

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of  
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

VOLUME 26

SPRING, 1951

NUMBER 4



JUST FISHIN'

Photograph by Earl Palmer



COURIER KATE IRELAND  
of Cleveland, Ohio

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LOVE IS COME AGAIN

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,  
Wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;  
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:

*Love is come again,*

*Like wheat that springeth green.*

In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,  
Thinking that never he would wake again,  
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
He that for three days in the grave had lain,  
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,  
Thy touch can call us back to life again,  
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:

*Love is come again,*

*Like wheat that springeth green.*

—F. M. C. Crum  
*The Oxford Book of Carols*

## APRIL AT WENDOVER

by

MRS. MORRIS B. BELKNAP

After the most devastating winter Kentucky has experienced for many years, I was expecting to find Wendover still wearing its winter garb; instead, the belated spring was much more advanced here than around Louisville or Lexington. The trees were showing their early green, the redbud was in bloom, many wild flowers covered the banks, and even some dogwood was out. The natural little rock garden across from the barn was a mass of white and purple violets, Iceland poppies, Virginia bluebells and wild columbine. All this was accounted for by the location of Wendover which, although standing on the side of a narrow valley sheltered by steep, protecting mountains, still has a wide, southern exposure.

Wendover offers a wonderfully, restful atmosphere to a guest. The work in its various offices is carried on in so orderly a fashion, the emergencies that arise daily are so quietly and efficiently met, there is no confusion audible or apparent. The same atmosphere prevails at the Hyden Hospital where I lunched yesterday.

When here last November, I had the privilege of reading the manuscript of the first half of Mrs. Breckinridge's book; on this visit I read all of the second half that she has finished. Two illnesses have delayed the entire completion of the work. It is an intensely interesting narrative of an undertaking that involved meeting and overcoming almost superhuman obstacles, and nothing but an intrepid spirit with a compelling motive could have accomplished what was done. It is said that Mrs. Breckinridge never asks anything of anyone that she cannot do herself, but that is indeed a challenge, for it not infrequently means to achieve what seems impossible, and I can picture the feelings of two of the early nurses who, knowing nothing whatever about building, were told to go and supervise the erection of the first outpost center—and they did it.

It is the inspiration of this spirit shared by fellow workers and associates that has not only made possible the success of this unique organization, but has carried its fame the world around.

## A HUNTING TALE

by  
HOPE MUNCY

Once upon a time, not too long after Kentucky County ceased to be and the Commonwealth of Kentucky was formed, there lived a little family by a mountain stream. The cabin was not too new, the family had lived there for several years now and the place was becoming more and more dear to them. Their roots were growing down into the rich, dark soil of the new country. People worked hard then, no eight-hour day for them, but they were happier for the hard work. Every member of the family was expected to do his job and do it well. Indeed, they could not have wrested a living from the wilderness otherwise.

One early summer morning this family had an unusual adventure. The father was up in the new field hoeing the tender green shoots of young corn. Two of the older boys were with him weeding the corn rows. The mother and the oldest daughter were washing clothes at the spring under the willow trees. One little boy of about eight years was left at home to tend to baby sister. He was a little peeved at being turned into a baby-minder; he felt that he was just as capable of hard work as his older brothers. While he was dreaming of all of the wonderful things he would do someday, such as hunting or becoming an Indian fighter, the little sister went off to sleep. His dreamy gaze shifted around the room until his eyes rested on the gunrack.

"Why wait till I grow up," he thought, "I'll go out this very minute and kill a bear or a deer; then my family will think I am able to do a man's work. I'll even get to go with Pa to get salt."

With these visions of himself riding over the hills with his father and fighting off any hostile Indians who got in the way, the little boy grabbed the old rifle from the rack. Out the door and up the hill he went. It was steep and rocky and the rifle was heavy so he was huffing and puffing when he got to the top. While he was getting his breath, he heard a rustle in the laurel bushes. When he turned around, he was face to face with a big, black bear. All the valor he had dreamed on himself back in the cabin dropped from him now. He threw the rifle to the ground and it went off with a loud bang. There was a mighty

roar, a crashing of bushes and a tumbling of rocks loosened by the charging bear. From all the sounds, he didn't dare look back; the bear was right at his heels; any minute now he would be caught. At last, he reached the foot of the hill. Into the house and under the bed he went.

Meanwhile, his father had heard the roar of the rifle. He dropped his hoe and leaped over the rail fence and reached home just as his wife and daughter did. They all expected to see some dreadful sight. What they did see mystified them. There was a large, black bear, stretched out, very dead, at the foot of the hill. He had been shot right between the eyes. There was no hunter and no gun in sight. They rushed into the house to see about the children whom they had left at home. The baby was still sleeping and after some searching, the little boy was found under the bed. When the hysterical child was finally coaxed out from under the bed, the true story was pieced together. The little boy went out to see the bear he had killed without knowing it. He became very proud of himself and dreamed of becoming a great hero and going on the salt journey. He was a hero at home, even if it was an accident that the bear was dead. Great hunks of the salted bear meat hung with the haunches of venison and hams in the smokehouse. There was plenty of good clear bear grease for cooking and I like to think that a big bearskin rug was placed right before the little boy's bed.

It would seem, with such a start, that this little boy would grow up to be another Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone. But no, he just grew up to be my great-grandfather.

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### IMPORTANT QUESTION

A very young lady wrote us lately to say that she was interested in applying for a post as courier with the Frontier Nursing Service. One thing troubled her. "Does one," she wrote, "have to obligate oneself to send one's daughters?"

## PSYCHOLOGY FOR NURSES

Second Edition, 382 pp.

by

BESS V. CUNNINGHAM, Professor of Education  
University of Toledo, Toledo, Ohio

(Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., New York, 1951)

Reviewed by

ELLA WOODYARD, Ph.D.

In 1946 Dr. Bess V. Cunningham published a text, *Psychology for Nurses*, for use in schools of nursing. It proved highly successful, because of her intimate knowledge of the needs of students of nursing for an understanding of the fundamental principles of psychology, both for a better comprehension and management of themselves and for use with their patients in their practice of nursing techniques.

A revised edition of the text has lately come from the press. It is to be commended for its broad conception of the function of a nurse not only in her dealing with individuals but as a force for better health conditions in her community and for research into improved methods of patient care and of understanding mental and physical ailments.

The book is excellently put together for the use of immature students. Each chapter is summarized, extra study suggestions are offered, reading material is listed, as well as the references cited being named in full. Frequently mention is made of how the student may make personal application of the psychology facts she is studying. Later chapters call to specific attention specialized fields of nursing study and research.

While the book is particularly intended for class use in hospitals and schools, it has value for individual readers and, for any mature nurse, offers an excellent refresher course to keep her in touch with the advances of the times. Especially good are the discussions on nursing geriatric and pediatric patients.

The Frontier Nursing Service is pleased to have copies in the libraries of the Hyden Hospital and the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. They will, we think, be put to good use.



## URGENT NEEDS

The urgent needs this spring are so numerous that we are not listing all of them. Example—Before the year is out we will have to replace Willie, the Hyden Hospital jeep. Willie is passing into old age and has become what old-time novelists called, "A Man of Parts." In other words, Willie is not worth his repair and upkeep and, on the Hyden Hospital hill, his brakes frustrate the nurse driving him. The cost of a new civilian jeep with a heater (which nurses and patients need in winters like the last one) is exactly \$1,579.26, as we go to press. Anyone who gives Hyden Hospital a new jeep would have the privilege of naming it.

Few of our readers can afford to give a jeep or any of the large things listed under our urgent needs, but many, a great many, can afford the smaller items that would not be listed unless they too were urgent. We know that thousands of you read this column annually, and that a number of you respond to it. God bless you.

### HYDEN HOSPITAL

<b>Hyden Water System:</b> Breakdown due to sand in the well.	
Removing and replacing part of roof and one side of pump house to set rig; Drilling, bailing out sand in well; "fishing" for brass sand strainer; Disconnecting Deep Well Pump and Motor, repairing worn parts; Resetting unit and adjusting it.....	\$1,165.51
<b>Painting Trim of Hospital and Annex; Creosoting Annex:</b> Materials and Labor—estimated.....	1,000.00
<b>Replacing Part of Riprap Wall Behind Hospital:</b> Cement and Labor—estimated .....	75.00
<b>Replacing Wooden Steps at Foot of Hospital Hill:</b> Materials and Labor .....	90.16
<b>Small Autoclave:</b> Stand-by Unit, and to Supplement Old Unit, for Sterilizing Instruments and Dressings.....	407.00
<b>Additional Electric Circuits:</b> For Heavy Duty Appliances in Utility Rooms—On Contract.....	475.00
<b>Large Grease Trap:</b> Installed Outside Hospital.....	105.00
<b>Rods for Bedside Curtains:</b> Furnished and Installed.....	56.00
<b>Basswood Shades:</b> For Porch Ward.....	32.07
<b>Window Shades:</b> For All Wards—Varying Sizes.....	89.45
<b>Heavy Duty Hot Plate:</b> Double Burner.....	62.00
<b>Cervical Biopsy Punch</b> .....	33.75
<b>Metal Chairs for Clinic Waiting Room:</b> 1 Dozen @ \$10.95 each.....	131.40
<b>Bed Lamps:</b> 18 @ \$3.40 each.....	61.20
<b>Aluminum Service Trays:</b> 1 Dozen.....	26.63
<b>Bedside Water Bottles, Each with Glass:</b> 18 @ \$10.30 per dozen....	15.45
<b>Plastic Pillow Covers:</b> 4 @ 70c each.....	2.80
<b>Muslin for Making Patients' Gowns:</b> 50 Yards @ 36c.....	18.00

<b>Repair of Chairs and Desks: Locally Made,</b>		
5 Split Bottom Chairs—new bottoms.....	\$10.00	
9 Nurses' Desks—miscellaneous repairs.....	18.00	28.00
<b>Flat Top Desk and Chair: Second-hand, for District Nurses' Office .....</b>		
		40.00
<b>Slip Covers: For Two Large Sofas and Two Chairs—Material and Making—estimated .....</b>		
		97.00
<b>Aluminum Sauce Pot: Heavy Duty—4-gallon capacity.....</b>		22.05
<b>Aluminum Double Boiler: Heavy Duty—4-quart capacity.....</b>		13.25
<b>Walnut End Tables: 4 Drop-leaf, made out of our own lumber.....</b>		75.80
<b>Dining Room Table: Auxiliary—made out of old lumber.....</b>		21.70
<b>Floor Polishing Machine: Electric.....</b>		57.00
		<u>\$4,201.22</u>

#### MIDWIVES QUARTERS AT HOSPITAL

<b>Porches—Front and Back: Replacement of 8 Panels of Screen Wire—Wire and Labor—estimated.....</b>	\$	30.00
<b>Replacement of Furnace: Including Fan—Furnace, Fan, Installation and Cleaning Flue—contract.....</b>		684.00
<b>Vegetable Bins: To be Rat-proofed—Wire, Lumber and Labor—estimated .....</b>		12.80
<b>Paling Fence: Repair and Creosoting—Materials and Labor—estimated .....</b>		40.00
<b>Window Shades: For 2 Windows—Replacements.....</b>		5.78
<b>Slip Covers: For 2 Chairs—Material and Making—estimated.....</b>		34.00
	\$	<u>806.58</u>

#### JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence are met by the donor.

#### WENDOVER

<b>Stone Cisterns—Upper and Lower: Caulking and Plastering Cracks; Replacing Conical Covers. Cement, Lumber, Roofing, Nails and Labor—estimated.....</b>	\$	500.00
<b>Wood, Coal and Kindling Shed: Replacement—Tearing down and clearing away old ramshackling shed; Grading, leveling and widening road around shed; Building low foundation wall on lower side; Building shed. Lumber, Nails, Cement and Labor—estimated .....</b>		510.00
<b>Septic Tank—Drain Field (Garden House): Digging up line—Replacing some of the Tile—Tile and Labor.....</b>		39.30
<b>Fire Hydrant: Repairing Leak in Hydrant and Pipe Line—Pipe, Fittings and Labor.....</b>		14.93
<b>Road—Pig Alley: Repairs to Road Bed and Culverts after February Flood—Hauling Rock, Rebuilding Stone Culverts, Deepening Drain Ditch.....</b>		51.15
<b>Window Fan: For Kitchen—needed because of intense heat from 2-oven, coal-fired hotel range.....</b>		60.00
<b>Painting Offices (5)—Garden House: Casein Paint and Labor.....</b>		64.51
<b>Saucepan—Heavy Aluminum: With cover—3-gallon capacity.....</b>		19.35
<b>Drag Scraper: For road work.....</b>		13.40
<b>Tinners Snips.....</b>		5.70
	\$	<u>1,278.34</u>

**BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER****Jessie Preston Draper Memorial**

<b>Water Tank:</b> Conical Roof (replaced); Tank and Hoops Painted— Roof, Paint and Labor.....	\$ 182.48
<b>Sawdust Bent and Pump House:</b> Roof Repairs—Roofing and Labor	19.75
<b>Fencing:</b> Replacing 6 Panels—Palings and Posts—Lumber, Nails, Posts and Labor—estimated.....	30.00
<b>Fireplace:</b> Replacing Firebrick in Back—Brick, Fire Clay, Cement and Labor—estimated.....	35.00
<b>Furnace Flue and Hot Air Pipes:</b> Cleaned with Suction Machine....	20.00
<b>Painting Interior:</b> Living Room, 5 Bedrooms and Bathroom— Paint (Painted by Nurses).....	36.80
<b>Garden Hose:</b> Replacement.....	9.49
<b>Pressure Canner:</b> For Sterilizing Dressings.....	25.95
<b>Wardrobe (Fiberboard):</b> For Maid's Room (No Closet).....	11.98
<b>Bed Stands:</b> Unpainted—2.....	15.96
<b>Split Bottom Chairs:</b> For Dining Table—2 @ \$4.00.....	8.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 395.41

**BOWLINGTOWN NURSING CENTER****Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial**

<b>Replacement of Furnace:</b> Including Fan—contract.....	\$ 664.00
<b>Water Pump:</b> Repair of Motor—Parts, Mileage from Harlan and Labor.....	75.00
<b>Sawdust Bent:</b> Rebuilding (new flooring)—Lumber, Nails, and Labor—estimated.....	50.00
<b>Sewage System:</b> Digging Up Drain Pipes—Relaying—Labor— estimated.....	20.00
<b>Making Sled:</b> Labor.....	3.15
<b>Fire Hose:</b> Replacement of 50 feet.....	32.00
<b>Pressure Canner:</b> For Sterilizing Dressings.....	29.95
<b>Slip Covers:</b> 1 Chair and Window Seat—Material and Making (Nurse will make Window Seat Cover)—estimated.....	18.75
<b>Draperies:</b> 2 Windows—Material (Made by Nurse).....	10.14
<b>Glass Churn:</b> Replacement.....	4.25
	<hr/>
	\$ 907.24

**BRUTUS NURSING CENTER****Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial**

<b>Water Tank:</b> Replacing Overflow Pipe; Patching Leaks; Tarring Roof; Painting Pipe, Tar, Paint and Labor—estimated.....	\$ 71.00
<b>Sleeping Porch—Upstairs:</b> Replacing Screen Wire—Wire and Labor—estimated.....	13.50
<b>Furnace:</b> Fan—To Prolong Life of Furnace—contract.....	252.00
<b>Kitchen Range:</b> Black Iron with High Warming Closet—Range, Freight and Haulage, and Installation—estimated.....	89.00
<b>Curtains:</b> Tailored Cotton Panels—Material for 10 Windows—50 yards—estimated.....	27.50
<b>Dishes:</b> Blue Willow Pattern—Replacements.....	6.80
<b>Clothes Dryer:</b> Wooden.....	1.98
<b>Bedside Rugs:</b> Cotton—2 @ \$3.49 each.....	6.98
	<hr/>
	\$ 468.76

**FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER****Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial**

**Road to Center—One Quarter Mile:** Rebuilt after February Flood.  
Log Retaining Wall (360') anchored with steel pins in solid rock; road widened; washed-out places filled in; bank above road sloped; drain ditch deepened—Steel Pins, Haulage, Labor.  
(Less collection taken up by Flat Creek community at Box Supper) .....\$ 545.75

**Drainage at Barn:** Rock Culvert with Board Cover; and Open Rock Drain. Hauling Rock, Cement, Lumber, and Labor..... 135.60

**Riprap Walls (at Center and Tank):** Relaid—Cement and Labor.... 13.50

**Water Tank:** Roof Tarred; Hoops and Tank Painted—Tar, Paint and Labor..... 36.00

**Drainage Back of Center:** Tile, Cement and Labor..... 25.17

**Slip Covers:** For 1 Day Bed and 2 Chairs—Material and Making—estimated ..... 52.00

**Hot Plate:** For Clinic..... 20.00

**Saucepans:** 1 Two-quart and 1 Three-quart Capacity..... 5.38

**Garden Fork**..... 2.19

\$ 835.59

**POSSUM BEND****Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

**Hand Force Pump:** Replacing Pump Installed, 1928—Pump and Installation .....\$ 65.49

**Sewage System:** Pipes Relaid; Concrete Top—Cement and Labor.. 40.07

**Feed Room, Barn:** Repaired to Make Rat-proof—Cement (for floor), Wire and Labor..... 55.80

**Furnace Flue and Hot Air Pipes:** Cleaned with Suction Machine... 20.00

**Wheelbarrow:** For Barn Use—Replacement..... 12.75

**Basket Grate, Portable:** For Living Room—Replacement..... 8.50

**Hot Plate, Electric:** For Clinic..... 20.00

**Vacuum Cleaner:** Tank Type..... 59.95

\$ 282.56

**RED BIRD****Clara Ford Nursing Center**

Provision is made for the repairs and replacements at this center.

**FROM A PATIENT**

Dear Miss \_\_\_\_\_

I am sending my anual \$2.00 in because you have been so needful while I've had sickness. I just had neglected my money.

## WATER WOES WITH A WELL

by

AGNES LEWIS

Executive Secretary, Frontier Nursing Service

April eighteenth was the date set for the first day of our annual surgical clinic at Hyden Hospital. For weeks Ann MacKinnon (Mac) and the hospital nurses had been getting ready for it; and for weeks we had been having trouble with pulled-apart water pipes. No pipe line buried, as ours is, on the side of a mountain can withstand the strain of prolonged freezing weather such as we had the past winter, followed by heavy spring rains—something always moves! Mac's one prayer was that the water system might function without interruption until the last postoperative patient was discharged. Then, if need be, she could cope with running a hospital on a limited water supply. The pumps were checked, adjusted and put in order; and were running at full capacity. Both tanks high up on the mountain-side above Hyden Hospital and Haggin Quarters were overflowing—their combined capacity is approximately 28,000 gallons. We were ready for the big clinic; but the morning Dr. Eugene Todd and his assistants arrived from Lexington, they were greeted with the news, "The pump is broken!"

The deep well had "let us down" at a crucial time. New cup leathers put on the pressure cylinder a few weeks before were out of place and turned inside out—this had not happened before. Our men quickly changed the cups and got the pump to running again. However, we were not too happy. Something out of the ordinary had caused those cups to turn inside out. If only the pump would run through the clinic we could then get at the basic trouble. It ran, but half-heartedly, through that week.

Monday morning, April twenty-third—it would be a Monday—the pump stopped with a thud. No one dared mention sand in the well. The experience we had had with sand in 1938 when we put in an 8-foot copper strainer to prevent trouble again, made that little word taboo. Our men can change cup leathers, replace gaskets, pins, et cetera. As a rule, they can pull the sucker rods. They set about doing it; but this time the rods

were immovable. We called the plumbers from Harlan—a distance of thirty-five miles. They came with bigger and better pulleys and wrenches; and with the help of our men, pulled and tugged; but the rods could not be budged. It could mean only one thing: sand had again caved in the well. Now our only recourse was to find a well driller with a good rig to bail it out.

Mac immediately had the water cut off at Haggin Quarters, Midwives Quarters, Joy House, the two 3-room employees' cottages, and at the barn, leaving only the Hospital with water. Friends in Hyden with working wells, always sympathetic and generous in such a crisis, invited the doctor and his family and the nurses to their homes to get water for drinking and cooking purposes, to take baths, and even to bring their clothes to be washed.

We called Mr. Hutson of the Harlan Plumbing and Heating Company and he got in touch with Mr. Parsons, a reliable driller, who with his son and modern rig left the well he was working on and arrived at Hyden late that night. It was a relief to get them there so quickly. In 1938 it had taken days to locate a rig and then days to get it to Hyden. Early the next morning our men began tearing out part of the roof and one side wall of the pump house, so that the rig could be set. Then the drillers pulled the sucker rods—177 feet of them—and the drop pipe. To our dismay, there was no copper strainer attached; and the well cylinder and the last two joints of drop pipe were packed solid with sand.

Mr. C. G. Queen, our trustee and consulting engineer, left his own busy office at the Ford Motor Company on Red Bird River and came over to Hyden to make a thorough survey of our situation. He took soundings, determined the water level, the sand level, the depth of the sand, et cetera; and then made his calculations. It seemed that we had 37 feet of sand in the well, which would have to be bailed out. It took only a few hours to bail out the first 25 feet of sand and then the drill hit something hard. The drillers immediately changed from drill to spear and started grappling for the strainer which we still had hopes of getting out in a usable, or at least a repairable, condition. This was a slow, tedious procedure; and after several

hours of "fishing" and bailing and being rewarded only by flecks of shiny copper mingled with the sand and water, we despaired of recovering the strainer intact, and decided to bring it out in pieces. Once more the drill hammered away and was able to remove only two feet of sand in half a day. Mr. Queen came over again. Instead of a well 197 feet deep we now had one only 187 feet deep. Mrs. Breckinridge felt strongly that while we had the rig we should not only get the strainer out but should bail out the sand to the full depth of the well before the cave-in. We all had agreed that this was wise. Now it seemed that the expense of drilling through the last ten feet of sand and embedded strainer would be prohibitive. We knew that the stream of water was abundant and came in above the sand. We reported Mr. Queen's findings to Mrs. Breckinridge, who was sick with "flu" and didn't need this added burden, and she agreed that it was not feasible to continue drilling. We would have to do without a strainer as getting a new one in times like these was out of the question; and we would have to leave out one sucker rod and one joint of drop pipe. Everything considered, it seemed a safe solution; but, of course, anything in the bottom of a well is a gamble! The sucker rods and drop pipe were thoroughly cleaned with a steel brush, and checked inch by inch. As each sucker rod went back in the well it was again examined and all of the couplings seemed to be secure.

Again the plumbers came from Harlan and reset the pump, the motor and the controls. By six o'clock that evening—April twenty-ninth—water, red and sandy, was flowing out of the cleanout pipe. In half an hour the well had been pumped clear and the pump was connected to the water line—over 1,100 feet of it from pump to tanks. Alonzo, the hospital foreman who had worked hard from early morning, offered to stay all night and run the pumps in order to fill the tanks as quickly as possible. Our water supply for the hospital was very low. The plumbers stayed until two o'clock in the morning to be sure that all was well. The next morning to our immense relief, 6,000 gallons of precious water—about one day's normal usage for all the buildings,—was in one of the tanks. The end of this crisis was surely in sight. Our men began putting back the roof and side

wall of the pump house. Suddenly, they realized that the pump was running but there was no pressure on it. Incredible though it was, a sucker rod had pulled loose. Back came the plumbers from Harlan; off came the pump and motor again; up came the sucker rods! The second wooden rod from the top—we were grateful that it was not at the bottom—had pulled apart from its iron coupling. Apparently, the wood was rotten around the pin which fastened the rod to the coupling; and this concealed weakness did not show up until the rods were under pressure again. A new rod was put in; the pump, motor and controls replaced; and by Thursday, May third, both tanks were overflowing. Then, and not until then, the water was turned on at all of the buildings. There was a mighty rush of people to get baths and wash clothes and to take their fill of drinking water.

Our national chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, was at Wendover during this crisis. Her understanding sympathy and encouragement during the stress and strain of that week lifted our morale no end. The hospital patients were marvelous—their visitors arrived with drinking water instead of flowers! The doctor and his family, the Hyden nurses, the maids, the men, the plumbers, the drillers—everyone had kept a sense of humor through it all and, by their cheerful acceptance of things, they had made an otherwise unbearable situation bearable.

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### SOCIAL SECURITY

According to the 1950 Amendments of the Social Security Act employees of non-profit organizations are eligible for Social Security, provided the organization and two-thirds or more of its employees wish to come under the law. In December 1950 the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service voted for the Service to join the Social Security plan, if its employees so wished. Before the end of March each employee of the Service had recorded his or her vote on the Social Security plan, and more than two-thirds were in favor of the Frontier Nursing Service joining the plan. The necessary papers have been filed, and beginning April 1st, 1951, all employees who voted for the Service to join the plan, and all new employees hereafter will be covered by Social Security.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Howard Payne Ingels, Jr. (Pat Mickle),**

**Liberty, Texas—February 19, 1951**

We have been living in Texas since Howdy was graduated one and a half years ago. He is a petroleum engineer with the Texas Company and loves it. Prior to moving to Liberty, which is half way between Beaumont and Houston, we were in a small town about fifteen miles away while Howdy did field work. He's now in the office. Where we go from here remains to be seen.

Of course, now our life is perfect since the arrival of our boy. He is wonderful! He's the ripe old age of three months and is growing like a weed. He is an excellent baby—gives me a minimum of trouble. So good, in fact, that since he was six weeks old he's been attending luncheons, bridge parties, and the like. I just plunk him in his car bed and put him in a bedroom and he sleeps. Baby sitters are at a premium during the day.

. . . . .

**From Jan McMillan, Northampton, Massachusetts**

**—March 2, 1951**

My postal from Normandy was a rather inadequate report of our trip in Europe last summer. Another girl and I traveled by ourselves which we felt was much more satisfactory than a tour where you are herded from place to place with no preferences. We had about a month each in France and England and ten days each in Italy and Switzerland, and stayed in every imaginable type of place! Paris was fun but pretty commercialized and in the summer is always filled with tourists. I loved the chateau country—it certainly stirs your historical imagination! The Riviera was just lovely—dark red cliffs, rich blue sea, sunshine. There we were lucky enough to run into two old friends with a '42 Buick just crying for traveling companions.

We drove along the Italian Riviera to Florence, which was the high spot of the trip for me. That city has so much tradition, and so much that is beautiful everywhere you look, despite the poverty. I would love to go back in the spring sometime! Venice also is charming, truly a bright and glamorous other-

world of the imagination. Here too, as in Florence, we found more beautiful things to buy than anywhere else: leather, silk, linen. The Lake Como district was entirely different, and also worth a revisit. In Switzerland, due to the car, we could go exploring, and found a little German-Swiss inn in a tiny town right up among the Alpine glaciers! Stayed for eight wonderful days, hiking and so on—it was wonderful to be in the clean, cool, green countryside again! Some day I'd love to return for the skiing in winter. In England our luck with the weather failed but we stayed with friends in London and in Ayrshire and took in the Edinburgh Festival and Devonshire countryside.

. . . . .

**From Susan M. Spencer, Seattle, Washington—March 10, 1951**

In the great Northwest everything is covered by snow at the moment. We drove from San Francisco to Seattle through some of the best scenery in the U. S. A. (so we're told) with rain, snow and fog obscuring our vision all the way. The redwoods were about all we could see and they are amazing—trunks the size of silos, and forests of them!

Of course this section is pretty much concerned with lumbering. And it's horrible to go through a beautiful stand of trees only to find right next to it an area where nearly everything has been cut and a jumble of branches and trunks left on the ground—like the hill across from the mouth of Hurricane, in a way. Don't see why lumbering operations can't be successful and a little less destructive.

When we leave here we're going south through Portland and down the center of California. If the weather is coöperative we'll drive into Yosemite Park as far as we can go. For contrast then we'll go through Death Valley and to Boulder Dam. We've a vague idea that Tucson, Arizona, may be our home for nine months of the year, so I think we're going back there to find a place to live before we head for Chicago.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edward Dane (Jane Ewell), Chestnut Hill,  
Massachusetts—March 19, 1951**

I don't suppose I would recognize the Wendover locale any more after twenty years' absence. It must be tremendously

more open and get-at-able now, but I enjoyed it as it was. In fact, my two months' work with you all remains a most vivid period of my life.

I have one of Mrs. Rock's boxers who is the joy of my life. We managed to get a gold medal with our orchids at the Flower Show, which pleased my husband.

. . . .

**From Nancy Dammann, Winnetka, Illinois—March 19, 1951**

I've finally received my orders from the State Department. In about ten days I shall leave for Washington to take a six weeks' training course and then will head for Dacca, Pakistan, where I will remain for two years.

In case you have never heard of Dacca (I never had until I got my orders), it is the capital of East Pakistan. It's really a hot spot both climatically and politically. It's about ten miles from the Bengal jungles, the home of the famous Bengal tiger, and lies in the center of a flat, marshy plateau. It boasts one of the worst rainy seasons in the world but otherwise doesn't sound too bad. They claim it doesn't get much hotter than 95. To make it interesting politically it's near both the Burma and Tibet borders.

I'm not quite sure what my job will be but I have been told that I will have to do a good deal of traveling which should be fun. My work will have something to do with public relations. I'll either edit or help edit a small State Department newspaper, write features for the local newspapers or give lectures and show movies on the U. S. Probably a little of all three. It all sounds very exciting.

. . . .

**From Evelyn Rogers (Evie), Golden's Bridge, New York**

—March 29, 1951

Eight of us have rented a tiny blue cottage in St. Sauveur, Canada, for a week. It's absolutely heavenly up here. Boiling hot sun and easy skiing. My face is a bright fiery red and I spend most of the time going down the mountains on my seat, still it's really great fun.

I'm definitely going into nurses' training school next fall at the New York Hospital.

**From Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence (Pat Perrin),  
Brookline, Massachusetts—March 31, 1951**

Unbelievable though it may seem, Bobby is already in Korea, and my thoughts are centralized on the day of his return. We have put everything in storage and given up the apartment in Swampscott. Rob and I are planning to stay here with my father-in-law until the middle of May and then are moving to the Cape with my family until Bobby's return.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Costello Converse (Frances Hamlen),  
Westwood, Massachusetts—April 10, 1951**

It's a shame that Wendover was hit this past winter with Mrs. Breckinridge's illness, and the other misfortunes that only the winter months appear to be the provider of.

We have moved once again from Millis to Westwood, due to lack of space enough to house a family of four, which we now are. We have a little boy, just turned two, and a recent addition, a baby daughter now aged two months. Since we are within an arm's reach of the Dedham Country Club stables, our children undoubtedly will lead a "horsey" sort of life, which leads to a hope that our daughter, Paula, might be of some use to you in the distant future!

. . . .

**From Elizabeth Ivory, Bennington, Vermont—April 10, 1951**

I am in a real tizzy trying to prepare my exhibit of sculpture and get my graduation papers in order.

I can tell you I miss the Cabin and the precious coal fire and all of you who made my stay so illuminating and pleasant. When I think of the things that are going on down there I grow restless with envy. I know now that such work as that of the Frontier Nursing Service exists and I will not forget the devotion and service that I have seen. But I'm hardly in a position even to recognize great work as I sit here stuffing facts into my head.

. . . .

**From Ann Hinman, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—May 3, 1951**

We plan to be married on June 30th (*see Engagements*) in Southbury, and trying to take Comprehensives and plan a wedding are finishing me off fast. The amount of studying to be

done is staggering, and concentration is never so important as at the end of the last year, and my concentration is not all that it might be. We are going to live near Waterbury as Rud is an accountant there and I'm trying to get a teaching job there. I think at first we're going to live in Becky Crane Eddison's guest house which is the cutest thing I've ever seen. It has no heat, though, so come the winter, we will have to move. I suppose then we will settle down in earnest to the business of raising pigs, chickens, children, et cetera.

I hope Mrs. Breckinridge is better and back at work on her book. I can't wait to read it when it's finally published.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. W. G. Ellis (Pamela Dunn),**

**Newark, Delaware—May 12, 1951**

Latest news from Graham is that he will be home in September. Breck and Louise are doing so beautifully. Louise is chubby and most captivating. Breck is very masculine and loves to strut.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. James Benjamin Woodruff, Jr. (Scoopie Will),**

**Binghamton, New York—May 15, 1951**

As you see, we have moved again but this is the last time, I hope. Jim is all set up in business. To bring you up to date on the family, we now have three children: Jean, six years; Barbara, three and one-half; and "J" (boy), one year. We have added one puppy as of last week, and maybe sometime we will go in for raising them on the side.

I am no shining example as a correspondent, but according to the Bulletin others who were at the F.N.S. when I was there are no better! It would be nice to know what they are doing and where they are living.

#### AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Ann Hinman of Southbury, Connecticut, to Mr. Rutherford Page Lilley of Watertown, on March 31, 1951. Mr. Lilley served, during the second World War, with the Twenty-sixth Infantry Division in France. He is a grandnephew of the late Dr. George Bird Grinnell, author, naturalist and explorer, who

was founder of the first Audubon Society and an organizer of the New York Zoological Society.

We send our love to Ann and wish for her and Mr. Lilley deepest happiness.

#### WEDDINGS

Miss Diana Morgan of Princeton, New Jersey, and Mr. Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr., of Riverdale, New York, on April 21, 1951, in Princeton.

Miss Doris Archer Sinclair of Williamstown, Massachusetts, and Mr. George Gardiner McAnerney, on May 12, 1951, in Williamstown. They are now at home in Atlanta, Georgia—30 Collier Road, N.W.

We wish for each of these young couples useful and happy lives together.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Potter, Jr. (Edo Welch), of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a daughter, Katherine Potter, on December 1, 1950. Edo writes:

"The news from our home is that we have a second daughter, and another courier (I hope), born December 1st. What with two children and a dog in an apartment in Cambridge we hope soon to be able to move to Concord and have some country around us."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frank Knowles (Miggy Noyes) of Wellesley, Massachusetts, a daughter, Alison Eliot Knowles, on December 29, 1950. Her mother writes:

"It is fun to be reporting to you the birth of another daughter. In fact, the best thing about having babies is telling everybody about it! We took her and Tim and Emily and Faith all up skiing in New Hampshire last week in the spring snow, and she skied very nicely in a basket. We are all coming to see you some day if we don't have too many more!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilson Clark (Virginia Watson), a daughter, Mona Watson Clark, on February 26, 1951, in Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Clark has been with the American Embassy in Bogota, Colombia, for the last two years. His next assignment is Havana, Cuba.

We welcome these three girl babies into our future Courier Service.

## EXOTIC FISH ON THE FRONTIER

by

JANE FURNAS, R.N., B.S.

Great indeed is the interest exhibited by everyone when something new arrives in the F.N.S. Since my hobby is raising "exotic" or "tropical" fish, I brought them with me. It took some careful manipulating to transport, nearly 300 miles, all of the paraphernalia necessary to raise these little temperamental creatures. I had two large aquariums besides aeration, filter, lighting and heating equipment, to say nothing of such things as plants, sand, snails, marbles, nets, food, and anti-fungus salts.

I didn't realize at the time that I was under observation when I arrived at Hyden Hospital, but later the patients told me they watched me unload "Minerva," my car, and wondered what possible use I could have for everything!

Mac met me at the door of the nurses' home and offered to help me take things to my room. When I explained that I had fish with me, Mac got a slightly bewildered expression on her face and said, "Well, isn't that nice. We will have them for dinner." Of course she was quite chagrined when she saw that they were not eatable. She has often teased me about wanting to make a meal of my fish.

Anyone who raises fish will agree when I say that it takes hours to set up two aquariums. Imagine my dismay when I arrived at Hyden at 2:00 p.m. and was told that I was expected at Wendover for tea at 4:00 p.m. Needless to say the exotic fish were handled a wee bit roughly in order to get them from their containers into the aquariums. They were duly introduced to the frontier.

In October, when I entered the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, the fish and I moved to Midwives Quarters where we have also had a few jolts from the frontier. The electricity goes off occasionally, and I wonder if my fish will survive without air and heat until the electricity works again. Also during our recent water shortage the water got so low in the aquariums that the filter system didn't work. However, the other student

midwives made me take some of our scant supply of water for my fish.

Probably the greatest enjoyment I get from the fish is observing the children when they are watching them. Little Danny Blumhagen's eyes simply sparkle with fascination when he watches them. They really are intriguing little things.

But now I have another problem! What shall I do with my fish when I become a floater midwife? I can hardly imagine packing my fish and all their paraphernalia on horseback from one center to another.

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#### TRIBUTE TO A WASHINGTON TRUSTEE

On the occasion of the eightieth birthday of Robert Wickliffe Woolley a special tribute was paid by friends at St. John's Church in Georgetown parish, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Woolley, formerly a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was also director of the mint and before that was publicity chairman for the Democratic national convention. He was one of the original backers of Woodrow Wilson for the presidency and is a beloved and respected figure in Washington, where he set an example for public trust in public office. He and the late Judge Charles Kerr were together in legal connections in Washington as they had been in Lexington.

—*Lexington Herald*, May 1, 1951

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#### FOUND

A snow-drop in the wood I found,  
New-sprung from out the leafy ground.  
None knew how there it came to grow,  
Nor how it lived beneath the snow!

Ah little, lovely, tender thing,  
Be you my messenger of Spring!  
Truest of signs from God above  
To me—my Hope, my Faith, my Love!

—Julia May



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Mrs. Vashti Duvall in Kentucky—March 1951**

I was so happy to get the Bulletin and to read all the news from Wendover. This winter Forest has had trials to equal those of the nurses. His jeep has gone dead in the streams and has skidded on the ice and slipped over banks and so on. The roads have never been so bad in all the winters he has had the route. Wilma and Nancy were fine when I heard last week. I had hoped to get to Wendover this winter or early spring but will have to wait a while. I hope you have something for me to do if I get there in the late summer. Give my regards to all my friends.

. . . . .

### **From Ruth Peninger (Penny) in Georgia—March 1951**

I have just received the Bulletin and read it from cover to cover as usual. I always want to write after I have read, and say how much my thoughts travel with you. We had a good year in 1950—145 nurse-midwife cases plus 288 doctors' cases which we helped with. Some 2,921 hours. I spent a month in Atlanta in January learning how to take care of prematures. It is a good course. How much of it I will be able to use here, only time will tell. We have had an unusual amount of prematures already this year, especially among our colored people.

. . . . .

### **From Jeanette Boersma in Chicago—April 1951**

I want to express my appreciation to Mrs. Breckinridge and to all those connected with the wonderful organization of the Frontier Nursing Service for the midwifery course received. I enjoyed and benefited much from the course, and I know it will be of great help to me in Arabia. Those six months in the mountains were very pleasant ones for me. I already miss the beauty of the hills, the peacefulness and serenity that the mountains entail, and the mountain folks.

The course is a good one. We learned the rudiments of foundation in midwifery, and we will continue to learn by experience. We all appreciated Miss Fedde as dean, instructor and

supervisor. She was considerate in all her ways and made the course most pleasant for us.

My plans are now to return to Arabia in August. In the meantime I shall be doing some speaking, and buying things needed for the next six and a half years. The biggest job is packing! My sincere greeting to all at Wendover, and blessings upon your work.

**From Joan Court in London, England—April 1951**

I continue to be homesick for Kentucky, and on Sunday I plan to go to Kew to see if they have a dogwood tree somewhere in the grounds. It must be lovely now at Wendover. I am now fixed up to go to Lahore. I have my official confirmation for the W. H. O., and I am appointed as public health nurse to be district midwife in Lahore. On May 14th I report in Geneva and stay there for a week to learn something of the workings of the W. H. O.; then go on to Alexandria, Egypt to stay with Miss Magnussen, Regional Nursing Advisor. Eventually I shall get to Lahore, probably just before the monsoon. It is fun being in London—I am having a rest cure.

**From Nancy Newcomb at Sheppard A. F. Base, Texas**

—April 1951

My work with the Air Force Nurse Corps is very interesting. It is a busy and active life. For over two months we were working a six day week. We were extremely short of nurses and our patient load nearly doubled in a few short weeks. We are running approximately 600 patients a day now, and are expanding to over a thousand beds in the next six months. We understand that we are to be a regional hospital for the Air Force on a permanent basis, specializing in neuro-psychiatric and orthopedic patients. Of course we shall continue with medicine and general surgery. Please say hello to all my old friends.

**From Alice Young in North Dakota—May 1951**

We are having wonderful weather and having a car, I can get out to see the scenery. At present most of the farmers are planting acres and acres and acres. Small lakes are plentiful in

this flat and rolling country. We are short-staffed and at the present time I am director, staff nurse, head nurse and purchasing agent all in one. As there are only seven patients it is not too bad, but we have outpatients coming in all day long. I have worked ten or more hours a day taking care of the Indians. In order to teach them to become more independent we need field nurses very badly, and more hospital nurses too. I am trying to get some of the girls interested in taking a nursing training.



JIM DAVIDSON, Barn Man  
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center  
Brutus, Kentucky

Jim and his wife live at the foot of the hill below the Center, and "take care of the nurses." Their interest follows the nurses when they leave Brutus, and Jim inquires of them all. Many have taken with them as a souvenir one of the blacksnake whips (such as the one Jim is holding) which he makes so deftly of rawhide.

OF MAKING . . . BOOKS

1

If you should meet a publisher  
Who asks you for a book  
Be warned by one who went that way  
And take another look

2

"Here is the tale for you to tell"  
Your publishers will say  
"Narrations of your life and work  
Spun in a simple way"

3

You blithely set about your task  
You make a start—and then  
Discover what it means to tell  
Of three score years and ten

4

You read five hundred thousand words  
From records long since dead  
Of these you choose a very few  
And sort them in your head

---

Dedicated to Harper & Brothers

THERE IS NO END

—Ecclesiastes XII:12

5

At last you come to what's the pith  
A story to unfold  
Of gallant girls astride the horse  
Quite like the knights of old

6

For that you 'mass five million words  
Gleaned from the far and near  
They enter through the eye—and too  
They pour in by the ear

7

While all of this is going on  
Such writing it bespeaks  
That days pass into months—and then  
The months pass into weeks

8

Alas—alack—ah well aday  
Your time has *fugit*—fled  
Before your task is ended quite  
A year has gone to bed

---

by Mary Breckinridge

### AMERICA IN ACTION

Below the 30th parallel in Iran, 130,000 square miles of cultivated land were recently threatened with a plague of locusts. Wheat, barley, pistachio nuts, almonds, and other foods were in danger of complete destruction. The more northerly bread-basket of the country was also gravely threatened. There was a deadline of less than three weeks before the 2,000-acre egg field would come alive with destruction.

Iranian authorities put in an SOS call to the State Department where the recently signed agreement under the Point 4 Program was already under way. Things began to move!

A private charter service, the U. S. Overseas Airlines, contracted for the flights and spraying operations. The Iranian Government agreed to fuel the spraying planes and feed and house the pilots and mechanics. The Department of Agriculture supplied the technical men. William R. Mabee, entomologist and pioneer in the use of planes for applying insecticides to field crops for the control of insects, directed the technical phases of the project. The new insecticide, aldrin, was flown to the Idlewild Airport from Denver. Two ounces of this mixed in solvent is enough to kill locusts covering an acre of ground.

All personnel involved got their passports, visas, and inoculations in twenty-four hours—a wonderful record for the Passport Division.

The two DC-4 Skymaster planes carrying six disassembled single engine planes and over six tons of aldrin, together with a smaller plane carrying two more small planes and other supplies, landed safely in Iran. In eight days the small planes were assembled, loaded with materials, and ready for the job which was completed well within the deadline.

This is America in action!

—*This and That from Washington*  
Representative Frances P. Bolton  
22nd District, Ohio

## "IT'S HAY"

by

BETTY SCOTT, R.N., C.M.

It was Saturday night. It was the maid's night off. I was a floater, alone for the first time. I had turned the radio on, and a mystery story blared forth. I hoped it wouldn't become too much of a thriller. I was really not alone, except for the human element. Two dogs and two cats slept soundly on the floor.

I retired to my bed early with a cup of hot chocolate and some crackers, and a book. Before I could get my book open I realized I had company. I think all the animals were lonely, and each had taken it upon himself to see that I was not lonely. Blondie (Stevie's dog) was uphappy because she had been left behind by her mistress. Mike (my dog) was jealous, and Gus was cold. They all three decided to sleep on the bed with me. Poor Butch had to settle for the rug beside the bed. Gus and Butch are the cats. Had I been subject to attacks of claustrophobia, I would never have lasted the night through. It would have been less crowded if I had gone to the barn and bedded down in a stall with Doc, that huge horse. Fortunately the animals also decided it was rather crowded. Blondie finally left for her usual bed in the living room; Mike took to a chair; but Gus stayed, and sometime during the night Butch joined him.

The animals and I were deep in sleep when there came several thunderous beats on the door. The dogs cut loose with all sorts of noises, and I stumbled about, groping for my robe. There were no babies due, and I wondered what emergency this might be. I must have looked a blank when I saw it was Joe Roberts, the good man who does all the trucking for the Service. Joe, all the way from Hyden! It was impossible for me to comprehend why he was here, at Flat Creek, at such an hour—12:30 a.m. Can you imagine my surprise when he asked for the barn keys so he could unload hay into the loft!

"Hay!" said I to the poor man. At that point I think we both thought each other had gone mad—I for registering such disbelief, and he for being there with a load of hay at that hour. Things became clear when poor Joe explained that a whole carload of hay had come in to Hazard and he had not learned

about it until late the previous afternoon. It had to be unloaded before morning. He still had three more truck loads to haul after mine. I quickly handed him the keys and expressed a great deal of sympathy. It seems that anyone who has anything to do with the Service becomes a night worker, delivering babies, hay or what-have-you.

I went back to bed, thinking of the big surprise in store for another nurse who would get Joe's next delivery at 3:00 or 4:00 a.m.

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### THE PROPHECY

Thirty-eight years ago in a mountain cabin in southeastern Kentucky, a young father lost his wife and baby in childbirth. The person in attendance was a seventy-five-year-old "granny midwife." She did not always lose her patients, but she had not been trained, and when an emergency occurred she did not know what to do.

Shortly after the tragedy, the young man consulted his mother in his grief, thinking of the years to come. Now, nearing seventy, he recalls part of their conversation:

"I axed my mother what would the people do when them old granny wimmin died out—there weren't many left now. And she told me that they'd be maybe a better way provided than them old wimmin. And when the nurses came thirteen years atter that I remembered what she said."

—P. P. B.

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### BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson, Milan, are parents of a daughter born Saturday in Moline Public hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Huber, 611 Ninth street, Rock Island, are parents of a daughter born yesterday in Moline Public library.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gage, 1604 Twelfth street, Rock Island, are parents of a son born Saturday in Lutheran church.

—*Moline (Ill.) Daily Dispatch*

Well, anyway, the important thing is to *have* children.

—*The New Yorker*

May 12, 1951



## THE STORY OF A PINK DOGWOOD

by

IVALLEAN CAUDILL, R.N., C.M.

Should it ever be your pleasure to visit Midwives Quarters of Hyden Hospital in the spring when the dogwood is in bloom, and should you see there a pink dogwood and wonder how it came to be. . . .

It happened all because of Anna. The twentieth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery had not been in session more than a day or so when Anna made the suggestion that we get something in memory of our class. "Something," as she put it, "that will be long lasting—that will last more than a year." Anna Lachin of Iran set us to thinking. What could we possibly get that would be lasting and of any use to following classes? Someone suggested a tree, and then came the question, what kind of a tree. Anna pled that we hurry and decide what kind of tree as it would soon be too late to do the transplanting. Since I, being a Kentuckian, should be most familiar with the trees of the state, Anna, in her quick, decisive way, appointed me as a committee of one to name the tree and order it.

To make a choice was not easy. I thought of the different trees, of their flowering spring beauty and of their colorful autumn foliage. There was the redbud, the mountain laurel, the cucumber, and the dogwood. The dogwood, I mused. That was a lovely tree in autumn as well as in spring, yet it was so common in this section. There were two now growing just outside the Quarters. Then I thought of the pink dogwood. That was it—a pink dogwood! They are beautiful, and are not often found in these parts. A pink dogwood would give the grounds of Midwives Quarters an added air of distinction.

Then the question arose—where to order a pink dogwood. Through Jean Hollins and Betty Lester I gained access to a nursery catalogue, and rushed the order to Hillenmeyer in Lexington.

All the while Anna was shrewdly analyzing the slowness of Kentucky's people, and waited from hour to hour for the arrival of the dogwood. Finally, after days of anxious waiting on Anna's part, the tree came. Our hearts sank when we saw it. It was

no more than three feet high. But it had been well packed, and looked none the worse for its travel.

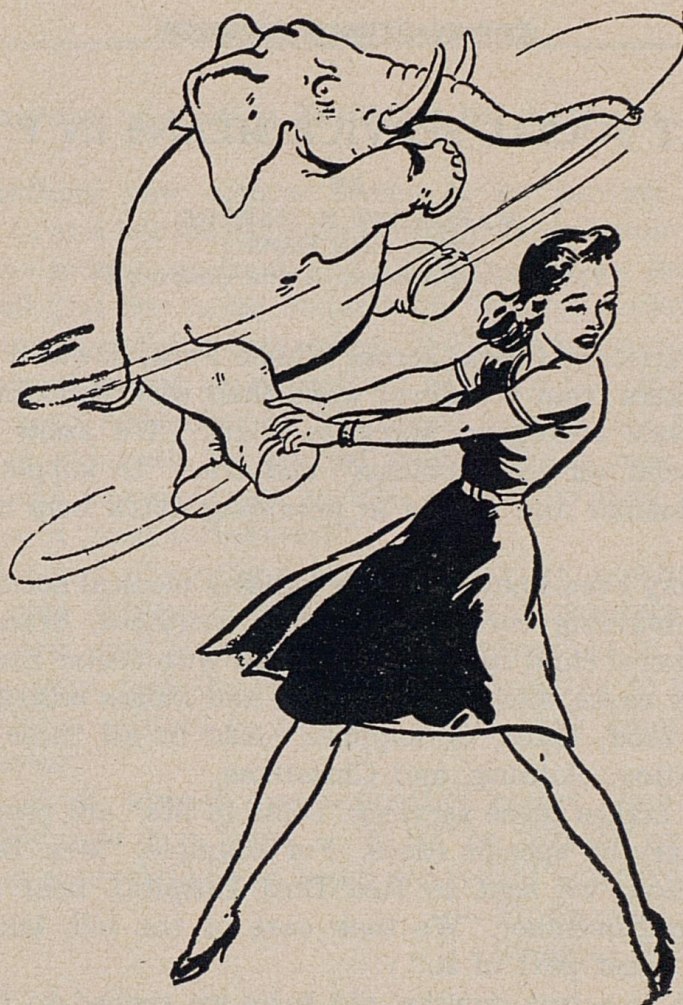
Next evening, though we got off duty late, Anna would have us plant the tree. Immediately after the evening meal I was rushed off for the tools. Anna thoroughly reprimanded me for taking so serious a matter too light-heartedly. Three members of our class, Bambi, Odessa and Dorothy, had to be off to other duties and left poor Marie and me to the mercy of a much excited Anna, bound and determined to have that little tree planted "just so." She drove us, she scolded us, using the negative more than the positive in her instructions, and she ended up doing half the work herself. The shadows of night had descended before we had given the last pat to the soil about the little tree. May 5, 1950, it was—a date we would likely remember for a long time.

Anna tended the dogwood with anxious, motherly care. She sheltered it from the heat with boxes. She braved the darkness of night to see that it was all right. She even prayed it would rain for the little tree's refreshment. She got her rain, plus days without sunshine, and it was not long before the tree was growing, and putting forth new green leaves.

When fall came the little dogwood changed its apparel as did its white brothers. When spring came it bloomed forth in pink glory.

The pink dogwood tree has now become a symbol—a symbol of the spirit of Anna, or as she would have it put, a memory of our class. We like to think that for those who follow us in the Frontier Graduate School there will be the joy of seeing the growth of a beautiful tree, and we like to think that we, of the twentieth class to graduate from the School, will be growing too, as all things must to make a contribution of worth. In the years to come we shall think of our dogwood tree at Midwives Quarters as welcoming each spring class with glorious pink beauty, and each autumn class with brilliantly colored foliage.

## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

We shall be much obliged to you.

## WHAT SOCIAL SERVICE MEANS IN F. N. S.

by

MARGARET B. HARTER  
(Mrs. John Harter)

Third Vice-President, Alpha Omicron Pi

Up Hurricane Creek, across Middle Fork, down to Red Bird—the workers from Wendover wend their way, including AOPi's social service secretary, Mary Jo Clark. We know that she "meets social service problems" and tries "to supplement the work of doctors and nurses in providing extra help needed by families."

We may even know that she handles medical social service, such as obtaining corrective devices, crutches, braces, wheel chairs; general child care, such as work with foster homes; general family cases, such as fire, flood, and illness emergencies or loans for food, taxes, or supplies. Add to all these services, transportation, clothing, and Christmas.

What makes these services "come to life" are reports from the secretary on specific cases. For example, "Mrs. B. is a t.b. patient whom we sent to Red Bird Hospital, near here, for delivery in November. We took care of the bill, but hope to recover at least part of it."

"D. E. is a two months' old baby we rushed to Lexington for emergency treatment on an abscess on her neck. She is back home now and doing fine."

"One of the most exciting events has been obtaining a court order for the custody of E. F., a little four-year-old girl completely neglected by her parents and left with a family unable to care for her. We now have a provisional license from the State Child Welfare Division, and can legally handle foster home and adoption placements, and this was our first case. Just last week I placed E. in a very good foster home, and we're hoping that it will eventually lead to legal adoption. She's a darling little girl—we all fell in love with her."

G. H., his wife, and two grandchildren lost everything when their house burned not long ago. We helped them with clothing, as well as necessary household equipment."

"The bus ticket for I. J. is in the nature of a loan. She

had the promise of a job in Frankfort but no money to get her there."

"Something new always seems to be turning up. Last month K. L. and her six children returned from Louisville, arriving with no money, no food, and all their clothing sent collect! So you will find her name under both 'Special Assistance' and 'Medical and Social' for September. We hope to recover at least part of this when she starts getting ADC for the children."

"You may remember M. N. Social Service has helped her with school expenses for several years. She is now attending junior college and wants to go into nurses' training next year. It has been a good investment."

"Two boxes of clothing arrived today by express. It was indeed a nice shipment—some very useful sweaters, women's dresses, skirts, and jackets that will be given out in the family Christmas bags, and the rest will be distributed to the nurses at the various centers to be used where they know the need to be greatest."

Best of all, almost every monthly report shows an item reading "Refunds from loans . . . \$5.00" or "\$21.00" or "\$53.00." The help is appreciated and loans are repaid whenever possible.

—*To Dragma*  
Summer, 1951

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#### JOHN WESLEY'S RULE

Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Since Mrs. Breckinridge could not be in Washington this spring for the annual John Mason Brown Benefit, the Washington Committee asked that she send a substitute. Betty Lester was the substitute and spent a glorious and busy week in Washington, climaxed by the Benefit itself.

Betty was met at the Washington Station by our old courier, Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr. (Marion Shouse). Marion and Reeve entertained her royally in their home, and Marion took her about on a whirl of social engagements, speaking engagements, and radio and television broadcasts which the Committee had arranged. She visited and spoke to the Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society; to the graduate nurses at Children's Hospital; and to the nurses at Columbia Hospital. While there the newspapers photographed her beside one of the hospital's up-to-date "Isolettes." At the invitation of Miss Grace Martin, Betty visited the Maternity Clinic, and later met Mrs. Josephine Prescott, Director of Public Health Nursing, and spoke to a group of Public Health Supervisors at Municipal Center.

In addition to these professional engagements Betty was interviewed on three radio broadcasts, and appeared on a television show with Marion. Interspersed with all these public appearances were meetings with the Washington Committee members—one at the home of Mrs. Nelson E. Perin, Chairman of the Boxes for the Benefit, and a luncheon meeting given by Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner at the Sulgrave Club in Betty's honor. Through Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, the Washington Committee Chairman, Betty was presented to Lady Franks at the British Embassy. Mrs. Adolphus Staton took her on a sight-seeing tour which included the National Art Gallery. She was "wined and dined" by Mrs. John W. Davidge; by our old courier, Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson); by Justice and Mrs. Groner; by Representative and Mrs. Wigglesworth, and by the Cuthbert Trains.

On the day of the Benefit at the Mayflower, Betty donned her blue-gray F.N.S. uniform. Mrs. Wigglesworth presented her, and she spoke briefly about the Service to the huge John Mason Brown audience, which included Mrs. Truman as guest of honor.

Mr. Brown was his usual charming and entertaining self in presenting "Seeing More Things."

After the lecture Betty was besieged by F.N.S. friends, and chatted with them until it was time for her train back to Kentucky. When Jean Hollins met her in Lexington the next day, she met a quiet Betty! "I've talked for a solid week," she whispered, "but I loved every minute of it."

. . . .

There appears in each issue of the Quarterly Bulletin the "White Elephant" page telling of that wonderful thrift shop in New York, the *Bargain Box*. On April 25th a fashion show and luncheon was held on the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf-Astoria for the benefit of all eight charities that comprise the *Bargain Box*. In addition to the tickets, each guest had to bring a package of rummage. The eight charities that receive thousands of dollars each year from the sale of just such rummage at this thrift shop are: The Frontier Nursing Service, Girls' Service League, The Masters Nursery, New York Exchange for Woman's Work, New York Infirmary, Visiting Nurse Service of New York, Hudson Guild, and the New York Committee of the National Cathedral Association.

The Frontier Nursing Service received during our last fiscal year, 1950-51, \$7,000 from the sale of rummage sent by friends to the *Bargain Box*. In addition to the grand work of our New York Committee, \$1,950 of this amount is attributable to the fine work of our Philadelphia Committee. Mrs. George J. Stockly of the Frontier Nursing Service New York Committee is *Bargain Box* Chairman, and Mrs. Samuel H. Ordway is Secretary. Mrs. Ordway has written us as follows:

The New York Committee wishes to thank friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who have contributed rummage to the *Bargain Box* during the last year from the following seventeen states:

Connecticut	Mississippi
Florida	Missouri
Illinois	Nebraska
Iowa	New Jersey
Kentucky	New York
Massachusetts	Ohio
Michigan	Pennsylvania
Minnesota	Rhode Island

Wisconsin

It is a source of wonder and delight to receive bundles from such

far-away places. It will be the greatest thrill of all when we can list all forty-eight states.

Our New York Committee sponsored its own rummage party on May 9th in the form of a tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Binger. Each guest brought some white elephant article—*objets d'art*, bric-a-brac, costume jewelry—and prizes were given for the best pieces. The sale of these "White Elephants" will get our *Bargain Box* revenues for 1951-52 off to a good start.

. . . . .

The members of the Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service have been sponsoring a unique project during recent months. They have put on a drive to get the Quarterly Bulletin in the waiting rooms of doctors and dentists in Louisville. Having the Bulletin read by waiting patients is a wonderful way to increase interest and to acquaint the community with the Frontier Nursing Service. Every member of the Committee was assigned a certain floor in one of the downtown office buildings and each member called at the office of each doctor and dentist on the floor assigned them. Many interesting and friendly contacts have resulted, and already more than 50 Quarterly Bulletin subscriptions have been secured.

. . . . .

The testimonial dinner given in Lexington on March 26th, 1951, by friends and associates of Dr. W. W. Dimock paid tribute to the internationally known veterinary scientist and pathologist. Dr. Dimock is now director emeritus of the University of Kentucky Department of Animal Pathology. For many years he has given very valuable advice regarding the treatment and care of the Frontier Nursing Service animals. No matter how busy he may be, he is always willing to give any member of the Frontier Nursing Service staff who comes to him with a problem in animal husbandry, his individual time and attention.

. . . . .

Mary Jo Clark and Mary Ann Quarles attended a tea in Louisville on Sunday, April 27th, given by the Kentuckiana Alumnae of Alpha Omicron Pi for the Phi Omicron Chapter of Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana. The faculty members of



the college attended too. This lovely tea was held at the home of Mrs. John Harter, Third Vice-President of A.O.Pi in charge of the Sorority's national project—the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mary Jo showed a number of colored slides of the Service's work in general and of specific social service cases handled recently.

. . . .

On the evening of May 15th, Betty Lester and Jane Furnas were guests of District No. 10, Ohio State Registered Nurses Association, in Dayton, Ohio. Over one hundred nurses attended this meeting in the large Y.W.C.A. auditorium. Betty gave a brief history of the Service, and Jane told of some of her experiences in the Frontier Graduate School and showed colored slides. To Betty's and Jane's surprise and delight, at the end of the evening they were presented with a donation of money that filled their pockets and with a collection of clothing that completely filled Jane's car—all for the Frontier Nursing Service!

. . . .

The graduation exercises at St. Joseph Hospital School of Nursing in Lexington is of especial interest to us this year, because one of our own F.N.S. babies will become a graduate nurse! She is Miss Willie Joyce Sizemore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Sizemore of Hyden. Her grandmother, Mrs. Lucretia Lewis, has been one of our Hyden Committee members since our earliest days. Betty Lester is looking forward to attending Joyce's graduation on May 23rd.

. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Alfriend of Charles Town, West Virginia, have recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Gertrude Bolling, to First Lieutenant John Cabell Breckinridge, United States Marine Corps. John, as many of our readers know, is a beloved nephew of the Quarterly Bulletin's "Abdicated Editor"—and has visited at Wendover many times. For several months he has been stationed at Camp Lejeune, N. C., as aide to General Taylor Selden, Deputy Commander of Camp Lejeune. The young people expected to be married in early June before John got the post in Korea for which he had applied. Their wedding plans have been thwarted because John has his orders

to leave June 10th. As Mrs. Breckinridge says, "Such is the penalty our young people pay for living in what a Victorian writer called, 'one of the least dull periods of history.' "

. . . .

Mrs. Breckinridge was pleased and happy to receive congratulations on her seventieth birthday from the *British Journal of Nursing*. We quote the following from the April 1951 edition of the *Journal*:

"We have just received the Winter 1951 number of the *Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Kentucky, U. S. A.* Some of our readers have met Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of the Service, in person, others know her very well through reading of her in these pages.

"We feel our readers would like to join us in sending our congratulations to her upon her seventieth birthday."



F.N.S. Nurse-Midwives Visit a Representative  
of the Congress

Mrs. Frances P. Bolton (center) graciously consented to this photograph with Joyce Stephens (right) and Lydia Thompson (left) when Stevie and Lydia visited her in Washington recently.

## FIELD NOTES

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are deni'd,  
And pleas'd with favours given,—  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

—*The Fireside*, by Nathaniel Cotton

In the winter issue of the Quarterly Bulletin we reported the ills that had befallen us due to the virus bug. We could fill several pages of this Bulletin if we started to relate all the ills that have befallen the staff this spring due to influenza and measles. Betty Lester and Helen Browne graciously added bedside nursing of the sick at Wendover to their already busy schedules. One day six of us were listed on their daily report sheets. Thanks to their excellent care all of us have recovered.

We wish the epidemics might have spared Mrs. Breckinridge, but they didn't. She had just recovered completely from the virus infection which took her to St. Joseph Hospital in Lexington, when she had an attack of influenza and was really quite sick for several days. She made a good recovery, however, and has resumed her full schedule again. Work on the manuscript of her book once more was retarded, but her publishers have been most lenient, and she is "pleas'd with favours given." Mrs. Breckinridge has written a jingle about her book, and dedicated it to Harper and Brothers (*see pages 26 and 27*). As we go to press she is putting aside the manuscript in order to prepare her reports for the Annual Meeting of Trustees in Lexington on May 31st. After that she has consented to take a bit of a holiday with her good friend Mrs. Roger K. Rogan in Glendale, Ohio. She will return in June, and work will be resumed on the few remaining chapters of the book.

As you can readily see, editors pro tem were needed again for this spring Bulletin. Bear with us once again, we pray! Come summer Mrs. Breckinridge will be back on the editing throne, which she necessarily "abdicated" for the winter and spring.

. . . . .  
We had a very successful Surgical Clinic in April. Dr.

Blumhagen had done an excellent job of screening the patients. Staff and patients alike were disappointed when two days before the clinic we received word that Dr. Francis Massie was unable to come. Dr. Eugene Todd, who has been coming up from Lexington with Dr. Massie for the past several years, arrived on the morning of April 18th. He brought with him Miss Griggs, his scrub nurse, and Miss Wilson, anesthetist. Dr. Todd examined 74 patients in the clinic on Wednesday and he, with Dr. Blumhagen assisting, operated Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—18 major operations in all. This is the first clinic to have the use of the larger operating room and the visiting surgical team was greatly impressed.

All of the patients made excellent recoveries. They, and we in the Frontier Nursing Service, are humbly grateful to these three kind people for giving their time and service to make this clinic possible.

. . . .

As we go to press the nurses at Hyden Hospital are busily preparing for the tonsil clinic. On Thursday, May 24th, Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville will arrive at Hyden with two anesthetists and two nurses, and on the following two days Dr. Urton will do tonsillectomies on the fifty-odd children lined up by Dr. Blumhagen and the district nurses. Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, famous anesthetist, who has been accompanying Dr. Urton on his Hyden trips for many years is recovering from a severe illness, and has been forbidden by his physicians to make the trip to Hyden. We shall miss him and send him our best wishes for a speedy convalescence.

. . . .

The twenty-first class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery completed the course in April, and we are happy to have three of the newly graduated nurse-midwives on our staff. Jane Furnas is relieving for Madeline Cook's (Cookie) vacation at Red Bird; Martha Morrison has taken over the lower end of the Brutus district; and Florence Shade is taking care of Anna May January's patients on the Wendover district while Anna May recovers from virus pneumonia. The other three members of the class are destined for faraway places. Clara

Meyer is to be stationed at a trading post in northern New Mexico, Jeanette Boersma will be returning to her mission station in Arabia this summer and Grace Nelson will be going to the mission field in Africa. Our best wishes go with all three of them.

The twenty-second class began work on April 15th. We have been able to increase the number of students in this class to seven, because with the added space in the Hospital we can admit more midwifery patients. Four of the seven student nurse-midwives were on our staff for a few months before entering the school. They have all had postgraduate experience in nursing. Dorothy Runyon and Hazel Sheidler have been with the U. S. Army Nurse Corps and have worked in Alaska, and Hazel has had additional Public Health education and field work in Colorado. Mollie Kirchgassner has had courses in Public Health Nursing education and supervision, and several years of practical experience in the Territory of Hawaii. Kitty Macdonald has been with the Frontier Nursing Service since last September and has already proved herself to be well suited to rural district nursing. She enters the school on a Frontier Nursing Service scholarship. Ruth Cressman and Anna May Graybill are taking the midwifery course in preparation for work in the mission field under the Mennonite Board of Missions. We are glad to have as the seventh student, Mrs. Margaret L. Dunaway who has already had two years in the foreign mission field in Nigeria.

. . . . .

With much regret we gave up three of our nurse-midwives in April. Minnie Geyer had been with us for nearly ten years. She is a graduate of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and for five years was in charge of the Clara Ford Nursing Center on the Red Bird River. Last fall Minnie came into Hyden to be assistant to Helen Marie Fedde (Hem) in the school. She has gone to Georgia and has our best wishes for her future work. There she will meet several members of our old staff who are doing midwifery in various parts of that state. Odessa Ramsey has left us for a while to go to her home in Oklahoma. We hope she will be back before too long. Hilda Sobral left at the end of her two-year contract to go to her home in Cali-

fornia. She has done excellent work during the past two years at Beech Fork, one of our busiest outpost districts, and we hope to have her back one day. Toto, Hilda's dog, is staying with Betty Scott (Scotty) who has taken over Hilda's district, while her mistress goes on a vacation in the East. Hilda will return to pick up Toto before she flies home. Toto has sent us the following letter:

"Please—dear friends, after a year of faithful and devoted service to the Kennel Corps of the F.N.S., accept my resignation which is submitted with tail low, drooping ears and tear-filled eyes. I have done my best to keep men and hogs at bay from the horses, jeep and center itself. I fear I've terrified the populace and for that I'm sorry. I've been a faithful playmate to chickens, ducks and minnows and have also kept the local cats from becoming too lethargic. The grub's been good; the bed's been super—I can't complain. So dear friends I leave this Elysian field for my new home in the West! Oops . . . you see I'm of sound mind and body but my spirit is lacking.

"P.S. Hope I'm not air sick."

. . . .

We welcome Mary M. D. Mincher to our staff. She is a Scotch nurse-midwife who took her training in Great Britain and had excellent experience during the war years, when she was working for the London County Council. At the present time she is assigned to Hyden as assistant to the Instructor in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery.

Nurses who came to us this spring at the Hyden Hospital are: Pauline Kennedy from East Concord, New Hampshire, Rosette Germano from New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Joanne Larson from Jamestown, New York.

. . . .

This spring our Courier Service has functioned ably under Jean Hollins, resident courier. Polly Pearse of Rochester, New York, remained as senior until the middle of May when she left for the West Coast where she will be on the staff of the Lisle Fellowship until early July.

Anna Hanes, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and Kate Ireland of Cleveland, Ohio, have been splendid junior couriers this spring. Kate, whose mother is the chairman of the Cleveland Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, is staying on till mid-June as senior to help Jean swing things—the two of them—until the new juniors arrive June fifteenth. We are lucky to have Kate for another six weeks.

District No. 13 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses held its quarterly meeting at the Midwives' Quarters at Hyden on February 25th, 1951. Miss Mollie Kirchgassner, who had recently joined our staff, was invited to give a report of the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth which she had attended as a representative from Hawaii.

Miss Katherine Macdonald (Kitty) was elected to represent District 13 at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Kentucky Association, to be held in Louisville on March 8th. She will give her report at the next meeting of District 13. We are all grateful to Kitty for representing our District at this meeting. It entailed a long bus trip. Kitty wondered why her legs ached so badly when she arrived back at Wendover. She did not wonder long—the next day she blossomed out with a beautiful rash—German measles! !

. . . . .

At the invitation of Mr. J. L. Franklin, Mary Jo Clark, Betty Lester, and Dr. Woodyard attended the April 17th luncheon meeting of Kiwanis Club in Norton, Virginia. Betty spoke to the group on the Frontier Nursing Service work in general; Dr. Woodyard told of the research she is conducting in the possible connection between plentiful amounts of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> in a mother's diet and the intelligence of her offspring; Mary Jo answered numerous questions concerning her Social Service work. They found this group of business men most interested and responsive.

. . . . .

On Saturday, April 21, four members of the Wendover staff attended the Eastern Kentucky Regional meeting of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, held at Pine Mountain Settlement School. The meeting brought together about 60 representatives from a large number of the settlement schools, community centers, missions, and organizations working in this area of the Appalachian Mountains to discuss the need of our various communities for wholesome recreation in the broadest sense, especially for young people. Our rural communities were found to have many problems in common, and there were many valuable suggestions for meeting this great recreational need.

Those representing the Frontier Nursing Service were Mary Jo Clark, Peggy Elmore, Ruth Offenheiser and Polly Pearse.

. . . . .

We have had at Wendover and Hyden this spring many charming and delightful guests. We wish it were possible to enumerate and tell of them all. They came from far and near; some were old friends, some were new; some dropped in for an hour or two; others for overnight. The three guests who came and stayed with us for several days were our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap of Louisville, Mrs. Waring Wilson of Lexington, and Miss Jolanta Szapary of Salzburg, Austria.

Mrs. Wilson arrived in mid-April, just as the staff members were convalescing from one malady or another. She busied herself in the kitchen, making delicacies to tempt the patients' appetites, and on a Saturday night gave a card party for the staff in the living room at Wendover.

Mrs. Belknap came later in April. Her visits are always a joy. We feel she is a member of our Wendover family and not a guest, really. While here she wrote "*April at Wendover*" (see page 3) as her contribution to the editors pro tem for this Bulletin.

Miss Jolanta Szapary came at the end of April for ten days. She, a nurse and welfare worker from Salzburg, Austria, came to us under the U. S. Educational Exchange Program. Miss Szapary entered into all F.N.S. activities with zest and enthusiasm, observing the clinics at Hyden, helping with a Wendover grab sale,—and going on an early morning fishing trip. Through friends of hers in Louisville we learned that she is Countess Jolanta Szapary, and that the home to which she so cordially invited us all is an enchanting old castle.

. . . . .

All those of us who have known Betty and Bruno are sorry that he has gone on. He and his brother were the last of Penny's pups, and from her he inherited the silkiness while from his father the darkness of his coat. It seems strange and somehow lonesome not to see him at Betty's heels or beside her in the jeep, nor to hear her clear call, "Here Bru—Here Bru," echoing across the hills.



Through the Division of Forestry at Frankfort, Kentucky, the Frontier Nursing Service procured this spring 1,000 black locust trees. These were planted all over the hillside below the Hospital barn to curtail erosion and help prevent those dreadful slides.

. . . . .

Mr. Robert Johnson of the London Hatchery, London, Kentucky, made the Frontier Nursing Service the welcomed gift again this year of 150 baby chicks.

. . . . .

The rose garden at Wendover has become the hobby of Helen Browne and Jean Hollins. It is a familiar sight to see them at work there after tea and on weekends. Jean's black poodle, Sabina, is always an interested and curious spectator.

Since 1945 Mrs. Breckinridge has kept a record in her Day Book of the date of the first Wendover rose. Brownie picked the first rose this year on Sunday, May 6th. It is interesting to note that during the last six years three of the first roses have come in April, and three in May. The earliest bloomed on the twenty-first of April, 1946, and the latest on the twelfth of May, 1947.

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#### JUST JOKES—ASSORTED

Friend: "Ah, Professor, I hear your wife has presented you with twins. Boys or girls?"

Professor: "Well, I believe one is a boy and one is a girl, but it may be the other way 'round."

. . . . .

One day while in the jungles a marine ran into a tribe of cannibals. The head of the tribe confided to him that he once attended college in the United States.

"Do you mean to say," asked the marine, "That you went to college and that you still eat human beings?"

"Oh, yes," replied the chief, "but, of course, I use a knife and fork now."

. . . . .

The gentleman was interviewing an applicant for a job as his personal valet. "You may have trouble with me," he said. "I have a wooden leg, a glass eye, a toupee, an artificial arm and false teeth."

"That won't bother me, Sir," replied the applicant. "I used to be on the assembly line in a war plant."

. . . . .

First Bride: "I've got my husband where he eats out of my hand."  
Second Bride: "Saves a lot of dish washing, doesn't it?"

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 Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio  
 Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco  
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 Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C.  
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 Dr. W. O. Johnson, Louisville, Ky.  
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 Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.  
 Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York  
 Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn.  
 Dr. Hartman A. Lichtwardt, Detroit, Mich.  
 Dr. Clifford B. Lull, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Dr. William F. MacFee, New York  
 Dr. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.  
 Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.
- Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Washington, D. C.  
 Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Boston, Mass.  
 Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio  
 Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C.  
 Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky.  
 Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich.  
 Dr. Thomas Parran, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky.  
 Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I.  
 Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City  
 Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio  
 Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio  
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 Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va.  
 Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass.  
 Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass.  
 Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass.  
 Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.  
 Dr. James E. Thompson, New York  
 Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
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 Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Harrisburg, Pa.  
 Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I.  
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 Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York  
 Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Dr. Carnes Weeks, New York  
 Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio  
 Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.

Inclusive of

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 Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky.
- Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. Charles Kavanaugh, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.  
 Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky.  
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 Mrs. Mrytle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky.  
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Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,  
S.C.M., LL.D.

**Secretary to Director**  
Miss Lucille Knechtly

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

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

**Executive Secretary**  
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

**Research Director**  
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph.D.

**Bookkeeper**  
Mrs. Audrey Beardsworth

**Statistician**  
Miss Mary K. MacMillan, B.A.

**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and  
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Miss Peggy G. Elmore, B.A.

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

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**Acting Medical Director**  
Rex V. Blumhagen, M.D.

**Hospital Superintendent**  
Miss Ann P. MacKinnon, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School  
of Midwifery**  
Miss Helen M. Fedde, R.N., C.M.,  
M.S.P.H.

**Assistant to Dean**  
Miss Mary M. D. Mincher, R.N., S.C.M.

**Hospital Head Midwife**  
Miss Evelyn Mottram, R.N., C.M.

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**Social Service Secretary  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)**  
Miss Mary Jo Clark, B.A.

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**Alternate Resident Couriers**  
Miss Fredericka Holdship  
Miss Jean Hollins  
Miss Helen Stone

## AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)  
Miss Hilda Sobral, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Gwendolen Jolleyman, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)  
Miss Joyce Stephens, R.N., S.C.M.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)  
Miss Phyllis Benson, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Odessa Ramsey, R.N., C.M.

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

S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' 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-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in child-birth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to co-operate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

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

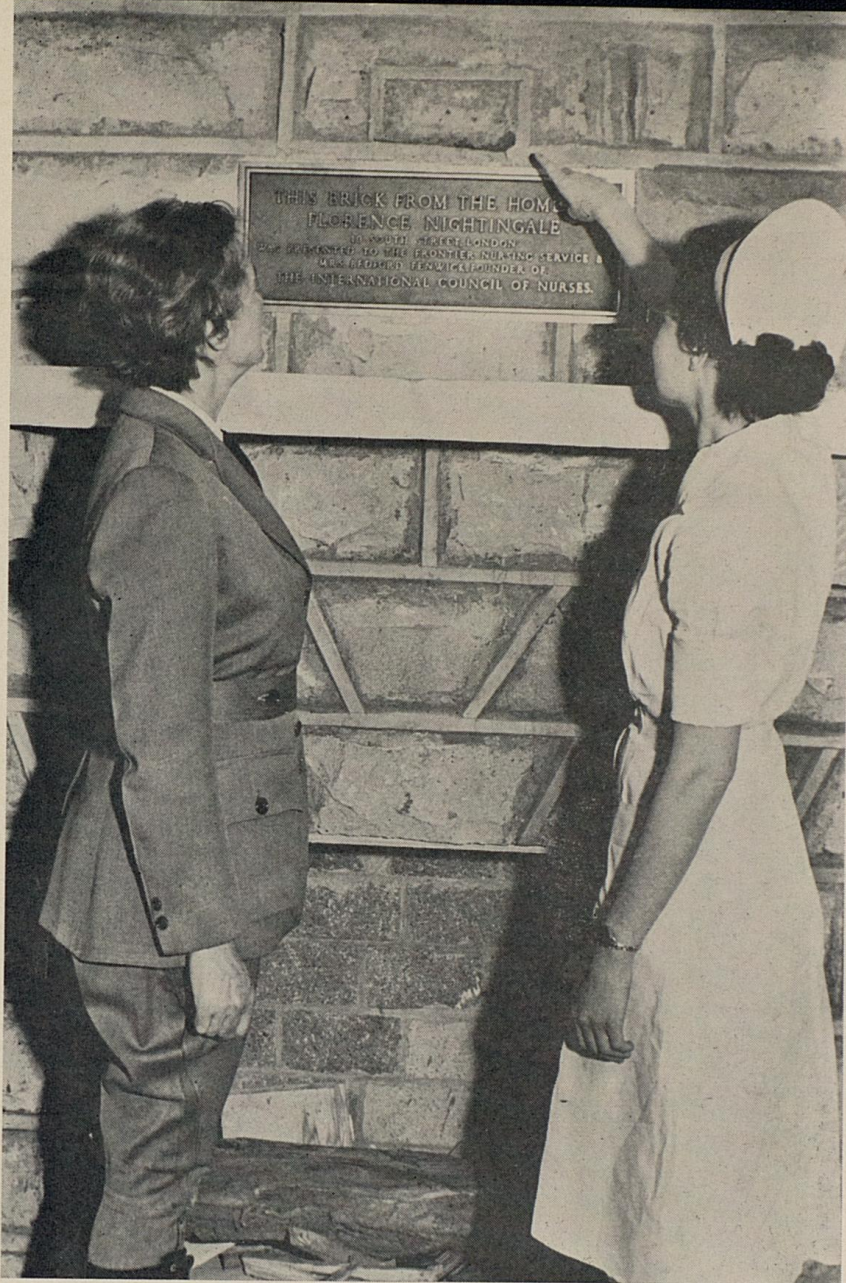
**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

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

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

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



BETTY LESTER and ODESSA RAMSEY  
Looking at the Florence Nightingale brick  
in the chimney of the upstairs sitting room of  
Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses  
at Hyden Hospital

*This brick from the home of  
Florence Nightingale  
10 South Street, London*

*Was presented to the Frontier Nursing Service by  
Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Founder of  
The International Council of Nurses*

Photograph by Nancy Dammann

