

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

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Number 3



Dorothy Farrar Buck
and
Her Golden Retriever, Ursula Wendover,
"Penny"



WENDOVER IN WINTER
The Big Log House and a Corner of the Log Chapel

Photograph Courtesy of Vera Chadwell
Cover Photograph Courtesy of Sally MacMillan

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The sun is gone down,
And the moon's in the sky;
But the sun will come up,
And the moon be laid by.

The flower is asleep,
But it is not dead;
When the morning shines,
It will lift its head.

When winter comes,
It will die—no, no;
It will only hide
From the frost and the snow.

Sure is the summer,
Sure is the sun;
The night and the winter
Are shadows that run.

—*At the Back of the North Wind*
by George MacDonald, 1824–1905

THE NEW NURSE — 1928

Written by the Bucket in the Fall of 1948



DOROTHY FARRAR BUCK, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

In her early Frontier Nursing Service days

As the first pale light of 1928 began to outline the snow-covered mountains, I reached for my clothes. At the frequent stops during the night I had peered from the train window eager to see something of my new home country, but had made out little but large dark flakes of snow falling thickly between me and the lights of the stations. Now it had stopped snowing and I didn't want to miss any of the beauty of snow-laden trees and rocky mountain slopes.

Proudly, but with difficulty, I struggled into the new winter uniform which had met me in Lexington—that uniform which I had been told would be horizon blue, but which, Doctor Hunt assured me with glee, was Confederate grey. Did all of her merriment come from seeing a Yankee in the Confederate color or was it partly from the uniform's exceedingly close fit? Anyway, it was good to have found friends to laugh with, good to be in the uniform of the "Breckinridge nurses" and good, so good, to be at last in the Kentucky mountains.

The remaining hours passed quickly. A kind gentleman pointed out small cabins with unchinked walls, propped up against the mountain by stilts on one side, and with small

"window" spaces boarded up for the winter, and narrow lean-to kitchens. He spoke in such glowing terms of the people who lived in these wee homes that I felt I had surely come to the land of friendly folk.

"Wolfcoal," "Barwick," "Chavies," and—at last—"Krypton"—Krypton where a horse would be waiting for me, a horse eager and willing, like Colonel Edgewood whose obituary in the last Quarterly Bulletin had so impressed me. I took my suitcase, left the train, and went to the one building in sight which was evidently the Inn where I was to have breakfast and meet my horse.

The horse had not come but soon I was seated before a loaded breakfast table and was being shown the mark, half way up on the walls of the room, left by the Big Flood of the preceding year.

After breakfast, since no horse had yet come for me, I phoned "the nurses" of the Possum Bend Center at Confluence according to my instructions. After adjusting myself to the fact that I must pretend we had no help of telephone wires, I at first shouted and then bent all my efforts towards listening. In this way I learned that the weather was much too bad for a horse to travel but maybe I could get a mule from Krypton. After hurried conferences with those about me they gave their decision—travel was much too hazardous for any mule. However, it seemed that though neither horse nor mule could travel man could, and so it was decided that I was to walk.

The directions were simple. All I had to do was to follow the North Fork River to a creek and then the creek to the gap of a mountain, and then another creek down to the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River at Confluence. So with my suitcase—the suitcase that contained all the clothes destined to last me for the month which passed before my trunk came in—I started out. Now I had never followed a river before, nor yet a creek. At first all went well. A kind little path ran alongside, and following that was easy. No one else seemed abroad. The few cabins I passed were closed up tightly. Then to my utter confusion the path and the creek seemed to part company. The path climbed a steep hill and took off towards some woods on the left, while the creek wandered on its own way still going down and bearing

to the right. I stopped and pondered. Was this a permanent parting of the ways, or merely a detour which would later reunite creek and path?

Now, had the path been a little less precipitous I might have tried it, but I didn't like to think of struggling up with my suitcase only to have to retrace my footsteps. So, after a moment's hesitation, I decided to obey my directions literally. I had been told to follow the creek, and follow the creek I would. With no path, the way became more difficult. The ice was deceptive. Sometimes it held up perfectly. Sometimes—splash! and one foot would go through. Luckily my boots proved waterproof so no great harm was done. Thus I continued slipping and sliding, sometimes on a path, sometimes on the creek, and sometimes in the creek.

After what seemed a long time, I caught sight of a figure coming towards me—and joy! she had on a uniform like the one I was wearing. Yes, "Billy" Williams had come to meet me and glad I was to see her. I was also glad that we met at one of those moments when path, creek, and I were altogether—when I was sure I was where I should be.

There followed a week at Confluence while I waited for the weather to permit horse travel—A week during which I admiringly—and breathlessly—followed "Billy" on foot over hills to mountain homes, saw her deft care of wee plump babies, and heard her words of advice on all sorts of subjects—A week during which I became used to the call, "Oh nurse," as someone popped from a cabin to get help as we passed. I became used to answering questions on my age, marital status, and last year's corn crop in New York. It was a week of cold hands and feet, aching legs, warm open fires, and easy chairs.

Then one day when Billy and I got home, welcome news awaited us. The mail had gotten through and brought a horse for me. The next morning Billy would take me on to Hyden! We went out to the barn and Remus, a lovely black horse, was introduced to me as *my* horse! That night, in my dreams, a coal black horse nuzzled my hand and then bore me gaily through snow-covered woods.

In the morning I transferred the contents of my suitcase to saddlebags and, after a hasty breakfast, Billy and I were

ready to start. The horses had been saddled and I went forward eagerly to swing my saddlebags in place and ride off. Suddenly I hesitated. Something was wrong! Remus was waiting—tail switching, ears laid flat against his head, and teeth bared. He was probably only fooling. I took one more step forward. So did Remus. I thought of Colonel Edgewood and took another step. At that moment Remus plunged the entire length of his bridle. His eyes shot fire (I am almost sure of this); his teeth snapped wickedly. My rout was complete. Surely no one could be expected to approach, much less ride, this man-eating beast!

But, laughingly, Billy not only approached but swung the saddlebags in place, fastened them, and then led Remus to the mounting block and kept his snapping jaws turned away while I clambered timorously into the saddle. Then we set off—at a sedate walk. Every few minutes Billy would have to get off and knock the snowballs from our horses' hoofs. I longed to do my own, but realized that it was easier for Billy to do both horses than it would be to see me get on and off Remus—and to keep me from those ever-waiting jaws.

Thus we rode for miles and miles and miles—and miles! Finally, Billy said we would take a short cut, walking over a mountain into Hyden. As she wasn't very sure of the way herself, we stopped at a home to ask directions. Mr. Hence Stidham, one of the kindest of men, volunteered to show us the way. He helped me down and took Remus under his care. So we started off—started to climb a narrow path leading straight up and up. My legs, unaccustomed to the hours around a saddle, now wobbled. My feet, accustomed to city pavements, stumbled. My heart thudded; my breath—left me! I stopped and gasped. The two figures, walking steadily on ahead with the horses, called asking if I were "all right." I thought of the chubby babies, the wide-eyed children, and the friendly mothers I had seen during the last week. I thought of all I had read of "the nurses on horseback," of Billy, of Mr. Stidham, and of the Director of the Service as I had first seen her coming down the stairs of the Cosmopolitan Club with understanding eyes and friendly smile. I thought of these and I tried *not* to think of Remus waiting for his first bite of nurse. Then I called reassurance to them and again staggered upward—up over the hill toward Hyden.

In Memoriam

DOROTHY FARRAR BUCK

Born in St. Mark's Rectory, Foxboro, Massachusetts, February 12, 1895
Died in the Log Cabin, Wendover, Kentucky, February 8, 1949

SPLENDIDIS LONGUM VALEDICO NUGIS

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

—Sir Philip Sidney
(1554–1586)

I.

On January 1, 1949, the Bucket, as she was affectionately known in the Frontier Nursing Service, completed twenty-one years of work with us in the Kentucky mountains. We took a cake with twenty-one candles to her bedside, and her face glowed. Ellie and Vi had sent from England a silver paper key to be presented to her with this bit from an old English song:

I've got the key of the door,
Never been twenty-one before.

We once asked the Bucket to write a description of her arrival in the Frontier Nursing Service. Evidently she remembered it was the only thing she had left undone. In the last weeks of her life she dictated "The New Nurse—1928."

During Bucket's years first as a "floater," then as a district nurse-midwife, she had more than one "crowded hour of glorious life." Here is a bit from a report written in January, 1935, from the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center at Bowlingtown:

“... I was called there about two in the morning on Sunday. I don't believe it ever has taken me so long to get up Leatherwood Creek. The snow was nearly to the top of my boots and still coming. Poor Dixie picked up a ball of it with nearly every step and went sliding all over the place. I don't know how we managed to slip at all with the snow as deep as it was, but we did. I was glad there was a barn to put her in when we got there. The young mother had a normal time culminating in the arrival of a very normal daughter. About eleven-thirty the same morning, Dixie and I started home. You should have seen Leatherwood Creek. It had risen to a regular river and was just covered over with piled up snow and slush ice. When we got as far as the Middle Fork, the backwater in the road came up to the horse's belly, and the ford was just packed with snow blocks. The men said no horse or boat could get through. Just then Mat came along and said he was going to try to cross at the shallows. Then we got telephone word at the Bargers that a big “tide” was on the way. We didn't wait long after that. We went straight across the shallows and up to Mat's plowed field. Mat's horse refused to go up the bank, and he had to get off in the water, but Dixie took it in her stride. Neighbors came running down to the river to see if we could make it.”

Dixie was the Bucket's beloved mare for years at the Bowlingtown center and at the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork. She said that Dixie had saved her life once when the river was up and they were crossing the Turkey Branch Ford of the Middle Fork. She and Dixie were swept below the ford by the rush of water and were caught in a mass of loose branches. The landing was difficult, but Dixie was a powerful swimmer and a good climber of river banks.

Bucket took over the nursing center at Beech Fork, as senior nurse-midwife, in the days when hauling to the nearest railroad, at Pineville, took four days by mule team going and coming back. The Jessie Preston Draper Memorial was the earliest of our outpost centers to be built, and so inaccessible, so remote, that running it was not easy. Bucket's junior in those days was a young English nurse-midwife, Ada Worcester.

They became fast friends and kept in close touch by correspondence during the years that followed Ada's return to England and her marriage over there.

Bucket's love of animals was second only to her love of children. In her early years with the F.N.S. Robin, a collie, was her cherished dog. She often said there was no other dog in the Service like him. Years after Robin's death she got Penny—Usula Wendover—the golden retriever who survives her. She is lovingly cherished by Lucile Hodges who took over her care in the last weeks of Bucket's illness. She lacks nothing but the presence of her mistress.

Echoes of the Bucket's early years in the Service came back to us from many people during her long illness. Will Gay's eyes filled with tears whenever he spoke of her. He is, and was, our Bowlingtown chairman. Mrs. William Barger asked about her in a broken voice. At Beech Fork one of the women on our committee described the time Bucket had brought her baby girl into the world. On January 31st Hobart Morgan said to us, "Fourteen years ago today, Miss Buck had breakfast in our house." She had attended the birth of his daughter Lillian. The following letter expresses so well what the Beech Fork mother felt, what Hobart felt, what countless other people have expressed, that we are giving it in full. It came in time to be read aloud to Bucket.

"I have just heard of your illness through my sister Grayce Morgan Turnbow, and Mrs. Breckinridge, and want you to know of my concern. I remember your kindness when my mother died, and also remember the relief you gave me when you helped Miss Dougall, when my second daughter was born, at mother's in 1931.

"I have no doubt that thousands of mothers remember you, as I do, with the deepest of appreciation. I want you to know that we do remember you. Wouldn't you like to know something of the lives of those tiny red squalling babies you have helped bring in the world? and at least gave them a good start to growing up to be healthy happy people?

"My own child is now seventeen, a freshman at college, and has a lot of musical ability. Only time will tell what she will be able to do with it.

"I wish we could visit you and at least bring you a handful of posies, but the next best thing is to send you this little greeting.

"May God bless and keep you, is my prayer.

"HOPE MORGAN STIDHAM"

II.

Dorothy Farrar Buck's father, the Reverend Horace Hall Buck, was a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church as was her grandfather, George Buck. Her mother was, before her marriage, Harriet Grosvenor Sumner, daughter of Dr. George Sumner of Hartford, Connecticut. On both sides of her house she came of old New England stock. The first Buck ancestor, Emanuel, arrived in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the early seventeenth century. Her ancestors include clergymen, physicians, teachers, judges, farmers, a few sea captains and owners of ships, and a number of Revolutionary soldiers. Among the latter was General Israel Putnam from whom she was a double descendant. Her ancestors also include six Colonial governors: John Winthrop I, of Massachusetts; John Winthrop II, of Connecticut; Thomas Dudley and Joseph Dudley of Massachusetts; Gurdon Saltonstall of Connecticut; and Theophilus Eaton of the New Haven Colony.

Dorothy Buck was graduated from the Northfield Seminary for Girls in 1914, and from Wellesley College in 1918. The summer of 1918, during World War I—following an appeal for nurses—she attended the Vassar Training Camp. Then she went to the Hartford Hospital Training School for Nurses in Connecticut where she was graduated in 1920. Before coming to the Frontier Nursing Service on January 1, 1928, she had worked two years with the Henry Street Visiting Nurses Association in New York, three years at Westbury, Long Island, as Community Nurse; and as Assistant to the Director of the Brooklyn Maternity Center Association. She also took a Master's degree in public health at Teacher's College, Columbia University in 1927.

It will be seen that when the Bucket rode in to the Frontier Nursing Service as a new nurse on January 1, 1928, she had

everything to give the Service she grew to love so well. There stretched far behind her a long line of ancestors of the best old American stock. Her education and experience were not too good, in her humble estimate of herself, for the post of staff nurse in a new piece of work. In September, 1928, she went over to England, and met her own expenses in full, to take graduate training as a midwife at the York Road Lying-in Hospital in London, and to pass the English Central Midwives' Board examinations. She returned to Kentucky in May, 1929, a fully qualified nurse-midwife. After years as a "floater" and as a district nurse-midwife at outpost centers, she became one of the supervisors of the Frontier Nursing Service. In the late thirties she was made an Assistant Director. Later she was made First Assistant Director, and Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery; and held these posts until her death.

III.

"To gain experience one must have suffering," wrote Sir Oliver Lodge. "What are the worlds for? These great masses of matter in the universe are instruments and machines, all designed as part of a scheme towards the acquirement of some definite end in the mind of God. Life springs into existence wherever it can, matter passes away after being used for the creation of energy, but spirit is eternal." Sir Oliver said that, as to suffering, the question was whether we made it worth while. All Bucket's years with the Frontier Nursing Service were constructive. The last months of her life were creative. She did indeed make her suffering worth while. It was as though she threw the base metal of her dying body into a crucible from which came out pure gold.

In February, 1947, Dr. Francis Massie operated on Bucket in Lexington and found that she had an ovarian cancer. The prognosis was not good. He talked over the condition with her before she returned to the mountains and she said, "Thank you for telling me." She turned her convalescence at Wendover into a glorious springtime adventure, giving herself wholly to all the sights and scents of April and May. Before the summer was over, she had taken back her regular duties.

In May, 1948, the Bucket had her second operation on a Sunday at our own Hospital at Hyden. Dr. Massie motored all the way up from Lexington with his assistants in order to let her stay at home. When she had come from under the anesthesia, Dr. Massie sat down beside her and told her that it would now be only a matter of months. She came back to Wendover and to the enjoyment of her pansy bed and her sweet pea patch. Those were the flowers that she alone in the Service cultivated. In this southern climate, they need a great deal of special care. She said once, "Dr. Massie has given me two springs." She wrote to ask him if she should order the winter bulbs—another hobby—that she grew in her office to present in full bloom to her friends. He told her to go ahead as she would have time to start them anyway. One of her friends, Kay Mac-Millan, the statistician, joined with her in this hobby and took over the nursery of bulbs when the Bucket had to give them up.

A special delight to Bucket through the summer months were visits from her three brothers—Grosvenor, William W., and George S. Buck—whom she adored. George brought his wife with him, and all three brothers stayed long enough with her to talk over old times. During the summer and early autumn the Bucket had plenty of time in which to turn over her duties to others. She forgot nothing. Eva Gilbert was to succeed her as Dean of the Graduate School. Helen Browne (Brownie) was to take over the general direction of the field of work with its endless ramifications. Bucket worked with Brownie until she grew too weak to make the daily walk to her office in the Garden House. Even after that she made the shorter walk twice a day from her cabin bedroom to the Big House for meals, and went on with her work from her bedroom. She had a secretary with her for several hours every day.

Bucket thought first of the welfare of the Service, as always, but she put her own personal house in order as well. She arranged for Agnes Lewis, our executive secretary, to draw on her bank account; she realized her assets and put money in the bank to repay the Frontier Nursing Service for special nurses she knew she would need later, and for all expenses incidental

to her illness and death. She left special notes and gifts for all of her old friends in the Service. The card she wrote Ann MacKinnon (Mac) is typical of the personal touch in each: "From an old nurse who is leaving, to an old nurse who has come back."

On Thanksgiving Day the Bucket was not able to go to the living room at Wendover for the celebration, but she had all of the Hyden and outpost nurses visit her in her cabin. It was the last time she would see most of our crowd together. She had smiles and humorous greetings for every one. It was as though she had hoarded all the strength she could muster to throw it out in handfuls to all.

IV.

On Thursday, December 16, the terminal stage of Bucket's long illness began. It was to last eight weeks, lacking two days. She could take no food after that Thursday and was not able to keep down much in the way of fluids. We started to give her an intravenous every two or three days to prevent thirst and dehydration. Dr. Barney, whose kindness and skill met every change, came often to Wendover from Hyden to give the intravenous; but "Trudy" Isaacs, one of our young nurses, was extremely apt at finding the shrunken veins and usually gave it. Maxine Thornton volunteered to be the night nurse. Trudy freed Margaret McCracken from district nursing for the morning hours, because Margaret wanted to take part in Bucket's care. In the late afternoon and early evening Brownie, Kay, Agnes, Lucile, Jean and I carried on; but Brownie gave Bucket nearly all of her off-duty time. She took always the evening hours, and often some in the afternoon as well. Occasionally "Freddy" Holdship relieved one of us. Mac, Betty Lester, and Eva Gilbert, and occasionally an outpost nurse, would get in to see Bucket now and then. She welcomed the visit of every friend. She loved hearing from her outside friends, including the early ones that she first knew at the Northfield School of which she kept the happiest memories. When she could no longer read her mail, we read it aloud to her. She would send back messages to all who had written, and always amusing ones to Dr. Massie and Dr. Hunt in Lexington. The trustees and

friends of the F.N.S. were her friends too, and she liked hearing their messages read out to her. She handed me with glee Christmas cards from my young nephews to whom she was much attached. On one of them was written, "Devoted love from *your* Marine."

All of these details are given to show Bucket's capacity for friendship with young and old. She was a reticent person, not given to much speech. The affection she inspired came from qualities of the heart which she had in fullest measure.

Bucket said again and again, and wanted it known, that dying from cancer was not too bad. She did not think that people should dread it as they do. She believed that when, as in her case, surgery had been promptly sought and yet was too late—she believed that reasonable people should be told the truth. The thought of concealment was shocking to her. She said to me, "I thought I would have been afraid but I am not afraid." She drank the wine of life as a sacrament and she was willing to drink it to its dregs.

The Bucket said more than once in those last weeks that she was "Crossing the Styx in style." She had in mind Kipling's "Once in a while they go out in style." She never ceased to be grateful that she could die in the part of the world she loved so well and in her own cabin bedroom. When the snow fell at Christmas she lay looking out of her windows on the mountains and the river, listening to the carols over her battery radio and watching the birds that swooped down to her feeding troughs. She had three—one on the railing of her balcony; one in a wild cherry tree; and one, that Jean Hollins gave her, on her window sill. The gorgeous red of the Kentucky cardinal against the snow was indeed a sight to brighten her dying eyes. She loved the open fire in her cabin room. She loved the simplicity of her life and was happy that she could keep it to the end. Over and over she said, in the depths of her gratitude, that no such nursing, no such care, no such friendship could have been found anywhere else in the world.

Bucket's mind remained keen until the Saturday before her death on the Tuesday. She loved to have Brownie read aloud to her in the evening, and me in the afternoon. When I had finished *Water Babies*, which neither of us had reread in many

years, she said: "It is worth waiting over fifty years to have read *Water Babies* with you." I read old-fashioned children's stories to her chiefly but also a number of Dickens' Christmas stories, and a modern book called *Army Mule* by Fairfax Downey, which entranced her. She had not read Lady Glenconner's *Sayings of the Children*. This book pleased her so much that I followed it up by the biography of Lady Glenconner's son, *Edward Wyndham Tennant*, who was killed in the first world war. One of the books that Brownie read, Jeffery Farnol's *Money Moon*, delighted her because of the little boy.

On the Saturday before her death her mind had begun to wander. Even then, however, she listened with attention and pleasure to poems—the shorter lyrical poems that I read her from the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Once she interrupted me and said, "I thought it was Daddy." I expect it was. After that she moved rapidly over the threshold, and died shortly before seven on Tuesday morning. One of the last things she said to me in her conscious moments was, "I have such a feeling of peace." She repeated, "Deep peace."

V.

Dr. Massie wanted an autopsy after Bucket's death, and she was keen for him to have it because it might be of some use to someone else sometime. She said her only regret was that she could not talk over his findings with him afterwards. Dr. Massie motored up to Hyden on Wednesday with Dr. E. S. Maxwell, the pathologist who made the original examination of the growth. Bucket's oldest brother was coming from the Northwest. These were two of the reasons why we waited until Friday afternoon for the services and burial.

A third reason lay in our remoteness from our own staff at outpost centers and from friends in the scattered areas of the vast territory we cover with our work. With no telephone connections to four of the six outpost centers it would be a matter of two or three days before word of Bucket's death could reach all of our nurses. We knew that all of them, who had no pending midwifery cases and could leave, would want to come.

A fourth reason for a delay of four days lay in the length

of time it would take to prepare a private burial ground for the Frontier Nursing Service. News of Bucket's death got around among the Wendover neighbors within a few hours. On the Wednesday, twenty-five men came to us from as far away as the forks of Camp Creek up the river and from Short Creek down the river. They were all volunteers to help us get ready. On the Thursday, twenty-six men came for the same purpose. Some of the women neighbors came both days to help us cook the dinner that is served everyone who comes to a volunteer working.

We have more than two hundred and fifty acres of mountainous land in the Wendover boundary. The site we chose for our burial ground, where Bucket's body is the first to lie but where any member of the F.N.S. staff may arrange for her burial in later years, is high up in the forest on the second ridge beyond the Wendover houses and Breckinridge Branch. It is an almost level plot overlooking the trail, the pastures, and the river far below. The ground is so rocky that it took men, in relays of two each, more than one day to dig the grave. Other men worked at setting up a picket fence with locust posts and a gate. The timber for the fence was cut and sawed and donated to us by our neighbor, Mr. Fawbush Brashear, his son, and his son-in-law. Everything that was done, as is the custom at mountain burials, was a gift of friendship.

On Friday, February 11, the body was brought back from Hyden in a half-ton truck. Jean Hollins and Fredericka Holdship went over as an escort to ride back in the truck with the body. There was no difficulty in fording the river or in traveling the mile-long, narrow trail from the ford to the Wendover buildings. The plain casket was placed in front of the window seat in the living room of the Big Log House at Wendover. Friends at the Wooton Community Center had made us a pall of ivy leaves sewn on muslin. This was thrown over the casket.

None of us like a display of flowers at funerals, and display was repugnant to Bucket. Therefore we asked the Louisville and Lexington papers, which carried full reports of Bucket, and *The Thousandsticks* at Hyden, to insert notices that no flowers were to be sent. In our telegrams to Bucket's friends and to some of our trustees we requested no flowers. Such is the con-

sideration of people that none were sent, but the unseasonable weather had brought out a great many daffodils even before Bucket's death. They were always in her room and she did like them. Friends from far and wide picked their daffodils and sent them to add to those at Wendover. We of the staff ordered six dozen more from Lexington to eke out the mountain supply. All were thrown together, put in vases everywhere and in and out among the ivy leaves on the pall.

Friday afternoon, a fairly cold day, was sunny. In the morning friends helped us make hundreds of sandwiches so that none who came from a distance should go away unfed. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred people came from the neighborhood, and from as far away as Red Bird River, from below Hyden, from Brutus, from Wooton. Faraway ones came all the way in by trucks or jeeps; or left their cars at the highway and walked the mile to Wendover—across the footbridge at Muncey Creek, around the mountain, across the swinging bridge that spans the river, and so on to Wendover. Neighbors came on horseback, on muleback and on foot. All of these people stood in the long living room of the Big House, in the dog trot, on the veranda, and on the terrace.

The services began at one o'clock in the afternoon and were conducted by the Reverend William B. Buyers and the Reverend Benton P. Deaton, Presbyterian ministers of Hyden and Wooton, who are our friends. Bucket's brother and I selected the passages to be read from the Burial of the Dead in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Copies of the hymns to be sung had been typed off and given to the multitude. Cecilia and Thumper played our little chapel organ. Betty and Brownie led the singing. The hymns we chose were, first, Bucket's favorite evening hymn

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;

After the lovely lesson, "In my Father's house are many mansions . . ." we sang the Crusaders' hymn, of all others the one that Bucket liked best

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,

The last hymn was the one so beloved of the Frontier Nursing

Service that we sing it always at our Thanksgiving Day Reunion

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands and voices,

All of these three hymns give honor to Whom honor is due. There is nothing in them that exalts the human creature. Bucket liked things that way.

After the singing of the last hymn, the pallbearers came forward to carry the casket. These were the same men who had built the fence and dug the grave. They served in relays, relieving each other. The casket had to be carried about half of a mile—first along the terrace and above the cabin where Bucket died, and then down the long bridle path from the barn to the river trail. After that it had to be carried along the trail until the mountain ridge was reached. The last stage was difficult—straight up a steep mountain and deep into the forest. The two ministers walked in front of the casket. Immediately behind, four of our nurses, in their grey-blue riding uniforms, carried the pall. Everybody else followed.

At the grave the committal service from the Prayer Book was read. Then the pall was taken off, the casket lowered, and the men stepped forward with their shovels. We stood there until the grave was filled and mounded. Then the pall with its ivy leaves and daffodils was laid over it.

We have written so fully about the Bucket's last illness and the burial of her body because of the old staff scattered all over the world. There is no detail we have given that they will not want to read. All of this is primarily for them and would not have been written except for them.

There will be other friends of the Bucket and of the Frontier Nursing Service who will cherish a record of the kind of life she led and the kind of death she died. There may even be people to whom she was unknown who will want to learn about a life and a death like hers. We exalt the creature too much and God too little, but the truly great creature is one who cares for himself hardly at all. Such was the Bucket. Her body lies near us on a bend of the Kentucky mountains but she, the real Bucket, has been set free from the boundaries of space as of time. We know that the Frontier Nursing Service still shares her selfless devotion for to us she gave the best of her years "In this small course which birth draws out to death."



There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . .
Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 5

ROSEMARY

It comforteth the hart and
maketh it merrie, quickeneth
the spirits and maketh them
more lively.—Gerard

As for Rosemary, I lette it run all over my garden walls,
not onlie because my bees love it, but because it is the herb
sacred to remembrance and to friendship, whence a sprig of it
hath a dumb language.—Sir Thomas More

The Samson Press, Woodstock
Drawing by Gwenda Morgan

FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY THE TRAINING OF STUDENTS

by

EVA GILBERT, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

I.

The course given by the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, under the Frontier Nursing Service, at Hyden, Kentucky, is one of six months' duration. Lectures are given by the Medical Director; lectures and classes by the nurse-midwife instructor. The practical work is done at the Hyden Hospital and its clinics as well as on the districts surrounding Hyden.

Six students, only, who must be registered nurses, are enrolled for each of the two classes that begin on April 15th and October 15th, and are of six months' duration. Each student, during her course, must deliver—under expert supervision—a minimum of 20 patients. It is possible for the students, by horse and by jeep, to cover a district with a radius of about eight miles from Hyden as the center. The home deliveries in this area and the facilities of our small Hyden Hospital, which admits patients from all over our territory of 700 square miles and beyond, provide at least 140 deliveries each six months. When our Hospital is enlarged, we will be able to take more than six students at a time.

Although there are always at least 140 deliveries at Hyden Hospital and on its surrounding districts in every six months' period, some of these deliveries, especially in the Hospital, are not available for the students because the abnormal cases are taken care of by the Medical Director. The graduate nurse student, however, gets valuable experience with these cases even though they do not "count" among the 20 cases she is required to deliver herself. She is allowed to conduct the labor up to the time of delivery and to help the Medical Director with that.

There are other deliveries from which the graduate student gains experience, although they do not "count" on her 20 cases. Sometimes a baby is born before the student and her nurse-midwife supervisor arrive. We call this case a B.B.A.—born

before arrival of nurse-midwife. Then, occasionally a student and her supervisor arrive in time to deliver only a part of the baby. Since our rule reads, "The student must deliver the entire baby," she is unable to "count" such a case among her required 20 cases. All of this means that we have to plan on approximately 20 "uncounted" deliveries during each six months' period. These 20 "uncounted" deliveries, and the 20 that are the minimum for each of six students, make up the 140 deliveries essential for every class.

II.

The "midwifery patient-load" in and around Hyden and in Hyden Hospital is carried entirely by the students and their supervisors. This includes work in the homes, in the clinics, and in the Hospital wards. This patient-load varies from day to day but at the time of this writing it is 95 women including both antepartum and postpartum patients in the Hospital and on the districts. In addition to all of this, the graduate students have a further source of valuable experience at the Beech Fork outpost nursing center where each student spends three consecutive weeks with a supervisor. While she is there, the student not only has experience in remotely rural midwifery but she has instruction in learning how "to run" a district.

Two midwifery clinics are held weekly in the Hyden Hospital Out-Patient Department. The first, held on Mondays from 8:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m., is especially for antepartum and postpartum maternity cases who are seen by the Medical Director. These cases include patients from all over the 700-square-mile territory covered by the Frontier Nursing Service and from beyond the fringes of this area. They are referred by the outpost center nurse-midwives to the Medical Director.

The second midwifery clinic is held on Fridays. It is held for those patients who have already registered, have had their medical examination, and who return for their monthly, semi-monthly, or weekly checkup—depending upon how near term these patients are. Those patients who live on the district around Hyden, covered by the Graduate School, and who are unable to attend clinics, are visited and examined in their homes by the students.

The average figures for a recent typical class in the School show that each student had examined 159 antepartum maternity cases in the Hospital clinics during her six months in the School. She had also examined 33 such cases on the districts around Hyden. In addition, the patients in the Hospital, awaiting delivery, had provided each graduate student with 38 more antepartum examinations. It will be seen that the student had a total of 230 antepartum examinations. Of this number, an average of 18 were first or "registration" examinations. Such examinations are more detailed than later ones. They include a history of general and obstetrical conditions in former years. All examinations are coupled with advice to the patient in caring for herself during her present pregnancy.

III.

Delivery of our patients in our Hospital is arranged for those who present obstetrical or medical abnormalities, regardless of where they live; and also for normal patients who live in territory outside that included in the 12 districts of the eight centers of the Frontier Nursing Service. Postpartum care to mothers, and neonatal care to the newborn, is given by the students who each have four weeks' service in the wards of the Hospital during the course. Such patients gave the students of the typical class an average of 123 postpartum visits. Each student also had an average of 62 postpartum visits in the homes and clinics, making a total of 185 postpartum visits per student.

Further, the students are required to observe at least twenty deliveries conducted by their classmates or by the medical director. We find these are valuable to the student since each delivery brings up, in some respects, a different problem, or a routine happening comes in an unusual manner, so each student learns from forty deliveries rather than from only her own twenty.

We do not have a laboratory technician; therefore the student has opportunity to add to her experience in taking blood for Kahn tests, making hemoglobin readings, estimating coagulation time, determining the Rh factor, and taking smears. These tests are done routinely on all prenatales. Smears are also taken from the eyes of a newborn who has any discharge, how-

ever slight. Each student in the class under discussion gained experience not only in the taking of smears, but from an average of 27 Kahns, 46 hemoglobins, and 34 coagulation times.

IV.

In writing down the number of her work hours, the student accounts for her time spent under the title of "Other." On what is this time spent? Many things. After a delivery there are the midwifery saddlebags to be thoroughly cleaned and repacked for the next delivery. Three such bags are kept in readiness at all times for district delivery calls. The time the student needs in which to write up her delivery records, her birth certificates, the visits she has made to patients, and her own daily experience record (which includes all visits made and the total time spent)—all this time is accounted for under "Other." The horses also must receive daily care and their saddles and bridles must receive a special weekly cleaning and oiling to keep them in good condition. This also comes under "Other"—and it is essential in an organization which uses horses for at least part of its travel.

V.

A summary, made for the typical class under discussion, shows average work hours for each student as follows:

District	325 hours
Hospital	321 hours
Clinics	221 hours
Other	92 hours
Making a total of.....	959 hours

Classes, conferences, discussions, and practice periods are in addition to these hours. The medical director lectures twice weekly. The midwifery instructor holds bi-weekly classes. The Kentucky State nutritionist comes for two days to give eight hours of class and discussion in nutrition. Dr. Ella Woodyard, a psychologist and provost of the School, gives lectures on "The Psychology of Pregnancy" and holds conferences with each student during the course. The hours for lectures, conferences, and

discussions are not listed on the student "Daily Experience" sheets, but are a definite part of her work.

Although one may plan for exact hours and exact numbers in midwifery it is known to be an uncertain thing with sometimes a "rush" period and sometimes a "slack" period. However, each of our students delivers a minimum of twenty cases, usually several more than that, and all are taught in the thorough manner outlined in this paper. We strive to give, and do feel our students receive, a varied and valuable training with such experience as will prepare them for an active nurse-midwifery program.

The Kentucky State Board of Health conducts the final examinations for each class of students. These examinations are written, oral, and practical. After they have passed the examinations, the students are given certificates to practice midwifery from the Kentucky State Board of Health and the diploma of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

ATTENTION—LEXINGTON, LOUISVILLE, CINCINNATI

Patients from the Frontier Nursing Service are often relayed to your cities by our Medical Director. Those who are poor people are given free the services of your great physicians and surgeons. Sometimes these patients need blood transfusions. When that happens, the Frontier Nursing Service gets a bill for \$25.00 for each pint of blood. A while back we had a bill for \$350.00 for blood transfusions for just one child. It took considerable maneuvering and the help of many people, including the blood bank, which reduced the bill, to get that one paid.

Up here in the mountains we use gallons of blood for our patients and every drop of it is always a gift from a friend. Now, to come to the pith of this matter—Will those of you who are young and strong and therefore able to donate blood write and tell us of your willingness? We shall not ask for the blood in advance, but we shall call on you to put back in your local blood banks a pint of blood, each, at whatever blood bank we have occasion to run up a bill. Any type will do. The blood banks only want your blood, such as it is. Sign up with us now, and then wait to be called on.

VISIBLE LIGHTS

And when we have built an altar to the Invisible Light, we
may set thereon the little lights for which our bodily
vision is made.

And we thank Thee that darkness reminds us of light.

O Light Invisible, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory!

—T. S. Eliot, Choruses from *'The Rock'*

LIGHT

at the

MARGARET DURBIN HARPER MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER

At Bowlingtown, Perry County, Kentucky

In our Autumn Bulletin we wrote of the joy it was to have electric lights at this outpost nursing center, and to have water from the new drilled well supplied to house and barn by electric power. This lovely nursing center was given by the late Mrs. Hiram Sibley of Rochester, New York, in memory of her Kentucky mother, Margaret Durbin Harper, who was born over a century ago. After our local Bowlingtown friends had given more than a hundred dollars for electric lights, the children of Mrs. Hiram Sibley (Mrs. John A. Gade, Mrs. O'Donnell Iselin, and Mr. and Mrs. Harper Sibley) made the generous donation that brought both water and light. At a meeting of the Bowlingtown Committee on Friday, October 29, one of the men proposed a resolution of thanks to these three friends. It was carried unanimously and with deep feeling.

Just before Christmas, Vera Chadwell, the nurse-midwife at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center, wrote us the little sketch which follows:

"At first the lights seemed unreal, that they just could not be. No one who has not had to rely on oil lamps can imagine

the joy of electricity. No more groping about with the flashlight, no more extinguishing a lamp when one left a room or having to carry it along, because of the danger of fire.

"Soon after we had the lights, a young father came for me at 2:00 a. m. on a frosty night. His wife was in labor. I did not have to stop to light an oil lamp; I pressed a button and dressed—oh, so quickly. I hurried to the clinic and pressed another button to find, in a moment, my delivery saddlebags. Then, oh joy, I turned on the switch of the barn light which operates from the house. It took only a few minutes for the father and for me to saddle my horse, not by a lantern this time but by a light almost as clear as day. The saving of all those precious minutes for that father, who had ridden for more than an hour to fetch me, and who was so eager to get back to his wife—the saving of all those precious minutes meant everything to a nurse-midwife.

"Over and over again I count up the blessings that the lights have brought to the Frontier Nursing Service at Bowlingtown. Any one who comes after dark, or very early on a winter's morning, with a bad cut or a burn that needs a dressing, can be attended to, oh, so quickly and safely. No more groping around with half light now. The big fluorescent light in the clinic lets me see my patient, and my dressings and my medicines, instantly and clearly.

"Nor do I forget that with the coming of electricity came also the wonderful gift of water. No longer during the long dry summers would a bath be something one remembered to have enjoyed in the spring! No longer will the horses and the cow have to be taken to the ford in the river twice a day. My gratitude to the givers of light and water can only be put into one big thank you.

"As I write, Christmas is almost here. Today two old men came with a little boy for a preview of the Christmas tree. They had heard that it had lights. The three sat down. While the old men chatted and had refreshments the boy sat quietly looking at the tree. After a long time he asked: 'How do they work?' When I showed him the little button in the wall that turned on and off the illumination of the tree, he said: 'I thought they were some kind of magic.' After that he wanted to see all

the other lights on the place, and what made them go on. Finally, all three posed for a picture sitting by the tree with magic lights."

LIGHT WITH SAFETY

at

Hyden Hospital

When Hyden Hospital was built all hauling was by mule team from Hazard and took from two to three days from the time the mule wagons left Hyden until they returned. Outside mechanics, to put in things like electricity and plumbing, had to come in by horseback. They came reluctantly, and the jobs they did were the bare essentials. With our two Kohler of Kohler engines we were able to carry the lights at the Hospital, some refrigeration, and some sterilization. After the utilities came into Hyden, we added more refrigeration, large operating room lights, and a huge X-ray plant. We received gratefully, at that time, an electric pump and engine for our two hundred foot well. Then we began to have trouble. One of the overloaded circuits smoldered and a fire was arrested just in time. Down at the huge hospital barn a fire started and was put out by an alert milk maid with a bucket of milk. Her cries brought people to the rescue, and the power was turned off.

It was over a year ago that these incidents and others occurred. We got expert advice and learned that our circuits were dangerously overloaded. The whole system at Hyden Hospital has had to be done over in the best approved metal conduits for hospital installations. This has been, and still is, an enormously expensive piece of work. Two of our Trustees, Mrs. Herman F. Stone in New York and Mrs. Morris B. Belknap in Louisville, gave enough money to replace immediately the most dangerously overloaded circuits. When that part of the work had been completed, the electrical firm that was handling it caved out on us because they had more work nearer home to do than they could handle. Our executive secretary, Agnes Lewis, succeeded in lining up the Turner Electric Company at Hazard to complete the work on the Hospital. They have started on it now. The cost will be approximately one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00).

The Frontier Nursing Service did not know where to turn for one thousand dollars at a time when it strains every nerve to keep the outgo within the income. Then the miracle happened. We received a gift of exactly one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, to be used for whatever was most needed in our field of work. The chapters and alumnae of this dear Sorority worked hard to raise this money. Their officers authorized its use for Light with Safety at Hyden Hospital. We have written their magazine, *To Digma*, a little something of the gratitude of which our hearts are full.

DEDICATION OF LIGHTS

At Wendover, Kentucky, December 10, 1948

Reprinted from *The Messenger*, January 1949
of the

Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Southern Ohio

Wendover, a cluster of log and frame houses and barns and cabins, lies in a primeval forest on the side of a mountain above the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. Wendover has been the administrative headquarters of the Frontier Nursing Service since the first log house, log cabin, and log barn were built in 1925. At that time there was no highway within seventy miles of the property in any direction. An old trail that winds along the river is still the approach to Wendover.

Oil lamps and candles have been the only light for nurses and secretaries alike, during the past twenty-three years. A few months ago the utilities ran a power line through the property. When this was done, Mrs. Roger Kemper Rogan said that she would have all the buildings equipped with the safest and most modern electrical wiring and fixtures in memory of her husband, trustee and vice-chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service.

When work on the connections had started and had barely linked up with the living room of the big log house, which is the heart of the Service, Mrs. Rogan came to Wendover with her

sister, Mrs. Robert M. Green, and with the Reverend Francis John Moore for a service of dedication.

The living room was filled with members of the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service from its Hyden Hospital and its outpost centers as well as Wendover; and with a little group of mountain friends. At twilight, or as the mountaineers call it, "the edge of dark," Dr. Moore, in his robes, began to read the service which follows. The shadowy living room was lit by candles and an oil lamp. When in his reading, Dr. Moore came to the words

In Joyful Thanksgiving, we dedicate, at the edge of dark, these lights, to the Glory of God, to the dear memory of Roger Kemper Rogan, and to the service of this Nursing Community . . .

when he came to these words, those who stood near the candles and the oil lamp extinguished them—those who stood by the first two electric lamps ever to shine in this remote forest turned on their greater light.

SERVICE OF DEDICATION

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Lift up thine eyes round about, and behold.

From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my Name shall be great among all nations, saith the Lord of hosts.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. (Then followed two prayers in which Christ as the Light of the world was the theme.) In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

In Joyful Thanksgiving, we dedicate, at the edge of dark, these lights, to the Glory of God, to the dear memory of Roger

Kemper Rogan, and to the service of this Nursing Community. And we pray that as they shine in the darkness about us, they may ever remind us of the Light that always shines in the darkness of this world, and in our hearts: the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ.

We bless thee, O Lord, and pray for all physicians and nurses and all who practice the art of healing and especially those in the Frontier Nursing Service: for all in this House, in the Hospital, in the Stations; and for the Couriers in their journeys. Give them strength for the work they have to do, and bless their labors to the glory of thy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

COCKSURE

The bird which the Americans, and some very delicate-minded English people, call a "rooster" has a reputation for sprightly arrogance, otherwise "cockiness." It is probable that the sense we now give to *cocksure* has been affected by this association. Few Englishmen have been more "cocky" than Macaulay, of whom Lord Melbourne is reported to have said, "I wish I was as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay is cocksure of everything." The association is unjustified, for, while *cocky* (or *cocksy*, *coxy*) is no older than the 18th century and has always been slangy and contemptuous, *cocksure* dates back almost to the Wars of the Roses, and was originally a dignified word, referring not to the subjective consciousness of being right or knowing better than other people, but to the objective fact of security, trustworthiness, etc. The *cocksure* man of the 16th century was not dogmatically assertive; he was armoured against fate: "Whoso dwelleth under that secret thing, and help of the Lord, is cocksure for evermore" (Foxe).

—*Words Ancient and Modern*
by Ernest Weekley, M.A.
John Murray, London

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. E. A. McClintock (Barbara Ingersoll) in
Racine, Wisconsin—November 25, 1948**

We were delighted to see all there was to see at Wendover. Our talk around the fire was so pleasant. A real visit like that is a rare treat and to hear, at first hand, about the things that have happened since I was down there, was most enjoyable. I had wanted to go back some day to visit, but never dreamed I would have the opportunity.

**From Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis (Pamela Dunn) near
Fort Bragg, North Carolina—November 30, 1948**

You will just love Breck. He is so healthy and cute. He laughs and coos and cries and is such good company even though I feel at my wits' end when I'm trying to bathe him, get his food ready and keep him content at the same time. He is already entered in the Episcopal High School in 1962. That's Graham's old school so Graham wasted little time in getting Breck registered. As for West Point, we'll have to wait and see. Unfortunately he can't be a courier, but all my children won't be boys!

—February 14, 1949

We have a nice home here in Fayetteville and like Ft. Bragg quite a bit. Our house has five rooms and with Graham's making a few pieces of furniture, scrounging some from our folks, and buying a few needy items, we have done very well for ourselves. We've made a lot of nice friends and are happily contented. Graham is a wonderful husband and Breck a remarkable son. I, too, had plans of coming back to Wendover as a senior courier, but Graham competed and won out, it seems.

**From Mrs. Joseph Morse Smith (Barbara Glazier) in
West Hartford, Connecticut—December, 1948**

I hope you will be coming up this way in the spring, and can see my "Little One." He is 16 months now, talks, walks,

and has 18 teeth. He is a little peanut in size, but still manages to get into everything. Of course I'm having the time of my life with him, loving children as I do.

From Sylvia Bowditch in San Francisco, California

—December, 1948

It was wonderful getting the news of Wendover and the F.N.S. from Nella Lloyd. We had a grand time looking at her pictures and hearing about everyone. My! but I miss you and wish for a rocket plane so I could drop in for a week-end.

From Mrs. John R. Pugh ("Weezie" Myers) in

Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas—December 12, 1948

Johnny has volunteered for the Airborne and we are moving out next week and going to Washington for Christmas with my family. Then he will go to Ft. Benning, Georgia, for five weeks parachute training. His station will be Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, which I am sure we will like. I am hoping to be able to move into quarters there while he is at Benning, but if that is impossible I will stay on in Washington. This is a grand post and we have lots of wonderful friends here whom we hate to leave, but I think it is the right thing. One nice thing about the Army is that you usually run into people again somewhere along the line. The sad thing is saying goodbye to the foreign officers (especially British) whom we are not so likely to see again.

From Alison Bray in Leeds, England—December 12, 1948

I meant to write lots of letters on the boat, but never did. We had a very good crossing. I met some interesting people and the time passed very quickly. Mummy and Daddy met me in London and we stayed there for a few days so that I could go to the F.N.S. Thanksgiving dinner. Since I came home I've been very busy and it was fun to see everyone again. But I miss all of you frightfully, and get very homesick for Kentucky. I do hope I can come back soon.

From Nancy Dammann in Baton Rouge, Louisiana

—December 14, 1948

The Frontier Nursing Service is one organization I admire

almost to the point of worshipping. If I inherited a million dollars (a nice thought isn't it), I'd be tempted to give a good share of it to the F.N.S., because it is doing a terrifically worthwhile job and has proved itself as a leader in an important type of medical social work. I'll never inherit a million, so I guess the best I can do is take some pictures for you.

.

From Mrs. Thomas R. Dibble (Alice Pitcher, "Pitch")

in Stockholm, Sweden—December 16, 1948

Last summer Tommy received an honorary fellowship to study crafts in Sweden so we departed from the States the end of August. In Sweden many make their living by crafts—woodwork, copper, ceramics, weaving, textile design, and glass blowing and engraving. The people are very proud of their craftsmen and buy much more than we in America. Much of their work is very fine, but we did not expect to find so much mass production. Many things made by machines now were formerly made in the home out of necessity—useful and beautiful things. I suppose a gradual steady move to cities from the country has effected this change.

Our great interest in crafts stems from our home in Vermont where there is an iron smith, a furniture maker, a decorative painter, and weavers. There Tommy hopes to have a kiln and make ceramics, and thereby make enough money so he can paint with comparative freedom.

Aside from the subject of craftwork, we are also impressed by many other aspects of Sweden. What first struck us is the very peaceful atmosphere (but there is a great fear of Russia hidden beneath the Swedes' reservedness). All people seem well fed and clothed and there is no slum area. There is definite class distinction, but of necessity it is practically eliminated in the daily city life. For instance, very few can afford to buy cars, so barbers, lawyers and laborers ride the trams together to and from home. Another example, we were surprised to find the clientele of even fashionable Konditoreis or coffee rooms, a mixture of laborers and professional or business men all sitting together enjoying their coffee.

During the depression there was a big drop in the birth rate. Since then the government has aided people to have chil-

dren by giving each family in the lower or middle income level, money for each child they bear. The number of people our age is very small, we understand, and therefore, there is a low percentage of young working men.

You are undoubtedly acquainted with the Swedish medical system. It certainly works beautifully as far as I can see and gather from others. Apparently a doctor usually has a private practice along with his work in the hospitals. People who can afford to pay more do, and others practically nothing. I was amazed to receive a bill for only \$3.00 from a specialist I visited in his private office. In Vermont a consultation would be \$5.00, and I believe in New York at least \$10.00.

Another interesting aspect is that concerning prisoners. We heard a story of a murderer who served about six years of his sentence in good behavior. Thereafter he was permitted to have employment in Stockholm, to go to work by himself, eat in restaurants, and return to the prison after work, still unaccompanied. But Stockholm is so small compared to a large American city, and the variety of people as to nationality is so limited, that it is conceivable here whereas it wouldn't be near one of our large cities. Also, there is a wonderful pervading honesty in Sweden.

One hears many complaints about the high taxes and the fear that men's initiative is suffering from Socialism, but as far as we have observed everything is well made and men seem to work hard. There is a practical and unemotional side to the Swede's nature which helps.

There is plenty of food. The rationing of fats, meat, sugar, and soap is far from severe, but prices are rising steadily and there is a great housing shortage in the cities. The contrast will, of course, be great when we see other European countries for Sweden is in such comparatively fine condition.

We will spend Christmas in Dalarne where traditional dress is still worn and where many old customs are preserved. At 5 a.m. Christmas morning the people go by sleigh to their little churches, carrying torches. It will be interesting to see the country life, the people and farms, and, we hope, craftsmen at work.

**From Mrs. Lewis DeWitt Hall ("Biz" Campbell)
in Tucson, Arizona—December 18, 1948**

I have had to give up letter writing this fall for getting our house completed, decorated, and ourselves moved in. There is still a great deal to do but we are very comfortable now and delighted with the outcome of Lewis' designing. He has done a beautiful job on the house.

**From Mrs. Melvin White (Nancy Hillis) in Ranchester,
Wyoming—December 23, 1948**

We are very busy having nearly completed our first year here on the ranch. We are getting electricity here soon and so will be able to put in water too. Dorothy is fine now, though she has had her share of troubles in the first year. Hope we are all over them for good now.

**From Barbara Bentley at Antioch College,
Yellow Springs, Ohio—January 6, 1949**

I'm afraid I am going to miss the hills for quite awhile. I have never enjoyed two months more than the last two. How are the electricians coming along? I thought of them and you the minute I walked in here and saw—a breaker box! They must be peculiar to this part of the country, as I'm sure we don't have them at home.

[Since the above was written, Barbara has returned to her home in California, and in February entered nurse's training in the California Hospital at Los Angeles. Good luck to you, Barbara.]

**From Mrs. Charles L. Stone ("Dickie" Chase)
in Milton, Massachusetts—January 20, 1949**

I have just finished the last Bulletin here at my mother's house where I have been struggling with six weeks of virus pneumonia. As always happens, I almost packed up some blue-jeans and shirts and bought a ticket to Lexington. I can't believe that it has been more than fifteen years since I was at Wendover, but it is as clear in my mind as if it were only one.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Patsy Perrin (Mrs. Robert Lawrence) tells us that she has a teaching job four days a week at the nursery school in Beverly Farms, Mass. She is having a marvelous time, she says, and hopes the children are learning as much as she is!

Florence Booker (Mrs. James N. Rawleigh) writes that the Rawleighs are thriving in their new home in Glenview, Illinois, and the picture we received of Betsy, aged two and a half, and Tommy, nine months, is proof of it.

At Christmas time we learned that **Kay Byrd (Mrs. Robert G. Breyer)** is living in Los Angeles and has a little son, Robert Byrd Breyer, born November 5, 1948. Congratulations to the proud parents and to the lucky baby.

Barbara Boyd (Mrs. Herschel Downs) of Saligman, Arizona, and her young son, Michael, were recently evacuated from that snowed-under section. She is now vacationing with her mother in Tucson, Arizona.

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson of Barrington, Ill., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Penelope (Penny) to Mr. Carter Taylor of New York City. The wedding is tentatively planned for next fall. To this young couple we send our very best wishes for their future happiness.

WEDDINGS

Miss Ellen Bruce and Mr. Robert L. Terry, on October 23, 1948. The Terrys are now living in Princeton, New Jersey.

Miss Rose Phinney Gardner and Mr. Philip Cutler were married on December 27, 1948, in Boston.

To these young people, our good wishes for a long and happy life together.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Reed Russell (Ann Ellis) in Nassau, Bahamas, a daughter. Ann wrote us at Christmas.

"Little Reed arrived September 14, 1948, in Cincinnati. This little girl might be a future courier, too, but I don't know her name!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson Callaway (Mary Elizabeth Rogan), in Cincinnati, a son, Christopher, on January 29, 1949.

Mary Lib writes:

"I've had you on my mind so much that you must have known it. It seems wrong somehow for me to be so happy with my wee one when I know what you're going through down there. It did seem rather nice to me though that little Chris began to arrive on the anniversary of Daddy's death. How I wish he could have seen him! This all sounds incoherent but the thought behind it is—isn't it wonderful to be able to have a new life for one that's gone."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown) of Cleveland, Ohio, a son, their third, on February 5, 1949. His mother writes:

"Ralph Brown Webster arrived into this world on February 5th—weight 9 lbs. 5½ oz. I must admit that I am very proud to be able to say that I am the mother of three sons. However, I can't seem to help you out yet with future couriers. I'm just 'a mother of men' as they all say."

APPLICATIONS FROM BRITISH MOTHERS FOR "CHEAP SILK"

(Paratroop silk for their babies)

1. Please send me forms for cheap silk as I am expecting mother.
2. Please send me a form for supply of silk for having children at reduced prices.
3. I posted a form by mistake before my child was filled in.
4. Will you please send me form for cheap silk. I have a baby 8 months old and did not know anything about it until a friend told me.
5. I had intended coming to the silk office today but have had 15 children this morning.
6. I have one child nearly 2 years of age and am looking forward to an increase in November. Hoping this meets with your approval and kind consideration.

CHAPPY'S WEDDING

Dear members of the F.N.S. staff,

I wish each and every one of you could have attended Louisa Chapman's wedding. It was lovely.

Yes, our Chappy is married now, and a wonderful holiday I had with the Chapmans. You see I left Brutus Wednesday morning and got to Ovid, New York, Thursday night. Chappy, her mother, and her Cousin Jean met me at the bus. Then we went to the Chapman residence and I believe Chappy and I talked for four hours straight. We had so much to talk about.

Friday morning, after rising much later than I'm accustomed to, the two of us (Chappy and I) puttered around. I tried to keep out of Chappy's way as she was getting all the last minute things done—but what difficulty I had! If I weren't in Mrs. Chapman's way, I was in Jean's way or in Chappy's aunt's way. But I guess I did manage to help them a little bit.

Right after lunch the two of us went to the Chapman cottage to make up the beds for the male guests who were to arrive later in the day. What fun it was to short sheet the beds! Hadn't done that in a long time either. After we finished at the cottage, we went to Ithaca as Chappy had a bit of last minute shopping to do.

When we got back to Ovid, there were Ruth Alexander, Ruth's sister, Mary Neal, and Grace Reeder. Golly, there sure was a lot of chatter with the five of us girls all talking. But soon all the chatter stopped as the bridegroom had arrived. I must say we all thoroughly approved of him.

Soon we ate. A colossal dinner it was too! After dinner some of us went to sit in on the wedding rehearsal. When we returned, Chappy showed us the slides she and Bertha took on their way to Alaska. They certainly were wonderful.

Then it was time for another snack, according to the Chapmans. I'll tell you if any of you ever go to the Chapmans wear loose clothing as it will be tight by the time you leave. When the men left for the cottage, we girls decided we had better get to bed. We knew we wouldn't get to sleep early though, as we were still talking over old times and F.N.S. news.

The big day arrived! Let me tell you Chappy got her lug-

gage into the car early so no one would play any tricks on her. I had never seen Chappy excited before, but I truly believe she showed it some that day. Grace and Mary Neal helped with things downstairs. Ruth and I helped Chappy upstairs. The time was drawing nearer for Chappy to become Mrs. Donald Whitlock. I wish you all could have seen her . . . she was so calm and cool. But yet one knew she was terribly excited—her eyes simply sparkled.

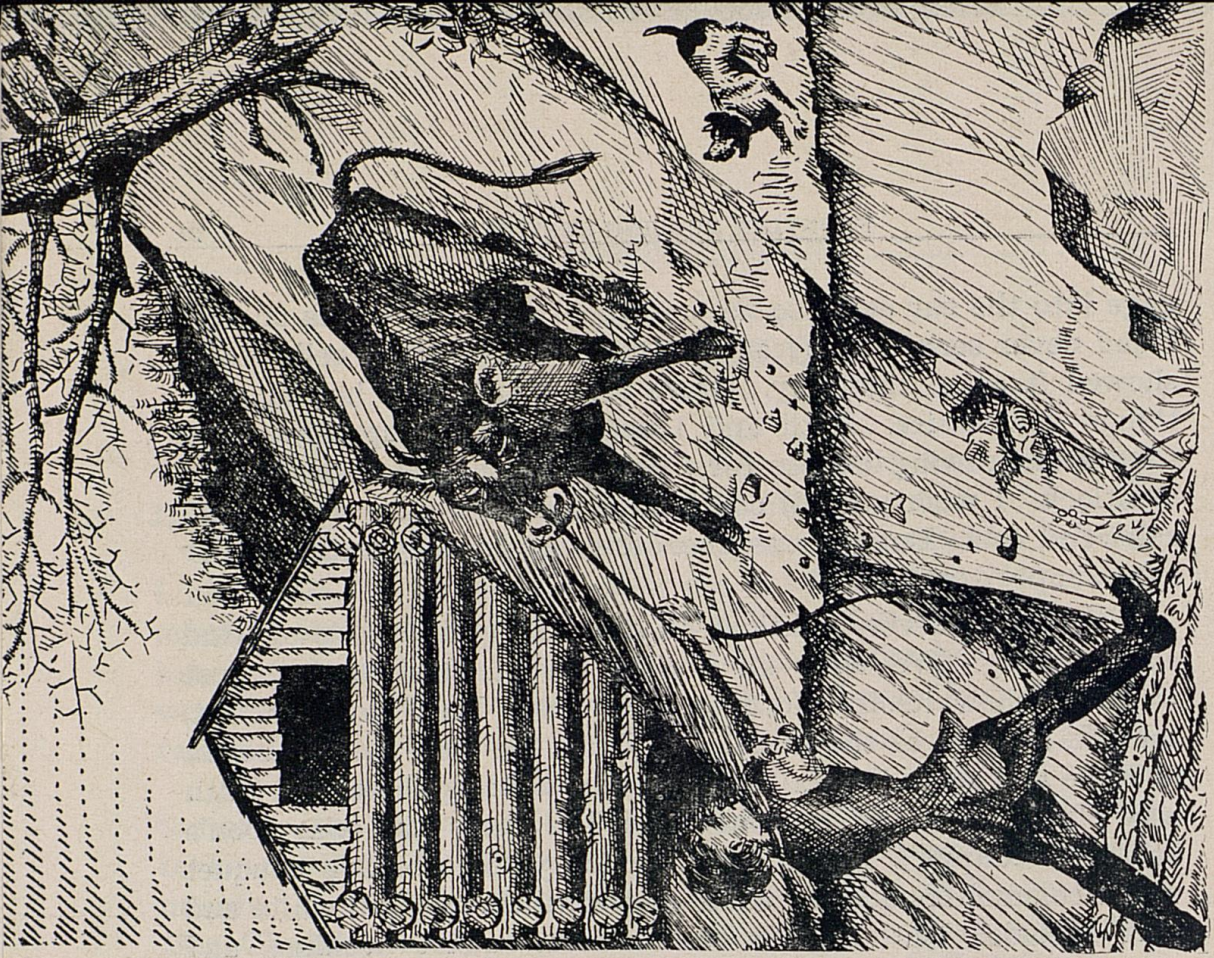
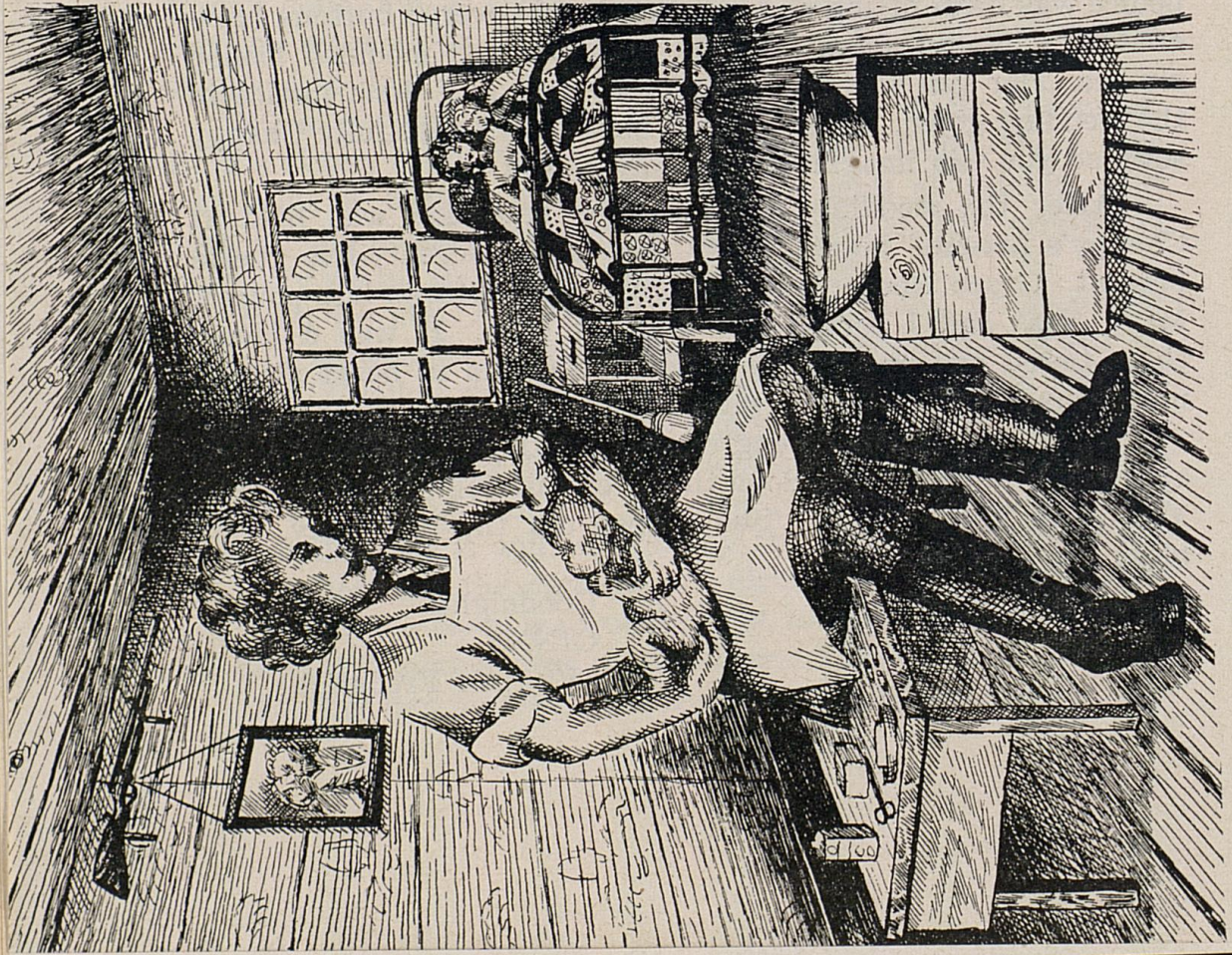
It had been very cold out all day, and quite a gale of wind was blowing. We were all hoping for sunshine and it just wouldn't show itself. Nothing could have been more perfect, though, because as the bride came down the aisle the sun began to shine and stayed out all through the wedding ceremony. Ruth was Chappy's maid of honor and the best man was Don's brother. Chappy's father gave her away. The bride's bouquet was a colonial bouquet of white chrysanthemums and white and pink fuchsia. Ruth's gown was taffeta, square neckline, and very full skirt. The color was beautiful but difficult to describe.

Chappy's gown was brocaded taffeta which she designed and made herself. What a beautiful gown it was too! Very full skirt and a bustle; zipped down the back to the waist. The bodice was form fitting and had tiny hand-covered buttons (covered by Chappy) from neckline to waist, and modified bishop sleeves. Her veil was finger tip. I haven't half done justice to the wedding gown, but all of you know how beautifully Chappy sews so you can imagine how lovely it was.

After the wedding ceremony the reception was held at Chappy's parents' home. There were about seventy-five guests present. Grace Reeder and Chappy's new sister-in-law poured. Mary Neal and I served the wedding cake. It was a lovely three tiered one and oh, so good! Ice cream in heart shapes, numerous kinds of cakes, mixed nuts and mints were served.

While everyone was engrossed in eating, first Chappy disappeared and then Don. Soon they were driving out of the yard. Yes, leave it to Chappy. She slipped out the back way. God bless her always.

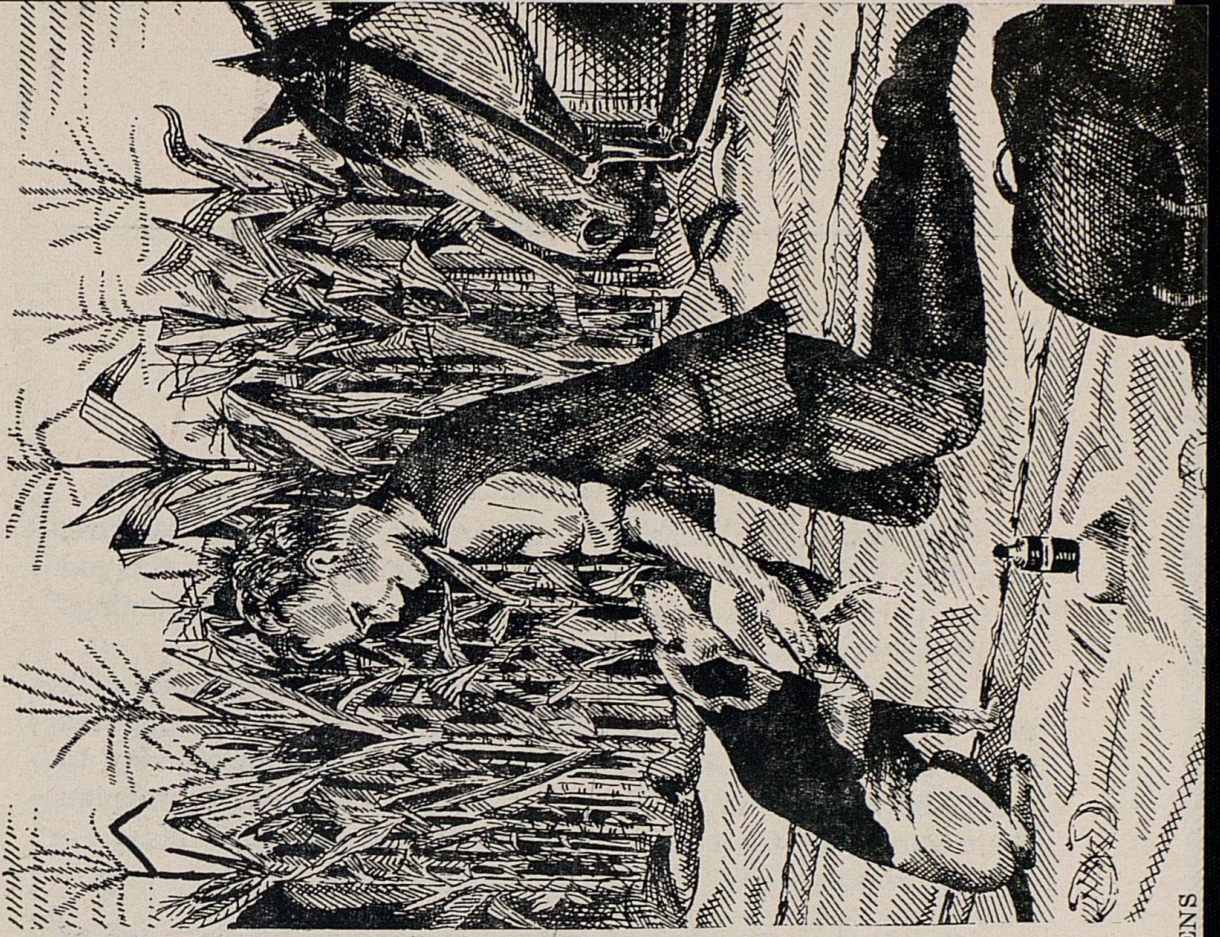
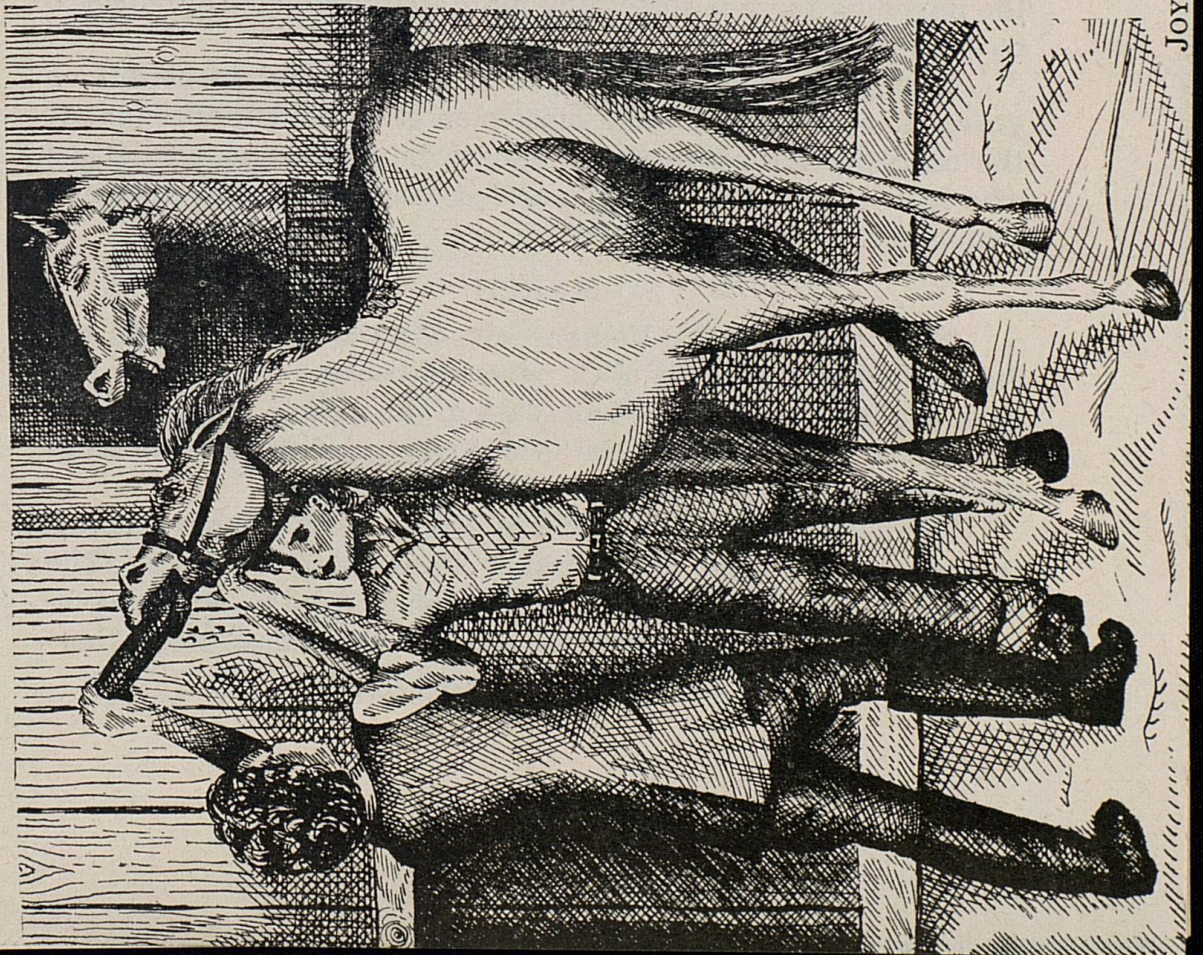
Goodnight,
GINNY
(Virginia Frederick)



VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

THANK GOODNESS!



drawn
by
JOYCE STEPHENS

MASQUE OF THE MERRIE MONTHS

From a calendar published by the National Children's Home,
Highbury Park, London, N.5, England

JANUARY

The two-faced Janus, looking both to the past and future, was door-keeper of heaven, and in the Roman Calendar the god of the portal of the New Year, concerned with the beginnings of all enterprises, and following them to their results.

Jancia is a doorway, and January is still the opening of a new cycle of adventures, commitments, and their consequences to all who enter a Glad New Year. In it is Plough Monday to start the Seasons of the Year. It invites all voyagers to plan their course, set their sails, and hope for prospering winds.

FEBRUARY

The Roman Festival of *Februa* marked an annual time of clearing up—in the home, in business, and in the State. February may be a little early for Spring-cleaning, but whenever a busy housewife looks that way in the early months of the year, the impelling force is something more than the immediate desire to see things tidy.

Spring-cleaning can measure its antiquity by thousands of years. It contains a notable succession of those who throughout the centuries have kept their houses in order, and also those who have cleansed the State, purified the Church, and reformed Commerce.

MARCH

First month in the Roman Calendar was *Martius* until the Julian Correction of 46 B.C., when it became the third. For long the practice lingered of dating the year's beginning by the month which showed the first stirrings of Spring. In England the legal year began with March until 1752.

Romulus, the fabled founder of Rome, is said to have named this month in honour of his father Mars, the god of War. The Saxons called it *Hlyd-monath*, the loud month, or *Lencten-monath*, the lengthening month. Its last three days were "borrowing days" from its genial neighbour April.

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

A MEMORANDUM BY THE EDITOR

You, the readers of the Bulletin, know that we have a Christmas Greeting Card to send to those of your friends for whom you take out a one-year subscription to the Bulletin at Christmas time.

In response to many requests, we have prepared a second greeting card to be used for subscriptions given throughout the remainder of the year. It also is an attractively gotten up card with an illustration. We greatly appreciate the gift subscriptions that so many of you send us for your friends, not only at Christmas but throughout the year.

The Quarterly Bulletin pays its way. Subscriptions cover all costs with a small surplus. Whenever the surplus has been big enough to matter, we have ploughed it back immediately into the Bulletin by inserting more illustrations, by using an occasional color cover. When our illustrations are scanty, and we go a full year without even one color cover, that means the surplus is too small for these amenities.

We seldom publish the kind things subscribers write us about the Bulletin but here are a few that have come in lately.

From Mr. Allan M. Trout, Chief of the Frankfort Bureau of the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"The Bulletin is the only periodical I read from cover to cover. The trials and tribulations I find in it are put with charm, not glossed over with stylized perfection."

From Miss Flora B. Stanley of Lynchburg, Va.:

"May I say that with each copy of the Bulletin I receive, there is the impulse to write a word of thanks not only for what it represents but also for the publication itself—every copy of which is an inspiration from the cover page straight through . . . financial reports and all."

From Mr. Earle Hitch, author of *Within Reach*, to be published by Harper and Brothers:

"Last night I read every word of the Quarterlies. The work itself has a deep appeal to me, and the punch put into the editing has a certain literary charm that made me put aside a stack of other reading at my elbow. The congeniality and the esprit of your organization stand out in the notes and letters."

From Mrs. William G. Bibb of New York:

"Your Bulletin alone repays me for my yearly contribution. The little magazine has long been an inspiration to me."

From Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer of Rochester, N. Y.:

"As usual I have read the Bulletin from cover to cover. Of all the splendid plans you have conceived for the Service, I think this intimate tie [*the Bulletin*] between the actual workers and the friends of the work is the foundation of the deep sympathy between them."

From Congressman Frances P. Bolton, 22nd District, Ohio:

"Do you know how many find joy and light and fresh courage from your Bulletin? . . . This time I'm lifting out a tiny bit of it and putting it into my *News Letter*. An extra copy is enclosed herewith. I hope you will not mind."

Mrs. Bolton's *News Letter* of October 2, 1948, not only honored us by a quotation from our Bulletin but included a full paragraph about what she was so kind as to call "the wonderful work that has long been done in the mountains of Kentucky."

From Miss Mary M. Roberts, R.N., Editor-in-Chief of *The American Journal of Nursing*, New York:

[*The Autumn Bulletin*] "is fascinating . . . I am deeply impressed by the depth and perceptive beauty of your memorial to our three great nurses."

From a young Marine in the Caribbean:

"Received the Quarterly Bulletin yesterday and thought it was as good as the rest which, in my estimation, is tops in any man's language. The part that I like best is that of the news of people from foreign lands because, from the way that they talk, you would think that we were neighbors. And, of course, in a very broad sense we are at that."

REST AND UNREST

If you really want to rest, physical inactivity alone will not serve you. You must start your rest in your mind. If you entertain happy, contented thoughts, rest will come quickly. But if you think in terms of fear, anger, resentment or discontent there will be no rest for you anywhere.

Thomas Dreier quoted in *Georgia's Health*

A WINTER'S TALE

by

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

Nurse-Midwife at Possum Bend, Frances Bolton Nursing Center
Confluence, Kentucky

For news of Anna May's terrible horseback accident this winter,
see Field Notes.

On a late winter evening in February, just as dusk was gathering over the hills, Ed Brown from across the mountain came to the Center clutching a penciled note in his little hand.

"What's the trouble, Ed?"

"Ma says would you come to see Sam and John. Ma says they are kinda puny. She thinks Sam has them worms with the pins on 'em."

After reading the note I decided neither case seemed urgent so I told Ed I would be there early the next day.

During the night snow clouds gathered and covered Mother Earth with a sparkling canopy of white. Old Sol, peeping through the dark clouds the next morning, made the surrounding countryside look like fairyland.

It was much too slippery to take a horse. I put the necessary articles that I would need in a small knapsack and took to my two feet, with the thought—oh, what a beautiful day—oh, what a beautiful day!

Everything seemed to be going exceedingly well except that now and then I unexpectedly found myself in a sitting position. In due course I reached the mountain. Up I started, clinging to large boulders with the toes of my boots and with my hands. As the trail was on the edge of a cliff I was very thankful Mother Nature had seen fit to space the trees not too far apart. I assumed the position of a deformed, bent-over old man, slipping, sliding and fondly embracing each tree along the way. Alas! The trees ended! There was nothing left to fondle but small bushes and twigs. Getting myself into a position nearly resembling that of knee-chest, I clutched and held on to the small shrubs along the path. But, after several yards, all vegetation ceased to be. After several unsuccessful efforts to go on—on hands and knees by this time—I decided I had better try

to ease back in the direction from which I came. That attempt proved to be futile. My first reaction was one of feeling a little sorry for myself, sitting there half-way up a mountain unable to move in either direction. After about 15 minutes of sitting, I found the whole situation ridiculous. Thought I to myself, you and you alone got yourself into this predicament; it's up to you to figure a way out. I summed up all the various positions I had been in, looked over the terrain, and realized there was absolutely no use trying to go on by any of the previous methods. I wondered how my sock feet would work, took off my boots, and crept very slowly on up to the top of the mountain in that manner.

The other side of the mountain was more thickly covered with trees. I donned my boots again, dug the toes of them into the snow, and aimed for the nearest tree. On some of the steeper places I just pretended I was a skier off balance and slid down in a sitting position. Finally, I slid into the Browns' yard and my feet flew in all directions. The yard was covered with frozen water! I met the pet pig, having the same trouble.

"Oonk, Oonk!"

He and I landed on the porch of the cabin together.

Edna greeted me, "Shore bad time, shore is! I didn't think you'd make it. Come to the fire and set a spell and git warm."

While I made myself comfortable on the lard can by the fire and dried my socks, I questioned Edna about Baby John, two years old, and gleaned the following facts: Still nursing, wouldn't eat, had been right puny the past few days, jumpy, had a cough, and just couldn't stand to be tipped. I proceeded to look John over. He had a badly inflamed throat, a temperature of 103, pulse 140, respirations 36. From my knapsack I took out a course of sulfadiazine (authorized by our *Medical Routine*) and gave instructions to Edna.

"Now, Edna, when John is over this illness I want you to wean him."

"I'm shore aimin' to, nurse, the very next time the moon is full and the signs in my knees are right."

I looked Sam over and found he had no elevation of temperature or any signs of respiratory illness, but all the tell-tale signs of worms with pins on, as phrased by Ed. I proceeded

to leave Santonin and Calomel with explicit instructions to Edna. In the meantime, Joe, aged four, had eased up back of his mother's chair and was peeping out from behind with large brown eyes and a grin from ear to ear.

"You'n hain't brunged no baby."

"Why, Joe?" I asked.

"Cause you hain't brunged de right bags."

John and Sam were taken care of; Jane's doll had had her broken head dressed; the pet pig was grunting contentedly by the fire. So I made my departure.

When I reached the mountain I removed my boots and proceeded upwards, silently—but sometimes not too stably—in my sock feet.

Back at the Center, while washing and drying my socks and cleaning and mending the seat of my pants, I pondered whether or not I should embark on a short course in mountain climbing.

There have been many famous mountain climbers, and very brave ones. I wondered how many ever ascended or descended a mountain in sock feet!

TRUE TALES

Nurse to a four-year-old in a very poor home: "What would you like for Christmas, Sammy?"

Sammy: "Coat."

Nurse: "Would you like a wagon?"

Sammy: "Just clothes."

.

Nurse: "Bessie, I want you to take one pellet every day. Don't do like Jane, up the creek, and forget."

Bessie: "Now, nurse, you know I wouldn't service you that-a-way."

.

As I was giving a diphtheria and pertussis shot to the baby in the family, I asked the mother if the other children had been inoculated. She said, "Yeh, they've all been intoxicated."

CLINIC HUMOR

Not so long ago an anxious mother came in to Hyden Clinic and asked if I would be willing to go out to the family jeep to see "a sick child" whose mumps "had fallen." Out I dashed with a RECTAL thermometer in hand only to discover that the "sick child" was a young man of some eighteen summers and at least eight inches taller than I!

And then there was "Knot-Head," a small boy with a cyst on the top of his head. He was the happiest boy on the creek when he first glimpsed his smooth pate a week after the Medical Director had surgically removed his "knot." "They'll have to call me by my real name now."

The little red tables and chairs which were given to the Clinic by Mrs. Roscoe Elam are a source of delight to the children who use crayon and chalk and x-ray wrappers to good advantage while their kinfolk get to see the doctor. Some of their efforts to depict a cow, pig, or a mule are a source of joy to me also! One picture I found of a lady with an ankle-length skirt was a very good sketch of the "new look."

The graphic expressions common in these hills often lighten an interview which might otherwise be just another series of questions and answers. A ten-year-old girl answered the question "What seems to be your trouble today?" with "I've got a rising on my tail." Upon examination I found that she was telling nothing whatever but the literal truth. Furuncle may be a perfectly good medical term, but "rising" is so much more to the point!

Caroline S. Stillman, R.N. ("Carlie")

OLD TOAST

Here's a health to all those that we love,
Here's a health to all those that love us,
Here's a health to all those that love them
that love those

That love them that love those that love us.

AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

Cleveland, Ohio
October 6th, 1948

Miss Nora K. Kelly,
The Bearsted Memorial Hospital,
London, England

My dear Miss Kelly:

I have just been reading the summer number of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, and find that "the old staff of the Frontier Nursing Service in England are to meet again this year . . . on Thanksgiving Day."

Somehow I can't refrain from sending a tiny word to you (early, perhaps, but none the less sincere) even though I am not one of you.

We are so grateful to you, we here in America, who owe you so much! We can never put it all into words—so I shall not try to. Without you there would have been no Frontier Nursing Service—no Wendover, no Possum Bend! You are wonderful women, all of you, and as a woman I thank you for what you do, but most of all for what you are.

I shall send you my thoughts on Thanksgiving Day, and shall hope for you all God's deepest happiness!

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) FRANCES P. BOLTON, M.C.

BEARSTED MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
London, England

November 10th, 1948

Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, M.C.,
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

My dear Mrs. Bolton,

How can I thank you enough for your very lovely letter. These have been very difficult years for many of us who had to return to England, leaving behind a life which we loved and

friends which we hold very dear. England has not been an easy place to live in, nor has it been easy for many of us to find the right niche in which to work, after some years' absence from the country.

I, myself, have missed so much the spirit of America (which prevailed throughout the Frontier Nursing Service) and which welcomed and inspired new ideas and initiative to carry them out.

No wonder we look back with longing to those days and nights, both winter and summer, spent riding to and from cabins either at the head of Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain, or down River at 'Possum Bend. We are proud, and what is more, we enjoyed helping to make Wendover, 'Possum Bend, in fact the Frontier Nursing Service the success it is.

Thanksgiving Day still means so much to us and many of us long to be back to work once more with Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, whose inspiration and spirit of service brought us together.

With grateful thanks for your letter of encouragement, which I shall most certainly read to the old members when we meet on November 25th,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) NORA K. KELLY

JUST JOKES — CONFUSIONS

SHORT CHANGED

Ticket Seller—You will have to change twice before you get to New York.

Lady—Goodness me, I have only this one traveling suit I'm wearing.

IT ALL DEPENDS

Kind Old Gentleman—What's your little brother's name?

Buddy—His name would be Jack if he was my brother, but he ain't, and her name is Ruth.

THROWN OVER

"I haven't seen your brother lately."

"No; he's in a hospital. His girl threw him over."

"That shouldn't have made him go to a hospital."

"Oh, but she threw him over a cliff!"

—*The Thousandsticks, Hyden, Kentucky*

A SIMPLE DEDUCTION

One Thursday, on my afternoon off, I started out alone on a little hike and trudged up a mountain creek in my blue jeans and boots. About half way up the creek I saw a little boy, about five years old, making mud pies on the bank. As I passed, he answered, "Howdy," in reply to my greeting; but it was evident he was puzzled concerning my identity. Although he did not know me he was too polite to come right out and ask the many questions which are always in the minds of friendly mountain folk (especially children) when they see a stranger; such as—who I might be, where I came from, and what I might be doing there. After I had passed, however, his childish curiosity overcame him and he called to me up the creek, "Are you'ns married?"

"No," I replied, thinking this a strange question, coming from someone who had never seen me before and didn't even know my name, and especially from a boy who could not have been more than five. So, I added, "Why do you ask, Sonny?"

"Well," he replied, "then you'ns must be a narse," and he went on patting his mud pie with the satisfaction of a young diplomat.

Lucy Ratliff

WATER DIVINER FROM A FRUIT GROWER'S DIARY

Called in to see the garden of a colonel, who, as a sapper in India, found water for cantonments by divining. Trying his 'twig' made of two lengths of whalebone tied at the one end, I found myself sensitive enough and able to divine. He told me that at times, with a fresh-cut twig of hazel, the twist above water is powerful enough to strip the bark from the parts gripped in the hands.

—*The Countryman*, England, Summer 1948

TEDDY'S FLASH APPENDOCTOMY

The four days as scrub nurse in Surgical Clinic were over for "Teddy" when she decided to play the role of patient at our Hyden Hospital—her naughty appendix was vying for top billing. It was a typical "blue" Monday—cold and rainy—and the local telephone system was out of order. This meant that someone would have to drive to Hazard to fetch the surgeons, so Sister Hope and I took off in her "Cloudship" (her new car seemed heavenly after my first few experiences in jeep-riding!) . . . and we sailed over the slippery, winding roads to Hazard.

When we got back, we learned that the wires had started humming again less than a half-hour after we had left for Hazard! Luckily, the electricity had behaved so that the surgical supplies could be sterilized upstairs.

Dr. Collins and Dr. O'Donnell arrived at the edge of dark and proceeded with their pre-operative preparations. Darkness had settled upon the hill when Teddy's first incision was made—**then** our trouble really started—the lights went out! While the surgeons held their clamps, we bystanders scurried about for flashlights, but the lights came on again before we returned. Our trusty flashlights proved to be blessings, however, because the lights continued to go off about every three to five minutes!

When the last skin suture was being put in, the lights came on again—this time to stay. So went the "whys and wherefores" of Teddy's flash appendectomy.

By Catherine Mirabito, R.N.

IRREGULARITY NO. 152

Forms cover everything! We have received, with a charred letter, the following:

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

The inclosed piece of mail was damaged by fire in a mail car on January 29, 1949, enroute from Toledo, Ohio. Irregularity No. 152.

C. J. Booklet, Postmaster

CJB/WHM

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Mae Rohlf in Canton, China—October 24, 1948

Things have been moving fast here the last few weeks. I was on duty one day when we suddenly received word from the American Consulate that if we expected to move our institution, or rather evacuate it, we had better do it within the next two or three weeks as the tension in Tsingtao was becoming worse and the Communists were closing in on us! There seemed only one thing to do, and the Mission felt that if I could possibly "take it" I was the one who ought to go and investigate places to which to move the hospital. Mr. Reinbrecht, Mr. Shutters and I left for Shanghai the same afternoon.

The place we have in mind, which may be allocated to us by the Lutheran World Federation, is Waichow on the East River. It is farther south than Canton. There is a former school building there. They used to accommodate 150 students there, and we might be able to use it for a hospital building. There is also a single women's house and a house for a family.

I was afraid I'd have to do a lot of persuading, but when I talked to the superintendent of the field, who is a Norwegian, he just seemed to take for granted that the hospital would be evacuated to this place. He is just afraid that perhaps the buildings are not adequate for our purpose. Of course, the idea of moving isn't a pleasant one. The language here will be a great handicap as it is Cantonese and we are all from the North and speak Mandarin.

November 14, 1948—From Tsingtao, China

Going back to my last letter—when I arrived in Shanghai from Canton things began to happen. I arrived in Shanghai fully convinced that we should move to Waichow. Then came Chiang's message—splashed all over the front pages of the Shanghai papers. He admitted his defeat—gave little hope for recovery, said that the crisis would be within the next three months, and so on. I don't know when I ever felt so "let-down" as it were, so utterly helpless in this whole mess and so without

hope. I kept thinking of my Chinese in Tsingtao, feeling I should get back to them and our Mission people as fast as I could. I did get the first plane available. Fortunately word of Chiang's message of defeat had not yet reached the papers in Tsingtao. However, I wasn't there but a day when the "blast" came to Tsingtao and our Chinese. I hope I'll never have to go through those days again, but I am so thankful I was here to be with our Chinese friends as they faced the future.

Immediately Dr. Chang and several of the graduate nurses came to discuss our future with the turn in the political situation. They begged me not to think of staying this time—to get out before the "turn-over." I believe they would fare better without us this time than with us. We would be a liability to them. I don't think we can help them in this situation except in prayer. Their connection with foreigners and especially Americans would not put them in the best "light" with those to come, and I don't want to do anything to make things harder for them. Thus I plan to get out before the "turn-over" as do most of us.

On November 10th the following notice came from the American Consulate:

"Military developments in North China make it appear possible that hostilities may spread to other areas hitherto peaceful with results that normal transportation facilities from Tsingtao may be disrupted. Also, with approach of winter and increasingly acute shortage of food supplies and fuel those remaining in Tsingtao may be subjected to undue hardships. Accordingly it is suggested that unless you have compelling reason to remain in Tsingtao you consider the desirability of evacuation from Tsingtao while transportation facilities remain available."

Then on November 12th this cable came from the Board:

"Board Executive Committee and Secretaries strongly advise missionary families with any children under six return America. All others may return or may seek temporary work and residence in South China. Evacuate all possible hospital equipment to safety . . ." et cetera.

The Board evidently doesn't realize that the picture has changed from a local situation to a country-wide one. There is no place of safety in China to which we can move the hospital equipment. At a special Mission meeting last night we voted that the Singer, Sell and Shutter families should return as soon as possible. The rest of us will wait a few weeks to see how

things go. We all expect to exacuate before the "turn-over" unless we are taken by surprise. Of course we want to remain with our Chinese to the very last.

From Adelheid Mueller (Heidi) in Enshih, Hupeh, China

—November 28, 1948

Greetings from the heart of China! And since the Holiday Season will be near when this reaches you, Norma and I would like to take this opportunity to wish you and all our friends still with the F.N.S. a very Merry Christmas, and a New Year filled with blessings from on high.

We have thought much about the F.N.S. especially since we arrived here at Enshih on November 4th. How right you were when you said that there is a great similarity between people and conditions in remotely rural areas the world over! There are many things here which remind us of Kentucky, and about the only difference seems to be one of degree. The scenery is perhaps even more picturesque, the mountains are less heavily wooded and less confining (this morning the higher ones surrounding our beautiful valley were snow-capped) and the terraced rice paddies and vegetable gardens present an ever-changing panorama to our eyes. Fruits, vegetables and flowers grow in abundance the year around, and there are many varieties unheard of in the States. Though we still have everything to learn about the Chinese people, there are many things about them we have already learned to like and admire. They possess a wonderful sense of humor, and they love to laugh and see the funny side of life. We are still amazed to see how incessantly they will toil and labor for such pitifully small returns. They surely are industrious, and highly skilled in many ways. Their needle work is beyond compare, and craftsmen seem to be able to turn out practically anything you want. Furniture for instance—all you need to do is show them a picture, and they will make almost an exact duplicate of it for you—all by hand, with the aid of very few, and very poor tools. They seem to have a special formula for varnish. It lasts a life-time. The varnished surface looks and feels like glass, and nothing stains it; even boiling hot water won't harm it in the least.

There are indeed tremendous obstacles which stand in the

way of making real progress in our work here, not the least of which is the Chinese language. It is notoriously difficult for foreigners to master, but I believe it is also a handicap to the Chinese people themselves. That it is a scholarly language cannot be denied, but to the impatient mind of an American it seems intensely impractical.

As for the development of the medical work here, the field is wide open. Superstition, fear of innumerable spirits, poverty and ignorance are all factors which will impede progress, but the biggest threat to our work here is the very serious political and economic condition of China as a whole. Though the civil war has not as yet penetrated these remote areas, the future does not look very bright.

Our mission celebrated the 10th anniversary of its medical work here this year. Though we have never had hospital buildings worthy of the name heretofore, an amazing amount of work has been accomplished in the makeshift quarters used. The other night Norma and I got in on a most interesting case. A four-day-old baby was brought in which had been born without a rectum; he was in surprisingly good condition, so our good Dr. Chen decided to operate immediately. It was accomplished by the light of a gasoline lamp with a flashlight serving as a spotlight. The operation was a success, and the baby left the hospital on its fourth post-operative day (against advice); nevertheless, he is still getting along fine, and Dr. Chen says his prognosis is excellent. He had 14 similar cases previously, most of which survived and got along fine. The mission here has for years dreamed of the day when they might erect a hospital building which would more adequately serve the needs. We are permitting the work to go ahead in spite of the dark future. Somehow I just can't believe that our work here will fail.

Oh, what a thrill! We just heard the "Hallelujah Chorus" over my wonderful Zenith radio. Of all the things I brought along with me there is nothing I cherish as much as that one link with the world we left when we came out here! We get wonderful musical programs, and the news broadcasts are appreciated so very much. We seldom get to see a newspaper out here, and when they do come through they are so old that the news isn't news anymore! Short wave reception is perfect, and

we can get broadcasts from the States, Honolulu, Manila, Australia, England, India, and elsewhere. It's really a treat out here where recreational facilities are so very much limited.

From Olen Boyer Whetstone in Tsingtao, China

—December 9, 1948

A goodly number of missionaries and foreigners have already left China on two evacuation ships furnished by the Navy from here. Many of us wonder at the demand from some places in America for more and more aid to China. American aid will not solve China's problem, or give the Nationalists the will to fight, or restore the confidence of the people in their government. There is no doubt to us here that the latter two are missing. The struggle in the whole world today is a spiritual struggle, and Communism can be overcome only by a greater faith on our part, and a more zealous and better-directed desire to heal the evident sorespots of our present society. If you could see the poverty that we see every day, not as the exception but as the rule, you would understand that the hearts of many are capable of being misled by any false prophet who promises bread. Tsingtao is still pretty much as usual, however. The two main signs of the Civil War being the numberless crowds of ragged dirty refugees that are everywhere, and the soaring of prices which are already beyond the ability of many to meet.

From Rhoda Lenhart in Northern Rhodesia—December, 1948

News from Kentucky is always welcome so you see all letters are gratefully received.

My first personal encounter with malaria came last April. Now I know how to sympathize with my patients. It is not a very pleasant feeling. However, mine was not a severe attack as I had been taking quinine, Gr V, every day.

This is our rainy season and that means planting and caring for gardens. My work is light. People are too busy to be sick. The babies will come, however. I do not have a lot of OB. Unless it is abnormal they don't bother to come for me—only the teachers' wives and some of the working men's wives. I missed one just the other day. The father went home from work at 9:30 a. m., found his wife far along in labor and came for me.

By the time I got there it was all over. She had tied the cord three times with bark string (dirty stuff) and was up sitting on a brick. The mothers here get up and fix their beds almost immediately after delivery. The father was back to work about 10:45.

On August 3rd I delivered twin boys—the first a vertex and the second a breech. The native women looked on with doubt on their faces. Both of them are doing nicely and I can't tell which was the smaller at birth. After it was all finished and the babies were wrapped, one in a flour sack and the other in a three-cornered piece they tie on their heads, the women thanked me and accepted me as a "muchambeli" which is paying me a good bit of respect since I am still a "girl" and have had no babies myself.

These people are very interesting, even though at times they are exasperating by their slowness and dullness. With it all they have a way of making you love them.

The language I have found a bit difficult. There are just fifteen different ways of saying "these," "those," and "those yonder." It just depends what the noun is. I can understand more than I can speak, and being able to understand helps out a good bit.

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From Marion Benest (Bennie) in Bowral, N.S.W.,

Australia—December, 1948

The Bulletins which you have so kindly sent to me all these years contain always so much about the expansion of your work that it has been easy to follow the changes through the years. It must be one of, if not the most interesting and entertaining Bulletins published.

As you will see, I am again in the land of the sun after nine years in the Service, which is doing me a great deal of good. I found being out of doors in the warmth a pleasant change after such a long period in offices or underground. The food being more rich and much more plentiful is rather inclined to upset me at times, but that will no doubt soon pass.

The F.N.S. must have spread its work much farther afield during the past 15 years and no doubt many more improvements have come about such as new roads and cars, and modern

buildings. Hyden must be very much more a business centre, but I still see it as it was in '32 with trails leading into it and through it into the creeks and woodlands beyond. I doubt if there is any other place which could impress one more than the life in the Kentucky mountains, especially where you have done so much. Here, as you undoubtedly know, there is now a well established flying medical service, one which has grown considerably since I was here ten years ago, many more flying doctors and more planes. Large numbers of immigrants are coming into the country, but the majority do not seek life in the "out back." They tend to congregate around the cities and coastal towns, making the housing problem doubly difficult.

From Janet Coleman in Worcester, England—December, 1948

You will know from Kelly about Thanksgiving here in England, but perhaps you would like my reaction.

Did I really dash up to London or was it the most wonderful dream? We were busy, but I had decided I must get up to London for Thursday p.m. At 9:15 a.m. I was off from Evesham by train to London, really going, and wondering about whom I should meet—would we have changed much?

Five-thirty p.m.—Regents Palace Hotel—a sudden recognition—"Green!" "Janet!" and off we were—WHY, WHAT, HOW!!! And now Kelly and then quickly, Margaret (with long, long hair!) Holly, Marsh, MacDonald, Tinline, Allison Bray, fresh with all the news, and just as we started dinner at 7:15 p.m., Doubleday. A wire from Ellie and Vi, letters from Denny and Helen Browne and Mrs. Bolton.

Dinner and coffee and eventually orange juice to quench our thirst from so much talking!

A very real dream, which I hope to dream again next year!

We remembered you all, and thought very specially of Bucket. I landed at my friend's house at 11:30 p.m., obviously having had a tremendously happy time.

From Margery Tait Burton (Madge) in Sussex, England

—December 12, 1948

We had Margaret Watson with us for two days last week prior to her sailing on the Queen Elizabeth on the 15th of Decem-

ber. On Tuesday we went 1½ hours by bus to Midhurst to visit Mickle Major. You can imagine how the tongues just wagged—our first meeting since Palestine in 1943. Wattie had been to the reunion on this side, so was able to give us the latest F.N.S. news. The Bulletin keeps me fairly well up-to-date, but it's nice to have the personal news now and again.

We're to have two ounces of bacon for Christmas week—so—"Sing, Brother, Sing"!!! I never dreamed that two ounces of bacon would loom so important in my daily round and common task!

Remember, please, there is a corner with us for any F.N.S. connection who should perchance pass this way. Don't hesitate to use us. My love, and our joint good wishes to you and all the Service for this Christmastide and the coming year. Bless you all.

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From Elsie Nora Kelly Suckley (Nellie) in Surrey, England

—December 12, 1948

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for the Bulletins which are such delightful reminders of a never-to-be-forgotten part of my life. I feel as I read that I still belong and can keep in touch.

My marriage is so happy—three wonderful years—but I still get pangs of homesickness for Kentucky, for the violets in the spring, the friendliness, the honesty.

This Christmas will be so wonderful for us, as it is the first baby boy will remember and understand. We are really going to splash with our decorations, and we have bought him a motor car he can ride in, as well as various clockwork toys, bricks, etc.

We are fattening up a very scraggy rooster we call "George." We weigh him each week in a zipper holdall with a spring scale. He has only reached six pounds, so far, with only a fortnight to go until Christmas! He eats plenty of potatoes, bread, rolled oats, pearl barley, semolina.

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From Catherine Cirves in Madison, Wisconsin

—December 15, 1948

When I send Christmas greetings to the F.N.S. I remember the happy Christmas Day I spent at Wendover.

This Monday evening I attended a Christmas-like banquet given by our nurses' district in honor of Miss Richards. In the program which followed she was quoted, "Many and varied blessings have come to me in my years of hospital life but never one greater than that of knowing Miss Nightingale. And I have learned that true progress in the largest sense of the word comes most rapidly by acknowledging good work whenever it is found and by learning to follow a good example."

If I have not voiced this before, I should like to say (not as a Linda Richards but as an ordinary nurse) that I appreciate all that you mean to so many of us.

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From Amy Poston in Okinawa—December 16, 1948

I hardly know where to start. Everything seems like a wonderful dream. The trip by air to the West Coast was rough. We stopped in Chicago, Kansas City, Amarillo, Albuquerque, Los Angeles, and Burbank. From there we went on to San Francisco which is about 45 minutes from Sausalito, where we were processed and given shots. I was fascinated by the famous Fisherman's Wharf where they have all sorts of live sea food in the open market. There we ate a wonderful dinner, lasting about two hours. We rode the cable car, went to Oakland, Golden Gate Bridge and I saw the well known prison at Alcatraz at a distance.

From there we left on a transocean plane and after 12 hours arrived in Honolulu. Another eight hours and we landed on the tiny island of Wake which isn't anything but coral dust, and a hot place. Eight more hours and we landed in Guam for three hours, and then seven more hours to Okinawa. We lost a day coming over between Wake and Guam as time changes a whole day there.

Okinawa is the largest of the Ryukyus chain of islands separating the China Sea from the Pacific Ocean. The natives live in small huts with thatched roofs. They speak the Japanese language and do not understand the Americanos, as they call us. They either go barefoot or wear wooden clogs on their feet, carry their babies on their backs and carry anything else on their head. They wear no make-up and do not care for jewelry.

All have high foreheads, olive skins, black eyes, and dark, coarse hair.

Our living quarters are very comfortable and each of us has a maid who does the cleaning, washing and ironing and they do it all beautifully even though they don't understand English. I caught cold coming over on the plane and my sinus was giving me a great deal of pain so I told my maid I was sick and she packed my face for almost two hours with hot towels, massaged me, and chattered away about something. I was well the next day.

When I left California I hadn't the least idea what sort of work I would be doing but I was assigned as secretary to the Chief Engineer. The weather is wonderful here. The sun is warm enough to go without a coat in the daytime, but the nights become slightly cool and a light-weight coat is comfortable. Sunday I took a tour of the island and the most beautiful sight of all is the China Sea which is less than quarter of a mile from where I stay. It is the deepest blue I have ever seen. They say it is because of the immense depth of it. The Pacific Ocean on the other side of the island is not nearly so pretty.

From Bobbie Sitton Berentson in Old Greenwich,

Connecticut—December 20, 1948

Lots has happened since I last saw you and Wendover. Ben and I are lucky to have four smart and beautiful (see who's talking) children—three girls and a boy. The war put a crimp in our production, so while Anne and John are ten and nine, Susan is only two and Jane two months.

After hearing Jean on the subject of golden retrievers I longed for one and five years ago was able to get a cross-retriever and English setter. Gallagher is really handsome and as spoiled as dear old Feno ever was.

We live in a private district with its own dock, and a part of our yard is a tidal estuary where eight feet of water comes twice daily. My interest in birds, begun at Wendover, has persisted and finds new impetus here. For the first time in fifty years the American egret returned. We saw him daily. Wild ducks come to our door to be fed and at our winter station chickadees and song sparrows come constantly.

From Mrs. Jean White Byrne (Jerry) in Knoxville,**Tennessee—December 23, 1948**

I wouldn't take anything for the privilege of having lived and worked with the F.N.S. in the Kentucky hills for those four years. Never have I done anything more worth while, more soul-satisfying, nor had more unique experiences. I never can forget the F.N.S., its ideals, its courage, its progress; and most clearly of all, I shall always remember the people.

From Dorothy Fraser Martt (Dotty) in Germany**—December 29, 1948**

During this wonderful holiday season the F.N.S. has many times been in my thoughts. I hope you've all had the good Christmas you so richly deserve. Our's has certainly been a fine one. We had our first heavy snow just one week previously. The 25th was clear but cold and white. The Alps dressed in white, their evergreens bowed 'neath the weight of a million icy jewels, made the perfect background for our festivities.

A German neighbor cut our tree from the woods above the house here and it's still shining in our living room. It had to be about a foot and a half off the floor so that our puppy can't get to it, and its silver star touches the ceiling.

We made a trip to Italy the early part of November. It was like a dream, getting to visit Venice. But we didn't miss Verona, either. That's the home of Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet you know. In fact, we even saw Juliet's balcony! We hope to be able to make at least one more trip before we return to the States (which will probably be early in April). We want to see England, Belgium and Holland. We just cross our fingers and hope we'll be that lucky.

From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Hampshire, England**—January 2, 1949**

This afternoon I went to see Worcester and had tea with her. Her cottage is very nice—has a glorious view from her sitting room window. She keeps a few hens and when they are laying well lets me have some eggs as we only get one each week with our rations. They are a godsend.

You will have heard about Worcester finding me a flat. It

is wonderful to have a place of my own. I have a lovely big sitting room, small kitchen and smallish bedroom. They are pleasant rooms with a friendly atmosphere. I have two beds so can put one friend up at a time. If you ever come over to England I hope you will come to see me.

Have just finished reading "Organdie and Mull," a charming little novel, isn't it? I shall treasure it. I have my favorite photograph of Mrs. Breckinridge on my mantelpiece, the one where she is wearing a big white apron and feeding her chickens.

From Carolyn Booth in Bridgeport, Connecticut

—January 3, 1949

Last year as I worked in Hyden, and the holiday season drew nearer and nearer, I wondered how the F.N.S. staff could each and every one be so content to be away from home for Christmas. Before the season was over I knew the answer. And this 1948 season brought me very close in my thoughts to all the Christmas activities in Leslie, Clay and Perry Counties, from the basement labors of Thumper and Mary Ann Quarles to the pageant at Wendover, Santa Claus giving out Christmas bags, and the Legend of St. Christopher.

I am working for the Y.W.C.A. now. It's fun to be home, but there's not the daily excitement Wendover afforded. Penny and Lizzie inspired me to buy a Golden Retriever pup who keeps the whole family constantly amused.

From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson (Pete) in Nassau,

Bahamas—February 2, 1949

Eric and I have a cute, tiny, cozy little cottage about the size of the Upper Shelf (if as large) called "Riptide," though I refer to it as the "Gold Fish Bowl." We have a most efficient and charming maid who does everything so life is still a honeymoon for me. I work in an office six mornings a week, from nine to twelve-thirty.

Yesterday afternoon my F.N.S. days prompted me to visit a nursing center having a well baby clinic,—very interesting and so like an F.N.S. clinic. Last week, I'm told, they weighed in 115 infants between two and five o'clock—a record crowd. Yesterday there were about 90, I think. I was doubtless under

foot, but the head nurse invited me back so I think I'll try to make it once a week, if she'll have me. One white woman (a winter resident) was weighing the infants and I wrote down the weights on a card. They have prenatal clinics certain mornings but patients go to the hospital for delivery by licensed midwives, with a woman doctor head of the obstetrics department. Evidently the hospital gives a midwifery course here. All were colored people at the clinic and Bahamian nurses, too. The little clinic building made me think of the F.N.S. clinics like the one at Stinnett for instance—but pink plaster on the outside.

NEWSY BITS

At Christmas time we received greetings from—

—**Margaret Oetjens** who is now back in Chicago after some four years in New Mexico.

—**Jane Sanders Burt** in Phillips, Texas. Her husband is working in a big refinery there and Jane is nursing in the company hospital.

—**Aase Johanesen** who is head nurse at the Women's Clinic, Yale School of Nursing in New Haven, Connecticut. She is most enthusiastic over their two-year project of "natural childbirth."

—**Reva Rubin** in Salzburg, Germany. She writes that her work is administrative, out of necessity rather than preference, and that she is learning to love the Tyroleans—"They are so much like our people in Kentucky."

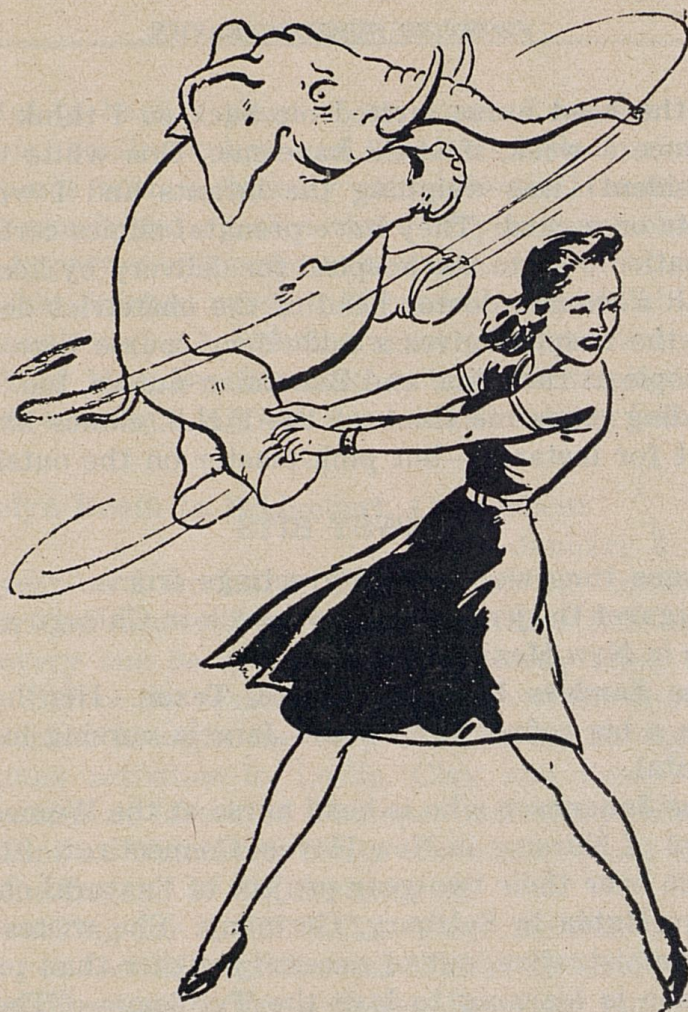
—**Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Capps** in Waverly, Tennessee. It is hard to realize that their "little" boys are now old enough to be in prep school!

Our love and sympathy go to **Margaret Field** in the loss of her father early in December. Margaret is happy that she was able to be with him during the last few weeks. She writes that she is now working in a doctor's office in Riverton, New Jersey, and living at home with her mother.

WEDDING

Miss Virginia Lamb to Mr. James W. Chrestman on January 23, 1949, in Dresden, Tennessee. All our best wishes go to this young couple for their future happiness.

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue

New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

A voyage which Good Fortune steers
Where'er the sun may shine;
And that the best of all your years
Be NINETEEN-FORTY-NINE,

That cherished dreams may all come true—
Both yours as well as mine—
And that our jolts and jars be few
In NINETEEN-FORTY-NINE,

That, when the year has reached its end,
There may from every line
Stand firm the wishes I now send
For NINETEEN-FORTY-NINE.

—English Calendar

The Annual Meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service in New York, sponsored by its chairman, Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, its Committee, and always attended by a great many friends, will be held this year in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom on Wednesday afternoon, March sixteenth. The delay of two months from the usual time of holding this meeting has been caused by the illness and death of Dorothy F. Buck. The New York Committee, with a courtesy and consideration which we will remember always, deferred the meeting so that the Director of the Service could remain with her old associate and friend.

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The Washington Committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Adolphus Staton has arranged for our traditional Washington Benefit, with John Mason Brown, to take place at the Mayflower Hotel on the afternoon of Monday, April twenty-fifth. Mrs. Staton has asked the Director of the Service to come to Washington to introduce John Mason Brown and to precede his lecture with a few colored slides of the work in the Kentucky mountains.

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We were honored when the Department of State of the United States asked the Frontier Nursing Service for information about its work to be inserted in *Air Bulletin*. This is prepared "by International Press and Publications Division, OIE,

and air-pouched overseas for distribution to and use by the press as part of, or in conjunction with material from the U. S. Department of State Wireless Bulletin." *Air Bulletin* devoted nearly two pages of No. 90, Volume 2, December 31, 1948, on Frontier Nursing.

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The Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service of which Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd is Chairman, has met several times within the past six months. Pending our next meeting in Chicago in the fall of this year, this Committee took up as a project the direct approach on the part of its members to a number of old friends of the Service whose subscriptions had lapsed. The result of this personal interest has been a flood of checks which sure do come in handy during the winter months. The Committee has also sponsored suitable publicity about the courier service in the Chicago papers.

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Our trustee, General Thomas Holcomb, Ret., U. S. Marines, has returned to his home in Maryland from his post as United States Minister to the Dominion of South Africa. Mrs. Holcomb writes us that while they lived in South Africa she spoke often of the Frontier Nursing Service, especially to groups of doctors and nurses.

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Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, has spoken three times recently to clubs in places near Philadelphia. Whenever they give her a fee, she sends it on at once to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Mrs. Kenneth MacGregor, formerly Jean Stout, a Georgia scholarship student in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, spoke in November to the Mercy Hospital Guild in Des Moines about her experiences in Kentucky.

Our courier, Susan Spencer, a graduate of Smith College, spoke about the Service to a group of seniors in December.

We were delighted to get this report from Miss Katherine Davis, Editor of *To Dragma*, official organ of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority: "We certainly did appreciate your sending Betty Lester and Mary Ann Quarles to Louisville for our

Founders' Day—they did themselves and F.N.S. proud—and we were so happy to have them as our guests.”

Our readers know that mail has come to the Frontier Nursing Service from all over the world. Our latest correspondent has turned up in Freetown, Sierra Leone. We save unusual overseas stamps for “Pebble” Stone who passes them on to a Veterans Hospital.

The American Association of Nurse-Midwives sends to all of its members a mimeographed copy of the minutes of each annual meeting, with a digest of the talks of the speakers and the discussions. The minutes of the last annual meeting contained a résumé of Dr. Kosmak's fascinating talk, and the discussions that followed it.

Since the American Association of Nurse-Midwives has no regular publication of its own, this Bulletin is delighted to give space to news about the Association for the benefit of those members who are subscribers. The January, 1949, issue of the *Mother*, official organ of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare, carries an article by Dorothy F. Buck on the American Association of Nurse-Midwives. It was written by Miss Buck and revised for her by others because she had become too ill to make her own revision. The same January number of the *Mother* carries the following notice:

NURSE-MIDWIVES GROUP BECOMES MEMBER
OF AMERICAN COMMITTEE

The application of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives for inclusion among the member societies of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare was acted upon favorably by the Board of Directors of the Committee at a special meeting held in St. Louis November 27, 1948. Elsewhere in this issue of the *Mother* there is a brief history of this Association written by its Vice-President, Miss Dorothy F. Buck. Mrs. Mary Breckinridge of Wendover, Kentucky, is the president of the Association. The Chairman and the Board of Directors of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare take pleasure in welcoming the American Association of Nurse-Midwives to membership among the societies making up the Committee and hope that the affiliation will prove of substantial and lasting mutual benefit.

We have read with interest the latest pamphlet from the World Calendar Association of 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20,

New York. We believe that all of our readers would go in for the World Calendar, to replace the outmoded one to which we still cling, if they would send for information and study the matter. We particularly like the fact that the thing is made to balance by the insertion of an extra day at the end of the year—Worldsday—a holiday in which the whole world would share.

“On December 30, 1950, both the old and the new calendars agree, and by changing December 31 to the new world holiday—Worldsday—the old year as well as the first half of the twentieth century will close, and the new year of 1951 and the second half century will begin on Sunday, January 1, with The World Calendar in operation.”

A GREAT WOMAN DIES

Miss Dorothy Farrar Buck, who died Tuesday at Wendover, Ky., was a great nurse and humanitarian who spent 21 years of her life administering to the needs of hundreds of persons in the mountain areas of Eastern Kentucky through her work with the Frontier Nursing Service.

A native of Massachusetts and the daughter of an Episcopal minister, Miss Buck was a well-educated woman who also was highly trained in the field of nursing. She left an important position in the East to come to Kentucky in 1928 to join the Frontier Nursing Service as a staff nurse. Later in the same year she went to England to take graduate training as a midwife in London so that she might be better qualified to do the type of work required of nurses in the mountains.

When she returned to Kentucky in 1929 as a fully qualified midwife, Miss Buck again entered upon her work with the nursing service, often traveling by horseback day and night to perform her mission of nursing mountain women in childbirth. She served several years as a district nurse-midwife, was made a service supervisor and later became first assistant director of the service.

Miss Buck, known to her fellow workers as “the Bucket,” possessed all the fine qualities of a true humanitarian. She often endured physical hardships to perform a much-needed service for the people of an area that is not blessed with modern hospital and medical conveniences. She contributed much to the welfare of Eastern Kentucky, serving nobly and unselfishly. She was a great nurse, a great humanitarian, a great woman.

—From *The Lexington Herald*
February 10, 1949

FIELD NOTES

Our big year-end joy was the return to the Frontier Nursing Service of Miss Ann P. MacKinnon—our “Mac.” It is more than twenty years since she first came to the Frontier Nursing Service, and eight and a half years since she left us on leave of absence for the war. All who ever came in touch with her, those from outside the mountains and those who live in the hills, all of them were attracted and attached to her. She has taken up her old job as superintendent of our Hyden Hospital. Betty Lester is still there, helping her to take over.

We may now reveal something that was terrifically hush-hush during the war. Mac was given the post of superintendent of a hospital train which was based at New Market. Whenever a town was blitzed this hospital train pushed off to the devastated area and picked up the badly injured people—men, women and children. Under complete blackout the train started off with its load of patients, doctors and nurses towards a town that was blitz free. It was fully equipped with a long line of sleeping cars, a clinic, an operating room, and a room from which refreshments could be served. The patients were cared for while the train was moving. They did not have to wait for operations until they reached their destination. The train was so complete, and Mac kept it so immaculate that when Lady Mountbatten did an inspection she said to her: “Miss MacKinnon, your train is as clean as my husband’s ship.”

Our Bulletin readers, Mac’s old friends, knew about her train. The hush-hush thing that we can now report is that the train itself got blitzed, despite its blackout. Mac was among the injured. The worst of the things that happened to her was a broken back. She got extremely good care in a military hospital and she swears that she is quite all right now. After her recovery she did administrative work at Black Notley in Essex until her return. Our only sorrow in the joy of having her back is that it was the death of her beloved older sister which freed her to return to her Frontier Nursing Service home in Kentucky.

In another part of this Bulletin you will read a story called “A Winter’s Tale” by Anna May January. We have had some

appalling accidents from first to last here in the Kentucky mountains but never have we had one in which a nurse as narrowly escaped death as Anna May escaped it on Monday, December 6. She has been stationed at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center, "Possum Bend," at Confluence, since September, 1945. On this December morning she was riding off on her mare Patsy in her usual high spirits. The ground was muddy and slick. Patsy got nervous and suddenly reared. She and Anna May went over together. In the fall Anna May was thrown violently against the pommel of the saddle. A small intestine was completely torn in two; a pubic bone was broken and there were minor injuries. Fortunately Rose Evans—Cherry, the Edith Harkness Memorial nurse and the senior at Possum Bend—was near at hand. Among the dear people who reached Anna May quickly were Jewitt and Emery Johnson and Fred Sizemore. There has been no telephone at Confluence since the flood. Anna May was put on a cot in Jewitt's truck and Fred Sizemore drove her and Cherry over the appalling road twelve miles to our Hospital at Hyden. Doctor Barney decided to take her at once by ambulance to Lexington without waiting even for an X-ray. Mr. Van Beaver of Hyden donated the ambulance. Thelma Blackburn of our staff went along for twenty-four-hour duty at Lexington, bless her. Anna May was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital where Dr. Eugene Todd operated. Peritonitis was inevitable; but with penicillin, sulfa, and streptomycin, as well as blood transfusions, we don't fear it now as much as we once did. Dr. Barney spent the night in Lexington, and Thelma stayed on with Anna May until her return to Hyden on December 18.

It is unbelievable that Anna May could make the trip back to our Hospital at Hyden in twelve days but Mr. Clarence Kerr of Lexington donated an ambulance to bring her back, and she stood the trip beautifully. She remained about five weeks in our Hospital at Hyden; then she came over to Wendover for about ten days. Now she is back at her home in Texas continuing her convalescence.

Our Trustees all know that the Frontier Nursing Service carries employers liability insurance. This is not mandatory in Kentucky but we have always carried it for all employees,

and our claims for accidents are met promptly. The only claim the insurance companies have ever disputed was when one of our nurses was bitten by a copperhead snake years ago. The companies insisted that a snake bite was not an accident. We insisted that it was not an illness. In the end they gave in and paid the bill. In the case of Anna May January they met her expenses in Lexington—the hospital and the clinic bill, the X-ray for a check-up—a total of \$290.24 for the twelve days, in full. They also paid two-thirds of her salary during her illness and convalescence. As for Anna May's own point of view, she is full of apologies for Patsy and full of gratitude for Dr. Todd, Dr. Barney, Thelma and all the Hyden Hospital nurses, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Van Beaver, Mrs. Bagby in Lexington, and Cherry and her dear neighbors at Possum Bend.

The nurses and nurse-students at Midwives Quarters of the Graduate School decided they wanted an electric hot water heater to replace the fierce little coal stove that provides one boiling bath and then cold ones. A new electric water heater cost exactly \$248.49. Eva Gilbert asked if they might have permission to raise the money themselves, among the old graduates of the School and their personal friends. This they did, and the student-midwives are now bathing enthusiastically. Among the letters that Eva Gilbert received, with checks, from nurse-midwives once trained in the School, the following from Mrs. Catherine Lory of Indiana, is typical:

"I think your idea of appealing to the alumnae is a very good one. Am very glad to make a contribution. I'll never forget how grand it was to be able to have a hot soak after a long ride or a night on a case.

"Also think your plan to spare Mrs. B. a good one. She has her hands and her heart full just now. Hope you are all able to raise enough for your heater."

We are grateful to the Mowbray and Robinson Lumber Company of Cincinnati for the gift of a jeep their employees had been using in here and could have sold profitably. It was an outright gift. When Mr. Jimmie Sizemore, the Leslie County clerk, made the transfer he waived his clerk's fee in executing

the bill of sale for this jeep. He said if the Mowbray and Robinson Lumber Company could give the jeep he could give his fees to make it a complete gift.

Mr. Gillis Morgan has donated 34 tons of coal from his mine for the Hospital and Wendover—a royal gift indeed.

Mrs. Roscoe Elam donated two lovely small painted tables and several children's chairs for the use of the little people who come to Hyden Hospital Clinic.

We acknowledged, oh so gratefully, in an earlier Bulletin, a gift from the Chickasaw Wood Products Company to the Frontier Nursing Service in 1945, of the surface rights, including primeval timber, to the 95.8 acres of land on the steep mountain immediately behind Wendover. We have just received from the Ford Motor Company the wonderful gift of all the mineral rights to this same mountain. This means that we now own the mountain lock, stock and barrel. The engineer who represents the Ford Motor Company in here, our Trustee Mr. C. G. Queen, had the deed recorded at Hyden. He paid the recording fee and tax himself in order that the Frontier Nursing Service would have no expense whatever in connection with this gift.

Our bull, Frontiersman II, a Jersey registered as Royal Mighty Sailor, became so ill that he had to be put to sleep. He was a fine animal, gentle and reliable. It is absolutely essential for us to keep a bull because our herd of cows is Bangs-tested twice a year and can only be bred with a Bangs-tested bull. Unfortunately, we are now going through a period of five or six months without being able to breed our cows. However, we shall not have to buy a new bull, something we have never had to do, because our courier Dorothy Caldwell and her brother Jack, whose home is Featherstone Meadows, Burlington, Kentucky, gave us a baby Brown Swiss bull from their registered Bangs-tested herd last summer. This little boy will be Frontiersman III. Dr. W. W. Dimock of the University of Kentucky is keeping him until he is old enough to be brought up here to serve. His sister won the grand championship at the local fair last August.

Our mare Marvin, named for her donor, Marvin Breckinridge Patterson, ran an awful nail in her foot in January. Marvin is on duty with her nurse "Ginny" Frederick in the upper district of the Brutus area. She and her mistress were out on a maternity case when the accident happened. There are no telephones, so it took quite awhile for the message to come through to Wendover. Jean Hollins went over with Mr. Fawbush Bra-shear and he removed the nail with a pair of pliers. Marvin was led back to the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center where her foot was given repeated soaks in hot water.

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We have had few guests during the winter months. Phyllis Benson's father, Mr. J. B. Benson of Montrose, California, came in to see her and her brother Malcolm of Chicago arrived at the same time.

Sister Hope, bless her, who never fails to come when she is needed, spent two weeks at Wendover.

We rejoiced in a visit at Hyden, Wendover and Beech Fork from our former Midwifery School supervisor, Doris Reid.

Nancy Dammann, old courier, came to us for about ten days to take some winter photographs as a gift to the Service. Unfortunately, during the whole ten days we had no snow, but there was plenty of water in the rivers and creeks.

Also, it has been a source of help and happiness to have Hazel Dufendach back at work at Wendover through this difficult time.

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We have used our courier service heavily during these past weeks. We were fortunate indeed in having "Freddie" Holdship come back to us to help Jean in running this service. We were fortunate also in having two first-class juniors—Vera Potter of Boston and Elizabeth M. Johnson of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Elizabeth is a Bennington College girl and, like others before her, came to us for her winter field work outside the college walls. Vera is staying on through March as a senior courier.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
 2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
 3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
 4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
 5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
 6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.
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The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



WENDOVER IN WINTER
The Big Log House Taken from the Back

Photograph Courtesy of Vera Chadwell

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