

The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 26

Autumn, 1950

Number 2



ELIZABETH ORTON JONES



COURIER, DORA MAE LAW OF WINNETKA, ILLINOIS
WITH PIXIE AT WENDOVER

On October 14, 1950, "Dodie" became Mrs. Malcolm Cranyard
(See Old Courier News)

Photograph by Nancy Dammann

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

VOLUME 26

AUTUMN, 1950

NUMBER 2

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

Copyright, 1950, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

INDEX

ARTICLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
All This and Janie Too!	<i>Margaret Field</i>	5
Beyond the Mountains		33
Christ in Ebony	<i>Staff Sgt. Raleigh Couch</i>	27
Christmas Day (Poem)	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	2
Field Notes		39
In Memoriam		25
Nativity Play (Photographs)	Inside Back Cover	
Old Christmas	<i>Hope Muncy</i>	3
Old Courier News		8
Old Staff News		17
Operations Cluck-Cluck	<i>Sergeant Thumper</i>	14
Running a Center	<i>Elizabeth Hillman</i>	23
The Tween and the Span and the Staff of Life	<i>Louisville Courier-Journal</i>	30

BRIEF BITS

A Modern Child	<i>The Countryman</i>	4
Disease	<i>Words Ancient and Modern</i>	16
Four Future Couriers (Photograph)		52
In Memory of Lizzie		24
Just Jokes—Housewives		15
Midwifery for Policemen	<i>New York Herald Tribune</i>	29
Oddments		31
Our Mail Bag		13
Story Books		7
The Vesper Sparrow	<i>Nature Magazine</i>	26
Trees in Norway	<i>This and That</i>	22
True Tales		46
White Elephant		32
Winter Protection	<i>Shade Tree Digest</i>	38

CHRISTMAS DAY

How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day?

While ever out of the eternal heavens
Looks patient down the great magnanimous God,
Who, Maker of all worlds, did sacrifice
All to Himself? Nay, but Himself to one;
Who taught mankind on that first Christmas Day,
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live.

Oh blessed day, which givest the eternal lie
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
Oh, come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study; and to those
Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warned, and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to brutes—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem;
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine:
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

Charles Kingsley—Eversley, 1868

OLD CHRISTMAS

by

HOPE MUNCY

Secretary to the Medical Director at Hyden Hospital

Here in these southern mountains, we are great tellers of tales. It gets to be an art tried by us all, more or less. However, some of us get to be really good and build up a reputation far and wide. I believe my maternal grandmother must have been the champion; my grandfather a close second. Many are the stories I heard from them, stories of the Civil War, fairy tales, Indian and hunting stories. The one I remember and love most of all is the Old Christmas story.

A few years back, before the Civil War, people lived a simple and good life here in the hills, rough perhaps but not unhappy. Logs were floated down the river in the wildest tides by brave and hardy men and we still had some mighty timber not touched by axe. Our hills were not tunneled and exploited for black gold by greedy men. We burned wood in open fireplaces (conducive to good story telling) or if lucky, cannel coal from the creek-bed. Then, January six was real Christmas. Oh, they may have had a jovial celebration on the twenty-fifth of December with the children hanging up their stockings, but January six was held in reverence as the birthday of the Christ Child. On that night strange and miraculous things happened and the child who was able to keep awake until twelve o'clock could see for himself such wonderful things as only happened once each year. The dumb beasts in the barn would get on their knees and praise aloud, in human voices, the Little Child who was born in their midst nearly two thousand years ago. Then along the creek banks and rivers the alders would burst into bud, just for one night.

My grandmother must have tried staying up to see for herself these strange things, trying to keep awake but being carried away to bed by ten o'clock. Perhaps she dreamed of going out to the barn and seeing the familiar old cow and horse, the pigs and other animals on their knees and gifted with speech. Perhaps she dreamed of the soft, swollen alder buds, pale green at the tips. She must have touched them in her dreams, there

by the river under the Christmas stars. She probably awakened next morning with the firm conviction that it all happened and no contrary-wise talk by grown-ups could convince her it didn't happen. Perhaps they didn't try.

It is better to believe things, things we feel in our hearts, than to have no beliefs at all. It is my Christmas wish that we may keep our simple, good faith in the things we can't see, and accept as a reality what we can't always touch.

Footnote by the Editor: Under the Julian calendar Christmas fell on January 6th. The Gregorian calendar, placing Christmas on December 25th, was not adopted in England and the English colonies in America until 1752. In country districts, both in the Old Country and in America, "Old Christmas" continued to be observed on January 6th for nearly a century after the official adoption of the new calendar. — The gifted young writer of this story is a Kentucky girl, born and raised here in the mountains, and steeped in our traditions.

On the sixth day of January His birthday shall be,
When the stars and the elements shall tremble with glee.

English Carol, traditional

A MODERN CHILD

At a Sunday school the subject was the Nativity. The teacher explained how the inn was full so that only a stable and a manger could be given to Joseph and Mary. Going out one little girl was heard to remark, "You know I blame Joseph for that. He ought to have booked."

—*The Countryman*, Burford, England
Autumn, 1949

ALL THIS AND JANIE TOO!

by

MARGARET FIELD, R.N., M.N.
(Former Senior Hyden Hospital Nurse)

One Sunday afternoon I tucked a few things into a bag and went to spend a day and a half with one of my best friends in the Service, who was the nurse-midwife at the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River. I thought it would be a nice quiet week-end in the country. Even quiet week-ends in the country have possibilities, however, especially when the country is Frontier Nursing Service territory!

Monday afternoon Jean and I walked to a little white house not far from the center. There she visited a prenatal patient whom she had been seeing every day or so—because Mona wasn't at all well. Jean stayed inside so long (while I played with Neddie and Bess on the porch) that I thought she must be having the baby then and there. Eventually she came out and said, in answer to my questioning glance, "We'll have just time to go home for a quick supper and then come back to spend the night. Mona may be in labor but she won't have her baby for a while."

At six o'clock, when we were shutting our door to return to Mona, we encountered a man just coming up the steps. When a man comes to the nurse at that time of day it usually means just one thing—his wife is in labor. "Come right away, Susie's sick," Jim gulped.

Here was a predicament indeed! Jean's first duty was to Mona, whom she had already seen and who would, she was sure, deliver before too long. "Come over to Mona's with me," Jean said reassuringly to Jim, "I'll examine her and then go to your house to see Susie."

We all piled into Jim's car and quickly rode to Mona's house. As she was not yet in active labor, Jean left her in my care while she herself went with Jim. The distance between the two houses was only a mile, fortunately. I sat in Mona's attractive little bedroom, looking at the lovely new baby clothes she proudly took out of her cedar chest. All the time the pleasant conversation flowed around me I wondered what would happen if Baby

should decide to make his appearance before Jean returned. I wasn't a midwife, you see, and hadn't expected to officiate in that capacity while going out a-visiting. I thought I might be able to manage the delivery of the baby but the elaborate set-up of pans, et cetera, from the saddlebags—well, that was a different story. My fears were soon put to rest, however, for Jean returned in about an hour. As Susie really needed a nurse-midwife, even more urgently than Mona, Jean had telephoned our Hospital at Hyden and was promised that another nurse-midwife would be sent out immediately.

Then Jean took up her vigil with Mona. I would probably never have accompanied her had I realized how long we would have to stay. It was an experience I had wanted, though, and this seemed like an excellent opportunity. Long before midnight I was so sleepy I was in misery and when Jean said with a smile, "You'd better lie down on Mona's bed," I wasted no time in acquiescing. I never thought I'd go to bed at a delivery—but then, neither did I know how sleepy I'd be! Mona herself was up till near the end. She sat and talked to the nurse and occasionally went for a little walk around the house with her husband. Theirs is one of the nicest homes I've seen in Kentucky, having been built by the young couple themselves. The bed was so clean and comfortable—and did I make good use of it!

At one o'clock I got up to eat the supper Gordon, the husband, had prepared—sausage, fried eggs, corn muffins, and coffee. Then I retired again and this time slept heavily. Jean crocheted some of the time I was resting. The responsibility was on her shoulders and she had her patient to watch, to encourage, and to sustain.

When Jean called me at 2:30 in the morning I sprang into action and after that had no more trouble with sleepiness. When Janie was born at 3:30 a.m. I wrapped her in a receiving blanket and sat in front of the fire with her. In our Hospital it's a bassinette with a hot water bottle and plenty of blankets for the new baby, but in a home it's a rocker in front of the open fire. Later I dressed the baby, gave the mother her post-delivery bath, and helped Jean with various odds and ends of cleaning up.

It was all a most interesting experience. There was a moment, shortly before we left, when I could have cried for sheer

happiness—Janie, clean and warm and pink beside her mother, Mona and Gordon with love for each other and for the new wee one shining in their eyes, and the two older children coming in sleepy but wide-eyed with wonder to inspect the new baby. Before we left about six, we had another meal—the sausage, eggs, and coffee repeated, with fried apples, canned peaches, and hot biscuits added.

Back at the center I helped Jean clean her saddlebags to get them ready for another delivery. I slept two hours during the morning, and went back to my work in our Hospital in the afternoon fresh as a daisy. At last I had gone with a Frontier nurse-midwife to a home delivery in the mountains!

STORY BOOKS

Last year, after Christmas, our Social Service Secretary, Mary Quarles, was visiting the Stinnett Settlement School. The teacher of the first and second grades told her how much the children loved story books, and she was wishing for more of them. Mary remembered that we had some left over after our Christmas Bags were filled, and instead of packing them all and keeping them until this Christmas, she took a goodly number to Stinnett.

One after another the teacher held up the books for the pupils to see, and Mary was thrilled with their exclamations of delight. Of course they all thanked Mary then, but a few days later she received 24 hand-written thank you's—all of them legible and neat for second graders. We print two of them below:

Stinnett Set. School
February 21, 1950

Dear Miss Quarels

I like the books. The teacher won't let me look at them until I have my lessons done.

Your friend
Edith

Dear Miss Quarels,

I like the books very good and you too.

Your friend
Eddie

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Dorothy Caldwell in Burlington, Kentucky

—August 30, 1950

I can hardly realize that a week ago today I arrived back home, after one of the most pleasant visits I've ever had at Wendover. How you can all be so gracious and cheerful with the endless succession of guests that the highways have brought you is a constant wonder to me. But in that respect there's no change at Wendover. You still make us feel as welcome, as much as if we've come home, as in the old days. I shall always remember those delightful evenings with you.

When we arrived in Florence on Wednesday afternoon, Mother met us with the delightful news that our farmer had left us that morning without notice, to go to the city. He just sent his wife up to tell us he wouldn't be back! He had cut a field of prime alfalfa hay the afternoon before, so that was down, ready to bale and bring in. Fortunately we have a good neighbor who does some of our baling for us, and when he learned of our jam, he sent two men along with the baler to help us get it in. When I arrived, Ruby and Jack were starting to milk, having been in the field all day. Ruby had been on tractors ever since breakfast, raking and tedding the hay and then bringing the hay to the barn. Jack had fed all the stock and then loaded bales on wagons and unloaded wagons at the barn. Dad did the evening feeding while we milked, and then we all went back to the fields for two more loads of hay the men hadn't had time to get in. We sat down to dinner at 9 o'clock that night. The rest of the week is a blur of getting up at 4:30 every morning to milk and clean barns and bed and feed and gather eggs and pick vegetables. Fortunately there was no pressing field work.

. . . .

From Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence (Pat Perrin) in

Swampscott, Massachusetts—September 19, 1950

We did manage to take a week's vacation in Nova Scotia.

We drove all the way to St. John the first day and then concentrated on seeing as much of Nova Scotia as we could. The scenery was perfectly beautiful and the people were charming. One of the commercial fishermen took us out for a day's fishing and we learned a little about the handling of fish nets, something which had always been a complete enigma to us. Our day spent at Wedgeport, N. S., tuna fishing will undoubtedly be enlarged upon every time it is discussed. But Bobby really did get a strike for about five minutes and the fisherman agreed that the tuna must have been over six hundred pounds. Nova Scotia offers many other forms of recreation and we found it all in all an ideal vacation land.

.

From Susan Spencer, Minocqua, Wisconsin—September 19, 1950

The summer here has been cockeyed—most of the time it was too cold to go in swimming and there has either been too much rain or too little. Consequently our garden has suffered, for example the sweet corn has just matured a week or so ago.

Now the weather is lovely and we expect to stay till nearly the end of October. From then on our itinerary is absolutely vague. Mother and I will be in Chicago a couple of weeks getting some civilized clothes before we set out. The idea of the trip is to see as much of the U.S.A. as we can, and more than that figure out where we want to roost from now on. The latter is a tall order, since nothing draws us to any particular place at the moment. It would be infinitely easier just to have to live somewhere, than to try to decide.

.

From Fredericka Holdship, Sewickley, Pennsylvania

—September 22, 1950

On September 26th I start at the University of Pittsburgh taking courses in physiology and psychology. Wanted to take physics too, but that gave me too many audits for the non-degree student that I am.

November 1, 1950

Just got through having exams and I feel as though I'd been put through the wringer. Am finding it mighty difficult

to concentrate after all these years. "Discuss the origin and conduction of the heart beat," egads, me heart stopped when I viewed that question!

.

From Lucy Conant, Gairloch, Scotland—September 21, 1950

I finally got to Europe. Another nurse and I arrived August 20th. We are having a really wonderful time wandering around England and Scotland. We have bought bicycles and just sort of amble around. November 1st we shall head home, and time is going very quickly. Then it will be nursing again, but what and where I do not know.

.

From Isabelle Paine (Diz), Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

—October 2, 1950

Your Bulletin came about a week ago. It certainly is fun to look at it and read it from cover to cover.

Please congratulate Mary Jo for me. It is wonderful she is taking Mary Ann's place—she will do an excellent job.

Our whole family went to Mexico for two weeks in August. Mexico has everything: beauty, atmosphere, fascinating people, mountains, deserts, valleys, castles, cathedrals, museums, beautiful places in which to swim and fish. It was a perfect trip.

I certainly miss Wendover and everyone there, especially since a year ago this time I was with you all.

Nurse's training is more and more interesting all the time. We are now having doctor's lectures, classes on diet therapy, and emotional and physical development, and sociology, as well as ward work. I love it.

.

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

—October 16, 1950

I often think of all of you and will never forget the wonderful time I had last summer.

I drove up to see Anne Hindman a few weeks ago and we couldn't have had a better time, laughing and talking a mile a minute all day about the F.N.S. fun we'd had. There was so

much to hear about the week she stayed on after Kit and I left. Kitty is fine also. Saw her last weekend at a football game.

I have been doing some work in a nearby hospital. Have entered the New York Hospital Cornell Nursing School for next winter, and can hardly wait to go.

Gracious, it makes me homesick for Wendover thinking of it as I write. I can't wait to read Mrs. Breckinridge's book.

. . . .

**From Mrs. John F. Perkins, Jr. (Frances Williams),
Chicago, Illinois—October 25, 1950**

I assume that our two daughters are automatically entered on the waiting list. Molly, now seven and a half, is a very grown-up second grader who enjoys life enormously. Kathy, now fourteen months, is fat, blonde and good-natured.

I think the idea of Mrs. Breckinridge's writing a book is excellent. She writes beautifully and the book is much needed.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Reeve Lewis, Jr., Washington, D. C.
—November 3, 1950**

We have been saddened here, for on Tuesday afternoon I had to put my sweet Too Much to sleep. Thank God, it was a lovely, warm, sunshiny day. He and I drove out to Dr. Currey's. I think that he enjoyed his last ride, but he was very tired.

Anyhow, now I am happy that "mine is the grief and his the peace." At best I could do that for him. Twelve and a half years is a lot of years of happiness for a little dog to give, more than can be said of lots of people. This is the first time in twenty-four years I've been without a dog.

. . . .

From Karen Pagon, Baltimore, Maryland—November 13, 1950

My knees have finally stopped shaking from the lecture [to My Lady's Manor Church on October nineteenth] which ended up with a great deal of interest on the part of the audience. Mrs. Dean Bedford from Fallston, Maryland, donated three bridles with seven walking horse bits, and Jane Basset, secretary of the Elkridge-Haeford hounds in Moukton, donated another bridle along with a Mexican saddle blanket. I'm packing them off to

Jean. The church guild (St. James) is talking of making layettes for the F.N.S. One doctor gave this check for \$20.00.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Celia Coit and a friend, Charlotte Lane, announce the opening of Santa Barbara's first and only contemporary shop, which offers you the best of modern design in everything from wallpaper to ashtrays.

A WEDDING

Miss Dora Mae Law of Winnetka, Illinois, and Mr. Malcolm Douglas Crawford II of Denver and San Francisco, on October 14, 1950, in Winnetka. The young couple left immediately for England.

After spending two months as a courier with us last winter Dodie went abroad in the spring and met lucky Mr. Crawford in England. He is the son of Mrs. A. Dewey Ellis of San Francisco and the late Malcolm Douglas Crawford. He has degrees from Denver University, the Harvard Fletcher school of international law and diplomacy and Yale law school. He is attached to the American Embassy as economic advisor to the ECA. After a year in England these young people will return to San Francisco to live. We wish them good luck and deepest happiness.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mikesel, Jr. (Marian Lee), of Tucson, Arizona, a son, John W. Mikesell III, on August 23, 1950. Their third child and first son.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. William Russell MacAusland, Jr. (Franny Baker), in New York City, a daughter, Augusta Baker MacAusland, on September 12, 1950—their third child. Franny writes:

"A six pound nine ounce baby girl, Augusta Baker MacAusland, born at Harkness Pavillion Tuesday, September 12th. Isn't that exciting? Sign her up. Two boys and now a girl. How terrific."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harrison Ragle (Barbara Barnes), in Middlebury, Vermont, a daughter, Wendy Anne Ragle, on October 17, 1950. Barnsey writes:

"Wanted you to know that we have just produced a future courier for you—you can sign her up for 1970!"

Born to the Reverend and Mrs. C. Lynnwood Brown (Kirby Coleman), of Raleigh, North Carolina, a son, George Franklin Stuart Brown, on October 19, 1950—weight eight pounds, twelve ounces. He is "mighty handsome and smart, too," his mother writes us.

Born to Lieutenant and Mrs. Walter G. Ellis (Pamela Dunn), at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, a daughter, Louise, on October 23, 1950. The baby's father is in Korea, having gone in with the Inchon landings. This is their second child, first daughter.

OUR MAIL BAG

From an Alpha Omicron Pi guest from Washington—

It is only on rare occasions that one feels alive in every portion of his being. My experiences made me feel alive, emotionally, mentally and physically.

From Connecticut—

The listed needs are a fascinating cross-section, or picture at one moment of creative life on the move. I cannot see where my few dollars had best apply, but it goes with goodwill.

From California—

Our copy of the spring Bulletin reached us yesterday and promises much pleasureable reading. It must be an immense task to produce such a fine organ. You are to be congratulated continually on its each successful edition. Everyone connected with the Service must look forward to its arrival as we do.

From Scotland—

My wife and I have read with great admiration the article in the Spring Bulletin: "We Are Our Own Contractors." What a competent and practical lot you are! Every portion of this article testifies to your workmanlike efficiency and expedition.

OPERATIONS CLUCK-CLUCK

by

SERGEANT THUMPER

Alas! my Child, where is the Pen
That can do Justice to the Hen,
Like Royalty, She goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for Public Buildings, yet
For Custard, Cake and Omelette.

—Oliver Herford

From *A Nonsense Anthology*

It happens every autumn. We expect it. We accept it. It has become a Wendover Tradition.

“It” was given the name of Operations Cluck-Cluck several years ago by Cecilia Lucas, and now when Mrs. Breckinridge comes downstairs with a broad grin and says, “Operations Cluck-Cluck today” we all get prepared. After lunch assistant directors, secretaries, maids, the men folk and any neighbors and visitors that happen along find themselves being armed with polk branches and herded towards the big chicken house. The dogs are shut in the tool shed; the geese are chased to the other side of the barn; and our Commander in Chief assigns to each a position to form a barricade from chicken yard steps all along on both sides of the road to the garden gate.

The hens, those royal, cackling, food producers who, only a few months before were cunning baby chicks—have spent their entire lives in their self-contained residential flats and in the big chicken house and its yard. Today is to be their big day. Today they are to venture forth into a new world . . . the new and exciting world of the Wendover garden, now denuded of everything except weeds and insects! The hens sense adventure in the air, but they are reluctant and hesitant and have to be waved on, shooed and pushed, and some of them picked up bodily. Down the steps they go, finally! There, waiting tense and breathless, are the polk branch armed forces. It is a disturbing sight for any hen, let alone such sheltered ones. They distrust the army from the first. (And who could blame them?) The hens become scatter-brained and confused and bewildered. They try scotching under feet, around legs, and flying over heads

. . . the army becomes scatter-brained and bewildered . . . and confusion reigns. Hens cackle, people scream, dogs bark. Woe unto that person who lets a hen succeed in escaping through the barricade! Woe unto the hen! She will be pursued to the top of the mountain, or into the thickest bramble patch. I remember once when a new English nurse had just arrived. No one thought to warn her that the ground behind the barn was terraced. A hen flew past her and over the fence. The nurse did not hesitate. Over she went after her and landed, safely, into a heap of weeds twenty feet below! The army rescued the nurse and the collie dog, Paddy, was released to catch the hen who had scampered into the brambles.

But always, amidst this wild confusion, every hen is driven, carried or waved on with polk branches through the garden gate. The armed forces can then drop their polk branches with a sigh, "Operations Cluck-Cluck are over" . . . until tea time.

After tea the forces must gather again, arm themselves with the same or new polk branches, and the process is repeated to get the hens back into their house for the night.

"It" happens the next day; and the next; and the next. Once in awhile there is an unusually intelligent group of hens that learn quickly what is desired of them by the army, and that if they march straight into the garden they will not be chased, caught, or waved on with polk branches. The tidbits picked up in the garden, and their freedom to roam there, make an impression too. Usually, after four or five days of Operations Cluck-Cluck, the polk branch army is dismissed and the hens go back and forth in orderly fashion when the door or gate is opened for them by the Commander in Chief or her Aide.

JUST JOKES — HOUSEWIVES

A lady, checking over her grocery bill, found this item, "One tom cat—fifteen cents."

Indignant, she called up her grocer and demanded an explanation.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Jones," explained the grocer, "that's an abbreviation for tomato catsup."

A woman went to buy a drinking trough for her dog, and the clerk asked if she would like one with the inscription: "For the dog."

"It really doesn't matter," she replied. "My husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read."

DISEASE

Our mental reaction to the sound of a word has little to do with its musical quality or its etymological meaning. It is almost entirely a question of association. There is hardly a more repellent word in English than *disease*, though it has no more intrinsic horror in it than discomfort, which has become weakened just as disease has become strengthened: "The abhominacioun of discomfort that is said of Danyel the prophete" (Wyclif, Matt. xxiv. 15).

The history of *disease* illustrates the inevitable fate of the euphemism, its gradual acquisition of a sense more unpleasant than that of the older term which it was intended to avoid. . . .

. . . The Anglo-Saxon was unaffectedly and unashamedly *sick*. Early Mid. English borrowed from Old Norse the word *ill*, with the general sense of evil which it still has in "ill weeds grow apace," "it's an ill wind that blows no one good," etc. In the 15th century this began to compete with *sick*, though it is not used in the Bible in this sense, and in Shakespeare is usually semi-adverbial ("to look ill," etc.). As the older *sick* came to denote one particular symptom of bodily discomfort, it was gradually expelled from the polite vocabulary in the general sense of bad health, except in the literary style, in the United States, and in such compounds as *sick-list*. When a word expressive of mere indisposition was needed, *disease* naturally presented itself.

It is an old word in English, having been borrowed c. 1300 from Old Fr. *desaise*, and, as late as the 16th century, it was still used in its etymological sense: "Thy doughter is deed; why deseasest thou the master eny further" (Tyndale, Mark v. 35). Where we should now speak of being a little indisposed or unwell, Wriothesley, in his Chronicle (1553), speaks of Edward VI as "a little diseased from catching cold." But, before the century was out, *disease* was being used of dangerous maladies, and in 1602 Shakespeare wrote:

Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved.

(Hamlet, iv, 3.)

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

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Mildred Disbrow, New Brighton, Pennsylvania

—August, 1950

Well, my plans have been changed again; I guess it's not in the cards for me to go to Alaska.

The local hospital where I've been working for the summer has asked me to take the OB department for the winter so that the present supervisor may go to school and get her degree. They've been quite nice to me and offered an opportunity for ward teaching as well as the management of the department, which is experience I need. So, I'm planning to accept it and continue with my work at the University of Pittsburgh—this time until I get my degree!

. . . .

From Catherine Mirabito, Fulton, New York—August, 1950

Your letter came when I was in the midst of a wonderful course in Nursing Education at Syracuse University. I was especially pleased when I learned that one of my fellow students, the Director of Nursing at Children's Hospital, knew Walter Collins, the baby who was at Hyden Hospital during my entire six months stay and he has been in Children's Hospital quite a few times. It was certainly heart-warming to hear the Director tell me about Walter's antics during his last hospitalization period there.

In less than three weeks I'll be back in uniform again, this time at my alma mater—Strong Memorial in Rochester. If the Barneys are still in Rochester I'll be living next door to them—something pleasant to look forward to. Dorothy and the children have been in New Hampshire for the summer, so I haven't seen her since June.

. . . .

From Nancy Wilson, Sagada, Philippine Islands

—September, 1950

My plan, now, is to return to the United States this late fall

for my regular furlough period to the U. S., and if possible would like to work in a full year of Public Health courses at that time.

As you see, events do seem to keep moving along even here in Sagada. The chief news for me is that since the latter part of last May I do now have another American nurse who has come to join me here at this hospital. In fact, she is even one of the same nurses that worked in the mission hospital in Alaska—back in 1945—which has made it even nicer than ever. She had also evacuated from her hospital work in Wuchang, China, just about a year ago but had returned to the U. S. for an early furlough. It has been a real help, to have someone with a good record of mission service to be able to come and take over during my furlough period.

If my present reservation works out satisfactorily, I am now planning to leave on a freighter around the middle of November from Manila which should bring me to New York via the Mediterranean Sea the first part of January. If I can be accepted would like to start courses during the spring term. As my mother is now living in Louisville, Kentucky, I am hoping, of course, to be down that way for at least a while.

Please give my best wishes to those F.N.S. members that still date back to my days there in the Kentucky mountains.

.

From Frances Fell in Ecuador, S. A.—September 1950

I am now employed by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau and had a wonderful introduction to S. A. as I was in Chile for almost three months at the nursing workshop there. I was in Lima, Peru, for two days and am now in Quito on a six months assignment. Chile has the most advanced nursing of any of the South American countries. Quito reminds me of Santa Fe, the mixed population and the altitude, and the soil is the same texture. Quito has fifty churches, all in the old Spanish Colonial architecture with altars of gold. I hope to get into the areas away from Quito where 90-99% of the deliveries are unattended. The Indian women look sturdy and carry such tremendous loads on their backs including a baby and they trot along barefoot.

From Gladys Bowers, New Orleans, Louisiana—October, 1950

My mind has been full this month of Wendover, Hyden, and the people of Leslie County. Just two years ago I entered that beautiful country and embarked on a new and wonderful adventure. I loved every minute of it and shall treasure the knowledge gained and the memories dear.

You will note that we are in New Orleans now. Bob is taking his internship at Southern Baptist Hospital. I'm just keeping Kay and an apartment. We see Bob every other night and every other Saturday afternoon and Sunday. It is just enough that Kay doesn't completely forget him. Following our year here, which ends June 30, 1951, we will have 1½-2 months in which to see our families, churches, and friends and do the necessary packing. It will be all too short. The latter part of August or early September we go to Belgium for a year of language (French) and tropical medicine. Then to Congo.

.

From Eleanor Wechtel Denk (Norrie), Dayton, Ohio

—October, 1950

I will not be able to attend the Annual Meeting of Nurse-Midwives. I am very sorry since I heard so much about Dr. Wilson. I sure wish I could hear him speak. Also I would enjoy seeing everyone again.

My husband just got out of the hospital because of a ruptured appendix so I have been kept busy lately.

I am working days at St. Ann's Maternity Hospital here in Dayton. I work in the labor rooms and delivery rooms and like the work very much.

Midge Oracko worked here last year while going to University of Dayton. She called me a few weeks ago and we had a nice chat—as yet we haven't gotten together.

.

From Ruth Alexander, New York, N. Y.—October, 1950

Wendover will soon be a bee-hive of activity with the Annual Meeting of Nurse-Midwives coming up on October 31. I would very much like to be with all of you again and shall certainly be thinking of you. My mind will be at Wendover instead of my studies at T.C. on that date! I do hope you

have a wonderful day, with lots of old friends back for the meeting.

I spent six weeks in South Carolina before coming up to Teachers College a month ago. Part of that time, three weeks, was spent with Rosa Clark at Tamassee. Sure was fun talking over F.N.S. with her, and getting to know her better. I had a wonderful three weeks in the mountains again. Midwifery was quite heavy the last week. Rosa is really a vital part of that area. I went with her on deliveries and did prenatal and post-partum visits for her.

Came to New York on September 22 and am staying at a residence hall here at T.C. Spent my second week-end with Chappy. Sure was fun; hadn't seen her since the wedding. The boy is eight months and quite a fellow—looks like Walter (himself) and not like Chappy or Don. He is a blonde with beautiful blue eyes.

I have been having quite a time in New York. There are several people here that I have known and not seen in several years. A couple of classmates, instructors, etc. There are two South Carolina girls in P.H. at T.C. We are trying to take in sights, some concerts, opera, and the like to get more than book knowledge. One of the most interesting phases of it is the people we meet. I plan a trip to Maternity Center next week. There are several nurse-midwives in our classes—one from England, one from W.H.O.—Holland, etc.

.

From Mary Ann Quarles, Lexington, Kentucky

—October, 1950

I received the Bulletin last week and of course read it from cover to cover.

Goodness, how I do miss the mountains, F.N.S. and Social Service. No doubt the many people who have been to Lexington lately have brought back such tales. It has been good to see all those who come down, particularly Mary Jo, whom I never give a minute's peace for asking about Social Service. I was also very glad to see Mrs. Joy, and Mac, and Kay in the Lafayette for a few minutes on Friday.

My courses here at the University are proving hard. I have

two in rural sociology, which are most interesting, and which I am getting a great deal out of. My F.N.S. experience is proving to be invaluable to me in them. I have Dr. Beers for one of them and he is indeed a great person.

I am afraid that whenever the sociological problems get too much for me my mind wanders back to Wendover and tends to stay there. I hope that I shall be able to get up for a short visit soon.

.

From Hazel Meyer in Nassau, Bahamas—October, 1950

The doctor is now calling on Heather Anne (Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson's ten-month-old daughter). She has a monthly routine visit from him, and he gives Pete all sorts of detailed information about her care for the next month, plus shots, etc. Pete and Eric and the baby flew all the way to Rochester, New York, and back this fall and Heather loved it—she is a much better flyer than I! Heather really is a doll, she has two teeth and is cutting two more. I have enjoyed going through the shops in Nassau—so many things we don't see, linen and materials from England and sterling and perfumes. All fairly reasonable and no taxes!! All the strange foods intrigue me—I never liked fish, but I am finding it a delicacy prepared in so many tasty ways. I am taking home a can each of pineapple and guava to make a special pie that Pete's cook baked. I would love to learn to cook under her for about six months!

.

From Margaret Field in Riverton, New Jersey—October, 1950

The summer at Hyden Hospital must have been really hectic, with all the noise and dirt of so many workmen for so long. I'd surely like to see the completed nurses' quarters and the hospital wings. Eva popped in for a tiny surprise visit last week. It was the first time I'd seen her, though she is located only 130 miles from here. I had a split vacation this year, the first part (11 days right after the Fourth) Mother and I spent in central Pennsylvania. For the second half in mid-September I went to visit Jane Rainey. The situation there at Blue Ridge is perfectly beautiful, both the people and the mountains reminding me of Kentucky. I loved getting acquainted with the staff and children,

and helping Jane with the emergencies that turned up as regularly as each day dawned. Best wishes to all the F.N.S. folks.

NEWSY BITS

Our congratulations and very best wishes go to Nora K. Kelly on her recent appointment as Matron of the Watford Maternity Hospital in Hertfordshire, England.

.

Miss Dorothy Anne Mundy and Dr. Alexander E. Dodds were married in Potsdam, New York, on September 18th, 1950. Our best wishes to you both for your future happiness.

.

Our love and deepest sympathy go to Lucille Ratliff (Lucy) on the death of her mother on October 24th, 1950.

.

As we go to press we have just had a brief visit from Dr. Carroll H. Luhr. He has recently been inducted into the Navy and he and his mother stopped at our hospital for one night on their way from Texas. After only five days in Texas, Dr. Luhr had been ordered to report to San Francisco within a week. He expects to be sent overseas shortly. Our best wishes go with him.

TREES IN NORWAY

Conservationists will be interested in Norway's tree planting of 22,000,000 trees last year of which 18,000,000 were spruce. The planting schedule is 26,000,000 this year, 30,000,000 next year, and no less than 40,000,000 in 1952.

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

RUNNING A CENTER

by

ELIZABETH HILLMAN, R.N., S.C.M.

In June I was assigned to succeed Vera Chadwell as nurse at the Margaret Durbin Harper Center at Bowlingtown. When I first saw the place, the sun was shining, the house newly painted and gleaming, the barn just whitewashed, the hollyhocks were in bloom and I was quite thrilled with the pleasantness of it all. It was later on that the problems which lay lurking beneath this pretty exterior came cropping up one by one.

Soon after I arrived two young men came to erect a new furnace in the basement. I was told that they didn't seem to be too experienced and would I please keep an eye on them. I wanted to report that I had never taken any training in putting up furnaces but felt that that was uncalled for. I'm afraid we weren't a very happy combination and there were several slips before it was finally settled. However, all is now serene in the basement and the furnace is waiting to be fired. I sometimes go and sit on the cellar steps and go over the moves in the firing process, instruction sheet in hand.

One day the motor in the pump house drew attention to itself by kicking on and off far too frequently. I decided that the pump must be water-logged. The nurse who was my predecessor had said there was no need to be scared of the pump for, after all, only water was involved. I still felt that water could create a certain amount of havoc if unleashed, but determined to be bold. There followed several trips to and from the pump house and the basement, turning on and off valves 1, 2, and 3. We use the water from the tank on the hill for re-priming the pump. I wondered how the poor people who had only one source of water managed when their electric pumps became water-logged. I imagined a lot of juggling with buckets. Perhaps, after all, I was lucky to have valves 1, 2, and 3 to play about with.

A short while ago the cow decided that the grass on the other side of the fence was much more appetizing-looking than the rest of the pasture, and so we awoke one morning to an extensively smashed pole fence. I shut the horse and cow in

the other half of the pasture and set to work armed with a hammer, a posthole digger and a pocketful of nails. After considerable effort two new locust posts were in position and then the trouble began. I became more and more horrified at my inability to drive a straight nail. Perhaps I will improve with time. The finished fence has quite an individual look but so far has held up.

My gardening problems were and are too numerous to go into. We are very peaceful at the moment—even the rats and mice are unobtrusive. By the time they become active again I hope that my two kittens will have developed into efficient ratters. I know the day will never come when I myself do anything but pick up my skirts and run at the sight of one.

So now I am waiting for the winter—frozen pipes and calving time! Maybe by then I shall have a few gray hairs. I don't think so. I'm really quite happy with all my problems of running a center and find that they add interest to the work of a nurse-midwife.

IN MEMORY OF LIZZIE

Although she belonged to Jean, and gave her the fealty of a dog's devoted heart, Lizzie was such friends with all of us that we miss her sorely. A daughter of Penny and Dair, she was born at Wendover, and spent nearly all of her nine years in our companionship. To the shimmering beauty of the golden retriever, she added a glad acceptance of the day's adventure that endeared her to all who shared it with her. The forest trails rang with her deep-toned bark, the river was broken by her swift strokes in swimming—in all the lovely setting of Wendover, she was our companion and our friend. Lizzie's character was a generous and hopeful one. The ancients called Sirius, the Dog Star, "that bright and happy star that gives good dwelling."

In Memoriam

MRS. HENRY FORD, Dearborn, Michigan

Died September 29, 1950

"We are grateful to God for a life's task honorably discharged; for simplicity in the midst of fame; for humility when it would have been easy to become proud; for character that did not change in the midst of success or sorrow; for steadfastness in a changing world; for loneliness endured without defeat; for generosity."

—Bishop Richard S. Emrich at the
Burial Office for Clara Bryant Ford

These words truly describe Mrs. Ford—a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, who had served on our National Board for over twenty years. From the time that I first knew her, nearly a generation ago, until my last talk with her only a year ago she kept untarnished her qualities of simplicity and "steadfastness in a changing world." She remained at ease in the little homely things that make up the daily round, as well as in the large affairs upon which she had entered with her husband. Their consideration for each other created one of the happiest relationships between a man and a woman that I have ever known. Once when I had been lunching with them at Dearborn and they were taking me over Greenfield Village I saw the Martha and Mary Church. When I asked why Martha's name came first Mr. Ford replied, "This church is named for our mothers, and her's was Martha." When she showed me the funny little old place where her husband had worked out the first Ford car, her eyes turned happily towards him as she said, "I always knew that he could do it."

Mrs. Ford gave the Frontier Nursing Service one of its first outpost nursing centers, the Clara Ford on Red Bird River. It has not been a memorial until now. She kept the place in order and beauty, even as she kept her own place on Fair Lane because she liked order and beauty in small as well as large places. Her interest in our rural mothers and their children was profound. She wanted them to have care, the best care; she wanted them to be safe and happy. Her generosity included the giving of her own time and of her own home. One of our largest meetings in Detroit was at her house in Dearborn. To our Detroit

meetings in other houses she and her husband came year after year. Mrs. Ford even came to Kentucky to two of our Annual Meetings of Trustees. She did not get in to the mountains to see her place because it took a day in the saddle to reach, at the time she built it. Later, when she could have gotten there by car, her husband's health was such that she did not feel he should make the exertion, and she went almost nowhere without him. Among the letters I have from her is a poignant one written after the death of her only child, her splendid son. She knew that I too had lost my only son and, although mine was but a child, she knew that I could enter into her grief.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Ford seemed always so very tired that one could not wish to have kept her in this world a day longer than needs must be. But she "endured loneliness without defeat." She died as she had lived, an unconquered person—and one of the most truly kind I ever knew.

O holy hope of immortality!

To eyes of men unwise they seemed to die:

They are at peace. O fairest liberty!

THE VESPER SPARROW

by

GARDINER BUMP

Twilight and twinkling evening star,
A shepherd with his sheep, afar;
No breath, the quietness to mar,
Earth's heaven, anywhere.

Hearts beat in tune to lesser things,
When lo, through gathering dusk there rings
That low, sweet song the Vesper sings—
A sparrow at his prayer.

—*Nature Magazine*, August-September, 1950

CHRIST IN EBONY

by

STAFF SGT. RALEIGH COUCH

Condensed from the article as printed in *The Thousandsticks*, Hyden, Ky., June 7 and 14, 1945

This narrative is the account of a four-day trip to two Anglican mission stations in New Guinea, and definitely the most interesting experience I had while overseas. I was accompanied by Rex, an Australian Sergeant. We were granted permission to make this visit because Rex happened to be a very close friend of the missionary, the Rev. R. L. Newman. The time spent on the trip was from December 6th to December 10th, 1943.

This beautiful cool morning finds me sitting under a mango tree in a peaceful native village populated by the ebony skinned natives of New Guinea. The young ones are playing along the beach, and the young mothers are unhurriedly busying themselves with the daily chores and the old withered ones are sitting in circles smoking as they look out to sea. It is a peaceful care-free scene. Our so-called civilization has not yet brought its burden of fret, worry, hurry and tension to these people. Rev. Newman has a mission school and station here with a thatch hut standing by a lovely thatch chapel. There are two entrances to the chapel. Over the doorway of the south entrance the Christian head teacher, Sergius Simaga, has carved in the wooden cross beam "This is the gate of Heaven." Over the north end the same in his native language. Sergius' eleven-year-old son had recently died. He took us to the grave in the missionary cemetery beside the chapel. At the head of the grave a beautiful wooden cross stood, bearing this inscription, "Jesus Think on Me." In front of the chapel, set to be seen from the sea, is a large wooden cross some eighteen feet high. It is set there both to commemorate the beginning of the Christian missions among these people, and as a memorial to the first native teacher in the Pongani school. Inside the chapel which is beautifully done in native design one noticed the bold carving on the cross beam across the altar. The altar itself was quite lovely. Carved in it is, "Kotopu, Kotopu, Kotopu," meaning, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

On the beach there is a two-man Aussie Aircraft warning

station. We ate with these boys while staying at Pongani. The Australian hospitality is marvelous and everlastingly accompanied with tea every hour or so. We walked to an abandoned airfield which was used in the early push on this front. There were two plane wrecks, one an A-20 and one a C-47. The walk through field and jungle was itself interesting. In the evening Rex and I walked to the beach and sat for a time in the quiet moonlight listening to the laughter of the village folk circled on the ground about their fire. War, bloodshed and the complication of civilization seemed as remote as Mars.

About nine o'clock the following morning we were all set for departure from the Pongani station to Emo, another school and mission station seven miles back from the coast. There was the bustle of breaking camp and repacking our gear. Rev. Newman made the journey to Emo by outrigger. Rex and I decided to go by trail along the beach. Rev. Newman moved into the surf with six sturdy native boys paddling. Two went with Rex and me as bearers and guides. It was a fascinating walk along native trails past native gardens where grew taro, yams, corn, bananas and sepora; across the foot bridges through the swampy places where the dreaded crocodile lurks. Six miles along the trail we came to the large village of Emo. On a hill across the Emo river Rev. Newman has his mission station and school. Coming to the village I announced my wares—needles, fishhooks and mirrors, and indicated the native articles I wanted—piya (woven waist and arm bands), gauro (bamboo pipes) tauri (combs) and gi (spears). A great shout went through the village when it was known I had needles. The whole place was a commotion of dancing children and scurrying women. Here they came with their wares. I was down on the sand on my knees before a box upon which I spread my assortment of goods. I did a land office business. When it was all over I had obtained 25 tapa cloth sarongs, eight arm bands and one bamboo pipe. We went into the gathering shadows to the evening tea on the veranda of the hut. By lamplight we ate, served by three boys. Then tired by the very fullness of the day we said goodnight and tucked in.

Wednesday caught us pretty late in bed. There was but time to dress and attend tapaora and communion. Breakfast came after the service. I had not fully satisfied my trading urge

the previous day so taking the remaining needles, fishhooks and mirrors I went across to the village again and got more sarongs, arm bands and one string of mourning beads. The trading done, I started back to the mission school surrounded by six little black lads, one of whom insisted on carrying the burlap sack for me. The natives like to carry things for the white man. Especially they want to carry his gun on a hunting trip. Well, the little fellows jabbered away at my side all the way to the river. One asked if I am an American. Saying yes, he said, "Merican good." Then he added, "Jap him bad." This display of sympathy cost me one fishhook.

We talked of plans to leave at 5 o'clock the following morning for the return via outrigger. Rev. Newman called the school children to assemble on the lawn in front of his hut, and chose seven of the stoutest boys as crew for the eight-mile journey. We are late in getting away. At 7:30 we wave farewell to our ebony friends and are settled for the long pull. In the afternoon we slip between the tremendous ocean-going ships and into the shore beside the road of the Army base. Rex and I are back in camp from this very happy and interesting trip among the Christian people of New Guinea who but a generation ago were headhunters. Some among the old Christians have eaten human flesh, but the Rev. R. L. Newman has brought Christ into their hearts. Where once a savage motive ruled their lives the theme is Papua Keriao Awasedo.

MIDWIFERY FOR POLICEMEN

Hackensack, N. J., March 24.

Police from seventy Bergen County communities will get a short course in childbirth emergency care beginning Tuesday at the police school in the Hackensack Courthouse. Michael Crecchio, chief of county detectives, said the course was planned because of the many occasions when a police officer is the only one available to assist at a birth.

New York Herald Tribune

THE TWEEN AND THE SPAN AND THE STAFF OF LIFE

There was a time—there still is in some technically more benighted countries—when bread was made in the kitchen of flour, yeast, salt and water, with a little fat added. If you wanted to fix it for company you might add eggs and butter, milk and sugar. And even if you were one of the flighty housewives who bought bakery bread you could do so in the knowledge that the baker, too, depended on the four familiar staples. Basically the staff of life was worthy of this noble title; it remained simple to make, satisfying to eat, fragrant as it rose in creamy mounds on the back of the stove or emerged from the oven in nut-brown perfection.

This bread had vitamins, even if nobody knew what the word meant. It had minerals that were left behind in the flour, milled as it was by some old-fashioned character who wouldn't know a conveyor belt or a patent steel roller if he saw one. And the only people today who can attempt to tell how the wonderful stuff tasted are those rebellious souls who, refusing to take into their systems another slice of bleached, enriched and emulsified wind and water, have returned to kneading their own bread dough.

There are indications, though, that the strange product we now endure as store bread has gone just about as far as it can in the replacement of foodstuffs with chemicals. The factory millers in their impossible pursuit of more and more lightness and whiteness succeeded in removing from wheat just about every trace of natural vitamin and mineral. The startled nutritionists, reviewing the end result of all this effort, then sought zealously to make state legislatures force bakers into adding a few synthetics to commercial bread. Twenty-eight states now enforce this procedure, which the advertisers describe as "enrichment." Maybe it is, if you consider a man who has had both hands amputated to be "enriched" by a couple of false ones.

The federal government entered the bread debate almost a decade ago when it opened hearings designed to fix a "standard of identity" for the bakers' little *Frankenstein* monster. That standard is now tentatively emerging and if you have ever been tempted to wonder just what it is you eat under the name of

bread, you may not be reassured to note that the legal ingredients of a loaf include the "monoglycerides and diglycerides" but exclude some new synthetic softeners known to the trade as "tweens and spans." The government paternally bans these in its tentative order because it has not been offered sufficient proof of their harmlessness to humans. Note that it is not necessary that they be good for you, merely that some proof be offered that they will not cause your eyelashes to drop out.

The new standard of identity, we are told, is to stand for 90 days; during the first month the bakers' lobby may file its objections and even after the document becomes final somebody may sue to have it thrown out. So do not rejoice prematurely that your morning toast will be free of tween and span—you're still a long way from bread as grandma knew it.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*
August 9, 1950

ODDMENTS

"I'll believe in the mermaid, and hire it," P. T. Barnum (1810-1891) said on contracting for the Fiji mermaid.

.

"Nuts are given to us, but they are not cracked for us."
The Ice Maiden in Anderson's Fairy Tales

.

His view of the whole matter was that it was no business of his.

The Three Coffins by John Dickson Carr

.

"His books are about unpleasant people leading lives of surpassing dullness."

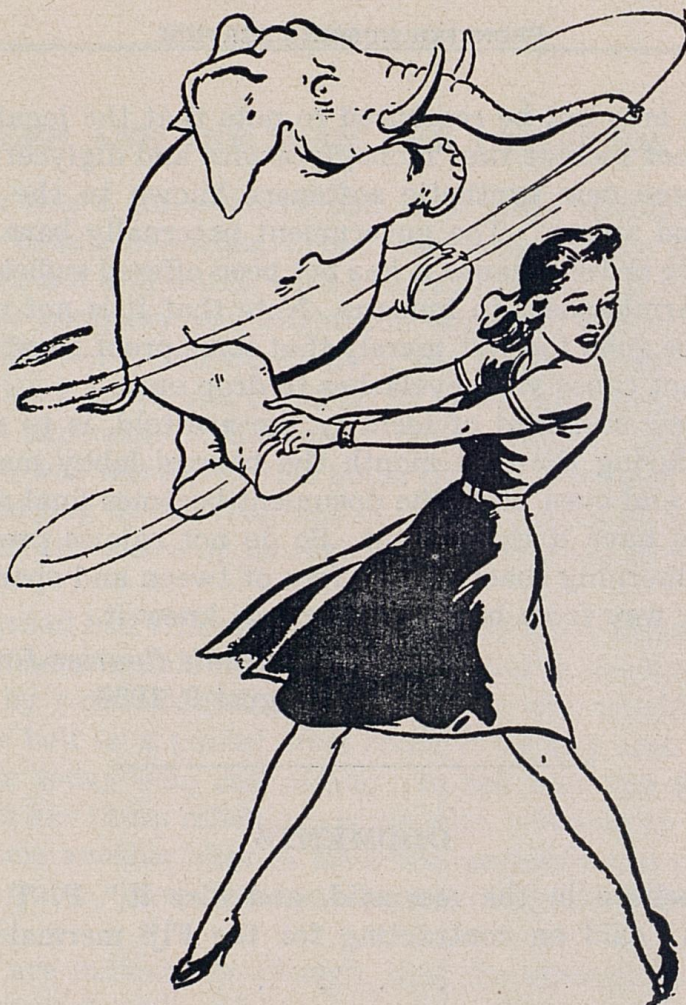
The Murder in the Vicarage by Agatha Christie

.

"Below the skirt, trousers moderately full."

Amelia Jenks Bloomer (1818-1894)

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue

New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*In Memoriam*, Alfred, Lord Tennyson

In our early days in the mountains we had no radios; second class mail, including newspapers, didn't get in to us in the winter for periods as long as ten days. We didn't know what went on Beyond the Mountains except as we learned about it in personal letters. When the weather was too rough and the trails were too icy for the mule-drawn cart to make the trip from the railroad, the mail carrier got in with the first class mail by riding a lead mule, with the U. S. mail bags slung over the backs of two or three others following him. There was an immense jingle of harness as he rode by.

Today, when our newspapers rarely fail to come, and we have the radio, we sometimes yearn for the blessed silence of that more quiet time. Now we share the hour by hour anxiety of all of you. We approach the New Year again and the blessed Christmas Season that precedes it with the world's old longing for the Christ that is to be.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Nought but thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail.

.

Our cover picture was painted as a gift to us by the artist, Elizabeth Orton Jones, at her home in New Hampshire. She lives in mountains, as we do. Hers is the concept of the barn with the children running towards it through the snow, and the star and the Christ above it. You will join us in gratitude to her for this lovely painting of the Christ Child in the garb of a mountain boy.

.
From our friend, Mr. Murdo Morrison in Scotland, we re-

ceived a clipping from the *Kilmarnock Standard* of the 16th of September 1950. Mr. Morrison tells us that the writer of these weekly notes, the wife of the proprietor of the paper, is "a learned and talented lady" who has specialized in medieval history. For her historical research she was awarded the Order of the British Empire by the King. Our friend further tells us that she earned a Ph.D. at Edinburgh University and has received an LL.D. degree from St. Andrews. Since the clipping provides a link between Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania and Troon in Scotland, we are printing the first part of it:

Some of my readers may remember that in July I took two American ladies to the Den of Daniels in Troon and that one of the visitors found a link in common with a Highland member of the company. The incident was brought back to my mind last week when I received a letter from "Pittsburgh" enclosing a copy of "The Quarterly Bulletin of Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.," for Spring, 1950. "Pittsburgh" writes:—"I was interested in the article in your column of July 22 about the two American ladies you entertained. I have enclosed a copy of 'The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.,' that I thought would be of interest, as you mentioned that Mrs. Breckinridge had been to Scotland to study the nursing system in the Hebrides twenty-five years ago. I have been away from Kilmarnock a long time, but I always get the 'Kilmarnock Standard.'" The "Bulletin" sent by this kindly reader contains an article on a visit paid to Mrs. Breckinridge at Wendover in the Frontier Nursing Service. The writer gives an intimate description of the remoteness and beauty of the Frontier and of the friendliness of the Nursing Service.

. . . .

Our readers will remember that among our guests this past year was Miss Helen Petralia, Chief Nurse in the Ministry of Hygiene at Athens. In October we had a delightful letter from Miss Mary D. Forbes, R. N., of the Educational Programs Branch, Division of International Health, Federal Security Agency, with which she enclosed an English translation of a talk that Miss Petralia had given in Greek over the Voice of America. We are grateful to Miss Petralia for her kind reference to the Frontier Nursing Service, and for what she says about Americans, after having traveled the length and breadth of our country. We print herewith her concluding words:

They are a very democratic people, and that is why they are today the leaders of the world. They pay very big taxes and from these taxes comes all the money and all the help for the poor states. They love the Greeks very much but maybe that is so because the Greek-Americans are good people. I would like very much for all the Greeks to see how the American lives in his own country. The American is very fond of his home and

family. The American child is the center around which everything revolves. They give him everything to make a healthy body and mind in order that he will become a good citizen. It is very strange how these democratic people who love peace so much, can be so strong . . . when their freedom, or that of any other country in the world, is attacked.

. . . .

One of our trustees, Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, has sent us a copy of the London *Times* of August 21, 1950, in which there is an excellent leader, as the *Times* would call it, on "Modern Midwives." It is too long to quote in full. We would like to see such an editorial in our *New York Times* or in another of our great papers—but British nurses have taken graduate training as midwives for half a century, and their work has been of tested value for a long while.

. . . .

In the Autumn issue of *To Dragma*, the delightful publication of the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority, we find two whole pages given over to the A.O.Pi charity, the Social Service Department of the Frontier Nursing Service. The Third Vice-President, Margaret B. Harter (Mrs. John) of Louisville, in charge of Social Service, has written the article and chosen the pictures which include one of Mary Ann Quarles and Mary Jo Clark and the new A.O.Pi jeep, "Apple Pi," called "Pi" for short.

. . . .

This Quarterly Bulletin makes a good inexpensive Christmas present to send your friends. Those of you who want to give it, please send the name and address of the recipient with \$1.00 for a year's subscription. To the recipient we will send an attractive Christmas card in your name.

. . . .

While we are writing about presents, we should like to add that it has been some time since any of you have sent us your old riding habits. In order to save the cost of buying uniforms for the students of the Graduate School, most of whom are only with us during the six-months' course, we put them in the riding clothes people are so kind as to give us. The present class of students took the last riding clothes we had. We can use any you send us whether for winter or summer.

We are happy to announce the marriage of Miss Rheta Helm to Mr. James Bert Swain on Wednesday the sixth of September at Bowling Green, Kentucky. Rheta is the daughter of our warm friends Judge and Mrs. Roy Helm who lived in Hazard for years until he was appointed to the Court of Appeals at Frankfort. We wish the young couple all the happiness in the world.

.

It will be remembered that the Philadelphia Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service of which Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain is Chairman, arranged to cooperate with our New York Committee in sending rummage to the Bargain Box. Mrs. Henry S. Drinker has been a lamb about letting all the rummage be put in her garage. Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, who drives fairly frequently to New York in her station wagon, takes it with her. In September we had a letter from Mrs. George J. Stockly of the New York Committee from which we quote:

"We have had a very good summer, due mostly to Philadelphia. Mrs. McIlvain and Mrs. Biddle have brought over between \$1,000 and \$1,200 worth of stuff this spring. We have more than doubled what we made in the three months last summer."

On Wednesday, November 8th, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Mrs. Richard M. Newlin, Mrs. William M. Lloyd and Mrs. George Thomas III gave a Frontier Nursing Service tea at Mrs. McIlvain's country place to which everyone was asked to bring an article of "super rummage" for the Bargain Box in New York. The returns from the gifts of the Philadelphia Committee will be credited to Philadelphia in our annual audit.

.

In June we received an important letter from Dr. Paul Titus, a member of our National Medical Council, and Secretary-Treasurer of the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He sent us a copy of the notice which follows:

AMERICAN BOARD OF OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY, INC.
1015 Highland Building
Pittsburgh 6, Pennsylvania

Notice to
Hospital Residents in Obstetrics-Gynecology re
Medical Directorship, Frontier Nursing Service

The Bulletin of this Board outlines training requirements as being three years of approved formal residency training or its equivalent to be followed by two years of post-training practice in the specialty. In connection with the latter post-training requirement, the Board makes a single exception respecting limitation of work to the specialty, in the case of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE.

This Service offers an excellent experience in obstetrics-gynecology, although a rigid limitation to the specialty is not possible because of the physical nature and location of the work of the Service among the Kentucky mountaineers. Practice in the position of Medical Director for this Service is now accepted by the Board as complying with its post-training practice requirement. Men who have completed or are about to complete their specialty training and who thus qualify for the position may, if interested, write directly to Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Wendover, Leslie County, Kentucky, for further information.

PAUL TITUS, M.D.
Secretary.

PTadf
6-26-50

In his personal letter to us, Dr. Titus wrote as follows:

"This is further evidence of the high regard in which the Service is held by obstetricians-gynecologists of this country. You would be gratified if you could have heard the comments during the discussion of this proposal."

.

The Silver Anniversary Fund sponsored by our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, had reached the sum of \$43,286.52 on November 16th. It will be seen that we lack \$6,713.48 to achieve our goal of \$50,000.00. We are going to need every bit of the full amount to take care of the months spent in writing the book that Harper & Brothers are to publish. Our Boston and Rochester Committees have sent out appeals for special gifts to this fund. Our Detroit Committee is planning to do the same thing. Mrs. Belknap's appeal went only to our trustees but she did ask all of them to interest others in securing the needed funds. We think that the response has been magnificent, and that the goal is in sight. We believe that the \$50,000.00 will be raised in full.

WINTER PROTECTION FOR TREES AND SHRUBS

Winter is often a highly critical period of the year for trees and shrubs, since injuries that stem from adverse weather conditions are likely to be severe. While it is not always possible to provide absolute protection against the elements, much can be done to reduce the damage attributable to the most common forms of winter injury.

Winter drying, which affects evergreens particularly, results from a deficiency of available water either through freezing of the soil or from actual drought. Transpiration, the release into the air of water vapor through the leaf and branch surfaces, never ceases. The rate of transpiration is generally low throughout the winter months, but increases during periods of warm sunny weather and strong winds. Unless the roots can absorb enough moisture from the soil to replace the water lost during such periods, the leaves wilt, turn brown and die. Terminal twigs on the side of the tree most exposed to the sun and wind are usually the worst affected, though occasionally the entire tree is injured or killed.

The danger of winter drying of evergreens can be reduced by providing a mulch of dry leaves, rotted stable manure or hay, eight inches to a foot in depth and extending well beyond the spread of the roots. This tends to prevent excessively deep freezing of the soil and thus facilitates absorption of water by the roots. To insure an adequate supply of soil moisture during the winter months evergreens should be watered heavily before the ground freezes. With small evergreens the rate of transpiration can be reduced by protecting each tree against sun and wind with a screen of burlap or similar material attached to stout stakes driven firmly into the ground.

—*Shade Tree Digest*, December 1948

FIELD NOTES

Rough be the way and wild
Love led a rougher way
Love that is ours to-day
Brought by a little Child.

—Mowbrays C1379

This Christmas will be a sad one for us in the Frontier Nursing Service. Our wonderful new Medical Director, Dr. Paul E. Adolph, had a coronary attack on Saturday evening, October 21st, while he was driving with Mrs. Adolph within ten miles of Berea. He has been at the Berea Hospital since then. As soon as we received Mrs. Adolph's telegram, we sent our Betty Lester over to Berea with our Phyllis Benson to stay as a night special for Dr. Adolph. She remained with him nearly two weeks. He is improving, but the way is rough for him, for his family, and for us. You, our readers and friends, will be glad to know that Dr. Rex Blumhagen has just come to us, with his wife and two little children, to meet this emergency. They are settled at Joy House for at least a few weeks. Dr. Blumhagen has an assignment for Afghanistan. This means that he will have to leave us near the end of 1950 or the early part of 1951. In a great crisis, like this one, it does help to remember that Love led a rougher way than the roughest we are called upon to bear.

.

As we approach the birthday of the little Child, it is our high privilege to make more than five thousand children happy in His name. Although it is the busiest season of the year for us in the mountains, we like it the best and enjoy it the most. As you read this, our Christmas parties will be underway all over our vast territory, with their trees, their Santa Claus, their carols, and the gifts for the children which have come to them from you. It is you, our friends from beyond the mountains, whose remembrance of our children has never faltered during the past twenty-six years, who make possible all our festivities. Even now, in mid-November, as these lines are written, the parcels are pouring in from those of you who send your gifts

in advance of receiving our card of reminder. God bless you every one.

Polly Pearse of Scottsville, New York, is our volunteer Christmas secretary this year. She is doing a crackerjack job as a courier until she moves over to Hyden to start unpacking your shipments, and loading the trucks for the outpost centers. Mrs. Moorman, who is coming to help us as she did last year, will write the greater part of the thank-you letters.

. . . .

This is the first Christmas that our Hyden Hospital has been freshly painted, all over, since the Christmas following its completion. The work of renovation on the Morton Wing is finished and the Gill Wing, as well as the Morton Wing, has been repainted from topside on down. We can hardly credit the gleaming beauty of it all. For nearly a quarter century it has been our custom to repaint a small part of the Hospital nearly every year. When the last bit was freshly painted, the part that had had no paint for four or five years looked dingy indeed. We couldn't help it, because we were like Mr. Wilfer in *Our Mutual Friend*, who got his trousers one year, his coat the second year, his vest the third year, and then followed them up with shoes and hat so that his clothing always looked new in part and, in part, very old indeed.

When Mrs. Henry B. Joy, our dear Detroit trustee, made her annual visit to us in late September, she was enchanted at the appearance of Hyden Hospital. It was such fun to see her pleasure in the enlargement, the improvements and, above all, in the paint. It was while she was with us that the members of our Hyden Committee and other friends gave a welcoming party to Dr. and Mrs. Adolph at Joy House. It took the form of a shower of food of all kinds and descriptions, including plenty of canned stuff for the winter months when we thought they would be here.

Another trustee, our beloved National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, is coming for a visit of inspection, and mutual happiness, a few days after this copy has gone down to the printers. It will be a deep delight to show her the Hospital as it is now, and to have her ease the load we carry as she eases every load, by bearing it with us.

The electricians from Lexington have come and gone. Mr. Chris Queen, engineer of the Ford Motor Company property on Red Bird River, Mrs. Queen, and our own Agnes Lewis have had them a big time as they ran around with these competent men. There is not now a single place owned by the Frontier Nursing Service which has not been electrified and the fire hazard of lamps and candles is, we trust, done away with forever. The last four outpost nursing centers to get electricity, two on the R.E.A. route and two on the Kentucky-West Virginia Power Company lines, are brilliant with illumination. Oh, the joy and convenience of it, as well as the safety! As we wrote in our last issue, money was given us in full for the electricity at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Center at Brutus and the Jessie Preston Draper Center at Beech Fork. We haven't yet received all it takes to pay the bill this month for the Caroline Atwood Center at Flat Creek and the Possum Bend Center at Confluence. We cannot better show what the electricity means to our nurses than by quoting from a letter written October 12th by "Cherry" (Rose Evans) of the Possum Bend Center: "*Lights, lights and lights* again, just turned on. I'm so excited—been running around turning them off and on, to be sure I am not dreaming. The men suddenly arrived about 3:30 p.m.—I could have hugged them."

.

On October 31st, the American Association of Nurse-Midwives held their Twenty-third Annual Meeting at Wendover, Kentucky. Among the twenty-six members who attended were nurses who had taken their graduate training as midwives in England and Scotland, in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and at the Lobenstine Clinic maintained by the Maternity Center Association in New York. Among them were one on furlongh from Liberia, one from Guatemala, and one, Mrs. Myrtle Taylor, who had spent twenty-five years in South Africa and Portuguese East Africa.

After the business of the meeting had been transacted we were ready for the big feature, which was an address on *Obstetrics in the Bible* by Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Chief of the Service of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Rochester, New York. He made an enthralling speech. A digest of it will be

sent with the minutes of the meeting to all members of the American Association scattered, quite literally, all over the world. The Association was deeply honored to have Dr. Wilson as its guest speaker this year. The Frontier Nursing Service was equally honored to have him and Mrs. Wilson stay at Wendover for an all too brief visit of two days. With the Wilsons came the Associate Chief of the Service of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Rochester, Dr. Shirley R. Snow and Mrs. Snow. Dr. Snow spoke to the Annual Meeting in a most delightful manner. Since Mrs. Karl Wilson has succeeded Miss Helen Rochester Rogers as Chairman of the Rochester Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, this made her visit doubly welcome. We were glad to be able to introduce to her many of our staff, including outpost nurses. The Wilsons and the Snows had time to visit only one outpost center, the Jessie Preston Draper at Beech Fork. They were all four of them such charming guests that we long for a repeat visit very soon. They added to their kindness by stopping off at the Berea Hospital on their return trip to Lexington so that Dr. Wilson could spend a few moments with Dr. Adolph.

. . . .

We do not have as many guests in the autumn as during the summer months. Only three came to us from overseas—intensely interesting people, all of them. Dr. Grace J. Cuthbert of Sydney, Australia, came to us under the auspices of the World Health Organization. Miss Lydia W. Jessum from Copenhagen, Denmark, was driven down by her British friend, Mrs. Fisher, whose husband has a post in Washington. Mr. Shyam Sundar Misra, a member of The Servants of India Society, came from Cuttack, Orissa, India. We also had a visit from a friend of Mary Jo Clark, Miss Denise Sommer of Paris, France, who is doing graduate work at the University of Ohio. She came with Mrs. Robert Elder and her daughter Anne from South Charleston, Ohio.

Among our American guests were members of the families of some of our staff—always especially welcome. Mardie Morrison's mother and father divided their time between Hyden, Beech Fork and Wendover. Mrs. Morrison wrote us, "My big impression is 'never a dull moment,' and certainly a feeling of

service." Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Elmore of Lancaster, Kentucky, father and mother of Peggy, who runs our post office, stayed for far too short a time. Ruth Offenheiser's brother, Melvin, and two of his friends, Gene Schamberger and Kenneth Frazier, spent a week-end with us. We had the pleasure of other American guests, among them Mrs. Frances Biddle from New York City and Texas (a friend of our Anna May January), Mrs. Kathryn Thruston, and Mrs. Elizabeth Thayer, aunt of our former courier, Polly Thayer. Although they didn't stay overnight with us, we had the pleasure of seeing Dr. and Mrs. Carl R. Bogardus from Austin, Indiana, who were Kentuckians some sixteen years ago when their lives were happily interwoven with ours. They came out to Wendover with Mrs. Carl Melton of Hyden, whose guests they were, and with Mr. and Mrs. Don C. Eversole. Others among mountain friends who dropped by to see us were Miss Mary D. H. Hodgkins of Caney Creek Community Center and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Drukker of Berea College. With the Drukkers was Miss Elise I. Biechler, Jr., of the American Hospital Association. As we go to press, our "Sister Hope" has just arrived on a visit—looking fit.

.

We welcome back at Hyden Hospital Theda Fetterman (Teddy) who has returned to us after a year in Wyoming. We lose for the second time Beatrice Miller, who is joining her friend Reva Rubin at the Yale University School of Nursing. Minnie Geyer has been transferred from the Red Bird Nursing Center to Hyden to take over Bea's post in the Graduate School. "Cookie" (Madeline Cook) has been placed in charge of the Red Bird Center. Joyce Stephens and Lydia Thompson are on a leave of absence at their homes in England. While they are gone, Joan Court is carrying the work at Flat Creek and Ivallean Caudill is with Rose Evans at Possum Bend.

.

Our Hospital Superintendent, Ann P. MacKinnon (Mac) has just returned from a wonderful vacation, part of which she spent at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and part of it with her beloved niece in Brooklyn. Betty Lester has been running the Hospital in Mac's absence. Betty relieved also for Helen Browne's vacation—a motor trip with Jean Hollins and her

sister, Hope, in the Southwest. Now Betty will get off on her own vacation.

. . . .

The twenty-first class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on October 15th with the following six students: Jeanette Boersma, Clara Meyer, and Grace Nelson, missionary students; Jane Furnas and Martha Morrison from the Frontier Nursing Service; and Florence Shade, a veteran under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

. . . .

The hard thing for us about Jean Hollins and Pebble Stone, both of whom have belonged in the Frontier Service for years and are deeply dear to us, is that we can never have them here at the same time. When one comes back, the other pops off. Pebble has left us this November after running our transport service since August. Jean has just returned. The junior couriers since the middle of September were Eva Kugel of Yellow Springs, Ohio, who was only able to stay for half the period, and Benita Barnes, who is so kind as to stay on as senior courier after her term as junior has ended. She and Polly Pearse have served, first under Pebble, and then under Jean.

. . . .

A number of our crowd took part in the horse show at the Leslie County Fair this year and several of them took prizes. In Ring 141, Camp, ridden by Ivallean Caudill, Commando with Benita Barnes up and Missy with Hilda Sobral up, took 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes respectively. In Ring 145-A Boots took 3rd prize with Edie Kenell up. In Ring 147, for the best woman rider, Betty Scott on Billy took 1st, Hilda Sobral on Missy 2nd, and Benita Barnes on Commando 3rd.

. . . .

I find it so hard to use the editorial we, that I shall report on the Frontier Nursing Service book I am writing as a single and not as a plural person. This is my second quarterly report to all of the friends who are so encouraging and kind. Over 50,000 words of the book are now written, but it hasn't a title as yet. Harper & Brothers wanted me to start it with personal

memoirs that will lead up to the Frontier Nursing Service. In order to do this, I have had to do an immense amount of reading of papers and letters going back into the long past.

My system is this: I spend the hours between five and seven a.m. when I work best, in rewriting the dictation of the previous day. I relax for half an hour between seven and eight. At exactly 8:00 a.m. Ruth Offenheiser, my book secretary, comes for dictation. After the noon luncheon, I read my mail (which has just come in) and then go out-of-doors to do things around the place in the open air. When I come in, I go over the mail with Thumper (Lucille Knechtly, my secretary) and leave her to handle most of it. Then I read the newspapers. From two to four p.m. I work again either at revisions of the manuscript (I am not a facile writer and this book comes hard) or in boning up on things I shall use in the next chapter. At Wendover we have tea at four p.m. I rarely work after that. Around eight p.m. I fall asleep for eight unbroken hours of sleep before my day begins again around four a.m.

Under the system I have outlined, I can get three or four thousand words written a week, revised and rewritten, read by three members of the F.N.S. staff for corrections and suggestions, and parts revised again. It is slow going even when I keep steadily at it—which I do for weeks on end. But there are inevitable interruptions, such as staff conferences, visits to Hyden Hospital and the Graduate School, conversations with guests. There has been the crisis of Dr. Adolph's sudden illness, and more than one minor crisis. It takes the better part of a week every three months, to get out the Quarterly Bulletin. I must leave Wendover in early December for the F.N.S. Executive Committee Meeting in Louisville. While I am out of the mountains, I shall spend 24 hours with Mrs. W. H. Coffman, our recording secretary, in order to study minutes of early meetings, which are kept at a bank in Georgetown, Ky. Such things break in on my book time. But the manuscript will be finished and in the hands of the publishers by March 31, 1951—as called for by our contract. Please remember that the publication date can't possibly come until months later. It takes time to turn a manuscript into a book—and, oh, the proofreading! It is a long pull.

My gratitude goes out in fullest measure to our eight mountain committees for their kindness in postponing our regular autumn meetings. These are to be held in the new year. Our committees will add to their kindness, when the meetings occur, by going over with me sections of the book and giving me the benefit of their advice. Changes they suggest will be made before the manuscript goes to the publishers.

. . . .

All of our staff who can leave their posts will gather at Wendover, as we do every year, on Thanksgiving Day. At almost the same hour, those of the old staff in England, who are in or near London, will be meeting at an evening dinner. In this manner we keep Thanksgiving, all of us together; and all of us remember in a moment of silence those of the old staff who will meet with us no more. We are thankful for the lives they led while with us. We accept the vicissitudes as well as the blessings of our own lives in thankfulness that we may use all of them to the glory of God.

TRUE TALES

Among a group of our children taken to Hazard to see Dr. Cooley Combs, the oculist who is so deeply kind as to give his consultations free, was a five-year-old girl who had never been outside her own home territory before. While she sat in the examining room, she heard Dr. Combs' secretary typing in the reception room. After listening a few moments, she turned to the nurse with this remark, "Them rats sure are chewing up that paper, ain't they?"

M. A. Q.

. . . .

The district was new to me so I did not know the middle-aged woman who came to the clinic. I was interested in her family and tried to learn exactly where she lived. "Oh," she answered, "I'm not in the district. I come to clinic here for help with my young 'uns and I always send my 'angel dollars' to Wendover," —Meaning the two-dollar annual fee for a year's district nursing care.

R. R.

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

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

Vice-Chairmen

Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky. Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.
Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich. Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York

Treasurer

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.
Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Thruston B. Morton, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio
Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.

Chairman Emeritus

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

AUDITORS

Hifner and Fortune, Lexington, Ky.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Mrs. William R. Blair, Jr., Sewickley, Pa. Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del. Mrs. Henry James, New York
Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill. Kentucky Health Commissioner
Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis
Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York Mrs. Clarence LeBus Jr., Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, New York
Mrs. H. Bissell Carey, Farmington, Conn. Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. George Chase Christian, Minneapolis Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.
Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Ky. Mrs. Francis C. McMath, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass. Mrs. J. Wm. McMillan, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. William W. Collin, Jr., Sewickley, Pa. Mrs. Milward W. Martin, New York
Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I. Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York
Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. John Walker Moore, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C. Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Charles W. Dempster, Chicago Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Addison Dimmitt, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. George Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Dr. H. L. Donovan, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Athens, Greece
Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.
Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York President Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority
Mr. Emmitt Elam, Hyden, Ky. Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.
Mr. Rex Farmer, Hyden, Ky. Mr. Chris Queen, Peabody, Ky.
Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky. Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. William A. Galbraith, Sewickley, Pa. Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J. Mrs. John Sherwin, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.
Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Adolphus Staton, Washington, D. C.
Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Chicago
Mrs. Baylor O. Hickman, Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, England
Mr. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich. The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England
Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb (ret.), St. Mary's Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New York
City, Md. Mrs. Frederic Watson, Dorsetshire, England
Mr. C. Walter Hoskins, Hyden, Ky. Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Washington,
Dr. Francis Hutchins, Berea, Ky. D. C.
Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Cleveland, Ohio Mrs. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. Bruce Isaacs, Lexington, Ky. Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- | | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Chicago | Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, Rochester, Minn. | Dr. F. S. Mowry, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C. |
| Dr. John A. Bigler, Chicago | Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky. |
| Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Walter R. Parker, Detroit, Mich. |
| Dr. James W. Bruce, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Thomas Parran, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio | Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky. | Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove, Jersey City | Dr. E. D. Plass, Iowa City |
| Dr. Charles B. Crawford, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio |
| Dr. L. E. Daniels, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, Boston, Mass. | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Baltimore, Md. |
| Dr. Haven Emerson, New York | Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. A. W. Freeman, Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Gavin Fulton, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Henry J. Gerstenberger, Cleveland, Ohio | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass. |
| Dr. Marcia Hays, San Francisco | Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb. | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York |
| Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C. | Dr. Paul Titus, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Dr. Frederick C. Irving, Boston, Mass. | Dr. Bruce Underwood, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. W. O. Johnson, Louisville, Ky. | Dr. F. W. Urton, Louisville, Ky. |
| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Brookline, Mass. | Dr. Norris W. Vaux, Harrisburg, Pa. |
| Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., Baltimore, Md. | Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa. | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. George W. Kosmak, New York | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Dundee, New York |
| Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn. | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York |
| Dr. Hartman A. Lichtwardt, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Dr. Clifford B. Lull, Philadelphia, Pa. | Dr. Carnes Weeks, New York |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Dr. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich. | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y. |
| Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Washington, D. C. | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y. |

Inclusive of

MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Charles Kavanaugh, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. W. Marmaduke Brown, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. S. B. Marks, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Waller Bullock, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. F. W. Rankin, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky. |
- Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.

NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- | | |
|--|--|
| Miss Lyda W. Anderson, De Kalb, Ill. | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Mrs. Mrytle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Honor Murphy, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago | Miss Winifred Rand, Frankestown, N. H. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York | Miss Katharine Read, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, Washington, D. C. | Miss Ruth Riley, Fayetteville, Ark. |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York | Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York |
| Miss Margaret L. East, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Emilie G. Robson, St. Louis, Mo. |
| Col. Julia O. Flikke, Washington, D. C. | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Elizabeth M. Folckemer, Cleveland, Ohio | Miss Vanda Summers, New York |
| Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I. | Miss Effie J. Taylor, New Haven, Conn. |
| Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass. | Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C. |
| Miss Annie W. Goodrich, New Haven, Conn. | Miss E. C. Waddell, Detroit, Mich. |
| Miss Jessie Greathouse, Louisville, Ky. | Miss Mary E. Westphal, Chicago |
| Miss Lillian Hudson, New York | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va. |
| Miss Florence M. Johnson, New York | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Sally Johnson, Boston, Mass. | 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
Miss Lucille Knechtly

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

Field Supervisor
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 Mary K. MacMillan, B.A.

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

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

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director
Paul E. Adolph, M.D., M.Sc. (Med.),
F.A.C.S.

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

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

Assistant to Dean
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.

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

**Social Service Secretary
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)**
Miss Mary Jo Clark, 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 Hilda Sobral, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Gwendolen Jolleyman, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

.

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

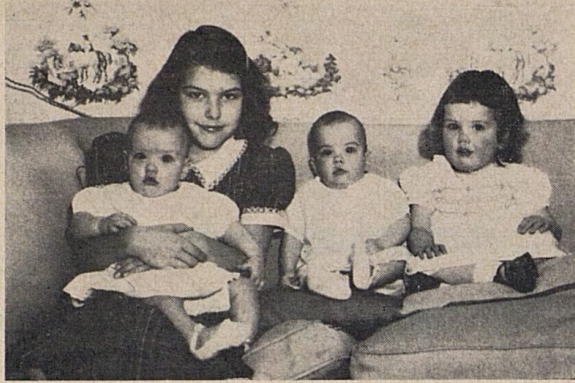
DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

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

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

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



FOUR FUTURE COURIERS

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Dailey
(Barbara White)

(From left to right)

SARAH, PAMELA, BARBARA, NANCY

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1950.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.
Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.
Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York, vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

(4) Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1950.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires January 25, 1951.)

THE ANGELS
IN A NATIVITY PAGEANT
AT
WENDOVER



WISE MEN AND SHEPHERDS
IN A NATIVITY PAGEANT
AT
WENDOVER

