January</i>	7
A Prayer	<i>W. A. Hifner, Jr.</i>	10
A Sequence on Slander		6
American Nursing (Book Review)	<i>E. Jane Furnas</i>	27
Answer to the Atom	<i>Nelson Trusler Johnson</i>	2
Bareback	<i>Monica Hayes</i>	21
Berea College		3
Beyond the Mountains		41
Field Notes		48
Old Courier News		11
Old Staff News		30
Possum Bend Nursing Center		Inside back cover
The Little Trunk (Illustrated)	<i>Helen Treanor</i>	24
What a Little Boy Said to Himself in Church (Verse)	<i>Contributed</i>	
Drawing by	<i>Caroline Williams</i>	28

BRIEF BITS

Backyard Garden	<i>Titusville Star-Advocate</i>	51
Cartoon	<i>American Poultry Journal</i>	40
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Photograph)		40
"Go to Bed, Go to Bed"	<i>The Countryman</i>	25
Just Jokes		23
Just Jokes		26
Old Weather Lore (Verse)		20
Our Mail Bag		39
Tom and Bidy (Photograph)		9
Velocity	<i>Building New India</i>	46
White Elephant		47

ANSWER TO THE ATOM

By
NELSON TRUSLER JOHNSON

*For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,*

These words seem to me to be fitting words to live by in this age of the atom. To me, they establish beyond question our relationship to God.

My lawyer father used to say to me that God placed us here as trustees of His kingdom. If we accept that concept, there is no need to live in terror of the energy which we, in the performance of our trust, have released from the atom.

Man has always had within him the power to destroy himself. Instead he continues to live in God's kingdom, by His power and to His glory.

Fear doubtless first seized our primitive ancestors when one of them for the first time produced fire, handling familiarly and harmlessly the terribly destructive force which had always held man in deadly fear and awe. Man, master of fire, built thereon the great civilization which we see all about us.

The energies released by atomic fission and fusion are but the latest of the many talents with which God has trusted us. Despite obvious dangers, we dare not wrap these talents in a napkin and bury them in the ground in fear of ourselves or God. If God has trusted us, can we not then trust ourselves?

With the power that God has given us we are even now taking the first steps forward in the building of a new world to replace the old. God has opened for us and for our children the bright prospect of a new and infinitely freer world. New horizons beckon us on all sides.

Let us go forward then, in God's kingdom, trusting Him as He has trusted us, unafraid.

The late Nelson Trusler Johnson was a former Ambassador to China. This article is among the last he wrote before he died.

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The Quarterly Bulletin asked Berea College to do us the honor of contributing an article to our pages in connection with Berea's Centennial year. We are happy indeed to publish their article, which follows.

BEREA COLLEGE

the Good Neighbor

Celebrates Its Centennial

A great deal has been said about the Good Neighbor Policy. Here in this mountain area the Good Neighbor Policy has been accepted for a great many years. The Frontier Nursing Service and Berea College have shown how they feel about it as they have concerned themselves with the welfare of the mountain people and as they have coöperated with one another in this work.

In 1947, Berea College in conferring the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws on Mary Breckinridge made this statement:

"Realist, who saw and recognized the needs of women and children in remote valleys of the South.

Humanitarian, who has given fully of her life that these needs may be met that life might be safer and better.

Educator, who planned and established a program for the preparation of midwives for rural practice."

Now in 1955, the Frontier Nursing Service wishes to recognize the Centennial of Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, to tell the readers of The Bulletin something of the history and purposes of the institution: that during the past one hundred years it has been a good neighbor to the surrounding community, to the young men and women in 230 mountain counties in Southern Appalachia and that now increasingly it is becoming also a good neighbor to the peoples of many foreign countries.

Tracing its origin to a district school established in 1855 as an elementary one-room school, ungraded, unplastered, covered with rived boards—a private institution, non-denominational, with no state or federal support, the College has grown until today it has 100 modern buildings, a campus of 144 acres, a forest of 5700 acres, 875 acres of land used for instruction in farming, dairying and animal husbandry.

Why did a New England woman, in 1902, wire her promise for a new chapel when news reached her that the old one had burned? Why does the daughter of a Kentucky woman give a classroom building as a memorial to her mother? Why does a Chicago businessman give a gymnasium? Or a doctor give an Agricultural Hall as a memorial to his son? The list might be extended to include all of their buildings. Berea College, charging no tuition, could not have provided these buildings for its students without the help of friends. Why have thousands of friends given the College large gifts and countless small gifts to support the educational work? President Hutchins says, "Berea College is a strong and beautiful college because many people have believed in its principles and have worked and sacrificed for these principles."

What are these principles which have been the blue prints for Berea's service in the community, in the mountain territory and now in scattered parts of the world?

Berea College has a religious commitment which is clearly stated in the first words of its charter: "To promote the Cause of Christ." Founded by earnest, sincere Christian men and women, the College strives for Christian living and understanding and conviction for its students.

In the Community the College expresses its Christian principles through its concern for the health of the people. Since 1898 the hospital, although owned and operated by the College, has been in reality a community hospital. In addition to the College and the town of Berea, it serves an area of approximately 40,000 people. Its School of Nursing prepares young women for a life of service.

From the earliest days it has been the purpose of Berea College to maintain an educational opportunity of genuine quality for able young men and women from the Southern Appalachian mountain region.

No student pays tuition at Berea College. In accepting students from the mountain area consideration is given to ability and also to their financial need. Even a modest tuition fee would prevent a substantial number of students from enrolling. The operating expenses are kept at an absolute minimum. The fact that students share in much of the work of the College helps to

keep the cost moderate. The Labor Program enables students to earn toward their board, room and incidental expenses.

Not only is Berea's Labor Program good economically, but also fruitful educational results come from the relationship of labor and study. It is a sound educational idea to combine a study program of high quality and a work program, recognizing the contribution which work may make economically, educationally, and spiritually.

"It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity."—Ruskin

When the United States Senate and the House of Representatives of the 83rd Congress commemorated Berea College, in Berea, Kentucky, upon its 100th anniversary, these two resolutions were included:

"Whereas the Berea idea of combining a study program of high quality and a work program of practical value has attracted hundreds of foreign educators engaged in replanning their whole educational systems in the postwar period; and

"Whereas Berea College has become the specific model for many educational institutions in these foreign countries where a pattern is needed conforming to their current basic resources and state appropriations."

One of Berea's most effective contacts with a foreign country came through the appointment of Dr. Luther Ambrose, Chairman of Department of Education, for two years' service in Paraguay. Dr. and Mrs. Ambrose participated in the creation of a teacher training curriculum and an institute under the auspices of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs.

On June 20, 1952, the Congress in the Philippines passed a bill creating the Mindanao Institute of Technology "patterned after the Berea College in Kentucky, United States of America." After a tour of America, Mr. Koshin Shikiya, President of the University of Ryukyus, selected Berea College as an appropriate model for them. Dean Louis Smith has returned recently from a lecture tour of India at the invitation of the U. S. Dept. of State. And so Berea's service extends far beyond the dreams of its founders.

One of the important undertakings planned for the celebration of the Centennial will be a new symphonic drama by the famed Pulitzer prize winning author, Paul Green.

The drama, *WILDERNESS ROAD*, will be based on the

life, culture and importance of the people of the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

For years ahead, Berea College will continue to be the good neighbor and its campus will continue to extend to the top of the "farthest hollow" and its influence to the far corners of the world.

A SEQUENCE ON SLANDER

Detraction is one of the principal forms of self-promotion, and those that cannot reach the citadel themselves, must clamber up over the bodies of their companions who have it.

—*George Wyndham Recognita*, by Charles T. Gatty

Whenever any criticism is tinged with jealousy or malignity be sure that there is some good in the subject against which the criticism is directed. It may even be that the malice shown is the measure of the goodness of that which is maligned.

—*Light*, London, March 23, 1929

A gentleman . . . has no ears for slander.

—Cardinal Newman

If ought good thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe or friend,
Take thou, then, the silent way,
Lest in word thou shouldst offend.

—Source Unknown

A JANUARY BABY

by

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

A dark winter's night two years ago, with clouds hovering low over old Mother Earth, lightning flashing through the hills silhouetting the barren trees against the sky—with the wind howling and moaning and bringing down limbs from trees—what a night, I thought, to have to make a race with Mr. Stork! No, not likely, for I had paid a call on Judy that very day—no signs of Mr. Stork taking a trip on such a night.

After listening with one ear cocked until 11:45 p.m., I decided that Divine Providence just wouldn't send me out on a four-mile trip—up the river from Wendover and then up the creek—on such a night. So out my light went, and I settled down to sleep.

But just 15 minutes later, I was jostled into the realization that Mr. Stork and Divine Providence had other plans for me, storm or no storm, for John had gotten through. "I sure hate to git you-uns out on sich a night, but I reckon Judy's time has come. She sure is punishing. You-uns better hurry on."

I got into my clothes as quickly as possible, picked up my saddle bags and was ready to leave, when I realized that another form had appeared, barefooted, in the person of Betty Ann Bradbury. She was a young Hyden Hospital nurse then, week-ending at Wendover, and she wanted to come along. I guessed from the look on her face that she thought that I thought she was ready for the "bug-house" to choose to go out on such a night. "Well, I won't go—I'm not ready." "No, you want to come—get dressed and follow after me with John."

Cindy, my mare, and I started off, falling into holes, skirting limbs and slides. Well, I thought to myself, if only a good big limb will fall across Mr. Stork's path, that will help a bit. After what seemed like an eternity of thrashing about in the rain, thunder, lightning, and the holes in the road, I finally neared the house—to find that the barn had blown down and bits of it were entering the gate ahead of me. I managed to scramble through and hitched Cindy to a piece of fence still standing. Rushing into the house, I was greatly relieved to find

that I had won the race. But Judy, sitting up in the bed rocking back and forth, greeted me with three words, "Cow and mule," which I got between her pains.

"Now, Judy, when your pain is gone tell me about the cow and the mule." At the time I was not interested in quadrupeds, for it was evident that Judy had not much longer to go. Well, the mule and the cow were covered up with the fallen down barn! But their extraction from the débris, I had to leave for John. Fortunately it turned out that neither one was hurt much.

Reassuring Judy, I assembled my supplies. After Betty Ann arrived with John, I had her help and got myself ready. Very soon a ten-pound bouncing baby boy arrived, greeting the wild night with a lusty yell.

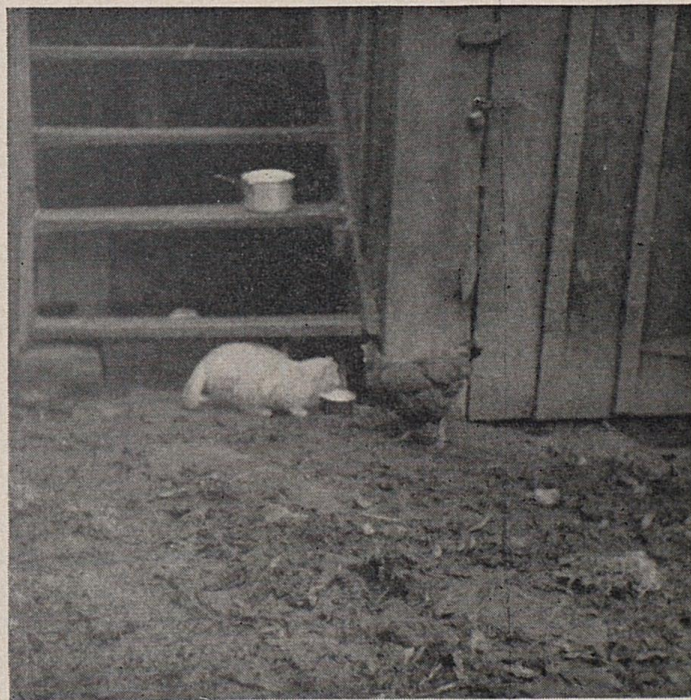
Alas, my troubles were not over, for Judy had a partially separated placenta with hemorrhage. I immediately started poor John back down the creek to Wendover, to get word to Hyden Hospital for Dr. den Dulk, our Medical Director then. With no telephone between Wendover and Hyden at night, and with the Middle Fork River in tide, I knew that it would be three or four hours before word could be gotten to Dr. den Dulk and he could get to me. This meant that Judy's life depended on me. I went ahead and did a manual removal of the placenta and then, with Betty Ann's help, treated Judy for shock. I shall never forget poor Betty Ann trying and trying to get the foot of the double bed up on a chair.

After a time Judy began coming out of shock. By now I was beginning to get a little myself, for my knees were beginning to shake, and I felt a little like I was on paper legs. I thought of a broadcast by Edward R. Murrow from London during the war in which he quoted a sign on a bombed-out church which read, "If your knees knock, kneel on them." But there was no time to kneel.

Judy continued to improve. John returned with a message from Brownie saying she would go to Hyden after the doctor and send him on up the creek. With this assurance, I went ahead and took care of the baby. As I put him in his mother's arms, she smiled at me. "Hit's a caution how much he looks like John," she said.

At 7 a.m., with mother in good condition, mule and cow

still alive, the barn lying lazily down as if for a nap, we saddled our horses and made our way back to Wendover. Half way down the creek we met Dr. den Dulk riding up. He took my report, and decided he could safely go back with us. How thankful I was that I had gotten to Judy in time, thankful for a mother's life saved! I think perhaps the motto of the Frontier Nursing Service fitted this situation very well: "He shall gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom and gently lead those that are with young."



TOM, THE YELLOW BARN-CAT, AND
BIDDY, THE RED HEN,

At Wendover cow barn

Where they drink milk together every morning and evening

A PRAYER

Our Father who art in heaven,
Infuse our hearts with sufficient leaven,
To make us grow in grace with thee.

Give us this day our daily bread,
Help us to make our daily bed,
Help us our many faults to see.

Forgive our debts as we forgive,
Help us our daily lives to live,
As thine own Son would have us be.

Please tempt us not, for we are frail,
Help us to make thy truth prevail,
Help us from all our sins be free.

For thine is the Kingdom,
and the power,
and the glory,
Throughout all eternity. Amen.

W. A. Hifner, Jr.
October 21, 1954.

Footnote by Editor: We begged permission of our senior auditor to be allowed to print this prayer for Lenten reading. We told Mr. Hifner why we took issue with him on the line beginning "Please tempt us not . . ."

In his *Four Gospels*, published by Harper, Charles Cutler Torrey gives this rendering, from the Aramaic, "Let us not yield to temptation."

Two French translations with which I am familiar give much the same version. At my school in Switzerland we said, "*Ne nous laissez pas tomber dans la tentation.*" (Do not let us fall into temptation.)

A Belgian prayer book has this rendering, "*Ne nous laissez pas succomber à la tentation.*" (Do not let us succumb to temptation.)

God does not lead His children into temptation.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Alison Bray, Leeds, England—November 22, 1954

I am in Oxford for a couple of days and while I am here I am hoping to see various people in connection with my next job which starts on February 1st. I am going to be secretary again for the Congress of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and so am looking forward to being here.

It is lovely to get your news. I read the Bulletin from cover to cover the moment it arrives and enjoy every bit of it. I think of you all so much. Auntie Evelyn and I exchange news whenever we meet and we glow with pride and reflected glory every time we hear of a new award to Mrs. Breckinridge. I was so sorry not to see Betty [Lester] when she was over and hope that she had a good holiday.

.

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin), Milton,
Massachusetts—November 26, 1954**

Bobby's company, Loomis Sayles, is transferring him to Philadelphia the first of January. We are really very excited about it since it is a wonderful opportunity for him, and besides that particular city has always appealed to us a great deal.

This move, of course, means I will have to give up my job as courier chairman for the New England territory. I have enjoyed meeting the various girls and my keeping in contact with all of you there. I am going to miss the Boston Committee but hope that perhaps I can be of some assistance to the Philadelphia one when the time arises. I do regret having to resign from my pleasant job.

The twins have proved to be surprisingly easy and are angelic all the time. They entertain each other so beautifully that at times I feel I have more spare hours than if there was only one child. Rob, aged 5½, is in connecting class of Milton Academy and just adores it. Jeff, 3½, is still home with me and is the greatest comfort and help with the twins. [A picture of Pat's children is elsewhere in this Bulletin.]

February 2, 1955

Mrs. Breckinridge's visit here last month was a worth-while occasion for us all. Her movie, although taken twenty-five years ago, still represented the mountain life as seen today, as well as the Service's ability to meet any and all emergencies. Everyone enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly and particularly seeing Mrs. Breckinridge again.

As yet we haven't sold our house here in Milton but have bought one in Paoli outside of Philadelphia. Bobby is now commuting to Boston from Philadelphia every week-end and we hope before too long to move the whole family down.

.

From Mary (Timmy) Balch, Summit, New Jersey

—November 30, 1954

I graduated from the School of Horticulture in August, then went to Chocorua for a month. I am spending this winter taking a secretarial course here in Summit. I will graduate in June. Anything can happen from then on. Want a job next winter, but I don't know what or where. Would like to combine with agriculture or animals in some way or other. If not that, perhaps on a magazine. Trouble is, I'm not a bit interested in city life.

.

From Katharine (Kitty) Biddle, Cambridge,

Massachusetts—December 23, 1954

Now I am teaching English at Milton Academy, having left the Museum in New York last July and wended my way to Boston in search of a saner way of life. Teaching is very hard for me still, and I hope I will get better at it eventually. I'm living in Cambridge, 121 Oxford Street, under the eaves of a frightful old Victorian house. That part of it is lovely.

.

From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),

Ames, Iowa—Christmas, 1954

Christmas always turns my memory back toward some of the wonderful experiences in my life—and especially toward Wendover!

I am nursing twenty hours a week—my second year on the staff. I love it, and the family cooperate. Our eldest son is almost sixteen and headed for medical school some day.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown),
Cleveland, Ohio—Christmas, 1954**

As you can see by the picture, I have done nothing in the way of providing a future courier—Graham, the fifth boy, was born last January. He's so adorable—each one seems that much more precious. They all have a wonderful time together. I have a hard time keeping one jump ahead of them.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Ruth P. Chase, Mill Valley, California
—Christmas, 1954**

The time has gone I don't know where and the kids as you can see, are growing. They spent a month with my brother in Pennsylvania last summer and I took a vacation in Bavaria again, after an absence of twenty years. It was like going home again—I loved it! By great good luck all my friends had survived. By more luck, I heard Albert Schweitzer play the organ in Strasbourg and had the great fortune to meet him afterwards. Spent a fascinating time in Berlin visiting a refugee reception center in our sector, and prowling about the Russian sector. Berlin, east or west, is an experience.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newson (Sylvia Bowditch),
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1954**

"Chippis" will soon be ready to be a courier. I took her horseback riding in the Sierras this summer and how she loved it. She took to a horse like a duck to water!

. . . .

**From Mrs. David D. Mackintosh (Sally Rice), Dover,
Massachusetts—Christmas, 1954**

Dave and I are in the process of building a house and should all continue well, we plan to move in by March. We were held

up almost a month due to the fall hurricanes, but with the combined efforts of builder and architect we've made up for lost time. It's a very conventional two-story Colonial; but by building right smack in the woods with a natural rock ledge surrounding three-quarters of same, plus a different paint job, we hope to get away from the run of the mill.

Had a very nice note from Alison Bray (we correspond) and what with her letter and yours the fondest memories of the FNS come back to me. How I loved my summer with you!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Louis Charles Vaczek, Jr. (Kay Pfeiffer),
Brewster, New York—Christmas, 1954**

We have settled finally in Brewster, New York, in a nice tumble-down house which we are slowly repairing. Our main joy is a small Vaczek—by name Nicholas—who arrived on September 7, 1954. He's a darling and growing up too fast already. Louis is teaching English and doing tremendous household chores and writing too—quite a load. But we love Brewster and are happy as can be.

. . . .

**From Katherine (Kay) Amsden, Northampton,
Massachusetts—Christmas, 1954**

I am studying at Smith College for my M.S. and am very glad I decided to go into Physical Education. We have a grand department and excellent facilities. I'll be staying pretty close to New Hampshire and Massachusetts until June, 1956. After that I want very much to come back to Wendover for either a visit or to work.

. . . .

**From Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon (Mary Bulkley),
Grosse Pointe, Michigan—Christmas, 1954**

After a busy year, we are settled again and it is nice being back in Grosse Pointe. Polly is in kindergarten and starting to ride a little—so it won't be too many years before she can start to think about coming down as a courier.

From Barbara Clapp, Cambridge, Massachusetts

—Christmas, 1954

I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed the Autumn Bulletin. It brought back many thoughts of the three months I spent with you—pleasant thoughts indeed. I shall always remember and think of the FNS.

I am very happy at school now—the Nursery Training School of Boston affiliated with Tufts College. I shall graduate in two years.

. . . .

From Susan (Sue) McIntosh, New York, New York

—Christmas, 1954

We've all read the Christmas number of the Bulletin and liked it especially. Christmas at Wendover must be wonderful—it certainly is here. Last night a bunch of us practiced up some carols on English hand bells, which are played by at least ten people, each holding one or two tones. We went out and played carols on Fifth Avenue to everyone who would listen, which was a good many people. At times the music was submerged in laughter—when one made a mistake or when the holder of the F sharp bell looked at all the smiling faces around us instead of at the music!

. . . .

From Mrs. James N. Rawleigh (Florence Booker),**High Point, North Carolina—Christmas, 1954**

I think of you and the FNS so often—always such wonderful memories. As you can see my family is growing up fast. They all ride quite well now—even Mike, aged 2½, started lessons this year! Betsy is 8 and Tom 6.

. . . .

From Mrs. Harald Vestergaard (Ellen Wadsworth),**Copenhagen, Denmark—Christmas, 1954**

Harald and I are now living in Copenhagen, in a two-room flat with a kitchen, bathroom, and full central heating. We have a Volkswagen which is a wonderful thing for bringing us closer to interesting friends and places, and because we have a tend-

ency not to have time to take streetcars and still get places when we are expected. Of course, one must allow time to wait five minutes for the bridge between our island, Amager, and Sealand where Copenhagen center is. Although the bridge might be down, it never is when we are in a hurry, and the ships which pass in the night seem to go awfully slow.

I can only understand what a conversation is about in Danish if Harald and I have had the same discussion in English. If Harald has pointed out that the opening of the Polar Route is big publicity for SAS, I catch the words SAS or Polar and look as though I understand! It's a good trick and I probably pick up a few Danish words at the same time.

I got a nice card from Peggy Elmore, saying that Bobby Hunt is working on the Christmas stuff. What a job! I can re-live it at a moment's notice. All those nice days spent down in the cellar at the hospital instead of riding in the woods or driving Anna May or Olive around in Bounce or Leo!

Christmas was surely a wonderful time of year to be with the FNS. The spirit was such a jolly one and there were so many nice traditions: anonymous presents (I am still wondering who gave Linda and me the cute little red elephants); the Christmas pageant with Mrs. Breckinridge reading the story; and something about the horses at midnight and lots of unexpected goodies which they soon woke up to. I hope Peru doesn't bite the hand that feeds him but that would surely not be malicious—just over-enthusiastic.

Here in Denmark, around Christmas time, it is fantastic the food that is prepared; and if I were in the country I'd know much more about it than I do. Rolled and pressed meat, pigs in every form and using every square inch. The other day Harald brought home something called "blood sausages" which are made at the moment when the pig is bleeding to death. The blood is collected in bowls and stirred frantically while things are added—pieces of meat, flour, fruit and I don't know what else. The amazing thing is that the result is quite delicious, like many of the other things over here which I would never have dreamed of eating before. As for cooking, it is an education in itself. Between hearts of pigs that have to be de-veined and fish which are still having muscular spasms when they hit the

frying pan, I am getting hardened gradually. The baking in Denmark around Christmas time, so I am told, is unbelievable. It is lucky that all stores reduce the prices on their clothes in the first week of January, because there must be a big demand for "the next largest size."

.

**From Mrs. Walter G. Ellis (Pam Dunn), Red Bank,
New Jersey—January 6, 1955**

We had a wonderful Christmas! Breck was very casual in his excitement. His playmate told him there was no Santa which he didn't want to accept whole-heartedly so he told us Santa died of a heart attack. Louise sparkled in her excitement and Santa was very real to her. Christmas Eve, after we had decorated the tree and placed all the packages under it, Louise was dancing around in wild anticipation when suddenly she stopped, threw her hand up in despair and said, "What are we going to give Santa Claus?" Walt, however, didn't care what went on just so long as it didn't interfere with his meals and nap.

.

From Jan McMillan, New York, New York—January 22, 1955

Your first letter followed me to Rome, back to Grosse Pointe, then to New York. It was postmarked April 24, 1954!

We had a wonderful trip as you might imagine, getting to all kinds of out-of-the-way places and even going as far East as Istanbul. Of course, with no definite plans or reservations, we had perfect travelling freedom. I'm sure that the Canary Islands, Marrakeck and Rhodes would be on few planned itineraries!

It took my travelling companion and me less than a month, after returning, to decide that new cities and jobs were in order. We've been in New York since July and are constantly amazed at how much we love it! I'm currently very busy doing publicity work for Pocket Books, so I'm afraid a trip to Wendover will have to wait.

.

**From Mrs. Robert K. Poole (Julie Hatheway),
Litchfield, Connecticut—January 18, 1955**

Bob has left for Germany where he will spend the rest of his Army career. He is stationed near Frankfurt. The best thing about that is that the housing situation is excellent, so I shouldn't have too long a wait before I go over. I have to await Army orders! I get free passage over, and have all my household goods packed and sent by the Army. We are awfully lucky to be going and I am really excited about it. Bob says that I should be there by early March—it takes about eight weeks to go through Army "red tape."

Meanwhile, I'm busy sewing, cooking, airplane spotting, singing in the choir, baby-sitting, etc. I'll write you at least a post card from Germany.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Pat Perrin Lawrence is moving to Paoli, Pennsylvania [*see letters*] and has had to give up the chairmanship of the New England Courier Committee, which office she has held most efficiently for a number of years. We are delighted that **Sue Ayer Parker** has been so kind as to take over the chairmanship from Pat.

Lucy Conant is back in New Haven working as a head nurse on a rehabilitation ward.

Fanny McIlvain is now Secretary of the German Shepherd Dog Club of America—an office involving a lot of writing!

Margaret McLennan Morse is living in Santa Barbara. We were delighted with the picture of her attractive home which brought us Christmas greetings from all four Morses.

.

Our tenderest sympathy goes to **Frenny Rousmaniere Storrs** in the death of her mother last summer.

Our hearts go out in fullest measure to Ellie George Nevin in the sudden death of her husband, and to Hugh Junior and Susan in the loss of their father.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Selby Newell Brown of Rochester, New York, to Mr.

Peter Ehrlich of New York City and Brookline, Massachusetts. We understand that a June wedding is planned.

Miss Constance Bicknell of Cleveland, Ohio, to Mr. Larry Higbie of Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Beverly Brady of Carters Bridge, Virginia, to Mr. Clyde Danforth Knapp, Jr., of New York City. This wedding will take place in the spring.

Miss Marianna Hilliard Mead of Dayton, Ohio, to Mr. Frank O'Brien, Jr., a master at Groton School. A June wedding is planned, and the young couple will make their home in Groton.

Miss Barbara Stolt to Mr. Roy Flemming, both of Gasport, New York. Barbara, a senior at Keuka College, spent five weeks with the FNS in the fall, helping with social service and the shipments of candy, toys and clothing for our children's Christmas parties, and did a grand job. Mr. Flemming has recently been with the Army Air Force in Greenland, as an engineer. Barbara writes:

"Arrived home from spending five wonderful weeks in Kentucky with the FNS, on December 20th. Next thing I knew it was Christmas morning and I, full stature of almost five feet (he's only six foot-one), was engaged. I see possibly more school for both of us."

Our affectionate good wishes go to these charming brides-to-be, and our congratulations to the lucky young men.

A WEDDING

Miss Julie Ann Hatheway and Lieutenant Robert Keyes Poole of the United States Army, on November 27, 1954, in Litchfield, Connecticut. Lieutenant Poole is now in Germany where Lee hopes to join him in March. [See Old Courier Letters.] We wish for these young people the earliest possible reunion in Germany and the best of good luck and happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. David D. Mackintosh (Sally Rice) of Dover, Massachusetts, their second child, and first daughter, Elizabeth (Beth) Rice, on December 6, 1954. Sally writes:

The baby is fine but her old mother is sagging at the joints, trying to keep up the three-hour feeding schedule! She is gaining rapidly and getting to be a normal sized infant. She weighed 5 pounds and 12 ounces at birth; and was a very slow starter at the gate!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Callaway (Mary Lib Rogan) of Selma, Alabama, their third child, and second daughter, Mary Elizabeth, on December 7, 1954. Her mother writes:

I would give most anything if you could see your 1972 courier. She's really a perfect lamb and my immodesty about her is most unbecoming, and I feel sure I'm spoiling her dreadfully. However, as Joe says, after all she's our first "grandchild," why shouldn't we?

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William L. Helm, Jr. (Nella Lloyd), of Newton Center, Massachusetts, their second child and first daughter, Pamela Kelly, on December 17, 1954; weight 6 pounds and 12 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John William Middendorf (Diz Paine) of New York City, their first child, a girl, Frances Paine, on December 18, 1954; weight 8 pounds and 13 ounces.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard Houston Meigs (Ellen Mary Hare) of Philadelphia, a third son (no little courier for us as yet) on December 19, 1954. From the hospital Ellen Mary writes:

Our third little boy came last Sunday at 4:30 a.m., brought on I am sure by a party and magnificent seafood dinner the evening before! He is named after Henry and weighed 8 pounds and 4 ounces at birth.

When the Robin
sings in the bush
The weather
will be harsh:

When the Robin
sings on the barn
The weather
will be warm.

—*Old Weather Lore*

BAREBACK

by
MONICA HAYES, R.N., S.C.M.

POSSUM BEND NURSING CENTER

"Of course! We started 'em off without saddles—you had to learn to ride without a saddle before you learned to ride with." The remembered voice of an old cavalry officer, with whom I used to work, came back to me as I watched Nancy ride the horses bareback to be watered at night.

"Nancy, will you teach me to ride bareback?" I asked as she came in. "Sure—you can learn by taking them to be watered in the evening."

2nd Aug.—I purposefully walk down to the barn to watch Nancy mount Flicka. I listen very intently to what she tells me—where to put my feet, how to make a horse turn away from the side the rope halter comes up. It all looks so simple, but my knees already feel rather weak.

Flicka is watered, I lead Bobbin out and attempt to mount. Let me explain here and now that I am handicapped by having short legs, anyone who knows me will verify my height—and that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

To continue, Bobbin doesn't like my stretching act and tosses his head. My heart is suddenly located in my throat. I call in rather a pleading voice, "Nancy, hold him for me whilst I get on."

With much puffing, panting, heaving and tugging, I'm on. But Bobbin is dancing around with all four feet, like he wants to take off.

"Nan, I'm scared—I'm getting off."

"No, stay there. I'll lead you down—you'll be O.K." Bobbin thinks otherwise, and prances around as if he's been bred to the roll of circus drums.

More conversation about staying on or getting off, with my voice sounding less and less like mine every minute. Finally in a voice completely unrecognizable, "Nan, please let me get off, I'm scared to death!"

"All right. It wouldn't be any good anyway if you are really scared."

Very unceremoniously and rapidly, I slide to the ground and heave a sigh as I try to hold my shaking knees still.

4th Aug.—I lead Bobbin out. Nancy is not holding him, and Bobbin's habit of moving off, as soon as he feels any weight, is brought to the fore. At the time I have little more than my right lower leg over his back and no balance. I slide earthwards. Second attempt (with Nancy holding him). Nan half leads him and he half does a running walk down to be watered. I half think that maybe I can stay there 'til we get back. I do—and am now a mental wreck.

"Can you stand a little more?" Me, in a very quavery voice, "No!" Nancy must have thought I was a little uncertain in my reply—whereas I was perfectly sure I meant what I said—"Well, put your hands on your hips and make your forehead touch his withers."

No advocate of beloved Queen Mary's posture could have been stiffer than I—"I can't." "Yes you can, go on." Slowly I bend my head, and gradually the rest of me follows, and unbelievably I feel my head touch his withers. I straighten rapidly.

"Now go back and lie flat." "I can't." "Yes, you can." I bend back and try dropping my head—that doesn't work. Then I curve my back, slowly and with much mental agony, I'm there, and up.

"Now pivot round." "I can't." No comment. We obviously both feel that this is getting monotonous. So, slowly and gingerly, I pivot. "Swing your feet up and over; don't kick the horse or he'll think you want him to go."

Not that I can get my legs that high—so as to clear the horse—but I try. At least I don't kick him. At last I'm allowed to slide earthward.

5th Aug.—I lead Bobbin out and mount. He is heading away from the pump, but that doesn't worry Bobbin. He goes forward. At least this time I'm on, this thought passes through my mind in a fleeting moment. Then I'm trying to turn him and lead him to the pump. We go round in a few circles. The gate is open, and despite all my efforts to the contrary we are out on the road. Something that is not too distant from panic goes down my legs, and they grip Bobbin like they intend to meet.

"Nancy, get me in."

"Turn him round, and bring him back."

Bobbin stops to nibble by the roadside. I try to turn him back but only succeed in turning him in a complete circle and, at a gentle running walk, we head away from the centre.

"Nancy!" Nancy stands calmly in the middle of the road miles away—at the very least 50 yards.

"You are O.K. Just bring his head up, and kick with your right leg and bring him back."

I obey instructions—and breathe at last as Bobbin heads back. But then he goes into a gentle running walk right past the pasture gate! My voice seems to have been rather high for a while. Now I hear it change to low, and heavy with despair and desperation.

"Nancy, get me in!"

It must have been less than five minutes—but it seemed like an eternity that had got lost in time—before he trotted gently up to Nancy and she led him in and to the pump.

WENDOVER

15th Sept.—An invitation to ride Tenacity, the mule, bareback is accepted by me. You'd really think I ought to know better. Small though she is, I first mount a high rock, and then I rip the back of my shirt as I straddle Tenacity. We ride down about a mile, we ride back; and I do a little trot and stay on. When we return to Wendover I slide my usual ungraceful way off.

I have now been out for half an hour's ride bareback. I breathe many thanks to an absent Nancy, and her patience, and am ready to announce to the world—"Oh yes, I can ride bareback." I put in a few mental reservations, but will worry about those next time I ride.

A woman approached a famous psychiatrist and said, "I do wish you'd see my husband. He blows smoke rings through his nose and it frightens me."

"I see nothing wrong with that," said the doctor. "I don't know that it's so terribly unusual for someone to blow smoke rings through his nose."

"But," complained the woman, "my husband doesn't smoke!"

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Left to right—Mary Breckinridge, Gene Holcombe Buckle, Mrs. Joseph B. Paul, the trunk with a stork and a doll baby.

THE LITTLE TRUNK

This layette-laden trunk is escorted by Mrs. V. S. Holcombe's grandson, Gene Buckle. Presented to Mrs. Breckinridge in 1954 by the D C W of West Virginia at the 21st annual meeting in Washington, D. C., the little trunk first started on its travels 35 years ago. It journeyed then with a two-year-old child on a visit to his grandmother, and made many trips between New York and Maine. Eventually it was outgrown and relegated to the attic, with no thought of ever touring again. But now it has come out of retirement, ready and eager to be of service. Adopted by the D C W of W. Va., it makes semiannual trips to Kentucky, filled with clothes for babies and small children—tangible evidence of the Society's continuing support of the Frontier Nursing Service. Formerly the happiness that has always been associated with the trunk was within a family circle; now in its new role it will extend to "Wide Neighborhoods."

—Helen Treanor

"GO TO BED, GO TO BED"

By
DOROTHY GARLEY

"Ducks are so stupid," exclaimed a friend, completely exhausted from trying to drive into a shed for the night the twenty he had bought that day. "That," I told him, "is because you do not put yourself in their place and think how you would behave if you were being driven towards a shed you had never seen." So he came to watch my ducks and geese line up and start off for their sleeping sheds when I called from the back door, "Ducks, ducks, go to bed," and "Gos, gos, go to bed, go to bed." However far off they were, there was usually an answering shriek from the geese and a few quacks from the ducks. By the time I reached the sheds the birds would all be inside. **It took twelve days to train the ducks, and nine or ten for the geese.**

At first I fed them close to the sheds, and for three days I prevented them from wandering far afield. At bedtime two of us drove the ducks with long sticks and extended arms slowly and quietly into the sheds, repeating in a monotone, "Go to bed, ducks." On the fourth day they began to move of their own accord at the second repetition, led by the most intelligent duck—never the drake, who was too timid. Geese prefer to follow rather than to be driven and will respond when called, even at one month old. When they are being moved, at the first word they line up in a string and waddle anxiously at one's heels, terrified lest they be left behind. If they are not given time they quickly get exhausted with fear. This method frightens them less and tames them more easily than handling, which they fear and resent in the early stage.

One of our ducks, a lone hatch, was brought up in a box in the house and would never leave my side. If I sat down to sew she would scramble up my leg, push the cat or work-basket from my lap and make herself comfortable, looking up sideways with an air of great triumph. She never messed in any way and was very indignant if disturbed. When the dog came and nosed her, she would dig her beak into him. The cat meekly retreated.

I found **Chinese geese** the most responsive breed. One would sit on my lap, preening, combing and rubbing a soft velvet face

against my cheeks and, if I did not respond, nibbling round my neck until I rubbed back. Then she would shut her eyes blissfully, but if I stopped she would show her resentment by nibbling my neck more sharply. When I put her down she would scramble up again. She used to come to be stroked like a dog, and if I sat on the steps of the sunken garden would climb on to my shoulders, then lean her breast on the back of my head, remaining any length of time, much longer than I could spare. Her mate was jealous and attacked me violently until I grabbed him by the neck, tucked him under my arm and talked to him. Then he was quite content to settle comfortably, head on my lap, though ever on the alert for an intruder.

I sold one goose to a farmer who knew my way with animals and was rather inclined to laugh. One day when he was milking in the fields he was surprised to see her running towards him, chattering hard. She came up to him and caught his coat and pulled it, so he followed her across two fields, only to find that the door of her laying shed had blown shut. When he opened it she went in and laid her egg.

Later the same farmer bought a gaggle of geese from me and sat one called Grey Goose—all had their names and answered to them—on a clutch of her own eggs. The gander got rather fierce and fussy towards the end, so he was shut out from the otherwise vacant pigsty in which Grey Goose had made her nest. When all the goslings were hatched and dry, the farmer opened the door and let him in. The pair chattered and necked each other; then Grey Goose lifted both wings and gently pushed the youngsters with her beak toward the gander, who ran his beak over them. She then pushed him away, closed both wings round the goslings and carefully lifted their heads over the tops, after which the parent birds resumed their chattering.

The Countryman, Winter 1953
Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire
England

A lady had just purchased a postage stamp at a substation. "Must I stick this on myself?" she asked.

"Positively not, madam," replied the postal clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the envelope."

AMERICAN NURSING

History and Interpretation

By MARY ROBERTS, R.N.

Published by The Macmillan Company

Mary Roberts has grown up with nursing in America. A graduate in 1899 of the Jewish Hospital Training School for Nurses, Cincinnati, Ohio, she has been active in nearly every phase of nursing since the turn of the Century. As editor—a great editor—of the *American Journal of Nursing* from 1921 until 1949, Miss Roberts led in the development of American nursing for twenty-eight years. Obviously she is the perfect author for this book.

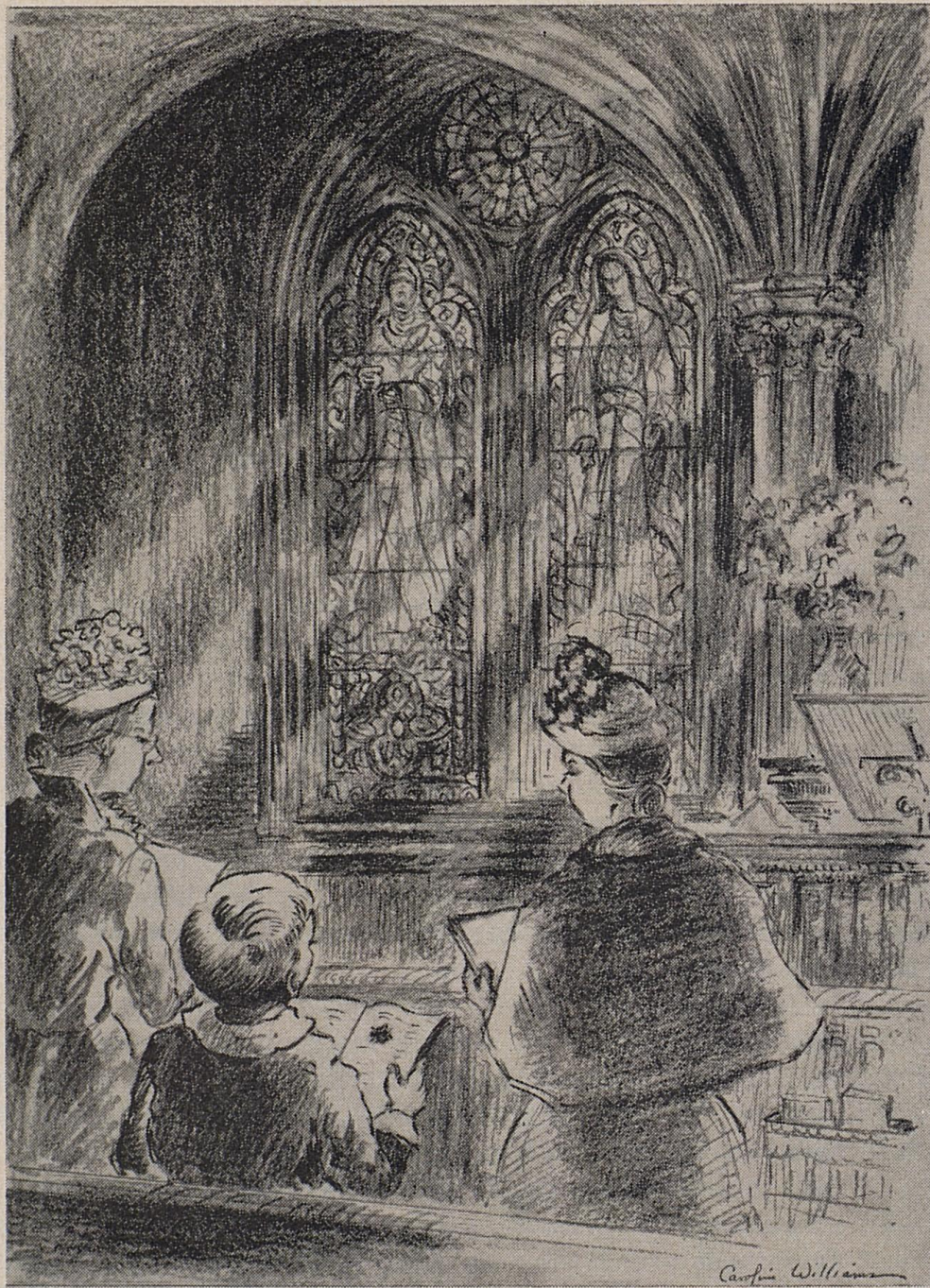
Miss Roberts' interpretations of the history are so vividly portrayed that the reader feels as though she is being carried along by a great magnetic force through incidences and movements in the growth of the American nursing profession. The feeling prevails throughout the book that nursing in America is a force that has evolved from the ever-changing social scene.

The presentation starts with a history of nursing prior to 1900 and brings us up through the following periods: Expansion; World War I; The Depression; on through World War II and The Atomic Age up to the present development of Health as a unifying World Force.

We feel a close kinship with the nursing leaders as we learn to know them, both from the writing and from the various illustrations. Through reading of their achievements in the past, we are helped in understanding the present, and in looking forward to further expansion in the future.

"This is the biography, not of a person, but, of a profession—an account of its growth and development into one of the most important and most respected professions in the world. It is a history of nursing in America and of the people and forces that made this history."

Reviewed by E. Jane Furnas



WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAID TO HIMSELF IN CHURCH

My aunties on each side of me,
Are sitting in a line;
I wonder if their hassocks are as
Full of pins as mine?

I think they must have asked the hens
To teach them how to perch;
I'd like to rub my knees, but that's
Called fidgeting in church.
I found a fly in church today,
A fly who's hurt its wing.
It happened just as everyone
Was standing up to sing,
"There's a Friend For Little Children
Above the Bright Blue Sky."
I might have been so good, if they
Had let me keep that fly.
I thought of such a lovely game,
I didn't fidget then—
The fly must walk across my book
Before I'd counted ten.
But just as he was nearly there
The Man said, "Let us pray."
And aunties shook their heads at me
And brushed my fly away.
The pew is very dark and high
And I am very small
And aunties say it's wrong in church
To look about at all.
I think the window's open where
The glass is painted red,
For I can feel a scrap of sky
That's shining on my head.
Oh, Friend of little children
You were once as small as me,
You know how very dull
A child in church can be.
And if you're hiding just above
That tiny patch of sky,
Be sorry for a little boy
And send another fly.

—Contributed by Monica Hayes,
To whom it was given in her childhood in England.

The drawing is a gift to FNS from the artist,
Caroline Williams, of Cincinnati.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Grace Nelson in the Belgian Congo—October, 1954

As you will be receiving greetings from all over the world, I would like to add mine. Scarcely a day passes but what I use something I learned at the FNS. I am forever grateful to you for making the school possible. The FNS diploma is recognized by the Belgian Government as the equivalent of the Belgian *Accoucheuse Diplome* (one year course), so I have my *agregation*.

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From Edna Metcalfe (Neddy) in Penang, Malaya—October, 1954

I am teaching a nine months course in Public Health for Malayan nurses, and am trying to give them as broad a background as possible. The record work is a struggle; I try to show different ways in which it can be done, and I hope ultimately to compile something suitable for our local conditions. I always admired your very complete antenatal records and hope to be able to use something similar for our nurses.

I was on leave in New Zealand in July and August. Everything worked out beautifully as Stevie arrived three weeks before I left, so a friend and I were able to drive her to the northlands and to show her a few places before she started her six months relief job with the Health Department. Please give my love to everyone I know.

.

From Vera Chadwell en route to England—December 1954

It is Sunday afternoon and I feel miles and miles from anywhere. We sailed from Hong Kong on December 7, aboard the *New Australia* bound for the United Kingdom. We are due at Aden tomorrow morning. A sister from the British Military Hospital and I are doing trooping duties, working in the hospital aboard for military personnel—we have two very nice medical officers and several sick people. We did manage to get time ashore at Singapore, where I lunched with a friend who had

been in Hong Kong one year ago. The New Australia is not a regular troop ship, but an emigrant boat for those bound for Australia. She is over 20,000 tons and runs by electricity—a very expensive way, I understand, but economical in space and man-power. We are due to reach Southampton about January 1st. I shall think of you all at Christmas—please give my love to everyone.

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From Nora Kelly in Watford, England—December, 1954

We had a very happy Reunion (Thanksgiving) again this year. It is interesting the way in which some of the old regulars come and some we have not seen before. This year we were pleased to see Bridget Ristori and Grogan of the old staff and Olive Bunce who was on her vacation from FNS. Others present were Dunstan, Marshie, May Green, Dennis, Doubleday, Vivienne Blake and Eve Chetwynd. We had phone messages from Mickle and Worcester and a telegram from Macdonald. We discussed the FNS past and present, read some extracts from *Wide Neighbourhoods* and had a most enjoyable afternoon and evening.

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At a Woman's Club meeting this month I was asked to tell about my most memorable Christmas. I immediately thought of my Christmas at Wendover.

Marc [her son] is growing and developing so fast. He is walking all over the place and makes many sounds, but speaks no words yet. He doesn't seem to need words to make his parents understand what he wants. He looked at me, highly insulted, when I almost dumped him out of his sled to-day—we hit a rock! It was 12 below zero but he did not seem to mind the cold and tried to go outside again after we got home. I hope, someday, we will be able to visit the States—I would so like for you to see him. Best wishes to you and all the FNS for a glorious holiday season and a fruitful New Year.

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Our days are now filled with school teacherly activities of

conjuring up lesson plans, scribbling on blackboards, and applying generous doses of red ink to homework papers, all somewhat complicated by the fact that we and our students speak different languages. Broken English, shattered Japanese and sign language have so far sufficed as means of communication. The fun of teaching has been augmented by such activities as our excursion to Kyoto, the cultural center of Japan, with the third-year junior high school students. We made an exhaustive tour of the temples and shrines. We had a school athletic day during which 350 boys and girls and 20 teachers ran, danced and competed in all sorts of riotous games. At a reception given in honor of the winners of a nation-wide English oratorical contest, the girl whom we had coached took fifth place—we sat near the Crown Prince and other members of the royal household. We have attended weekly lectures by Emil Brunner, the famous Swiss theologian who is now teaching at the International Christian University, and I have been doing part time social work for the American Joint Committee for Japanese-American Orphans, which is frantically trying to place its charges with good families before the special immigration law runs out in 1956.

We are getting accustomed to donning long underwear every morning to keep out the penetrating cold of this furnace-less country! We shop for all kinds of strange and not-so-strange commodities in the little neighborhood markets, and we eat such delicacies as squid, raw fish and seaweed. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all! !

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From the den Dulks in Seattle, Washington—December, 1954

Our thoughts are often with you all and they are pleasant thoughts. We, at times, long very much for the peace and quiet which prevails there. This "civilized" life is so busy and complex, and unconsciously we are swept along in its midst. But we did manage to have a home delivery with Stevie at the helm, and of course, in full control at all times. I merely acted as the interpreter! Blessed holidays and New Year to all and each one of you.

.

From Dorothy Frazer Martt in Iowa City, Iowa—December, 1954

We are looking forward to a happy holiday. Gary is quite

excited about Christmas and Santa. Anne, at four months, is a bit young to get in on the fun. Jack [her husband] has successfully completed the written part of his Board exam. (Internal Medicine.) He will take the oral part in '55, perhaps then we will settle somewhere permanently. Good wishes to all you wonderful FNS folks.

.

From Minnie Meeke in N. Ireland—December, 1954

This is N. Ireland thinking about you all in Kentucky. I expect Betty Lester told you that we met in London at the Congress. I was so thrilled at seeing her and Nora Kelly. It was a wonderful Congress and we have all benefited by it. Dr. Eastman of Baltimore gave us a wonderful talk, as did midwives from many different countries. I was delighted that the FNS was represented. I am still "ushering in" the little ones in Omagh. I had three new ones on December 5, and have three bookings for Christmas Day—I wonder if they will arrive! Greetings to all.

.

From Ebba Anderson in British East Africa—December, 1954

I am happy to be writing you from Africa. I have now been two weeks at my place of work. It is a dispensary of twelve beds. There is no place for midwifery patients yet. The people keep pleading to be allowed to come to hospital for delivery, especially the younger girls. The granny midwives here place the mother on a "punishing rock" from the time her pains begin. She sits on the rock and pushes with every pain. After two weeks I had a small two-bed room washed with lime to clean the walls, and I am going to use it for delivery and lying-in. I only hope the mothers come one at a time until we have larger space for midwifery patients.

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**From Edith Anderson Lawrence in Binghamton,
New York—December, 1954**

We like the mountainous beauty of Binghamton and its friendly people, and in March we hope to build a small home.

Barby will be four in March and is a tremendously tall child. She is so demure and sweet looking with her blonde ringlets and blue eyes, but underneath the camouflage is an imp. David, a year last October, has lots of personality and adores Barby. He is superbly happy when she accepts him on a human being level.

. . . .

From Lois Harris Kroll in Marathon, Florida—December, 1954

I wish to thank you for autographing your book. I enjoyed it very much as did a couple of my friends. My family and I are down on the Keys until after Christmas. We are soaking up sunshine and the boys are improving their swimming technique. Best wishes to all.

. . . .

**From Meta Klosterman McGuire in Chattanooga,
Tennessee—December, 1954**

The McGuires are again in the throes of another move—this is a most happy one, since we have been fortunate enough to find a brand new duplex on a wooded lot. It is a precious place, especially to a family with two children who have been crammed into an apartment. The girls are growing by leaps and bounds and are still as different as night and day. Ellen quiet and reserved and dependable, and Terry just the extreme opposite without a care in the world. Ellen was on the honor roll this past quarter. Terry makes a little above average grades, but does not really bother with it at all. Her heart is in her feet—at the first sound of music, off they go!

My job with Quaker Oats has become more routine now that I have gotten used to the machines, which I still think of as the "Monsters." It is nice not having to fight the five o'clock rush of a city, and endure frantic lunch hours. I always was a country gal at heart. We are planning to move December 30th. The new address is 914 Wheeler, Chattanooga.

. . . .

From Josephine Green in Washington, D. C.—December, 1954

This year I am at Walter Reed helping to set up a post-graduate course in obstetrics for nurses. It is scheduled to start

in February and I am to be a clinical instructor. I hope some time next summer to be able to visit the FNS for a few days. I really want to do it.

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**From Wilma Duval Whittlesey in Oakland,
California—December, 1954**

Since January I have had a part time job in the Chemistry Department of the University of California at Berkeley. It is only a twenty-minute ride from home and I have wonderful working conditions and school hours, so that I am home when Nancy is. I do not work too hard unless I become involved in sewing or church activities, P.T.A., Girl Scouts, etc. There is, of course, no end to what one would like to do in the activities of one's children, but it is necessary to find limits.

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**From Barbara Carpenter Richardson in Piedmont,
California—December, 1954**

After announcing ourselves in Lexington and inviting you down, we upped and moved, but since it was in this general direction, I did not mind a bit! I surely did miss getting to visit Wendover. Ed [her husband] is on the University of California faculty as a Counselor. He goes skiing every week-end, so California is suiting him just fine. Our three young men are fine. You should see Randy and Rudi on skis—about two feet long. Teddy is seven months now and a charmer. Our best to you all.

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**From Louisa Chapman Whitlock (Chappy) in
Ovid, New York—December, 1954**

We are with my family again this year for Christmas, awaiting the completion of an addition to our old stone house. It should be finished early in January in time for us to move back before our fourth baby arrives around February 1. I do hope I can see you this year—it promises to be a full and busy one.

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From Willa Brunen in Detroit, Michigan—December, 1954

In August of this year my brother with whom I was living

was transferred to New Jersey, so now I live in a room about 13 miles from work and cross country at that. Last spring I bought a car and it has proved to be a wise move. I am getting quite expert at getting in and out of traffic, although my first week I thought I would have a nervous breakdown.

Not a Thanksgiving Day has passed since 1949 that I do not recall the day at Wendover. Greetings to everyone.

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From Ruth Waterbury Coates in Chittenango, New York

—December, 1954

I want to wish everyone at FNS a wonderful Christmas season. I am thinking right now how busy you all are. Our days too are filled with special Christmas events. Now each organization has a party and one has to keep on one's toes to keep up with them all. The office work is increased the last two weeks of this month just to make life more interesting, but we enjoy it all and look forward to it from one year to the next.

.

From Carolyn Booth Gregory in Augusta, Georgia

—December, 1954

The army is being good to us. Hugo [her husband] is stationed here in Classification and Assignment work, and is teaching psychology in the University of Georgia night school. I worked at the Cerebral Palsy School until November 1st, and now Kathleen keeps me busy! (see New Babies). She was the widest awake baby in the nursery at the hospital and continues to be a remarkably good baby. My love to all at the FNS.

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From Mary Ewing in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan—January, 1955

How grateful I am for the midwifery course! This term has been proving the wisdom of my taking such a course. I have had quite a few normal cases—teachers' wives mainly. They have been wonderfully coöperative as well as their mothers and friends who crowd into the hut for the occasion. As for the villagers, they call me for abnormalities. There have been quite a few cases of placenta previa and retained placenta—I have

done two manual removals. These folk get very alarmed over a first stage of labor that goes into the second day; and when the placenta does not come right away they are quick to call me, and many times all is over by the time I get there. Fortunately the native midwives generally do not interfere—no pulling on the cord and no going after the placenta—just expectancy. I am glad it is so. I hope everything is going along well in the FNS. Happy New Year!

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From Viola Tillotson in Chicago, Illinois—January, 1955

I attended the meeting here in the fall when Mrs. Breckinridge showed the two FNS films, and thought they were wonderful. I felt as though I was right back in the hills of Kentucky.

We are over our big "hump" now, but we still only have half of the hospital open. The last of this month we are opening another unit of 40 beds. I feel like progress has really been made during the past year.

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From Jane McQuate in Assam, India—January, 1955

In Bengali there are six seasons—two more than you have. The present one I have nick-named the "hot-water bottle season." Days are lovely and warm, but nights are very cold and bath time pure torture! The holidays passed in a whirl of activities. One of the customs of our Christmas is that all employees and strays expect a gratuitous gift from the missionaries, and now that our staff has grown so big this has become a very expensive proposition. This gift is called a "baksheesh." This year, instead of money, each group received as a "baksheesh" a party—it was really fun. Explaining games is often a real tactical problem and the results are hilarious.

This has been a holiday season to go down in history for me, and I am happy to announce my engagement to the Reverend Rod. Brown of the Australian Baptists. Their work in Assam is just north of us, chiefly among the hill people. We plan to be married here at Alipur in April. I love this place, the work and the other missionaries, so it will not be easy to leave.

From Eunice Ree Guttromson in Tacoma, Washington

—January, 1955

A lot has happened to me since I left you last April. I was married in August and we are living in an apartment here in Tacoma. I am working on a medical floor at Tacoma General Hospital. We are excitedly looking forward to an addition to the family in the summer. My folks are coming out to see us soon. They have never been in this part of the country, so it should be an interesting trip. Greetings to everyone.

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From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in Hokianga, New Zealand

—February, 1955

Of course, Christmas falls in mid-summer here. It was very hot, but overcast on Christmas Day, so we did not go for a picnic and swim as planned, but stayed at the center instead and feasted on new potatoes, green peas, roast lamb, etc.! Last month we were having fresh strawberries and plums, and the apples are ripening now and the corn is ready. Yesterday two Maoris gave me an armful of lovely corn so I am all set for a big feast. It comes as quite a shock to realize just how much one depends on the outward signs of Christmas. I missed the decorated trees, fairy lights and the wreaths and holly, not to mention the gay stores with their Santa Claus.

I was at Kohuhohu, on a double nursing district, from December 9 until January 3. On Christmas Eve Barbara and I drove to Kaitaia, a prosperous town of about 3,000 in the center of a farming area. We picked up the nurse from the next district on the way. We got back in time to go to the Carol Service at the little Church of England Church—it is a sweet little wooden church. Boxing Day we all joined forces again and took a picnic lunch to the Omahuta Kauri Forest, a beautiful place. The kauri trees are magnificent and among the world's largest and slowest growing. Most of the remaining ones in New Zealand (in forest preserves) are thousands of years old. Their wood is very durable as it is impregnated with a resinous gum which acts as a preservative. Kauris are characteristically tall with huge unbranching trunks and very straight. The branches shoot off the top of the trunk like a surprised mop! The Big

Tree in Omahuta is 47 feet in girth and shoots straight up for 53 feet before putting out a single limb. Please give my love to all.

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From Ruth Offenheiser Morgan in Condon, Oregon

—February, 1955

I so enjoyed the last Bulletin as I do all of them. They do enable me to keep up with the happenings of the FNS of which, even yet, I feel so much a part. Joel is getting to be such a little man, and along with it a terrific load of independence. Everything is "I want to do it."

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Betty Holmes Rodman writes that she and her daughter Debbie are now living in Nashville, Tennessee. Betty is taking a postgraduate course in nursing at Peabody College.

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Our love and deepest sympathy go to Mary Brill on the death of her father in Cincinnati on January 5, 1955.

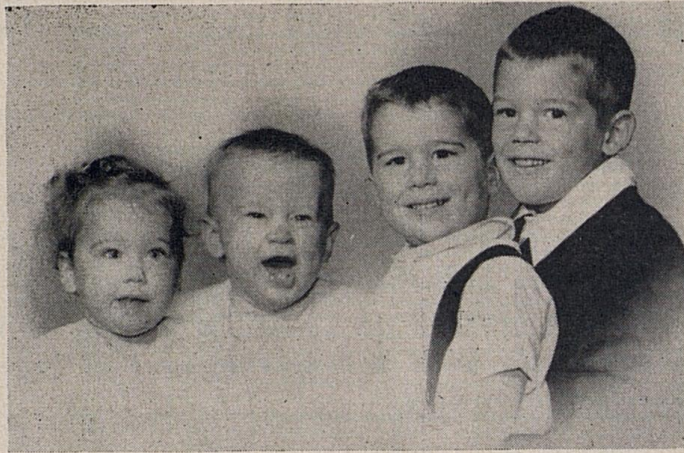
NEW BABY

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugo H. Gregory (Carolyn Booth) in Augusta, Georgia, on December 4, 1954, a daughter Lola Kathleen.

OUR MAIL BAG

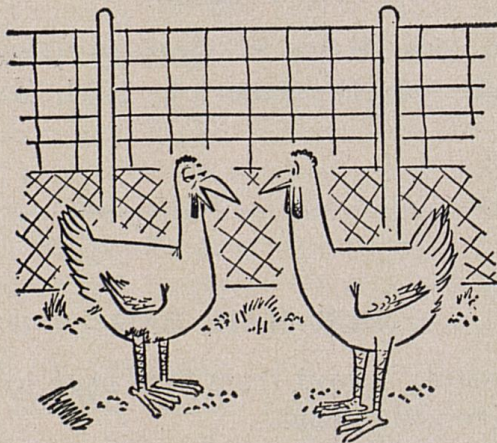
From Massachusetts: I read from first page to last the charming Bulletins which you publish. . . .

From California: My 85-year-old mother (who not only still has her own interests but is also interested in anything her children and grandchildren are) recently read *Wide Neighborhoods* on the "Talking Books." I have also enjoyed the book immensely.



FRANNY, GEORGE, JEFF, ROB
(Franny and George are twins)

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence
(Courier, Pat Perrin)



**"Someday I'd like to retire on a little
chicken ranch back in the hills."**

—Courtesy of *American Poultry Journal*

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

In May, 1955, the Frontier Nursing Service will be thirty years old! We shall feature the anniversary at our Annual Meeting of trustees, members and their friends which will be held this year in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel at Lexington, Kentucky, on Monday, May 23. Advance notices of the meeting and the luncheon which precedes it will be sent to all committee members everywhere. Our Blue Grass chairman, Mrs. F. H. Wright of Bryan Station Pike, Lexington, Kentucky, and her hostess committee are busy with special preparations to make this birthday meeting a notable one.

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On Saturday, March 12, and again on Saturday, March 19, at 10:00 a.m. our Boston Committee will sponsor, in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service, shows of children's films at the Exeter Street Theatre. Single admission is \$1.00 per show, and tickets may be ordered from Miss Edith Hall, 154 Coolidge Hill, Cambridge, or bought at the box office before each performance. The films chosen are tops for children—two Walt Disneys and MGM's Gypsy Colt.

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The New York Committee will hold its Spring Party on Thursday, March 31, at the Roof Garden of Manhattan House, 200 East 66th Street, entrance C. This is a beautiful glass-enclosed sun deck with a breath-taking view of the city, north and south.

The committee hopes to collect unusual and valuable objects for the Bargain Box, and will have ample space to display them. An interesting feature will be the Hoffheimer collection of miniature rooms loaned for the occasion by the Fine Arts Department of International Business Machines Corporation, among them an Antique Shop of Charleston, S. C., an old attic, and a country store.

Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd is chairman for the Spring Party, assisted by Mrs. Evelyn P. Luquer, Mrs. Walter Binger, and Mrs. Samuel H. Ordway. Please send the names of any friends

you think would like to receive invitations to Mrs. Ordway at 155 East 72nd Street, New York 21, New York.

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The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service was honored by Ruth Draper in a benefit at the Shubert Theatre on Monday, January 17. Miss Draper, who gave her services for the opening night of a week's performance, was superb. Mrs. Eisenhower graciously consented to be honorary patroness of the event, and the names of others who sponsored it were among the most distinguished in Washington. Just before the second half of the performance, our Washington chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, made a talk from the stage in which she not only thanked all those who had made the evening the success it was, but spoke briefly, and beautifully, about the Frontier Nursing Service.

We would like to extend our thanks to the men and women of the press for their wonderful coverage of this benefit. The press spread itself for Miss Draper, of course, supreme artist that she is. But they were kind enough to give a lot of space to the Frontier Nursing Service as well.

On the Sunday afternoon before the benefit, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson gave a reception for Miss Draper, where she charmed everyone.

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Our Judge Edward S. O'Rear, an officer as well as a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service during all its thirty years, was made a Kentucky Colonel on his ninety-second birthday. Here is a bit of family history that is probably unique in the annals of the United States:

"His father, Daniel O'Rear, was born at Boonesboro in 1796, while George Washington was still serving as President. Thus, the elder O'Rear's lifetime and that of his son have spanned the terms of every President of the United States."

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While we are writing of honors, we take special pleasure in printing the citation conferred December 5, 1954 on our Cleveland trustee, Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland.

Civic catalyst, social pioneer, dedicated citizen of her beloved democracy, she interprets her place in life as a stewardship to

be administered on behalf of her fellowmen and as providing opportunities for ever greater service.

Her generous material contributions have been surpassed by personal investments of energy, time and total self. Her dynamic, practical approach exerts exemplary effect upon great numbers of fellow citizens throughout the community in behalf of health and social welfare programs, both physical and mental.

First woman to be Vice-President of the Cleveland Community Chest. Former Vice-President of the Welfare Federation of Cleveland and Chairman of its Committee for Chronically Ill. Board Chairman of new Highland View Cuyahoga County Hospital, a prime mover in its establishment. Former President of the Benjamin Rose Institute, a major force in building its hospital. Former President of the Visiting Nurses Association, playing a leading part in the realization of its new home. To Western Reserve University, she has likewise generously devoted her time and talents, especially in behalf of its School of Applied Social Sciences, its Nursing School, and Hospitals.

Her humanitarian interests have recognized no restrictive boundaries of either racial, religious or ethnic prejudices. Her work has taken her outside her home area of Cuyahoga County, even into the mountains of Kentucky, in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service.

In recognition of these outstanding community activities and many others too numerous to set down here, the Charles Eisenman Award Committee takes pleasure, through the Trustees of the Jewish Community Federation, in presenting to her its Charles Eisenman Award for 1954.

(Signed) Henry L. Zucker
Secretary

Max Freedman
President

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The winter edition of *To Digma*, publication of Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, features the Fiftieth Anniversary of this splendid sorority which has, for a quarter century, supported the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service. Among the articles in this issue is a most appealing story by our A O Pi Social Service Secretary, Barbara Hunt.

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The new chairman of our Providence, Rhode Island, Committee is Mrs. Sinclair W. Armstrong of 89 Power Street. Our friendship with her goes back to the days of the old American Committee for Devastated France, and her relationship with the Providence Committee goes back to its inception. The chairman for the past five years, Mrs. Ten Eyck Lansing, has moved to Connecticut and her membership has been transferred to the New York Committee.

The Florida Daughters of Colonial Wars held a meeting in January at the home of Miss Cornelia Lefler, National Color Bearer, to which members were invited to bring gifts to be sent for sale at the Bargain Box in New York, and articles for layettes for the FNS babies to be sent to Kentucky. We have had a delightful letter from Mrs. William Leonard Freeland about all of this.

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Dr. Francis Massie is recovering from a recent operation in Lexington, Kentucky. Not only the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service, who love him, but the hundreds of patients on whom he has operated in his courtesy clinics twice a year—all of us have held him in our hearts during his illness. We all rejoice that he will soon be as well as ever.

TOWN AND TRAIN

I left Wendover Wednesday morning, January 12—my little son's birthday. (He would be over forty years old if he were living now.) I returned to Wendover Thursday evening, February 10—in advance of the big blizzard and widespread cold wave. You all will be glad to know that my last week was a holiday—divided between my sister in Delaware and my sister-in-law in the Shenandoah Valley.

When I got home I was snowed under, as well as snowed in. Aside from the multitude of things to get caught up on in the field of work, there was the vast accumulation of mail handled in my absence, which took me a full week to finish reading, and this Bulletin with its inevitable deadline. This is written to explain why I cannot write up my three weeks' eastern tour as fully as many of you like having me do. I can only touch on the highlights, with dates.

My first port-of-call was **Washington** for a day, **Thursday, January 13**. My young kinswoman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, chairman of our Washington Committee, invited all of the members to meet me at tea. Thus, I had the happiness of seeing something of a number of old friends. After a second night on trains, I reached Boston where everybody was deeply kind to me. I lunched and dined with many friends.

The big **Boston** meeting took place **Monday afternoon, January 17**, in the auditorium of the Jimmy Fund Building where I showed our film, *The Forgotten Frontier*, to a crowd so large that people were standing in the back of the auditorium. After the meeting tea was served at Gardner House. It would take pages of this Bulletin to give the names of all the friends I saw there. With our young Boston chairman, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (courier Mardi Bemis), I drove out to Concord to spend the night in her home, to meet a group of neighbors for dinner, and to see something of the delectable Perry children and their animals. The next day Mardi drove me into Boston to catch a train for New York.

Our big **New York** meeting took place **Thursday afternoon, January 20**, in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club, followed by tea. Our chairman, Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, presided. Our New York treasurer, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, gave her report for the year, and our Bargain Box treasurer, Mrs. Walter Binger, presented me with a scrumptious check for \$1,500.00 from the Bargain Box (the third large check we have received from them within this fiscal year).

For the first time in several years we had a meeting—on **Tuesday, January 25**—at **Riverdale**, in the very same house, Quarry Top, where we had our first Riverdale meeting twenty-nine years ago. Mrs. Francis Boardman was mistress of Quarry Top then, and Mrs. Gilbert M. Kerlin (courier Sally Morrison) is mistress of Quarry Top now. Our Riverdale chairman, Mrs. Alfred H. Howell, who presided, is the granddaughter of the late Mrs. Cleveland H. Dodge who was one of the backers of our first meeting. The large room at Quarry Top was filled mostly with a younger generation—but there were three present who had attended the 1926 meeting, and among the bright, young faces sitting before me, I kept seeing the faces of those who had been there then. After speaking, I showed *The Forgotten Frontier*.

It is impossible to find the time to write of New York, of all the people I saw, of all the kind things they did for me, and for the FNS. But I must mention the tea the nurses at my old Hospital School of Nursing, St. Luke's, gave in my honor after Miss Price had taken me over the new Florence Stokes Clark

Building, "An Adventure in Faith." By the way, the St. Luke's Nurses Alumnae are putting on a benefit to help pay for this building, taking Cole Porter's musical *Silk Stockings* for the night of Tuesday, April 26. As I am on a committee of honorary patrons for this benefit, I venture to hope that a lot of you in the New York area will go to the show even though I cannot have the pleasure of meeting you there.

Our big **Philadelphia** meeting (where again I showed *The Forgotten Frontier*) took place on **Tuesday afternoon, February 1st**, in the ballroom of the House of the Colonial Dames on Latimer Street. In spite of the fact that a blizzard was brewing and had been announced over the radio as arriving that evening, we had a good attendance, including some of my warmest friends, young and old. Our Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, with whom I stayed, presided at this meeting. She thanked everyone present for the saleable articles they had brought to Latimer Street to be taken later by Fanny McIlvain in her station wagon to the Bargain Box in New York. She gave a report on how much money was credited to Philadelphia each year from the things the Philadelphians contributed to the Bargain Box—ranging between \$1,000.00 and \$2,000.00 annually. All during the year these kind people deliver their stuff to Mrs. Drinker's garage and our courier Fanny McIlvain carts them to New York in due course.

These are only the highlights of my eastern tour. I am soaked with happy and grateful memories.

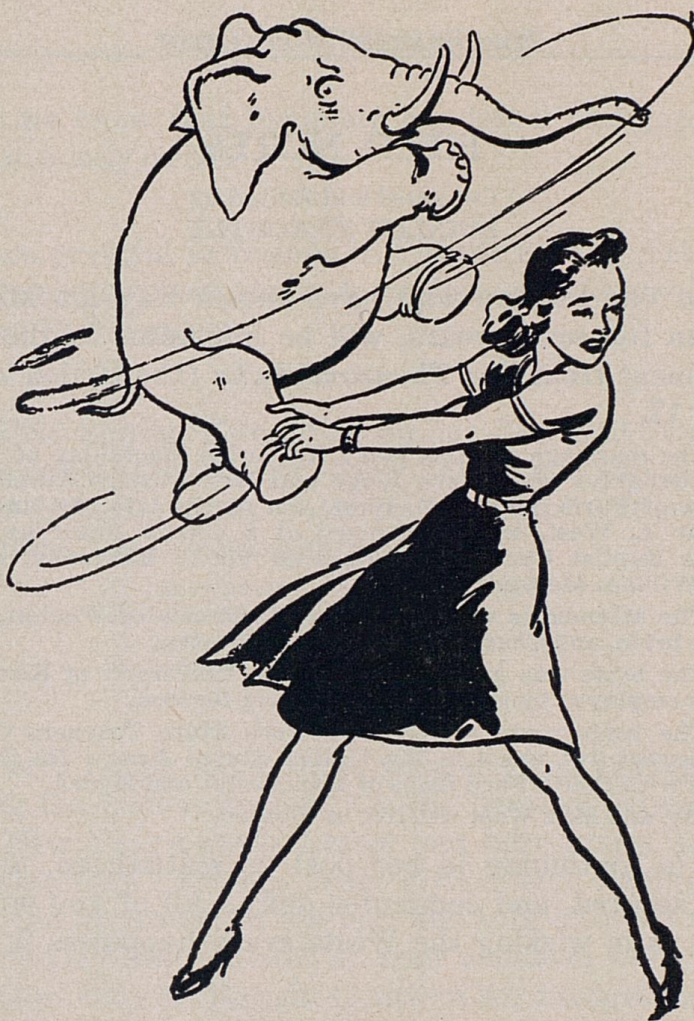
Mary Beckwith

VELOCITY

The European culture has come to us, not only with its knowledge, but with its velocity.

Selections from Tagore in *Building New India*

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled and Edited by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

All of our readers who have known Kay MacMillan, FNS statistician for seven years, will be interested in the following announcement from *The Thousandsticks* (the Hyden weekly) of February 17.

The marriage of Miss Mary Katherine MacMillan of Wendover, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Charles Aurell MacMillan of Paris, and A. Z. West, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. West, was solemnized at 8 o'clock Saturday night at the Baptist Church parsonage in Verda, Kentucky, by the Rev. William Melzoni.

The attendants were Mrs. Paul D. Muncy of Wooton, sister of the bride, and Charles W. Bentley of Evarts.

The bride was graduated from the University of Kentucky, and is employed by the Frontier Nursing Service.

The bridegroom attended Western State Teachers College and served five years in the United States Army. He is associated with Smith Ford Sales of Manchester and Hyden.

Mr. and Mrs. West will live in Wooton.

Kay is continuing in her post as statistician, until a successor is secured, and commutes daily. All of you will want to join with us in wishing the Wests every happiness in the years to come.

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We relate with pride that our neighbor, Mr. George Wooton, was honored at the banquet of the Kentucky Seed Improvement Association in Lexington in early February as a Kentucky Corn Derby winner. Mr. Wooton was presented with a lovely gold watch as a prize for having the top record, in the one-acre division, of 197.6 bushels of corn per acre.

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Our deepest sympathy is extended to Jane Furnas, FNS field supervisor, in the death of her father quite suddenly in early February. Until he retired a little over a year ago, Dr. Furnas had practiced medicine in Englewood, Ohio. For the past year he and Mrs. Furnas have resided in Arizona, near three of Jane's sisters. Although few of us had the privilege of knowing Dr. Furnas personally, we have heard much of him through

Jane, and we know that his going has left a real gap in Jane's closely knit family circle.

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We are grateful to friends in Detroit for the gift of a new Ford station wagon-ambulance to replace our old one which had been driven 78,000 miles.

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The FNS Sewing Committee on our Red Bird District have been busy indeed this winter. They have made and delivered to our Hyden Hospital, from materials supplied by friends beyond the mountains, the following garments:

37 night gowns, sizes 6, 8 and 10
36 infant gowns
1 quilt
21 baby kimonos

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Two very happy social times were enjoyed at Haggin Quarters during the holiday season. On the Tuesday between Christmas and New Year's Betty Lester had open house in honor of Mrs. Breckinridge. Friends from Hyden and vicinity dropped in during the afternoon to see her, and talk over old times. On New Year's Day Betty invited all staff members who could leave their posts of duty to Haggin Quarters for noon dinner, and an afternoon of visiting together.

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One Sunday afternoon in mid-January, the bird lovers on the staff at Hyden and Wendover met at Wendover. They went off in groups of two and three. At teatime they gathered in the living room of the Big House and compared notes. Twenty-one different kinds of birds had been seen. After tea the group listened to Jane Furnas' collection of bird song recordings.

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District No. 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses held its annual meeting at Haggin Quarters on January 29. Mr. Chester N. Mielcarek, Educational Director of the Kentucky Division, American Cancer Society, showed movies on the development of cancer and self examination of the

breasts. He also gave a comprehensive explanation of the Society's work, and how patients should be referred to them for care.

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The Forty-third Annual Meeting of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers was held February 16 through 19 at Gatlinburg, Tennessee. The theme of this conference was "Social Responsibility Begins With Need." The two FNS representatives who attended were Jane Furnas and Barbara Hunt.

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Staff and patients alike said goodbye with regret to Ruth Vander Meulen when she left our Beech Fork Nursing Center in January. Taking her place there is Molly Lee, a Britisher who has come to us after two years as district nurse with the Canadian Red Cross on Peace River in British Columbia.

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Jean Hollins, with the help of off-duty members of the staff, carried the Courier Department alone from the time Jane Leigh Powell left in December until Leigh returned the latter part of January. Shortly after Leigh returned Jean's step-niece, Stephanie Etnier of New York City joined the courier ranks. As soon as Stephanie was broken in to help Leigh, Jean left for a short visit with her family in New York.

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It was good to have a visit (all too short) in December from Alice Young and her friend, Miss Olive Trower, both connected with the Indian Bureau in Juneau, Alaska. Alice, who was with the FNS several years ago, was en route to her home in Pennsylvania for a holiday, and Miss Trower journeyed to Kentucky with her just to see "this wonderful FNS that I've heard so much about."

Overseas guests have continued to come to us throughout the winter, and all have adapted wonderfully to our rugged winter travel in order to observe at first-hand the work of FNS nurses and nurse-midwives. In December we had with us for several days Miss Esperanza Somebang, R.N. from the Philip-

piners. In January came Dr. Sardjono Dhanudibroto of Indonesia, in this country on an FOA fellowship, studying obstetrics and related subjects. During February we have had Miss Mrytle Webb-Johnson and Miss Jill Summers, both British nurse-midwives, the former a Fulbright scholar; Dr. Nguyel Anh Tai of Saigon sent to us by the U. S. Public Health Service; and Miss Josefina Cabinilla, a Filipino sent to observe our rural health program by the Methodist Church Mission Board.

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Mrs. Breckinridge celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday on February 17 with a noon dinner of turkey hash and spoon bread, turnip greens and young onions. The greens were from the Wendover garden; the onions from Hobert Cornett's garden on Camp Creek. Betty Lester and Anna May January came over from Hyden Hospital. Betty Ann Bradbury and Nancy Boyle came from Confluence. Betty Ann brought her recordings of Confederate songs and Lee's farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia for Mrs. Breckinridge to hear. After listening to the records, Mrs. Breckinridge delighted the group by reading aloud parts of the farewell addresses to the Senate—delivered by the Southern Senators in the winter of 1860-61—and by telling stories about members of her own family during the Civil War.

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We are happy to announce the arrival of Gary Clay Morgan at 10:20 a.m. on February 23, at Mount Mary Hospital, Hazard, Kentucky. The young man's proud parents are Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Morgan (Eileen Hacker) of Hyden. The proud "aunts" are all of us on the staff at Wendover. Eileen is, and will continue to be, our postal clerk and valued assistant in the contributions department.

BACKYARD GARDEN

A Titusville man's backyard garden was such a success last fall that his neighbor's chickens took first prize at a poultry show.

—*Titusville Star-Advocate*

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-ChairmenMrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.
Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.**Treasurer**

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

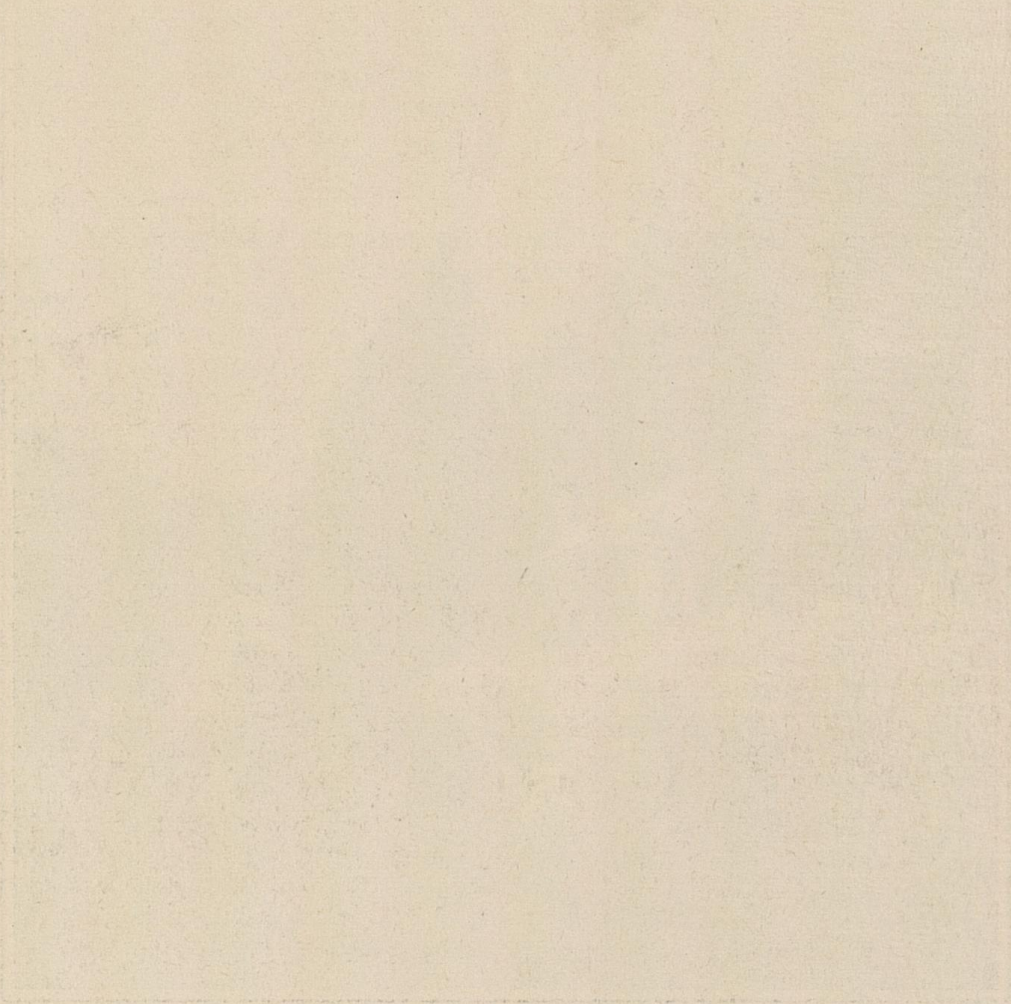
Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.



POSSUM BEND NURSING CENTER
Confluence, Leslie County, Kentucky

Gift of Mrs. Frances P. Bolton of Cleveland, Ohio

This photo and photo on front cover
taken by Lucille Knechtly



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1

