

*The Quarterly Bulletin*  
of  
*The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.*  
NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME 20

SUMMER, 1944

NUMBER 1





## STRONGMOORE

The red truck given the Frontier Nursing Service by a friend in North Carolina and a friend in New Jersey, and named for both of them.

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.

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SUMMER, 1944

NUMBER 1

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under Act of March 3, 1879."

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HIFNER AND FORTUNE  
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

To the Officers and Trustees,  
Frontier Nursing Service, Incorporated,  
Lexington, Kentucky.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have made a detailed examination of your records and accounts for the fiscal year ended April 30th, 1944, with the result as disclosed on the annexed Exhibits and supporting Schedules.

Endowment and Memorial Funds were certified to us by the various Trustees therefor.

Contributions and gifts, in cash, have been checked against the Treasurer's receipts and reports and traced into the bank.

All disbursements have been verified by means of canceled checks and supporting vouchers, and the bank accounts have been reconciled and found correct.

In our opinion all monies have been duly and properly accounted for.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) HIFNER AND FORTUNE  
Certified Public Accountants.

Lexington, Kentucky  
May Eighteenth,  
Nineteen Forty-four.

ANNUAL REPORT  
of the  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.  
May 1, 1943, to April 30, 1944

PREFACE

In presenting a report on our nineteenth fiscal year, a year of such immense significance in terms of the war, we find it difficult to appraise this work apart from the war. On the one hand, we have had to assume added responsibilities; and on the other hand, we have had to see our way through a veritable jungle of confusion due to changes and marriages in the staff, the loss of skilled workers, the shortage of manpower and womanpower to carry a heavier than common load. It is a source of deep happiness to us to recall how superbly our staff, those old in the Service and those new in the Service, have carried on under difficulties and tensions unknown in times of peace. Due to them and to the continued support of our thousands of friends, who have royally met their share of war charities and bonds but have not let us down, we are able to present a report of finances and of operations not too far removed from the goal at which we aimed.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?"

I  
FISCAL REPORT

The fiscal statements in this annual report are taken from the exhibits and schedules of the audit, which was duly made by Hifner and Fortune, certified public accountants; and the figures in the report of operations are supplied by the statistical department of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Our receipts this year from all sources for running expenses, retirement of debt and new endowment were \$133,533.99 (Exhibit B of the audit). Of this total, the sum of \$15,848.31 is new endowment. The total number of subscribers to the Frontier Nursing Service during the year was 3,460, the largest num-

ber we have ever had. Total gifts and contributions were \$84,864.41 (Schedule B-5 of the audit), inclusive of \$2,551.00 from the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority and chapters for Social Service. Our investment income from endowment for the year was \$12,907.77. The grant of Federal scholarships for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was \$5,866.67 and the income from the Wendover Post Office was \$693.23. The Benefit of the Washington, D. C. Committee brought in \$3,114.90. The Bargain Box revenue and Benefit from the New York City Committee brought in \$3,050.00. The total receipts from medical, Hospital, and nursing fees was \$6,975.50. These are the main sources of income for the past fiscal year (Schedule B-1 of the audit).

#### ENDOWMENT

The total endowment funds of the Service up to date are taken from Exhibit D of the audit and are as follows:

Joan Glancy Memorial.....	\$ 5,000.00
Mary Ballard Morton Memorial.....	85,250.83
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 1.....	15,000.00
Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Fund No. 2.....	50,000.00
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial.....	15,000.00
Isabella George Jeffcott Memorial.....	2,500.00
Bettie Starks Rodes Memorial.....	5,000.00
Eliza Thackara Fund.....	1,118.87
Childrens' Christmas Fund in Memory of Barbara Brown	1,000.00
Marion E. Taylor Memorial.....	10,000.00
Fanny Norris Fund.....	10,000.00
Marie L. Willard Legacy.....	3,013.51
William Nelson Fant Memorial.....	77,159.43
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman Bonds.....	300.00
Lillian F. Eisaman Legacy.....	3,250.00
Anonymous General Endowments.....	102,400.00
Total .....	\$385,992.64

#### CASH IN BANKS

The current accounts and salaries of the Service were paid up in full at the close of the fiscal year, and the cash on hand in banks and petty cash funds was \$9,196.41.

#### INDEBTEDNESS

The Frontier Nursing Service was able to clear off \$5,000.00 of its old indebtedness this past year. We now only owe \$5,000.00 from a total of \$50,000.00 loaned by our Trustees during 1930-

1932, to enable us to tide over that difficult period. The Service also owes certain older members of its staff the sum of \$14,893.35, representing the amount, on a two-thirds basis, of unpaid salaries, voluntarily loaned the Service, during the same years of adjustment and reduction. This reduction of debt annually is met out of unrestricted endowment income and not out of subscriptions to the Frontier Nursing Service because every dollar given the Service goes directly into the work of the Service. When the indebtedness is cleared off, we plan to reinvest annually the same proportion of endowment income and increase our total endowments in that way.

REAL ESTATE, BUILDINGS, AND EQUIPMENT  
(From Exhibit C of the Audit)

The Frontier Nursing Service owns realty, equipment, and livestock conservatively estimated by our auditors, after adjustments in values have been written down or up, at \$259,778.95, all without lien.

INVENTORY

An inventory is taken every spring of the property of the Service. Among its major holdings are the following:

Hyden

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

Wendover

Three log houses, as follows: the Old House ("in memory of Breckie and Polly"), the older Cabin, the Ruth Draper Cabin; the Garden House; the Couriers' Log Barn and Aunt Jane's Barn; numerous smaller adjacent buildings such as the Upper

and Lower Shelf, heifer barn, horse hospital barn, tool house, chicken houses, forge, apple house, smoke house, engine house, fire hose houses, water tanks, and the Pebble Work Shop.

**Georgia Wright Clearing**

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

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

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

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

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

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**  
(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

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

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)

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

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

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

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**  
(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

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

**Subsidiary Clinics**

Five small clinic buildings on the following streams: Bull Creek, Stinnett (Mary B. Willeford Memorial), Grassy Branch,



Hell-for-Certain Creek, and the Nancy O'Driscoll Memorial on Cutshin Creek.

#### Livestock

Thirty-one horses; two mules; fifteen cows; three heifers; two calves; over four hundred chickens.

#### Equipment

Equipment includes: three old Ford cars (two Model A's for district use); one Ford station-wagon-ambulance; two old Chevrolets; tanks; engines; pumps; farm implements; plumbers' tools; fifty-three pairs of saddlebags; saddles; bridles; halters; hospital and dispensary supplies and hospital and household furnishings in twenty buildings variously located in a seven-hundred-square-mile area.

## II

### REPORT OF OPERATIONS

#### MEDICAL AND SURGICAL

It was in the fourth month of the past fiscal year that our Medical Director for nearly twelve years, Dr. John H. Kooser, left us for the Navy. He is now at sea in a Pacific area of operations. His successor, Dr. James M. Fraser, took over in August 1943. The work of Medical Director for the Service during the past fiscal year was therefore carried for approximately one-third of the time by Dr. Kooser and two-thirds of the time by Dr. Fraser.

Major surgery was handled by Dr. R. L. Collins of Hazard, who has carried it since our earliest days, in all weathers and at all hours of the day and night, and with no cost to us. His charges to the patients are in proportion to their ability to pay and include a great many free operations. As it was impossible to get a doctor to relieve for Dr. Fraser's all-too-brief vacation, Dr. Collins arranged to have acute surgical and accident cases relayed during that period to his mining hospital at Hazard and authorized our Hospital Superintendent to give specified emergency treatments to these patients when conditions required.

## HYDEN HOSPITAL

The Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden was occupied 5,201 days last year by 597 patients with a daily average of 14.2 patients. Of these patients, 361 were adults, including 224 obstetrical patients, 106 were children and 130 were newborn. There were 13 deaths in the Hospital during the fiscal year, of which one was newborn and none were obstetrical. At the Medical Director's clinics in the outpatient department of the Hospital there was a total of 5,130 visits received during the past fiscal year.

## DISTRICTS

In the 13 districts carried by the Frontier Nursing Service from the Hospital, Wendover, and 7 outpost centers, we attended 8,012 people in 1,637 families. Of these 4,527 were children, including 2,051 babies and toddlers. The district nurses paid 18,060 visits and received 19,529 visits at the nursing centers and at their subsidiary clinics. Included in this figure are the 5,130 visits received at the Hyden clinics. Beside nursing care was given to 1,157 sick people on the districts, of whom 29 died.

At the request of the State Board of Health, the Frontier Nursing Service gave 6,629 inoculations and vaccines against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, et cetera, and sent 1,729 specimens for analysis.

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

## MIDWIFERY

**Registered Cases**

The nurse-midwives and the student midwives of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (under supervision of their instructors) delivered 327 women in childbirth, including 1 miscarriage, and gave them full prenatal and postpartum care. Exclusive of the miscarriage there were 322 live births and 8 stillbirths. There were 4 deliveries of twins. There were 339

new cases admitted and 312 closed after postpartum care. There were no maternal deaths.

#### Emergency Cases

In addition to these regular registered maternity cases, the nurse-midwives and midwifery students of the Graduate School were called in for 7 emergency deliveries, where the mother had not been registered or given prenatal care, which resulted in 7 live births; and for 13 emergency miscarriages (11 early and 2 late). There were no maternal deaths.

#### Outside-Area Cases

There were 57 deliveries in the group of cases outside the area covered by the Frontier Nursing Service, but not emergencies since these cases had all come to the nurses to register and receive prenatal care. Of these 57 cases, 53 were delivered in the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden. Two of these deliveries were twins, one of the four twins being a still-born. There were 55 live births and 4 stillbirths in this group, and no maternal deaths.

We did not get a marked drop in the number of patients handled in our maternity work during the past fiscal year. In the previous year we delivered 407 women in all categories; namely, registered cases, emergency cases, and outside-area cases. During the past fiscal year in the same three categories we delivered 405 women.

#### THE FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY

The report for the midwifery training school for the past fiscal year covers the completion of the six months' course for the sixth and seventh classes of graduate students and the first half of the course for the eighth class. All of the students in the sixth and seventh classes passed successfully the final examinations given by Dr. Chenoweth from the Board of Health of the Commonwealth of Kentucky and were authorized to use the letters C. M. (Certified Midwife) in addition to their R. N. (Registered Nurse). The nurses from Georgia, Indiana, and West Virginia (Miss Ruth Davis, Miss Gene Stout, Mrs. Catherine Lory, and Miss Alberta Morgan) returned to their own

States to work. Miss Gladys Moberg, Miss Grace Reeder, Miss Jane Rainey, and Miss Doris Reid remained with the Frontier Nursing Service.

#### CADETS

The Frontier Nursing Service has undertaken for the first time the training of cadets in rural district nursing under the terms of the Bolton Act. This, like the training of graduate nurses in midwifery, is a measure brought about by the war to equip nurses for work in rural areas. Through affiliation with The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, we took in the late spring four of their senior cadet nurses for approximately five months' training in rural district nursing. These cadets are the Misses Alexander, Bloomer, Chapman, and Cyr. They are placed, except for a brief period in the Hospital at Hyden, with experienced district nurse-midwives who act as Field Supervisors for the Frontier Nursing Service. Under the terms of the Bolton Act they are given full maintenance, horses (which are required on all but one of the districts), and a stipend of thirty dollars a month. This experiment of the Frontier Nursing Service is meeting with uniformly happy results. The cadets are learning eagerly and are responding superbly to such responsibility as can be given them. Their training does not include midwifery as they are not graduate nurses.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT (Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)

The Social Service Department gave care to 13 dependent or semi-dependent children during the past year. They were placed as follows:

- 8 in private homes in the mountains
- 1 at Berea College
- 2 at a mission school
- 2 at the State Blind School

During the past year, a number of dependent children became eligible for help under the Aid to Dependent Children's Act and needed less help financially from the Social Service Department, and in some cases needed no financial help at all, but the Social Service Secretary co-operated with the welfare workers in the counties in connection with them. Other children who

needed aid received it through allotments from their soldier fathers, but Social Service time in a number of cases was given in connection with these children, particularly with some who are motherless.

Social Service gave intensive care to 15 families (widows and bedridden fathers) and, through the generosity of a Chicago Trustee, gave garden seed, seed potatoes and potato grower, onion sets, sweet potato slips, and so forth, to 12 of these families. The Social Service Secretary had the assistance of the County Agricultural Agent in the purchase of these supplies. Included in these families were two tuberculous widows.

The Social Service Secretary acted as the agent for a family receiving state and county "Idiots' Claim."

The Social Service Department received and distributed hundreds of articles of clothing and hundreds of books and gave food and other assistance.

The Social Service Secretary took 46 patients to dentists and oculists in Hazard and paid the charges, which were refunded later by such of the patients as could meet them through work or produce.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad issued 54 passes to the Social Service Department for patients and attendants taken out on this railroad for medical and hospital care in Louisville, Lexington, and Cincinnati.

#### GUESTS

The Frontier Nursing Service entertained at Wendover 78 overnight guests a total of 314 days and 199 guests for a total of 420 meals only. Included among these guests are both outside and mountain friends. Included also are the physicians who came to us through UNRRA in order to study the medical aspects of our remotely rural work before their assignments overseas. No exact record has been kept of the guests at the Hyden Hospital and seven outpost centers.

#### VOLUNTEER WORKERS

Twenty-three couriers and other volunteer workers worked for the Frontier Nursing Service a total of 1,200 days. They lived at Wendover, Hyden and the outpost centers.

## CHRISTMAS

The Frontier Nursing Service gave toys, fruit, and candy to more than 5,000 children at Christmas, and clothing to those who needed it. The Service also held Christmas parties at many different places for these children, with Santa Claus and Christmas carols.

## NINETEEN-YEAR TOTALS

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

Patients registered from the beginning.....	26,036
Babies and toddlers.....	10,904
School children.....	5,662
Total children.....	16,566
Midwifery cases (reg.) delivered.....	5,598
Inoculations—Total .....	129,658
Typhoid .....	91,441
T.A.T. or Toxoid .....	22,322
Other .....	15,895
Nursing visits paid in homes.....	345,784
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' regular clinics.....	323,476
Visits received at doctors' and nurses' special clinics*.....	93,989
Patients admitted into the Hyden Hospital**.....	6,746
Number of days of occupation in Hyden Hospital**.....	66,696

## III

## BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1944-1945

The budget for the current fiscal year, voted on and passed by the Executive Committee and the Board of Trustees at their Twentieth Annual Meeting in Louisville, Kentucky, on May 25, 1944, is set at \$109,000.00. This represents an increase of \$5,000.00 over our annual budget for the last several years. This increase was made necessary by the four following facts.

First, the item called Feed, Care and Purchase of Horses, which for years has cost only a little over \$6,000.00 annually, jumped during the past year to over \$9,000.00. Oats, which in 1943 were \$2.73 per 96-lb. sack, had risen in 1944 to \$3.44 a sack. Corn, which in 1943 was \$2.65 per 100-lb. sack, had risen in 1944 to \$4.25 a sack. Hay, which in 1943 was \$28.25 a ton

\* These include clinics held by visiting physicians in gynecology; neurology; eye, ear, nose and throat; trachoma; orthopedics; pediatrics; helminthology (worms, including hook worm); and pellagra.

\*\* For 15 years and 6 months. The F. N. S. Hospital at Hyden was opened in the fiscal year 1928-1929 and operated only six months in that year.

(delivered to Hazard), had risen in 1944 to \$32.30 a ton. The sum total of all these increases in price has added \$3,000.00 to the cost of maintaining our horses. Our feed is bought through wholesale houses and our hay is bought in car-load lots direct through the brokerage firms (skipping the wholesale houses) and the price per ton is the price of delivery at Hazard in car-load lots. Since we cannot do with less horses than we have in constant use, we had to add \$3,000.00 to the budget to cover the increased cost in their feed.

Second, the Executive Committee, at a meeting in November 1943, decided to increase the insurance carried on all of the properties of the Frontier Nursing Service. This added another \$1,000.00 to the budget.

Third, the figure we have carried in our former budgets for repair, upkeep, and replacements was set at \$2,500.00 only. In this year's budget it is \$3,850.00. Our properties are valued conservatively by our auditors at \$259,778.95. We cannot keep them in a minimum state of repair for a figure as low as \$2,500.00 which represents less than one per cent on the property valuation.

Fourth, the exact cost of the cadets adds \$1,350.00 to the budget. In advance of their coming, half this cost was met by a Trustee.

These are the reasons why there was an increase of \$5,000.00 in this year's budget. In previous budgets we have had an item of \$1,600.00 for contingencies. We struck that out of this budget since these contingencies practically always occur in repairs and replacements. This brings the budget to \$109,000.00 as follows:

Field Salaries .....	\$ 59,000.00
Field Expenses (General):	
1. (Bulletin, stationery, stamps, printing and appeals, auditing, advertising, telephone and telegraph, office supplies, etc.).....	8,000.00
2. (Dispensary and Hospital supplies, freight and hauling, car expenses and gasoline, laundry, fuel, etc.) .....	17,000.00
Feed, Care and Purchase of Horses.....	9,000.00
Social Service Department.....	3,000.00
Repayment of Borrowed Money.....	1,000.00
Insurance (Fire, Employer's Liability, insurance on five cars, a station wagon and a truck) .....	\$ 2,600.00
Repairs, Upkeep and Replacements.....	3,850.00

Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery (scholarships)....	3,200.00
Cadets (stipend, maintenance, and horse transport).....	1,350.00
Miscellaneous Promotional Expenses (Invitations, stamps, petty cash sent to outside city committees for annual meetings and benefits, etc.)	1,000.00
TOTAL .....	\$109,000.00

### CONCLUSION

The 3,460 friends of the Frontier Nursing Service who contributed to its support during the past fiscal year will forgive the length of this report because they will recognize that our only wish in writing so fully is to tell them what use we have made of their money. Over a period of years, we have stressed the two things that the Frontier Nursing Service most needs. One is an increase in endowments. Our endowment income for the past several years has made it possible to balance our budget. Added endowments, with their returns quarterly, would take care of increases in costs and unexpected demands. The second thing the need of which we stress is for at least two thousand more annual subscribers of small sums from our basic two-dollar-a-year membership on up. Two thousand additional subscribers who averaged five dollars each annually would bring in ten thousand dollars a year. It is just that last ten thousand dollars that we find it so terribly hard to secure in times like these.

We have operated so long under remotely rural conditions and have had to balance costs so carefully that we know how to get the value out of each dollar and how to cut our expenditures to the bare bone. Ours is a field of philanthropy unique in American life. It covers a vast area of rugged country and cares for many thousands of people who have no other care. In addition, it trains skilled workers for other rural fields of work and entertains people from all over the world who want to study such work at first-hand. It is like a great university extension in public health, medical, nursing, and hospital care, in social service adapted to rural needs, in graduate training, in child welfare, and in maternal care. The joy with which our supporters help us and follow our work through the pages of our Quarterly Bulletin make us realize that there are thousands of other people who would be as interested if the work were



brought to their attention. We hope that our friends will enlist the support of new friends to enable us to carry on through the strains and stresses of these war years.

It only remains for us to thank you, all of you, for your loyal friendship shown us in so many kind acts and expressions of interest during the past fiscal year.

E. S. JOUETT, Chairman

C. N. MANNING, Treasurer

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Director

---

*Between Midnight and Morning*

From

*War-time Verses* (London, Constable, 1915)

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes  
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife  
And trust that out of night and death shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life:

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,  
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,  
To live in these great times and have your part  
In Freedom's crowning hour;

That you may tell your sons who see the light  
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:  
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!  
I saw the morning break!"

This poem was recited by the late Lord  
Lothian at the end of his speech to the  
Pilgrims at New York, on October 25, 1939.

## A NIGHT NURSE'S FOUR DAYS OFF

by

MARY L. LeFEVRE, R. N.

Night duty at the F.N.S. Hospital at Hyden is of three weeks duration, rotated among the general duty nurses on the hospital staff. At its termination, the night nurse is given four days off to make up for over time, and she usually has definite



THE AUTHOR AND PINAFORE

plans made a week or two ahead. When I came off night duty September 28, 1943, I was the youngest member of the staff, and the country and F.N.S. organization were new to me. My greatest pleasure is riding a horse through the mountains, and my plan was to ride to the nursing center at Flat Creek and return by a different way to Wendover. Monday was my last night on duty. After sleeping until lunch time Tuesday, I finished packing my saddlebags. With my head full of instructions and a visual picture of the map of the country, I started up Rockhouse Road on Pinafore. We did not think much of each other at first, but our relationship improved as we became better acquainted.

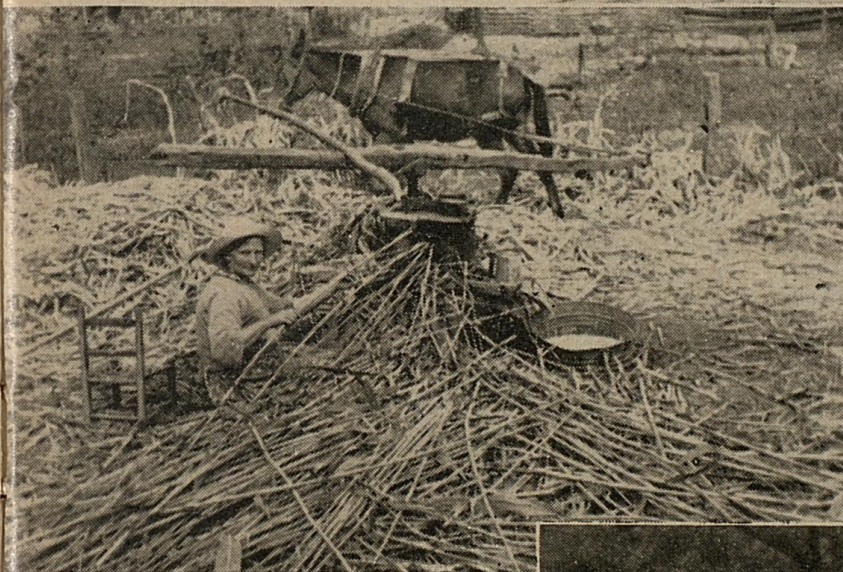
About six miles up the main highway we turned off onto



CUTTING  
THE  
SORGHUM  
CANE



HAULING  
THE  
CANE



GINNING  
THE  
CANE  
TO EXTRACT THE JUICE

THE STIR-OFF  
WHERE  
THE JUICE OF  
THE CANE  
BECOMES  
SORGHUM  
MOLASSES



the Gilbert Creek Road which was built a number of years ago, through virgin forest, for logging trucks. For miles there is not a single visible habitation, although in sandy places one could tell children had been playing because of the imprints of little bare feet. Except for a feeling of uncertainty due to the fact that I had never been over the road before, every moment was a source of pleasure. The trees had not yet taken on their most brilliant coloring, but here and there were promises of what was to come. Gay autumn flowers were scattered along the way and occasionally arrow-wood with its scarlet berries relieved the more sombre forest tones. The air was laden with the good smell of fallen leaves and pine. The silence was broken only by the sound of Pinafore's feet and the creak of saddle leather. We reached Flat Creek about 6 p. m. where Gonnie (Ethel Gonzalez) gave us a hearty welcome. Wednesday was Gonnie's clinic day. She had over fifty youngsters come in that morning for "shots" of various kinds, mainly diphtheria and pertussis.

Thursday morning Pinafore and I started for Wendover by way of Bowen's Creek. We passed a cut-over field of sorghum where there were evidences of a "stir-off". That was a process I wanted to see. We had not gone very far past a saw mill on Bowen's Creek when we came on a "stir-off" in full swing at Mrs. Bertha Osborne's. At the barn three men with the help of a mule were operating a cane mill which extracts the juice from the stems of sorghum. Farther up the lane, not far from the house, another group was boiling the juice down from a light green frothy liquid to the golden brown syrup. I stopped and made myself known. My requests for pictures and a taste of the finished product were graciously complied with. Mrs. Osborne asked me to stay for dinner, and but for the fact that there was a long ride ahead of me, I would have. Pinafore and I arrived at Wendover about four-thirty that afternoon in a drizzle of rain.

Friday morning, Rose Avery, nurse-midwife in charge of Wendover district, took me with her on a home delivery up Camp Creek. The prospective mother had everything ready for herself and the new arrival. She insisted that a chicken be caught and prepared for us. When matters took on a more serious aspect she made me feel quite important by saying she needed me to hold her hand during certain crucial moments. All in all,

it was a most satisfying experience, and certainly would banish any doubts one might have about becoming a midwife.

After dinner that night Jean Hollins rode with me through the gloaming to the mouth of Muncy where Vanda picked me up in Heidi, to return to Hyden Hospital and work on the morrow.

POSTSCRIPT: Since this story was written, Mary LeFevre has taken her training in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and is now a certified midwife as well as a registered nurse.

---



BIG SISTER

## OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Richard Hays Hawkins, Jr. (Christine Ekengren) Sydney, Australia—April 3, 1944.**

We have moved three times in as many years, and frankly I'd just as soon stay put for a while. We have a swell house now, over-looking the harbor and with a nice garden. I feel as if I had spent half my life in Sydney, and it is a queer feeling to think that the people I know so well here don't know anyone I know at home—sort of like being two people, or having two lives, especially since no one at home has seen the children. Gay (*her little girl*) was so tiny I don't count the few months she was there.

**From Mary Elizabeth Rogan in Burma—April-May, 1944.**

We've acquired a radio which has been in use constantly since yesterday when it was put in. Now we can get excellent programs from the States; and Radio Tokio, of all stupid things, has wonderful music—both classical and otherwise.

We've begun wearing dresses during the afternoon because it's gotten so warm. We have to change into trousers tucked into socks at five o'clock on account of Annie, the Malaria Mosquito, but at least we are cool till then—and after that the heat isn't so bad anyway.

Don't talk to me about rats! We were quite free of them for a while until recently when a regiment took over the area. One Company moved in with us—the only thing being that they've got us completely confused by bringing along the Air Corps. They use paratroopers to jump on our clothes which are hanging on bamboo poles—away from the walls and off the floor—while the ground forces take care of things like shoes and rugs and anything we may have inadvertently left lying about. One member of the ground forces (I believe he was in the Cavalry) took ten years off my life night before last by galloping back and forth beside my bed making hissing noises at me like a large-sized Tom Cat. That did it and the next morning I

had everyone from the C. O. down to the natives devising ways and means of exterminating the wretched beasts. We do have traps but the reconnaissance parties take care of those, skipping lightly over them, and marking them—so that when the troops arrive they need have no fear of booby traps. Ye Gods, what a war!

Just in case you're interested the Monsoons have started in our part of the world and it's plenty wet! Not as wet as it's going to be but definitely damp. It's been cool enough so that we've been able to keep a fire going in our basha both day and night so that things will stay comparatively dry but in another month or so I'm sure the Club will have moss hanging from the ceiling. At least from now on we won't have to worry about our fresh water supply since the Boss has built us some eaves troughs to catch rain water in—they're tilted into 10-gallon G.I. cans and so far they've been full to overflowing.

The boys' description of the aqua situation I think is extremely apt—they say it's too thick to drink and too thin to plough.

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**From Fanny McIlvain, Downingtown, Pennsylvania—**

May 8, 1944.

I have a good many things in the garden and we expect to plant our oats tomorrow. I have been using the tractor quite a lot, but do not like it very much, although it is much faster than horses would be.

I am afraid that I was not cut out to be a gardener but I haven't much choice in the matter. With both the farm and the garden and only Harvey (our man of all work) and myself, it is impossible to get everything done. The weeds in the strawberry bed are terrible, but there is nothing that we can do about them now. I hope that next month we shall have a high-school boy for the summer and that will help.

Alan (*her brother*) has left camp and I guess is on his way overseas.

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**From Mrs. Lewis Rodman Page, Jr. (Shelia Clark)**

Narragansett, R. I.—May 12, 1944.

We are still up here in Rhode Island and I must say I am

very happy about it as having a home of my own, and Roddy and Pam together for the first time, is too perfect. Pam is beginning to talk now and took a step by herself the other day so you see from now on she will be a handful. Mummy rented our house at home for the summer so whether the Navy wills it so or not we will be here until October. It will be nifty to be by the ocean during the heat of the summer. I hope my brother will get home from New Guinea sometime. He is a bombardier on a Liberator bomber out there. He has seen plenty of action as you can imagine, and was coming home this month but they decided to keep them out there. We are all sunk—I have only seen him one week in two years now.

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**From Mrs. Raymond Joseph Kelly, Jr. (Patricia Pettit),  
Racine, Wisc.—May 19, 1944.**

When I was preparing a talk on the F. N. S. to give before the Ladies Guild of the Episcopal Church here in Racine, I was afraid that things would seem a little hazy after so long but fortunately mother had kept all my letters. Apparently I wrote her volumes every day and kept notes while I was on rounds.

It was all so clear, I lost track of the time and when I finished the last letter I wrote the night before I left, sitting in Aggie's room—listening to the rain and river—I had a lump in my throat as if I were leaving again. I also had my scrap book with all my pictures and it was wonderful fun to look at them as I read the titles: "Green on Captain Pat at the ford", "Toto on Dr. Kooser's pony", "Minnie and Foxie", "Robin and his bad leg", "Sylvia and Tramp", "Charlie on Puck leaving for Hyden", "Neville, Tommy and the calf when we started back to Wendover", "Lassie kicking off her saddlebags", and "Little two-day-old Wildfire".

It took me quite a while to get back to Wisconsin and I think even today I'm still half at Wendover. I hope all the couriers still have their letters and pictures so they, too, can take a trip back, sitting in their houses or wherever they are.

My baby is fine—fat and happy—and I have been very busy doing my own work, taking care of the baby, two dogs and my little hackney driving pony.



**From Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson),  
Washington, D. C.—May 19, 1944.**

James (*her baby son*) and I came home in mid-April for a visit, and unexpectedly Sam (*her husband*) turned up here last Friday so we all return to California next Monday. I wish I could see you all, but we must get this war over first.

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**From Mrs. William Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),  
Leesburg, Florida—May 25, 1944.**

We have moved again! My husband was transferred to be the Director of the U.S.O. in Leesburg, Florida, on only two days' notice. We packed up all our belongings and had our furniture stored and I was on my way to Houston with the three boys—with reservations!—and the dog was traveling via express, in less than forty-eight hours! It was something like a whirlwind, but really not so bad as it sounds. I stayed in Houston with my parents for three weeks till Bill had a house for us and our furniture had arrived. My boys are all fine, brown as berries. We are reveling in being all together and don't know how long it will last.

July 31, 1944.

We have been awfully worried about my sister but finally we have received word that she and her baby have been safely evacuated from London after living a month with the robots. The baby developed a bad hernia the same day as the Invasion started and I'm afraid she must have had a nightmarish time. Her husband is, of course, still in London working all day and fighting the robots all night.

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**From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack), Decatur,  
Illinois—May 29, 1944.**

My husband has been commissioned as lieutenant (jg.) in the Navy, and I am living with my folks for a while, anyway. Bob is at indoctrination school in Florida living in so-called barracks (hotel) and does not have much liberty while there. We have sold the farm but before he left, Bob built me a barn for my horses at Halecroft (my Dad's farm). I have a three-year-old colt that has been neglected in the midst of my making

a home and having a baby. I hope to break her soon. Although it seems as if I ought to be spending that time on war work, if I let her go this summer she will become too headstrong to handle. Dad has his garden at the farm too, so I grab a ride with him which means I'm not taking gas for Firefly's training, anyway.

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**From Nancy Cadwalader, Joppa, Maryland—May 30, 1944.**

I wish I could get down for a while, but the farm is needing me. The farmer died this spring and as yet we haven't been able to get anyone else so I have been plowing and discing and planting and next week starts the haying season. There is always plenty to do! (*See Weddings.*)

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**From T/S Nancy Dammann, Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia—**

June 3, 1944.

This is a formal letter of request. Could I please apply for the position of courier six months after this mess? Wendover certainly would be heaven. Of course I may not be a good courier as I have gained in the army a distinct aversion to early hours, KP, orders, neatness and scrubbing. Seriously, I can think of no nicer thing to come back to.

We have been working terribly hard trying to handle the new recruits. Finally, though, I have been transferred and am now in training for an overseas assignment. As that is what I have been begging for for over a year, I am terribly happy.

I shall send you my APO card soon and please keep me posted on the doings at Wendover. Jerry wrote that the couriers were now driving a truck. It sounds fun. I hope you haven't been too short-handed and that you aren't too involved with pump parts, diapers and horse shoes.

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**c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California—**

July 18, 1944.

The above is my fairly permanent address. I would appreciate it very much if you would send the FNS Bulletins. Not long ago while I was still "Somewhere on the West Coast" I received your Spring Bulletin. I took it with me on a five-mile

hike and read it in the ten minute breaks they gave us. It was the one redeeming feature of the hike. I certainly hope I can get back to Kentucky after the war.

We had a very pleasant trip over. Most of our time was spent on deck gossiping with the G. I.'s and looking for mythical fish.

Australia is a wonderful place. It and its people remind me a great deal of the West. They are a friendly informal race. Strangely enough they consider us super-polite and well groomed. That's the first time I've ever heard that said about an American. Their clothes look old and thin, their houses thin and unstable and they have no heating. It's winter here now and we really notice the lack of heat. The only fire in our camp is in the kitchen. KP for once is a coveted job. We keep warm by wearing sweaters galore under our coveralls and by going to bed with canteens full of hot water.

As you probably know, they are rather severely rationed here. They gave us a year's supply of coupons and as far as I can figure they would just about cover one bathrobe. But fruit is plentiful. There are pineapples, bananas and oranges galore. Meat is fairly easy to obtain also.

We are stationed in a WAC area fairly near town. Six of us live in a small windy hut in comparative luxury. We sleep on canvas cots minus mattresses, an art we are slowly growing used to. Our food is good if simple. It's served and eaten in our mess huts. Table cloths and china will certainly seem good. The camp boasts a small post exchange where we can buy cakes, ice cream and conservative cosmetics, and attend a movie three times a week. You can see that they treat us well. I don't yet have a job so I can't tell you about that (the censor probably wouldn't let me anyhow) but the rumors about jobs sound good. All in all it's a good deal, and an experience I wouldn't miss for the world.

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**From Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (Lucy Pitts),  
Oldtown, Florida—June 15, 1944.**

Bill is stationed at Cross City, Florida now, and I am here with him. Several of us from the squadron are living in tourist cabins about nine miles from town. Our front doors open on

the famous Suwannee River, and it is really lovely. Cross City itself is about the size of Hyden. It makes me quite homesick for the Kentucky mountains. Perhaps I can stop and see you all on my way home.

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**From Phyllis Long (Fifi), Boston Massachusetts—**

June 23, 1944.

We have just moved to Cohasset for the summer. I'm afraid I'm not going to be here very long either as I leave at the crack of dawn tomorrow for Alford Lake Camp, which is in Maine. I'm going to be a counselor and assistant in riding. I go for July and August. I expect to be the perfect little mother when I arrive home, as I have four children I have to take care of the entire time. (Tense!!!)

July 20, 1944.

It was neat to get your letter saying that I could come back again at Christmas. Am looking forward to it already.

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**From Carmen Mumford, "British Hill Station" In  
India—June 15, 1944.**

Up here it is blessedly cool and a person can begin to feel human again—not like an oven-hot automaton. It's marvelous.

I am in the foothills of the Himalayas and the terrain is much like that of Leslie County only on a far larger, and somewhat steeper scale. This is cut-over land, and there is much evidence of erosion. Hillsides are terraced in some spots and I've watched crops and means of subsistence with an interest based on my past Kentucky experience and our many conversations around that subject (for the problems seems similar), thinking often of Mr. Deaton, the missionary-agriculturist we used to visit when coming in to Hyden from Hazard. The people here make much more use of goats. One finds them everywhere and they thrive—but of course it's cooler here than there. Then, too, the demands of the low-caste Indian coolie are far less than those of the poorest American, so that subsistence to them is not comparable to what it is to us.

Actually, though, it's not very convenient or easy to ferret out facts and figures of a sober nature, for this is definitely a

resort town and an American tourist's days revolve around ways and means of having fun—and we certainly have been having it. Dances and movies at nights, walks, horseback riding, bazaar shopping during the daytime. The passing scene of the one main highway that runs level the length of the town is fascinating. There is no motor transport action. One either uses one's legs or takes a horse or a Tonza, a rickshaw or a dandy. The last two are maneuvered by man-power alone. Rickshaws have five men on them—two in front and three behind and are hired for about seventy cents an hour. The public ones tend to be "buggy" with the pullers unbelievably ragged, but the private ones owned by Maharajahs, members of the Congress and such like important personages, are tony, with the bearers all in brilliant uniforms and the rickshaws tastefully decorated! Dandys are one-seated affairs on the order of a box with a pole at either end and carried by two men. I haven't yet screwed up my courage to ride in one of these, but shall before I leave, being a devotee of the "when in Rome . . ." idea. To get back to the passing scene, all races and types of people are in evidence. Hindus in sarees, Mohammedans in bulkas, completely covered and looking to this foreign eye like miniature movable tents. Czechs, Russians, Armenians, French—the disfranchised peoples of the world; military from many nations, on leave—and all of us conforming in some degree to the British-Indian way of life. This by the way includes something known as "chotahazra" served at seventy every morning and partaken of in bed—the English "tea and toast". Before I so much as get one eye open in the morning the bearer has brought the above, cleaned my shoes, fetched the hot water, and for all I know said a prayer over me. Quite different isn't it from a rapid bowl of shredded wheat and the eight-sixteen subway? Another interesting common bond that holds this conglomeration of people together is American jazz and swing! Every evening we all sway and swing to the same tunes—"You Are My Sunshine", "Don't Get Around Much Anymore", "Goodnight, Sweetheart", "Paper Doll". Of course, it is only the European educated people who come to these parties. It is hard to imagine what pleasure a Hindu lady, lately emerged from Purdah, finds in Paper Doll. On the other hand, perhaps she understands it better than we do!

How I do go on! By the way, did I tell you Mary Lib Rogan is around here somewhere but I haven't met her yet.

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**From Mrs. David Alexander Bridewell (Celia Coit),  
Lebanon, Tennessee—June 23, 1944.**

David was in Officers Candidate School for the Judge Advocate General's Staff in Ann Arbor, Michigan, from November until the middle of March, when he came out as a second lieutenant, very happy, proud, and exhausted. We had ten days' leave and then drove east to Washington where he'd been ordered for an indefinite period—probably the duration. I joined the local Red Cross, met lots of pleasant people and was loving it there. Our house was an addition built, about fifteen years ago, on to the back of an adorable old pink brick—low ceilings, pre-revolutionary house. We loved it. It was our first home. The afternoon I was uncrating some stuff from Chicago, David returned and announced he'd been ordered to a special School in Claims at Lebanon, Tennessee for probably two weeks! As you can imagine, we were a bit downcast. So, for the first time, I decided to camp follow.

We left Fairfax on a Tuesday and took four days to drive here. It was absolutely glorious. The dogwood, mountain laurel, azaleas, and red maples were all out. Much of the scenery reminded me of around Wendover.

This is the first class (of this special school) and it has only thirty men. They are studying foreign claims and will be either in England, or more probably, on the continent. It's a good position—they follow along just behind the invading army—and they all seem to be pleased with it.

When we leave here, I shall stay East until David sails, pack everything up and drive home (Chicago). I have great admiration for the wives who've been camp-following for two years now.

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**From Mrs. Gilbert Watts Humphrey (Lulu Ireland),  
Cleveland, Ohio—June 30, 1944.**

I got home (at my mother's) from the hospital Monday and ever since I've been back, the twins, great dane and Bud's

cocker and "Funnybone" (remember him?) have all been on my bed continually! The baby is fine and healthy, of course he's a blonde! (*See Babies.*)

We left Arlington the middle of April. Our family officially broke up at that time. My mother came and took Margo and the dogs back to Cleveland to stay with her. Bud, George and I went to Norfolk.

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**From Mrs. Joseph Frank Knowles, Jr. (Miggy Noyes),  
Intervale, N. H.—July 11, 1944.**

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your letter of last winter with so much news of doings at Wendover. It must be ten years or more since I was with you but everything comes back into the sharpest focus the minute a letter or a Bulletin comes in to kindle the memories! I had a letter from Sally Morrison Kerlin this a. m. who now has a son as well as a daughter. At this moment I am in the hospital recovering from the arrival of Emily Knowles on June 29. (*See Babies.*) Now I, too, have one of each.

I also had a card from Mardi Perry who is still in Providence and still seems to have her husband around. I saw her a few months back and she seemed in fine shape.

Joe (my husband) is overseas now with the Allied Military Government—he still hasn't heard of the birth of his daughter—but I'm always hoping the word may get through to him if I pelt him with enough letters and cables.

July 29, 1944.

Since I wrote you I have heard from husband Joe, who is now in France, and safe.

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**From Elizabeth Cuddy (Bubbles), Blue Hill Falls, Me.—  
July 14, 1944.**

I have graduated (or have been demoted whichever it is) to doing a little night duty. This is my second siege of it but it only lasts a week at a time. I'm all alone and really think it's quite a bit of fun for a change. By the end of the week that colt of mine begins to wonder why the great desertion.

**From Ruth Chase, Orangeburg, New York—July 15, 1944.**

This is written in a big hurry before leaving. Have finally gotten my orders to go overseas though of course I have no idea of our destination—only hope it is somewhere over the Atlantic! Am still in Physiotherapy with the Army Medical Department, to be differentiated from the WAC, and have been putting in my time first at Devens and then at Cushing General, the new hospital at Framingham.

I just wanted to be sure my little bit was in before I left and to wish all of you at the F. N. S. the best of everything!

**From Frances Baker (Franny), Brookline,  
Massachusetts—July 16, 1944.**

I've been doing Nurse's Aide every day for months and love it. I've been working in the operating room as a "circulating nurse" and have seen every kind of operation. I work from seven-thirty to one-thirty and then come home, and between weeding and picking in the garden, mowing lawns, and painting walls, manage to keep myself out of mischief. Believe it or not.

**From Elsie Rockefeller, Greenwich, Connecticut—  
July 17, 1944.**

I love hearing all the Wendover news and it makes me quite homesick. I am sure Jean must be having a difficult time with the horse problems. I talked to Katherine Clarke on the phone yesterday after she'd just returned from farming in Vermont. I hope to see her before she goes back again.

I am Nurse's Aiding every day plus one evening a week so you see I am fairly busy. In my free time I try to get to the beach which presents a big problem with gasoline rationing. I hope to get away to the Adirondacks for a week in August, but the Hospital (St. Luke's) is so hectic I hate to leave them stranded. Maybe by then things will have quieted down a little.

**From Doris Sinclair, Williamstown, Massachusetts—  
July 20, 1944.**

I'm just finishing up my month's vacation. I spent the first



ten days in Princeton with my sister. Her husband is in the Navy and teaching there. They are living in our old house, and it certainly seemed funny to be living there again. My next oldest sister's husband has just gotten back from eighteen months in the Pacific as a fighter pilot. His baby was ten months old before he even saw her. They are now out in California where he is stationed as an instructor for at least six months. My brother is with the American Field Service in India, so you see our family is quite spread out over the map.

I guess I won't get any more vacation until I finish at Johns Hopkins in September 1945, as I'm planning to take six months' exemption which doesn't allow for any vacation time. It seems like an awfully long stretch at the moment.

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**From Mrs. John R. Pugh (Weezy Myers), New York  
City—July 28, 1944.**

I have been living here in a nice little apartment with David since the middle of April. I haven't been doing anything but take care of him and the place but if I send him to school in the fall I may be able to do some part-time work.

I had a radio message from Johnny (*Major Pugh is a Prisoner in Japan*) in April, saying that at last he had received mail, but since then no news.

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**From Louise Taylor (Weezy), New York City—  
August 3, 1944.**

I am still at Gibbs and Cox and enjoying my job so much and my fellow workers. What my plans will be after the war—goodness knows—perhaps I will stay on in New York.

Betsy Parsons Warner came down to New York for a few days this spring and she looked so well and is launching forth on a fine literary career as you probably know. Stories accepted by the *New Yorker* and *Good Housekeeping*.

I've adored reading the letters in the *F. N. S. Bulletin* from overseas of the couriers and nurses. I am on the reserve list at the Red Cross in New York for an overseas Hospital Staff Aide.

**From Mrs. T. H. Parker (Suzannah Ayer), Boston  
Massachusetts—August 11, 1944.**

I have just returned from a glorious, cool month on the Cape. Susan Morse Putnam and her children spent the month with me and we often discussed you and compared notes on our experiences in the Kentucky Mountains. As her husband is also away we have much in common and comforted each other.

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**From Linda Hardon, Cody, Wyoming—August 13, 1944.**

Each time I receive the Bulletin, I think of every one at Wendover and wonder how things are going. I can't believe it is almost three years since I was there. So much has happened in that time.

I left my job the end of May and came out here to work for the Riddles for the whole summer. I do a little of everything: washing dishes, cleaning, riding colts or rather, I should say, broncs, as I have been bucked off several times. The horse-breaker is supposed to take the buck out of them before I sit them, but every once in a while they backfire and I find myself sitting in a pile of rocks, having been put there rather urgently. Then the usual procedure is for me to walk home. I'm getting a little bored with that part of it. Cowboy boots are not made for walking.

I'm leaving here September 1, spending a few days in Denver with Nancy Hillis (whom I contacted through seeing her letter and address in the Bulletin) and then from there I go to Tucson, where I hope to spend the winter.

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#### WEDDINGS

On May the second, Miss Lucy Esther Pitts of Providence, to Captain William Grosvenor, Jr., of Newport, Rhode Island. The young couple are now living in Gainesville, Georgia, where Captain Grosvenor of the Army Air Forces is stationed.

On May the twelfth, Miss Martha McCook Cross of New York, to Mr. Barney Bradberry of Benson, Arizona in Tucson. They are now at home on their ranch near Benson.

On August the fifth, Miss Anne Cleland Cadwalader of Joppa, Maryland, to Mr. Richard Blair Earle, Jr. It was a lucky day for Mr. Earle when "Nancy" decided to work for three months last winter at a skii Lodge in New Hampshire where they met. For the present, they are making their home in Laconia, New Hampshire, on the Shores of Lake Winnepesaukee.

On August the fifth, Miss Anne Howard Preston to Lieutenant Job Darbin Turner, Jr., of the U. S. Army, both of Lexington, Kentucky, in Detroit, Michigan. Lieutenant Turner is to be congratulated on having won one of the most expert horsewomen we have ever had in our Courier Service.

To all of these young people we send a thousand good wishes for their happiness.

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### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ford William Thompson (Kitty Randolph) in Clayton, Missouri, a daughter, Gladys Gale Thompson, on May thirtieth, 1944—another courier for 1963!

Born to Lieutenant and Mrs. Watts Humphrey (Lulu Ireland) in Cleveland, Ohio, a son, Gilbert Watts Humphrey, Jr., on June twelfth, 1944. His mother writes:

"The big news in our lives is that Gilbert Watts Humphrey, Jr., entered this world on June 12th and tipped the scales at nine pounds. He is fine and healthy; and, of course, he is a blonde! Needless to say, we are thrilled to have another son. Bud hasn't seen the baby yet and I'm hoping against hope that he will get some leave and see all of his children before he leaves."

Born to Lt. and Mrs. Joseph Frank Knowles, Jr. (Miggy Noyes) in Intervale, New Hampshire, a daughter, Emily Knowles, on June twenty-ninth, 1944. Miggy writes:

"Put her name down, of course, for the Courier Service. She looks like a good little number to me and I don't think she'll be scared of anything."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis) in Providence, Rhode Island, a son, Arthur Perry, III, on July fourteenth, 1944.

Born to Major and Mrs. Gilbert Kerlin (Sally Morrison) in Cotuit, Massachusetts, a son, Gilbert Nye Kerlin, on March 17, 1944.

We are sure that all of these are magnificent babies and that they will grow up to be splendid and useful men and women of whom the nation will be proud.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Neville Atkinson, The Plains, Virginia, has graduated from St. Luke's School of Nursing and is in the Army Nurse Corps.

Elizabeth (Betty) Mudge, Brooklyn, New York, is with the Red Cross overseas.

Harriette Sherman, Cleveland, Ohio, is working in Washington.

Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (Barbara White), Darien, Connecticut, is stenciling old tin trays, boxes and the like and has found a place to sell them—all she can produce—while her husband is away. She writes that her little daughter, Pam, "Spent the morning walking barefoot, hand in hand with the plowman behind harrow and two horses and then had a long ride in the wagon in the afternoon". She is beginning young to train for courier duty!

Members of the Frontier Nursing Service staff, here in the mountains and over the world, are grieving with Captain and Mrs. William G. Ludlow (Cynthia Beatty) in the tragic loss of their three-year-old son, William Taylor Goodwin Ludlow. While his mother was en route to join her husband for his few days' leave from the Naval base in San Diego, the child, left in the care of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Beatty of Skaneateles, N. Y., was stricken with a rare bronchial infection and died within twelve hours. Cynthia (one of our early volunteer Christmas secretaries), and her parents, have been a part of the Frontier Nursing Service since its beginning. Our hearts go out to them, to Captain Ludlow, and the two little sisters, in deepest sympathy.

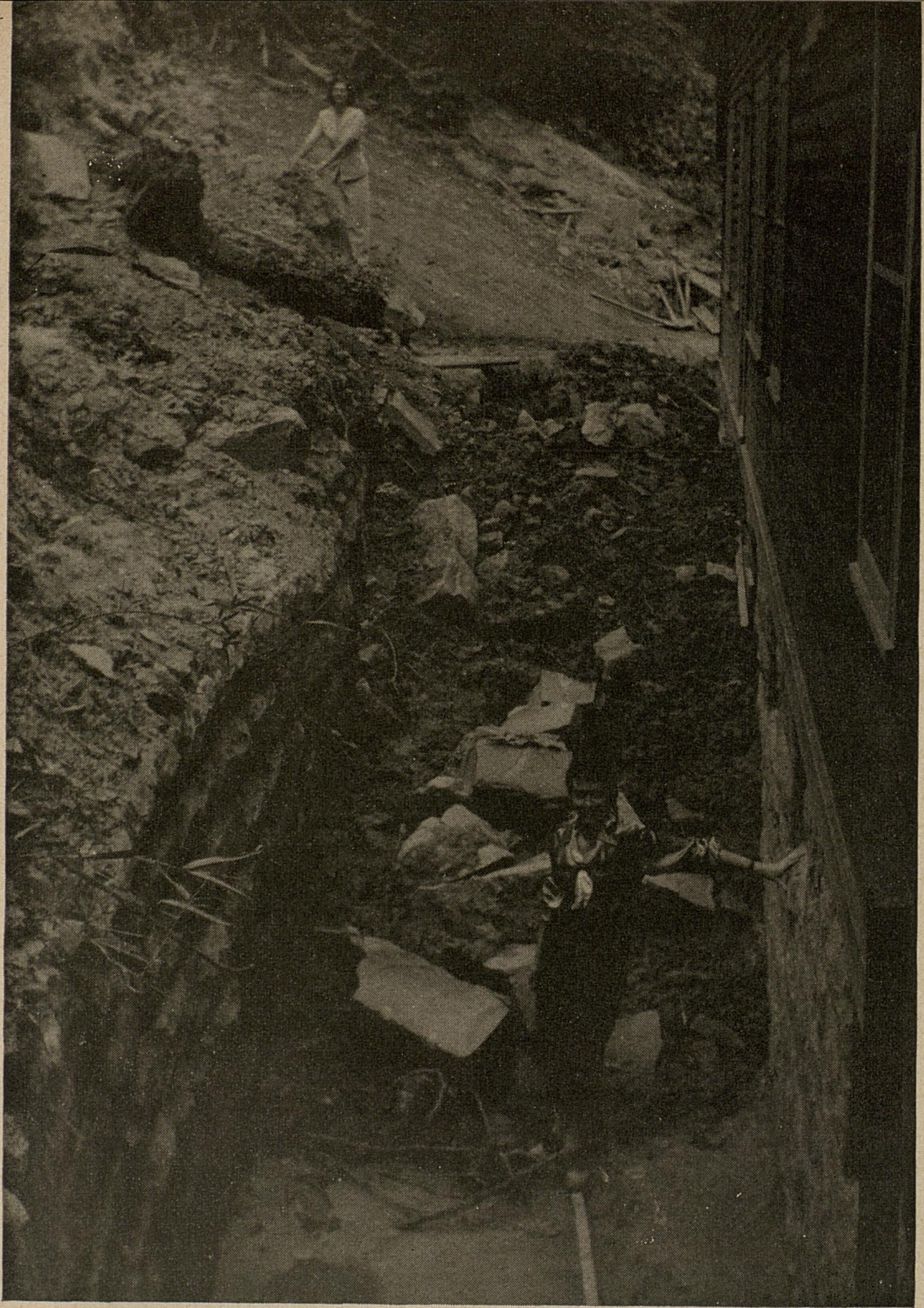
## GARDEN HOUSE SLIDE

After nineteen years of experience with slides in the Kentucky Mountains, we are still appalled by their frequency and the problems involved in their control.

When the new Garden House was built at Wendover, it was 20-ft. longer than the old one that had burned down. This meant an additional excavation of 20-ft. for the basement and the foundation. From this excavation the slide began. It was a problem for the most expert engineer. The Henry Bickel Company of Louisville, which twice before had sent their Mr. Sterner in to advise us and to supervise work on the slide in front of the Hyden Hospital, sent him in to us in the spring of 1943, again as a courtesy, to advise on the slide behind the Garden House. Mr. Sterner spent a week making a careful survey of the situation and drawing up plans for us to follow. Before these plans were completed the slide started again and knocked them into a cocked hat. Mr. Sterner, tied up with vital war work for the government, could not return. Our maintenance man tried to get back the slope Mr. Sterner had advised, and he put a retaining wall at the base of it. By the autumn of 1943 the slide appeared to be under control.

Last winter torrential rains caused wet-weather springs to leap up and bound out all through the mountainside behind the Garden House. Soon the ground began to crack at various places. Then the slides began all over again. The retaining wall cracked until it bulged and its original concave shape turned into a convex one, as shown in illustration No. 1. The mud and rocks and trees, loosened by all of the water coming out of the ground, slithered down over the slope and retaining wall, and banged against the foundations of the house. Fortunately, for us, Mr. Sterner had shown our maintenance man how to brace the foundations to withstand such terrific pressure. We roped in all the men we could find, a handful only, and set them to controlling the water by surface drains above the slide, and to carrying away the débris of mud and rocks and trees with mule-drawn sleds.

Neither of the two illustrations shows the full magnitude of



I.  
GARDEN HOUSE SLIDE



II.  
GARDEN HOUSE SLIDE

what is now a "major slide". In illustration No. II a girl is standing at the top of the visible slide on the edge of the forest. Behind her, clear back in the forest, a distance of over a hundred feet, lies a "bench". The ground between this bench and the place where the girl is standing is broken in several places. The rocks shown in illustration No. II all had to be taken out of the slide, as it slithered, to keep them from falling on the house. Great roots had to be dug out in the same way and for the same reason.

A problem as vast as this can only be handled by an engineer who is able not only to come in and advise us, but to come often enough to undertake the full direction of the slide. Mr. Chris Queen, engineer for the Ford Motor Company at Peabody on Red Bird River, has undertaken this arduous task as a courtesy to the Frontier Nursing Service. He not only brought instruments to make calculations involving such abstruse questions as strain and pressure, but he comes once or twice a week to discuss the work with our maintenance man, Mr. Oscar Bowling, and his men. Slides have a way of changing their character while you are working on them, and Mr. Queen has, more than once, answered a hurry call.

It is not possible to handle this slide by machinery. Experts from two construction companies have gone over the ground very carefully. One company said that it was impossible to remove the slide by machinery or even to get the machinery to a place where it could be operated with safety. The other company was willing to undertake it (for \$2,500.00) but they would not guarantee that the process of removing the present slide would not cause fresh slides. Furthermore, they would not guarantee that the machinery they proposed using would not fall down on top of the house. They said their men were insured for such risks! The alternative is to control the slide by hand labor and continue to move the *débris* by mule-drawn, wooden sleds.

The system Mr. Queen has put into operation is—First: To build extensive drain ditches on solid ground in the forest above the broken ground, with lesser ditches draining into them to catch as many wet weather springs as possible. Second: To stabilize the broken ground in the forest by means of steel rail-



road rails cemented upright into the top of a cliff which extends across the slope from which the dirt has moved or is now being removed.\* The upper end of these upright railroad rails are to be anchored by means of one-inch cable to great trees back on the "bench", in the unbroken forest. Huge trees will be laid across these rails to form a retaining wall to support the loosened ground from above. Third: To rebuild in an arch shape, the retaining wall at the base of the slide according to specifications which Mr. Queen has worked out in relation to the pressure. Fourth: To eliminate all pockets capable of holding water, and to slope everything slopeable.

We realize our rare good fortune in this disaster to have the advice and direction of an able engineer who has lived in this country and has coped with mountain slides for over twenty years.

The expense involved is not as high as it would be in cities because living expenses are less here in the mountains, and wages are correspondingly lower. Even so, the employment of four to six men for months, the time of our maintenance man, the hiring of extra mules for the sleds, and the cost of cement, add up to a lot of money. The cost of the work we have already done has been met by gifts from a friend in Detroit and a friend in Pittsburgh. We hope very much that other friends who read this will send something to help out on the work that is yet to be done. We have only until the rainy season to complete this work. It is a race against time,—a race run by hand labor and mule-drawn, wooden sleds.

\* The steel railroad rails are some that had been used by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and are a gift from this Railroad to the Frontier Nursing Service.

#### JUST JOKES—HIS METHOD

The Sunday services were over and the members of the little country church were filing past the preacher, introducing their guests and friends.

"This is my sister-in-law, Mrs. Hummick," announced one lady, greeting the minister. And turning to her companion she said impressively, "Parson never forgets a name."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Hummick. "How do you manage that?"

"It's nothing," modestly disclaimed the good man. "I merely choose a word which rhymes—let's see, Hummick-stomach—and thus when I see you again I can immediately call your name to mind."

The following Sunday Mrs. Hummick was again a visitor at the church. As she left at the close of the service, the pastor beamed brightly:

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Kelly."

—Contributed.

## A CADET IN SCALF HOLLOW

by

LOUISA CHAPMAN, U.S.C.N.C.

It started off as a dark and showery day, and 7:00 a. m. seemed very early to be getting out of bed. But it was Wednesday, and clinic day, and the patients start arriving at dawn regardless of weather. Thus we strove to be breakfasted, and



The Author with Saddlebags over her shoulder, on the Steps of the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River.

ready for them at least by 8:00 a. m. As we were sitting down to scrambled eggs and bacon our first patient arrived. Glancing at our watches we muttered something under our breath about a fine time to start clinic, but took it all back a moment later. It was a delivery call. Jim told us rather breathlessly, "My woman is took bad. She's hurtin' in her back and in her belly".

Red Bird district is primarily a car district in summer, and we keep but one horse, "Blackie". Jim lived up Orchard Branch in Scalf Hollow, accessible only on a horse. So Jim saddled "Blackie", and tied on the delivery bags for Gonnie while she changed into her outdoor uniform. And I stayed to hold clinic.

Clinic was fairly busy, and I had almost finished when Gon-

nie got back from the delivery. Ruth had had a six and one-half pound boy without any difficulties.

Since only one person could make the post-partum visits, on the one horse, I wanted to be that person. It was raining the next morning when I started out. "Blackie" shied at various objects along the road. I scolded him and thought no more about it, but it should have warned me. It is a hard up-hill climb most of the way through Scalf Hollow. In one of the steeper spots "Blackie" started rearing and bucking. In a few seconds he had thrown me off, flat on my back. How he avoided stepping on me I'll never know because I landed "plum" under him. I wasn't hurt, and got up quickly to catch him before he went too far without me. But "Blackie" continued bucking until the girth broke and saddle and saddlebags went flying off; and he went galloping down the trail.

I picked out the saddlebags from the wreckage, slung them over my shoulder and started after "Blackie". It wasn't far before I came upon him munching contentedly on a branch of dried leaves. He stood quietly while I put the bags over him, and then followed after me. We soon came to the first cabin. In front of it were two men sitting on a rock. One of them was Harry, Jim's brother. I told him what had happened, and asked him if he would mind getting the saddle for me. He was most willing, and I went on to the next cabin where Ruth and Jim lived.

Their one-roomed cabin was built of logs and chinked with clay. The floor was made of rough hewn boards, and all the furniture rocked and teetered. The door was the only source of light. At the right as you entered sat a squat cookstove in front of what had formerly been a fireplace. There was no stove pipe on it, and the smoke either went into the room, up the chimney, or out the door according to the wind. When it got too thick inside Jim would take off his hat and fan it out the door. Opposite the door was the table with a few dishes and remains of food. Next to that was a double bed where Ruth lay. A cot, a very large victrola, and three homemade chairs completed the furnishings. Clothes were piled here and there, and a long rifle was in easy reach over Ruth's bed. Sticky fly paper hung from the ceiling in several places so that the flies were relatively few.

All the neighbor's children had gathered to watch me un-

pack my bags. Little three-year-old Bea asked if I had another "least one in them thar saddlebags that she could buy". I told her I was sorry, but I didn't have any more right then. When all of my "tricks" were arranged on papers I chased everyone out while I bathed Ruth. Then I called them back to watch me wash the baby. With my wide-eyed audience gathered around I carefully explained each step of baby's bath and the great importance of always keeping him warm, clean and quiet.

Harry had gotten back with my saddle and fixed it well enough for me to get home. As I was putting away my equipment he handed me a large bag of cucumbers which I managed to stuff into my bags. He warned me to be "keerful" and not fall off again. The trip home was uneventful.

The next day when I got back both Jim and Harry were sitting on the rock outside the cabin with their guitar and banjo. The smoke was curling out of the door, and I knew that if Ruth didn't suffocate there would be hot water in a few minutes. Groping my way through the smoke, I started to unpack, but gave it up and called Jim to come fan the smoke out. When it had settled and I was taking care of Ruth and the baby, the boys serenaded me with mountain songs from the rock outside. Again the children watched with awe the "least one's" bath.

On my fifth visit I missed seeing Jim and Harry around and inquired if they were working perhaps. Very sorrowfully Ruth told me no, they were both in jail. The night before the police had stopped the bus and taken Harry off, as he was on his way out of the country. Later they had come up into the hollow and gotten Jim. My curiosity was peaked, but I refrained from inquiring the grounds for arrest, and hoped they might tell me voluntarily. As I suspected, the reason fell within the three "unmentionables", namely politics, religion, and moonshine!

The story has a happy ending for in a few days the men were let out on bail to return to their homes and families. And if you happened to visit them now you would probably find them playing the guitar and banjo on a rock outside the cabin.

## A WORD ABOUT CADETS

One of the requirements expected of the four Cadets with the Frontier Nursing Service was that they each hand in a case history written to give an account of their work with one of the families. These case histories were so readable that we are printing them in this Bulletin as a series. We



**BERTHA BLOOMER, U.S.C.N.C.**

The Artist of the Cadet Cartoons at Wendover

month: "The past four weeks have been among the happiest in my life."

The immediate plans of the four Cadets are as follows: Bertha Bloomer and Louisa Chapman are in Maryland now as we go to press, taking their State Boards. After they are registered nurses, they enter the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery and remain with the Frontier Nursing Service upon completion of their training as midwives. Ruth Alexander and Madge Cyr return to The Johns Hopkins Hospital, after completing their assignment with us, and will be employed by the Hospital, Ruth in the district work and Madge in the operating rooms. We have no doubt whatever that all four will give a good account of themselves in the nursing world, always.

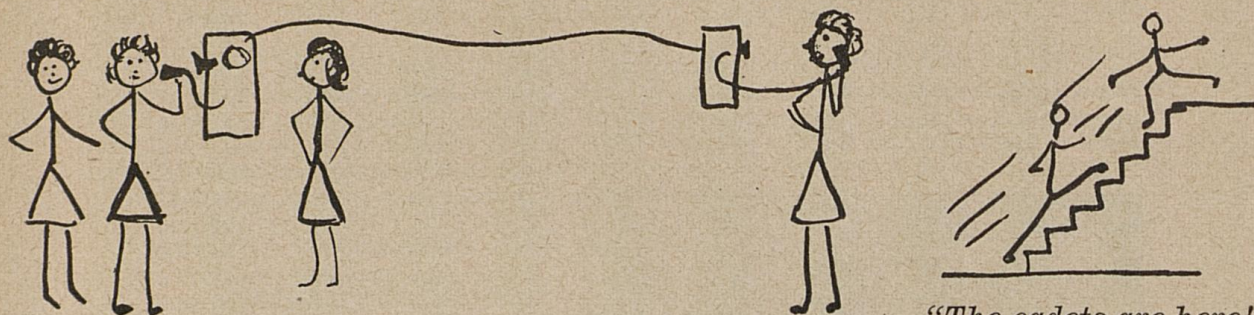
did, of course, cut out of them a few purely technical details of nursing procedure, but we have not cut all of these out because we think that our lay readers will not mind them and our nurse readers will be interested in them. The only case history we are not printing, and it was a good one, is that of Cadet Bertha Bloomer. Because we liked her cartoons so well, we are printing them instead.

For their initial breaking-in to the districts, we located our Cadets so satisfactorily that it was hard to pull them away later from their original assignments for a more varied experience. As an example of how well the Cadets clicked with their environment, it is delightful to know that Madge Cyr, who had never known any English people and went with much trepidation to our British nurses, Cherry and Peggy, at Confluence, has formed such a warm friendship with them as to make another of our many Anglo-American ties.

Cadet Louisa Chapman, placed with Gonnie on Red Bird, wrote after her first

# First Two Months With the Cadets At F.N.S.

1.



We arrive! April 10th, Hyden.

"What? The cadets! But you don't come till tomorrow."

"The cadets are here!"  
"Gosh!"

3.



But we soon learn to ride—uphill and down—  
Through river and stream and swinging bridge—not really!

5.



We are ready (?) for real Frontier Nursing.

"I know I'll just hate Confluence. I'm so bashful, I don't want to leave you kids."

...Cartooned By One of Them...

2.



We meet the horses

"And this is Marvin and Blackie and Chumley."

"They look kinda dopey, don't they, Chum?"

"Yeh, but what can you expect, Marv?"

4.



"Where's my horse?"

First down—but more of us will follow!

6.



"So long."

Part we must and do.

## Cadets (Continued)

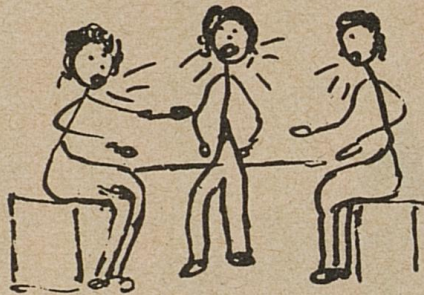
7.



*In homes*                      *Now we really get to work*

*In clinics*

9.



*Reunion at Wendover before the Surgery Clinic.*

*"I've been on four deliveries already."*

*"Boy, are we busy on our district!"*

*"Did you hear about that accident case we had?"*

*And so far, far into the night.*

11.

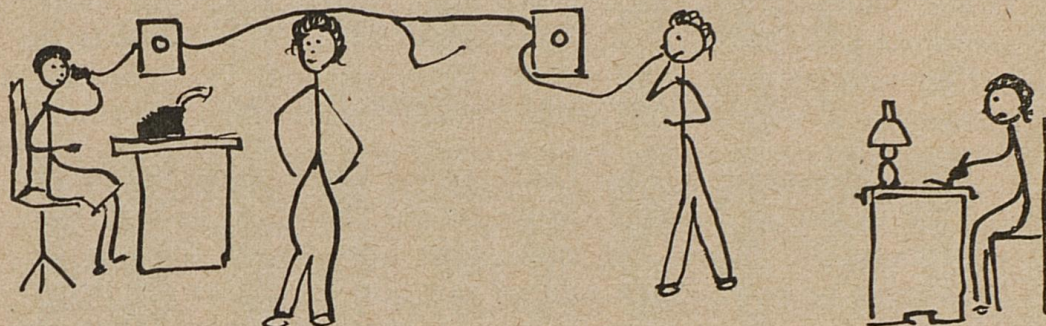


*At Wendover, a little appendicitis. At Confluence, third down. At Brutus, fourth down.*



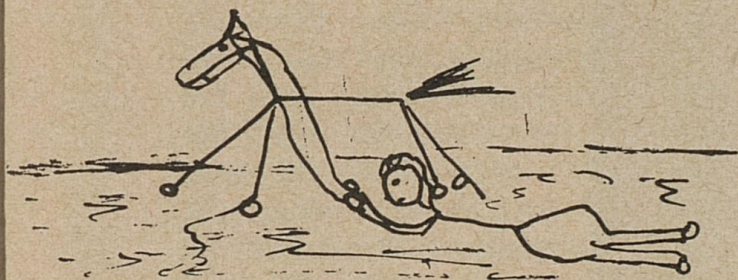
## Cadets (Continued)

8.



Then comes the news that we must leave our districts! Poor Miss Buck!  
"I can't leave Wendover." "I can't possibly leave Confluence."  
"Gosh, I don't want to leave Brutus."

10.



The fourth cadet arrives.  
Second down.



"Just bruises."  
"When can I go back to Red Bird?"—  
You can't keep a cadet down!

12.



"Oh, my leg!" "My poor back." "My poor nose." "Oh, my operation!"

Any resemblance between the above and the cadets who left Johns Hopkins Hospital two months ago is purely coincidental!

Bertha Bloomer

## A CADET ON LEATHERWOOD

by

RUTH ELIZABETH ALEXANDER, U.S.C.N.C.

Bill, messenger boy for Leatherwood Creek, came riding up the hill to Brutus Nursing Center on old "Kate" at 5:30 in the afternoon. Old "Kate", his mule, must have known the way to the Center by now. When Audrey saw him coming up the drive

she felt certain that it was a delivery call from one of her two prenatsals on Leatherwood, who were due at this time. She was told that Maude Couch was "sick". Audrey told Bill he could start home, knowing from former experiences that he would wait for her along the road, before reaching the trail over Panco. Having just returned from district, with my boots still on, I saddled the horses as Audrey made the final preparations, getting the blood pressure apparatus and stethoscope in the delivery bags and the flashlights prepared for use. Audrey set the pace on "Robin" with "Lady Ellen" and me following.

We found Bill waiting, as



The Author on the Steps of the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus— with Barrie the Collie.

expected, and started up the trail over Panco to Leatherwood.

We were running a race with the stork, whose wings were quicker than the horses' hoofs this time. The stork arrived thirty minutes ahead of us, and two weeks before we expected

him. The newly arrived baby was wrapped and lying impatiently near Maude's feet. The neighbor women were standing anxiously at the door. The wrapping of the baby and heating of the water had ended their responsibilities. Our set-up was necessarily a quick one. When preparations were complete Audrey clamped and cut the cord and expressed the placenta without difficulty. She tied the cord, washed, measured and weighed this five and three-quarter pound boy. Silver Nitrate 1% was instilled in each eye as per routine. I was caring for Maude at this time. This was a very neat and uncomplicated "B.B.A." (born before arrival of nurse).

Pete, Maude's husband, grinning from ear to ear, came in from work as we were packing the saddlebags.

We left a happy family except for little Marie, who had been the baby until two hours previously. We started over our five-mile moonlight trail home, about eight o'clock on this April night. Only a few redbud blossoms were left to contrast their color with the white dogwood, now in fullest beauty. The remaining trees and shrubs of the woods had their budding branches uplifted to the starry sky. "Lady Ellen" and "Robin" gave us a pleasant ride to be remembered through this trail over Panco.

Pete's home is a one-room box house, the only one situated on the hill. Three neighboring homes are located in the valley below. His house has one small door without screens. The one and only window may be covered with a wooden shutter, having no glass pane or screen. A small stove occupies one corner of the room. A long table fills the remaining space on this side. The water bucket, soap, and round tin box (used for a wash basin) are kept on a shelf by the stove. I learned later, this tin box was to be of much value in my visits. A small table under the window with a double bed on each end, crams the opposite side of the room from the long table. The remaining furniture consists of a large straight seatless chair by the door and a smaller chair which may be placed where needed. There were some cardboard boxes under the beds and nails on the walls for clothing. The walls, unlike the typical mountain home papered with newspaper, were bare. The small number of pans and dishes were scattered on the stove, table and floor. A store house is used, in the summer only, as a kitchen. It contains a bench, which

is not a temptation to anyone standing. The stove, dishes, pans and table from the regular home complete the furnishings of this summer kitchen. A barn back of the store house completes the trio of buildings on this hill overlooking Leatherwood. The family has frequently moved from one location to another. They have lived in this home as tenants for nine months. There are no chickens, cows, pigs or any other farm animals. Pete fed a pig on shares, for half of the pork, for a neighbor last winter. Their diet consists of cornbread, some wheat bread, oatmeal, potatoes, home-canned fruits and vegetables, with some fresh ones in the summer. This year they have a small garden and a corn crop. They buy, much too infrequently, canned milk or get fresh milk from a neighbor. Maude cans as many fruits and vegetables as possible.

My introduction two weeks prior to the "B.B.A." into Pete Couch's home was a prenatal visit to Maude, his twenty-nine-year-old wife. Maude is a quiet, pleasant woman whose conversation usually consisted of only answering questions she was asked. After the baby came, I enjoyed doing routine post partum visits in this home.

Marie, the two-year-old fell against the stove while her mother was in bed, and got a second degree burn over the right eye. She sat very quietly as I dressed the wound, and used vaseline with cod liver oil on the dressings. After several dressings the wound was completely healed. She had been a healthy child except for a chronic draining ear, which had been treated.

Nora, the oldest, is a nine-year-old girl. She was Maude's only help while Maude was in bed. She always had a fire in the stove and hot water for the baths. Johnny, the six-year-old, is a healthy boy who has a very friendly and winning smile. Pete, the father, was chopping wood one day when a stick punctured his left eye. An enucleation was done in Hazard, and an artificial eye fitted. Maude has been cutting the wood since that fateful day four years ago.

After Maude's post partum period was over my visits were less frequent. Marie was always very friendly when we came—until I started the series of Diphtheria, Toxoid and Pertussis Vaccines on her! Before this series was completed I started Typhoid

inoculations on the family. The morning I was on Leatherwood giving Typhoid vaccine Nora and Johnny got the news from the neighbors. When I reached Maude's home the children were out playing farther from home than usual. Maude called them without avail. I went out to get them and carried Johnny, a very unhappy boy, back home. He was crying but not resisting as I had anticipated. Nora tried to be brave, but succeeded in knocking the syringe from my hands. Pete, who works in the log woods, was asked to come to the Center on week-ends for his inoculations. Their water supply is a small spring on the hill. During the hot summer they carry their water from a neighbor's when their spring is dry. There are no toilet facilities available. These were very important reasons for urging Typhoid inoculations.

Though this last visit to Maude and her family was not a very peaceful one, it left me with a pleasant feeling, for I realized the value of immunizations they were getting. It had been very enjoyable caring for Maude both before and after the baby arrived, and it was with regret that I left the Couches of Leatherwood.

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### RURAL NURSE

Alone you come through storm or wind or blow,  
And still alone, no doubt, men say you go.

But if you search the pathway in the earth,  
When from some mountain home where death and birth

Have known your tenderness you go, you'll find,  
I think, another footstep there enshrined.

It has a bitter scar plain in the dust—  
A foot that knew a harsh nail's rending thrust!

—Arthur Wallace Peach,  
*New York Times.*

## A CADET AND THE STIDHAMS

by  
MADGE CYR, U.S.C.N.C.



The Author on her mare, Marvin, in Wilder Ford of the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River below the Frances Bolton Nursing Center at Confluence.

I first became acquainted with the Stidham family when I made a prenatal visit at their home with Cherry. It was an extremely hot day and as we hitched our horses, Joe, the father of the family rushed out, grabbed our saddlebags and escorted us into the house. There we were presented with cups of milk and Moon Pies.

Cora Stidham, Joe's wife, was a thirty-six year old mother who had had six children previously. Four of them were Frontier Nursing Service children, brought into the world by the Confluence Nurses. Cora had registered early and was now in her ninth month of pregnancy and was being seen weekly.

After our repast, Cherry made the routine prenatal examination. Then we bade farewell and departed. As I rode away, little did I realize how many more times I would be seeing that hospitable family again.

A few days later Joe was at our gate. He had with him his small son Ashberry who had run a nail into his foot several days before. Now it was infected and very painful. I cleaned it up, applied a dressing and gave Joe explicit instructions as to keeping it clean and soaking it in epsom salts. I also gave him a small tin of our famous "Black Salve" with which to dress it at bedtime. I saw the lad several times during the following week and each time the foot looked better. Then one day I received word that the boy was "bad off", so before going out to see the boy I called our Medical Director, Dr. Fraser, and gave him the past history of the case and asked for further orders. When I arrived at the home I found Ashberry's whole foot and leg badly swollen, red and painful. Cora produced an old bucket and we soaked the foot in hot salts water for about an hour. By that time it had started to drain again, so I dressed the foot and started the lad on Dr. Fraser's prescription of sulfathiazole. This time the foot got well, and the news traveled up and down the river how the new nurse had saved Ashberry's foot "by scalding the hide off hit".

By the time Ashberry's foot was on the mend, July had turned the pages of the calendar, bringing with her the opening of the district schools. To the children this just means more "book larning", but to the district nurses it means extra hard work. There are the school kids to examine and shots of all different kinds to be given, not only to the children but to the parents and kinfolks as well. At one of the school clinics I met up with more of the Stidhams. John, Farris, and Mandy took their annual single typhoid shots; while Nannie and Roger lined up like martyrs for three successive weeks of shots in order to catch up with their brothers and sisters.

The next member of the household to need the services of the nurses was Aunt Hannah, Cora's mother. In the days of her prime she was one of the best "Baby Catchers" around these creeks, but with the coming of the "Nurse Grannies" she resigned in favor of them. When one sees Aunt Hannah dressed

in overalls and with a pipe in her mouth, sitting on the porch, spinning with her homemade loom, it reminds one of the solid old pioneer stock which first mothered the people of these hills.

However, when I saw Aunt Hannah this time she was not spinning, for during her ninety-odd years her legs had lost some of their nimbleness and she had fallen, injuring her right hand and arm. While I debrided the wounds and dressed them Aunt Hannah puffed on her pipe and told me bits about life. She has never been away from the creek, not even to Hyden and Hazard. Her only means of transportation has been by foot or mule back. She has never ridden in an automobile and never intends to. When I asked her if she would like a ride in an aeroplane she strongly declared that the only flying she would ever be doing would be in the direction of St. Peter and those Pearly Gates.

One morning a few weeks later as I was enacting the role of our barn boy who was sick, Joe came up to the gate again. This time he was in a much bigger hurry, for Cora had decided it was time for Papa Stork to make his appearance. Peggy and I gathered the delivery bags and off we went. Peggy's mare, Kelpie, was in her best form so I fell behind and didn't see Peggy again until I arrived at the Stidham homestead. The baby had decided to wait awhile, and the hospitable Stidhams served us a big dinner which began and ended with watermelon. The table was set as for a banquet, a white sheet serving as a tablecloth and pocket handkerchiefs for napkins. The first course consisted of watermelon; then came fried chicken, fried potatoes, fried apples and beans. After drinking down the last drops of our coffee we returned to Cora's bedside with hopes of catching a baby, but no such luck! A couple of hours later found us again eating watermelon! At last, towards evening, little Madge made her *début* into the household. From the first, my namesake was a husky bouncing baby, resembling me not only in personality but also in build; but poor Cora did not fare so well. For several days she was "bad off", but after a course of ergostrate and sulfathiozole, prescribed by Dr. Fraser, she was holding her own with the best of them. Every day for the next ten days I visited the Stidham home to give postpartum care to Cora, and neonatal care to little Madge. I enjoyed it a lot, and the watermelon season was still on in full force. The hospitable



Stidhams not only refreshed me with melon when I arrived, but sent me on my way with melons for the Nursing Center as well.

As tempus fugit, so did my time at Confluence. When little Madge was approaching the end of her first month of life I was forced to take leave of the Stidhams and all that they stood for. Perhaps at some future date, I will again be able to pick up the threads of this kindly family.



Barbara Whipple Schilling

Baby will fret  
When he is wet  
Baby won't cry  
When he is dry

## OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by  
DOROTHY F. BUCK

### **From Ruth Frazer Childs in Middlesex, New York—**

April 4, 1944.

Dorothy Anne is full of it! She's a lot of fun. She and I gathered pussy-willows recently so I guess Spring is really on the way.

Al is going to send in his application for the chaplaincy (*in the army*) right away. It's what he really wants to do, and I can easily understand it. I'll probably live in Rochester if we can't be together.

### **From Grace W. Dennis (Denny) in India—April 12, 1944**

I've been in the army since May, 1942, and in Assam all the time and what's more on the plains. For awhile I was in a casualty clearing station where it was very hot and sticky and we lived in the Indian College buildings in a house labelled "Zoological Department" and furnished only with camp furniture and bookshelves. I quite liked that. We had some Indian and some British patients.

Two months later I found myself on a little paddle steamer carrying hordes of Indian patients up and down the Brahmaputra, and I didn't like that at all, although the scenery was heavenly. We didn't have a British cook so had to cook for ourselves and a few British patients in a horrid little cookroom down by the engines—this in August in the tropics is no joke.

From there I went to a field hospital and stayed eighteen months. We were a field hospital in every sense; it was all bamboo huts with thatched roofs spread out over a wide area. I had nine of these huts in my section, each with twelve patients, all Indian, but speaking various languages as we had a lot of Madrasi as well as Gutkhas and Sikhs.

Night duty was unusual because we only had one sister on duty for the whole hospital (1,000 - 1,400 patients), and it took a good hour and a half to go all round. We had to take an Indian sepoy with a lantern and stick to guard us, as there were

lots of tigers and leopards in the jungle just beside the hospital. Of course we had a scattering of Chinese patients whom no one could understand, and towards the end began to get large numbers of Negroes from West African gun battalions. These Negroes can usually talk pigeon English, which helps, and they are terrifically strong. I've known one to carry a large wardrobe on his head for me, the sort of thing it took eight Indians to shift.

Our living conditions were pretty bad during the rains. We had to live in bamboo huts with earth floors with only dim little hurricane lanterns and no fans. Of course everything was steaming hot and dripping wet, so most of us got ill sooner or later. I ended up last year with six months of various troubles: boils, 'flu, septic prickley heat, and finally carbuncles with high fever, and then anemia. After two months in a hill station I was sent back to the jungle, nursed some acute small pox cases, got cellulitis after my vaccination; and they threatened to grade me C.

A month ago the whole hospital was moved back to Memphis Road and I never saw anything smoother than the way our quartermaster got it all packed and shipped over there. Our new site was worse than the old one because before we had been on an open grassy plain with tiger grass all around, but at the new site they had to cut down forest trees to make room for us and then put up tents. None of us were really fancying our chances of survival if we had to live in those tents during the rains as it's very malarious, but at that moment the present little bit of excitement started so all women had to be sent further back. I was lucky and landed in Calcutta.

It's hot here but seems an entirely different climate owing to the fact that all one's work is done walking around on smooth floors instead of plunging in mud with pounds of it sticking to each boot, and under nice roofs with fans overhead instead of a tropic and glaring sun. What is more we sleep in clean rooms with no danger of stepping out of bed on to a frog, snake, or rat! We can wash whenever we feel like it as there's no lack of water or bathrooms. My patients are all British officers and very pleasant, and I've only 40 or 50 of them to cope with. How long this will last I can't say, but it's a rest cure.

I've seen nothing of anyone from Kentucky in this part of the war. Some were lucky, I believe and got to the Middle East. I wonder if any of us are in Italy? I'd love to hear from any of the crowd that were there in the F.N.S. before the war. Good luck to you all!

*(Denny's address: S/A.I.N.S.R., 47th British General Hospital, India)*

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**From Grayce Morgan in Arizona—May 13, 1944.**

I am on the administrative staff of Southwest Airways. They own three or four big fields, and one training primary pilots for Great Britain, China, Canada and some of the other United Nations. We have Chinese boys where I am. Whenever I go over the R.A.F. lists I wonder if the boys with such names as MacKinnon, Macdonald, etc. could be related to our nurses. I'd ask them, but they are over at another field and never do come to headquarters. Bobby Ray, formerly of Hyden, got his primary training here.

Lord and Lady Halifax were out visiting the R.A.F. boys and came to headquarters. They really made a "hit". Lady Halifax refused to be entertained and went into repair shops and talked to the men and women on the assembly line.

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**From Elsie Nora Kelly (Nellie) in Brighton, England—  
June 7, 1944.**

I have been very lucky and have a nice district at the sea-side, actually a council house estate outside Brighton, so my people are very much of a class, and my houses all the same. It is not a busy district as my predecessor suffered a nervous breakdown and the district was without a nurse for six months, but I am working it up.

I live in lodgings, two furnished rooms, board and attendance, where I am very comfortable and contented, and we have a dog. He is, of course, not a patch on my Tiger—there never will be a dog quite the same.

At my present job I ride an autocytle, which is a light motorcycle, and zip along at thirty m.p.h. Being a new machine it takes me up the hills like a bird. I love riding it!

The enlistment lists for the Services are open again, but as a midwife I am not allowed to quit my job. I should love to be an Air Force nurse!

**From Ruth Waterbury at Chittenango, N. Y.—**

June 21, 1944.

My younger brother Edwin has just been home for two weeks and the house seems pretty lonesome without him. He is still in this country—for which we are thankful—at a camp in Georgia. He has the highest rank—Tec/4—he can get in his outfit and we're very proud of him. Ronald is still in North Africa.

I like my work very much. The hours aren't long enough to do everything that should be done. I love to work on the blue prints. I started tracing existing plans, then found I could change them a little by moving a door or a partition. The first time I started from scratch—making my own measurements and doing my own drawing—was quite exciting. The intricacies of leases still puzzle me considerably.

Here's my love to all my friends in Kentucky—mankind, equine, and canine—with a special love pat for Liz, and please ask Jean to give Babette a special treat of some kind.

**From Elizabeth MacDonald in Yorkshire, England—**

June 23, 1944.

Until two winters ago I was a district midwifery teacher, but when I was returning from a case one dark night in January I slipped on the ice and fractured my left ankle, so when I returned to duty I took a post as midwifery sister in hospital. Some day I hope to return to district work, but hospital or district babies are all sweet.

One day several months ago I was on the bus with a colleague. There were several children on the bus and two American soldiers. The American boys had some sweets and when they saw the children they divided the sweets among them, except for one baby about six months' old. The boys had quite a heated conversation as to whether they should give this baby a sweet or not. One of them said: "No, I think we had

better not, but we can give it one of the gums." I was so sorry when the mother had to tell them that the baby was really too young for even gum.

All best wishes for all in the F.N.S.

**From Betty Lester in London—May 30, 1944.**

You know I told you I'd met Dr. Glen Spurling (*this letter failed to arrive*), and how pleased I was to chatter about everything. Well, he was in town again this week-end. He took me to a symphony concert at Albert Hall—Bethoven—and how I loved it! Ida Haendel played the violin concerto—Marvelous, simply marvelous! Afterward we walked through Hyde Park along the Serpentine. It was Whit Sunday and there were crowds of people enjoying the sunshine. It was really hot and in spite of the war there was a lot of happiness in a quiet way. We met another American consultant and had dinner at the senior officers' mess. They had to leave about 10 p. m. for their headquarters in the country but it was a lovely day. Dr. Spurling—or Lt. Col. Spurling as he is now—seems to be terribly busy. Sunday was the first day off he has had since he arrived three months ago. It was so nice to see somebody from Kentucky and talk about the good old days. I must send him the Bulletin when I've read it.

June 25, 1944.

I have a story to tell you which I sincerely hope will pass the censor without too much cutting. It all happened at 4:10 a. m. on June 17th. The hospital was hit by a flying bomb and very badly knocked about. The children's ward and part of the nurses' home were demolished and all the windows in the hospital were broken. Fortunately for me I had to relieve the night Sister of Maternity for her nights off so I was not in my room which was wrecked. The Sister whose room is above mine had to be dug out of the debris and is still in the hospital. A water pipe burst directly over us and water seeped through her floor into my room making things more unpleasant. I lost practically all my possessions, but I am alive and unhurt so will you please say a special prayer of thanksgiving for me in our chapel at Wendover. There were casualties among the nursing

staff and the patients, but I do not know how many were fatal. I know five nurses died—one a pupil midwife.

Fortunately we had moved all our beds in Maternity away from the windows so no mothers or babies were cut. If there had been anybody in the delivery room, they would have been badly hurt because it was wrecked. We had a delivery before midnight but had moved the mother back to the ward so she was safe. One of the pupils had a nasty gash in her forehead from flying glass but, although I sent her down to Casualty, she came back after being dressed and carried on.

I was standing at the foot of a patient's bed when there was a terrific explosion and I heard the crash of falling masonry. The walls shook, part of the ceiling came down, there was an awful roar, the blackout curtains waved about, and every window shattered. No one screamed and no one panicked. My cap disappeared. Among the clouds of dust I could see the shadowy figures of mothers getting up to go to their babies. When I called to them to stay in bed they did exactly as I asked, and we flew around picking up the babies from the cots and handing them to their mothers. God was with us because no one was hurt or cut. For sometime we walked about on broken glass till three male patients came and swept it up for us. The nurses made tea as soon as we could have the gas on.

What happened in the rest of the hospital I cannot say as my time was fully occupied on Maternity. All the patients on the general side were evacuated by 11 a. m. and any of the mothers and babies whom people came for were allowed to go home. The nine who were left were sent to another hospital by three o'clock in the afternoon.

During the morning I rang through to my sister to come over and bring some of my niece's clothes for me. The only time I felt sorry for myself was when she arrived and then I needed a handkerchief for a minute.

Never in all my life have I seen such a mess everywhere around—such an amount of rubble or so much broken glass. Rescue squads worked all day—ambulance people, demolition squads, police, Red Cross personnel were all there.

When all our women and babies had gone I changed into my niece's clothes, saw the matron who gave me two weeks' va-

cation, collected two sisters who had nowhere to go, and came out here with my sister who made us eat a meal and take hot baths and then sent us to bed. I wish you could have seen my bath water and the water my niece washed my hair in! All I have to show for it is a gash on my shoulder an inch long and not deep where a splinter of glass hit me.

Since then of course we have had lots of flying bombs over and several nights of broken sleep. Next week I have to go shopping. We who lost everything have been given lots of coupons and some money with which to fit ourselves out.

Give my love to everybody.

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**From Nora Kelly in London—July 12, 1944.**

I expect you have heard of the wretched time we are having with those beastly "doodle bugs". Goodness, how everyone hates those things! They seem so devilish somehow; but you would be surprised how used one gets to them. We all complain because with the Blitz we did know that when daylight came we should have a letup, but these things keep on during the day too. I tell my women to get down under the bedclothes and put a pillow over their heads and one over their babies as we hear the bombs coming. Then we all pray it won't be a direct hit. So far we have been wonderfully preserved. I find I sleep quite well in spite of "things that go bump in the night".

The training school was going well. All of our thirty beds were booked up until the first of February, but now we are having a good many mothers evacuate and it will make us short of cases for the pupils.

Much love to all.

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**From Ada Worcester Tubman in Sussex—July 18, 1944.**

An American soldier who is very keen on one of my probationers told her: "We are very proud of those nurses in Kentucky", and I fairly glowed with pleasure and pride, too!

I've learned to go to sleep at any moment since the "doodle bugs" have come. I only lie on my bed and think I'd like to sleep and off to sleep I go, if it is in the day. At night it isn't quite so simple, but I do sleep. Then the minute the alert goes



I snatch my flashlight and roll out of bed. They go over very quickly so one doesn't get too wide awake as a rule.

Of course we are very lucky. We've had some casualties, mostly from flying glass and blast, but they are a cheery crowd and I've never seen one weep although they often haven't any homes to return to.

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**From Beatrice Boxall (Boxie) in London—July 20, 1944.**

Before I went out to Kentucky I became a registered health visitor so that, when I came back, the Public Health Department of the Ministry of Health, having a priority, announced that I must continue my work in the preventive medicine scheme. There is a shortage of people with this qualification over here.

After a few weeks in London which I spent getting used to the traffic going the wrong way and learning not to go into a shop to buy tea and biscuits without a ration book, I began to work for the Maternity and Child Welfare Scheme. I don't deliver the mothers but I do antenatal and postnatal work and the children at two weeks old come under our care. We do clinic work and visit them in their homes. If I had not taken my Public Health Examination, I would be doing hospital work or domiciliary midwifery. I am enjoying my work. I like mothers and babies in their homes. I ride a bike now instead of Tommy (*her horse*). A shame—still, never mind.

All the best to you all.

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**From Minnie Meeke, County Tyrone, North Ireland—**

July 23, 1944.

I got my re-entry permit renewed July 14th. So that is a sure sign I do want to see those peaceful Kentucky Hills again. Nurses are scarce here too. I'm carrying on with both districts and not really too busy.

Was thrilled to hear about the goslings at Wendover. It's a pity they grow up quickly into geese. I went to a Gymkhana and Horse Show in Omagh on July 12th. Musical chairs on horseback thrilled me. I believe Heather (*her horse*) would have let me win.

Enclosed is a picture which I hope the censor will permit

you to have. (I thank you, censor). It's only the district nurse in North Ireland on her rounds leaving her patient's home with her bicycle. In Kentucky the same district nurse did rounds on horseback. (Latter preferred).

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**From Anne Nims (Georgie) in Anchorage, Alaska—**

July 26, 1944.

Life is full of surprises and one was sure in store for me when I landed here. I'd thought of lots of places I might be sent, but never Alaska. However, I like it a lot and I am very happily situated. I live with two other girls in a five-room apartment and they are swell and we get along famously. We do our own cooking and housekeeping and I am putting on weight rapidly. Of course we move around quite a bit and it is seldom that the three of us are here together for very long. I have seen most of the Aleutians and much of Alaska. We are kept busy and the flights are long and sometimes very tiresome. Give my regards to all there whom I know.

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**From Myrtle Onsrud (Onnie) in New Guinea—**

July 28, 1944.

Our hospital here is located within view of the ocean. It rains a great deal and has been very muddy.

I have met several soldiers from Kentucky. This afternoon I talked with one from Lexington. Recently I met a chaplain from Winchester. Those who know the F. N. S. have a lot of admiration for it.

The quietness of those hills would be wonderful these days. Oh for a little "nook where you quietly reflect" as Beatrice Miller wrote about her room.

I have fifteen roommates, all in one room. I had twenty-nine for a while. They are all congenial and we get along nicely together but one misses a little room to call one's own.

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**From Madge P. Tait, 63rd British General Hospital, M.E.F.—**

August 6, 1944.

On the "trek" again. I'll be a proper nomad before I'm finished. After fourteen delightful months in Cyprus, I was

whipped over to Palestine and was only there six weeks before being swept off here. It was an awful blow leaving Margaret Watson behind in Palestine, the first time we've been separated. However, I saw the Matron-in-Chief and pleaded our cause, and the result is—the old Tait and Watson firm will link up again tomorrow here. I met and talked with a Miss Arnstine (*Unrra*) who had seen Mrs. Breckinridge in Washington. My work with you may greatly influence my near future as I have new pastures ahead. Watson and I are off to study new surroundings, shortly. Meanwhile this address will do 'till we can give you a more permanent one. I hear from Johnny Breckinridge (U.S.M.C.) regularly. Delightful letters. My love to everyone, please, especially Cameron (*her horse*). How is he, the pet?

#### NEWSY BITS

Engagements: We wish all happiness to Margaret Watson who has recently announced her engagement to Lt. L. W. Galsworthy who is with the British Middle East Force. Lt. Galsworthy was a lawyer before joining the Royal Army.

Babies: Marlon Mary Corum was born on "D-Day" to Trudy Belding Corum. She weighed 7 lbs. 14 ozs. From "usually reliable sources" we hear that Lois Harris Kroll had a baby this Spring. Our best wishes go to both mothers. Let us hear more about those babies.

Leona Morgan writes: "Joanne is almost well. She will be able to go back to school in the late fall. Ruth has finished high school and is taking a commercial course at Bryant Stratton's in Louisville. Wade is eight years old and is a handful."

We have a number of nurses in New Mexico. Frances Fell is back with the State Department of Health in Sante Fe. Margaret Oetjen is likewise in Santa Fe and Della Int-Hout has a public health position north of Santa Fe in Rio Arriba County.

Dr. Kooser from somewhere in the Pacific theater sends us his address: Lt. Comdr. J. H. Kooser, M.C., U.S.N., Navy No. 3011, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California.

**ALUMNAE NEWS****Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery****From Ruth Davis in a United States Naval Hospital—**

May 8, 1944.

I finally had a total of two deliveries while on Dependent's Ward, but now I have been transferred and am working on the orthopedic ward. I must admit I had to brush up on my orthopedic nursing as the bones of the pelvis have for the past few years been the only bones that interested me!

The talk at Portsmouth didn't go so badly after I got over my stage fright. I probably didn't do the F. N. S. justice but I tried mighty hard.

How I envy those nurse cadets! They just don't know how fortunate they really are, or maybe they do by now. I still get homesick for Kentucky and to me Kentucky means the Frontier Nursing Service. I can't help it if I love the place so much!

You should see me now! The nurses have rented a house at Folly Beach (about 20 miles from here) and I have spent two bright sunny days there and each time I've had a nice hot sunburn! You can't really see me—all you would meet would be about a billion or so of freckles! I've been swimming twice this year—it's been warm enough for swimming for several weeks.

My very best regards and love to all.

**From Rosa Clark in South Carolina—May 15, 1944.**

Yes, I'm doing MIDWIFERY and plenty of it. I have had 55 deliveries of my own besides those I turned over to the doctor. Right now I have 26 cases booked, due between now and September besides the cases to whom I'm giving prenatal care for the doctors. At that I'm only covering a very small corner of this county. I had to give up one section because it was just more than I could do.

I have a public health nurse helping me now. She does the follow-up work after six weeks and other public health work. She takes care of things when I get tied up. The poor thing caught it at first. She had never done any of this kind of work and I was supposed to break her in. Well, I did—by having a baby every clinic day and leaving her with the bag to hold.

Since in addition to being nurse-midwife I'm my own cook, maid, clerk, and gardener I don't have a great deal of time on my hands. A neighbor just sent me some plants to put in my flower bed and that will have to be done before I go to bed.

I am anxious to hear how the Johns Hopkins students are going to work out. It should be a rare treat for them. How I wish such as that had been offered when I went through training. I'd be much further along now!

*(Rosa spent some time in July in the Greenville General Hospital with multiple septic areas. She is back on duty, but not yet entirely recovered. Our best wishes go to her).*

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**From Aileen Murphy in Alabama—May 17, 1944.**

I think of you many times and would write if there were more than twenty-four hours in the day. You would be surprised at the number of times I have occasion to refer to my note book which I keep in my desk. It reminds me I should write.

Enclosed is a letter I received from Peabody College in answer to my query regarding possible credits for my midwifery course. It sounds as though I will not receive credit due to the maximum being granted for my nursing training. However, there is nothing like trying and I need every hour I can get.

My best regards to all.

August 3, 1944.

At present I have only two staff nurses instead of five. These two have already given us their resignations with intentions of leaving in the very near future. That means I will be the only public health nurse in Cullman County with 45,000 people—too many for me! And I had high hopes of going to school!

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**MORE NEWS**

We hear from Catherine Lory that she has passed her Indiana state board examinations in midwifery and that the Executive Committee of the State Medical Association has approved The Brown County Maternity Nursing Service. We look forward to hearing great things of that Service. Congratulations!

Minnie Hobbs has been helping Rosa Clark in South Carolina recently and will relieve for Rosa's short vacation. She has already had two deliveries since she went to Tamasee.

Nadine Bengé is at a Training Center in southern Louisiana where they carry on a generalized public health program.

## FROM ALLAN M. TROUT

Col. Chester D. Silvers, of Lexington, with the Fourth Armored Division in England, reports to me the death of a brave woman. He writes:

"Historians probably will overlook it in a maze of charts concerning campaigns on land and engagements at sea. There will be no citations or medals. So I tell it to you, here and now. It is the simple story of an English country woman who lived in an ancient village in the County of Essex, and who died on Saturday, 27 May, 1944, trying to save the crew of a bomber which crashed in a field near her home.

"Her name was Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Everett, 37, mother of one, and widowed by the war. She ran a small farm and, like most women in this country whose husbands have gone to war, she tilled the soil with her own hands.

"While milking, Mrs. Everett glanced up to see a bomber and fighter crash and spiral to earth. She left her three-legged stool and rushed to the spot where the bomber came to rest. Flames were pouring from all sides, but she dragged the injured tail gunner to safety.

"She next defied the flames and dashed into the control room. There she unstrapped the radio operator and brought him out. By this time a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Baldwin, 27, wife of a missing R.A.F. pilot, arrived to help Mrs. Everett.

" 'Run to my house,' Mrs. Everett told her neighbor, 'and bring my first-aid equipment, sheets and bandages'. At this point, an American sergeant rushed to the scene and yelled to Mrs. Everett:

" 'There are bombs in that ship!'

"But right back to the control room she went, the sergeant behind her.

"Mrs. Baldwin quickly found the first-aid equipment, which Mrs. Everett always kept in a place of prominence. She was a sort of practical nurse for village folks who sought sanctuary in her modest cottage when suffering from cuts and bruises.

"As Mrs. Baldwin made her way back with the equipment, an explosion rocked the countryside. People gathered to examine the wreckage when the smoke cleared away.

"They found Mrs. Everett in the shattered remains of the control room, her arms fast around the pilot whom she had been trying to pull from the battered metal. Near them both was the body of the American sergeant who, in due time, had warned Mrs. Everett of almost sure death, but who followed her to the end. Faithful, both of them, even unto death.

"Sunday morning at the parish church, Tony, the 4-year-old son of Mrs. Everett, told his teacher:

" 'Mother went out to milk the cow, but she will be back soon, I am sure.'

"On Monday, they buried her in the weather-worn old church yard. Ten Mustangs circled above and dipped their wings as neighbors gently laid Mrs. Everett to rest beside the graves of men who had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, and with Wellington at Waterloo. But none of the village would concede that the cemetery held the remains of any more noble than this humble farm woman for whom death held no sting."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, June 28, 1944.

## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Ceux qui pieusement sont morts pour la patrie  
Ont droit qu'à leur cerceuil la foule vient et prie  
Parmi les plus beaux noms leurs noms sont les plus beaux  
Toute gloire près d'eux passe et tombe éphémère  
Et comme ferait une mère  
La voix d'un peuple les berce en leurs tombeaux

These lines of Victor Hugo were engraved on the certificates that the French Government sent to the families of the men who died in the last war. It was an old mother in a French village who first showed them to me with the name of her Gustave. She showed me his last letter, in which he said that he thought he would be killed in the next battle and that he wanted her to light a candle for him in the church and pray there. The last line of the letter said: "Adieu, you whom I have so greatly loved."

Those of us who have lived in France, who have worked there, who speak her glorious language, who have lost track of friends deeply dear to us during the past four years, for us the deliverance of France is the resurrection of a country. When the puppet government of France was forced into wrong-doing, we echoed the cry of the Archbishop of Toulouse in 1942: "France, beloved France, it is not thou." As in all tortured Europe, so in France, the rallying point for resistance sprang from the hearts of the leaders of the Christian religion. Even in Germany, as Einstein reminded us, the last resistance to Hitler did not come from the great universities, the financial chiefs, the old aristocracy, or the press. The last calls to sanity, the last resistance to the persecution of people, came from the Christian churches.

In thinking of Hitler, and the probable present state of his mind, we are thrown back on Francis Quarles, 1592-1644, for an apt description. In Quarles' Emblems, Emblem XIV, of the Fifth Book we find this:

beetle-brow'd distrust,  
soul-boiling rage, . . . goggle-ey'd suspicion,  
. . . lumpish sorrow.

At Parris Island in South Carolina, the great base of the Marine Corps, there is now a monument erected by the Government of the United States "To Mark the First Stronghold of France on This Continent." On that site, washed by the shores of the ocean, stood Charles Fort, built in 1562 by Jean Ribaut for Admiral Coligny as a refuge for the Huguenots. This is a familiar sight to the Marines, but not many others are familiar with that sacred spot of early Franco-American history.

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From Miss Marjorie Grant, formerly the nutritionist for the State Board of Health of Kentucky, and a great favorite in the Frontier Nursing Service, we have received this charming bit out of China:

An editorial in the local Chinese paper this week on—Knowing Americans Better—said that the Americans must be excused for many things because they were a young, restless nation! They were unable as the Chinese to sit quietly for hours and contemplate the past but needed books and magazines and movies and—action. Also, the Americans don't spend as much time over polite conversation as the Chinese but should not be considered rude because of this.

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We read with deep interest in the English-Speaking Union News excerpts from a radio address, broadcast by overseas short-wave, by Dr. James Rowland Angell and our Trustee, Mrs. Langdon Marvin. It is good to know that our English-Speaking Union National Headquarters is now suitably housed in New York at 19 East 54th Street.

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The British Information Services of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, with Regional Offices in a number of other large cities, have a film called *Highland Doctor* which is descriptive of the work of the Highlands and Islands Medical and Nursing Service. It can be obtained for a 75c rental charge by any responsible organization interested in that most fascinating development of remotely rural medical work.

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Representative Frances Bolton of Cleveland, one of whose Cadets (under the Bolton Act) has been stationed this summer at the Nursing Center Mrs. Bolton gave us at Confluence, has



gone overseas to study at first-hand the job of Army nurses at base hospitals in England and field stations in France. There is no lay person in America with so profound a knowledge of the training and of the work of nurses as Mrs. Bolton. It is just like her to follow the nursing service overseas.

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One of our British nurses, Elizabeth Macdonald, has sent us an utterly charming little booklet by Phyllis Bottome called *London Pride* (published by Faber and Faber in London). We are sure that all our readers would be entranced by this story of London children in the days of the London Blitz.

The robot bombs are still falling over England as this Bulletin goes to press. Under Old Staff News there is a letter from our Betty Lester, telling what one robot bomb did to one English hospital. No matter what the progress of the war, we, with so many dear friends in London, carry anxious hearts until the bomb emplacements have been destroyed.

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It eases us, in times like these, when so many young lives are being destroyed, to welcome new lives of like caliber into a world that is so in need of such children. Our Trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, has a great-grandson. The young man was born on June 21st, and was named William Hansom Fuller, Jr. for his father. His aunt, Marian Lee, is one of our old couriers. We wish this dear baby a career of high honor and every happiness.

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Dr. John H. Kooser has at last achieved his heart's desire, and has been assigned to active service in the U.S.N. Medical Corps in one of the Pacific theatres. We hear from him often, but learn nothing from his letters! All we know is that he has reached the goal for which he left the Frontier Nursing Service a year ago. We keep wishing him good luck and God-speed.

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Our Trustee and Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, broadcast over WHAS, Columbia, with Victoria Lee, on the afternoon of June 5th, in what was the best and most in-

formative broadcast ever given about the Frontier Nursing Service.

Our Trustee, Mrs. Francis C. McMath, spoke about the F.N.S. on June 6th, in Detroit to the R. E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Highland Park. She reported a most interesting audience of keen and delightful women.

At the request of the officers of The Seeing Eye of Morristown, New Jersey, we are glad to help them put a stop to a hoax about them, which has started anew as a rumor in various parts of the United States. We quote from a letter:

1. The Seeing Eye does not redeem cellophane strips or any other collectible items for a guide dog.
2. We know of no cigarette manufacturers who will redeem cellophane strips, wrappers, or match folders for the purpose of presenting a guide dog to a blind person.
3. Any blind person who wants a Seeing Eye dog should communicate directly with The Seeing Eye, Morristown, New Jersey. If the individual proves eligible for our service, a dog will not be denied him for temporary lack of funds.
4. No funds should be raised for servicemen losing their sight in this war as they will receive Seeing Eye dogs free of charge if they qualify for our service.

We have read with great interest the script of a radio broadcast over Blue Network from KTMS, Santa Barbara, California, by Colonel Stanley Washburn on the subject of the need for Red Cross Nurses' Aides. We wish we had the space to reprint this script in full, as it is one of the most appealing presentations of this form of war service for young women that we have read anywhere.

For several years we have been the recipient of a contribution from the publishers of *Parents' Magazine* which, with their permission, we have applied each winter to the long and costly care (given free) of the burned children at our Hospital at Hyden. Our mountain homes are nearly all heated with open fires only, and most of our burned children are little girls whose skirts catch in the fire. Hundreds of our families now put their

little girls in overalls in the winter, which gives them the same protection from fire as the little boys have, but we still have girls in dresses and we still have burned children every year. Some of them are horribly burned, and some of them we have not been able to save. All of them suffer terrible, prolonged pain in spite of all that medical science and skilled nursing can do for them.

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We are profoundly grateful to our Riverdale Committee, one of the first Committees established for the Frontier Nursing Service, for their gift again this year of twenty-four layettes which they make for us during the Lenten weeks and ship to us in the early summer. We are grateful also to Mr. Harry Fuhrman, 190 West 231st Street, New York, for giving all his allotment of outing flannel to this Committee to make the layettes possible. The Riverdale Committee has not only made these layettes annually, but has supported a nurse in the Frontier Nursing Service from almost the beginning of our existence.

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Our old friend, John Mason Brown (Lieutenant in the U.S.N.R.) is back in this country at the moment. He returned to New York by plane from the Normandy Beachhead. Within a period of twenty-four hours, he had lunched in London, dined in Scotland, breakfasted in Iceland, and dined with his wife in New York.

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We extend our deepest sympathy to our beloved Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett and Mrs. Jouett of Louisville, Kentucky, upon the death of their son, Mr. Flournoy J. Jouett, after a long illness.

We extend also our fullest sympathy to that kind member of our National Medical Council, Dr. Harold G. Reineke of Cincinnati, upon the death of his senior associate, Dr. Wm. M. Doughty. Dr. Doughty was loved by all his associates and his loss is a very personal one to Dr. Reineke.

Dr. Doughty's death leaves Dr. Reineke and Dr. Bader to carry on work that even three men were hardly able to carry. In spite of this terrific pressure on him, Dr. Reineke continues

his courtesy of giving expert reading of the X-ray films our Medical Director sends to him. This is a volunteer service that has been rendered us over the years by this great expert, and our patients have profited by it more than we can begin to express.

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In the broadcast of the King of England on D-Day, he said one thing that we would, all of us, do well to remember during the war months that still lie ahead of us, and especially as we turn towards the problems we must face when the war is over:

"We shall ask not that God may do our will, but that we may be enabled to do the will of God."

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The law of life is not so much the survival of the fittest as the survival of those *fittest to co-operate*. In the world scheme of things, only those who co-operate will survive.

—Juan T. Trippe, speaking at the  
National Institute of Social Science,  
New York City, May 19, 1943.

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No nation can close its frontiers and hope to live secure. We cannot have prosperity in one country and misery in its neighbor, peace in one hemisphere and war in the other . . . We shall never find security or progress within heavily defended national fortresses; we shall only find them by the greatest possible measure of co-operation.

—Anthony Eden,  
Annapolis, March 26, 1943.

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#### PLUMBING THE DEPTHS

An American soldier reports on British plumbing:

" . . . they're wonderful affairs: you pull the chain and nothing happens; you let go and all hell breaks loose!" B. W.

—*The Outpost*, London, England.

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#### JUST JOKES—NAVAL

Sailor: "Yes, ma'am. That's a man-o'-war."

Lady: "Indeed. And what's the little ship just in front?"

Sailor: "Oh, that's just a tug."

Lady: "Oh yes, of course. A tug-of-war. I've often heard of them."

—Contributed.

## FIELD NOTES

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I."

*On a Fly drinking out of a cup of Ale*  
by—William Oldys, 1696-1761.

To our forebears, the thought of drinking with a fly was not repugnant. Occasionally they waxed lyrical on the subject of dead flies buried in amber; and Tennyson's girl of the "light-blue eyes" was not unique:

"Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes  
Are tender over drowning flies,"

Sometimes the fly became the butt of a joke, as in Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Stethoscope Song* written in 1848; sometimes she was just brushed off as a nuisance:

"Sho fly, don't bother me,  
For I belong to Company G."

It is only in quite modern times that the common housefly, *musca domestica*, is recognized for the dangerous transmitter of filth and disease which she has always been. To call her a housefly tells only part of the story. I have found her in far northern Canadian woods, remote from human habitation, in the Nipegon and in the Temagami countries, where I went fishing with my father; and I have found her in the heart of the Mississippi swamps, where I hunted deer and turkey as a girl.

It isn't the purpose of this sketch to discuss the fly from the point of view of the naturalist or the scientist. Suffice it to say that the female fly lays over one hundred eggs at a time and she does it approximately every three weeks. If all of her descendants lived she would have nearly six billion of them at the end of a single season. She prefers to lay her eggs in animal manure. What can be done about it?

On the inside back cover of this Bulletin is a charming drawing by Caroline Williams of Cincinnati of a fly-proof manure bent at Wendover. A fly-proof manure bent is built near every one of the many barns at the Centers of the Frontier Nursing Service. The principles involved in building such bents are two: First, the bent must not have even a crack through which the

sunlight shows when you stand in the empty pit and look about you. Second, below the roof there must be open screened places to let the air in, while excluding the flies. This is fundamental; otherwise, the heat of the manure may cause spontaneous combustion. By hauling the manure from the barns to the bent and throwing it in every day, it is possible to keep from breeding flies on your own premises. However, flies from other premises will visit you. To control this, we build homemade flytraps, after a model perfected by the Department of Agriculture of the University of Kentucky. A small photograph of such a trap is also shown on the inside back cover of this Bulletin.

Under the trap, in a metal dish, we place something particularly appetizing to flies, like fresh manure covered with honey. After dining, the fly rises through the cone-shaped screen and ascends into the trap. She hasn't the sense to go back "the same way wherein she went". We have caught as many as a hundred flies in a single day in these traps in the sunlight near the barn. Even though we are not like Tennyson's girl of the "light-blue eyes" and have no tenderness for *musca domestica*, we do not cause needless suffering even to a fly. Part of our routine is to flame the flytrap each day, killing the flies instantly, and allowing none to stay caged without water in the hot sun.

We have evolved this system of fly control out of our own needs and with the advice and help of the University of Kentucky. We commend it to all rural friends.

From May 15th to May 18th, we again had Dr. Francis Massie up from Lexington for one of the splendid surgical clinics at the Hyden Hospital for which he has given his services over a period of years. This time he brought with him Dr. William A. Roy, and in three busy days they examined thirty-six adults, ten school children and three infants; and operated on seven adults and four children. Both doctors said they liked our system of serving cold lemonade between operations.

Mrs. Massie couldn't come with Dr. Massie, but Mrs. Roy did come with Dr. Roy, and we found the Roys a delightful young couple. It does one's heart good to be liked as well as to like, so that we were happy when Dr. Roy wrote as follows:

"For several years I have known of The Frontier Nursing Service, so the physical setup there wasn't too much of a surprise. The amazing thing that I was unprepared for, however, was the enthusiasm and the good will of the members of the Service toward their work—and especially towards one another. Never have I seen a group of people so cheerful, and so thoroughly enjoying their work. It was such a pleasure to be associated with them."

. . . . .

We have had other delightful guests during the summer. Among them was an old friend of our Nora K. Kelly (now in London) who has been interested in the Frontier Nursing Service ever since he met her in the West Indies years ago. This gentleman, Mr. Arnold Kates of New York, did a unique thing for us. He asked if we were feeling the man-power shortage, and then offered to come and spend his holiday doing outdoor work as a volunteer. We put him to whitewashing. As all available extra labor at Wendover was being used on the Garden House slide, and at Hyden, was being used on the new Hospital cistern, we were terribly in arrears at both places with the annual whitewashing of barns and chicken houses. Mr. Kates learned the knack of mixing and applying the whitewash in short order, and he moved from barn to barn and from chicken house to chicken house, leaving clean, gleaming walls behind him. It was a lovely form of service. In his case too, we had the happiness of knowing that our appreciation and our liking were returned when he wrote as follows:

"I will say this about the whole setup at F.N.S. In my observation it does more with a dollar in good work accomplished than any organization I know of. It does its work with wit, with love, with charity, with happiness and with tremendous skill and capacity."

. . . . .

Early in June another delightful man gave us a visit, Mr. George T. Howard of Rochester, New York. To his friendly interest and love of photography we owe the pictures of the Garden House slide shown elsewhere in this Bulletin, and many other good photographs.

Our guests were not all men. Two delightful women who came were Mrs. Donald E. Bowen and Mrs. Herschel Neal of Bloomington, Indiana, officials of the National Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority which years ago adopted the Social Service Depart-

ment of the Frontier Nursing Service as its national field work.

Mrs. Fraser's mother, Mrs. James A. McGill of Enid, Oklahoma and Dr. Fraser's sister, Mrs. Leon Canova of Washington visited the Frasers at Joy House and we had the pleasure of seeing something of them at Wendover.

Mrs. R. C. Gonzalez of Louisville visited her daughter, our "Gonnie," at the Clara Ford Center on Red Bird River. This happened while Louisa Chapman, "Chappie", the Cadet, was stationed there; so Mrs. Laura B. Chapman, Louisa's mother from Ovid, New York, visited Red Bird at the same time as Mrs. Gonzalez. Both of these mothers were twice at Wendover, and we found them to be perfectly delightful women. The two sets of daughters and mothers had a grand time together.

Another guest at Red Bird was Mrs. David Lawson, Jr., our former nurse "Bert". It was great fun to see her again.

Two of the most interesting guests that came to us were Dr. and Mrs. J. Anthony Gillett from Belize, British Honduras. He is the Colonial Medical Director there. After taking graduate work at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, he was visiting sections of the Southern States. The British have a hospital at Belize where native girls are trained as nurses. He thinks that it might be possible to train some of the graduates of this Hospital School of Nursing in midwifery and work out a Frontier Nursing Service system for the rural areas of British Honduras. Dr. Gillett had a badly infected elbow when he came to us, but Dr. Fraser had located some pencillin. After a course of pencillin for two days and two nights, and treatment on the elbow, Dr. Gillett was able to do the rounds of the lower Centers and assist in the Hyden clinics. Poor Mrs. Gillett came down with the mumps soon after she reached us, and was unable to see much of our work because of quarantine. She was a most wonderful patient.

One of our friends whom we had the pleasure of seeing at lunch was our Trustee, Mr. Ross W. Sloniker of Cincinnati, who brought with him his charming daughter, Betty.

We also had the pleasure of entertaining for supper, Dr. and Mrs. Francis S. Hutchins of Berea, our County Superintendent of Schools, Mr. J. D. Begley and Mrs. Begley, and a group



of delightful teachers who were at Hyden conducting a summer institute for teachers called the "Workshop".

We had a visit of two weeks from Katherine Breckinridge (Kate) aged fourteen, who is attending school in San Antonio where her father is stationed. She made herself very useful in helping the couriers and in a wide variety of other ways.

Norah, the pure-bred Guernsey cow given Wendover nearly fifteen years ago by Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker of Pittsburgh (for whom Norah was named), died in August after the birth of a heifer calf. For years Norah has been a cherished member of the Wendover creatures. Two days before she died, another cow, Chocolate Drop, had calved, and she has adopted Norah's little heifer and is nursing it along with her own. As Kate Breckinridge said: "Norah's last baby and Chocolate Drop's first."

We owe our cover picture to the gifted pencil of our old courier, Barbara Whipple of Rochester, now Mrs. John Albert Schilling. She also drew the cartoon of the ship-wrecked baby.

Three of the sorghum cane photographs were taken by our courier, Barbara Jack, now Mrs. Robert S. Rowe of Decatur, Illinois. The photograph of the stir-off was taken by Mary LeFevre.

Our former nurse, Margaret Ferguson, now at work in Georgia, has been making a visit to Eva Gilbert at Midwives Quarters. She was to have entered the September class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, but her physician in Georgia did not think she was well enough to stand the rigors of a mountain winter. We shall hope for her in the spring class.

Wini Saxon, Secretary to the Director for the past three years, has left for a holiday at her home in Dothan, Alabama, and after that she enters the fall class of the Graduate School of Law at Columbia University in New York. When she completes her law course, Wini plans to specialize in juvenile Court Work and Family Relationships. We are sure that she will be a

success in this field and that some day we shall address her as Judge Saxon. This alone reconciles us to parting with one of the ablest and most beloved members of our staff.

. . . . .

We are proud to announce the birth at Joy House on August 15th, of a son to Dr. and Mrs. Fraser, named Terence James. Mrs. Fraser is doing well, and the young man is a very fine baby indeed. We wish him a long and happy and useful life.

. . . . .

Our Audrey Collins has again left us, and this time for the SPARS. She stayed on two weeks after she had expected to leave and insisted upon giving this extra time as a volunteer, helping out in every department that was short-handed. On the day before she left, she pitched in on the cabbages from the Wendover Garden, and helped in making eighteen gallons of sauerkraut.

. . . . .

Our wonderful Marion Shouse Lewis came back again this summer for the month she gives us each year. We are not only grateful to her, but deeply grateful to her husband, Lt. Reeve Lewis, Jr., U.S.N.R., for lending her to us. She not only took over Social Service during Clara-Louise Schiefer's vacation, but she pitched in and got new maids that were needed for the Hospital, and did office work for the Hospital.

. . . . .

We wish every success and happiness to Lounette Russell, who has for years given devoted work in the office at the Hospital, upon her acceptance of a teaching position at the Hyden High School. We extend a warm welcome to Amy Poston who has come to us from Cincinnati to take over the Hospital office work.

. . . . .

We extend our warm thanks to Miss Helen Eastvold of Mayville, North Dakota, for giving us two months of volunteer work in home economics at the Hospital, just after she had taken her degree. She has now returned to North Dakota for a

teaching position. It made work easier for the Hospital Superintendent to have the assistance of Miss Eastvold in ordering and directing the preparation of the food for the Hospital.

We have bid boodbye to Margaret E. Eimon (Eimy) and wish her all good luck and Godspeed. She has been a most valuable nurse at our Hospital for over two years, and we are sad at parting from her.

We extend a warm welcome to Margaret Field, a recent graduate of the Yale School of Nursing, who has joined our Hospital staff. It is a pleasure to have Alice Axelson at the Hospital for three months. She leaves on October 1st, to resume her graduate studies.

While Vanda Summers is away on her holiday, the Hospital is again being run by Ethel Gonzalez, "Gonnie". Grace Reeder is stationed at Red Bird Center, in Gonnie's absence.

Beatrice Miller has come back to us at the Hospital, following an absence at the bedside of her father. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Beatrice in the death of her father.

. . . . .

Our dear surgeon from Hazard, Dr. R. L. Collins, has received word that his only son, a Paratrooper, is now a prisoner in Germany. We are torn between our gratitude that he has not been killed, and our sorrow over his condition as a prisoner. We hope that the way things are going now in France will mean a release before the end of the year of all our prisoners in Germany.

. . . . .

As all of our friends know the Frontier Nursing Service Hospital at Hyden gives free care to children. We have been deeply touched to receive lately gifts of five dollars each from several parents whose children were operated on at our surgical clinic. Even in the days before our people had as much money as they have now (from allotments and from work out in defense plants), they constantly made gifts to the Hospital of food and other supplies. A distinct characteristic of the Kentucky Mountaineer is his wish to meet kindness with kindness.

We were deeply moved to receive a gift from Miss Lagerfeld of Thousandsticks, after her operation for a ruptured appendix. We never make a charge for missionaries or ministers or their families, and it was a high privilege to give care to a woman who has devoted years of her life in the service of our people.

. . . . .

The senior courier with the Frontier Nursing Service this summer was Kitty Troxel of Tiffin, Ohio. The junior couriers were in two batches: First, Gertrude Lanman from Boston and Patricia Fitzgerald from Milwaukee, and second, Barbara McClurg from Chicago, and Lonny Myers from Hartford, Connecticut. Since Fanny McIlvain has had to run her own farm this summer and could not get down to us as resident courier, Jean Hollins has stayed on all summer. In addition to her position as resident courier, Jean has more than once met emergencies at the Hospital as Nurses' Aide.

. . . . .

The four nurses in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery's last class completed their course and successfully passed the examinations conducted by the State Board of Health. Dr. Henry H. Caffee was so kind to come over from Oneida to conduct these examinations at the request of Dr. Chenoworth of the State Board of Health. The new class opens September 5th, with six students, and there will be more about it in the Autumn Bulletin.

. . . . .

We are happy to announce that a Lions Club has been organized in Hyden, with the assistance of the Hazard Lions Club, and that it has a charter membership of twenty-six citizens of that community. On August 31st, just after this Bulletin has gone down to the printers, your editor is having the honor and pleasure of speaking to this Club.

. . . . .

In a letter addressed to Mrs. Mendell, the editor of "Thousandsticks", our weekly newspaper at Hyden, Edwin P. Wooton of the U. S. Navy, now overseas, writes as follows:

"I have the addresses of some of our pre-war Frontier Nurses who are in England so I am going to pay them a surprise visit some time and kinda discuss old times on 'Hel-for-certain', 'Bullskin', 'Bearbranch', etc. Will be fun to talk to them about dear Old Kentucky.

"Not much I can say but our end of the line is being handled very nicely thus far and hope we may get it over with soon."

. . . . .

Our two dear Trustee friends from Detroit, Mrs. Henry B. Joy and Mrs. Francis C. McMath, came back to the mountains with some of us after attending the Annual Meeting of Trustees, as they do each year. They spent a week-end at Wendover and visited at the Hospital. As always, since she had to discontinue her visits, we missed the dear third of the Detroit trio, Mrs. James T. Shaw. Mrs. Shaw, now living in Knoxville, Tennessee, has recovered from her broken hip, but is still too frail for mountain visits.

. . . . .

The Service Flags of the Frontier Nursing Service now have the numbers "824" under the blue star, and "10" under the gold star. One of these flags hangs in the clinic at Hyden, and one in the little log Victory Shrine at Wendover. Lying by the cross in the Victory Shrine is a book with the names of all of our men and boys whose numbers are on the flag. One of the ten killed was Leonard Cornett from Camp Creek, whose father, Granville Cornett, is a member of our Wendover Committee and one of our oldest friends. Leonard was killed in action in Italy.

"Christ, when I at last my arms lay down,  
Bring me, Thy soldier, to Thy blessed town,  
O Thou that art the Soldier's Palm and Crown."

---

An extra day one year in four  
Encouraged girls before the war,  
But extra time in years like this  
Is useless to a bachelor miss.  
With men away in plane and jeep,  
At what, I ask, can ladies leap?

—William W. Pratt.

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 Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago  
 Miss Hazel Corbin, New York  
 Miss Naomi Deutsch, Washington, D. C.  
 Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York  
 Miss Margaret L. East, Louisville, Ky.  
 Col. Julia O. Flikke, Washington, D. C.  
 Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I.  
 Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass.  
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 Miss Ruth W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, Pa.  
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**FIELD WORKERS**

(Executive)

**AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY****Director**Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,  
S.C.M., LL.D.**Assistant Director and Dean**  
**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**  
Miss Dorothy F. Buck, R. N., S.C.M., M.A.**Executive Secretary**  
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.**Research Director**  
Miss Ella Woodyard, Ph. D.**Bookkeeper**  
Miss Lucile Hodges**Statistician**  
Mrs. Arthur Byrne, B.A.**Resident Wendover Nurse**  
Miss Nola Balir, R.N., C.M.**Social Service Secretary**  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)  
Miss Clara-Louise Schiefer, B.A.**Alternate Resident Couriers**  
Miss Jean Hollins  
Miss Fanny McIlvain**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY****Medical Director**

James M. Fraser, M.D.

**Hospital Superintendent**  
Miss Vanda Summers, R.N., S.C.M.**Hospital Head Midwife**  
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.**Clinic Nurse**  
Miss Anne Fox, R.N., S.C.M.**Hospital Charge Nurse**  
Miss Esther Thompson, R.N.**Instructor**  
**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**  
Miss Eva Gilbert, R.N., S.C.M., M.A.**Supervisor**  
**Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery**  
Miss Ruth Peninger, R.N., C.M.**F. N. S. Nurse at**  
**Wooton Community Center**  
Miss Rose Avery, R.N., C.M.**AT OUTPOST NURSING STATIONS****Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)  
Miss Mary Patricia Simmons, R.N., C.M.; Miss Marian Cadwallader, R.N., C.M.**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)  
Miss Rose Evans, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Peggy Brown, R.N., S.C.M.**Clara Ford Nursing Center**(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)  
Miss Ethel Gonzalez, R.N., C.M.**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creekville, Clay County)  
Miss Minnie Geyer, R.N., C.M.**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)  
Miss Hannah Mitchell, R.N., C.M.; Miss Audrey Dyer, R.N., C.M.**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**(Post Office, Bowlington, Perry County)  
Miss Gladys Moberg, R.N., 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.

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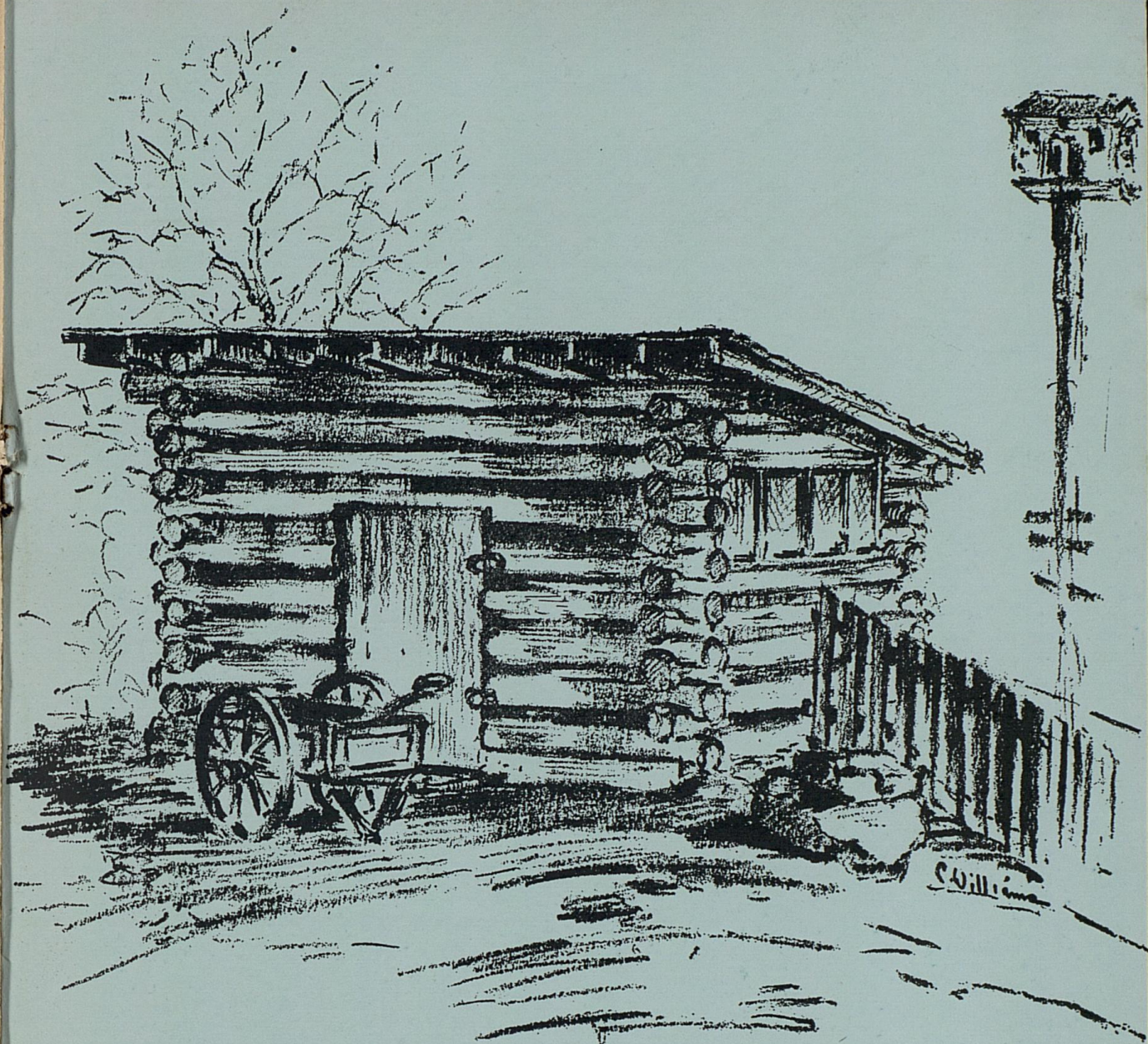
**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

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

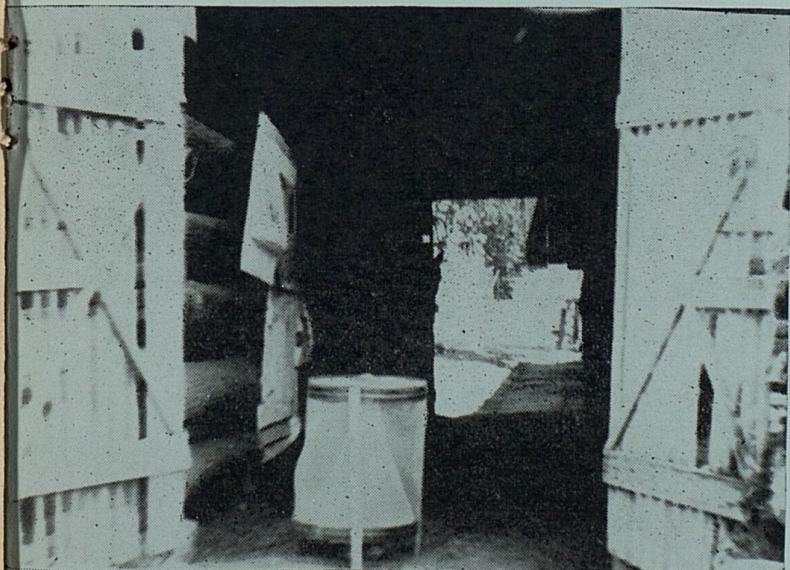
If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center or to be used for a special purpose and will send a letter to that effect his wishes will be complied with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by truck or wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the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

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

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

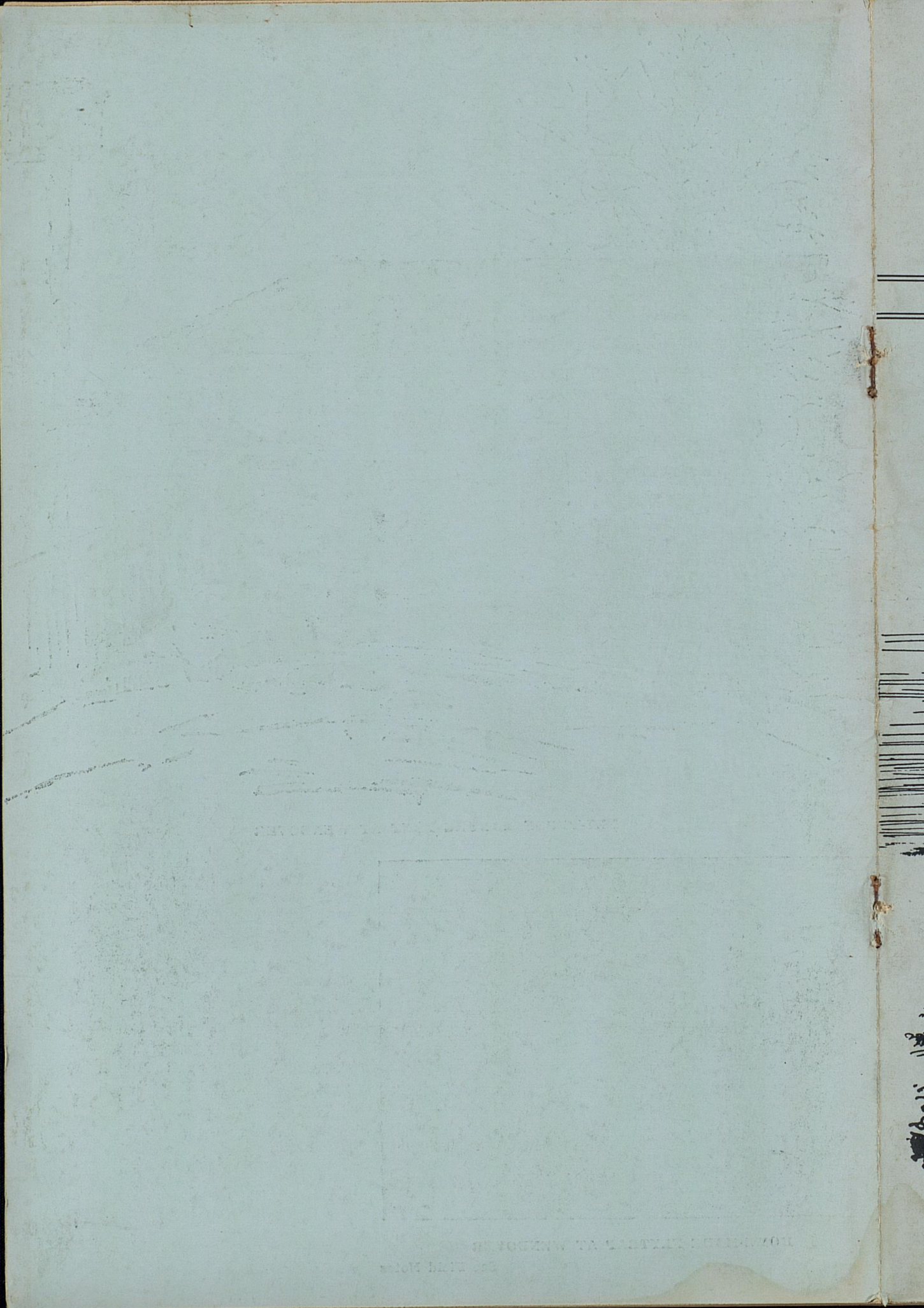


**FLY-PROOF MANURE BENT AT WENDOVER**



**HOME-MADE FLYTRAP AT WENDOVER**

See Field Notes



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