

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

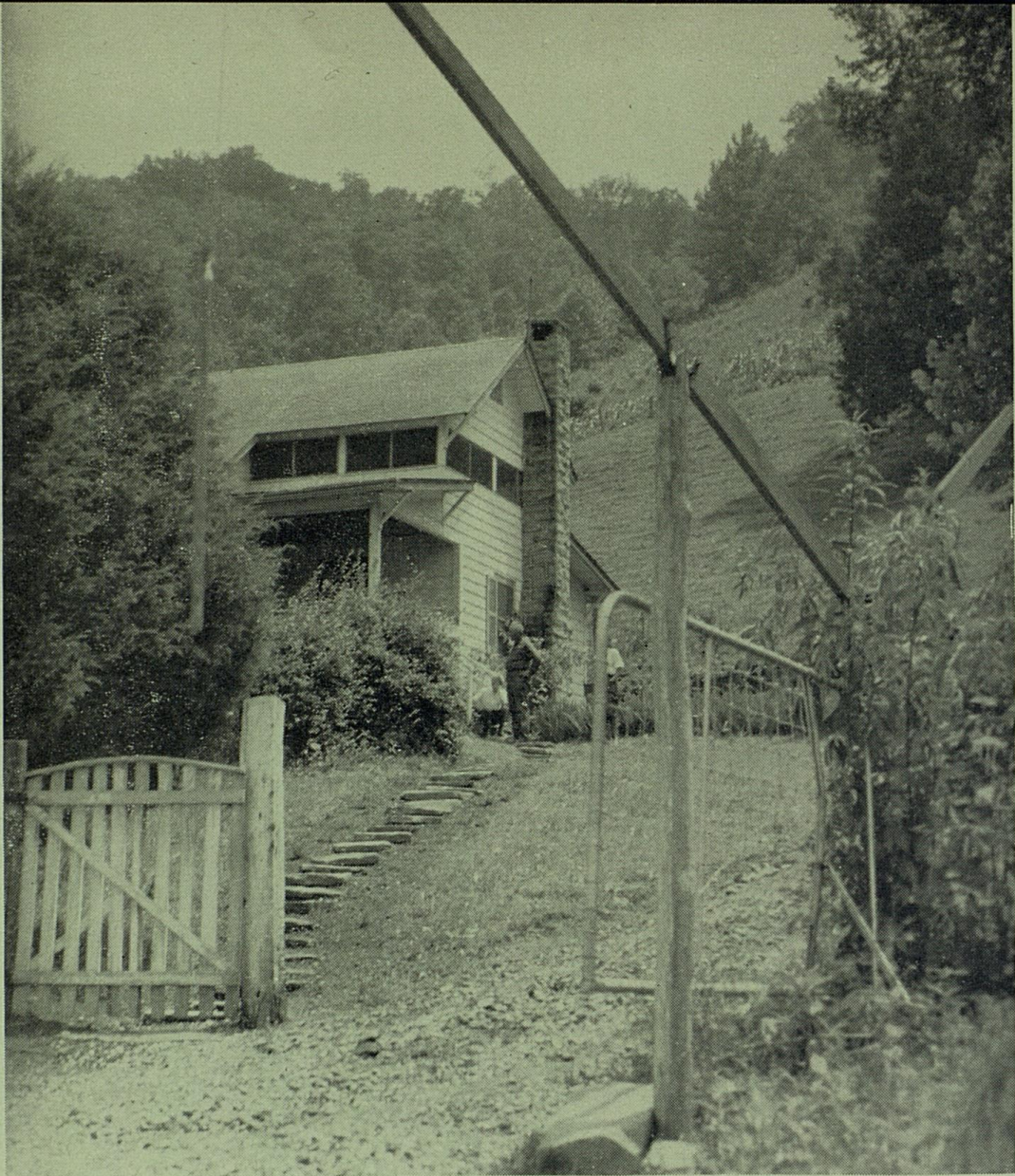
VOLUME 25

SUMMER, 1949

NUMBER 1



A GATE ON WILDER BRANCH



MARGARET DURBIN HARPER MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER  
Bowlingtown, Perry County, Kentucky  
With Kentucky Patent Pull-Gate

Photograph taken by Helen Stone

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THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
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VOLUME 25

SUMMER, 1949

NUMBER 1

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## INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
Annual Report		2
Beyond the Mountains		59
Field Notes		65
Frances Bolton Nursing Center (Photograph)	Inside Back Cover	
Friday at Possum Bend Center	<i>Anna May January</i>	21
International Congress of Nurses	<i>Doris R. Schwartz</i>	45
Letter from Mr. E. S. Jouett, and photograph		19
Letter from Newfoundland Guest (Illus.)		58
Margaret Durbin Harper Nursing Center (Photograph)	Inside Front Cover	
Old Courier News		25
Old Staff News		49
Twenty-Fifth Annual Meeting		18
We Build the First Outpost Nursing Center (Illus.)	<i>Gladys M. Peacock</i>	35

### BRIEF BITS

A Tribute	<i>Anna Taylor Howard</i>	17
Announcement for Frontier Nurses in Great Britain		20
Britain's Para-Nurses	<i>R. N. Magazine</i>	64
Early Bird	<i>London Weekly Chronicle</i>	64
Five Generations (Photograph)		48
Frontier Nursing Service Baby (Photograph)		33
Frontier Nursing Service Babies (Photograph)		79
Just Jokes—Dwellings		24
Masque of the Merrie Months		34
Nurses on Horseback	<i>Louisville Courier-Journal</i>	20
Surprised Doctor		48
Swarm of Bees	Old Rhyme	57
Which Class Are You In?	<i>Ladies-in-Waiting</i>	57
White Elephant		63

W. A. Hifner, Jr.

Helen H. Fortune

**HIFNER AND FORTUNE**  
**CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS**  
 148 EAST HIGH  
 LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Directors,  
 Frontier Nursing Service,  
 Lexington, Kentucky

Gentlemen:—

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the twelve months ended April 30, 1949, with the results as disclosed by the annexed Exhibits and Schedules.

During the quarter century since your organization, you have collected a total of \$3,233,599.15 from the following sources:

Contributions and income.....	\$2,707,177.30
Endowment .....	499,236.05
Borrowed .....	27,185.80
Total Receipts.....	\$3,233,599.15
For this you have accounted as follows:	
Invested in endowments.....	\$ 499,236.05
Invested in Realty, Buildings and Equipment.....	280,077.76
Paid Operating Expenses.....	2,443,990.66
Cash on hand.....	10,294.68
	\$3,233,599.15

These impressive figures portray a scene more magnificent than any artist ever conceived. Its background is the wooded hills and verdant dales of Eastern Kentucky, interspersed with dogwood and laurel. Its impelling motif is the alleviation of the suffering of countless thousands thru the ministrations of the Frontier Nursing Service during a quarter of a century. It is lovely in and of itself, and inspirational in its spirit. It affirmatively answers the question propounded by Cain—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Respectfully Submitted,  
**HIFNER AND FORTUNE**  
 Certified Public Accountants

Lexington, Kentucky,  
 May Twenty-one,  
 Nineteen Forty-nine.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT  
of the  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
for the Fiscal Year  
May 1, 1948 to April 30, 1949

PREFACE

As has been our invariable custom for a quarter century, lacking one year, we present our annual report of the fiscal affairs and of the field of operations of the Frontier Nursing Service to our trustees, members, and subscribers.

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

I.

FISCAL REPORT

It has been many years since we have been able to print our annual audit in full, for lack of space in this Bulletin or any other publication we could afford to issue. However, all of the figures that follow are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the last audit. To make easier reading we have divided the figures into four categories, each one blocked off into one page. The auditors' own Summary is the first category; the second is their list of Endowments. The third category covers all Revenue Receipts. The fourth category we have divided into two columns—to the left, the Expenditures of the last fiscal year taken from the audit; and to the right is our Budget for the current fiscal year, based on last fiscal year's expenditures. This Budget is always presented at the Annual Meeting of Trustees and adopted before it is put into operation. Time was when we presented a budget that worked out in the course of the year to within a few hundred dollars of actual expenditures. This has not been possible for several years because prices have risen annually beyond our anticipations. Such has been the case especially in reference to purchases of hospital and district Supplies; to Feed for horses, cows, and mules; to Maintenance of our vast properties; and to Replacement of essential equipment. It is our custom to list particular needed items annually in our Spring Bulletin as "Urgent Needs." Friends from all over the country read this list and send us money for many of these things. Such special gifts make it possible to prevent excessive depreciation.

Under a fifth category, called Inventory, we account for the properties which our auditors value at \$280,077.76. All five categories are given in sequence on the following pages.

## 1.

## SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORT

From Official Audit for Fiscal Year  
May 1, 1948 to April 30, 1949

RECEIPTS (not including new endowments) :		
Donations .....	\$112,347.28	
Income from endowments, benefits, fees, et cetera.....	54,422.60	\$ 166,769.88
EXPENDITURES—for operating expenses including repairs, replacements, and upkeep.....		166,872.14
Excess of Expenditures over Receipts		\$ 102.26
New Endowments and Reserve received .....		\$ 12,608.04
New Land, Buildings, Livestock, and Equipment .....		\$ 11,507.74
Less Charge-Offs for deaths of animals, depreciation, et cetera.....		815.55
Net increase in physical property.....		\$ 10,692.19

## GENERAL DATA AS OF APRIL 30, 1949

Value of Land, Buildings, Livestock, and Equipment.....		\$ 280,077.76
Total Endowment and Reserve (This is the value of the gifts at the dates they were received. Present values would probably exceed this amount.) .....		\$ 499,236.05
Total Contributions and Income (exclusive of Endowment) from Organization to April 30, 1949.....		\$2,707,177.30
Total Expenses (exclusive of Land, Buildings, and Equipment) from Organization to April 30, 1949.....		2,443,990.66
Excess of Total Income over Total Expenses .....		\$ 263,186.64
This excess is represented by		
Cash .....	\$ 10,294.68	
Land, Buildings, and Equipment.....	280,077.76	
	290,372.44	
Less Indebtedness.....	27,185.80	\$ 263,186.64

## 2.

## ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service at the close of the fiscal year are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial Baby Crib.....	\$	5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....		85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....		15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....		50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....		15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....		2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial Baby Crib.....		5,000.00
John Price Starks Memorial Baby Crib.....		5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....		1,405.32*
Children's Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown .....		1,000.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....		10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....		10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....		3,127.36
William Nelson Fant, Jr., Memorial.....		78,349.52
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....		1,100.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....		5,000.00
Donald R. McLennan Memorial Bed.....		12,750.00
Lt. John M. Atherton Memorial Fund.....		1,000.00
Mrs. Morris B. Belknap Fund.....		10,000.00
Elisabeth Ireland Fund.....		12,120.00
Louie A. Hall Legacy in Memory of Sophronia Brooks for a Center and Its Endowment.....		40,336.09*
Margaret A. Pettet Legacy.....		1,953.70
Elizabeth Agnes Alexander Legacy.....		5,000.00
Richard D. McMahan Legacy.....		943.23
Anonymous General Endowments.....		102,400.00
Mrs. W. Rodes Shackelford's Fund in Memory of her two children.....		6,000.00
Cassius Clay Shackelford (a boy)		
Rodes Clay Shackelford (a girl)		
 Total Endowment.....		<u>\$485,236.05</u>
 RESERVE ACCOUNT:		
Mrs. Louise D. Crane.....	\$	4,000.00
Mrs. Frederic Moseley Sackett.....		10,000.00
		<u>14,000.00</u>
 Total .....		<u>\$499,236.05</u>

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

## 3.

## REVENUE RECEIPTS

Statement of Donations and Subscriptions Paid  
May 1, 1948 to April 30, 1949

SUMMARY	Contributions	Benefits and Bargain Box	Totals
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Fund .....	\$ 4,743.87	\$	\$ 4,743.87
Baltimore Committee .....	1,141.50		1,141.50
Boston Committee .....	6,649.50		6,649.50
Chicago Committee .....	7,558.41		7,558.41
Cincinnati Committee .....	10,823.50		10,823.50
Cleveland Committee .....	5,867.00		5,867.00
Detroit Committee* .....	9,038.43		9,038.43
Hartford Committee .....	1,836.00		1,836.00
Kentucky:**			
Blue Grass Committee .....	3,674.00		3,674.00
Louisville Committee .....	6,205.85	1,050.25	7,256.10
Miscellaneous Kentucky .....	1,662.67		1,662.67
Minneapolis Committee .....	1,574.00		1,574.00
New York Committee .....	15,946.51	8,500.00	24,446.51
Philadelphia Committee .....	3,246.00		3,246.00
Pittsburgh Committee .....	10,456.50		10,456.50
Princeton Committee .....	1,120.00		1,120.00
Providence Committee .....	1,279.00		1,279.00
Riverdale Committee .....	1,244.00		1,244.00
Rochester Committee .....	4,709.67		4,709.67
St. Paul Committee .....	589.50		589.50
Washington, D. C., Committee .....	6,473.53	1,273.25	7,746.78
Miscellaneous .....	6,507.84		6,507.84
Totals .....	\$112,347.28	\$10,823.50	\$123,170.78

\* Includes \$3,100.00 to pay for land.

\*\* Total for Kentucky \$12,592.77.

## OTHER REVENUE RECEIPTS

Fees for Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery .....	\$	\$ 5,180.00	\$
Payments from Patients:			
Income from Nursing Centers .....	7,360.40		
Medical Fees .....	4,211.50		
Hyden Hospital Fees .....	2,998.50		
Hyden Hospital Clinic Supplies .....	3,430.26	18,000.66	
Wendover Post Office .....		1,763.90	
Investment Income .....		18,293.16	
Sales of "Organdie and Mull" .....		353.13	
Miscellaneous .....		8.25	
Total All Revenue Receipts .....			\$43,599.10
			\$166,769.88

## RECEIPTS OTHER THAN CASH:

Used Jeep .....	\$ 800.00
Note Payable, canceled by bequest .....	1,262.50
Total .....	\$ 2,062.50



## LAST YEAR'S EXPENDITURES AND THIS YEAR'S BUDGET

HYDEN HOSPITAL AND FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY:		
	1948-1949	1949-1950
1. Salaries and Wages.....	\$ 20,241.73	\$ 22,000.00
2. Running costs (food, minus board of residents, cows, electricity, fuel, laundry, freight, haul- age, et cetera).....	11,127.28	11,000.00
3. Dispensary Supplies (Note 1).....	11,869.81	11,500.00
4. Medical Director (Note 2).....	3,482.58	3,500.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 46,721.40	\$ 48,000.00
DISTRICTS (Wendover and Six Nursing Centers) :		
1. Salaries and Wages.....	36,028.47	35,000.00
2. Feed and Care of Horses (Hospital, Graduate School, Wendover, and 12 districts).....	10,251.18	10,000.00
3. Jeeps, Truck, Station Wagon Ambulance (Ditto).....	3,637.13	3,500.00
4. Running costs (food, minus board of residents, cows, fuel, kerosene, candles, laundry, freight, haulage, et cetera).....	10,756.26	11,000.00
5. Uniforms.....	362.48	500.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 61,035.52	\$ 60,000.00
ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSES:		
Salaries, accounting, auditing, office supplies, postage, printing, telephone, telegraph, et cetera.....	\$ 22,412.78	\$ 22,000.00
GENERAL EXPENSES:		
1. Social Service.....	\$ 4,770.29	\$ 3,500.00
2. Insurance (Fire—\$229,000.00 coverage, Em- ployer's Liability, full coverage on truck, seven jeeps, station wagon).....	3,493.68	4,500.00
3. Interest.....	340.82	350.00
4. Quarterly Bulletins (covered by subscriptions, with small surplus).....	4,018.90	3,500.00
5. Statistics and Research.....	3,240.00	3,300.00
6. Miscellaneous Projects such as: Doctors, Nurses for study and observation; profes- sional books and magazines.....	539.83	650.00
7. Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses beyond the mountains.....	227.03	200.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 16,630.55	\$ 16,000.00
MAINTENANCE OF PROPERTIES AND REPLACEMENT of Equipment and Livestock (Auditor's Valua- tion: \$280,077.76).....		
	19,256.34	14,000.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$166,056.59	\$160,000.00

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

Note 2: Approximately 1/4 of his time spent on districts.

## 5.

**LAND, BUILDINGS, LIVESTOCK AND EQUIPMENT**

(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

**INVENTORY**

Our auditors set a value of \$280,077.76 on these holdings, after adjustments. Among the major holdings are the following:

**Hyden**

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

**Wendover**

Three log houses, as follows: the Old House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"); the Old Cabin and the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Upper and the Lower Shelf; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller buildings such as the heifer barn, horse hospital barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, engine house, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

**Georgia Wright Clearing**

A caretaker's cottage and barns; extensive pasture land for horses and cows; a bull's barn and stockade.

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

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

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**  
(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

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

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

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

Log building and oak barn with electricity; engine house and fire hose house; deep well; tank; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

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

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**

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

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

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Frame building and oak barn with electricity; tank; fire hose house; deep well and pump house; walled-in spring; fenced acreage for pasture and gardens.

**Subsidiary Clinics**

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Grassy Branch, Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

**Livestock**

Twenty horses; one mule; one bull; fourteen cows; four heifers; over three hundred chickens; pigs.

**Equipment**

Equipment includes: seven jeeps; one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; one half-ton truck; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; sixty-two pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishing in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

## II.

## REPORT OF OPERATIONS

The data in this section are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service; by records kept in the bookkeeping department on guests and volunteer workers; and by the social service secretary maintained by the Alpha Omicron Pi Fund. The work carried during the past year has been very heavy. It is our hope that you will take the time to read this accounting of it.

## 1.

## MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

Dr. Maurice O. Barney has been our Medical Director for the whole of the past fiscal year, his second year with us. While he was on vacation he was relieved by Dr. C. Milton Linthicum. For all major emergency surgery we have continued to depend on our devoted and kind friend, Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, and on Dr. N. F. O'Donnell who often comes with Dr. Collins or comes in his stead. It is impossible to express fully the gratitude that we feel to these two men for the free services they have given us, and to other Hazard colleagues of theirs to whom we have relayed patients from time to time. We can only say that it would have been impossible to carry our work without them.

Dr. F. W. Urton of Louisville, with Dr. D. M. Dollar as anesthetist, came up at the beginning of the fiscal year for one of the free tonsillectomy clinics they do for our children annually. Dr. Francis Massie and Dr. Eugene Todd have given us two of their free surgical clinics, one in October and one in April. On the second of their clinics Dr. Arthur B. McGraw of Detroit came too. It means health, and often life, to have these distinguished men give their time to serve many of our people who cannot afford to pay hospital costs outside of the mountains.

The Sisters of Mount Mary's Hospital at Hazard have continued their kindness in taking many accident and gunshot cases that we have had to relay to them after emergency treatment. They have reduced the hospital bills to a level that the

people could meet, and in some instances have charged nothing for patients who could pay nothing.

We wish, as always, to express our thanks to Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati for his reading, without charge, and reporting on the X-ray pictures our Medical Director sends him from time to time. The Children's Hospital in Cincinnati has continued to give free care to the children we have transferred to them, care extending sometimes over weeks and weeks.

The Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission gives, as always, prompt, free, and most effective care to all of our crippled children. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad has given passes to indigent cases and their attendants.

A number of physicians not only in Hazard but in Louisville, Lexington, and Cincinnati have attended without charge patients and members of our staff sent down to them. We could not ourselves take care of the costs of so many services, and our gratitude to those who give them comes from our hearts.

## 2.

### HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Hospital at Hyden was occupied 6,576 days last year by 694 patients with a daily average of 18.0 patients. This was the same daily average as we had during the preceding year, and high enough to mean overcrowding at peak periods of occupancy. Our Hospital has only 18 ward beds and one isolation bed (in the Wee Stone House) and 8 bassinets for the new-born.

Of the 694 patients cared for during the fiscal year, 125 were sick adults, 252 were obstetrical patients, 154 were children, and 163 were newborn. There were 18 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which 5 were newborn, and none was obstetrical. There were 100 operations performed. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital, there was a total of 8,893 visits received during the past fiscal year.

## 3.

### DISTRICT NURSING

In the 12 districts operated by the Service from the Hos-

pital, Wendover, and six outpost centers, we attended 9,763 people in 2,152 families. Of these, 4,983 were children including 2,445 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 19,597 visits and received 18,339 visits at their nursing centers and at their special clinics. Bedside nursing care was given in their homes to 315 sick people of whom 6 died. At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 6,709 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 4,108 specimens for analysis.

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

#### 4.

##### MIDWIFERY

###### Registered Cases

The nurse-midwives and the midwifery students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) attended 461 women in childbirth, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Of these 461 women, 14 were delivered by our Medical Director and our consultants. There were 448 live births and 9 stillbirths; 4 deliveries of twins; 366 new cases admitted; 437 closed after postpartum care; 8 miscarriages. After more than seven years without the loss of a mother in our district midwifery cases, we went through the grief—and there is no greater grief—of losing two mothers on the districts during the past fiscal year. One mother died on the Confluence district in May, 1948, and one mother on the Red Bird district in February, 1949.

###### Emergency Cases—Unregistered

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the Medical Director and the nurse-midwives were called in for 38 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 9 live births, 1 stillbirth, and 28 emergency miscarriages (17 early and 11 late). They also gave postpartum care to 11 other mothers. There were no maternal deaths.

#### Outside-Area Cases

There were 230 women from outside our area who were carried for prenatal care. Of these 49 were closed before delivery. Most of our outside-area patients move into our districts or our Hospital for delivery. In that case they are transferred to our regular midwifery service. However, the nurse-midwives did go outside our area to deliver 14 such patients of 14 live babies in their own homes. There were no maternal deaths.

#### 5.

##### FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has two classes annually, each of six months' duration, which start on October 15th and April 15th. During the past year 11 registered nurses were graduated from the School. The 18th class since the School opened in 1939 is now in attendance. When its work is completed on October 15th the School will have sent 79 nurses, qualified as midwives and in our frontier technique, to serve quite literally all over the world. Graduates of the School are in a number of our states, in Puerto Rico and Alaska, and in various parts of Africa, China, India, Siam, and South America. A catalogue of the School will be sent to anyone interested in receiving further information.

#### 6.

##### GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 137 overnight guests who stayed 454 days. In addition Wendover entertained for meals 244 guests for 402 meals. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends.

The Service entertained at the Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 125 days, and day guests for 514 meals. Meals served to patients totaled 14,991.

Guests of the Service during the past year have included not only Americans but persons from the following lands:—Bolivia, Canada, China, Finland, Great Britain, India, Philippines, Portuguese West Africa, and South Africa.

## 7.

## VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Seventeen couriers and eight other volunteers worked for the Service a total of 1,218 days. Of these days, 39 were spent with the district nurses.

Four volunteer nurses gave a total of 18 days' work in the Hospital.

During the time the volunteers were with the Service they lived at Wendover, Hyden, and the outpost Centers.

## 8.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

Services and aid have been given in connection with the following numbers and types of cases:

Aid and care to 2 dependent children who are placed in private homes.

Aid and care to 11 families of widows and men unable to work.

Acted as Committee for family receiving Idiot's Claim. Garden Seed assistance to 7 families.

Sent 7 patients to the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati.\*

Sent 7 patients to Kentucky Crippled Children Commission in Louisville and Lexington.\*

Sent 7 patients to outside physicians and hospitals and helped meet the cost.\*

Transported 15 patients to Hazard to oculists and dentists.

Transported 12 children to Hazard to the Kentucky Crippled Children Clinic.

Transported 22 children to boarding school.

Emergency aid to 3 families who were burned out.

Sent one patient to Veteran's Hospital in Lexington.

Sent one patient to Hazelwood Sanatorium (tuberculosis) in Louisville.

Transported 2 patients to the Cancer Clinic in Lexington.

Helped 4 students with school expenses.



Sent one child to the Kentucky School for the Deaf in Danville.\*

Paid for sprayer and spray for tomato blight to be loaned out on one of the districts.

Helped with preparations for Christmas celebrations.

Helped with Easter Egg Hunt.

Distributed hundreds of articles of clothing, shoes, books, et cetera.

Service and time given in a number of other cases of a miscellaneous nature in coöperation with county welfare and health departments, the county judges, the Frontier Nursing Service district nurses and hospital staff.

\* The Louisville and Nashville Railroad issued 12 passes for patients and attendants.

## 9.

### CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, and clothing to those that needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus, Christmas trees and Christmas carols. All of this was made possible by the generous response of hundreds of people to our annual request card for the children's Christmas.

## III.

### TWENTY-FOUR YEAR TOTALS

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

Patients registered from the beginning.....	34,890
Babies and toddlers.....	14,070
School children.....	6,974
Total children.....	21,044
Adults .....	13,846
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	7,727
(Maternal deaths, 9)	
Inoculations .....	164,961
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital*.....	10,240
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital*.....	98,425

\* For 20 years and 6 months. The F.N.S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

## CONCLUSION

Our auditors, Hifner and Fortune, have been so gracious as to preface their report with words of praise to which we feel inadequate. It is, as they say, twenty-five years since the organizational meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service. This means twenty-four years of work. That it has been good work, that the volume of it has been immense and far reaching, has been due mainly to a staff who serve for less remuneration than they can get elsewhere; to patients as loyal as any in the world; to supporters, in and beyond the mountains, whose generosity has not flagged throughout nigh on a quarter century of depression, war, inflation.

A total of \$3,233,599.15 reads like a large sum of money until one analyzes it as our auditors have done. The endowment is too small as yet to give us a yearly income from endowment of the size we need. Investments in realty, buildings, and equipment are essential to rural work, but with the insurance, repair, upkeep, and replacements they are a drain upon resources. We confess with sadness that we have an indebtedness of \$27,185.80. The reason why we are not able to lift this indebtedness will be plain to anyone who divides the paid operating expenses of \$2,443,990.66 by twenty-four years. Such a division leaves one with a theoretical annual budget of \$101,832.94. Few indeed, and far away, are the years in which work as extensive as ours could be carried on a budget of \$102,000.00. The lowest rate of expenditures for any year, after our work had gained its full momentum, ran at \$108,000.00 a year—and then only before prices began to go up.

We know that prices reached their peak during the fiscal year we have just concluded; and that they are supposed to have dropped a little since January, 1949. We have not noticed any appreciable diminution as yet. It still costs us more than three times as much to feed, shoe, and care for twenty-one horses and mules as it used to cost us to do all of these things for thirty-six horses and mules. In addition to this, we have the upkeep of seven jeeps. Last fiscal year this cost \$3,637.13 of which \$2,423.40 went in repairs. There comes a time in the life of a jeep—no matter how carefully it is greased after every ten or twelve fordings of a river—there comes a time in the life

of any jeep that travels over trails like ours—when it is more profitable to sell it for what it will bring than to continue to pay repairs. The years of usefulness of a horse, barring the accidents which have killed some of our best, are about three times as long as the years of usefulness of a jeep.

For a long while it has been our habit to get, direct from the manufacturer, mill wool ends with which we make up blankets for our babies' layettes. As late as last autumn we bought 100 pounds of these mill ends for \$103.00, and out of them we contrived 120 large baby blankets, feather-stitched with bits of yarn that people send us. This last March we paid \$125.00 for 100 pounds of the wool mill ends. This is only one of a number of things that we buy that have actually gone up in price since prices have supposedly been going down.

In May of 1950 comes our Silver Anniversary. We will have completed a quarter century of work. The thing we want, in celebration, is just a little leeway. Never have we had it. Every step forward has been a leap in the dark. Such is the lot of pioneers, but sometimes to old pioneers there is granted a span of days during which the travail of the years is eased for a little while.

Such a span, or space, is like the valley with its creek and bottom lands between the gaps of rough mountains, where the pioneer can re-gather his forces for the next adventure. That is what we mean when we say we should like just a little leeway when we are a quarter century old.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

EDWARD S. DABNEY, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

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#### A TRIBUTE

I wish I could tell you how many times I have told interested friends about the Frontier Nursing Service following my visit to Wendover. I believe that of all my field work with the JOURNAL, the few days I spent in Wendover have been the most enlightening and enriching. One observes there really skilled professional nursing.

From a letter of July 13, 1949, from Mrs. Anna Taylor Howard, R.N., Associate Editor of *The American Journal of Nursing*.

## TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND MEMBERS

Lexington Country Club, June 1, 1949

No annual meeting of the Frontier Nursing Service has been so moving as this last one. We have had three chairmen since our work began. The first, Dr. Alexander J. Alexander of Spring Station, Woodford County, Kentucky, died in office. The second, Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard of Louisville, died in office. Mr. Jouett took the chairmanship following Mrs. Ballard's death in 1938. He has served for eleven years as our chief. He was a charter member of the incorporation of the Frontier Nursing Service in 1925, a trustee for the full twenty-four years, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Service for as long a period of time.

Mr. Jouett is our first chairman to resign in office. Even after he had passed his four score years, he continued to serve us with undiminished devotion. It has been hard to accept his wish to withdraw from active service "as the sunset shadows lengthen" for him.

In our fourth chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap of Louisville, we carry forward the quality of our high traditions. As a trustee for years, and as vice-chairman, Mrs. Belknap has served the F.N.S. so devotedly, and so capably that she was our unanimous choice as Mr. Jouett's successor. We are honored indeed that she accepted the post.

In printing Mr. Jouett's last letter as chairman, we did not feel that we had the right to cut it. To do so would have been to diminish the chivalry, the modesty, the courtesy of the writer. After Mr. Edward S. Dabney had read the letter to our large gathering, he followed the reading with words of his own about our affection for Mr. Jouett—words that went straight to many hearts with the poignancy of long recollections.



MR. EDWARD S. JOUETT, CHAIRMAN EMERITUS of  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.

Left—MRS. MORRIS B. BELKNAP, CHAIRMAN Elected at Annual  
Meeting of Trustees, June 1, 1949

Center—MRS. MARY BRECKINRIDGE, DIRECTOR OF FRONTIER  
NURSING SERVICE, INC.

Courtesy of Louisville Courier-Journal

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director  
Frontier Nursing Service.

May 26, 1949

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

Yielding to the inexorable demands of Father Time I hereby tender my resignation as chairman and member of the Executive Committee. This means a wrenching of heart strings as the ties are broken which have bound me so closely, yet so lightly, to this wonderful organization throughout its entire life. I have been privileged to serve on a number of administrative boards but upon none which has had such an appeal to me or brought such warm personal relationships.

As the sunset shadows lengthen I shall continue to be deeply interested in the welfare of the Service and shall treasure the memories of my connection with this work and the delightful association with you, our incomparable leader, and the other members of the Committee.

Yours sincerely,

E. S. JOUETT

## NURSES ON HORSEBACK STILL HAVE JOBS TO DO

For [many] of the 24 years in which the Frontier Nursing Service has been working in an area of 700 square miles of southeastern Kentucky, E. S. Jouett has been chairman of its board. This week his resignation, forced by "the inexorable demands of *Father Time*," was accepted with deep regret.

The program of this organization with its hospital, its out-post clinics, its bedside nursing, its midwifery school and its internationally known "nurses on horseback," is still expanding. Another building, a nurses' home, has left the drawing board and is taking form in stone. It is revealing to read some of the figures in the director's report by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. In the 12 districts in which the Service operates, its nurses made nearly 20,000 visits last year and almost as many more patients came to its clinics for advice and treatment. With this as a sample of what is accomplished it is no wonder that the *Quarterly Bulletin* is read with deep interest, not only all over Kentucky, but far and wide over the nation.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*  
June 4, 1949

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

### For Frontier Nurses in Great Britain

The old staff of the Frontier Nursing Service in England are to meet this year at the Charing Cross Hotel, The Strand, London, in a private room, at 6:00 p. m. on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 24th, for their annual Service reunion.

Those of you who expect to attend will make your reservations, please, through Miss Nora K. Kelly, The Bearsted Memorial Hospital, Lordship Road, Stoke Newington, London, N. 16, England.

The loving thoughts of the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky will go out in fullest measure to the old staff of the Service on our Day of reunion and remembrance.

## FRIDAY AT POSSUM BEND CENTER

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

### FOREWORD

Under the title of FRIDAY AT FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE this story was written a year ago for *Public Health Nursing* and is reprinted in this Bulletin with the kind permission of the editors. It describes one summer's Friday in Anna May January's varied experience as a district nurse-midwife at the Frances Bolton Nursing Center, before the new road had been cut down by the river.

It will be recalled that Anna May January nearly lost her life in a horseback accident last December at just about the time this story was published in *Public Health Nursing*.

Friday, our clinic day, started off at our Possum Bend Center with the usual mothers with their wee ones for diphtheria and pertussis inoculations, little ones for worm treatments, boils to be dressed and cared for, expectant mothers for their examinations, and all the rest.

But, alas, about 10 a.m. came other patients—big dogs, small dogs, flop-eared dogs, brown spotted dogs, dogs with ears alert and tails wagging. Some seemed to be smiling while others were a bit low in spirit with their tails tucked in. Some were led on twine strings by little boys, some brought by old men, some by young mothers, for all had come for "them thar mad dog shots."

Cherry and I hurried along with our human clientele and then started on the canine species. One of us would hold the front, with a helper controlling the rear, while the other one gave the rabies vaccine. By the time we had completed the inoculations we both were ready to begin yelping—but what fun!

Amidst the barking of dogs I noticed a lad ease gingerly on to the porch to take a seat in the far corner. As soon as I could get to him I made an inquiry as to the purpose of his visit.

"Could you come to see ma? She is bad off and like to die." With that bit of information I saddled my little mare and went on my way, wondering as I rode along just what I would find. Upon my arrival I had one look at my patient and I too decided she was like to die.

I found her in a severe state of shock, extreme pallor, vomiting continuously, almost pulseless. Hastily I gave her morphine sulphate (covered by our Medical Routine orders) and explained to the lad who had come for me that she must go to our hospital at Hyden. Then I sent him off to gather in the neighboring men. I put another boy to cutting poles from which we made a stretcher by placing quilts over the poles. By the time I had got my patient ready to start all the neighborhood had arrived including men enough to carry the stretcher by hand about one mile down the hollow to the river. Since the only road to Dry Hill was a wagon road, and very rough and muddy in low places, we decided to go by boat to Dry Hill instead of by team and wagon.

After we got into the boat there was only room for one man to row, so it was necessary for six or seven men to walk the river bank. As we rowed along up the river we could pick an occasional place and pull into shore so that the rower of the boat could be relieved at intervals. In the Middle Fork river we have shoals. Since the river was low, the walking men rolled their jeans to their knees and pulled the boat over the shoals.

From the scattered cabins along the river came men, women, and children to see the boat going up river. Some of the girls had on pretty bright colored dresses made from coffee sacks, some had umbrellas fashioned from cucumber branches. Beneath a bright blue sky, soft flappy clouds played hide and seek with old Sol. It reminded me of quaint paintings I had seen of some of the old countries. That is, when I had time to remember, for I was fearful that my patient might pass away from me out in mid-river. Finally, after about two hours, with me still clutching my patient's pulse, we rowed in to Dry Hill. Here we lifted our stretcher and began walking again, a distance of almost a half mile. At last we got to the highway and into the mail truck and on to our hospital at Hyden. My patient admitted, transfusion started, I left and came on back to Dry Hill. Here I got on my little mare (ridden on there for me by a small boy) and started on my way back home.

Little did I realize that the remainder of the day still had plenty for me to do. As I approached Hell-Fer-Sartin Creek, Susie Jones stopped me,—would I care to stop and see her sow?



"She brought pigs three days ago. Finest sow in this here whole country. Miss January, I believe she shore is goin' to die."

I looked the sow over and she seemed to be in a bad way. I didn't dare get myself contaminated because of midwifery due.

"Susie, I don't know much about sow-sickness, but it might be piglet fever. You know, like child-bed fever." I left what I thought would be the proper dose of sulfathiazole and soda bicarbonate, with instructions, and advised forced water. We found an old tub for water. For puerperal sepsis our Medical Routine sanctioned sulfathiazole. (It now sanctions trisulfa.)

Then Susie asked, did I have anything that I could leave for feeding the little pigs? Fortunately I had two bottle nipples. We found an old black draught bottle which the nipples fitted very well. So the piglets were started off on a cow's milk formula.

The sow treated, and piglets taken care of, I departed, feeling rather sad about mama sow for she surely looked as though she was going to die.

As I rode along leisurely, within a half mile of home, I heard my name called. Can't be that I am beginning to hear voices, I thought.

True voices they proved to be, from across the river, inquiring if I wasn't in a hurry would I stop a minute and see Bossy, the sick cow, suffering from "soft tail"? Hitching my horse, I scrambled down the river bank and into a boat and on across to see the ailing cow. Yes, they had been taking care of the "soft tail." Their treatment consists of slitting the tail and putting salt into the wound.

Thinks I to myself, my time today has been devoted to humans, the dog and hog families, and now I am into the bovine species.

Bossy appeared to be really ill,—T.105—R.56, coughing, discharging nose. Again I was undecided to do or not to do, but I advised one of the boys to come on with me back across the river to my saddlebags for sulfathiazole and soda bicarbonate. These were sanctioned by our Medical Routine for humans who had acute respiratory illnesses. Bossy's illness appeared to be pneumonia, as far as I could tell. I did a first aid dressing to the wound in the tail and started for home.

I got in about 8 p.m. At this time of the year that is just about "the edge of dark."

Cherry had a lovely hot supper waiting for me. This I thoroughly enjoyed. But the work for the day was not at an end. At 9:30 p.m. Jim Peters came for me with the information that Mandy's miseries were getting awful bad. So again saddling my little mare, I set out to try and beat Mr. Stork. I dismounted 45 minutes later. I could hear Mandy, "Younguns, if I don't get out of this fix soon I just can't stand it. Dear Jesus, look down and have mercy on me."

I reassured Mandy as I rapidly got ready. Mr. Stork's appearance seemed very near. At 11 p.m. I delivered a lusty 10-pound baby boy.

As midnight approached I could almost hear old man Friday chuckling and murmuring to himself as Father Time claimed him for his own and Saturday was born.

Said Friday, "Well, Sir, I have been a busy man and right generous too in my short lifetime. I never took any lives in these parts and I gave to the world one fine baby boy."

Let me just add that Friday was right. No lives were lost because the boat patient recovered, as did the sow, Bossy, and Mandy, one and all.

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#### JUST JOKES — DWELLINGS

An Englishman said to his friend, "I'm living in Scotland now, but my seat is still in the House of Commons." To which his friend replied, "That must be a terrible strain on your suspenders!"

Prospective Buyer (inspecting new home being built): "This house doesn't look too strong.

Contractor: "Well, you've got to consider we haven't got the wallpaper on yet."

Guide: "This castle has stood for three hundred years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing repaired or replaced."

Visiting Yank: "Must have the same landlord we have."

## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

### From "Jolly" Cunningham in New York City—May 25, 1949

I am going on a few weeks hostelling trip in Europe this summer—sailing for England July 2nd. We're then hiking through England, Scotland, Wales, France and Holland. Maybe more, maybe less, depending on energy and funds. There are four of us going in a group so our plans can be fairly flexible. We're getting lists of places we all want to see and people we want to visit and making our routes around that. I'm getting in a dither and tizzy about it already.

I'm leaving the Institute for Crippled and Disabled next week after several very busy and interesting months of work. Certainly meet all kinds and conditions of people there from all walks of life. I've enjoyed it and learned a lot about rehabilitation in particular and living with others in general.

Have had a gay time in the Big City—taking in some shows, the museums, the opera, the stores—soaking it up and wondering at it, but would never choose to live in it for the rest of my life. It's so big, so crowded, so impersonal. Give me the Kentucky Mountains any day!

. . . . .

### From Sylvia Bowditch in Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts

—July 2, 1949

How I wish I could bring Samuel down and have him meet you all and show him to you. [*Samuel Newsom to whom she was married on July 19.*] He just arrived last night, having driven on while I flew on last week. He is particularly interested in the Boston Museum of Art as it has the finest collection of Japanese art outside Japan. Before the war Samuel was sent to Japan for a year's study of Japanese gardens and he found it so fascinating that he stayed for five and came back in '39. During his stay there he learned the language and a great deal about the culture of the country. During the war his knowledge of the language and the topography was used by the Naval intelligence. Now he is doing landscape architecture and is

showing people how to use rocks and shrubs in their gardens to good effect. He is an artist too, and does murals and paintings.

We shall live in Mill Valley, a little town just across the Golden Gate bridge from San Francisco and I shall commute with great ease back and forth to work—it only takes one-half hour by car and is a lovely drive. I plan to work on for a while until I discover the job interferes too much with domesticity!

A couple of years ago Samuel bought a fine old barn and has remodeled it into living quarters and a studio so we have a place all set in which to live. The old carriage room is the living room and we have put a fireplace in it and it makes a grand living room. The space where the stalls used to be he is using for his studio and is going to put in big windows in place of the double doors. He has already done that in the living room, so we can look right out into the garden. It is perfectly astounding what he has made out of the old broken up asphalt turn-around. He has enclosed it with a redwood and split bamboo fence, and made the garden after a fifteenth century Zen Buddhist garden in Japan, with the use of beautiful rocks which he had brought in from a neighboring hilltop—one of which weighs over a ton—and shrubs and various types of ground cover and some flowers. He has made the most lovely, serene, peaceful and unusual spot. We hope that someday you can come our way and see it all.

We are going up to Chocorua the end of the week and have about ten days before the wedding on the 19th. Then after a short visit around, we shall drive back via Canada. I've found that with only a few alterations I can wear mother's wedding dress and it is really quite lovely. We are to be married in a little stone church in the middle of a field and it is going to be a very simple affair. I'm having one attendant and my niece, Faith, as a sort of flower girl, mainly because in digging out her dress mother came upon a perfectly darling one of her grandmother's which fitted Faith, who looked so adorable that we decided she ought to be in it!

—British Columbia, August 15, 1949

We are having a fine trip back across the country in Samuel's station wagon camping all the way and have come up to the Canadian Rockies which are superb. Got caught in a

snow storm one day and basked in a hot spring the next! I'm writing this while Samuel sketches. He has done some grand ones. [*See Weddings.*]

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**From Mrs. Andrew Robeson (Mother of Laurette Robeson Tidrick) in White Mountains, New Hampshire—July 8, 1949**

Ricky, my only grandchild, is Laurette's son. A letter from her recently told me how well he did his first year in military school. He is a corporal—got into honor platoon in the last competition drill before school closed; has a ribbon for that; got five good conduct ribbons and one scholarship for which he had to have nothing below A's and B's. He has always been athletic, promises to be a remarkable swimmer, but I never thought he would do much studying and I am delighted.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Charles Lynnwood Brown (Kirby Coleman)  
From France—August 11, 1949**

Thought I'd drop you a line (from over here) to tell you about our summer. We went first to France where Lynn was to study at the Faculty of Theology in Montpellier in Southern France. We lived with a very fine family who had at one time been well off, but had lost all during the war. We lived like students in a very old house, 300 years old, no hot water. We had to ride our bikes over to the public bath house. The food was well prepared, as the French prepare it, but they really made use of everything, and we learned to mop up our plates. They always served the food in many courses, so unlike our meals when we put everything on one plate. I certainly learned a lot about using leftovers.

As no one spoke English I was certainly put upon to learn French. I was tutored every morning by an interesting lady whose grandmother had been one of the French Morocco Negroes. In France they think nothing of that. She took me marketing with her often so I could learn practical French. It was lots of fun. In the middle of the morning she would give me a piece of cake and wine, as she said "to pick me up"—maybe my French was dragging.

The cost of living in France is certainly high for what their

salaries are. I don't know how they manage. I knew a professor at a university who only got \$90.00 a month. His wife told me she made more as a secretary in South Africa. Their clothes are all old, but they make them over and over again to last, as all money goes to food. Clothes and shoes are very high there. Living in a small town I got to know many of the tradespeople too through my tutor. They were all so nice. When I was over here before the war I always felt the people were out to get all they could from me, but not so now that I've lived among them. I like them very much.

Lynn had to go to a religious conference in Switzerland which didn't invite wives so I had three weeks to wander on my own. I went up to Paris to a gay wedding of a school mate of mine. It was a Catholic one with all the trimmings. At the American Embassy I ran into one of my best friends from Northwestern whom I hadn't seen in years. She was staying at a little hotel in the Latin Quarter with another Evanston girl and so they just added a cot to the room and I moved in. I stayed through July 17th to see the big holiday celebrations.

I stayed a week in Munich and Nuremberg visiting two roommates of mine from boarding school days—shades of the past! It was fun seeing my friends, but both the cities were really bombed out. The German people as a whole look better dressed than the people in France.

Now we're both in Salzburg for the music festival which is wonderful. We see operas every night, only tonight I begged off and went to an operetta marionette show which was excellent.

We sail for home the 20th. Perhaps this fall I can get away for a couple of weeks when Lynn has a meeting, and get to Kentucky. I'll tell you more about Europe then.

. . . . .

**From Nancy Dammann in Baton Rouge, Louisiana**

—September 3, 1949

As usual I've been thinking a lot about Kentucky recently. As I probably wrote you one of my new jobs is being telegraph editor two nights a week. The telegraph editor is the one who handles all Associated Press and United Press copy. We get reams of it over a set of fancy teletype machines. Well, prac-

tically every night I've been on the telegraph desk at least one story has come in from your neighborhood. Some have been datelined from Harlan, some from Hazard and I think one came from Hyden. They all have dealt with federal agents, shootings, et cetera. Some of the names looked awfully familiar. With all those shootings it sounds to me as though they need a regular AP correspondent down there. Perhaps I should apply for the job!

The telegraph editor has the delightful job of putting the paper to bed. He or she is responsible for making up the front page and then doing all the odd jobs such as fixing the switchboard, turning off the lights, locking up the building, et cetera. That means that when on the wire desk (telegraph desk), I don't get home until three o'clock at the earliest. I live about two blocks from a negro district. All Baton Rouge negroes raise chickens and occasionally cows in their back yards. Personally, I find cock crows a very annoying sound to try to get to sleep to. Like most journalists I drink far too many cups of coffee and cokes. You have to do something to keep going under the constant pressure of deadlines. So I have acquired the newspaperman's occupational disease of never being able to get to sleep until daybreak. And as I lie turning and tossing at 4 and 5 in the morning I swear at those blankety blank chickens and wonder how I ever could have thought the sound a pleasant one, as I did while at Wendover. I guess cock crows are made to be heard when waking up and not when going to sleep. Anyhow, hearing the dratted little beasties sets me thinking along pleasant lines, namely about Kentucky, so I guess I shouldn't complain too much.

Our life, to put it mildly, is an abnormal one. We work most of the night and sleep during the daytime. We never seem to find time to eat regular meals but instead grab hasty hamburgers between our deadlines. But worst of all I never see the sun except through my bed room window. I'll swear it would be possible to hold my job without even noticing the change in seasons. We're usually so groggy as we drive to work in the late afternoon that we don't notice the pretty birds and bees. After three months on the night schedule I'm beginning to miss my exercise and the great outdoors. And then I start dreaming

about how pleasant it would be to be sitting on top of a horse making rounds for the F.N.S.

The life of a journalist who works on a morning paper is a weird one but we love it. Our hours are peculiar but we do have a social life just like other people. The only difference is we begin our parties at midnight and end them at 7 a.m. Often we eat breakfast together but at 4 p.m. instead of 8 a.m. And we eat our dinners at midnight.

Despite the weird hours I love my new job. I report three nights a week,—that is to say I cover the police beat and write up accident and criminal stories. I also have to go to a number of dinner meetings which I find a trial. I find it so difficult to eat the steak dinners they put in front of me at an hour when I customarily eat breakfast or at the most luncheon. I've been doing a great deal of photography both as a free lancer and for the office. I have a very nice group of fellow workers and all in all I love the setup.

#### ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Harriette Sherman of South Euclid, Ohio, to Mr. James Barnes of Syracuse, New York. The wedding will take place on September tenth, as this column goes to press. "Bubbles" Cuddy Moore who was a junior courier with Harriette in the spring of 1941 will be Matron of Honor. The bride and groom will make their home in Cleveland.

Miss Ann Bemis of Concord, Massachusetts, to Mr. Frank Day of Newton, Massachusetts. Ann writes:

"I am going to finish up at Colby Junior College first—another year. That sets the date for next June for the marriage."

#### WEDDINGS

Miss Mary Martin Buckner of Lexington, Kentucky, and Mr. William Norwood Branch, on May 2, 1949, in Shelbyville, Kentucky. They are now at home in Lexington.

Miss Barbara Miller of Washington, D. C., formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mr. Charles Carroll Morgan, Jr., of Chevy Chase, Maryland, on June 15, 1949, in Washington. After



a wedding trip to Bermuda, they are making their home in Washington.

Miss Nancy Sherlock Rockefeller of Greenwich, Connecticut, and Mr. Barclay McFadden, Jr., of Rosemont, Pennsylvania, on June 29, 1949, in Greenwich.

Miss Sylvia Church Bowditch of Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, and Mr. Samuel Newsom, on July 19, 1949, in Chocorua, New Hampshire. Their address is 32 Eugene Street, Mill Valley, California.

Miss Penelope Harding Thompson of Barrington, Illinois, and Mr. Carter Taylor on July 23, 1949, in Barrington.

We hope that life together for these young couples will be a high adventure; and we wish for them success and deepest happiness.

#### BABIES

Born to Dr. and Mrs. William Russell MacAusland, Jr. (Frances Baker), in Rochester, New York, a son, their second, Stephen Breyton, on May 24, 1949, weight six pounds and ten ounces. Franny writes:

"He's darling, and what fun the two of them will have together. Maybe the next one will be a courier for you. We'll get one for you someday."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon (Mary Bulkley) in Clayton, Missouri, a daughter, Mary Adams, on July 17, 1949.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Booth Shepherd (Allyn Johnson) in Cincinnati, Ohio, a daughter, Sarah Worthington, on June 3, 1949.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis DeWitt Hall (Elizabeth Campbell), in Tucson, Arizona, a son, Lewis Oliver Campbell, on July 25, 1949. This husky little rancher tipped the scales at eight pounds and nine ounces—twenty-one inches long! We hear via the grapevine that just two hours after he arrived, "Biz" was "on the telephone calling all her friends."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wade Hampton (Lill Middleton) in

Canadaigua, New York, a son, Wade Hampton, Jr., on August 13, 1949.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williamson Nevin (Ellie George), in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, a daughter, Susan Cooper Nevin, on August 20, 1949, weight six pounds and eight ounces—"via Caesarian" we are told. Mother and daughter are both fine.

A friend in Racine, Wisconsin, wrote us the last of May:

"Patsy FitzGerald Osborne told me the other day that she had neglected to write and tell you their baby daughter—Cynthia—arrived July 7, 1948. She is almost a year old and has kept her mother busy, too."

We congratulate these proud parents, scattered from east to west, and wish for the lucky babies long lives of usefulness and a full measure of happiness.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

A letter from Mrs. Donald R. McLennan, mother of **Margaret McLennan Morse**, says that she expects to see Margaret in September "When she and I and her big boy, Peter, go to New York together for a few days and then put Peter on the train for St. Paul's where he is in school."

**Barbara Bentley** was "capped" at the California Hospital School of Nursing, Los Angeles—Class of 1952—on June twenty-fourth.

**Connie Cherrington Brown** flew back from Pakistan in June by herself since her husband, who is in the diplomatic corps, was unable to leave at that time. She went at once to Walter Reed Hospital in Baltimore where she stayed under treatment for one of those tropical complaints before going to her home in Sewickley, Pennsylvania. Her husband will not return to the States until sometime in the new year.

**Marion Shouse Lewis** had a serious operation early in the summer from which we are glad to know she has made a satisfactory recovery.

**Elizabeth (Liz) Johnson** was away from home on a 200-mile pack trip with her mother and sister (they catch wild horses and

train them) when four of our F.N.S. group on a motor trip west stopped by their unique ranch at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, the last of August. Thumper, Louise, Lydia and Stevie were deeply disappointed to miss them.

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to **Lill Middleton Hampton** in the loss of her father, Mr. E. W. Middleton, just a few days before her baby was born.

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE BABY



BARBARA GENEVA, Aged 8 Months

Photograph by Betty Scott, R.N.

## MASQUE OF THE MERRIE MONTHS

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

### JULY

July was so called to honour Julius Caesar whose first name linked him with Julus, son of Aeneas, the hero of Troy.

After battles and adventures in Greece and Egypt, Caesar turned his mind in 46 B. C. to tasks of home. He found the calendar year three months ahead of time as reckoned by the sun. Putting irregularities together in a "year of confusion" he arranged the twelve months and instituted "leap years" to prevent a muddle recurring.

To the Saxons July was *Hey-monath*, hay-month, or *Mead-monath*, mead-month, when in field and meadow everything was in bloom.

### AUGUST

The new ruler who followed Caesar, and the first of the Roman Emperors, was Caius Caesar Octavianus, a young kinsman of Caesar's, who added the title of Augustus on assuming the royal purple. He, too, claimed to name a month.

Caesar's month had thirty-one days, and the next month, which Augustus called August, only thirty. So, with an Emperor's power he made it thirty-one.

Augustus is now quite forgotten, though there is cause to remember him gratefully every year for the extra day he gave to the holiday month because he would not be outdone by his uncle.

### SEPTEMBER

The seventh month of the old Roman Year became the ninth in the Julian Calendar, but it still kept its old name based on the numeral *septimus*. In the same way the tenth month is still called the eighth, *octavus*, the eleventh is called the ninth, *november*, and the twelfth the tenth, *december*.

The Saxons called September *Gerst-monath*, the barley month. It is still the glad time of reaping "according to the joy of harvest" when good work finds its fulfillments in the ingathering which comes "up from the meadows rich with corn, clear in the cool September morn."

## WE BUILD THE FIRST OUTPOST NURSING CENTER

by

GLADYS PEACOCK, R.N., S.C.M., B.S.

### FOREWORD

The Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center at Beech Fork was built in 1926. The story about it was written by "Peacock" some five or six years later, but has not been published until now. The photograph of the center was, however, a Bulletin cover picture many years ago. We give the story and both the photographs in celebration of Peacock's visit to us this summer—after an absence of many years, including the war years when she served overseas.



GLADYS M. PEACOCK  
Taken in her  
Frontier Nursing Service days

When joining the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service most of the nurses think that all they need in preparation is a three years' hospital training, public health experience, and a midwifery certificate, but after we had been in the hills a few

weeks we thought differently. To be a good nurse in the mountains one needs, besides the above qualifications, to be a horse-woman, stable boy, mechanic, carpenter, plumber, acrobat, teacher and bluffer.

We had been riding the trails just two months when our director told Miss Willeford and me we were to go to Beech Fork to open up a new center, the first, since her own home, to be built. This district was fifteen miles from the county seat of Hyden, and thirty-two miles from the nearest highway and railroad. Our excitement was great, and with light hearts, and absolute ignorance, we longed for the time when we would start for the great unknown. We never dreamed how unknown it would prove to be.

While we were building we were to live in the house of a local farmer. This was by far the nicest house in the district, about two and a half miles from the site, a two story frame building with a perpendicular stairway, about eighteen inches wide, connecting the upper floor with the lower. Part of the house was screened. Open fireplaces supplied the only heat. We were to bring our own furniture, and were to occupy one room upstairs. We were allowed to use another room, just below ours, as a clinic, and a store room for our horses' hay and feed. In one corner of the downstairs room stood a spotlessly white painted table holding jars of sterile dressings, basin, ointments, etc., for clinic use. In the other corner were stacked bales of hay and sacks of corn and oats.

The wagon with two home made tables, two beds, two presses, three home woven chairs and a two foot tin tub, arrived one sunny day in October. We had ridden ahead and prepared everything, putting up little curtains over our two tiny windows, one of which had no glass, and staining the floor to settle the dust. The driver with much manipulation had managed to get all the furniture up the narrow stairway. With a nod and a spit over the porch rail he left us to settle in.

The settling in was not a lengthy procedure. We put the furniture in place, made the beds and then inspected the room. There just was room for the two of us to move around. We knew the evenings were getting chilly so decided to get in some kindling and coal. The "chute," as we called the stairway, was

harder to get down than up. The steps were steep and you felt as though you were letting yourself down a shaft. It was only after quite a little practise we learnt how to manipulate that stairway without landing in a crumpled heap at the bottom.

We found the coal house just across the yard. Huge lumps of coal faced us. At the side of the coal house we found an old axe. We swung this many times and managed to break several of the large lumps into usable sizes. Filling our two scuttles we dragged these up the chute and arrived panting and black in our room. While my room mate was cleaning out the grate, I slid down the chute again, this time for kindling. I swung the axe. It was not so easy. It seemed to hit everywhere but the bit of log I was aiming at. I dug into the ground in front, beside and behind the log, but the log stayed just where it was and just the same size that it was before I started swinging. I was hot, and red, and mad when Willeford arrived. I told her in mild language what I thought of that axe. She then took a swing and met with the same result. Finally getting perfectly furious at that placid log, she let out a mighty slash, and a thousand pieces of wood flew in all directions. If we had had any breath left we would have cheered. Two more trips were made filling our water pitchers from the well, and we were all set for the night.

At five-thirty we were called to supper. Seated on benches around the table we found six large men eating noisily and silently. We learnt later that they were workhands on the farm. We greeted them with a "howdy" and took our places beside them.

Having helped ourselves to potatoes and broken off a hunk of corn bread from the pone, it seemed as though the polite thing to do would be to make a little conversation. We tried.

"How many miles is it to Pineville from here?" addressing the rugged weatherbeaten face on my left.

All heads were raised for just a moment, glanced at me, then returned to their potatoes. I tried again.

"How many miles do you think it is to Pineville from here?"

All heads again raised, looked at each other, then fell to potatoes again. I felt the figure on my right quivering, and I knew Willeford was choking over her potatoes with suppressed

laughter. I refused to be beaten. Why didn't they answer? Again I said:

"How many miles is it to Pineville from here?" this time looking directly at the man across from me. He gulped, looked at me briefly, then said

"Huh?"

This was too much. I also began to choke. Willeford then came to the rescue and looking at the same man asked him the question again. He looked, gulped again, then said:

"Thirty-two miles," and returned to his potatoes. A long silence elapsed. We tried again. This time Willeford broke the silence.

"Are the fords very deep between here and Beech Fork?" she inquired.

Silence. A pause.

"Are the fords very deep between here and Beech Fork?" a little more emphatically. The same head raised. The same man grunted out a reply.

"Pretty deep."

"Are they rough?" persisted Willeford.

"No."

The men looked at each other, then with a scraping of the bench got up and left the table, each taking a tooth pick along with him.

Our hostess then joined us bringing with her a plate of potatoes and cup of black coffee. She talked in a friendly way. It was not many weeks later that we learned that it was not the usual custom for women to eat at the same time as the men, and also not usual for them to make polite conversation at table. We were also to learn that no people caught on to things quicker than the mountaineer. Before many weeks had passed that same table was a buzz of conversation and laughter during the meals.

What had seemed strange to us was natural to them, and what seemed strange to them was natural to us. In a short time there was an interchange of customs, each one learning something from the other.

We found that these workhands were more than willing to



pack our coal and wood upstairs for us. When they found that we would like it we had more offers than we could use.

The next morning at "sun up" we were awakened by a voice calling up the chute "break—fast." We seemed to be getting up in the middle of the night. Dressing hastily we joined the same group of the evening before.

First straightening our room, then grooming our horses, we started to ride the two and a half miles to the site where we were to build.

We arrived there at seven o'clock and to our utter astonishment we found twenty-five men all grouped around the beech trees. Twenty-five men all waiting to work and all waiting for us to tell them what to do, and we did not know anything ourselves. *They* knew nothing about building and *we* knew nothing about building. We knew that they knew nothing, but fortunately they did not know that we knew nothing, and our chief job was to keep them from knowing.

One and all greeted us with a "Howdy." We took all their names down on a piece of paper, asking each one what he could do. All could dig, two could do a little carpentry, and two did hand hewn work.

We took four men to stake off the ground where the barn would be, and four more to stake off where the house was to stand. No one could read blue prints. We laid the plans on the ground and for several minutes pored over them. We finally made out enough to get the men started. We divided them up. Half were to dig the foundation for the barn and the other half were to cut down the trees on the house site.

All the men were busy when an intelligent elderly man whom we had chosen to be foreman came up to me and said, "What about sills?"

"What about what, Mr. Hoskins?"

"Sills."

I felt swamped. What were sills? Surely he could not be talking about window sills yet, before the foundations were even dug. I looked wise and thoughtful.

"Well, Mr. Hoskins, I'll ask Miss Willeford. Mrs. Breckinridge may have said something to her about them."

I climbed up the hill to the barn site and found Willeford looking puzzled over a four foot hole.

"What's the matter?" I enquired.

"It seems to me that two men could dig in that hole better than eight without hitting each other." Then to the men, "Six of you men had better come out of that hole and go over and start on the other side; you're too crowded." They certainly were.

I called her to one side.

"Willeford, what about sills?"

"What about *what?*"

"Sills."

"What the dickens are sills?"

I wished I knew! I said:

"Well look here, old sport, Mr. Hoskins has asked about sills. What are we going to do about it? We can't let him think that we don't know what they are."

"We've just got to bluff."

"Well come on, let's bluff. You start."

We scrambled down to where the foreman was standing.

"Mr. Hoskins, Mrs. Breckinridge did not say anything to Miss Willeford about sills." Willeford chipped in very casually, "Er— what would you suggest, Mr. Hoskins? You know this part so much better than we do."

"Well, I reckon you can get all you want off Luther Moseley's land. He said you could have all the timber you needed."

So it was timber.

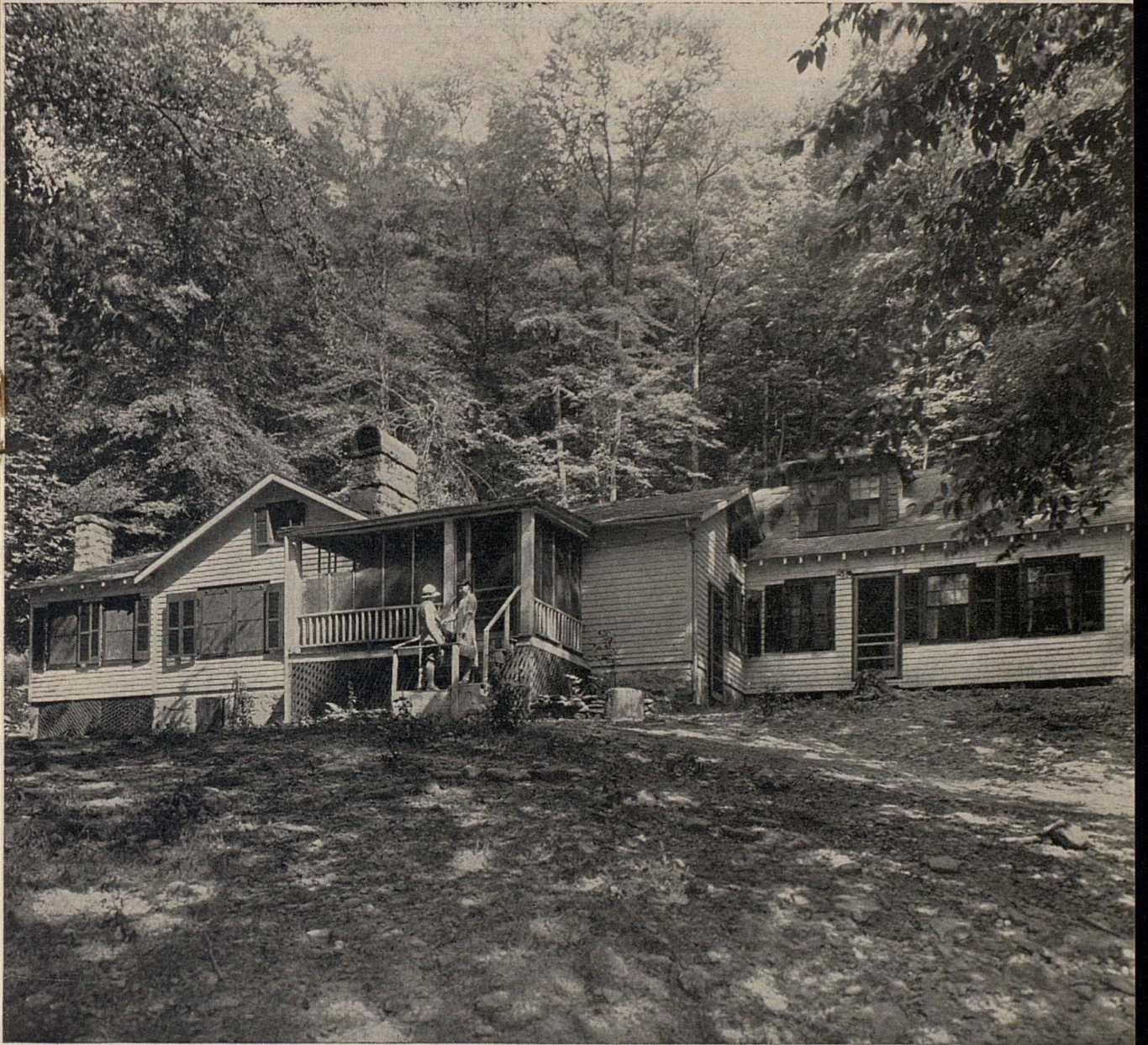
"How soon do you think you'll be ready for them?"

"I reckon we'd better be gettin' them out right now."

"Well, how many men will you need?"

"I reckon four'll be aplenty."

We delegated four men to go with Mr. Hoskins. They climbed the hill at the back of the house site for about half a mile. We slowly followed at some distance away, out of sight. We were certainly going to learn what a sill looked like. Soon two enormous trees came rolling down the hill side, splashed



JESSIE PRESTON DRAPER MEMORIAL NURSING CENTER

"Beech Fork"—Asher Post Office, Leslie County, Kentucky

First outpost center of the Frontier Nursing Service

To the left, the original center built in 1926 by "Peacock" and "Willeford"

To the right, an addition added several years later

into the water, and floated down the river until they landed on a shallow spot. Four mules, dragging large chains and hooks, were attached to the trees and snaked them on to the site. The sharp blows of four axes rang out. Little by little, slowly and evenly, the men hewed until the two large trees were made into four even blocks of thirty feet long and eight inches deep. So these were sills. The whole of our house was to rest on these blocks. No wonder that Mr. Hoskins thought these important. From now on we would too.

The bulk of the nursing center was to come to us ready cut, praise the Lord. The notice had come in that two freight car loads were awaiting us at Pineville.

Finding out just how much the house weighed and just how much each team could carry, we started off in opposite directions to hunt up teamsters. Miles and miles we rode. Up the river, down the river, through little trails and along rough branches. This certainly was one way of getting to know our district. We finally collected every team available and three days later twenty-four wagons started out on their thirty-two mile trip. It took a day and a half to get to the railroad unloaded, one day to load and check, and two days to return loaded—four and a half days in all. But this of course depended on the weather. Should a rain come it would be impossible for the wagons to ford the river, which meant that the teamsters would have to put up at the nearest cabin and wait until the river went down.

While the teams were away we had the local lumber sawed at the nearest mill and hauled on to the land. As the lumber was unloaded we counted, measured, and checked up on each plank. If one 2 by 4 looked unsatisfactory it was thrown out. Soon we knew just as much about the requirements for a perfect joist or rafter as we did about the requirements for a blue ribbon baby.

The stone masons were busy at work, cutting the rock for the foundation and chimney. How we had to watch those men! Never did we realize what a tremendous difference there was in rock. One would be too soft, another too hard, one would only make a wall, another would be composed of too many

different materials, one would cut straight, another wouldn't. Our hair nearly turned grey trying to find just the kind of rock that was needed. Always the stone masons would want the rock farthest away from the site. In vain we implored them to use the rock on the land, but no—they *must* have that special rock, three miles away, for the chimney. We wept tears of blood as we saw these blocks of rock being hauled in from three miles. Only two blocks could be carried on each mule drawn sled. Each trip cost a dollar and twenty cents. No human can give one such torture as stubborn adamant stone masons.

The day had arrived when we heard in the distance the rumbling and rattling of the wagons from the railroad as they neared the site. All hands stopped work. Every laborer helped unload. Each piece was carefully examined and commented upon, as never had these mountaineers seen so much ready cut house. Nor had we, but we did not announce that fact.

If ever you are thinking of getting one of these houses do not be misled by the ready cut advertisements. How many times had we read "Your house put up in twenty-four hours"—"Why waste time on labor?"—"Father and Mother can put it up"—"A child could put this house up." As I said before, don't be misled. Some fathers and mothers might be able to put it up, and possibly some bright child, but I can assure you it took many men, and both of us, weeks before we got our little white house looking anything like a shelter. Every piece of board had to be mitred to fit the other. Hours and hours of labor were expended in fitting these parts together. Many of the bundles had become separated, and unless you knew the difference between a floor plank and "sheeting" you were hopelessly befuddled. To this day one can find in the barn at Beech Fork odd shaped pieces of wood with a "Y2 1/2B 1/4" written on them. Never yet have we found the place where these mysterious pieces were supposed to go.

Three and a half months had elapsed. The barn and house were up, and only the inside remained to be finished. We had spent hours tearing our hair over the septic tank. At last it was completed. Water flowed from every tap, and did not ooze out of the ground. The first time we had turned on a tap nothing came. We all climbed under the house and discon-

nected pipes, etc., and discovered the trouble. The next time we turned the tap on it wouldn't stop running. Terrifying noises came from the engine and the pump. Time after time the fuses blew out and the engine stopped. At last we learned by the trial and error method how to run this white elephant.

The nursing work on the district had started. Both of us were out on sick calls one day. When I returned I expected to find the electric light fixtures installed. There were none to be seen so I called the local man who was doing the work.

"Mr. Lewis, I thought you were putting in the electric light switches today?"

"Sure they're all done."

"I can't see any."

"Look, right there. You're standing right under one of them thar buttons."

I looked up. I certainly was standing under one. He had put every switch so high that one had to stand on a chair to turn them on and off!

"Mr. Lewis, why in heaven's name did you put them up there?"

"I thought maybe you'd not want your walls spoiled with them thar buttons so I put them as fur away as possible." He certainly had. Another day's work wasted.

After various mishaps our little white house with its green shutters was completed. Comfortable chairs, sofas and rugs arrived, and four months from the day we started we invited all the neighbors in for our first house-warming. Every board, every hole and corner were examined by the people. Taps were turned, lights were switched on and off, curtain material fingered and appraised. Never before had they seen a modern house all equipped. It was their house. Each person looked upon it as his own nursing center. Each one's husband or son had given some days of free labor. Everyone agreed that there would never be another house like it. This was *their* house and we were *their* nurses.

To this day if one goes up to Beech Fork one can hear the local citizens say, "Sure, them thar other centers is all right but there won't never be ary another center as fine as our'n's," and somehow we can't help agreeing with them.

## INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF NURSES

by  
DORIS R. SCHWARTZ, R.N.

### FOREWORD

Miss Schwartz is a member of the staff of the V.N.A. of Brooklyn, New York, and widely known in nursing circles for her charming articles and stories. She is coming to the Frontier Nursing Service in December to write a story about us for the *Reader's Digest*. Before Miss Schwartz left for Sweden, she promised to send us a letter about the International Congress. We have received also a post card from Svenska Turistforeningen, which reads as follows:

Here in Lapland, far above the Arctic Circle, a former Frontier Nursing Service visitor and a future one are varying our observations of Public Health Nursing in Sweden with conversations about you and your staff!

We have met on a camping trip and are enjoying ourselves thoroughly.

Doris R. Schwartz, Brooklyn V.N.A.  
Johanna Akkerhuys, Holland

June 20, 1949  
Rimbo, Sweden

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

Some months ago, at the Cosmopolitan Club when we discussed my looked-forward-to visit to Kentucky, I promised the report to you on the International Congress of Nurses in Sweden and on my experiences in Swedish Rural District Nursing.

The I.C.N. has come and gone and to do it justice would take pages and pages of reporting. Much of what I would tell you has gone into the profusely illustrated report for the *Journal of Nursing* which will carry, in the August issue, all of the details of the Congress.

But the part in which, I suspect, you will be most interested is in the new approach to the setting of an International Meeting. Always before delegates and observers have come from many lands, gathered in huge groups in an auditorium and lis-

tened to glossy speeches by assorted dignitaries, long papers by professional leaders, and attended meetings at which prepared speakers have done the majority of the speaking. And all too often they have returned to their homes with much the same ideas they came away with—having met only *nurses* on their trip—and only nurses in large, unwieldy groups.

To prevent this, the Swedish Nurses Association under the leadership of Miss Höjer and Miss Elfuerson (who are two of the most imaginative, energetic women one could find) set their whole I.C.N. meeting against the background of "Community Problems and the Nurse" in Sweden.

The Grand Council and Special Committees met *before* the Congress and finished all their business so that the Congress itself could be participated in by everybody without rush or pressure. All papers were placed in the hands of every nurse attending and at the meetings were merely *digested* by their authors so that almost half of the five day period could be free for small group activities among nurses of various countries and the many aspects of Social, Legislation, Education, Industry and General Cultural History of the land in which the Congress was held could be shown to these small groups. Always, the showing was done by the *lay* people of the community and in every case as we inspected schools and housing projects and prison rehabilitation programs, and care plans for the aged, it was shown how the nurse coördinated and coöperated in the many ways in which the standards of living and of education were being raised for the average Swedish citizen. Every province in the land, as a tribute to the esteem in which Swedish nurses are held, invited "the Congress Sisters from all over the world" to inspect its daily life—to live in its homes and eat at its tables and look at whatever activities they found of interest.

Thus, on an afternoon trip, one had for companions a Swedish student, the head of Ceylon's Public Health Nursing Program, a hospital director from California, an Australian midwife, a general duty staff nurse from St. Thomas', England, and perhaps a nun from France. All cliques of friends among the 4,000 nurses were broken up by assigning numbers for each trip and so, one simply *had* to get to know the nurses from



these other countries. It was good to see representatives from lands which only five years ago were waging war on one another, grouped together discussing mutual problems. And perhaps nothing ever demonstrated the difference between war and peace more clearly than the dates on the corner stones of the wonderful, new institutions which we visited. "1942, built the year our nurses' home was bombed to rubble," said a British matron. And a Belgian nurse, "While you were doing this our hospital had the roof blown off."

By housing all nurses in hospitals and private homes and by setting up their own cafeteria and staffing it themselves, and by working every minute of their free time for months before the Congress, Swedish nurses managed to organize and arrange the program at minimum cost in such a way that one charge covered everything, and so nurses from war-affected lands were able to participate in every aspect of the program which could be enjoyed by wealthier colleagues—a situation which was unfortunately not true at previous international meetings.

The whole Sociological approach which the nurses of Sweden have toward their community and country and the reciprocal respect which the Swedish people have for their nurses has been enormously impressive and, I think, of great value in helping nurses the world over to see their own work in a more rational perspective. I wish you had been able to be here to attend it for yourself, for it was, in the opinion of all the nurses who attended, a truly unforgettable meeting!

The District Nursing (by bicycle) is turning out to be completely GOOD in every respect. I love it. Excellent supervision, a splendid generalized program, and fun every minute of the day. But time is short at the moment so the anecdotes about it will have to wait for another letter. I will write it soon.

Please don't attempt to answer this or its successor—you are much too busy.

Cordially,

DORIS R. SCHWARTZ



### FIVE GENERATIONS

MRS. LOUISE BAKER BAILEY, AGED 89, AND HER DESCENDANTS

Mrs. Jane Bailey Smith, Aged 65

Mrs. Fannie Baker, Aged 37, a Valued Employee of  
Frontier Nursing Service Hospital

Mrs. Ethel Kilburn, Aged 18

Pearlie Kilburn, Aged 2

Mrs. Bailey lives on Wooton's Creek in the Bailey family log house that is reputed to be 150 years old. This picture is printed with her kind permission. Taken by Lucille Knechtly.

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### SURPRISED DOCTOR!

Woman on Cutshin Creek: "I have a lot of miseries."

F.N.S. Worker: "Come see our doctor at Hyden Hospital Clinic."

Woman: "I shore will go see him. Wonder what he will say when I tell him I hain't felt my heart beat for seventeen years."

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Nancy Wilson in Sagada, Philippines—May 17, 1949**

I did not reach the Philippines until the first week in February, and the Bishop decided to send me right on up to this 60 to 70 bed hospital, five thousand feet above sea level, in this mountainous section of Luzon. Much of this area was badly destroyed—largely the result of U. S. bombing. It will still be a number of years more before the mission buildings will be anything like they were before the war. Besides the hospital, Sagada is also the center for the St. Mary's School, also three American and two native St. Mary the Virgin Sisters have their convent, and take charge of the girls' dormitory for the school and an orphanage of 35 quite young children.

The hospital itself was not destroyed, but there are still shrapnel holes in evidence all around, and the building is far too small for our present needs. There are plans and funds available for repairs and an extension. Much of the hospital work is done by the natives; there are four graduate nurses from St. Luke's in Manila, and the rest are orderlies and attendants. My time is spent on supervisory and administrative duties.

I accompanied one of our guests to Manila after Easter. I did enjoy being there at that time, as a ship had just gotten in with quite a number of Shanghai people, evacuating to the U. S., and I was able to get first hand information about the actual conditions in that area of China. It is a bit difficult to know what will happen to those who have remained in China. I do feel that I can be of more real service here in the Philippines for at least the time being. Please remember me to the F.N.S. members of my "generation."

### **From Shirley Kirkegaard (Kirk) in Hartford, Connecticut —May 19, 1949**

Since leaving Kentucky last May I have tried private duty nursing, operating room work and industrial nursing. I have

been with Pratt and Whitney Aircraft since September 1948, and find it an entirely new aspect of the nursing field. However, none of this work gives the true satisfaction of serving the sick which I found so abundantly at Hyden and Wendover. I am grateful for the six months which I had with the F.N.S. The copies of the Bulletin are grand for keeping up with the Kentucky news.

. . . . .

**From Nellie Davis Grube (Davy) in Putnam, Connecticut**

—May 25, 1949

We have all been well, my twins now 6½ are big and the baby, 3, is coming right up after them. I run the farm, truck-vegetables, and Herbert has a camera shop and studio in Putnam. We are always busy either with our vegetables, or a busy season at the shop and studio. Our home, an old farm, is shaping up slowly, as we do most of the work ourselves. My love to you all and I do hope you have a good summer.

. . . . .

**From Maxine Thornton in Zanesville, Ohio—June 5, 1949**

When I first came home I found there was a vacancy in the local district Public Health Department, and after talking to the sisters at my own hospital I applied for the position. The County Commissioner approved and sent me to the State supervisor of Public Health nurses; then I had to appear at the local board meeting. The meeting was interrupted long enough for me to be accepted. The nurses here are sent to Portage County (in the northern part of the state) for orientation—records and P.H. laws. I think I will be going this week for a month. Since the first I have been to the clinics at the Health Center and on a few district visits with another nurse. I do not have much chance to ask questions as everyone wants to ask me about the F.N.S. Cannot tell you too much about the work as I am not out of the fog myself. It will be more like the work of the English Health Visitors rather than district work.

I miss Peru (*her horse*) ever so much, and how I'd like to hear someone say "Come by and sit a spell." Say hello to everyone for me—if ever people will give me time to sit long enough I may be able to write more often.

**From Charlotte Conaway Scott (Sherry) in Tokyo**

—June 27, 1949

I received a copy of the Winter Bulletin which needless to say I read from cover to cover. I saw that Amy Poston is in Okinawa. So many people visit Tokyo from there, perhaps Amy may get a chance. Scotty (*her husband*) has been here a year and a half, and finally last December Bruce (*her baby*) and I sailed from New York to join him. We have a nice but tiny apartment in central Tokyo and I am very content. The biggest problem is fresh vegetables, as we are forbidden all the wonderful looking Jap produce as it is contaminated. However, this very morning an exporting-importing company opened a store which is stocked with "Stateside" produce flown in!! I saw my first tomato since I've been here! I have two nice Japanese girls who are so good to Bruce, in fact too good. He is very spoiled. They are learning English very quickly—much better than I am doing with Japanese. Bruce is just learning to walk and to say a few words—in Jap.

Our tour of duty will be up next June. I would like to see some more places over here before we leave. Tokyo suffered extensive damage, and the poverty is great. It must have been a fascinating place pre-war. Please give my regards to all I know.

. . . . .

**From Dorothy Frazer Martt (Dotty) in Greenhills, Ohio**

—July 12, 1949

It has been so long since I reported to you at the F.N.S. that many things have happened. Jack (*her husband*) and I took our last tour in Europe in February and March, visiting northern France, London, Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg. The 16th of March, exactly one year since my arrival in Europe, we left Frankfurt, Germany, via a navy plane and arrived at Westover, Mass., the next day.

Jack was discharged from the Army in April, and after visiting in St. Louis we came to Cincinnati in May. On June 1st Jack began his duties as receiving physician at Cincinnati General Hospital. We have a very nice three-room apartment in the suburb of Greenhills. It's great to be back in the U.S.A. and

settled down. I am working at Cincinnati Children's Hospital. It is truly a pleasure to work in such a fine institution.

I follow the bulletins with great interest and look forward to the day when I can pay you a visit.

. . . . .

**From Catherine Cirves in Milwaukee—July 17, 1949**

It has been six months since I came to Milwaukee. I have not undertaken any projects of my own since I left the mountains. I am fitting into Pat's (*her daughter*) program, and getting much satisfaction out of it. I keep as close to midwifery in my work as I can—am in charge of the obstetrics floor here at St. Luke's Hospital. Starting tonight I'll be relieving the night supervisor who is taking her vacation.

We are buying a car, so if I am not too far from you in the future, can't we manage to get together some time? The Frontier Nursing Service is, more than most organizations, meaningful because of the personalities that built it, and it has enlarged the personalities of all of us that could be a part of it.

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**From Catherine Mirabito in Fulton, New York—July 17, 1949**

You may have heard the "tumor" which the doctor thought Mom had, turned out to be our eleventh bundle of joy—a sweet little girl, Margaret Anne. Now the score rests at 6 to 5 in favor of the girls. I've decided to stay home for another year to help Mom. I still think of my beloved hills and how I miss that luxurious spare time for hiking, riding, etc. My schedule here usually runs from 7 a.m. till 10 at night, but I'm thankful that I am able to help. Please say hello to everyone. I do think of the F.N.S. often.

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**From Nora Kelly in London—July 19, 1949**

I was very thrilled one day last week to hear an American voice on the 'phone, a Miss Miller and a friend (*Bea and Reva*) who came to see me. They seem to be having a wonderful holiday and I was overjoyed to have first-hand news of the Service. Also last week I went to a few meetings of the 12th Congress of Gynecologists and Obstetricians held here in London. Dr. Meigs and Dr. Kosmak both spoke. Do you remember that

wonderful week we spent in Cleveland? How I enjoyed every minute of it.

The new Public Health Bill and the Nationalization of hospitals and the maternity services is having a far-reaching effect on midwives, and at the moment it looks as though midwives will turn into maternity nurses. In fact, to quote from the British Medical Journal, in the County of Middlesex in the first nine months of the new service, out of 2,760 confinements, a doctor attended 2,197 cases. I suppose this is only a swing of the pendulum and a result of the new service. The Minister himself has told us this was not the intention of the Act.

I had a very happy evening a short time ago at your old hospital at Woolwich. What a beautiful little chapel they have! —I thought of you.

. . . . .

**From Reva Rubin in Austria—July 24, 1949**

We hope to be back with the Service about the middle of September, depending on how soon we can get passage. I am sure you will rejoice with me at the completion of such a large public health program here. On our visit to England we met many people who sent you their regards. Mrs. Mitchell, Secretary of the Royal College of Midwives, Miss Nelson of Northampton who told us she used to send midwives to the F.N.S., Nora Kelly with whom we spent a charming afternoon, and Peggy Tinline who is truly as wonderful as our Flat Creek people say.

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**From Bea Miller in Austria—July 28, 1949**

Your letter awaited us when we returned from the I.C.N. I hope you have received the literature and congress papers of the conference. We remained in Sweden to participate in a course on midwifery and maternal health which proved to be one of the high points of our trip. From Sweden we went to England. We met Peggy Tinline and Nora Kelly; both asked about you and spoke of visiting the F.N.S. in the near future. Now we are back in Austria, still vacationing. Sailing arrangements are not final, but we hope to be back in Kentucky by September 15th.

**From Amy Poston in Okinawa—July 28, 1949**

I suppose you have heard on the radio about the terrific Typhoon Gloria hitting the "rock." This place is blown beyond repair. I believe I told you that I am now working for the Air Force and live in a quonset hut. I stayed in one of those during the whole time. The windows were boarded completely and we had no lights, water, or food for some time. It wasn't until Sunday morning, the third day of constant blowing that it passed over, and I got outside. I never saw such a mess! Places just like the one I was living in were blown away, caved in or moved a number of feet. Lots of different type houses were blown completely away and the people escaped with only what they had on. The top of part of the office where I work blew off and we have neither light nor water yet. Many of the army dependents were evacuated to Japan or the States shortly after, and dependents on their way to Okinawa were not permitted to get off due to the shortage of housing space. It will take millions to fix the place up and many, many months. It is believed that winds reached a point of 175 knots per hour. Part of my roof was blown off and I had to move my bed to keep it from getting wet. The wind blew so hard, I was afraid the windows were going to fly across the room any minute and they were completely covered with boards. This was the worst typhoon in many years.

. . . . .

**From Alice Axelson in India—August 3, 1949**

I am doing quite a bit of midwifery at the hospital where I am, although it is a general hospital and general patients form the bulk of the work. Anyway, midwifery cases coming to the hospital are on the increase, and I am so happy for that. But so many are too late and so gruesome. This year I have managed to start a prenatal clinic in my house. The women will come if they can come to a more secluded place than the hospital. So far only the more educated and better off economically are coming. I must find a way to extend some prenatal help to the poor and ignorant—for how they do suffer at the hands of the granny midwives! Best greetings to everyone I know.



**From Theda Fetterman (Teddy) in Casper, Wyoming**

—August 4, 1949

Jerry and I decided to see what it is like out west this summer. Jerry is one of the "ole 91st" who, like myself, has the wandering bug. We left Cleveland in June and flew to Denver where we spent our time sightseeing, even ventured to the top of Pike's Peak. We liked Denver but neither of us wanted to settle there, so we flew on to Portland, Oregon. We were lucky in meeting some of our old friends who were as glad to see us as we were to see them. Portland is a little too large for two small town gals like us, so we decided to start back, and stopped off as we felt like it—one of the advantages of traveling by bus. Why we came to Casper I don't know, but anyway we landed in the wild open spaces and decided we had better look for work. Miss Greene, the superintendent of the hospital, welcomed us with open arms. The hospital is quite small, approximately 75 beds. The OB department is kept busy and reminds me somewhat of Hyden. The patients come from 65 to 100 miles around. They have no doctors and some places no nurses. The people in Kentucky don't know how lucky they are. We don't know how long we will stay here, but I hope to get to New Mexico, Texas and Arizona before going back.

. . . . .

**From Aase Johanesen (Jo) in Norway—August 7, 1949**

Spending the summer at home. The rebuilding of my home town is well under way. My folks have a new home. I see evidences of American aid everywhere, and people's gratitude is immeasurable. Greetings to all.

. . . . .

**From May Green in Devon, England—August 11, 1949**

I do hope this finds you well and happy and that everything is going well for the F.N.S. Nora Kelly and her mother are staying with me just now for two weeks holiday. The weather is lovely. How is Betty Lester? I have had a lovely motor coach tour to the Scottish Highlands, and thought of Mac so often that her ears must have burned. When are you coming to England? We must have a reunion then. I have bought a dear little cocker spaniel, a bitch 11 weeks old, and

I am calling her Jill. Punch and Judy, my grey-blue Persian pussies, are very cautious and aloof, but they are going to be great fun. Please give my greetings and best wishes to all I know.

#### NEWSY BITS

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we congratulate **Mrs. Catherine Lory** of Nashville, Indiana, on being awarded a special certificate of recognition at Indianapolis early this summer. We quote the following from Indianapolis papers:

"Society owes a large debt of gratitude to persons who choose strenuous careers of service which often pay too little in worldly riches. Such a person is Mrs. Catherine Lory, Brown County Public Health nurse and Indiana's only licensed midwife. She was given merited recognition Thursday by the Indianapolis chapter of the American Association of Social Workers when it awarded her a special certificate in recognition of "outstanding contribution to human welfare." For the last ten years Mrs. Lory has ridden the back roads through Brown County to give aid to mothers, and to their families. Dramatic incidents are every day occurrences with her according to the Indiana State Nurses Association. She assisted at four births in three weeks this spring, reaching the mothers, who in most cases were five miles from a telephone, in a miraculous nick of time. Late in February a call reached her from a snowbound father and she borrowed a jeep with chains on all four wheels to get to his home."

We were so glad to get a post card from **Odette Prunet** and **Alison Bray** in Bordeaux, France, where Alison went to have a visit with Odette. The latter writes "Ensemble nous avons eu de tres agréables journées a nous promener et a evoguer nos bons souvenirs de Kentucky."

#### WEDDINGS

We quote from a letter of March 1st, 1949: "The name in the return address on this envelope will mean nothing to you,

most certainly, until I tell you the **Ann Martin** is now married to Major Charles W. Yerkes. We've been stationed near Sacramento since the first of September and like it very much in spite of the awful winter."

On Tuesday, June 21st, 1949, at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, **Nancy Clay Roberts** and Frank Benton.

On Tuesday, July 26th, 1949, at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, **Virginia Moberley (Jinny)** and Howard Ray Sims of St. Joseph, Missouri.

Our best wishes to all of you for your future happiness.

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### SWARM OF BEES

A swarm of bees in May  
Is worth a load of hay;  
A swarm of bees in June  
Is worth a silver spoon;  
A swarm of bees in July  
Is not worth a fly.

—Old Rhyme

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### WHICH CLASS ARE YOU IN?

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," claims that men and women are divided into three classes—the first and lowest talks of persons, the second of things, and the third and highest, of ideas. I should divide the human race into four, instead of three classes, and name as the lowest those persons who discuss their symptoms.

—Kate Douglas Wiggin

*Ladies-in-Waiting*, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1919

## LETTER FROM A NEWFOUNDLAND GUEST

School of Public Health  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina  
June 10, 1949

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

It is indeed difficult for me to express adequately my deep and heartfelt appreciation to you. I loved every minute spent with the Frontier Nursing Service, and the benefits gained in spending those two weeks could never be sufficiently measured.

I had looked forward so much to my trip to the "Frontier Nursing Service"



ELIZABETH ANGEL, R.N.,  
of St. John's, Newfoundland,  
standing by the Wendover barn

but never realized how much it would mean to me. I was thrilled with the work your nurses are doing and feel honoured and deeply grateful for meeting, getting to know and to learn so very much from them. The sureness, efficiency and enthusiasm in which they do their work was indeed an inspiration to me, and because of my visit I feel deeply enriched.

My stay at Wendover, Beech Fork, and Hyden will never be forgotten and because of my visit, I shall be able to take back a fuller conception of a total Health Programme to Newfoundland. The kindness and friendliness shown me by everyone, was quite overwhelming and I do want to thank each one, Miss Browne, Miss Lester, Miss McCracken, Miss Hollins, and indeed all at Wendover—then Miss Thompson, Miss Fedde, and Miss Sobral at Beech Fork, and the midwives and hospital staff at Hyden.

In closing may I once again thank you, Mrs. Breckinridge for making my visit possible, and express the wish that I may too someday be able to take my midwifery with the "Frontier Nursing Service."

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH ANGEL

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service is sponsoring a Motion Picture Preview Benefit for the Service in the fall of 1949. The selection of the picture will depend upon the autumn studio releases, and the title and the date will be announced later. However, a preview of a first class picture will be given. The following people compose the Benefit Committee:

Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Chairman	
Mrs. Gustave I. Tolson, Chairman	
Mrs. James V. Hayes, Vice-Chairman	
Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich	Miss Ruth Draper
Mrs. Irving Berlin	Mr. Gant Gaither
Mr. John Mason Brown	Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson
Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Cave	Mr. Robert P. Patterson
Mrs. Howard S. Cullman	Mrs. Harold Stanley
Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan	Mr. Edward Streeter
Mrs. Archibald Douglas	Mrs. Clark Williams

The Benefit headquarters are with Miss Fanshawe, 136 East 64th Street, New York. Telephone Regent 4-3160.

. . . . .

The Chicago Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd is chairman, will sponsor a large general meeting for the Service in the Gold Room of the Drake Hotel on Tuesday, November 1st, at 10:30 a.m. The director will present her report of the work, illustrated by many new colored slides. Invitations are going out well in advance to those of you who live in and near Chicago.

We expect to have meetings with colored slides in Cleveland, and in Detroit, this fall under the auspices of the committees of these cities; but the dates and places have not been set.

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The Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service does get around. We have mentioned at various times that friends had found copies in such places as a small Belgian fishing village; a mission station in the heart of Central Africa;

and in Burma—this copy discovered by one of our Kentucky soldiers.

Not long ago a lady wrote us, saying that she had shared a copy of the Bulletin with friends in Bonnie Galloway before sending it on to South Africa for other friends to read—a copy that had been sent to her in Scotland from an aunt in Pasadena, California.

. . . . .

Dr. Edward R. Cadden of Louisville attended the 12th British Congress of Obstetrics and Gynecology in Great Britain this summer. He wrote us that the "Frontier Nursing Service is very well known in England" and that "any number of people who attended the 12th British Congress of Obstetrics and Gynecology" asked him if he knew us—knowing that he was from Kentucky.

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We are glad to make mention of the rewritten edition of PRENATAL CARE, oldest of the Children's Bureau's booklets for parents. We have recommended and have given away many copies of this booklet since the first edition was published in 1913. More than nine million copies of various editions have been distributed throughout the years since then. We are happy to recommend this new edition to all young fathers and mothers and especially to expectant fathers and mothers.

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Miss Vanda Summers, now in a responsible post with the Cornell University—New York Hospital School of Nursing but affectionately remembered in the Frontier Nursing Service both as district nurse-midwife and as Hospital Superintendent, is so good as to take on a number of chores for the Service in New York. She lately represented not only the F.N.S. but the American Association of Nurse-Midwives at the American Committee on Maternal Welfare's meeting in Atlantic City on June 8th, from which she sent us a deeply interesting and very full report. During the summer Vanda gave two talks, illustrated with our colored slides, to the nurses of the Cornell University—New York Hospital School of Nursing.

Mrs. Herbert Grube, who will be remembered as clinic nurse

Nellie Davis in the Frontier Nursing Service years ago, is giving a talk, illustrated with our colored slides, to the Eastford Missionary Society, Eastford, Connecticut, on September 14th, at about the time this Bulletin gets in the mails.

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We have read with interest the report of the Maternity Consultation Service in New York, for the year 1947-1948—the first year since this excellent service became an incorporated educational and charitable organization. Mrs. James W. Husted is the president of this group; Mrs. Stuart M. Crocker is Chairman of the Welfare Committee; and Miss Louise Zabriskie, one of the most outstanding nurses in the United States, is the director. We suggest that those of you who live in and around New York find time to drop in at the headquarters of this organization, at 1359 York Avenue, New York.

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It was your editor's good fortune, during a brief holiday spent at Clifton Springs Sanitarium for treatment on her old broken back, to fall in with a number of Frontier Nursing friends. Dr. Henry S. Waters is now working with the Foster-Hatch Medical Group and living in Dundee, New York. For the first time since he and Mrs. Waters left us to go back to the Philippines, I saw them and Bill, George, and Mary Alice. It was a delightful reunion for all six of us.

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice O. Barney are living in Rochester while he has a residency in obstetrics and gynecology at the Strong Memorial Hospital. I had the joy of an evening with them at the Springs and much talking over of old times. Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, donor of Aunt Hattie's Barn at Hyden Hospital, took hydrotherapy at Clifton Springs at the same time that I did—and this brought friendship and humor into what was otherwise dull business of sanitarium routine. I accompanied Mrs. Strong to lovely Keuka College for a night as the guest of its remarkable president, Dr. Katherine Blyley. I had known all too little of the fine work Keuka College is carrying, in affiliation with various hospitals, for the training of nurses. The summer session for sophomore nursing students had just closed at the college—unfortunately for me, else I would have had the privilege of meeting these students.

Dr. and Mrs. Karl Wilson of Rochester were other old friends who came to call at the Springs, loaded with garden flowers. My last night in upstate New York was spent in Rochester with our former courier, Barbara Whipple, her husband, Dr. John Schilling, and their two entrancing little girls, "Christie" and "Kit." Our Rochester chairman, Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, had me for dinner that night at the club with Mr. and Mrs. Harper Sibley and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spencer—all old friends. The Spencers struggled out to the Springs to see me in advance of this Rochester visit and turned up the next afternoon at a little party that Barbara and John gave for me. Only one of the old Rochester couriers was in town, Barbara Slocum, but I had a note from Craig Potter with flowers from her mother's garden.

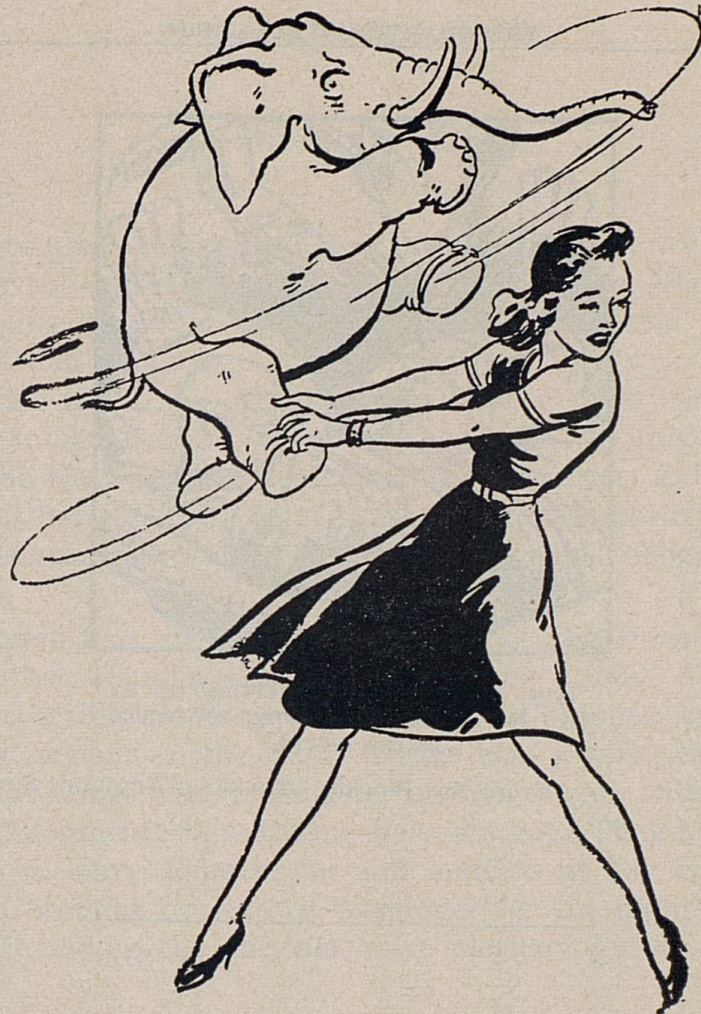
Our Clara-Louise Schiefer, now Mrs. Eric Johnson, came with her husband, father, and mother to Barbara's party. The young couple had just made a visit to Wendover in my absence and were having a lovely time at home before their return to Nassau. It was my good fortune to see one other Rochester courier, the former Lill Middleton, now Mrs. Wade Hampton. She had been called home by the sudden and tragic death of her distinguished father. While she and her mother and brothers were staying in a cottage on the Canandaigua Lake over the week end, Lill started to have her baby. Wade Hampton Junior was born quite unexpectedly a few hours later in the Canandaigua Hospital. I went with Mrs. Middleton to see Lill and the beautiful boy. It is a wonderful thing to have friends to enjoy wherever one finds oneself.

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During the summer months we have lost several trustees and other friends of the Frontier Nursing Service both in and beyond the mountains. In our Autumn number, in the fall of the year, we shall tell of them in "In Memoriam."



## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue

New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.



"Say, listen, I'm not getting up at two for all the dawn-song recorders in the world."

From the *Weekly Chronicle*, England, Summer, 1949

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### BRITAIN'S PARA-NURSES

Organized to bring emergency nursing care to air crash victims in peace or war, the RAF Parachute Medical Team had its first test recently in Oxfordshire, England. Four nursing sisters, selected from 100 volunteers from units at home and overseas, formed the nucleus of the new airborne unit. The "sky nurses," in regular battle dress, made six jumps from 800 feet, taking with them 200 pounds of medical equipment and a tent. Plans are being made to train six teams a year at the RAF Parachute and Glider Training School. Only comparable outfit in the United States is composed of air evacuation nurses who, however, do not jump.

R.N. Magazine  
January 1949

## FIELD NOTES

We are glad to announce that Dr. Martha E. Howe, F.A.C.S., takes over the duties of Medical Director at Hyden Hospital, and her residence at Joy House, on October 1st of this year. Dr. Howe has had a distinguished career, including war service in France with the U. S. Army Medical Corps. She comes to us from the Indian Bureau where she has been working as a surgeon at the Navajo Medical Center, Fort Defiance, Arizona. We regret that her stay with us can only be on a temporary basis, of a few months' duration, as her permanent obligations lie elsewhere.

We have had an overnight visit from Dr. Howe, her two dogs and her Persian cat—with an artist friend, Miss Janet Lippincott of Buffalo, New York. They all stopped by on their way from Arizona to the East. There was a veritable caravan because Dr. Howe was driving her station wagon with a trailer and Miss Lippincott was driving her own car. They stopped off at Hyden to leave some boxes and bundles at Joy House, and were then brought by jeep to Wendover for the night where all of them, including the animals, were pleasant guests.

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It will be remembered that Dr. C. Milton Linthicum relieved last summer for Dr. Barney's vacation. We were so fortunate as to secure his services as medical director again this year. During the early part of the summer we had an awful period of no medical director—during which time neither we nor our patients would have survived but for the generous kindness of our dear Hazard medical friends, Dr. R. L. Collins and Dr. W. F. O'Donnell. One or the other of them, and sometimes both, came over to our Hospital more than once each week to see our sick babies or to answer our calls for help in difficult obstetrical cases. They gave us standing orders for emergencies, accidents, and injuries that we sent to them. Once or twice they insisted that we could have taken care of an accident without them. Here is a typical conversation with our Hospital Superintendent:

Hazard doctor, "Mac, why did you send us over that smashed-in face?"

Mac (in Scotch Highland brogue), "Well, dochter, he needed you."

Doctor, "You might at least have pulled out the loose teeth. Anybody could have done that."

Mac, "That is not for a nurse to do, dochter. Not for a nurse."

Finally on July 12th, our Hazard friends sent us Dr. Lyndon M. Conley, an able young physician just out of the Army and lately back from Japan, to serve as acting medical director until Dr. Linthicum's arrival. Dr. Conley had only been married ten days. He brought his bride to Joy House and worked hard with us during all of their honeymoon.

As the bodies of some of our beloved young soldiers are brought back to the Kentucky mountains they left highheartedly in the early years of the war, burial services and memorial services are held for them on the hillsides they climbed as little lads. It is the privilege of some of us to attend such services. We have grown accustomed to a casket across which lies the American flag and to the halting, and sometimes broken, speech which is the only welcome that can be given the shattered remains of the boy who left home.

On Sunday morning, August 28th, a service was held for First Lieutenant Benton Paul Deaton, Junior, only son of our friends, the Reverend and Mrs. Benton Paul Deaton, of Wooton, Kentucky. The Wooton Community Center has a charming chapel. Services were conducted there by the Reverend Sam VanderMeer of Morris Fork, Kentucky, and continued at the grave. In giving a brief summary of Paul Deaton's war service we feel that we pay a tribute not only to him but, as he would wish, a tribute to the war records of all of our young dead. Many of them were unmarried, but Paul left a wife and a little son who bears his honored name.

Lieutenant Deaton was killed May 4th, 1945, while serving with the 8th Engineers, First Cavalry, on Luzon Island. He had been in service three years. . . . He served in Australia, New Guinea, the Admiralty Islands and landed with McArthur's forces on Leyte as leader of his platoon for which he received

two special citations. He was the first of the 8th Engineers to lead a combat patrol and on this patrol 32 out of 40 Japanese were killed without an American casualty.

Prior to landing on Leyte, Lieutenant Deaton was wounded on Los Negroes Island. He was awarded the Bronze Star for dismantling a field of Japanese mines alone before allowing his platoon to advance. He also received an Oak Leaf Cluster for constructing a bridge under enemy fire.

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Those of you who read through our Long Annual Report in this Bulletin will have noted that last year we had at Wendover and Hyden Hospital overnight guests for a total of 579 days. Our guest season, with rare exceptions, lasts only six or seven months—the open months of the year when travel in here is not too difficult. This means that from mid-spring until mid-fall our work is geared to guests. We fit them in to our regular life as best we can and share what we have with them. It is the only way to entertain, really, and it would be quite beyond our power to carry our guests along with our work on any other basis. A large number of those who come are overseas people who are interested in problems like ours, and we learn a lot from them.

We have started the practice of asking distinguished foreign physicians who visit us to give lectures to the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. They seem to like doing this for us, and our students get a great deal out of these talks. Particularly valuable were the talks on "The Premature Infant" and "Hemorrhagic Disease of the Newborn," given by Dr. Nancy N. Huang of Shanghai, China, who had just completed a fellowship with the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. There just wasn't anything Dr. Huang did not know about newborn babies. Dr. Huang wrote us:

I want to thank you for your kind hospitality extended to me during my visit in your institution, which I admire so much. Your initiation of this grand pioneer work is worldly known. I wish similar work will be established all over the world and especially in my country. I deem it a great pleasure to have such a chance to see all the activities there.

I certainly enjoy staying at the midwifery school. I had such a grand time with the students, who are so anxious to learn. My periods at the hospital with the sick kids give me sweet memory.

Dr. Natividad G. Nazareno from Naic, Cavite, Philippines, came to us through the Division of International Health Rela-

tions, United States Public Health Service. Also from the Philippines, and on fellowships through the same agency came Dr. Fredeswinda R. DeLeon and her husband, Dr. Artemio L. Jugo. Both held lively discussions with the students in our Graduate School on various subjects pertaining to pregnancy. Two other distinguished physicians were from South America: Dr. Luis Camacho of Ecuador, also on a fellowship through the Division of International Health Relations, who was so kind as to give one lecture on "Toxemia of Pregnancy" and another on "Prenatal Examination and Signs and Symptoms of Pregnancy"—and Dr. Jose Valle of Bolivia, who came through the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health. To the students of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery he gave two lectures on "Bleeding 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Trimesters of Pregnancy." Dr. Valle's charming wife came with him.

Our medical guests were not all foreigners, however. We had a long anticipated and welcome visit from Dr. Hartman A. Lichtwardt, Medical Director of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit, and Mrs. Lichtwardt. We were delighted to have a visit also from Dr. John S. Harter of Louisville and Mrs. Harter. Dr. Harter has done some special surgery for some of our patients. Mrs. Harter is the officer of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority who has succeeded Mrs. Philip Wolf (Leo) in taking charge of the Social Service work this splendid national sorority has maintained in the Frontier Nursing Service for many years. With the Harters came Mrs. Harter's mother, Mrs. Fleda Burton, and their young son, Burton, who is an enthusiastic naturalist (bugs, snails, etc.). Dr. Henry C. Niblack of the International Health Relations, United States Public Health Service, who had sent us a good many fellowship physicians this summer, finally came down and spent a week end with us himself. He went to an outpost center—Confluence,—went out on Wendover district with Margaret McCracken, visited the Hospital, and attended a square dance at Wendover.

. . . . .

A number of nurses as well as doctors came to see us this summer. Among them were Mrs. Lois E. Streuter, Educational Director of the Kentucky State Board of Nurse Examiners; Miss Marion B. Sprague, who accompanied her mother, Mrs. G. P.

Sprague of Lexington, Kentucky; Miss Mary Mitchell, Assistant Director of Nursing of the famous Woman's Hospital of Detroit, with her friend Miss Beatrice Clark; and Miss Elizabeth Angel from St. John's, Newfoundland. In another part of this Bulletin we print a letter from Miss Angel with a kodak picture of her, taken in here. We also print elsewhere a story by Gladys M. Peacock, our own "Peacock" of our earliest days. Nothing could exceed the joy it was to have her back unless it was her own delight at meeting again some of her mountain friends, revisiting the Beech Fork nursing center she built, and other outposts she took on later. With her came Mary Parsons (Mollie) who had not been down from New York to see us for some fifteen or so years.

Not all of our guests were professional. As I look through the guest book for the summer months, including the names of those who came during my three weeks absence, I feel like quoting Scripture: "And what more shall I say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson," and all the rest. There were, however, some eight or nine of the lay people who, although they did not "stop the mouths of lions or quench the violence of fire or turn to flight the armies of aliens,"—did each in his or her own way, give us so much pleasure that we must give them more than a passing word.

First and foremost our beloved Vice-Chairman and Trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, came back to the mountains immediately after our annual meeting for the yearly visit she makes us. Mrs. Joy is a person who takes her job of trusteeship seriously enough to carry much of the burden and heat of the day. She visits the Hospital and some of the outpost centers yearly, as well as Wendover, to discuss every problem brought before her and to give advice, support, encouragement. The feature of Mrs. Joy's visit that made it different from all her others was that it came just before her 80th birthday on June 9th. When that big event arrived, Mrs. Joy was back with her family at Grosse Pointe Farms where the occasion was marked by public and private parties and more than one cake. We in the Frontier Nursing Service had a party for her too and a cake with 80 little candles. She was the life of the party, as she is the life of everything

she shares. Her own part in the celebration was to make a special gift to every one of the Frontier Nursing Service stations and centers—not forgetting the smaller ones like the Midwives Quarters and The Clearing. These gifts were all selected from the list of "Urgent Needs," and she personally inscribed her initials after each item chosen on that list.

A long desired guest who came this summer was Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville. No one has ever fitted more smoothly into our everyday life or given more pleasure to it. We are particularly happy that Mrs. Moorman plans to come back in December and help us with the Christmas preparations. Mrs. S. H. Ordway came down from New York with her daughter, Ellen, who was starting a term as courier. With her came Mrs. Burk Boyce, who sings beautifully and was so good as to sing for the F.N.S. crowd after Sunday Evensong in our little chapel. Mrs. Annie M. Ledridge, who makes up and sends us the duplicate deposit slips from the Security Trust Company twice a week with unerring fidelity, spent six days of her vacation with us. The father and mother of Dr. C. Milton Linthicum, Mr. and Mrs. Seth H. Linthicum, came down with him from Maryland near the end of August to make an all-too-brief visit. Mr. J. P. Noonan, assistant rural highway district engineer, a delightful man, stayed only one night at Wendover, but words cannot describe the improvements to the Wendover road that have come about as a result of Mr. Noonan's visit. He has made use of the equipment of the rural highways to put in three metal culverts and to ditch the road on the inside so that we have drainage. As we go to press, the road is being scraped. When that is finished the rural highway trucks will put river gravel in the low places. It should be a really good jeep and truck trail before the winter weather sets in. We can almost hear the huzzas of those of you who have to travel over it!

Lastly we must make mention of some of our own old crowd. Clara-Louise Schiefer, former social service secretary, stopped off on her way from Nassau to Rochester, New York, with her English husband, Eric Johnson—they were a delight indeed. Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge, who, as Martha Prewitt, worked with us in our very earliest days, came up with Kate after they had visited her father, Mr. David Prewitt, at Lexington. Frances



Fell, another of our early workers, a pioneer nurse-midwife, had only time for dinner with us. She was motoring through with Miss Helen M. Messenger, social service consultant for several of the northern counties of Kentucky. Margaret Field, formerly our senior nurse at Hyden Hospital and one of the finest people we ever had, spent a part of her holiday at Hyden Hospital in mid-summer.

The last of the guests of our own old crowd to mention here—and among the last guests to come as this Bulletin goes to press are all four of the Koosers. This is the first visit they have made in here since Dr. Kooser joined the Navy early in the war. It has been enchanting to have them all back, not only to their old F.N.S. friends but to their many friends in and around Hyden and to Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, who had a long talk with Dr. Kooser following an operation at Hyden Hospital.

The Koosers arrived Thursday, September 1st; spent the night of September 3rd with the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. J. D. Begley; and left early September 4th—too short a visit but all the time they could spare. We gave them a party at Wendover, Saturday afternoon, after posting notices in Hyden that all of their old friends were invited to attend. We had lemonade, sandwiches, and homemade cookies in abundance. Everybody was astonished to see Nancy and Johnny Kooser grown up into a big girl of fourteen and a big boy of ten. Everybody gave the most affectionate welcome to Dr. and Mrs. Kooser. Everybody wants a repeat visit annually.

We make mention in our Annual Report of the guests who don't stay overnight with us, but just drop in for meals. These include both outside and mountain friends, and the total served last year at Hyden and Wendover was 916. We entertained such a lot of these guests this summer that we could not begin to enumerate them. We want to make mention of the pleasure it gave us at Wendover to receive three special groups. Dr. William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College, together with his wife and friends, stopped by on their way back home from a visit to the Pine Mountain School. A remarkable group of eight people who came with the Mobile Cancer Unit to Hyden were so good as to make the real effort to come out to Wendover for lunch

while in our part of the world. Among them was Dr. W. O. Johnson, Dean of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the University of Louisville—with whom we had a most interesting time. Finally, we had for tea Dr. Luther M. Ambrose, head of the Berea College Teachers Workshop at Hyden, his assistants, and approximately eighty Leslie and Clay County teachers who were attending the Workshop. It was a wonderful crowd, engaged in most constructive service. Our tea consisted of lemonade and homemade cookies only, but our guests seemed as appreciative of this hospitality as though we had served them a banquet. We on our side were deeply touched by the effort they made to share their busy hours with us at Wendover.

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Staff changes this summer have not been many but we feel deeply the loss of two of the most valued workers in the Wendover group. Miss Mary K. MacMillan, statistician for three years, has left us to take postgraduate work in Chicago. The figures under the report of operations represent, as I am sure you all realize, an amount of statistical work, a fidelity, a devotion such as Kay has steadily given us. There are two things in connection with her going about which we are glad. One is that she has personally broken in her successor, Miss Wilhelmina Brunen, a recent graduate of the University of Cincinnati,—a competent person in the statistical field. The other is that Kay has promised to come back to us next summer to prepare a new and badly needed edition of our Record Routine.

Many of you have had letters and communications from Cecilia Lucas, who handled for two and one half years our contributors' files and who also acted as postal clerk for the U. S. post office at Wendover. In addition to all of that Cecilia played the piano for our square dances; led the groups of children for the Christmas carols; and shared in many other ways her rare musical gift. She has gone back to live with her widowed mother in Middletown, Ohio, and lucky indeed is the agency that succeeds in employing her. To take over Cecilia's job we have Miss Mary Jo Clark of Georgetown, Illinois, a graduate of Oberlin College, who is already fitting into F.N.S. tradition.

With immense regret we gave up Eleanor Wechtel, one of the ablest of our younger nurse-midwives, on August 31st. "Norrie" came to the Frontier Graduate School under the G.I. Bill of Rights to take the midwifery training. Since the Veterans Bureau paid her tuition, she was under no obligation to remain with the F.N.S. but has done so for almost eighteen months. She will return to us someday. We do not expect many of these young nurses to stay with us forever but are glad to remember that wherever they go they remain a part of the great F.N.S. family, keeping in touch with us, carrying with them affectionate memories of us, and returning from time to time to their old haunts and their old friends.

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Our summer resident courier, that dependable Pebble Stone, has had a terrific season of work shot through with a jumble of Bang's testing of cows; nursing of sick cows at Wendover and far-off Brutus (with daily trips); sick horses; new horses; repair of jeeps; floods of guests; trips to Lexington for supplies; and with ever more and more of the same. She has been ably assisted by her junior couriers. Those who have carried a heavy schedule well, during the first half of the summer, were Peggy Clarkson of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and Peg McDonald of Dubuque, Iowa,—during the second half: Jan McMillan of Detroit, and Ellen Ordway and Kitty Talcott of New York City. Kitty came as an extra to help address our Christmas Appeal cards as well as to carry some of the courier duties. In Mabel Galbraith of Brooksville, Kentucky, we had a useful volunteer secretary for two weeks.

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Our Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary, Mary Ann Quarles, has also had a busy summer with the transport of two children with polio to Lexington; sick babies to Children's Hospital in Cincinnati; other patients to other places; and an unusually heavy social service program. One of our little polio patients had to be put in a respirator the day after she reached Lexington. The latest news on both children is satisfactory.

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Our new young bull, the Brown Swiss given us by Mr. John

A. Caldwell of Burlington, Kentucky, has developed into a very fine animal indeed. He lives down at the "Beware of Bull" stockade at The Clearing where the Service cows are taken to him from all sections from time to time. Jack Caldwell writes us that Frontiersman's mother "is now milking very evenly at fifty pounds a day at eleven years old so that your calf should have a heredity to transmit that should be desirable." On August 24th our bull was registered No. 96315 as Featherstone Frontiersman by the Brown Swiss Cattle Breeders' Association.

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We have another beast of ancient lineage at Wendover in the person of Edna, Duchess of Wendover, a Duroc brood sow from the farms of Berea College. Her registration papers have not come through yet, and we don't know her registered name, but she has to be an Edna because the brood sow at Wendover for over 20 years has always been an Edna, just as the bull is always Frontiersman.

We never had a pedigreed sow before, and are stunned by the size of this one. The Duchess weighs over six hundred pounds and is as big as a small horse, but she is not fat. She has a head like a buffalo with a benign expression. Every day through the hot weather she is given a bath by hose. She likes that and she likes her back scratched. Her piglets are due in September.

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A most interesting meeting took place at the Hyden Court House, Friday night, August 26th, at 7:00 p.m., and was presided over by Mr. Will Lewis of Hyden. Other prominent local citizens united in calling the meeting and opening it for discussion. The question to be considered was the incorporation of the town of Hyden in order to have local government. Things under discussion included electric lights, local police force, and sewerage. It was a truly remarkable meeting. The temper of the large group present was thoughtful; the remarks were constructive; the desire of all was to plan for the future as well as for the hour. Naturally incorporation will mean local taxes as well as the county taxes the citizenship now pays. It speaks well for the quality of the citizenship that this was discussed too on the

basis of a willingness to meet the extra taxes if the results desired could be attained.

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The American Association of Nurse-Midwives has a large membership scattered all over the world. Among the members are nurses who have been with the Frontier Nursing Service and many others trained and experienced elsewhere. There is no more useful, and certainly no more needed group of nurses than the membership of the Association. The Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will take place this year on Thanksgiving Day at Wendover. All of the members will receive advance notices. We trust that as many as possible of those who read this Bulletin will make plans to come. Our distinguished speaker will be Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Professor of Obstetrics, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.

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The Frontier Nursing Service has received some remarkable and useful gifts during the summer months. Hundreds of you have seen colored slides of the station wagon ambulance that the late Mr. Edsel Ford gave the Service in the fall of 1940. No motor vehicle ever gave a higher degree of service to more people over the years than our old station wagon. We had taken the best possible care of it and, thus, were able to get the utmost use from it. However, the time had come when it needed costly repairs. Friends in Detroit have given us a new station wagon to take the place of the old one. For the old one we had devised a cot and mattress system to replace all seats but the driver's seat, when we needed an ambulance. For the new station wagon we have received from Mr. Joe Lewis of Hyden (son of Mr. John H. Lewis, and grandson of "Skimmer Jim"—three generations of F.N.S. friends) the gift of a regular ambulance stretcher and springs. To install this, when all seats but the front one are removed, we have had a platform made with fasteners. We made over our old mattress and had it covered with a plastic mattress cover.

This change-over in station wagons has taken place during the polio season. The last trip that the old one made was to take

a child with polio, her father, one of our nurses, and the social service secretary as driver, to Lexington. One of the first trips the new one has taken has been to Lexington with another child with polio.

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Our very first jeep, given us four years ago by Mrs. Henry Ford, was Jane, an Army jeep, that had been a model used by the Ford Motor Company. Four years of terrific service including much fording of rivers had brought Jane to the point where the repairs on her were too costly. Mrs. Ford has replaced her with a civilian jeep known as Jane II. She is used by the supervisors and nurses of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and makes many trips to mothers in childbirth—one of the most useful jeeps in the world.

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It will be recalled that under "Urgent Needs" in our Spring Bulletin we asked for another horse. Not long after that, we had to put a horse to sleep because of a leg injury. This meant that we needed, and badly needed, two new horses. You will all be glad to know that we have received from Mrs. Andrew Robeson, of Newport, Rhode Island, mother of our former courier Laurette Robeson, the money to buy a horse, and we secured in "Laura" a fine young, strong, sure-footed mare. At about that time Mr. Edwin C. Gilson of Lexington gave us "Missy" a five-year-old mare, with four white stockings, that he had raised and that was a family pet. She is a darling. Mr. Gilson with his thirteen-year-old daughter, Patsy, has been up to stay the night with us and to visit with Missy. Patsy rode Missy up the river to Tug Point while Mr. Gilson rode Babette. For the moment our horse needs have been met. Do, all of you, pray that none of our devoted animals will be killed by accident this winter, as so often they are.

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A number of the employees of the Ritter Lumber Camp, to whom we have given medical and nursing care, have grouped together and bought 12 lovely quilted crib spreads to donate to the Hospital at Hyden. We never seem to have enough bed

covers, and we rarely ever receive quite such lovely spreads as these.

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One of our trustees was so moved by a visit to the Log Chapel at Wendover, with the Service flag that shows stars for more than a thousand young men from our families who went to war, and stars for the 42 who did not come back, that she had Gorham in New York make a lovely altar with hand carving to replace the table we used in the chapel. On the retable is carved

#### IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DID NOT RETURN

On this altar, below the cross, lies the book we compiled during the war as the young men left us. It has the name of each soldier, sailor, marine, or airman—the creek, or village he came from—and the branch of the service in which he fought. Other things about him were added from time to time as our nurses learned them. These included wounds, decorations, and deaths. We felt during the war years that these names should be together in our little chapel so that we could take turn about in holding these warriors in our prayer.

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Beatrice Miller and Reva Rubin went to London during the summer, as you will gather from letters under Old Staff News. They are coming back to us this fall as soon as they can get passage. It will be recalled that they have been on leave of absence abroad. While they were in London they visited the Royal College of Midwives, of which a number of us are members. They asked the college to recommend modern textbooks for nurse-midwives for use in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Reva and Bea have sent the following textbooks as a present to the reference library of the Graduate School.

- A HANDBOOK OF MIDWIFERY—For Obstetric Dressers, Pupil-Midwives and Midwives. Thirteenth edition completely revised and reset by Sir Comyns Berkeley. Publishers, Cassell and Co.
- A TEXTBOOK OF MIDWIFERY—3rd edition by Wilfred Shaw. Publishers, J. and A. Churchill, Ltd.
- THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S TEXTBOOK OF OBSTETRICS—7th edition by Members of the Clinical Staff of the Hospital. Publishers, J. and A. Churchill, Ltd.

ANTENATAL AND PRENATAL CARE, by Francis J. Browne. Publishers, J. and A. Churchill, Ltd. Sixth edition.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE FOR PUPIL-MIDWIVES, TEACHER-MIDWIVES AND OBSTETRIC DOCTORS, by R. Christie Browne and Barton Gilbert. Infants' Section by Richard H. Dobbs. Second edition. Publishers, Edward Arnold and Co.

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Our new stone building on Hospital Hill above Hyden, the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses, has now got a roof on it. Glory be! It is a beautiful building with good lines and with height proportioned to its length and breadth. The stonework—and the building is of stone—has not been completed without incident. Building in here is exciting. In our last Bulletin we told of the accidents that happened when we were excavating the site. All of this was as nothing to what happened before the stonework was finished. The first class stonemason, who had our contract, became involved in a shooting in which two men were killed. The other stonemasons expected more trouble so they all arrived on the job with guns. This made the carpenters nervous. Nobody likes the role of innocent bystander—and when the bystander is perched on scaffolding his position is precarious. It looked for a while as though work would have to close down, but the chief stonemason was taken to another county and work went forward.

The brothers of the chief stonemason said that their brother was a man of honor who never failed to keep a contract (which is true) and that they would go ahead and complete this one for him. Such has been done.

Our master builder, Oscar Bowling, is getting on rapidly with the inside carpentry work now that the roof is on. We have let contracts to responsible firms for the heating and plumbing and for the electricity. This work is going forward too. We do want to be in the new building before Christmas, and we desperately need the hospital space where nurses are now living.

In converting that wing of the Hospital into patients' beds we have not too great a task before us. A couple of extra windows will have to be cut into one of the stone walls and at least one door for an extra way of escape in case of fire. We shall have to add a hopper in the old upstairs bathroom, and put a

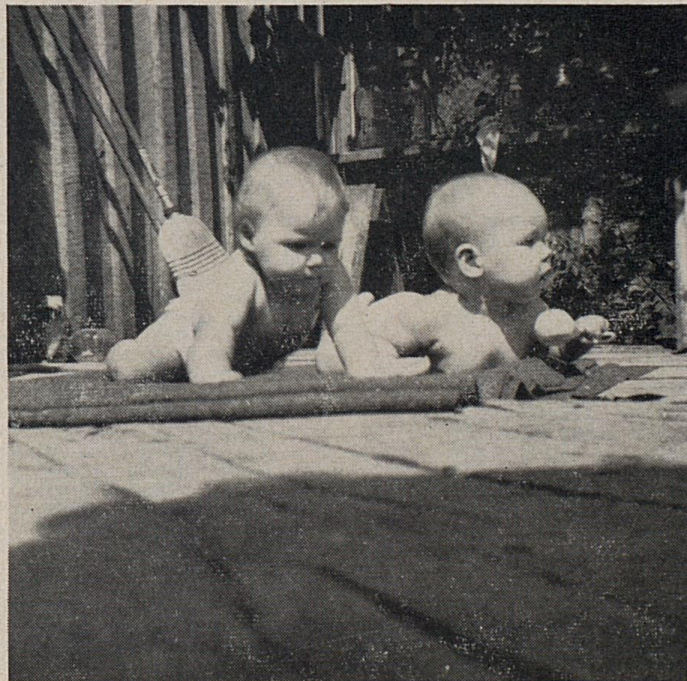


washroom and a formula room downstairs, under the bathroom for economy in plumbing. Floors will have to be scraped and covered with linoleum. There will also be a small amount of electrical work necessary. We shall get twelve beds for children, men, and women. Hitherto the men and women have had to be plunked into the children's ward for lack of any other place to put them. The old part of the Hospital will be given over entirely to maternity patients and the newborn.

Our architect, Mr. Clarence E. Smith, Combs Lumber Company, Lexington, Kentucky, has the blueprints of the Hospital now, and is working on the changes that are to be made. We have not reached the point of estimating the costs as yet but they will not be large. It is possible that some of you who read this will want to make special gifts to help us out in this task of reconversion. We want to get on with it just as soon as the nurses have moved out of the Hospital into the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses.

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE BABIES



PATSY and PEGGY, TWINS Aged 8 Months  
Photograph by Joyce Stephens, R.N., S.C.M.

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 Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich.  
 Miss Mary E. Westphal, Chicago  
 Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va.  
 Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.  
 Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md.  
 Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York

## FIELD WORKERS

**AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**

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

**Secretary to Director**  
Mrs. Hortense Luckey Greenwald

**Assistant Directors**  
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.  
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

**Bookkeeper**  
Mrs. Lenore M. Rhine, LL.B.

**Statistician**  
Miss Wilhelmina Brunen, B.A.

**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and  
Postal Clerk**  
Miss Mary Jo Clark, B.A.

**Resident Wendover Nurse**  
Miss Margaret McCracken, R.N., C.M.

**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY**

**Acting Medical Director**  
C. Milton Linthicum, M.D.

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

**Assistant Director  
Dean Frontier Graduate School  
of Midwifery**  
Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.

**Hospital Head Midwife**  
Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.

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

**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 Helen Marie Fedde, R.N., C.M., B.A.; Miss Lydia Thompson, 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 Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)  
Miss Minnie Geyer, 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 Virginia Frederick, R.N., C.M.; Miss Thelma Blackburn, R.N., C.M.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)  
Miss Vera Chadwell, 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 childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to co-operate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

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

#### DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



"POSSUM BEND"

FRANCES BOLTON NURSING CENTER  
Confluence, Leslie County, Kentucky

This photograph, and cover photograph, taken by Vera Chadwell

