

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 22

Autumn, 1946

Number 2





CHRISTMAS FOR GRANNY

—Photographed by Hans Knopf
Courtesy of Collier's Magazine

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CHRISTMAS

by

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1633)

All after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
With full crie of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next inne I could finde.

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, readie there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief.

O Thou, Whose glorious yet contracted light,
Wrapt in Night's mantle, stole into a manger,
Since my dark soul and brutish, is Thy right,
To man, of all beasts, be not Thou a stranger:

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou mayst have
A better lodging than a rack or grave.

"GOD BLESS THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE"

by
HALLIE MAGGARD

We were deeply moved to receive the following two-part story from a member of one of our well-known Leslie County families, and to receive her permission to print it in our Quarterly Bulletin. With the story came the following letter:

September 6, 1946

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I am mailing you a story which I have written for you. I have woven this story around your wonderful work in the mountains, and have tried to show how all appreciate you and your nurses, even the outlaw in his most degraded state.

Just a kind thought from mountain folks.

Very sincerely,
HALLIE MAGGARD
(Mrs. Jess Maggard)
Owl's Nest Creek, Kentucky

I

ON A MOUNTAIN TRAIL

Far back in the Kentucky hills, Bad Mose, a notorious and dreaded outlaw; lay in ambush guarding carefully his well-hidden moonshine still. Across his lap lay his rifle. By his side sat, as if motionless, a tousled haired ruffian known as Zeke. They were watching the trail below them. Their ears were alert to every sound. Their eyes were keen and piercing.

"Quick, draw back behind these bushes," whispered the leader. As they peered out from their hiding place they saw for a moment, silhouetted against the western sky, the blue-gray uniform of a young woman riding at breakneck speed.

"It's only Scotty," said Bad Mose. "She is going to see a patient just over the p'int," and the two men shuffled their giant bodies into more open space.

"Say, Zeke, you are kind of a newcomer and I want to give

you a very important order and I never give one twice. You saw the nurse who just passed. I saw the gleam in your eye, but take orders once and for all. I take my hat off to the Frontier Nurses. My men all do the same."

"Yes, Boss," said Zeke, eager to obey his master.

Bad Mose talked on in a monotone of voice. "I owe my life to that nurse," and he nodded in the direction which Scotty had taken.

"I was in a skirmish once on one of the loneliest trails of the hills. I crawled into an old deserted cabin to die, I thought, as I sank into a coma with my back against the log wall. A terrible thunder storm came up and drove a wet, bedraggled little nurse into the same cabin. She flashed a light around and when she first saw me she thought she had found a dead man. Quickly she found her saddlebags and from its contents she dressed my wound as best she could under the circumstances. I must have passed out for a short time. I just had a dim recollection that as she was leaving the cabin I heard her say: 'I'll send help to you.' This last sentence brought me to my senses. I dragged myself outside the cabin. The rain was over. Half pitching and falling, I stumbled on through the woods, and sometime the next day I made it back to my den."

II

"OVER THE P'INT"

A young mother lies on a roughly made bed, smiling between pains of agony. A white-aproned nurse busily empties her saddlebags and arranges all needed articles on a small hewed table. The lamplight is dim and smoky. The nurse finds her flashlight very convenient as she goes from the cabin living quarters into the dark kitchen which is only a lean-to, built out of boards and slats, and fastened on to the side of the cabin. In this kitchen sleeping peacefully on the floor are several small children with only an old worn quilt underneath them.

Sitting outside the cabin, quiet and silent, is the man of the house. You only know he is there by the occasional flash of a match as he lights his pipe.

The mother smothers back her cry of aches and pains as

she goes down into the valley and shadow. "I don't want to disturb the children," she whispers to the nurse.

All is over. A little bit of humanity is placed in the mother's arms and, as the nurse takes her leave, the mother gives a wan smile and says, "I never got along so well in all my life, thanks to you, brave little nurse, and I join in with thousands of other mothers of the hills as they say, 'God Bless the Frontier Nursing Service.'"



LOUISE FINK, B.A.

**A. O. Pi Social Service Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service
and**

Paddy, the Collie

In front of the Garden House at Wendover

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(In 12 Districts; 8 Centers
in 3 Counties)

THE ORGANIZATION
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
1946

What It Is

The Frontier Nursing Service is an incorporated, non-profit philanthropy. Anyone who contributes two dollars or more to its work is an honorary member and receives the Quarterly Bulletin published by the Corporation. Voting membership is comprised of groups of men and women, both professional and lay persons, organized into committees, in a number of large cities and eight local communities, to further the work of the Corporation. Those Committee members who attend the annual meeting vote for the Board of Trustees and for the officers of the Frontier Nursing Service for the ensuing year. The powers of the Board of Trustees, when it is not in session, are vested by the Board in an Executive Committee. These bodies approve all policies and ventures of the Frontier Nursing Service; the Director of the Service is their official representative.

The Frontier Nursing Service has two professional advisory groups, the National Medical Council and the National Nursing Council. Those members of the National Medical Council who live in Lexington, Kentucky, comprise the Medical Advisory Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. It is this Committee which prescribes and authorizes the Medical Routines of the Frontier Nursing Service which are the standing orders under which its nurses work.

Location of Its Work

The Frontier Nursing Service provides a program of medical, nursing, and social service work adapted to the needs of remotely rural areas. The field chosen for this work is about seven hundred square miles located in the Appalachian Mountains of southeastern Kentucky, extending into four counties—Leslie, Clay, Perry, and Owsley—but covering none of them. All

its boundaries are determined by natural barriers, not by artificial county lines which often run through the middle of a neighborhood. Hyden Hospital, Midwives Quarters (building for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery), and Joy House (home of the medical director) are in Hyden, the county seat of Leslie County on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. About five miles from Hyden is Wendover, administrative headquarters and the home of the Director. Besides these, there are six outpost centers, nine to twelve miles apart; three on the Middle Fork, two on Red Bird River, and one on Bullskin Creek which flows into Red Bird River.

Living Conditions

At each of its eight centers the Frontier Nursing Service owns its own land and buildings. At Hyden part of the stone hospital and an annex to it serve as living accommodations for the nurses. Joy House and Midwives' Quarters are on the hospital grounds. Wendover is composed of a group of buildings, in several of which are bedrooms for nurses and secretaries. All Service personnel have rooms to themselves. Wendover and Hyden each have a large living room and a dining room while Midwives' Quarters has a combination living-and-dining room. The six outpost centers have well-built and well-equipped eight-room houses. Two of these rooms are clinic and waiting rooms, and the other six serve as homes for the nurses—at three centers for one nurse each, at three for two nurses. All centers have large barns, cow sheds, chicken houses and acreage for pastures and gardens.

Hyden and one of the outpost centers have electricity. The rest of the Service depends on kerosene lamps and candles for light. All centers have running water and bathrooms. Except for three of Wendover's older buildings (heated by individual open fires), all have central heating, with open fires in the living rooms as well.

It is the policy of the Frontier Nursing Service to stabilize the cost of living for its staff. At Hyden and Wendover everyone pays a fixed rate for room, board, and laundry, the details of which are managed by specified members of the administrative staff. In the outpost centers the nurses make their own house-

keeping arrangements, but the Service provides furnished living quarters, keeps them in repair, and pays board for all patients and guests of the Service. The Service also provides a cow for each center and feeds it. In times of high prices the Service makes other adjustments to keep down the living expenses for its staff without sacrificing quality. Each center is expected to keep a maid to do the housekeeping, milking, and cooking although the lack of skilled domestic help in the mountains makes necessary a varying degree of supervision on the part of the nurses.

The regular working week has forty-four hours. For all but the hospital nurses this is made up of eight-hour days with Sundays and Saturday afternoons off duty. In the case of hospital nurses the usual working day is seven and a half hours with six hours on duty Sundays and one day off each week. The schedule is so made up that each nurse has last hours before her day off and has forty-eight hours free before going on night duty. Because there are times when over-time work is necessary, a vacation of six weeks with full pay is allowed each year.

The Nursing Work

In order to cover the territory where travel is difficult and time-consuming, the nursing work has been organized on a decentralized basis with Wendover as administrative headquarters and Hyden as medical headquarters. The entire staff works under the guidance of the Director of the Service who is a registered nurse with graduate public health training and who is a graduate midwife holding the certificate of the Central Midwives Board of England. The Director has two assistants who are graduate registered nurse-midwives. The first assistant is a college graduate and holds a master's degree in Public Health and is responsible for the field work and educational programs, including that of the Midwifery School of which she is dean. The second assistant helps the Director in her contact work and helps in field supervision. Under the Director, too, are the superintendent of the hospital and the instructor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. This latter is a college graduate and holds a master's degree.

Hyden Hospital

The Hyden Hospital is a general hospital of twenty beds and six bassinets taking in all types of cases except those with chronic, mental, or (except in rare instances) communicable diseases. It is the only hospital within many miles of our territory and many people from outside the area seek admission—more than the hospital can accommodate. The hospital superintendent has six full-time graduate nurses under her: one a nurse-midwife, four non-midwife nurses for floor duty, and one graduate nurse for the large out-patient department. The nurse-midwife has charge of all midwifery patients in the hospital and supervises the hospital work of the midwifery students. The floor nurses get experience in each of four types of hospital assignments. As ward nurse each cares for non-midwifery patients; as surgical nurse she has charge of treatments, medicines, dressings, and sterilization; as obstetrical nurse she assists the nurse-midwife; and as night nurse she has complete care of all hospital patients except maternity cases in labor.

Often specialists from the cities offer their services for special clinics. Two such clinics (one for general surgery, one for tonsillectomies) have become regular annual events. Except in the case of special clinics, only emergency surgery is done at Hyden Hospital. The regular hospital nurses help in the operating room. The visiting surgeon for the hospital lives in a mining town twenty-four miles away. As this town is on the state road and has a telephone connection with the hospital, there is little delay in getting him, and his promptness in responding to our calls is only equaled by his kindness and skill.

The medical director holds a clinic in the outpatient unit of the hospital three times a week. Patients from all over the territory and from beyond it come to these clinics. The medical director has a non-midwife nurse and a secretary to help her with these and to send reports back to the nurses from whose districts the various patients come. The nurse helps with the laboratory and X-ray work and keeps the doctor's medical and obstetrical saddlebags in order. She is in charge of the clinic on non-clinic days, to care for emergencies and for those who must return for treatment.

District Nursing

District nursing is carried on by all centers of the Frontier Nursing Service. At Hyden there are two nursing districts; at Wendover, one; and of the outpost centers, three are divided into two districts and three are single district centers. At each center the district nurses hold a clinic one morning of each week, and sometimes a second clinic at small outlying dispensaries, but most of their work is done in the homes of the people. Theirs is a generalized program and each nurse is responsible for the health of everyone living in her district. The first fundamental of the work is bedside care—bedside care for the sick, for the woman in labor, and for the young baby and his mother. Only in chronic cases does the nurse leave the actual nursing in less skilled hands—and then only after a sufficient number of demonstrations have been given to convince her that the home care will be adequate. After that the nurse makes follow-up visits to assure herself that all is well. Having demonstrated her value in bedside care, the nurse goes on to include a broad public health program; inoculations, wormings, and instructions concerning sanitary privies, a pure water supply, and a diet as nearly adequate as possible. The only instance where a district nurse-midwife does not carry this whole program is on the double district at Hyden. Here a non-midwife nurse carries everything except midwifery. This is cared for by the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Although a state road now passes through Hyden, and WPA roads make it possible to reach most of the centers by jeep or truck in dry weather; the nurses must still follow poorly defined trails leading along rough creek beds, over steep mountains, and through fenced cornfields to visit their patients. Only in parts of three districts has a car proved useful in the district work. For the rest the nurse travels by horseback, her supplies in saddlebags, at an average speed of four miles an hour. She often is unable to get back to the center for lunch but carries sandwiches with her. She does try to get back in time to write up the records and do her time sheet at the end of the day's work. Each nurse keeps a full record for each individual in her district. Records are kept in family folders in

files at the center. Daily time sheets and closed out records are sent twice a month to the record office at Wendover.

In all her work the district nurse follows the Medical and Record Routines. If the Medical Routine proves inadequate, she gets help from the medical director. When she needs assistance or advice with her nursing work she gets both from the field supervisor. The executive secretary, the social worker, the record office personnel, and the couriers act as her advisors and assistants in their various departments. Drugs and clinic supplies she orders monthly from the hospital superintendent and couriers deliver them to her when they bring the Service's blacksmith to the center to shoe the horses.

New nurses are introduced to the district work by senior members of the staff who act as teaching supervisors. For about six weeks the new nurse assumes little responsibility. She is under the direct supervision of the senior nurse who plans each day's work and helps her with the riding, the trails, the records, and the routines. Even then the new nurse is not usually given a district. For a varying length of time she acts as a relief nurse, going wherever the need is greatest. In this way she becomes familiar with all the nursing centers and often with the hospital as well. Later she becomes a junior nurse at a center and finally is given charge of one.

Senior Cadet Affiliation

The Frontier Nursing Service began its cadet program in the Spring of 1944. According to this program a limited number of senior cadets are given experience for not less than four months and preferably for six months in the generalized nursing work of the Service. Before being accepted the student must have had a minimum of six weeks' visiting nurse experience, or some other form of public health, and must be recommended by the director of her nursing school as being suitable for this type of work. It is not necessary that she ride horseback, though she should not be unduly frightened of horses.

The first few days with the Service, the cadet spends at Wendover where the resident courier, or an able senior courier, checks on her riding ability and her knowledge of saddling her own horse and caring for him. If she does not know these

things before coming to the Service the couriers teach her. After she feels at ease with her horse, she is put directly under one of the district nurses chosen because of her teaching ability. This nurse-midwife gives her demonstrations and teaches her the routines of the Service. After the student is allowed to go out alone, she discusses her cases with the nurse-midwife each night and at intervals the nurse-midwife makes supervisory visits with her.

The work of the cadet includes home visiting in sickness, public health, and maternity nursing; clinic work in these fields; and, usually, a limited amount of work (not over one month) in the Hyden Hospital. Cadet experience does not include instruction in delivery technique, but the cadet does assist the nurse-midwife in her deliveries. Before leaving, each cadet makes an inspection tour of all eight centers of the Frontier Nursing Service.

There is no formal class work. Occasionally the student may be asked to attend a special lecture, but for the most part instruction is given in individual conferences and by clinical teaching. The cadet is expected to write up one case study or a paper on some phase of her work. She keeps an experience sheet which she sends in each month to the central office, and each nurse-midwife under whom she works sends in an evaluation of the ability the student has shown in various phases of her work, thus enabling the field supervisors to see just how each student is progressing. At the end of her stay with the Frontier Nursing Service a summary of her experience sheets and a report on her abilities is sent to the home school.

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

In November, 1939, the Frontier Nursing Service started the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery at Hyden. This school gives graduate nurses a thorough training in midwifery and frontier technique. The course is of six months' duration and the School is equipped to take six pupils at a time. Classroom and living quarters are at Midwives' Quarters, an attractive building on the hospital grounds. The instructor and district supervisor have their meals with the students, but their bedrooms are in the annex of the hospital.

The curriculum meets the requirements laid down by the British Central Midwives Boards including prenatal, delivery, and postpartum care. The pupil is taught to care for the normal; to recognize the abnormal and to give emergency treatment when necessary. Class instruction by a graduate registered nurse-midwife and lectures by the medical director are given; demonstration and practice on a manikin, actual prenatal and postpartum work in the homes and clinics and hospital, and deliveries both in the homes and the hospital are included in the course. Tests and discussions are frequent. The final examination is given by physicians from the Kentucky State Board of Health and includes written, oral, and practical work.

Upon completion of the course and passing the Kentucky State examinations, the nurse-midwife is given the diploma of the school. She also receives a certificate from the State Board of Health entitling her to practice midwifery in the State of Kentucky and authorization from the Board to use the letters C. M. (certified midwife) after her name. The course is one for which Teachers College of Columbia University in New York will allow credits toward a B. S. degree.

Auxiliary Work

Administration

Since the administrative headquarters of the Service are at Wendover, the administration of the work is an integral part of the work itself, and the expense of renting outside city offices is saved. The Director of the Service makes her home at Wendover where she acts as general consultant and with the help of her secretary, takes care of a vast correspondence from all over the world. The executive secretary lives at Wendover and carries the responsibility for all construction, repairs, upkeep, insurance, and orders for a wide variety of supplies ranging from carloads of hay to parts needed for deep well engines. Here, too, are the headquarters for the assistant directors in charge of field work.

Since no organization can ask for public support unless it keeps an accurate accounting of its affairs, the Service has bookkeepers and statisticians at Wendover who meet the high stand-

ards required by our treasurer and auditors and by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York, which up until the war did the final tabulations on our maternity and early infancy records. Wendover is also a Federal institutional post office, whose revenues go to the Frontier Nursing Service, and to one of the secretaries is assigned the work of postal clerk.

Social Service

The social service worker has her headquarters at Wendover, but functions throughout our territory. Her salary is paid and a monthly grant is given towards the expenses of her work by the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority, which years ago adopted this department in the Frontier Nursing Service as its national field of work. She visits social service cases reported to her by the medical director and the nurses on the various districts. She arranges for transportation to the free children's hospitals in Cincinnati and Louisville for children needing specialized pediatric care; for transportation of crippled children to the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission; and, for blind and deaf, to the state schools for those so handicapped. Passes are given to indigent patients and their attendants by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. The social service secretary is responsible for such delinquent children as are turned over to the Service by the courts; for the children the Service is educating, for the orphans it has placed in neighborhood families, and for special help to families where there is tuberculosis or some other condition causing acute financial strain. She also carries as much recreational work as her time permits.

Courier Service

The courier service is entirely composed of volunteers, young women, nineteen years old or over, who are experienced horsewomen and who have been recommended to the Frontier Nursing Service by former couriers. Three or four couriers are scheduled to come at the same time and to remain with the Service for a period of six weeks to two months. These young women have as their direct responsibility, the horses of the Service with all barn equipment such as saddles, bridles, and saddle blankets. This equipment must be kept in perfect repair

and replaced when necessary through the order department under the executive secretary. Sick or lame horses must be nursed and tired horses at the outpost centers replaced by fresh ones. The extra horses are kept on pasture at The Clearing, an extensive acreage adjoining the Wendover property. In addition to their other work, senior couriers also have special care of the truck and jeeps which have become necessary with the coming of better roads.

Although the couriers headquarter at Wendover, they are constantly in the field, not only on business connected with the horses, but to act as messengers between the centers or as escorts for guests, patients, and new staff members, or as drivers of the truck, jeeps, or station-wagon-ambulance. To give continuity to this vital service, it is under the direct supervision of a resident courier, who has had training in animal husbandry. When she is away on holiday, she is relieved by one of the older senior couriers.

Demonstration and Research

The program of the Frontier Nursing Service is intended as a demonstration of a method of meeting rural needs. In recognition of the significance of this demonstration, three universities have conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon its Director. Professional guests—doctors, nurses, and social workers—have come from near and far for varying periods of observation and study. A recent issue of the Quarterly Bulletin reports many such guests during the preceding summer. These came from Belgium, Canada, China, France, India, Korea, and Paraguay, as well as from several of our own states.

The Frontier Nursing Service has from time to time taken its part in professional research. At present it is co-operating in a study of the effect of thiamin in the diet of pregnant women upon the intelligence of their offspring. Its part in this study is under the direct supervision of the Research Director but the whole staff is participating in it.

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

As its name indicates the Quarterly Bulletin is published

four times a year by the Frontier Nursing Service. The Director of the Service is its editor. Although its subscribers and contributors include people interested in remotely rural work from many parts of the world, its stories, photographs, drawings and cartoons are contributed chiefly by workers, volunteers, and guests of the Frontier Nursing Service. The summer issue, Number One of each Volume, carries the annual report of the Service. The subscription price of one dollar a year meets the entire cost of the Bulletins, with a small surplus annually.

Financial Basis

The Frontier Nursing Service is financed by over four thousand annual contributors, by endowment income (the endowment in 1946 is nearly \$500,000.00), by returns from benefits held through committees of the Frontier Nursing Service, by sales of articles given for the Service to the Bargain Box, a thrift shop at 1175 Third Avenue, New York City, and by its small local fees. These are the main sources of income that meet the annual budget of the Frontier Nursing Service. The budget for this current fiscal year is \$124,000.00. The income from the small fees charged by the Frontier Nursing Service during the last fiscal year met less than nine percent of the budget.

Free medical, nursing and hospital care is always given to children. Maternity cases are cared for at a fixed fee of ten dollars whether delivered in their homes or in the hospital. The hospital charge for other adults is two dollars per day. An annual fee of one dollar is charged each family for district nursing. Small medical fees are charged adults, other than maternity cases. Dressings and medicines are sold at cost. Payment in work and produce is always accepted in lieu of money and fees are modified or remitted to meet individual needs. Never is a service made conditional on ability to pay. On the other hand, fees are charged to those able to pay them in order not to lessen the native pioneer independence of the patients.

REPORT FROM ONE OF OUR PATIENTS

"I am full of pains and jealous and bitter but my bowel never move today."

A LETTER WE APPRECIATE

Hyden, Kentucky
October 30, 1946

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

I've been home a week today, and that "intended letter" hasn't been written yet! So this morning before it is time for the Baby's bath I want to put down in writing (as well as in my own mind) my appreciation to the Service for all of the wonderful care and attention that has been bestowed upon me during the months we were anticipating that baby's arrival as well as during the time that I was in the Hospital.

The patience, carefulness, and cheerful spirit of all the nurses as well as the feeling of confidence which Dr. Dale inspires within you were so very much appreciated.

I want to mention one thing that was particularly outstanding, and that was the pains taken and sweet patience shown to some of the patients who would ordinarily be just plain "exasperating" because of their lack of ability to obey orders. Having visited several other hospitals recently it made a very deep impression upon me to see that nothing like money, position, or rating influenced the care given except the need of the patient. And it was so good to find that spirit!

For the above reasons, and for many more that I never can enumerate, I want to say a deep heart-felt THANK YOU.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) ALICE ESTRIDGE

SURPRISE

The pickpocket at the fair let out a yell as he slipped his hand into a farmer's pocket—in which there was a ferret.

—*The Countryman*, England

Ye canna mak' a sojer
wi' braid an' trappin's braw,
Nor gi'e him fightin' spirit
when his back's ag'in the wa';
It's the breedin' in the callants
that winna let them whine,
The bluid o' generations
frae lang, lang syne.

—*The Pibroch*, October, 1945

In Memoriam

MR. BETHEL B. VEECH, Louisville, Kentucky

Died May 8, 1946

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and
what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly,
and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

—Micah VI, 8.

These ancient words describe the character of this beloved trustee of ours. We were conscious of the simplicity and uprightness of his nature throughout the long years we were associated with him. What it meant to the Frontier Nursing Service to have his guidance on our Executive Committee, to have him twice visit us up here, to have him help in shaping our policies from our early years—what all this meant, only those of us who worked with him fully understand. In a tribute to him by the Committee of the joint sessions of the Second Presbyterian Church of Louisville of which he was a member these words are used: integrity, courage, good judgment, genial spirit, loyalty. They are all fitting. So we found him throughout the years of his honored life. The deep tragedies that came to him in the death of his wife, and the loss, during the war in the Pacific, of the gallant grandson who bore his name, saddened his later years but if they changed him it was only to make him, if anything, more understanding than he was before. We shall always miss him and our deepest sympathy goes out to his family.

JUDGE SAMUEL M. WILSON, Lexington, Kentucky.

Died October 10, 1946

. . . the unimprisoned Mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

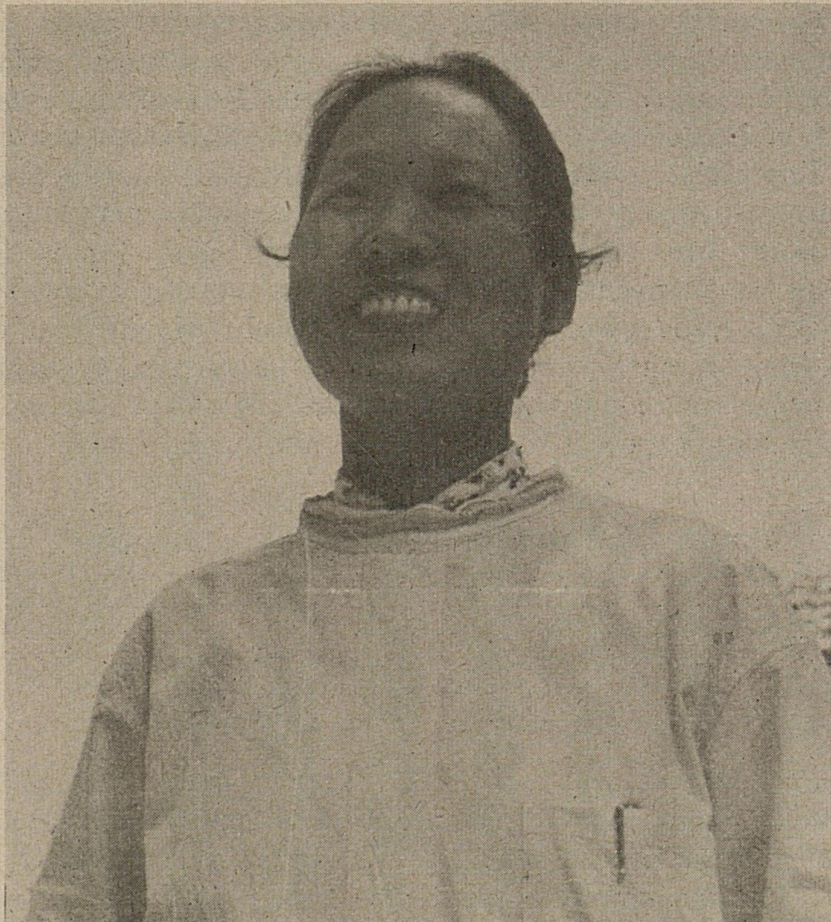
—William Wordsworth

Judge Wilson was one of Kentucky's most distinguished citizens, as a lawyer, a jurist, an historian, a civic leader and a devout member of the old First Presbyterian Church of Lexington. He was an officer too in the first World War where he

was injured, in France, by a bomb fragment. As a member of the Blue Grass Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, Judge Wilson included us in the wide range of his public interests. In remembering him, now that he has crossed over to the other side, we think chiefly what a dear friend he was.

Judge Wilson's wife, Mary Shelby, came as he did from old Kentucky pioneer stock. As they were singularly well mated theirs was one of those happy marriages that can be broken only by death. In the desolation of her life today our hearts go out to her with tenderest sympathy. It is much to have shared a life like his. It is much to know that the sharing will some day begin again.

DR. LUCY CHAO, Nanking, China
Died June 2, 1946



Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, Friend!

—Richard Crashaw, Seventeenth Century

It is only a year since we printed in this Bulletin a Chinese legend Dr. Chao had written out for us, and with it this picture of her. It was taken when she stayed with us in the summer of 1945, and it looks so exactly like her that one cannot see it and think that she is dead.

While she was in America she had had an operation for a comparatively superficial cancer. She told us about it, and said that she hoped it would not interfere with all she had to do when she got back to China. It had returned for months before she took to her bed, months in which she was organizing, building, furnishing and putting into operation the Health and Maternity Center and Nursery she established at Nanking. During this period of the hardest conceivable work and incessant physical suffering, she was cold because there was almost no fuel even in winter weather. She was hungry because food was hard to get and dear. But she got powdered milk for the children in her nursery, and she saved fuel for them by herself having only one hot meal once every two days.

Among the millions of people in China it seems as though one of those who could least well have been spared has been taken. In our ignorance of the stage of life that follows death, we find it hard to believe in the continued usefulness to the world of a person no longer living in it. That Lucy Chao continues to serve humanity is the conviction of some of us. There is something else of which we are certain. A brave person, a selfless person, a kind person has inspired courage, unselfishness, kindness, not only in the people who knew her, but in the whole human race. There shall never be one lost good, as Browning said, and a medieval saint had this to say about people like Lucy Chao, "His Majesty greatly loveth courageous souls."

MRS. LETHIA COOK HIBLER, Hazard, Kentucky

Died November 2, 1946

So many Gods, so many Creeds,
 So many ways that wind and wind,
 While just the art of being kind
 Is all this sad world needs!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

This dear member of the Hazard Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service was a universal friend. While all of Eastern Kentucky mourned her death, messages and flowers poured in from other sections, sent by men and women who met her on visits to Hazard. To meet Mrs. Hibler was to like her. Frequent meetings brought about enduring friendships. The hotels she established in Hazard, where she was one of the early settlers, were run with an atmosphere of such consideration that those who stopped there would return again and again. To us in the Frontier Nursing Service in our early years Mrs. Hibler meant everything. When we got off the trains at Hazard we always went to one of her places before starting the twenty-four-mile horseback ride over to Hyden. We directed guests to go to her. We always told anyone who was in any difficulty in getting in touch with us that Mrs. Hibler would take care of them. She was one of the most truly kind people we ever knew.

In Hazard Mrs. Hibler's work in organizing the Red Cross Chapter, in planning relief for such disasters as floods, crop failures, mine accidents, and the like, made her its most honored citizen.

APPROACHES

When thou turn'st away from ill,
 Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
 Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"
 Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern Duty wakes to watch,
 Then His hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse
 Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
 Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
 Then is Christ thy very soul.

—George MacDonald

FROM A COURIER'S LETTERS HOME

by
LILLIE MIDDLETON
(Rochester, New York)

Wendover, Kentucky
September 16, 1946

Dear Mom and Dad,

I can hardly believe that we're here at last. Pat and I arrived in Hyden by about 1 o'clock. Wendover is really much more civilized than I had expected, although I must admit that I was surprised to say the least, when on the ride over we just went right into the river and forded it in a jeep.

Pat and I have a room in what might be called the administration building (offices below) and we're really nestled in the hills. The other main building is the Big House where Mrs. Breckinridge lives and where we all eat. It's now after supper and I've just been talking with a Korean doctor who is visiting here. When I signed the guest book, Rochester looked so silly after Korea, China, South Africa, Paraguay, India, England, France, et cetera.

There's so much more to tell but in spite of the hour (8:30!) I'm all ready for bed. Pat and I took a heavenly ride this afternoon through beautiful woods along the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River.

September 20

Tuesday night Jean, the resident courier, came in and said one of us had to go to Flat Creek to get a horse. We flipped and I won every time. We left—Jean, Dr. Brown, a veterinarian to test the cows, and myself, on Wednesday morning. Stopped at the Hyden hospital, and arrived at the Flat Creek Center by noon—this all by jeep. The district center set-up is much more than I had expected—nice white barn and lots of lawn and trees and garden around the house. Inside there is a big living-dining room with stone fireplace, screen porch, bedrooms, a kitchen and a clinic room—all on one floor. Three nurses were living there. The chief one, Chappy, is a nurse-midwife. She's about twenty-six. The other two were younger, one a cadet

nurse. They were really nifty to me and I felt at home right away. Had a chance to meet some of the people. The family we visited was obviously comparatively well to do. We sat on the porch and chatted while two older women peeled apples. I noticed particularly that the kids seemed very bright and quite independent.

I spent the night there at Flat Creek and left this morning after breakfast. Shiloh, the barn man, had said he expected to find me "bust wide open like a punkin on the side of the road" (all very encouraging for my first venture!) but I had already decided not to worry and the horse was fine. It was a gorgeous day—not a cloud in the sky and just as warm as summer. The road followed creeks through the woods for about ten miles until we came out on the highway in to Hyden. In spite of the heat, there was an earthy sort of smell of autumn and the leaves had succeeded here and there in putting on their brilliant reds and yellows. It was a long ride (about five hours) but fun—singing and not knowing what to expect around the next turn.

September 25

Every day here seems better than the day before! Pat and Connie left on rounds on Monday so I've had quite a lot to do. Today Jean said I could go out with Odette, a nurse from France on a fellowship here. We went up a creek to see a mother and her week-old baby. They lived in a typical house—the foundation stone packed with clay, the walls built of logs, with boards or slats on the inside, then papered—but this one didn't have the usual newspapering. The roof looked like it was made of hand hewn boards. Around the dirt yard surrounding the house ran an old board picket fence which I think served to keep the chickens in and the hogs out. The father ushered us into the little room with its big iron double beds and a crib between. Odette introduced me to the mother and her least one and began preparing for the bath. As there were no tables, she put three straight wicker chairs in front of the nice cheery fire and started to work. A little sister brought me a barrel to sit on. The family seemed happy and most grateful to Odette.

It's strange but I think I've never felt quite as much at home immediately anywhere as I do here, in spite of all the

newness of it. I'm terribly happy and feel very fortunate in being able to come.

October 10

We finally left on rounds on Thursday and just got back last night before supper (Saturday). We had three beautiful cloudless days, in fact so summery that by yesterday I was wearing my sweater around my head to keep the sun off! It was really hot. Thursday morning we went about fifteen miles to Confluence for lunch. It was all up and down steep rocky hills and through deliciously cool woods. I kept wishing for some colored film or a paint brush because the countryside was really all out in technicolor against the sky. The center at Confluence is right on the bank of the Middle Fork of the Kentucky, lots of trees and shrubs and a lawn and a nice cozy little house. A nurse was there to greet us and after we'd stuffed ourselves we just sat and talked while the horses rested. We rode Brandy and Puck to Bowlingtown for the night. It's not a very long ride. Inty, the nurse, was there with a really warm welcome.

The next morning (after exercises to victrola records before breakfast!) we left Inty and Bowlingtown and headed for Brutus. As it was only a three-hour ride, we took our time. Found a heavenly spot by a nice stream with pine trees around and a big rock to sit on. People passed by with a big grin and a "howdy" but didn't seem too amazed to see us there.

Brutus seemed more out in the open than the other centers. It must be pretty bleak in the winter time. We had another tremendous dinner and got to bed early. The next morning after waiting for some reports to take back to Wendover, we finally left Brutus by about 10:00 and didn't get back to Wendover until 6:00, so it was a long trek but a nice one.

October 28

Here I am back again after a perfect week at Beech Fork. I just wish Pat could've gone too. Thursday I had a chance to go out all day with Jane (one of the nurses) and loved it! We went to about six different places, first up Bad Creek, then up the river. Most of them were prenatals. On Friday we had a terrific downpour and I watched the river rise—literally. Chappy and Jane went to the clinic so I had to keep the home fires

burning. Saturday was beautiful and clear. In the afternoon Jane and I cleaned the chicken house and made a roost. Really learning something new every day. Wielded an ax but not too successfully. Sunday afternoon I had to start back, feeling very sad, as I had become attached to the place and everything about it. Got a few pictures but I never seem to get them at the right time. There are so many little things we've done and seen, and things about the people, that I don't ever want to forget.

October 31

Dear Dad,

This has been a terrific two days but I can't write much as I'm completely exhausted and Pat and I plan to rise at 5:30 tomorrow for our last ride before she goes. Mom arrived and since she's been here we've been on something of a tear. Last night was the Hallowe'en party at Joy House. Mom went as a squaw, Pat and I as Raggedy Ann and Sleepy Sam. Some were marvelous—especially Billie as Uncle George! Afterwards Pat and I stayed at the Hospital and saw a delivery! It was most exciting. They called us to don our masks and gowns in the middle of the night (5:15, that is) and the baby arrived at 5:40. Brownie was wonderful. We sat and talked afterwards and left after breakfast. Pat and I traipsed back to Wendover, from the Mouth of Muncie, still in costume, and met the truck with Mom and Jean on the way to shoeing at Bowlingtown. Now Connie's on a delivery call with Bertha and Odette. She certainly deserves it—can't wait to hear! Have to stop. Can't believe the end is at hand. It's been a marvelous six weeks except that it's gone all too quickly.

MEXICAN WAR PERIOD

. . . the expanse of her skirts was nothing short of magnificent—some cathedral dome seemed to have been misplaced and the lady dropped into it.

—*The Two Vanrevels*—Booth Tarkington, 1902

. . . .

An old soldier once said to me that the progress of civilization can only be measured by man's consideration of man.

—The Honorable John G. Winant,
English-Speaking Union *Bulletin*, March, 1946

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
DOROTHY F. BUCK

From Clara-Dale Echols Winship in Quakertown, Pennsylvania—September 24, 1946

It has been a busy year, very busy and very happy. Pat received his discharge out at Tacoma in December and we flew east with the baby to his home in Massachusetts in January. We had hoped to return to Chapel Hill for spring term, but found that there was no housing of any kind to be had there so our plans for study have been shelved temporarily. Pat is teaching full time in the English Department at Lehigh. We've been wonderfully lucky about housing here. When we first came down in June, one of the professors loaned us his house while he vacationed and then we found an apartment on a beautiful farm near Quakertown. It's too far from Lehigh for our tired old Plymouth to commute, but it has been ideal for Susan for the summer and fall. We expect to move back to Bethlehem in the early winter, as soon as a Lehigh housing project is completed.

Susan is flourishing and is a little love of a girl. She is quite the bibliophile at fifteen months; feeds herself briskly and competently; and finds the farm very exciting. We expect her to begin walking at any time, for she stands alone with excellent balance. The large brown eyes she had as a baby seem to grow even larger and browner, but her dark hair has been so bleached by the sun this summer that it's a very light brown now. She's a plump little creature and a merry one, bless her.

I'm very proud of my canning. I, who scarcely know a mason jar from its contents. Of course I have no faith whatever that the stuff will keep but nevertheless we have tomatoes, peaches and applesauce. If you hear of food poisoning in the Winship menage or of our being shattered with exploding glass you'll know the fears of the amateurs are merely being realized.

From Jane Rainey in New Orleans, Louisiana—

September 25, 1946

How very often my thoughts are turned to the F.N.S., thinking and wondering what you all are doing at this time of the year, and wishing so many times that I were there.

In July I went up to visit Alice Axelson. It was my first trip north and it was wonderful. Everywhere were grain and corn fields, and I met many Swedish and Norwegian people. Every minute of the visit was interesting.

I have been doing private duty since coming back from my trip but that ends Monday I'm glad to say. I start in my own hospital (Southern Baptist) as maternity supervisor soon. It's a good, hard, interesting position and promises to keep me on my toes for I have much to learn.

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From Mary D. Jefferis (Jeff), in Worcester, Pennsylvania—

October 7, 1946

The weather has been marvelous here, but I have not been in the mood to enjoy it as all I can think about is what I should be doing. I have not touched a hand to my house yet, I mean actually cleaning it, except to put my clothes away and get things I needed out. I went to see a woman a week ago about coming up and cleaning for me and she wanted five dollars a day just to go over it. If she washed windows inside she wanted six dollars and if she washed any paints and floors she wanted eight dollars a day. I would have to go seven miles to get her in the morning and take her back and that made twenty-eight miles a day. So, I said to heck with it and decided to do it myself.

I am hoping to find a small apartment near transportation so I can put what stuff I want in it and go and come when I please, and not have to worry about heaters, oil, electricity, chains on my automobile and such. I can do without a car until the new ones are easier to get.

From Grayce Morgan Turnbow in Kansas, Utah—

October 16, 1946



Emma Jean Turnbow

You'll never know how much I wanted to help out in your offices while I was home and I meant to tell you so, but one never has time to cover all of the ground in one conversation. The reason I didn't just report for work, of course, was the baby. Mother didn't feel very well and couldn't take care of Emma Jean. It would have been impossible to have gotten a maid to care for her properly at her age. I wish you could see her now. She is so cute and just as healthy as when you saw her. She answers the door and holds her hands up to her ears when the telephone rings as if she is

answering! She can say several words and calls me Grayce. I enjoyed the Bulletin tremendously.

From Edith Anderson Lawrence (Andy) in Carmel,

New York—October 17, 1946

George is doing land subdivision work and likes it so very much better than his New York City job. All would be lovely if we had but a place to live. Right now we have a room with a hot plate affair in it. About November 16th we can have a tiny apartment in a remodeled building. There is a bakery shop (retail) on the first floor.

**From Elisabeth Holmes Rodman (Betty), c/o Rev. J. R.
Rodman, Faculty of Divinity, New College,
Edinburgh, Scotland—October 17, 1946**

We had quite a trip! First we were held up two weeks by the shipping strike. Then, while in New York, one of my suitcases and our portable radio were stolen out of our locked hotel room. When the ship finally sailed we discovered it was a terribly over-crowded, slow boat, so we were two weeks on the Atlantic. The Captain of the ship had been arrested and fined by the Port Authority of New York for bringing thirteen hundred people over to the States on it without adequate facilities. It must have been a terrible trip for them, as even with only four hundred and fifty of us it was pretty inadequate. I was in a cabin which by all standards of good hygiene should contain only two, and we were nine. Besides myself there were two Czech mothers with four young children between them, an Iranian, and an old Frenchwoman about eighty. John was luckier with only five cabin-mates. This was first-class. I don't know what second-class must have been like. However, despite the over-crowding and lack of any comforts such as deck chairs, we all managed to have a good time. We got up a bridge tournament, the most international affair I'd ever participated in at any rate.

Somehow we got from Marseilles to Paris. Poor old France is certainly in awful shape. Their food is pathetic. We never saw any milk, butter, eggs, or meat at all except in a black market restaurant. It was quite cold, yet there was no heat on the train or in Paris buildings.

We arrived in London in the midst of their hotel strike but were fortunate in obtaining a room. What a wonderful city it is! And the way they've cleaned up and reorganized after all the damage sustained seemed to us nothing short of miraculous.

Edinburgh is lovely, even if it is the cold, dark season we're entering. The Scots are the kindest, most hospitable people I've ever met. Everyone tries to help us, from the tram conductors on up to the college people. The rationing is hard for them after so many years, but they just make the best of it. The milk

ration is one and one-half pints per week per person; butter is two ounces a week per person; there are no eggs except powdered eggs; and each person is allowed about thirty cents worth of meat per week. Coal is so severely rationed that we have a fire in our room only from four p.m. till about ten—and you know these large, high-ceilinged rooms in winter! Dinner is never served—just “high tea.”

The British Police asked us, when we registered, what America was doing for clergymen this year, so many seem to be in Scotland. It is a wonderful experience to be going to school in another country and we love it. We hate to be eating hard-to-get food but items contained in food parcels from the States have often not been seen here in years so I guess it evens out a little.

If there are any of the nurse-midwives I knew in or near Edinburgh I would love to have their addresses. We're going back to England for a holiday when one comes along, so I hope to see Madge Tait then. [*British nurses, please write Betty direct.*]

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From Mary Jane Laughlin, Lawrenceburg, Indiana—

October 24, 1946

My job is very interesting. I'm secretary to the Head of Government Regulations here at Seagrams. They have a beautiful plant and all the offices are immaculate. All of the secretaries stay here at “Ridgeview Manor.” It's a lovely old twenty-eight-room colonial house. We have a charming colored couple who fix all the meals, clean, et cetera. Really, they are wonderful cooks. Then we have a Sorority House Mother. It's almost like being at college. I go home every week end as there's no Saturday work at all.

I'm going to college on Saturdays and taking some courses I like. Seagrams sponsor the education, in fact they recommend it and agree to pay all expenses. They really are a grand company to work for.

From Eva Delaney Van Over in Lexington, Kentucky—

October 31, 1946

You should see our little daughter born June 27th. She came about six weeks before I was expecting her and only weighed four pounds and seven ounces. Now she has gained to eleven and one-half pounds. We are very proud of our son and daughter. They are a sweet pair.

Earl had two gardens and I've been canning like a house afire all summer. It makes me feel good to go to my basement though and see all my garden produce nicely stored in jars ready to eat.

From Charlotte Conaway (Sherry) in Columbia, South

Carolina—November 10, 1946

I'm really enthusiastic about my present assignment in the Veterans Administration. I've been assigned to the operating room and really enjoy it. It is a lot busier than the wards and somehow we never seem to stop. I know so little about the routines, et cetera, that every day is like going to school.

NEWSY BITS

The Reverend George H. Waters, father of our **Dr. Henry S. Waters**, wrote us on October 29th that Dr. and Mrs. Waters had sailed from San Francisco on the SS Marine Lynx on Sunday, September 29th, the day before the second Marine strike went into effect. Mr. Waters has had word that they reached Shanghai October 15th. Before this time they must have reached Iloilo in the Philippines. Their three children, Bill, George and Mary Alice are in Granville, Ohio, near the Reverend and Mrs. George Waters.

BABIES

We were glad to hear from **Alice Pierce Crawford** that her son Duncan arrived safely on September 9th. He weighed nine pounds and eight and one-half ounces.

And, just as we go to press, we hear that Pattie Tarlton, weighing seven pounds, was born to **Mary Jane Pattie Polsgrove** on November 15th.

ALUMNAE NEWS**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery****From Elizabeth Walton in India—September, 1946**

Do tell, I have now beheld my first delivery in India! Yesterday morning the patient went into labor. About noon they came and told Mrs. Fromman that she had been having hard pains for about an hour so she told them not to let the Indian "granny" do any internal examinations and then she sent word to me in case I should want to be there for it. I can't tell you how the brief little message made me feel. I suppose about the same as the fire whistle makes a fireman feel. In a flood came memories of dear old Kentucky days but as I started out on the one and one-half mile walk across the field to Ellichpur, I surely missed my horse and saddlebags!

When I arrived at Ellichpur all was quiet. I went out to see the girl, who hadn't yet gotten past the smiling stage. I did an abdominal and took the heart tones and then sat down to chat with the "granny." She talks mostly Hindi and I talk "very much mostly" English you remember, but we got acquainted. I let her listen to the heart tones just for psychology's sake and she enjoyed that. As we talked I looked around the dark little room. The walls and floor were of hard smooth mud, but everything was as clean and neat as could be under the circumstances. The bareness and neatness reminded me much of Kentucky. However, there was no bed in the room and the girl lay on a clean rug on the floor. Under her head was a clean pillowcase on which she had embroidered flowers and the English words "Forget Me Not"! For some reason they never stay on their bed for the delivery even when they have a bed—so I am told.

Along about seven p.m. the pains began to come more regularly. While we were in the bungalow eating, they prepared her for the delivery by removing the clean rug and pillow and replacing them with a little rough mat-like rug which had been over by the door! I was told that they had been walking her about most of the day, and by this time she was very sleepy.

Anyway, by this time, there were in the room the "granny," a neighbor lady, Mrs. Fromman and myself, and Grace and Jennie who had come to see their first delivery. I guess the abundance of attention was poor psychology and about ten p.m. she began to carry on. She was accomplishing nothing, so finally I did an exam and found the head still high-mid and wasn't sure at all about the dilatation. We told her to relax. Evidently all she needed was thus supplied. We stood outside talking while she was very quiet for about one-half an hour. They had decided to give her a drink of coffee, then they suddenly yelled, and we heard the baby cry. Just one big pain. There's nothing like midwifery to keep one humble. So there was the baby on the dirty rug and the "granny" expressing the placenta in no uncertain terms, but she got a neat "shiny Schultz"! In ten minutes all was cleaned up and the mother on the simple wooden bed and the baby wrapped in a clean old rag (and nothing else) on the clean sheet beside her. Very simple—no enema, no sedation, no urinalysis, no blood pressure, no bath, no T.P.R., no instructions—merely soak a pair of scissors in disinfectant, cut the cord, put on boric and a piece of cloth and a band, apply a binder and pad to the mother and "bus" as we say here ("bus" is the word for sit but is used to mean stop or finish). Just between you and me I'm wondering how my own deliveries ten years hence will be!

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From Alice Axelson in Welch, Minnesota—October 2, 1946

I have not yet got on my way to India. So anxious to start too. We were to have been right now on the way to London, but illness in the immediate family with whom I was to travel detained us. The doctor and his family, however, used the reservations. I'm so glad they shall get there soon. Now it is a matter of waiting again for air reservations, for we are planning definitely now to go that way.

Oh, I have missed the mountains and all the folks there! Do wish I could visit once before going away but that seems quite out of reach.

OUR FORMER CADETS

From Marilyn Herb in Detroit, Michigan—September 11, 1946

Graduation and State Boards are things of the past and now I'm a full fledged R.N. Somehow, I don't feel a bit different than I did as a lowly student.

On July 1st I started to work at Henry Ford again. I managed to secure accommodations in the nurses' home, hence the Detroit address. It would be much pleasanter to live at home but it would mean commuting twenty miles each way and that would be pretty hard to do.

I had no trouble at all in getting a position in the O.B. department. At first I worked on the O.B. floor to become accustomed to the Henry Ford Hospital routine again. The past five weeks I have been in charge in the delivery room on either the morning or afternoon shift. My F. N. S. experience has helped me no end. I certainly am grateful to have received such wide and useful experience.

CHARACTERISTICS OF INTELLIGENCE

What are the characteristics of an intelligent person? Prof. Walter B. Pitkin, of Columbia University, in *The Psychology of Achievement*, points out ten of the "strongest general characteristics of a highly intelligent person." Here is his list:

"Lively curiosity toward many matters.

"A desire to investigate some of these matters for oneself.

"Strong trend to analyze whatever one thinks about and, as a result, to perceive the factors of the matter in their inter-relations.

"Fairly active imagination, at least in some subjects.

"Unusually even performance over long periods; little tendency to deviate much from one's usual level of skill.

"Clear understanding of one's chief desires and aspirations; hence concentration on dominant interest.

"Memory somewhat better than average and decidedly selective.

"Patience with details, based on a grasp of their importance.

"Interest in reflection and observation much stronger than interest in handling things or managing people.

"Distinctly modest self-appraisal, often even to the point of belittling oneself."

—Contributed

MY CHRISTMAS EVE BABY

by

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

Frances Bolton Nursing Center

(Possum Bend, Confluence, Leslie County, Kentucky)

Christmas Eve. It would be another Christmas with the sun shining brightly, and our first Christmas in seven years with the world at peace.

Yes, I would go to Shoal today, a good day to go since I would not have to ford Ole Man River—angry, snarling and boisterous and doing his best to reach “tide” before nightfall.

So with this thought in mind I saddled Kelpie and took off feeling that I had acted with the wisdom of Solomon. How very nice not to feel rushed. Everything was serene and peaceful except for Ole Man River, but I didn’t have to cross him today.

After completing a five-mile ride I stopped at a cabin on Shoal Hill. I wanted to see the Moss family, but the Moss family had left these parts two weeks before. I was greeted by seven beautiful brown-eyed Smiths, ranging in age from two to ten years.

I went in the cabin and took up my position by a small fire in the grate which was trying desperately not to breathe its last. The mother of the seven youngsters was in bed in the back of the room with layer after layer of heavy quilts over her.

“Are you sick?” I asked.

“No ma’m. We just shoved in here last Tuesday on the edge of dark. I guess I did a little too much. You see I am expecting, but not yet. I’m wastin’ awful.”

With this bit of information I went into action, feeling rather bleak. I had no delivery bags; the husband was away; the river was up. But I soon found the “wastin’” was not so awful, and proceeded to ask the usual questions.

Then I said, “You are due to have your baby today.”

She answered, “I can’t get down today. Besides I have no miseries except a small misery in my back.”

By this time I had decided Mr. Stork was arriving and on time. With the help of the ten-year-old I got the room arranged and the sickly fire going. I got out the small “emergency bag”

we carry in our general nursing saddlebags for an emergency like this. All I could find in which to boil things up on the fire was the lid of a lard can, and I nearly spilled its contents in the ashes. By this time Mr. Stork was gathering speed and shortly came in with a fine eight-pound boy. At that moment father arrived. From the look of astonishment on his face I couldn't tell whether he thought I was something from Mars or just Santa Claus. When he had sufficiently recovered, I said to him, "I think your son would like a suit of clothes to put on in this kind of weather."

With a broad grin he set to work to find something. After much searching he came up with a red flannel petticoat—his son's first suit. It was warm at least, and appropriate to the Christmas season. It would have to suffice until I returned with one of the Frontier Nursing Service layettes.

At the edge of dark, which comes early in the mountains, I left a beautiful baby boy tucked cozily away in a suit of red, a happy father and mother, and seven little socks hanging over the fireplace, to make my way home through a gently falling snow. As Kelpie and I rode silently on we heard someone singing from a lonely cabin, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

JUST JOKES—SITUATIONS

"Very well, Thomas," said the fashionable lady to her prospective butler, "I will employ you."

"Thank you, madam."

"But one more thing. I'm not accustomed to addressing members of the staff by their Christian names. What did you say your surname was?"

"Darling, madam."

"Er—that will be all for now, Thomas."

—*The Safer Way*, Detroit

Waiter: "May I help you with that soup, sir?"

Diner: "What do you mean, help me? I don't need any help."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir. From the sound I thought you might wish to be dragged ashore."

CHANGES

Bakers have been given OPA permission to restore loaves to normal size, which makes the butter situation even more critical.

Small forts established as protection against the Indians are to be abandoned by the Army, as it is thought there is little danger the Red Man will now want the country back.

—*The Hazard Herald*, Nov. 7, 1946

OUR CASE UP LITTLE FLAT CREEK

by

VIRGINIA FREDERICK

Cadet Nurse from Community Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan

It was 4:00 a.m. when Corkey, Chappy's dog, let out one of his fierce barks. This meant only one thing; the husband of one of our prenatales was coming for us.

Chappy* and I got up and went to the door. It was Floyd Howard from up Little Flat Creek. Neither of us could imagine why Floyd had come at this hour of the morning as Laura, Floyd's wife, wasn't due 'til February. We thought perhaps Geraldine was sick. She is Floyd's and Laura's three-year-old child. But we thought wrong. Floyd told us Laura was pretty bad off. We asked him how long she had been sick and he said for three hours.

While Chappy and I got into our uniforms Floyd saddled our horses and we were soon on our way. It was a beautiful morning. The sun was just coming up, and it was quite chilly. As for getting to Laura's, it didn't take us long because our horses were just full of vim and vigor.

When we arrived Laura was "hurtin'" pretty bad and "wastin' right smart." Chappy was afraid she was "miscarrying." She did everything she knew to help Laura, but nothing seemed to help her.

While we were working over Laura, her mother-in-law made us a grand breakfast. We had fried apples, eggs, biscuits, side pork, and coffee.

After that Chappy decided that it would be best to move Laura in to the F. N. S. Hospital and our Medical Director at Hyden. So Laura's father went to fetch a truck that was to meet us at the mouth of the creek.

Now, in my mind, there was a problem. How, I wondered, would they ever get Laura down a rough trail two and one-half miles to the mouth of the creek? I didn't want to act too dumb so I thought I would just wait and see what would happen.

* Miss Louisa Chapman, B.A., R.N., C.M., supervising nurse of the Cadet.

Pretty soon Floyd came up with two large poles and two small poles. Then the light began to dawn! I knew then what was happening. Floyd was going to make a stretcher. He proceeded to make the stretcher, and when it was finished, it looked right comfortable. A couple of the neighbors, plus two of Laura's brothers, her brother-in-law, her uncle, and her father-in-law came to help "pack" Laura to the mouth of the creek.

When we started out, I rode my horse and led Chappy's. Chappy walked along beside Laura, in case she got worse. Finally we reached the mouth of the creek and there was a man waiting with a truck.

Chappy went on to Hyden with Laura and I rode back to the Center. There I met our maid with bag and baggage. She told me her mother was sick and she was sorry but she had to go to her. Woe is me!

I went out and killed a chicken for supper, as I knew Chappy would be hungry when she got home.

This story has a happy ending. Laura made the trip to the Hospital safely, and my chicken supper turned out quite well.

ADVANTAGES OF DRAFTS

From *The British Medical Journal*—No. 3355, April 18, 1925

SIR WILLIAM OSLER said that no author ought to send anything to be printed until he had had five drafts and corrected each. This was the number Renan required. Sir Clifford Allbutt put the minimum at three, not counting the first rough draft. Anatole France, about whose habits a stream of little books has been appearing since his death, said seven, with an eighth to make sure that the corrections on the seventh had been understood. In the first he enlivened what had been platitudinous. The second was for "weeding out the dandelions," whos, whichs, and whoms. In the third he eliminated the semicolons, shortened his sentences, and struck out phrases which merely linked one sentence with another, or marked a transition from one thought to another, a task that should be left to the reader. In the fourth draft he gave special attention to the order of sentences and to the repetition of the same word; he looked on the recurrence as a warning to rewrite the sentence, not to search for a synonym. The fifth draft saw the disappearance of adjectives, for he was of the opinion of Voltaire, that though the adjective might agree with the substantive in gender, number, and case, very often it did not suit it. From the sixth draft he clipped away what he called the pastry, all that was adventitious and redundant, and over the seventh draft he passed the plane for, he said, a good writer is like a good cabinet maker—he planes his phrases smooth. France would have agreed with Byron's epigram had he known it—"Easy writing's d——d hard reading."

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Lawrence Tidrick's (Laurette Robeson's)
mother—September 4, 1946**

Laurette and her husband, Larry, go in for show horses. They started with the fine Palomino strain and now breed Palominos with Arabs. They win many prizes—all advantageously. Their Arabian stallion is a beauty and intelligent.

Ricky, my grandson, is very tall for his age, not quite nine, and dislikes riding!

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**From Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon (Mary Bulkley),
Washington, D. C.—September 25, 1946**

This summer we spent a month in Maine. It was Bill's first leave in five years so it was a real vacation. He has just gotten out of the Navy and we are trying to decide where we would like to live. We are planning to leave Washington on October fifteenth, and I hope we may settle somewhere, where a farm won't be too remote a possibility. I still miss having a small barn to keep in order. I wonder who could be giving the "patchy horse" (*Calico*) her apple!

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**From Barbara Williams, Cornell University, Ithaca,
New York—September 28, 1946**

This past summer I was very fortunate in holding a position in a hospital near home which gave me marvelous experience in the field of medicine. I was what you might call "jack-of-all-trades" in the operating room. In addition to my assigned job of washing instruments and basins, I was allowed to watch any surgery which interested me. Consequently, I spent most of my time watching and absorbing the wonders of operative medicine.

I am returning to Cornell this fall for my third year in pre-medical studies. Each year brings me closer to my heart's desire in medicine.

From June Donald, Milton, Massachusetts—September 28, 1946

Thank you for the perfectly wonderful summer with you in Kentucky. We couldn't have had more fun working and I feel that I certainly had a very worth while time. I am so glad that Mr. Palmer came down again this summer.

**From Mrs. Vladimir S. Littauer (Mary Graver), Syosset,
Long Island, New York—September 30, 1946**

Betsy Parsons' first book, a collection of short stories, came out in August and I am having a copy sent you. It's so completely Betsy that I'm sure you'll enjoy it; and I also think it is very good literature. I was on Vinalhaven for a week in August with Betsy and had a lovely time.

My son is so lively and obstreperous that I am getting him out of the house and into a nursery school for three hours a day beginning this week. Sheila (*her horse*) still flourishes and she is as lively as ever.

From Doris Sinclair, Williamstown, Massachusetts—

October 29, 1946

No time for a real letter as I am in the midst of trying to get off to New York tomorrow. I go to work in the Outpatient Department of Bellevue Hospital, on November first. My address as far as I know will be Nurses' Residence, Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

**From Mrs. Joseph F. Knowles, Jr. (Miggy Noyes),
Wellesley, Massachusetts—October 30, 1946**

All kinds of things seem to have been happening since I was last in touch with you. The replacement of some of the horses by jeeps certainly seems like an inevitable move in the direction of progress, although in some ways a horse is a far more reliable vehicle than a car and doesn't require painting and tinkering and is more fun to talk to if you are alone with it for very long. The thing that the new couriers will have to know will be how to mend a broken coil and repair a balky carburetor, et cetera. Oh, by the way, did you see about the new jeeps that

can travel in water just as nicely as any other way? This feature might be useful when water is high in some of the fords.

So my old friend Gloria is dead, oh dear! I am sorry to hear that. Sometime I hope to hear some news of her old mistress, Bland Morrow. I gather she left the Service long years ago, and I wonder what became of her. We used to have a lot of fun with her.

I would like to put my two children on ice, possibly in a deep freeze unit, and then come down to see you for a bit. But as they are, they will not keep without me so I can only try to recall all the very good memories I have of Wendover and Wendover people.

From Adele Dellenbaugh, Northampton, Massachusetts—

November 1, 1946

It was good to hear all about Wendover. I really miss you all and the livestock. I've been thinking about next summer. Another girl and myself are planning to go to Europe with the American Youth Hostel group, so I guess next summer is not the one for my return. But I shall sometime! My classes are hard but very interesting; and my extra-curricular work quite fascinating. I am secretary of our Flying Club and have been doing some flying too. I am also the chairman of a group studying Christian beliefs. It is most stimulating and we have a wonderful group of girls in it.

From Mrs. Thornton Stearns (Phyllis Mather), Winchester,

Massachusetts—November 4, 1946

Thorny got back from overseas about a year ago, and we spent last winter in Charleston, South Carolina, while he completed the last of his naval duty. He was fully discharged in May. Then we spent a wonderful two months of the summer visiting his family in Miami, Florida. Now we are back in Boston settling down really for the first time since our marriage. We have just bought a house in Winchester and we are very busy getting it organized.

From Patricia (Pat) Perrin, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts—

November 12, 1946

You don't know how overcome I was to receive that unique card from all of you. It certainly brought back memories of fudge, listening to the radio, and getting hot from the kerosene lamps.

My trip home was very amusing as well as exhausting. From Lexington to Charleston I listened (I didn't hardly say a word—I can be quiet!) to a proud grandmother discuss in full the virtues of her two sons, one daughter and seven grandchildren. She got off at Charleston and I was about to go to sleep when a mother with a twenty-pound baby sat down beside me. She was exhausted, having brought the baby all the way from California, so while she slept I tried to put the baby to sleep—with no success. It was all I could do to keep it quiet. My patting it only made it burp, while my feeble attempts at making it be amused and happy only made it bawl. I finally succumbed to letting it play with my once white wool. Then I was able to doze off. Just as I was about to be in complete oblivion I'd receive this tremendous blow on my head from the heartless conductor who would say, "tickets, tickets." What a night! My train companions from Washington to Boston ranged from an old Polish man, who had stolen his family's money at the age of twelve to come to the United States, to a woman who had just lost her daughter and son-in-law three weeks ago; and I had to go through stacks of pictures et cetera. By the time she left at New Haven I was exhausted and fell asleep, not waking up till the Southern Station, Boston. I was supposed to get off at the station before, Back Bay, where my family were to meet me. I took a taxi home feeling very depressed, only to find a dark house and the cheery barks of my dogs, when the family drove up, having met two trains from New York. They found me prying one of the windows. What a hectic homecoming!

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Alison Bray is rehearsing with the Leeds Festival Chorus [*England*] for the Festival in October, 1947, which to our deep

regret will prevent her returning to us as a courier this coming spring.

Susan Hays is taking a two-year course in agriculture at the School of Horticulture, Ambler, Pennsylvania, and loves it.

Nancy Dammann is studying journalism at Northwestern University.

WEDDINGS

Miss Nancy Rogers Hillis and Mr. Melvin White on Friday, the thirteenth of September, 1946, Hardin, Montana.

Miss Ann Burrows Ellis and Mr. Reed Russell on Friday, the fourth of October, 1946, in Glendale, Ohio. Their address is Addington House, Nassau, Bahamas.

We send a thousand good wishes to these young people for their happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr., of Concord, Massachusetts, a son, Edward Needham Perry, on October 16, 1946,—a third child and their second son. Our warmest congratulations go to Mardi and her husband.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Storrs, Jr., of Huntington, Long Island, a daughter, Virginia, in October. Our affectionate good wishes go to Frennie and Mr. Storrs.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Yeomans (Betty Pratt) of Brookline, Massachusetts, a daughter, Laura Day, on October 11, 1946. Betty writes:

"She'll be 19 in the year 1965, so will you put her down as a prospective courier? At the moment I can't tell her ability toward riding, but she gives her legs plenty of kicking, so maybe that will develop the correct muscles for making a good rider!"

GRANNY

by

DELLA INT-HOUT, R.N., C.M.

Nurse-midwife in charge of the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial
Nursing Center at Bowlingtown, Perry County, Kentucky

Granny loved the spring. It was the time of the year when she could get out on the porch and watch the world a-movin'—she watched it all in its grand procession. It was life and life was good. She could watch the plantin' of the corn and the buds all burstin' on the sarvice, the red bud, the dogwood. Life was like a book that went on and on to entertain Granny.

She began to tell her granddaughter, "Hear them redbirds a sawin' away, Mandy girl. I declare to the world effin hit ain't spring this day. And do hear that old twistin' Sourwood a-splashin' down. Tell your Mammy to he'p this body out on to the porch. I want to feel the sunshine pourin' down on my old bones again."

"Take care, Mandy! Mandy girl my leg! There, there, there, now that feels good to my old crippled bones. Ugh humn!"

"Mandy daughter, there goes Miss Inty a-ridin' that brown horse of her'n. I want to be on the porch when she comes back down."

"She's a-goin' up to see that baby she cotched last night up Barn Branch off Perry's Holler. Poor Margy, she has a raft of young uns and now another to feed. Keeps ole Jim's nose to the grindstone."

Granny fell to musing. Then she stiffened and said, "Look here, Mandy, I'm a-gettin' all het up again about Miss Inty and those germs of her'n. Hits a sight the way we two git into hit about germs and sech. She said they be and folks should get shet of them. I reckon I'll just take a nap in the sunshine until she comes. I'll hear her when she comes. She'll holler by real big, she allus does."

"Here she comes now. Howdy, Miss Inty."

"Howdy, Granny."

"How's the baby up yon way?"

"Just fine, Granny. It's a boy."

"What are they goin' to name that young un—they tell you yit?"

"I think Cornelius, Granny."

"That's a mighty quair name. Miss Inty, when are you goin' to fetch me those old age glasses?"

"I'll tell you, Granny—you send Mandy down to the Center and I'll give her a good number for you to try on. See whether you can thread a needle and, like Mandy says, hold the thread and jerk a knot in its tail."

"I have some money to pay for them thar glasses. My son Dave saved out some money for me, Miss Inty."

"You won't have to pay for them, Granny. They are given to us by Mrs. Arthur Terry from way up in New Jersey. Come back with me, Mandy, and let's fix Granny up right now."

The next day when Mandy went to the Center to return the extra glasses, she said:

"Miss Inty, Granny was sure pleased with them glasses. She said to tell you, now she can see a germ."

CURE IT!

"I want you to help me to conquer the devil, and not explain him away. As my Aunt Matilda Jane said, when the doctor told her she had nasal catarrh: 'It is a common cold in the head, and I haven't sent for you to christen it but to cure it.'"

—*Concerning Isabel Carnby*, by E. T. Fowler, 1901

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

"Behold, thou seest but a mortal, soon to become dust. But, because charity bears all things, tell me, I pray thee, how fares the human race?"

—Hermit Paul, in the Egyptian deserts, Third Century

Such a question seems natural enough, coming from the lips of an old man who had spent the greater part of a long life in solitude and who has met another human being for the first time in many years. The way in which the hermit put the question shows that he carried love for his fellowmen deep in his lonely heart. But the question itself, is it not one that we in the turmoil of our modern lives are asking again, "How fares the human race?"

No one with a liking for history, no one who reads it at all but meets with the rise and then the fall of civilizations. There is no thinking person who is not conscious that another war will mean the fall of the civilization we have known. No one who prays but is holding up in his prayer the men of the United Nations whose co-operation, or failure, will shape our future. Shall we succeed in uniting the world, we who in our several countries show small accommodation, on the part of our self-seekers, to the public good?

"Eternal Wisdom, scatter the darkness of our ignorance."

If a third World War does come, and like the flower of the field our growing generation passes away, we know that this youth will take up life anew in "that true world, of which this world is but the bounding shore." None the less, one cannot live on the earth without becoming attached to it, and one does not like to think that a new civilization has to make a slow start from primitive man in such jungles as those of New Guinea. One would like to think that a few fair-faced children might be left in pockets of people here and there who could start rebuilding the world we destroy. In the Frontier Nursing Service we think of the Kentucky mountains as just such a pocket, in which a remnant might remain to begin where we left off. Other such pockets will come to mind readily,—areas like the Outer Hebrides

off the West Coast of Scotland, parts of Newfoundland, Labrador, and a few homesteads in the high Rockies and Alps, and others. Such groups of people dwell in land so poor that they cannot build up agriculture or industry worth the attention of planes dropping diseases on green crops, or atom bombs on factories. Such areas always have been inexpressibly precious to those of us who know and love them, but they now take on the majesty of vanguards for a civilization to follow ours.

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We have received the annual report of the Nursing Service of the Department of Public Health and Welfare of St. John's, Newfoundland, and it makes gallant reading. The doctors and nurses who battle on in isolated rural districts anywhere in the world are our brothers and sisters. We follow their doings with the same loving care we give to our own. There is a special bond among people who do remotely rural medical and nursing work wherever found.

In reading over the report of the Service up in Newfoundland, we noted the things that are different and the things that are similar to our Service here in the Kentucky mountains. What we call *outpost* nursing districts, they call *outport* nursing districts. They have two hospital ships, the M.V. Lady Anderson and the S.S. Kyle to transport patients from nursing districts to Department Hospitals in Newfoundland and the Grenfell Hospitals in Labrador. They have in their Grace Maternity Hospital, just as we have here at our Hyden Hospital, a course for training nurses as midwives. They have been plagued, just as we have been, with staff shortages during and since the war.

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How much this problem of staff shortage is world-wide is brought home to us by our world-wide correspondence. The city areas are as hard hit as Services that cope with remotely rural problems. Only the other day we had a letter from a member of the Board of the Visiting Nurse Association of Cleveland. She said they had never felt that eighty-five nurses were adequate for the district nursing needs of the city of Cleveland, but that now they had only twenty-eight on their graduate staff.

Among the periodicals to which we subscribe for our staff at all of our Centers is *The International Nursing Bulletin*. In Volume II, Number 3, there is an enthralling report by its editor, Miss Anna Schwarzenberg, back this last summer from a trip of five months in Europe. Her report on the spirit and courage and self-sacrifice of the European nurses, under incredible odds, makes good reading. We were profoundly impressed by the objectivity of the report combined with the tenderest expression of understanding and sympathy. We quote one of the concluding paragraphs:

"In summing up my tour of the European countries, I would say that I found a great deal of strength and stamina in Europe. In spite of what people and countries have gone through, there is still enough strength left in Europe for constructive work. Unfortunately, however, it seems that Nazism, even though defeated, has left its stamp on Europe. People who fought it for so many years and suffered so much under it have had to use the same methods the Nazis used in order to be victorious. The result is that their own thinking has become corrupted, and hatred and a desire for revenge are the strongest feelings and the driving force at work on the continent of Europe. This is the general impression one gets in travelling through many countries. But I have also met people who, through their sufferings and trials, have reached heights of spiritual greatness and understanding almost bordering sainthood. During the war and occupation, religion was to many people the only source of consolation and the only thing that helped them through years of concentration camps and tortures. I noticed this very strong and deep religious trend in most countries."

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This year the American Nurses' Association celebrates its fiftieth anniversary and has issued a Golden Anniversary booklet. No one has better expressed what this means to nurses than our friend in Detroit, Mrs. Lystra E. Gretter, who wrote the Editor of the *American Journal of Nursing*, "The 'yesterdays' have brought nursing to the threshold of a new world order and the 'tomorrows' will bring further fulfillment of the visions and dreams that have inspired nurses of all time in their faith and works toward a perfected service for human needs."

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The November issue of the *American Journal of Nursing* has much of general interest, aside from the news of the Biennial, on which we would like to comment. We shall hold ourselves to two articles. In "Community Nursing" by Miss Lucile Petry, Chief, Division of Nursing, U. S. Public Health Service,

we were struck by Miss Petry's broad conception of her subject, by her ability to tie in the experiences for student nurses of great medical centers and the widely different aspects of human life in rural areas. We quote one paragraph:

"... I believe it is important that nursing schools have a direct connection with large medical centers and with an educational institution, if possible. All students should have a training period of approximately six months in a small community hospital health center or in rural areas."

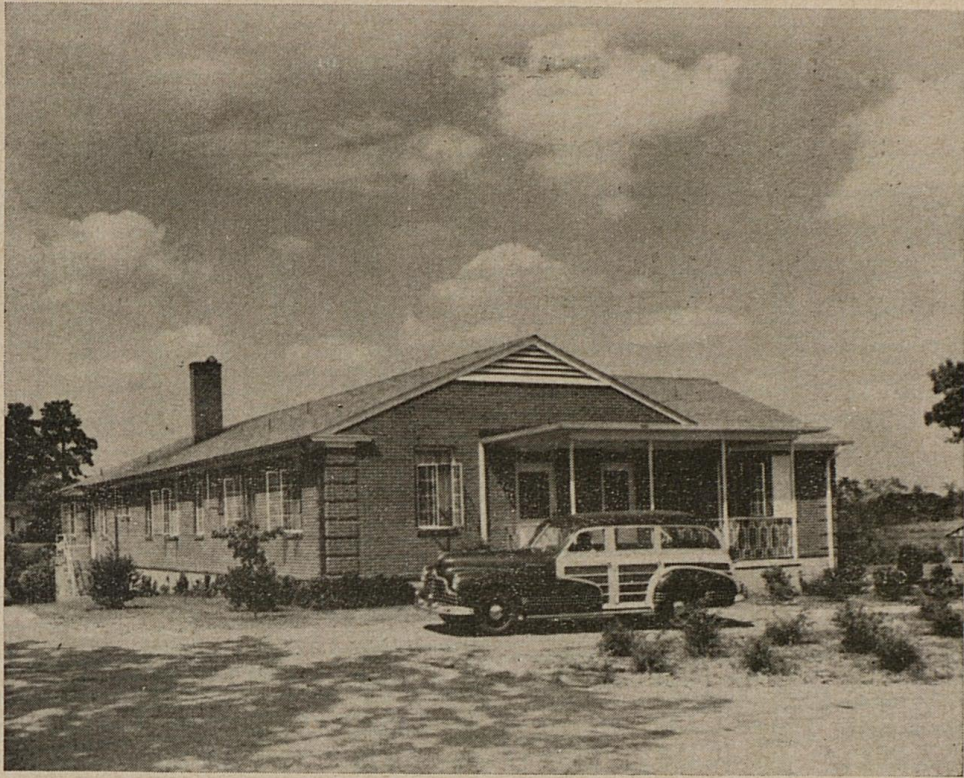
The second article that intrigues us no end is one called "Self-demand Feeding for Babies" by Miss Genevieve Trainham, director of the Infant Service at Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit and Dr. John C. Montgomery, Detroit pediatrician.

We have been staunch advocates of breast feeding for babies when, except in rural areas, it had largely gone out of style. We have also strongly defended the right of each baby to fix his own feeding schedule and the need of each baby to be cuddled and loved. The fairly frequent appearance now in magazines of articles advocating these things rejoices our hearts. We quote one paragraph from "Self-demand Feeding for Babies"—

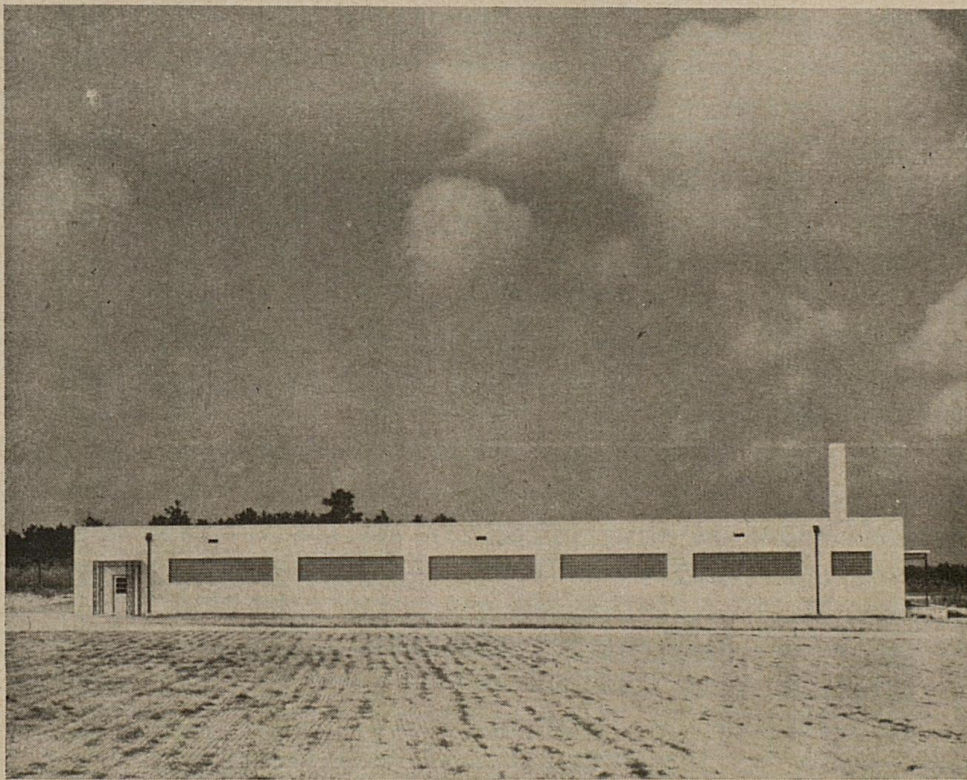
"Thus, without in any way relaxing our vigilant attention to the physical safety and well-being of the infant, we are swinging the pendulum back toward the wholesome practices of an older generation when infants were fed at their mothers' breasts when they were hungry, and when babies knew that they were loved and wanted."

The two pictures on the opposite page show a most interesting experiment in the financing as well as the construction of a small rural hospital and dispensary. Our friend and trustee, Mr. A. R. Glancy of Detroit, who has extensive business interests in Georgia, built the Joan Glancy Memorial Clinic at Duluth, Georgia, and then built an air-conditioned factory on the Clinic grounds to employ about one hundred people in making women's underclothes. The factory is run for profit, but all the profit goes to the maintenance of the Clinic. In this way not only is the cash income of the local population more than doubled, but the Clinic is financed.

Joan was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Glancy and she died as a little girl. The first endowment of a baby bassinet in our Hospital at Hyden was given us years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Glancy in memory of Joan.



Joan Glancy Memorial Clinic at Duluth, Georgia



The Glancy Factory — For the support of the Clinic

The Philadelphia Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service is going through stirring times. On November 23rd, before this Bulletin is in the mails, our Committee will have collaborated with the 52nd Dog Show in Convention Hall as its charitable beneficiary. But this isn't all. In preparation for the Dog Show our Committee gave a Fashion Show luncheon on Thursday, October 24th attended by over four hundred people. The charming women who volunteered as models led dogs, who also volunteered, whose coloring and style fitted in with those of the models. When the pictures in the Philadelphia Enquirer of the women and their dogs came down to us here in the Kentucky mountains, our crowd was so enchanted over the dogs that they could hardly notice the pleasing sport clothes shown on the models. As all know, our Chairman of the Philadelphia Committee is Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain and the Chairman for the very able Benefit Committee is Mrs. Theodore C. Scheaffer. A number of our finest former couriers are members of the Philadelphia Committee.

We have just received another \$1,800.00 dividend from the **Bargain Box, 1175 Third Avenue, New York City**. As almost all of you know we are one of six charities who share the expenses and the income from this Thrift Shop, and all rummage sent in our name to the Bargain Box is disposed of for the benefit of the Frontier Nursing Service. The Bargain Box is a real bread-winner.

Our New York Committee is holding a Children's Benefit again this year on December 7th at 3:30 p.m. at Hunter College auditorium. Peter Pan the Magic Man is to perform, and the cast includes eight dogs and two clowns.

The annual meeting in New York, held under the auspices of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service and its Chairman, Mrs. Milward W. Martin, will take place in the Cosmopolitan Club ballroom at 3:00 p.m. on Wednesday, January 22, 1947. During the same week, but the date is not yet set, we will hold the annual meeting under the auspices of the Princeton, New Jersey, Committee and its Chairman, Mrs. H. Russell Butler, Jr. There will be other meetings during the same month, but the dates have not yet been set.

We had a reassuring letter from Dr. Muktha Sen, the charming Brahman physician who visited us this summer, just before she sailed for England in the autumn. She had received a cablegram from her husband that he and their child back in India were safe after the Calcutta riots between the Moslems and Hindus. Dr. Sen wrote that for a long time she had dreamed of coming to us in the Frontier Nursing Service, and that it had been "grand" to feel that her dream had come true. She herself was like the best kind of a dream to come true.

A wedding of immense interest to us in the Frontier Nursing Service took place this fall when our trustee, Mrs. William C. Goodloe, was married to Mr. Robert Middleton Bagby of Grayson, Kentucky. A more delightful widow and widower never decided to get married, and all of the many who love and admire them wish them every happiness.

That dear member of our National Nursing Council, Miss Winifred Rand, formerly with the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit and now retired from active nursing work, writes from her home in Frankestown, New Hampshire in a way that indicates she is feeling quite fit. This will be good news to her many friends. Miss Rand had just read our annual report when she wrote, and she says, "How glad I am to think that I have been in the mountains and seen the Frontier Nursing Service. Fifteen years ago it was, and how it has gone ahead! I have such vivid memories of it all, and have always hoped that some day I could go back. In the meantime, the Bulletin is a wonderful substitute for actual seeing, and I read it from kiver to kiver."

Some day we are going to dare greatly and put a section in the Bulletin of the many lovely things people write about it. Just this fall a subscriber in Michigan wrote, "The little magazine is a gem, a work of art, aside from the heart-warming accounts it gives of this splendid service." Bits like these that come to us after each issue of the Bulletin give the encouragement we need to find time to throw it together four times a year.

Soon after she returned from Europe this fall, Miss Effie J. Taylor, President of the International Council of Nurses and

one of the members of our National Nursing Council, wrote us that, aside from attending the International Council of Nurses Board Meetings and the Florence Nightingale International Institute Grand Council Meetings in London, she had gone to a most interesting Congress in Norway. The way in which nurses in the battered corners of the world are picking up the threads of their lives is an inspiration to all nurses everywhere.

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We are delighted to receive a report on the young son of Dr. John R. Pate and Dr. Alice D. Chenoweth of the State Department of Health of Kentucky. Although this report comes from the boy's father, we consider every word of it an understatement. Dr. Pate writes, "He is indeed a joy and we think he is quite a smart youngster. At two years of age he knows most of the nursery rhymes and counts up to twenty. He does other things which we think are indicative of at least normal intelligence. First and foremost he is certainly a healthy youngster, in every way all boy."

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A baby in whose advent we take considerable interest arrived October 29th in Washington, D. C., and his name is Duncan Lawrence Groner, II. He is the only grandson of Justice D. Lawrence Groner, and the first child of the young Duncan Groners of whom we are, all of us, very fond.

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Our former nurse, Grace Reeder, who is working toward her degree at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, writes us that she has again been asked by the Nursing Education Club to show her own moving pictures of the Frontier Nursing Service. The Nursing Education Club sends us a barrel of toys and clothing every Christmas, and this is the second year that they have preceded their collection with a showing by Grace of her pictures.

Helen Stone (Pebble) was the Frontier Nursing Service speaker twice on November 14th. First she spoke to the Montclair, New Jersey, Branch of the Needlework Guild, and then at a girls' club in Lawrence, Long Island.

All readers know about the difficulties of getting all the papers needed for traveling in Europe. People are apt to forget we ran into much the same conditions after the first World War. We have lately read with interest Miss Mary S. Gardner's latest book, *Katharine Kent*. Although her delightful story is not autobiographical, Miss Gardner did draw on her own letters from Europe after the first World War to describe some of Katharine Kent's experiences. She wrote, "To get from Constantinople to Paris, it is necessary to have visas from the American, the Bulgarian, the Greek, the Serbian, the Italian and the French consulates and in addition, permits to leave Constantinople from Turkey, France, England and Italy—the Allied Control Commission."

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While we are on the subject of books, we should like to say that one of the most delightful books to give friends for Christmas is *Mary and the Spinners* by Elizabeth Hollister Frost, published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. *Mary and the Spinners* is based on a Second Century document which says that all the world stood still at the time of the birth of Christ, and a Third Century legend that Mary was brought up in the Temple with five other young girls who spun the Temple vestments. The life of each of the five girls who as children had spun in the Temple with Mary, is affected at its most vital moment by the impact of this stillness of all created things. The story of each of the five girls is exquisitely told as a separate story. Although the research necessary to write these tales must have been prodigious, we are not conscious in reading them of any research, but only of how alive the five girls are and how real is the environment in which their stories are laid.

Some of our friends write us that they like to buy the books we recommend, so we will mention one more that we think an enthralling story of the Far North, and that is *Driftwood Valley* by Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher, illustrated by her husband, and published by Little-Brown.

Although it isn't a recent book, we would advise everyone who has not seen it to read *Short Leash* by Bertrand Shurtleff, published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Some of us have

read it through twice. It is the best war dog story ever published, in our opinion.

The Frontier Nursing Service takes a personal pride in a book called *An Afternoon*, Stories by Elizabeth Parsons, published by the Viking Press. In private life Miss Parsons is Mrs. William S. Warner, Jr., and as a young girl she was Betsy Parsons, a courier with us here in the Kentucky mountains and a good one. We had read several of her stories that came out first in *The New Yorker* and *Good Housekeeping*. But we had not read them all, and each separate one is distinctive. Two that impress us deeply concern children, Angela, aged four, in "Listen to the Crooked's" and Francis, aged three, in the story from which the book gets its title. Elizabeth Parsons' insight into the minds of women and young girls is as moving as the art with which she expresses this insight; but the rarer gift is to be able to understand the processes that lie behind the behavior of a young child and to be able to convey them with a few strokes of the pencil. In the brief pictures the author gives of people of all ages, men too, she has shown them to us as they truly are, inside and out, in a fleeting moment of time. We might add that none of the stories move us more deeply than "The Blue Bicycle" and "A Red Carpet for Phoebe."

Do you remember in *Pride and Prejudice* where Mr. Collins says to Elizabeth Bennett, "And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection"? In concluding, we of the *Quarterly Bulletin* send all of our readers Beyond the Mountains an affectionate although not violent assurance of our warmest good wishes for a merry Christmas and a better New Year.

LEAVE IT TO OTHERS

Leave "brooding" to hens; leave "worrying" to puppies; leave "grouching" to grouse; leave "growling" to bears; leave "croaking" to ravens; leave "chattering" to magpies; and, lastly, leave "repeating things" to parrots.

—*People's Friend*, England

FIELD NOTES

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go:

And all you kin and kinsfolk,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a Merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.

—Seventeenth Century Carol

As this Bulletin goes to press we are busy, as always at this time of the year, with preparations for the more than 5,000 children for whom your dear friends on the outside make Christmas gaiety possible. Things are harder for us to handle this year even than last because not only have we no Christmas Secretary but we have fewer couriers and other volunteers than at any time for years past. We will have to send cards of thanks to you instead of the notes we used to send, but all of your gifts will be acknowledged within a few days after they arrive (when names and addresses accompany them) and everything will be re-shipped to various centers of the Frontier Nursing Service in time for the children's Christmas. This is their Season, and they shall have it their way in the fullest measure we can give.

Our Autumn Bulletin cover was done for us by Rose Evans ("Cherry") whose gifted pencil has more than once been used in our service. "Cherry" is the nurse in the cabin picture on the inside front cover of this Bulletin.

We have never had two better junior couriers than Lill Middleton of Rochester and Patricia Perrin (Pat) of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Constance Cherrington (Connie) stayed on as senior courier, and during the weeks in which we were fully staffed with these three, under Jean Hollins' direction, we were lucky indeed. Before Pat and Lill had to leave we had three other junior couriers lined up but all three fell by the way. Since the War we have no waiting lists except through the summer months. Connie, bless her, stayed on to the middle of November to help out as long as she could. Now, as Connie has

left, Frederick Holdship (Freddy) of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, has come back to us for a month. Our old couriers, Celia Colt and Nancy Dammann of Chicago, write that they will come to us from December 20th to January 5th. Through Celia we have also gotten a junior courier, Kirby Coleman of Winnetka, Illinois, who arrives as we go to press.

The thirteenth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery opened on October 15th with its full quota of six well-qualified nurse students. They are Ruth Alexander, who was with us as a Cadet Nurse from The Johns Hopkins Hospital and who went into the Army after being graduated from her hospital; Reva Rubin of Woodside, Long Island, New York; Helen Marie Fedde, Staten Island, New York; Wilma Garnet Rose, an Army veteran of Mt. Carmel, Illinois; Elda M. Barry, a missionary nurse from India; and Rita Preddice of Schenectady, New York, who is also going into the mission field.

During the early part of the autumn we continued to receive a number of overseas guests. In our last Quarterly Bulletin we mentioned a Korean doctor who was in this country on a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship. A second Korean, Dr. John F. Doug Chul Kim of Seoul, came to us in September. We also had a most interesting visit from four delightful South Africans, Dr. E. Theron, Miss D. Theron, Miss I. Howe and Miss H. C. Lambrecht. They are friends of the charming Mrs. Rothman of South Africa who came to see us many years ago.

Among the Americans to visit us during this period were two most welcome guests from Kentucky, Miss Marion B. Sprague, Executive Secretary of the Kentucky State Registered Nurses Association, Louisville, and Mrs. Mabel M. Wilson of Lexington.

Dr. Ross Brown of the University of Kentucky came back again to retest our cows (all now Bangs free, thank God) and brought with him Mrs. Brown and their darling little girl, Lynda Kay.

Three other charming guests were Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford of Richmond, Kentucky, her sister-in-law Mrs. Cyril Goodman, and her niece, Miss Clavia Goodman of Paris, Kentucky.

That redoubtable and dear friend of the Frontier Nursing Service, Miss Elizabeth Perkins of York Village, Maine, came to the Kentucky mountains with her friend, the Baroness Giskra, on a motor trip out to the West Coast. Miss Perkins found many changes since she rode in on horseback and took pictures in 1926. She has promised that she will never wait so long again for a repeat visit.

Lill Middleton's mother, Mrs. E. Willoughby Middleton of Rochester, spent several days with us just before Lill returned home and was a joy about the place. She insisted on helping us in the offices and fitted in as though she had been a part of the Frontier Nursing Service for years.

We are enchanted to have back with us for a couple of weeks, Miss Hazel Dufendach of Henderson, Kentucky, who was a member of our staff years ago and has always remained very deeply a part of us. She insists on giving several hours a day to work in our offices. In fact, but for her, we don't see how the envelopes for this issue of the Bulletin would ever have gotten run through the addressing machine, a hand-run process since we have no electricity.

Another guest, for years part of the Frontier Nursing Service family, who has come as we go to press is Mrs. Vashti Duvall of Big Clifty, Kentucky. Like Hazel Dufendach she insists upon being useful and is making up the slip covers for the Wend-over living room furniture with the chintz sent us for that purpose months ago by Marion Shouse Lewis.

As we go to press we learn that Clara-Louise Schiefer is coming down from her home in Rochester, New York to spend a whole week with us over Thanksgiving. She too will not only give us a great deal of pleasure but will find plenty of ways in which to make herself useful.

A particularly welcome guest who came to the Midwives Quarters and the Hospital in September was Miss Mildred E. Neff, Nutrition Consultant of the State Board of Health. With her was her assistant, Miss Joan Meyer. They stayed long enough to hold several classes in nutrition for the nurse students at the Midwifery School whose six months' class terminated October 14th. None of the many courtesies shown us by the

Kentucky State Board of Health is more appreciated than their providing special instruction in nutrition for the Graduate School.

Other guests came in for an hour or two only, for lunch, or for the day with us, or just to visit the Hospital or Wendover or both. While the open weather lasts there are a good many such people. Three delightful ones who came in late October were Mrs. Taylor from Berea, and Mrs. Reeve Fletcher and Miss Lane from Evanston, Illinois.

Our guests not only give much pleasure, but seem to derive satisfaction from their visits to us. We venture to quote from the letter of one of them, Dr. Dale's sister, Miss Jean Dale of Kansas City:

"The strenuous, bee-hive activity of your so useful organization combined with gracious living seems to me a very good life indeed. And for my impression of the whole of it, 'Fabulous' seems to be the only word applicable."

Mrs. Shackelford of Richmond, Kentucky, came into the mountains again before the end of October with her friend, Mrs. Woods, just to see our nursing center at Brutus, on Bullskin Creek. Connie met them in Manchester and got them up there by the WPA roads in the jeep. Mrs. Shackelford's father was Brutus Clay, and had owned property at one time on Bullskin Creek, and naturally Brutus in Clay County intrigued her. She and Mrs. Woods brought the nurses at Brutus, Mrs. Catherine Cirves and Miss Jean Bradley, a marvelous box of food, fresh cucumbers, grapes, apples, pears, olives, a jar of home-made mustard pickles, beaten biscuits from Berea, and a pound of chocolates.

The American Association of Nurse-Midwives held its nineteenth annual meeting on Tuesday, October 1st, at Wendover and the whole crowd was served a buffet luncheon in advance of the meeting. The minutes of these meetings with digests of the reports that are given are sent to all of the members of the Association by the secretary. We want to mention how delightful it was to have Mrs. Catherine Lory of Indiana and her friend,

Mrs. Alice Weaver, who stayed overnight at the Beech Fork Center, and Miss Nancy Wilson, late of Alaska, who stayed at Midwives' Quarters.

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The Leslie County Fair went off in great style in September again this year with a huge attendance of people and horses and exhibits from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia. Our own crowd is always particularly intrigued with the horse show and a number of them take part in it.

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Our Social Service Secretary under the Alpha Omicron Pi grant, Miss Louise Fink, attended the Kentucky Conference of Social Work in Louisville November 20th to 23rd and reported a most interesting meeting.

Miss Dorothy Buck, First Assistant Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, with Sally MacMillan went in the MacMillan jeep to Knoxville in October to spend three days with two members of our old staff who are married and living there. They stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Byrne (Jerry) and spent many of the daytime hours with Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire (Meta) and their adorable McGuire baby and Penny's pup.

Mlle. Odette Prunet, the French nurse who is with us on a graduate fellowship, went with Jean Hollins on an overnight trip to Louisville in our red truck. They were most hospitably entertained by Mrs. Walter Haldeman (our former courier Jane Norton) and her husband. They were enchanted with the two Haldeman children.

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Aside from the Christmas gifts and the candy that are pouring in to us from so many generous friends, we have been receiving a number of other most welcome gifts. Mr. Edwin C. Gilson, Gilson Construction Company, Lexington, has given us a beautiful saddle horse named "Brandy." He is a large horse, only five years old, well broken and gaited, and a perfect pet. From Mr. R. C. Tway of Plainview Farms in Louisville, Kentucky, we have the gift of a registered Jersey bull, Frontiersman II. He was dehorned by our friends in the Animal Husbandry Division of the University of Kentucky, and we picked

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him up at Lexington. Although he is young and gentle now, we know enough about bulls to handle him with every consideration, but with care.

We have never received so many wonderful and terribly needed things from the branches of the Needlework Guild all over the country as we have this autumn. More branches than ever before have remembered us, and we just don't know what we would have done without the generous gifts they have sent.

The Hyden Red Cross Committee has helped us enormously during the past year too. The ladies of this Committee have made the following articles for our Hospital at Hyden:

- 178 Baby Gowns
- 95 Baby Sacques
- 143 Pairs Bootees
- 52 Baby Wrappers
- 62 Woolen Baby Blankets
- 39 Cotton Baby Blankets
- 14 Muslin Baby Dresses
- 15 Baby Slips
- 8 Pairs Mittens
- 1 Knit Sweater
- 61 Operating Room Caps
- 81 White Bags (for the delivery bags)

An invaluable member of our Brutus Committee, Mrs. Perle Martin (Mary), started a berry campaign on Bullskin Creek during the summer. Through her instigation lots of families on the district brought berries to the nursing center and canned them for the nurses.

The gifts of service to us on the part of many friends are constant. Only the other day our Executive Secretary, Agnes Lewis, was trying to get hold of a small piece of galvanized pipe threaded on both ends which was needed for one of our gasoline pumps. Mr. C. A. Nicholaus, Superintendent of the Ritter Lumber Company at Hyden heard about it. He took the old piece of pipe as a sample to his shop, had a new piece cut and threaded and sent to Miss Lewis in less than an hour.

We mustn't forget to mention among the special recent gifts, a shipment from the MacGregor Instrument Company of

Needham, Massachusetts,—an assortment of syringes, bandages, hemostats, forceps, and hundreds of hypodermic needles for use at our Hyden Hospital.

We want also to make special mention of the gift of an enormous pair of saddlebags sent us by Mrs. A. T. Wiggins of London, Laurel County, Kentucky. They were given to her by Mrs. D. C. Edwards whose husband had used them in campaigning for Congress years ago.

Our Second Assistant Director, Miss Betty Lester, now holding down the job of Superintendent of our Hospital at Hyden, has taken a lot of speaking engagements for the Director in and around our territory this fall.

On the afternoon of Armistice Day she spoke, at the request of Mrs. Alice Bingham Engle, to the Parent Teachers Association of the Walkerstown High School at Hazard. She reports a delightful attendance of parents, teachers and students. She had a column of advance notice of her speech on the front page of the Hazard Herald. As Miss Lester has been with the Frontier Nursing Service for nearly nineteen years, except for her war service, she could give a full account of all of our doings. By request she also described her experiences in London during all of the blitzes and bombings.

Again I am going to drop the editorial "we" and say that I, Mary Breckinridge, appreciate deeply the kind inquiries so many of you have made in regard to my recent illness. It was a good thing it happened because I had to take care of myself, and I am feeling better now than for many months past. However, Dr. Dale was not willing for me to do anything strenuous this fall, and I could not attend the meetings of our local Committees except the one at Beech Fork which could be comfortably reached from Wendover. This was a blow, as there is nothing in the whole year that matters more to me than meeting with the local Committees. Betty Lester went with me to the Beech Fork meeting and then she took on all of the others in my stead. She was accompanied by Odette Prunet, our French fellowship nurse, who delighted in the people, the scenery, the

nursing centers, and the riding. They were able to go to the Red Bird River Nursing Center and the one at the Mouth of Flat Creek by jeep. They did the lower rounds to Brutus, to Bowlingtown and to Confluence on horseback. All of these meetings were well attended. The Committees as always had helpful suggestions to make and took great interest in the reports of the work, particularly in the reports of their own district nurses.

It is delightful to us to see how well our outpost nurses handle these large Committee dinners and how they manage to get hold of good things to eat. The chicken at Beech Fork was baked. At Brutus, it was chicken pie. At Bowlingtown it was fried chicken; and at Confluence they had chicken and dumplings. At Flat Creek Bea Miller had gotten hold of a roast of beef, and at Red Bird Minnie Geyer served ham, which she got hold of on her holiday at home, and brought all the way back with her for the Committee dinner.

Now we want to tell the story of Monique, the Belgian bride of Mr. Roy Turner, one of our young soldiers. She had only been in America a few weeks. He was redeployed from Europe and got to New York and was demobilized a week ahead of her arrival. He was able to meet her ship and bring her down to Kentucky. She expected a baby in something less than three months' time. He brought her to our Hospital at Hyden one day and we kept her there, although there were no untoward obstetrical symptoms. But she had had a tooth pulled and she was not well. The day after we had admitted her, with no forewarning at all, she had her first convulsion.

Dr. Dale is writing up Monique's case history for the Perry County Medical Society and in this brief outline we shall not attempt a technical description of it. We have never before had a patient to recover who was so desperately ill. Suffice it to say that her convulsions were almost continuous for 30 hours and for 18 hours her temperature, taken under the armpit, did not go below 105.

As always in a great emergency, we are conscious of how many friends stand by. Dr. Hagan came over from Hazard in

consultation. Our obstetrical consultant in Lexington, Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, was in constant advice with Dr. Dale by telephone, and Mrs. Roberts kept the telephone line open at night. Mr. Jewel Galloway of the Ford Company place on Red Bird River, who has a plane and a landing field there, and Mr. Rutherford Campbell who has a pilot's license, offered to bring Dr. Whitehouse up from Lexington but the visibility was too poor for a take-off or a landing in the mountains.

Our French nurse, Odette Prunet, volunteered to special Monique all of every night so that when she came to, someone could speak to her in her own language. With such a good nurse for a night special, with our marvelous Superintendent of Midwifery, Helen Browne, in personal charge during the day, and, above all, with Dr. Dale staying at the Hospital day and night, and doing all the things developed by modern science, we have pulled Monique through. Her toxemia came from the liver and not from the kidneys.

Monique's young husband stayed at the Hospital for three days and nights, and he was sitting by her when the first look of recognition passed over her face. His own face, when we saw it a little afterwards, looked like the rising sun.

There is only one sad note about our little Belgian bride. When she became conscious she kept asking for her baby and finally had to be told that it was dead. She cried a little, and after that kept whatever grief she had in her own heart.

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On Thanksgiving Day all of the staff who can leave the districts and the Hospital for the day will gather at Wendover for our annual reunion. This is a custom carried out in the Frontier Nursing Service from its earliest beginnings. There are always absent ones because the Hospital has to be covered as well as districts where maternity cases are pending. Then there are the dear absent members of the Service, scattered all over the world. A few of them are dead. We feel that all the absent ones are with us in spirit on the one day of the whole year that we call our own.

We have had much to be thankful for this past year, although we have never gone through a more difficult one. The

case of Monique whose life we have just saved, makes us go back over our maternal mortality figures for the past few years. We have had no maternal deaths during the past five and one-half years among the 2,331 women we delivered in childbirth. To have carried more than 2,000 consecutive cases safely through childbirth without losing a single mother, under circumstances as difficult as ours, is something for which we humbly thank God.

CHRISTMAS DAY

by

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1868)

Blest day, which aye reminds us, year by year,
What 'tis to be a man: to curb and spurn
The tyrant in us; that ignobler self,
Which owns no good save ease, no ill save pain,
No purpose, save its share in that wild war,
In which, through countless ages, living things
Compete in internecine greed!
While ever, out of the eternal heavens,
Looks patient down the great magnanimous God,
Who, Maker of all worlds, did sacrifice—
All to Himself? Nay, but Himself to one;
Who taught mankind, on that first Christmas Day,
What 'twas to be a man: to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live!

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1946.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mr. E. S. Jouett, Chairman, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Mattie A. Norton, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Mr. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, O., Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. C. N. Manning, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; and Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of August, 1946.

MARY JANE LAUGHLIN, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires March 19, 1950.)

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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.

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

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

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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





WAITING

—Photograph by Rose Evans