

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 41

WINTER, 1966

NUMBER 3



"Snow had fallen, snow on snow"

Photograph by Phyllis Long

This issue of our Quarterly Bulletin
is dedicated to the memory of our old
staff member, Gladys M. Peacock, and
to our old courier, Fanny B. McIlvain.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
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BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

—THOMAS MOORE, 1779-1852

This was one of Mrs. Breckinridge's favorite poems set to music, and we print it in honor of the anniversary of her birth on February 17.

GLADYS M. PEACOCK

Died December 28, 1965



Gay and gallant are words that fly into one's mind with memories of Gladys Peacock who played such a vital part in the early days of the FNS. She was born in London, England, and retained her British citizenship although she spent many years of her life away from the mother country. As a young girl she left her family to study voice under a great master. This study was interrupted by World War I when Peacock became a licensed mechanic and spent four years in France as an ambulance driver. She was many times under enemy fire. Following the war, she joined Miss Anne Morgan's American Committee for Devastated

France. It was at this time that she first met Mrs. Mary Breckinridge who was to have such an influence on her future career.

Peacock became vitally interested in Mrs. Breckinridge's plan for a nursing service in Kentucky, and in the early Twenties came to America and entered the Army School of Nursing at Walter Reed General Hospital. She graduated in 1925 and passed her New York State Board examinations. In 1926 she returned to England to take her training as a midwife so that she might come to join Mrs. Breckinridge in her work in Kentucky. Her organizing ability and her love for people played a vital part in the early years of the FNS. She helped to build the first outpost nursing centers and was appointed a midwifery supervisor and assistant director of the FNS in 1930. She took a leave of absence to study for her B. S. degree at Columbia University and during the depression years worked on behalf of the FNS outside the mountains. She did a considerable amount of public speaking and took part in concert programs.

In 1939 Peacock again returned to help England in her war effort. This time she drove an American ambulance in London and helped to evacuate patients from hospitals during the bombings. During this time she wrote us, "The patients are all magnificent. I certainly take off my hat every time to them—never a complaint or grumble although some of them had only been in hospital an hour from a previous bombing. If courage is all that is needed to win this war, then the 'East Enders' have already won it." Peacock later became an instructor and trained younger drivers for the ambulances. In 1942 she transferred to the Women's Timber Corps in the British Ministry of Supply and quickly became Commandant of the Corps. She organized a training school for forestry workers and allocated her girls to all parts of England. After the war she served on the Control Commission for Germany with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. She, with her staff, was responsible for the welfare of some two thousand military men and their families. In the late Forties she returned to live in New York where she soon found herself occupied with various community activities.

We have only been able to record a few highlights of Peacock's extraordinary career. We remember well the visit she paid to her beloved FNS in the summer of 1949. Even though she had

fallen victim to her first heart attack before this visit, she still retained her zest for life and her deep interest in everything going on around her. Successive heart attacks slowed her down considerably and Peacock turned to more sedentary occupations such as starting a stamp collection. She left this world with merciful swiftness in December of last year and we know how much she will be missed by her host of friends in this country and overseas.

Among old papers at Wendover we found a story written by Peacock while attending Columbia University and we print it here as a tribute to her valuable contribution to the FNS in its early years.

* * * * *

Something told me that this was to be a busy day, but if everything worked out according to schedule, all the things that had to be done would be accomplished.

It was a bright, clear morning, and in spite of the heavy snowfall the previous night, it promised to be a brisk, sunny day, with everything conducive to an enjoyable day in the saddle.

Breakfast was over, and from the silence in the barn, the bay mare had also managed to stow away her breakfast of oats, corn and hay, and was ready for her morning's grooming.

Grooming is a good start for a cold morning. You may start by being cold, but at the end of fifteen minutes you have shed every article of clothing down to your shirt and breeches.

The process of Betsy's toilet being over, and her shoes examined for ice nails, the saddle bags were slung over the saddle, and we were off for the day.

My first call was only two miles away, through the twists and curves of a mountain top, encircling the whole edge of a small peak. One had the feeling of being the only person in a little world of one's own. You looked down to the valleys with the river twisting in and out, and in the far distance saw the smoke from the scattered log cabins, curling up between the crevices of the mountains.

My patient was a seventeen-year-old girl. She was lying in bed with a five-day-old baby boy. A young lad, looking just a child himself, stood bashfully at the door.

"Hello, Roy," I said, "how's the son and heir?"

The boy blushed, then a broad grin spread all over his face

as he said, "Hit sure is a feisty young 'un." He was right. It was a big, bouncing, beautiful baby.

"Did you get the tin pan for him, Roy?" I asked.

"Yeah! Hit's settin' on the table in yonder."

Mary, the young mother, was attended to first. Next came a bath in the tin pan for the "feisty young 'un." The mother's proud look of delight as she saw her baby splashing about in the warm water was a pleasure to watch. With strict instructions for Mary not to get up, and what to do for the baby, I left the cabin. The boy-father followed me to the gate.

He hesitated, blushed, then shyly said, "You 'ns 'll be back tomorrow, won't you? Mary, she don't know much about babies yet!"

With a promise to return in the morning, I once more mounted the waiting horse.

Slipping down the hillside of the frozen ground we reached the creek bed. As we passed a little box house a voice hailed me, "Stop by a minute, will you?"

"Hello, Cindy, what's the trouble? Somebody sick?"

Cindy grabbing hold of a ten-year-old boy about to disappear around the corner, said, "Jon, go hold the woman's mar' while she comes in and sets awhile."

I told her I could not wait, as there were many more visits to make, but if anybody was ill, I'd be glad to stop. It appeared that Lucy, the fifteen-year-old daughter had a "sore neck." I examined her throat, and found it very inflamed and swollen. I painted her tonsils, leaving a small bottle of solution to continue the treatment. I advised the mother to let the child have her tonsils out at our next tonsil clinic. It took a lot of persuasion to get her even to think about it, but I left with the understanding that she would "study on it."

There was still one more visit that must be done before lunch. This was always a dreaded visit, as it meant opening six gates to reach the house. As we approached the first field I saw a small figure, with shaggy black hair, and a pair of gleaming black eyes, glistening with excitement. The trace of pure Indian blood showed through every feature.

"Well, Sammy Sizemore," I said, "what are you doing here?"

Sammy's eyes sparkled with delight, "I come to open the gates fer yer."

"Why, Sammy, how lovely. I hate opening these gates."

"Yeah," said Sammy, "I knew you 'ns did, so when Ma said you was coming to see the least 'un I ran all the way here."

The gate was opened. Betsy and I rode through in fine style. In between the gates Sammy rode double on the back of my horse and we made the trip in quick time, Sammy giving me all the news about the fence having blown down, the well getting choked up, and how many times he had been possum hunting.

The "least 'un" having been attended to, I felt something murmuring inside me that it was lunch time. I led Betsy up a little branch until we came to a large flat rock. Dismounting, I tied the reins over her neck, loosened the saddle girth and led her a little way off, where I knew she would nose about in the snow in the hopes of finding a twig that had pushed its way through the snow, or gnaw at the barks of trees.

Putting my rain coat on the rock, I made quick work of the sandwiches and hot contents of the thermos. My fingers kept rattling the paper covering of a package in my pocket. Smoking is forbidden in uniform, but it always gave me a sense of satisfaction just to feel them there.

We had to hurry. A big clinic was awaiting us at Possum Bend School, and four more miles were ahead of us.

Upon reaching the school we were greeted with about fifty mules hitched to fences, three wagons with mule teams and a large crowd of people. Men, women, and children, from three-months-old babies to grandparents, were gathered round the schoolhouse door.

Three big boys rushed out, each eager to hitch the "mar'." The two that didn't get the mare took a side of the saddle bags and led the way into the little white schoolhouse.

The table was prepared with newspapers and the necessary sterilizing of hypodermic syringes and needles was soon accomplished.

One by one the mothers filed up to the table carrying their babies. Then followed the pre-school, school and adults. Altogether two hundred and fifty shots of typhoid and diphtheria vaccine were given.

The wagons were loaded up. Mules laden with whole families slowly moved away. With many cheery "good-byes," Betsy and I made the last hour's ride home in quick time. Some distance from the nursing center we were greeted with the distant sound of a neighing horse. Betsy's stable companion was telling her to hurry. Corn, oats and hay were awaiting her.

After an exchange of the day's events with the other nurse over a little supper table drawn up close to a blazing log fire, I settled down to write up the records for the day.

The blaze of the logs died down to red glowing embers. I was loathe to leave this atmosphere of warmth and comfort, but knew that bed was the best place to be.

.

Was I dreaming? Or did I hear a noise outside? I sat up quickly, turned on the flashlight and looked at my watch. One a.m.

A dark unshaven face was at my window calling, "Hey Woman, come quick, my woman is punishin' mighty bad."

"Who's that?" I called out.

"It's George Morgan."

I quickly got the information I needed, and from it I knew that this would indeed have to be a "hurry" trip. Giving George the keys to the barn I told him to saddle my horse, and I would be out in a few minutes. Why do breeches always seem to grow buttons in the night?

In five minutes Betsy and I were leaving the mule and its rider behind. It was only half an hour's ride, but half an hour on a dark night, through ice frozen creeks, can seem like several hours when every minute counts.

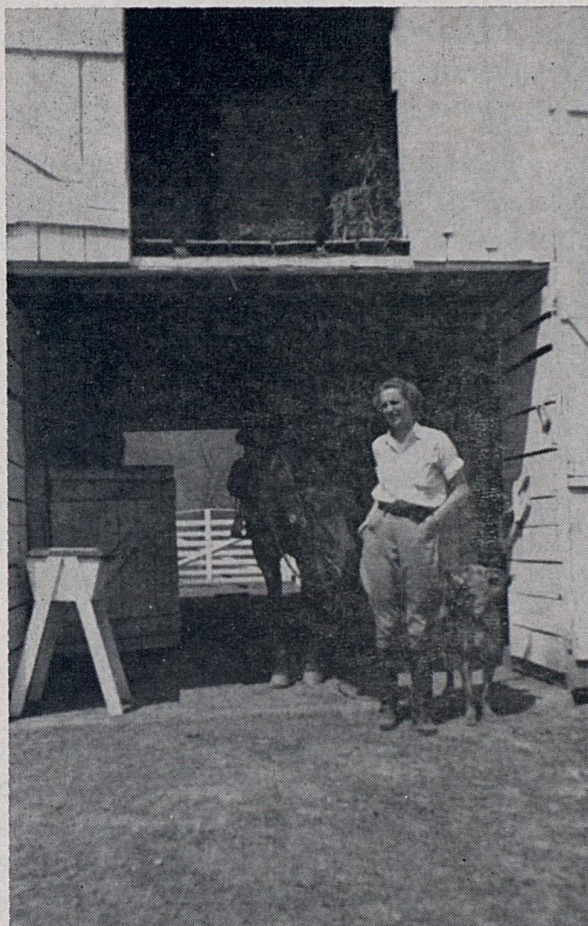
Such stillness. Only the snap of the cracking ice and the metallic ring of the horse's shoes on the rough rocks could be heard.

At last, in the distance, a faint light showed. It grew brighter as we neared. I could see a figure in the doorway. By the heaving flanks of my mare I knew she had put forth her best effort. I called out to the waiting figure. We were in time.

Betsy had done her work. Mine was just beginning. I knew that before "sunup" America would be the proud possessor of a new citizen.

FANNY B. McILVAIN

Died February 11, 1966



Fanny McIlvain first came to the Frontier Nursing Service as a junior courier in the winter of 1935. She returned every year until 1944 when, with her own farm—and horses and dogs to be bred and cared for—she was unable to get down so frequently. Over the years, she came whenever she could spare the time.

In those early days, the work of the Frontier Nursing Service was carried almost entirely on horseback. We had over thirty horses and frequently some of them were lame or sick. The couriers were responsible for the care of the sick animals—horses, cows and pigs—for deciding who rode which horse, for escort-

ing guests and new staff members to outpost centers, as well as for planning their own daily schedule of comings and goings. It was nothing in those days for a courier to lead two horses from one center to the other; or, perhaps, to take a cow from Wendover to a center. This wasn't one of Fanny's favorite pastimes, but she did it cheerfully and competently.

Fanny was tops. She knew her horses from A to Z. She had the rare ability of being kind, patient, and firm with them under any circumstances. The most difficult problem-horse responded to her. All animals were her friends. She was not so fond of the geese we had then—Waddle and Splash! After she had been down here a number of times, she began bringing with her Toto, her lovely German Shepherd dog. One day as they were walking between the buildings, Waddle—determined to protect Splash who had a family of beautiful goslings—dashed out, caught Toto by the tail and took a big "chunk" right out of it. Toto had to be taken to the Wendover clinic for first-aid treatment and he was so embarrassed by his bandaged tail that he withdrew for several days. After that, Fanny and Waddle were not the best of friends!

Fanny gave herself completely to her work and to her friends. She was wonderful with the junior couriers, and not only helped them with their courier problems but, while working with them at the barn or accompanying them on a trip, would give them the over-all picture of the FNS—its purpose, its policies, and how it functioned in all of its departments. She made the younger couriers feel that they had a vital part to play in the work of the Service and she inspired in them the determination to carry their end as best they could. Fanny had a delightful sense of humor which saved many tense moments! For the younger girls associated with her, she set a marvelous example of hard work, high standards and how to give and take in group living.

One cannot remember Fanny without thinking of all of the sterling characteristics that were so much a part of her that she could not have failed in any one of them had she wanted to—innate courtesy, kindness, sincerity, dependability, and loyalty. Fanny was deeply loved by her friends and greatly admired by all who knew her. Her gallant fight during her illness which was detected several years ago and flared up again this past Decem-

ber, was indicative of the courage she had throughout her lifetime. Fanny's most recent visit to Wendover was in November, 1964, after she had recovered from her first operation. When we asked her how she really felt, she invariably said, "I am fine." She laughed and joked about not being quite up to the arduous duties of a junior courier! She never once complained or admitted that she had been through a rugged experience or that the future was uncertain.

Our hearts go out in tender, loving sympathy to all of Fanny's family—especially to Mrs. McIlvain with whom she lived; and to her older brother with whom she had such good times. We, her FNS family, are cheered and comforted by the fact that she did not have to linger on too long after the suffering became acute. We know that all she gave of her dear self as a courier remains with the Frontier Nursing Service which she loved dearly and to which she devoted so much of her young life—not only here in the field but as the Philadelphia Courier Chairman. We like to think that when she crossed over on Friday, February 11, she received a royal welcome from Mrs. Breckinridge, Jean, Jinny, Mac, Bucket, Willeford, and the many other friends who preceded her in death. Fanny lives on in our hearts.

SONG OF THE LITTLE BIRDS

"Oh, the little birds sang east, the little birds sang west;
And I said, in under-breath,
'All our life is mixed with death!
And who knoweth which is best?'

"Oh, the little birds sang east, the little birds sang west;
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness His rest!"

Quoted in *Future Tenses of the Blessed Life*,
by F. B. Meyer, a writer of the last century.

"FROM EVERY MOUNTAIN SIDE"

by

ARDITH M. CLAIR, B.A.

We turned back toward Wendover and old Marvin finally caught the mood of happiness and joy. "This was more like it—we were headed home!" She arched her neck, her mane flowed, spirit came into her pace, and her hoofs sounded with purpose on the hard ground. It was a beautiful September day. The sun shone down on the mountainsides and a slight breeze played in the trees and grass. Somewhere across the valley some cows wandered and the lazy sound of their bells took its time to reach us high on the ridge. Camp Creek was hundreds of feet below, meandering on as it pleased from the dry weather. We rounded a point in the road and I could see the whole creek valley—one mountain feeding to another, harvested corn fields beneath a fall blue sky. This was the Kentucky I loved.

It was hard to be happy, knowing that I was to leave that afternoon, but everything was so exciting. Everything seemed to be caught up in my mood, or I in its mood. I thought of the day before which had been just as wonderful. Finished with my work, I went with Anne Cundle to scout out the possibility of a clinic on McIntosh Creek. It was on that creek that I had started my work for the American Cancer Society two years before. Then, the people had asked for a clinic and now I was a small part of the first feelers put out for such a clinic. Progress seemed to be everywhere. We drove down McIntosh and crossed over the Middle Fork at Dryhill on a road that had not been passable two years before.

As we drove along, I noticed that my jeep "King" had aged greatly in the last two years. Like old Marvin, it was a friend that would be hard to leave. I remembered the summer day we had started out together on this creek which would now be in active FNS territory. Anne and I talked of this progress, of the expanding territory, and of the pet subject—a mobile clinic. In the past, when I had gone to Wilder and Grassy Clinics, we would discuss a mobile clinic. "What kind would we have?" "What should we put in it?" "Who would drive it?" "Where would it

go?" Then it had been sort of a game, a dream; now it seemed a real possibility.

I was roused from my reverie by the sound of children singing in the distance, their young voices breaking the autumn silence. As Marvin and I rode closer I could hear that they were singing "My country, 'tis of thee." Once in a while they were not sure of the tune but they sang on—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing; . . .
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

Then I knew what the song meant. "From every mountain side" and the mountains were endless, feeding one into another down Camp Creek. "Let freedom ring" and the spirit of freedom rang from one mountain to the other. It seemed that the spirit of freedom and progress entwined and became part of the mountains. It seemed everything became a part of my happiness and excitement—the mountains, progress, the FNS, even old Marvin—as we headed home to Wendover.

PATIENT'S COMMENT

"A body sure misses herself when she's sick."

THE MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL

We know our readers are eager for news of our plans for the new hospital we hope to build at the Hyden Health Center. Engineers have inspected the barn site below the present hospital. Preliminary corings have been made and the report shows that the barn sits on solid rock, suitable to carry the weight of a heavy building. Our architect is working on preliminary plans, and we will have more specific information to print in the spring issue of the Bulletin.

The cost of construction in these days is almost as frightening as the high cost of independence. If we have inherited enough of Mrs. Breckinridge's faith, we shall have our new hospital, as we know we need it in order to go forward with her work for mothers and babies and to broaden our education and experience field. We are fortunate in having many friends who have expressed their interest and have given us much encouragement to carry on during the past year. We have opened up the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Fund with specific donations sent in memory of Mrs. Breckinridge. We shall go forward with hope in our hearts.

H. E. B.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Alison Bray, London, England—October 24, 1965

Last month I had a wonderful holiday in Rumania. I went with a party of twenty-two—English and American. We flew to Bucharest and then toured the country in a bus, doing over 2,000 miles in a fortnight! It was all very interesting. It's a lovely country, and we were fascinated to see what went on in an iron curtain country. We had gorgeous weather—a pleasant change after our wretched summer.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Howard Hall Robinson, Jr. (Shirley Ann Young),
Grosse Pointe, Michigan—November 16, 1965**

Betty Lester's account of Mrs. Breckinridge's last day was one of the most beautiful things I have ever read. It was just as she would have wished it—an inspiring closing to an inspiring life. I have no doubt that the memory of her great strength will help all of you devoted people through this time of adjustment.

It was a real joy to see Brownie and the FNS pictures here last year. The brief six weeks at Wendover are my most treasured volunteer experience. For the last nine years I've been working with old people in our "inner city," and this is a joy; but I have never found anything so truly inspiring as the integrity of the mountain people and the great wisdom of the FNS in helping them accept the best of our civilization without losing the best of theirs.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Harry P. Schriver, Jr. (Linda Branch),
Pinedale, Wyoming—November 22, 1965**

Anne Kilham DeMaria and I had such a marvelous visit at Wendover. I am still amazed at the places jeeps now travel, where in our courier days only horses went. Hyden and Leslie County really have done some wonderful things in the road department.

The couriers were so thoughtful and kind to have taken me with them on their trips to the centers. I feel a lot better about the absence of Bowlingtown after visiting Wolf Creek.

To me, Sunday is the nicest day at Wendover. Perhaps it is the Sunday teatime with an added guest, or FNS family members from the Hospital, followed by Evensong in the chapel, that makes it a special day. I regret that we weren't there for a service in St. Christopher's Chapel at the Hospital. It is such a lovely place.

. . . .

**From Katherine (Kay) Amsden,
Los Angeles, California—November 22, 1965**

In June, 1964, I left Smith College and came to the University of Southern California to work on my Ph.D.—have been taking courses continuously since then and have been teaching half-time during the fall and spring semesters. I hope to be finished with the qualifying exams next April and the dissertation by June, 1967.

In September, between summer and fall sessions, I had a nice visit with my folks. We traveled in the White Mountains (N. H.) and along the Maine coast. It was especially good to get back to New England for awhile.

. . . .

**From Mrs. William Clinton Holter (Neville Atkinson),
Arlington, Virginia—December 3, 1965**

Mrs. Breckinridge's goodness to me in encouraging me to enter nurses' training has been one of the mainstays and happinesses of my life. Since I graduated from St. Luke's in 1944, I've kept active, with the exception of five years when my children were little. Neville [*her daughter*] entered St. Luke's in September of this year.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr. (Libby Boardman),
Chicago, Illinois—December 11, 1965**

Betty (Pratt) Booth's bassoon playing son-in-law is in Chicago with young Lisa. We hope to see them soon. We ourselves are "between weddings" with another coming up next spring.

From Sally Foster, Baltimore, Maryland—December 14, 1965

I've spent the past two years living and working in the slums of Rio de Janeiro as a Peace Corps volunteer. It was a fabulous experience! We were in a Health Education and Community Development Project and this meant that part of our time was spent in health work: i.e. giving shots, talking about pre-natal care, visiting TB patients who hadn't come into the health post to pick up their medicines at the appointed time, talking about basic sanitation, et cetera.

The rest of the time we were trying to find out what the needs and problems of the people were and what they, themselves, could do about them. This led to all sorts of things and I was involved with one thing or another from early morning till late at night. It was an experience I wouldn't trade for anything.

. . . .

From Nancy Dammann, Bangkok, Siam—December 14, 1965

I can't tell you how sorry I was to hear about Mrs. Breckinridge. She was a great woman, she founded a great institution, and she was a great inspiration to many, many people.

Mrs. Breckinridge certainly influenced my life. It was during my summers at Wendover that I first saw a group of really dedicated people at work. I think the example of the FNS had a good deal to do with my decision to make a career out of foreign aid. Trying to introduce new techniques and practices in underdeveloped countries can be a discouraging occupation. But often when I've felt low I've remembered the FNS and thought: "Well, if they can do it, we should be able to."

My tour here is up next October. I'm not quite certain where I will be sent next, but if I have time I'd love to pay you a short visit during my home leave.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Dandridge F. Walton (Theresa Nantz),
Paducah, Kentucky—Christmas, 1965**

I'm still teaching the fifth grade and still think it is the perfect age. However, I hope for this to be my last year—I've got so many things I'd like to do at home. Sarah Halley is in nursery school again and loves it. Bailey can hardly wait till he is three to go. Dan's still as busy as can be.

**From Mrs. John Campbell Christie, Jr. (Peggy Barker),
Evanston, Illinois—Christmas, 1965**

I enjoyed so very much seeing Brownie in Chicago and was so impressed by her report. It has been a fine year for us, highlighted by a great deal of week-end sailing and a July vacation with my family. Margaret has become very good company for me as her chatter increases; and is, of course, devoted to her Daddy.

.

**From Mrs. Charles William Steele (Candy Dornblaser),
Palo Alto, California—Christmas, 1965**

In June, 1964, Chuck became a full-time graduate student in computer science at Stanford University. We leased our San José house and moved into an apartment in Stanford's married student housing. I went to work full-time at Palo Alto—Stanford Medical Center—as a labor and delivery nurse. I had not worked in a hospital setting since leaving training some seven years ago. In March, 1965, Chuck was offered a full-time job as a mathematician in the computation branch at Ames Research Center, a N.A.S.A. division located at Moffet Naval Air Station in Sunnyvale, just south of Palo Alto. We sold our San José house and moved to our present home in Palo Alto.

During the Summer we had our first vacation in two years at our property in the wilderness of Northern California's Trinity Alps. The girls hunted obsidian arrowheads in the meadow, chased frogs, and splashed in the creek to their heart's content. Heather, for the first time, really saw the stars. We all looked forward to the nightly appearance of a cautious doe and fawn that visited at dusk. Even two days of rain, during which we played "twenty-questions" and sang in our tent, was a cozy and welcome experience.

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**From Mrs. Harold Venable Liddle (Kitty Palmer),
Salt Lake City, Utah—Christmas, 1965**

We love our new life in Salt Lake City. We have been here a year and feel like it was always home. Kippy is in kindergarten this year and Missy is just four years old. They are getting so grown up. Two large black Labradors make the family complete and very busy.

**From Mrs. Albert O. Trostel III (Parker Gundry),
Milwaukee, Wisconsin—Christmas, 1965**

Our children are growing up and are wonderfully interesting. The oldest two are in junior and senior kindergarten. The youngest, a year in November, is trying to master the upright position. They are all looking forward to Christmas. Rich and Kimmie have some presents for us this year—handmade. Rich wants to be an airplane pilot (but not the kind that hurts people, he has informed us). Kimmie says that she wants to be “just an old lady like you, going to meetings and stuff”!!

My husband enjoys his work greatly. I am busy in League of Women Voters, writing a study of relocation of people and businesses displaced by government actions, in a neighborhood improvement group, and the Vasser Club, plus other odds and ends.

.

**From Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris),
Cupertino, California—Christmas, 1965**

We have just completed, today, a joyful year with Samuel. He was truly a Christmas angel and has been a year-long blessing. Six weeks ago, David received a call to serve as Associate Rector in a team-ministry at St. James Parish, Newport Beach, California. We sold our house the very day the call became “official” and we will move on December 29th to 2095 Irvine Avenue, Newport Beach, California. Our new house has a huge room over the garage with eight built-in beds, pullman style. We are just one-half hour from Disneyland, north of the San Diego Zoo and South of Marineland.

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**From Mrs. Trenchard More, Jr. (Kitty Biddle),
Woodbridge, Connecticut—Christmas, 1965**

We have a baby girl, Elizabeth Temple, just one year old. The boys, Grinnell and Paul, are three and five respectively, and got their first skates this afternoon as it didn't seem wise to ask the ice to wait till the 25th! We live outside New Haven, on the edge of a woods of some extent. Paul spends hours in it clearing brush with a handsaw. He uses a bucksaw for cutting firewood. We marvel at it, and don't understand it; but are delighted that our

own love of woods, isolation and un-manufactured things takes root in the boys.

.
From Mrs. William H. Henderson (Kathleen Wilson),

Lansdowne, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1965

Marjorie is in college and very happy at Howard University in Washington, D. C. Stephen and Phyllis are finishing this year at Iowa State University. Stephen is preparing to be a counselor and Phyllis works in the technical library at the Ames Lab. They've been active at the Collegiate Presbyterian Church and Steve was ordained as an elder in November.

Bill and Nancy are in their second year teaching in Liberia as Peace Corps volunteers. They relieve two Liberian teachers so that they can get more schooling. Nancy is the fourth grade teacher and Bill is the math and science teacher for the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. This year he is pleased to add one history class which was his college major. Next September Bill will begin work towards a Master's in Social Work in Community Organization at Bryn Mawr. Nancy plans to teach.

David and Beverly are finishing their second year at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton. We have loved having them and their children nearby. Next summer they plan a camping trip across Europe to Moscow where David will attend the International Congress of Mathematicians. He will be on the faculty of Cornell University in September, 1966.

I am in my third year as school nurse in a Philadelphia junior high school. Bill continues to travel widely and meets many old and new friends. In August Bill and I started building a cabin in our favorite woods in central Pennsylvania where we have camped for eighteen years.

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From Mrs. S. Wilson Clark (Virginia Watson),

Lake Forest, Illinois—January 5, 1966

My son, Cary, is six feet tall already, and is a day student at Lake Forest Academy. My daughter, Mona, is taller than I am and is a freshman at high school. Her love is art and Cary's is the guitar. Mona has started playing the harp this year—her choice. My husband travels two months and more at a time. He

is going to India in March for about two months. We have been here about three and a half years now.

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From Jane Leigh Powell, New York City, New York

—January 7, 1966

Christmas was fun with Lois, Charlie and Chippie—he was so cute. He helped us decorate the tree without breaking a thing and on Christmas Day he opened all his own presents after we showed him once how to do it. I think that's pretty good for eighteen months! It poured rain all Christmas Day, then turned very cold, and Sunday morning we woke up to snow.

The transit strike here in New York is something not to be believed. I drove a car pool yesterday and it took me two hours to get there. The day before it took me one hour just to come across town from the apartment. It's supposed to snow tonight or tomorrow so you can just imagine what it will be like then!

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From Rosalie Ransom, Beloit, Wisconsin—January 12, 1966

Classes have started and life has begun to take on some semblance of order—already there has been a "Beloit courier conclave" to discuss old times. I note a tendency to wear the convenient comfortable courier uniform. It seems that the FNS has crept into our hearts and is manifesting itself through our choice of clothes and, of course, in conversation and those nostalgic expressions.

My next adventure, though still tentative, sounds like it will be quite an experience—an anthropology seminar in Taiwan. If I go, I will spend at least eight months, and hopefully a year there.

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From Mrs. Benjamin G. Ruekberg (Nancy Harmon),

Huntington, New York—January 13, 1966

I was so saddened to learn of the death of Mrs. Breckinridge; but somehow she isn't really gone. Her wonderful spirit lives on, I'm sure, and her foresight and ideals are carried forth by all of those who work with the FNS. What a wonderful thing it is to know someone who has made such great use of her life! Such a life can only change its form at the gateway called death; for such purpose and goodness, as Mrs. Breckinridge had, cannot

stop but perhaps multiply through others. I'm enclosing a little token for the fund in her memory.

Our family is well and the three oldest children are busily happy with school. Peter keeps me company at home and I get plenty of exercise as he is an explorer. My husband continues to enjoy his teaching at C. W. Post College, here on the island. He is studying the Russian language this year which he finds interesting. It will help him in translating in his field of Russian history.

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From Mrs. Eric R. Anders (Bronwen Jenney),

New Orleans, Louisiana—January 26, 1966

Life is slightly chaotic with us now but great fun. I am in the midst of mid-year exams; Eric is trying to pick his thesis topic—something in the field of public health. We spend all of our "in-between" minutes settling into our little house which we rent near the University. We leave the end of the week for a two-and-a-half-week T.B. course in Denver. It will be good to get back into snow and ski country. I think often of the FNS and the wonderful summer I spent there with Jinny Branham. [*See Weddings.*]

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From Lucy Conant, Hamden, Connecticut—January, 1966

On December 13th my father died quite suddenly. He had had a heart condition for a number of years, but at seventy-seven years of age, he was still very alert and interested in everything. While it was a shock for us, for him it was the way he would have chosen.

I spent Christmas with my sister's family in Wilmington, Delaware. My brother and his family drove down on Christmas Day. With five adults, ten children, three dogs and four cats, Christmas proved to be quite lively.

Other news for 1965 centers on the new house into which I moved early in May. It is on the feet of the Sleeping Giant and is at the end of the road. While I have neighbors, from the house you look off to the south, down through the woods into state park property. The house itself is contemporary, but my antique furniture fits in very well. It is simple, informal, and as a number of people have commented, different.

This year at the Yale School of Nursing I am mainly involved in doing research rather than teaching. I have a two-year Public Health Service grant to follow-up on some of the findings from my Ph.D. dissertation. This fall I did quite a lot of traveling, attending nursing conferences and meetings. One evening a week I work as a staff nurse at the newly organized Family Health Clinic in the Medical Center.

This must have been quite a year for changes for you people at the FNS. From the Bulletin it sounds as if things were continuing along just the same. According to my memory, it will be twenty years ago this summer that I was a courier.

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**From Mrs. Shouse Lewis (Marion Shouse),
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina—February 11, 1966**

We are having a lovely, leisurely junket down to Ponte Vedra. All three of us (Mother, Lilian and I) are getting much pleasure from the journey. Tomorrow we go to the Middleton Gardens and Beaufort.

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BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Mary Wright, social worker with the Presbyterian Child Welfare Agency at Buckhorn, Kentucky, has had several articles published in *Mountain Life and Work*. The latest is "*The Choices of Poverty*" in the winter, 1965 issue of the magazine.

Carolyn Booth Gregory (Mrs. Hugo H. Gregory, Jr.) Evanston, Illinois, is working part-time as a hospital speech therapist.

We extend our deepest sympathy to **Anne Reynolds Sparrow** and to **Gay Reynolds Harper** in the sudden death of their mother early in December; and to **Lucy Conant** whose father died of an heart attack just before Christmas.

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A WEDDING

Miss Bronwen Adsit Jenney of Lincoln, Massachusetts, and Dr. Eric Raymond Anders of Miami, Florida, on December 21, 1965. Both young people are attending Tulane University: Bron is in her second year at medical school and her husband is study-

ing for his doctorate in International Public Health. Dr. Anders is a graduate of St. Louis University Medical School. He served two years in the U. S. Air Force as a flight surgeon and for one year in Laos with the Dooley Foundation.

We congratulate Dr. Anders in winning so fine a young woman as Bron as a wife and as a partner in his chosen field of service. We wish them every happiness.

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BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lewis Fuller, Jr. (**Vicky Coleman**) in London, England, a son, John Mosby Fuller, on November 16, 1965—weighing 7-pounds and 11-ounces. His mother writes:

Young John is a delight to his proud parents and the source of constant worry to his self-appointed guardian, our big German shepherd-husky. They are going to be inseparable companions.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Robert David Mehlman (**Lila Caner**) a son, Alexander Colket Mehlman, on November 19, 1965. His mother writes us that he weighed 8-pounds and already is "as strong as an ox and ever hungry!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald G. Tyrrell (**Janie Haldeman**) of Louisville, Kentucky, a baby girl, Jane Norton Tyrrell, on November 24, 1965. Her grandmother for whom she is named, wrote us:

Thanksgiving Day—and what a very special one it is for all of us! Yesterday Janie gave us a precious little girl—Jane Norton Tyrrell—weight six pounds, dark, dark eyes and hair and everything perfect.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Koennecke (**Joanna Noble**) of Honolulu, Hawaii, a baby girl, Lori Jo, on August 19, 1965.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele Cheston, Jr. (**Lois Powell**), of Millis, Massachusetts, a daughter, Virginia Powell Cheston on February 18, 1966.

Lucky babies—all of them—and we are sure that each will make his mark in the world. We wish for each of them the best of luck.

SARAH AND HER DOLLS

by

JOAN FENTON, R.N., C.M., B.S.



(Editor's Note: The cornshuck Nativity figures were made by Mrs. Hall especially for Miss Fenton. Photograph by Phyllis Long.)

Sarah Hall and the Frontier Nursing Service are old friends, and there is nothing that Mrs. Hall enjoys more than sitting by the fire with the current district nurse-midwife, recalling old times when Miss Green or Miss Worcester would call on her to go help with a home delivery. "Yes, Miss Fenton, I'd always dress the baby."

In 1964 when Trink Beasley presented the Leslie County Development Association with the idea of incorporating a Craft Festival into Mary Breckinridge Day, Sarah Hall again got a call from the FNS. This time it wasn't babies to dress but wee, little "shuck dolls."

Sarah is a joy to have help with anything and I'm sure that thirty years ago Miss Worcester and Miss Green found her just as

enthusiastic as did Trink Beasley and Faye Farmer. After examining the way she makes and dresses her little shuck dolls, one would see why the nurse-midwives wanted her to dress the newborn babies.

Each shuck doll is the recipient of much tender loving care. They are put together by a craftsman who repeatedly says, "I want them to be perfect." Sarah learned the art of making dolls from Miss Ann Marshall who gave a one-day workshop at the Red Bird Mission some years ago. Being a perfectionist, she sent her dolls back to Miss Marshall until they were pronounced perfect. The workshop gave Sarah the basic principles of doll making and she has gone on from there to design her own creations. Of course, her very first creation was the FNS nurse-midwife in winter uniform.

To make these tiny creatures requires a great deal of time and begins with shucking Kentucky Cone or Big White corn. These shucks are then soaked in cold water, boiled in soapy bleach water, rinsed, and then dried on a screen. This process takes nearly a whole day. The actual time for making a doll is one hour, twenty minutes, plus the extra time it takes for putting on the face. Making dolls is not a small operation for Sarah as she sold around four hundred in 1965. Through these sales she was able to pay off her debts, install an electric pump, and buy doors and linoleum for her little home up in Slick Rock Hollow. As she says, "The Lord knew my needs and answered them."

The amazing thing about Sarah is how she wants to share her good fortune with others. She realizes how much help Crafts would be to the people in Leslie County. For several months she has been urging me to set up classes where she may instruct interested people in the county or area in the art of doll-making. This idea was mentioned to our County Agent, Mr. Rufus Fugate, and to the past president of the Leslie County Development Corporation, the Rev. E. T. Ehresman, who would like to enlarge the plan to include many of the local craftsmen.

Sarah Hall is but one of the many craftsmen that FNS nurses have worked with through the years. Their talents are varied and their wares are delightful. I hope that the readers of the Quarterly Bulletin may become acquainted with more of them through these pages.

A TWO-MONTH STAY WITH FNS

by

ROBERTA ERICKSON, President, AASN

"You fellers are mighty fine." The lanky mountaineer spoke sincerely. For some 40 years, he and his neighbors in parts of three southeastern Kentucky counties had been served by the nurses and nurse-midwives of the Frontier Nursing Service.

It was the remarkable Mary Breckinridge who began, as a rural demonstration, an organization that now encompasses midwifery, nursing care to the sick, outpatient clinics, social service, both hospital and district work, and a graduate school for the training of nurse-midwives.

I spent a most rewarding two months this past summer as a student volunteer with FNS. Perhaps some spot recollections will best enable me to share some of my experiences with you.

—The unexpected birth of a baby by a woman who thought she was only having stomach pains.

—The song of an aging patient resounding throughout the hospital.

—The thank-you of a child after the suturing of a nasty cut.

—The ever-new miracle of childbirth. How the mother's features lighted as she gazed upon her newly "caught" boy-child.

—A mother's pride in the promotion of her children to high school.

—The gifts of fresh produce from mountain families.

—The thick coat of dust after home visits via Jeep travel on one-lane dirt roads.

—The twice daily injections given to an ailing mule.

—Learning "sign language" to communicate with a young woman deprived of hearing and speech.

—Meeting FNSers I had read about in *Wide Neighborhoods*, Mrs. Breckinridge's book about the Service.

—The "march" of the American staff on the British staff on Independence Day.

—The concern of all the mountain "folk" when tragedy struck an FNS nurse.

—The kindness and ability of a remarkable doctor.

Of these and so many things I would like to tell. My thanks to those who made the vague possibility of this experience into a most wonderful fact.

—*Arizona Nurse*, Volume 18, Number 4
September-October, 1965

A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

From the parents of one of our young mothers
who died of leukemia

Our family can never express in words what "The Service" means to us. If it had not been for all of you, we could not have had our dear girl home with us those last bad weeks. She begged so to stay at home, and you made it possible. We have never seen such dedication and service. Miss Russell and Miss Fenton were so ready and willing—as were everyone from Dr. Wiss down the line. There just isn't any way we can say "Thank you." I was with Nancy Etta at three different hospitals, and there was no nurse anywhere to compare with ours here. It was "Service" on the highest plane because there was love and dedication with it.

The letters from all of you helped in the bad time, and the flowers were beautiful.

We stand ready at any time to help with anything we can for the Service. Please let us know if there is the smallest thing we can do.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
ANNE CUNDLE

From Ruth Hunter in Northern Nigeria—December, 1965

I awoke this morning to the sounds of beating drums, blaring automobile horns, and the loud tones of a "high-life" record from the bar across the road. I am spending the weekend in the busy town of Ilorin (quite a change from the quiet activity of a bush hospital) where I came to do a bit of Christmas shopping and to pick up two girls who are coming to Egbe for their holiday. I was surprised and happy to find that one of them was an FNS graduate, Ruby Day. You can imagine the good time we had catching up on all the FNS news and reminiscing about our time in the Kentucky hills which we both enjoyed so much. Who knows? We may find ourselves back there some day!

The stork is continuing his usual booming business here. We average between 40 and 50 deliveries a month, with 4 or 5 Caesarean sections, but under conditions quite different from those at Hyden. There is one Nigerian midwife, two aides and myself; and a patient load of 25 to 35, enough to keep us out of mischief!

Please give my warmest greetings to Peggy and the rest of the Wendover Staff from the "one who didn't want to be a midwife anyway," but who enjoys it to the core!

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From Ada Worcester Marston in Hampshire, England

—December, 1965

The Bulletin came yesterday and I had a pleasant, nostalgic kind of day remembering you all. This time there were more names from the old days that reminded me of people and happenings.

At the moment there is a weak winter sun. In front of the house is the very busy London/Portsmouth road, but where I sit in the dining room it is like another world, lovely views of all wooded hills stretching to the South Downs. Moles are a pest to us, rabbits quite annoying, and the beautiful deer, that wander right up to the house, eat everything—rock plants, roses, and

the apple tree bank. I love to see them, usually in the early morning.

I was able to go to the Reunion this year and enjoyed it thoroughly.

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From Aase Johanesen in San Francisco, California

—December, 1965

Time does fly, doesn't it? I came back from South America in October, finishing three years with the Peace Corps in Honduras. It is hard to imagine that a country so close to Western civilization could be so primitive and backward. There I actually saw children die from hunger.

Happy memories ever go back to my time in FNS.

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From Jerry White Byrne in Knoxville, Tennessee

—December 21, 1965

Our log cabin has been used a few weekends, and we are beginning to get it fairly authentically furnished. Hope to get a second cabin up this winter. The barn is raised, and it has three stalls and a runway, cement-floored grain and tack room, stairs to loft, et cetera. We have no livestock yet and no house!

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From Edith Batten in Cumberland, England—October, 1965

I must tell you that I am almost completely blind now, and last November I had bronchial pneumonia from which I found it difficult to recover. Since I live alone my doctor insisted I go into a home for a while. Later I had major surgery from which I seem to have made a good recovery, but my eyes have reacted terribly to the shock of it. I am thankful to be home again and amongst friends.

Oh, those happy years spent with the FNS! I feel very proud of the fact that I was number ten of Mrs. Breckinridge's first family. I think few of that first family remains, but it was so worthwhile helping Mrs. Breckinridge to launch her scheme, and my first home was Wendover.

Give my love to anyone I know. I welcome news of the Service.

From Minnie Meeke in County Tyrone, Northern Ireland

—November, 1965

It was a great privilege for me to have been associated with the FNS and Mrs. Breckinridge. My thoughts often wander to the "Kentucky hills," where I was so happy in my work, and the horseback riding. Thank you for the Summer Bulletin; I read it from cover to cover and shall still be interested in receiving news about the FNS.

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From Lois Harris Kroll in El Centro, California

—December, 1965

Hank and I started from Anchorage in the camper. Then we picked up the little diesel car in Yakima where I had stored it. Now we travel separately. I follow as best I can and, when we do get separated, we meet in a pre-arranged spot. It's nice to have the little car to run around in when the camper is hooked up in a trailer court. We've spent time in Yakima, Seattle, and Coos Bay, Oregon. Then we were three days in Santa Rosa before going to the Mother Lode country. This was very interesting. Last week was spent in Cathedral City, then we will be going on to Yuma. Palm Springs is very beautiful at night with the palm trees all lighted.

I can picture the nurses at the Centers dividing presents and clothing for the Christmas trees, a chore, but fun, after all is said and done.

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From Dorothy Gunkloch Lammers in Cincinnati, Ohio

—December, 1965

I think of you all frequently and wonder how things are going. I am Executive Director of the Cincinnati Institute of Fine Arts. The institute receives and manages endowment money, and uses income to help support some of Cincinnati's major cultural institutions.

It's beginning to snow here and I cannot help but recall how lovely Wendover was when the ground was covered with snow and the trees were bent over with their burden of snow and ice. It was a real fairyland. One of these days I hope I can stop off to see you, but in a way, although I suppose it is much more con-

venient living, I'm afraid I will be disappointed what with roads so close, electricity, and even central heating! I still remember what fun it was to go to bed and watch the banked fire in the fireplace and listen to the battery radio play music broadcast from here. Just happened to remember that was almost thirty years ago—egad!!!! where has the time gone???

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From Clara Sparks in Portland, Oregon—January, 1966

I am still hoping to get back to Burundi. The political shake-up in October has delayed my going but things seem to be settling down now. I hope to get a visa soon and go sometime in February.

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From Bridie Gallagher in Woolwich, London, England

—November, 1965

I am always so glad to have news of FNS. Molly and her sister appear to be making good progress and continue to maintain their wonderful cheerfulness. It was a pleasure to have Mr. and Mrs. Branham with us also at the Reunion which Hilly arranged so beautifully. I am considering applying to the Health Visitors course next September.

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From Jody LeVahn in Minneapolis, Minnesota

—December, 1965

I will be finishing my course in anesthesia and be on my way back to the Congo next summer. I just may stop in at FNS in May.

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From Dora Howard in Thailand—December, 1965

When you receive this letter we shall be starting the New Year. I will have been in Thailand for four months. I am living in Bankla and working in our Baptist Hospital here.

The time here in Thailand has been a blessing to me in many ways. Working here has helped orient me to living on this side of the world. I have been impressed over and over again with the necessity of learning the language. The hospital has patients with many diseases such as tetanus, malaria, hemorrhagic fever, and leprosy which I had never seen before. The hospital inter-

preter helps me in translating conference and classes into Thai. She has also tried to help me learn a few Thai words, which I use with lots of English and sign language to communicate. I have come to love our Thai workers very much. Leaving Thailand will be difficult in this respect because I enjoy working with them.

Christmas week brought a cousin who is serving in the army in Vietnam to Bankla for a leave. It was good to share this time together.

I wish you could have heard the Thai hospital workers singing Christmas carols on Christmas Eve.

. . . .

From Joy Hilditch Mishler in Avondale, Arizona—December, 1965

We have broken all records for rain in the Phoenix area for about twenty-five years. We are looking forward to a really beautiful spring with the desert flowers much more profuse than usual.

Our boys are growing up fast. Bobbie is in first grade this year and David is in kindergarten. He is only four but there are no children close to home with whom he can play.

Give my love to all the people I know.

. . . .

From Margaret McCracken in Bogart, Georgia

—December, 1965

Somehow I always feel especially close to my Wendover friends at this time of year. You know the FNS is a part of me and always will be.

On January 27th I sail for Sarawak. The first year there will be spent in language study. After that I can get down to some nursing again. I'll be working on a mobile riverboat clinic. It sounds very challenging and interesting.

I'm going by freighter and for this I am glad as it will give me a month to relax, read, think, et cetera. The ship stops at Yokoloma, Hong Kong, Saigon, and then Singapore. I fly from Singapore to Sihu.

. . . .

From Daphne Dunger in West Africa—November, 1965

Life here has been full and stimulating. In many ways the work is quite similar to that on "hospital hill," in other ways quite

different. I've had several normal deliveries of women in the leprosy camp or staff wives, but most of our babies come by Caesarean section or forceps. Occasionally we have a mother who cannot make it to the Maternity Center six miles over the mountain.

Of all the challenges, the one most interesting and most frustrating is that of communication; eight out of ten women do not "hear" anything but their own language.

. . . .

From Grayce Brumbaugh in Nigeria, West Africa

—November, 1965

Since mid-March I've been at Lassa. The doctor-in-charge here left for the States in early April, and I was moved over here to do as best I could in his absence. Just last Saturday the doctor who is to work here arrived, and he and his family, you may be sure, are welcome.

Mary Dadisman and I plan to leave for our regular furlough in the spring. Our plans are not definite, but we hope that we can get down to Hyden and Flat Creek for a visit.

. . . .

From Gloria Fuchs Becker in Baguio, Philippines

—September, 1965

We are back "on the field" for another term of three to five years. It was an enjoyable and profitable furlough. Nearly all of our time was spent in St. Louis at the Graduate School. Three of the children enjoyed the year of schooling at Mt. Calvary in Brentwood.

. . . .

From Eileen Stark in Brazil, South America

—November, 1965

It is wonderful to be home again and to be back at work in the clinic and church.

We've had some interesting cases. We were called one night to see a lady who lived in Tapicuru. Tapicuru is miles from here. The last few miles I had to inch the jeep between the stumps because it was a trail for an ox cart. The battery went dead before we got to the house so we finished the trip on foot carrying the

medical bags. The neighbors all gathered for the occasion. Ann and I walked into the 4' x 10' dark room and saw five little kids lined up like peas in a pod, sound asleep on the dirt floor. There were at least six women in the room, too, all crowded around Dona Marcelina who lay on a straw mat on the board bed. She was alone with her husband the night before when she delivered a stillborn. I did what I could for her and then we got a man out of bed to take her to the hospital at Lapa in a launch. She came back to the clinic in a week. Her hemoglobin is 5.5 gms. She came to tell me goodbye, bringing me five eggs as a present. God was good to her.

. . . .

From Eileen Rayson Ramsden in Garforth, Leeds, England

—November, 1965

I always read the Bulletin the moment it arrives, checking to see that everyone is still in their place, the ones I know anyway. One day I hope my name will be among those revisiting FNS.

We had Ruth Carlson to visit and we did enjoy her three days with us.

My little girl is well and happy at kindergarten. She's so enthusiastic about so many things, even the two entrance exams she took to get in.

. . . .

From Edna I. Rolands in Austin, Minnesota—December, 1965

I just received the digest of Dr. Greene's address at your annual meeting. I was very much interested in it as I am just beginning my obstetrics course for this year. It brought me much up-to-date material. I teach in the Practical Nursing School here.

. . . .

From Judith Pridie Halse in Dulveston, Somerset, England

—December, 1965

Well, farm life down here is very hectic but great fun. The weather has been quite terrible, so everything is a sea of mud! Bernard is recovering from a bad back which he hurt wrenching at a gate about a week ago. I am whizzing around the farm even more now—no housework gets done! Two hundred and eighty-eight ewes and twenty-eight calves to feed, also four cows and two horses—no peace for the wicked!

From Edith Clark in Old Crow, Yukon Territory, Canada

—December, 1965

It is wonderful to be north again, seventy miles within the Artic Circle. We have had snow every month since I arrived. Before the winter is over I may be wishing I'd bottled some Kentucky heat for later use. I have an oil heated Nursing Station so am assured of comfortable accomodation unless the furnace quits. Darkness is upon us with a lighter spell between 10:30 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. We haven't seen the sun for ten days, but it is visible again in February. The Indians have a big feast of moose-nose soup on Christmas which will be a change from turkey!

. . . .

From Peggy Kemner in Walker, Kentucky—December, 1965

We helped plan the Community Center Program for our county. This would set up eleven community centers to become places for meetings, programs for all ages, and constructive thinking. Last February Irma was asked to become director of this project. It has already grown to a staff of one hundred and thirty people and eight centers.

. . . .

From Nancy Newcomb Porter in Birmingham, Michigan

—December, 1965

This summer I was a camp nurse in Idaho at the Girl Scouts' Roundup. I met a Margaret Hobson one night in our first-aid tent. The name was familiar and the English accent gave me an idea. "FNS?" asked I of "Hobby." "Yes," she said and we were off and talking. Hobby has two Girl Scout troops in New York City besides doing her nursing. I do my girl scouting in Michigan where I am a volunteer and chairman and trainer of the Senior Girls Selection Committee.

Our daughter is in the seventh grade now, and our son in the fifth grade. Maybe some day Sue will apply as a courier.

. . . .

From Audrey Williams, Cornwall, England—November, 1965

Work here goes on much as usual. I am now relief midwife for part of Bodmin Moor, which is rather a bleak place in the

winter. The number of home confinements stay about the same in this area, although mothers admitted to hospital as emergencies are usually sent home by ambulance twenty-four to forty-eight hours after delivery. In parts of the country it is now becoming common practice to select mothers booked for hospital confinement for early discharge to care of the District Nurse.

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From Dr. and Mrs. Henry Waters in Marshfield, Wisconsin

—December, 1965

The year has brought several changes to our family. For one thing, Bill is now a first year medical student at Tulane University, while still an active reserve in the Marine Corps, flying weekends with a squadron based at New Orleans.

George is now in his fourth and last year at Columbia University Medical School. At present he is serving his surgical clerkship at Bellevue Hospital on New York's lower East Side. Mikie is still working on the editorial staff of the *Arab World*.

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From Molly and Nora Lee in Yelverton, Devon, England

—December, 1965

This is a brief note to let you know how much we enjoyed our train journey home on a lovely sunny day and the children's welcome at the farm. They had decorated our room with holly, paper chains and a lovely card of welcome.

Tonight after two days and nights of rain we "swam" to the village barn for carol singing, sitting on bales of hay and, as a great gesture of welcome, we were included in Father Christmas's sack of presents for the children! Nora is planning on visiting her school on Monday.

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From Trudy Schatz in West Cameroon, Africa—January, 1966

We are very busy in our teaching hospital. I have very little to do with midwifery as I am in charge of the Nursing Training Program and midwifery is not a part of it.

With Kay Hunt here, we hear some news about FNS. Greetings to those whom I know.

From Lorraine Lundeen in Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada

—January, 1966

I am here on furlough right now and taking advantage of some extra time home by studying French at Sherbrook. I hope to go back to Congo this summer.

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From Barbara E. Walsh in India—December, 1965

The present difficulty here, and it looks like it will be for a long time, is the lack of food. The people just don't get enough to eat; and when food is available, it costs so much they can't afford it. For instance, if the rainy season has been a poor one, then the crop either fails or produces way below normal and this creates the lack and thus the high prices. It is truly a desperate struggle that they are in.

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From May Houtenville in Plainsboro, New Jersey

—December, 1965

Now that my children have grown up a little I have included them in buying and wrapping the gifts for the FNS children. They love the idea that they are helping Santa Claus, but they get the craziest ideas. Last year Johnny, who was then four and one-half asked, "Who is Ken Tucky?" This year I overheard my four-year-old Amy talking about Mrs. Tucky! I thought I had explained everything so well, what Kentucky was like and where it was, but it seems they form their own ideas. This is part of the delight of children.

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From Elaine Douglas in Eritrea, Ethiopia—January, 1966

I would like to share with you an experience which occurred on Christmas Eve afternoon. All of a sudden, there was a shout, "Mabrahat!" (my name), and such calling and excitement, we wondered what was happening. Out in the yard was an old gray-haired woman, and an even older woman who could hardly hobble, much less run. The women *had* run and through the garbled speech of excitement, I understood that a neighbor was giving birth and was in desperate trouble. The woman said, "Kinasi" (rise). Rise I did, catching up a bag from the clinic, and I ran

about the distance of three long city blocks. One doesn't run in this altitude, and I felt the exertion for several hours afterwards. We could hear the cries of terror and desperation from some distance, and neighbors whom I passed shouted, "RUN!" As I entered the house (just a few mats tied together over sticks and poles, about eight square feet) the women made a pathway and I saw Halema. She had given birth, only a few moments before I arrived, her first-born child, but the baby was dead. If Halema had only been in a hospital, she would have been saved much suffering, her child would have lived, and she would have received care such as she had never dreamed of.

.

From Edna Johnson in Rustburg, Virginia—December, 1965

Goodness, how I miss the FNS! I knew I would miss you all but I didn't know how much. When I see or hear some new or different concept of nursing I immediately think, "Could this be used by the FNS; if I were at Flat Creek I would like to try that to see how it worked."

I am sure I am learning from this experience, but how frustrating it is to see the patient and what is good for him lost completely in the organizational frame-work. I don't believe there is too much danger of this happening in the FNS as for the most part the staff are too interested in good patient care to let this happen. I have been told that I must forget the individual and think of the good of the public. This is difficult to do. At this point I can't. My thoughts are often with you as I am still intensely interested in every part of the FNS.

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Newsy Bits

Our old staff members in Britain have raised a splendid fund in memory of Mrs. Breckinridge. With this gift we hope to have a portrait painted from the photograph of Mrs. Breckinridge on Doc. This portrait will hang in the new hospital.

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Weddings

Miss Hettie Lake and Mr. Rodger Buehrle on November 26, 1965.

Miss Floyda Jean (Polly) Merritt and Mr. Wilbert M. Clayton in Central City, Iowa, on February 19, 1966.

Miss Judith Eileen Cundle and Mr. Anthony Moniz Perry in Bermuda on March 3, 1966.

We extend our heartiest wishes to these three young couples for a happy life together.

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New Babies

To Mr. and Mrs. David Caskey (**Marian Hiebert**) of Manitoba, Canada, on January 18, 1966, a son named Nathan James and his birth weight was 7 pounds, 1½ ounces.

To Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Frederick (**Marian Adams**) of Reading, Pennsylvania, on February 9, 1966, a son named Peter Adams and his birth weight was 8 pounds, 7¼ ounces.

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Trustee in California: The Quarterly Bulletin which came a few days ago is excellent. You did a wonderful job and I can see no drop in quality from the former issues. I am so glad that painting was chosen for the cover. I liked that collection of paintings so much when I saw them in May.

From a Friend in Connecticut: What a wonderful idea to have your Christmas card embodied in the cover of this Bulletin!

From a Friend in New York: I always read my Bulletin the day I get it and this one was no exception. Congratulations to all its editors and staff. It must be hard just at first.

From a Member of the Old Staff in New Jersey: I look forward to reading each Bulletin. Its pages always make me feel that I am still in some small way a part of a great organization.

From a Member of the Boston Committee in Italy: The FNS Bulletin just arrived this week. What a marvelous write-up of the Preview—my first news of it. It made me quite nostalgic!

AN UNGRATEFUL PATIENT

by

SUSAN CROSS, R.N., S.C.M.

It was about the time of year for planting corn. The sky was heavy and the rain had been falling for quite a while when the call came through that Roan, an eight-year-old cow who had calved twelve hours earlier, was real sick. Elihu, who owned the cow, had tried to get a veterinarian but couldn't; could we help? Sue and I didn't know if we could or not, so we rang Katie for advice. We got it together with the probable diagnosis of "milk fever." After a visit to Wendover to pick up the required I.V. solution and to have a short lesson from Anne on finding a cow's jugular vein ("With a tourniquet on you can't miss it," she said), we hastened back to Wolf Creek district, and set off with the Jeep in tractor to climb up Winding Staircase Branch. Elihu greeted us, but said that he thought we were too late and that his boys were out finding a place to bury the cow. But to Sue's question, "Is she still breathing?," the answer was "Well, just."

The cow was lying on her side. She had been bleeding from both horn bases because a rope had had to be tied around them so that a mule could be used to haul her out of the creek, where she had "gone down" that morning. With all the rain it had been impossible to get her onto dry ground, so now she was wet and very cold. Nor did she look as if she had calved but rather as if she were due to have quads, she was so distended.

Sue set up the I.V. bottle and tubing while I tried to put the tourniquet on and find the jugular. I never did find that jugular—don't believe a cow has one! And the tourniquet—well, when that was on Roan quit breathing, so I hastily took it off, after which, I am glad to say, she started again. Being forced to give up on an intravenous, we started two 500 cc. subcutaneous infusions, one into the shoulder region and the other into the rump. Both of these ran well for nearly five hours.

It was still raining hard and we wanted to warm Roan up. The older boys had already cut and knocked into the ground four posts. Now all we needed was a tarpaulin to go over them. Sue drove off to find one while Elihu and I held the bottles aloft. She returned with not only the tarpaulin but also blankets to put on

Roan, and a thermos of coffee. So while the family ate a late supper, we sat under the tarpaulin, coffee in one hand and solution bottle in the other. It would have been rather snug had we both not been dripping wet. Nevertheless we were all cheered by Roan's improved breathing and her moving her leg, when Sue nearly sat on it by mistake. We watched her for another couple of hours, during which time she continued to show signs of improvement, but she made no effort to sit up as we had expected she would. We needed both advice and warm dry clothing so we went back to the center. After talking with Katie at Wendover, we decided to try to prop Roan into a sitting position, using planks of wood if necessary. We returned, and with the help of Elihu and his children, as well as the many visitors there, propped Roan up on the planks. No sooner had this been done than the distention began to decrease—Roan started to belch! About an hour later she was supporting herself. We stopped the infusions and Sue and I collected our things together. As we were moving toward our Jeep, Roan unsteadily got to her feet. We watched her a short while, then went home.

The next morning we went up to see how she was and found her in the barn licking her calf. Did she welcome us? Not a bit—she lowered her horns at us and we beat a hasty retreat out of her way!

A Naval air squadron was operating from a carrier in the Pacific on a peacetime exercise under the strictest orders that radio silence was to be maintained on all flights. Suddenly, the officers in the operations room heard the voice of one pilot on the radio snort: "Brother, am I fouled up."

The senior operations officer grabbed a microphone angrily and commanded: "Will the pilot who just broke radio silence identify himself immediately?"

A few seconds of deathly silence followed and then a voice came floating back: "I'm not that fouled up."

—*Modern Maturity*, October-November 1965

ASSIGNMENT IN PERU

(With Program HOPE)

by

BETTY ANN BRADBURY, R.N., C.M., M.A.

I'm having so much fun that I can scarcely believe it's real. You just can't imagine the new zest one experiences when confronted by a totally different world, a totally different culture and language—and circumstances so charming as to make one go around all the time with an inside grin!

Just the transportation service alone in Iquitos is an ideal example. The "colectivos" (buses) were made for midgets (I have to bend double when standing up) and are meant to be packed like our good friends, sardines, with a few poor fish always hanging out the door and the windows—along with chickens, ducks, dogs, and, one day, a pig. Under just such circumstances the other day, when the rickety, creaky, ancient wooden omnibus was jostling along with three times the usual crowd of people, produce, and animals, the driver stopped in the middle of a block, pried his way through the people, produce, and animals to the door, got out, crossed the street and approached a little man sitting on the dirt curb with some shoe-fixing tools in front of him. Whereupon, our driver took off his shoe, handed it to the zapatero who quite obligingly hammered in a few nails, gave it back to a happy driver who then threaded his way back to the driver's seat—and on we went!

Things like this happen all the time, and it is difficult to keep the grins inside. Life is so simple—so pragmatic! I love it.

Of course, the serious side of the overwhelming job ahead is a different thing altogether. Except for my HOPE philosophy which is: all this filth, disease, and poverty is really *their* problem, not mine, and I am here for the sole purpose of helping them, if and when they want it—except for this, I'd be far from trying to suppress grins all the time! But as it is, I am perfectly content to "grin and bear it"—and wait. Some day, somebody with authority and foresight will want to clean up the mess and start living with less sickness—and I want to be around for that great day.

The difficult thing is to rechannel energy that keeps cropping

up into almost uncontrollable urges to get out and start cleaning up the mess ourselves! For this, Marilyn (a fellow Public Health Nurse) and I have found several solutions. We play Scrabble, we plan expeditions throughout Peru and South America, and we dream up all sorts of ways to help any interested people to "clean up the mess" should that happy opportunity ever present itself, and currently, we're playing tennis in between deluges of rain and the preceding intolerable blankets of humidity and heat.

One other activity which for me is a scintillating expenditure of excess energy: I teach English every night to a class of ten Peruvians at the Instituto Ingles Ike, an illustrious institution founded by a Peruvian Eisenhower enthusiast. It is an institute beyond description, but some day I'll try to describe it for you.

I'm hoping I'll be hearing from all of you. Mail is scarce—and terribly delightful. You just can't imagine how isolated we are.

And for all of you, in my very best Spanish:

!Que pase la Navidad muy feliz y un prospero ano nuevo!

READERS' MOTORING TALES — 133

Mother was a slow and nervous driver, and also superstitious. If she saw a magpie when she was driving her little car, it meant bad luck, and an accident nearly always followed; she usually hit a mudguard against the bank. This made her believe all the more in the superstition. Only after a time did I discover that two magpies meant good luck. So, having seen one, Mother spent her time looking in every direction for a second instead of keeping her eyes on the road.

—A. N. Winckworth

—*The Countryman*, Winter 1965/66,

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BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service will be held at the Louisville Country Club on Wednesday, June 1, 1966. Our Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Henry R. Heyburn, is in charge of arrangements for the meeting for which official notices will be mailed in May.

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The Smithsonian Institution has announced that the Frontier Nursing Service exhibit will be on display throughout this year in the section devoted to health. We hope that many of our friends in the Washington area will stop by to see the beautiful diorama of the Frontier Nurse at work in winter which was designed and executed by Mr. Dwight Franklin of the Museum of Natural History. Beside the diorama are displayed the nurse-midwife's saddlebags and Mrs. Breckinridge's riding uniform.

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Kate Ireland spoke and showed the FNS slides to the students at her old school, St. Timothy's, in Stevenson, Maryland, in early February. She reported that they were an enthusiastic group and Kate hopes to have recruited future couriers.

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In January our old staff member, Ginny Frederick Bowling, spoke to two women's groups in Wyandotte and Ann Arbor, Michigan. She was accompanied to the meeting of the Tuesday Afternoon Women's Study Club by another member of our old staff, Betty Scott Jakim, who has returned from the West Coast to her home in Ann Arbor.

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We are happy to announce the arrival of Anne Steele Mason Montague on November 26, 1965. The proud parents are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Latane Montague, III, of Alexandria, Virginia. Many of our readers will remember little Anne's great grandmother, Mrs. Waring Wilson, who was a first cousin and devoted friend of Mrs. Breckinridge.

WINTER ENGAGEMENTS:

On Friday, January 28, I took the train from Lexington to **Philadelphia** where our chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, met me and her chauffeur drove me to Devon. I lunched with our vice-chairman, Mrs. J. Gibson McIlvain, II, and in the afternoon we talked over plans for the party to be given by the Philadelphia Committee on February 1. On previous visits to Philadelphia I had always been met by our courier, Fanny McIlvain, but this time Fanny was confined to a hospital bed following surgery. I was the guest of Fanny's mother, Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, a former chairman of our Philadelphia Committee. The blizzard of '66 hit the Philadelphia area soon after my arrival. How fortunate I was to have reached my destination before we were shut in by big snow drifts! I was able to get to the hospital to see Fanny and give her all the Wendover news.

In spite of the storm, the members of the Philadelphia Committee decided to go ahead with their party on the evening of Tuesday, February 1. It was a wise decision as nearly sixty brave souls battled the elements to get to the Acorn Club. Mrs. Gibson McIlvain and I left her home in Devon early in the morning. We scrambled through the big snow drift and a kind neighbor drove us to the nearest bus. On the edge of the city we took the elevated railway and arrived at the Club without undue difficulty. The party was a great success. Guests arrived promptly at 5:00 and Mrs. Drinker asked me to give a brief talk about the FNS and then the fun of the Chinese Auction began with Mr. Thomas Bright in charge as auctioneer. It was good to see so many old friends among whom was Miss Elsie Warner, a member of our National Nursing Council. Many people were unable to get to the party because of snow drifts and I shall look forward to seeing them next year.

Gibson and Bee McIlvain invited Mrs. Drinker and me to dinner at the Racquet Club where we were joined by their delightful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bromley.

On Wednesday the snow plows came to our rescue and dug out the snow drift sufficiently to allow a car to get through. We were able to get back to the hospital to see Fanny and tell her all about the party at the Acorn Club.

On Sunday, February 6, Mrs. Drinker came to Devon to take

me to the train for **New York**. Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, courier Marvin Breckinridge, and now our National Chairman, had come to New York from Washington and was staying at the Cosmopolitan Club. During the next few days we were able to have several useful conversations about FNS business. Our New York Chairman, Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, invited Marvin and me to dinner on the Sunday evening so that we might discuss plans for the New York annual meeting the next day. Monday morning dawned bright and sunny—a lovely day for the meeting. Our old courier, Pebble Stone, came in early and we had a quiet lunch in the members' dining room. By 3:00 p.m. a very good crowd had gathered in the ballroom of the Club. It was gratifying to have nursing students from St. Luke's, Columbia, and Cornell University and a good group of nurse-midwives and students from the New York Schools of Nurse-Midwifery.

Mrs. Horn opened the meeting and introduced our National Chairman who spoke of her attendance at meetings arranged by FNS Committees in other cities and of the national importance of the FNS. Mrs. Horn reported on her visit to Wendover with Mrs. N. Holmes Clare prior to our annual meeting of trustees last year. The Bargain Box Committee, under the able chairmanship of Mrs. Clarence Shearn, has done magnificently during the past year and Mrs. Shearn presented me with a very handsome check. Mrs. Brooke Alexander reported on the fund the New York Committee has raised in memory of Mrs. Breckinridge. We hope to use this fund for furnishing the laboratory in our new hospital. I gave a report of the past year's work and spoke of our plans for the future and of our hopes for building the Mary Breckinridge Hospital. After the meeting everyone enjoyed a delicious tea while chatting with friends. Our old staff member, Vanda Summers, had come from Milford, Pennsylvania, for the meeting and was my guest at the Club for the night so we were able to have a good visit. Our old courier, Jane Leigh Powell, took us both for a delicious dinner at a French restaurant.

On Tuesday morning Vanda and I visited Rockefeller Center before she had to leave for her home in Milford. In the evening I went to the New York University Medical Center. Our former courier, Lorna Miller, now studying nursing, had invited me to speak to the nursing students of Skidmore College. I was the

dinner guest of Dr. Jean Campbell, Chairman of the Department of Nursing. We were joined by faculty members and students. After dinner an enthusiastic group of students gathered in Alumni Hall to hear my talk and see the FNS slides, after which Lorna spoke of her experiences with the FNS. Before leaving, Lorna gave me a conducted tour of the beautiful new hospital.

Wednesday was a busy day. In the morning I went to Maternity Center Association to talk with Miss Vera Keane who, as well as being the new director of this famous organization, is also president of the American College of Nurse-Midwifery. Miss Aileen Hogan, executive assistant for the College, joined us for lunch and we continued our discussion. In the afternoon I dropped by for an early cup of tea with Hope Hollins, sister of our beloved Jean. I returned to the Club to meet with Marvin Patterson and our New York trustee, Mr. Brooke Alexander. He was most helpful in offering us advice about preparations which need to be made before we can start a fund drive. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. R. McAlister Lloyd gave a lovely dinner party for me to which they had invited members of the New York Committee and their husbands. After a delicious dinner I spoke briefly about plans for the FNS and our hopes for the future. It was a privilege for me to be among such an intelligent and interested group.

On Thursday morning I had a brief visit with Marvin before she left for Washington, and then lunched with Mrs. Horn and her delightful sister, Mrs. Charles Williams, at the Regency Club where we were joined by Mrs. Brooke Alexander. Later in the afternoon I went to Betty Alexander's for tea and then across the street to have dinner with Anne Winslow with whom Gladys Peacock had shared an apartment for many years.

On Friday, February 11, Pebble Stone picked me up at the Club soon after 10:00 and we drove to **Princeton** for the luncheon which had been arranged by our Princeton Chairman, Mrs. Clayton Morris Hall. A group of delightful women gathered at the Present Day Club and I had the pleasure of meeting members of our Princeton Committee, among whom is Mrs. Casper Goodrich, a dear friend of Mrs. Breckinridge's for many years. Old couriers Diana Morgan Olcott and Mary Sayres Weeder and old staff

member May Houtenville came to hear the latest news of the FNS and to see the slides I showed after lunch. Pebble drove me back to the Club and soon after I arrived our old staff member, Josie Finnerty, telephoned me and I spent the evening with her and her aunt, Miss Annie Farrell.

On Saturday, February 12, I took the train back to Lexington where a car awaited me for the drive back to Wendover and a happy reunion with my associates just before the Wendover road was covered by the rising Middle Fork River. My deepest appreciation goes to all the wonderful friends of the FNS who put in many hours of hard work arranging meetings and who gave me such a warm reception wherever I went.

Helen E. Browne

LICKING THE COMMON COLD

The Publicists for Coricidin cold tablets have kindly added to the *Crier's* file of sure cures for those horrible, sneezing days. One of the older remedies, they report, was the British treatment of soaking both feet in a tub of hot water, while nipping away at port wine.

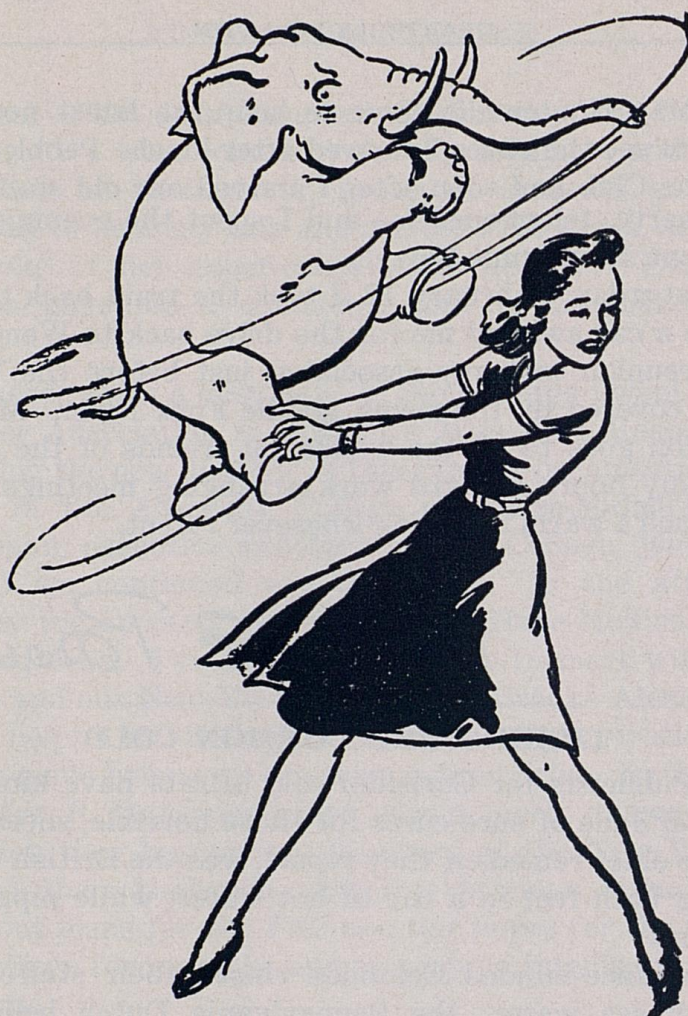
Temperance-minded Colonials rinsed their stuffed-up passages with sea water; the Pennsylvania Dutch believed that you could stop sneezing by looking at the tip of the nose with both eyes. Centuries earlier, Chinese farmers sought relief by breathing the soothing vapors of a plant called "horse tail." American cowboys crushed leaves of wild thyme and sniffed the fumes.

A more violent treatment for occasions when the cold was accompanied by chills and fever was to wrap yourself tightly in a sheet, run around the house three times and jump *under* the bed. The cold is fooled, you see, for it jumps *into* the bed.

It may be that the best thing about all cold remedies, ancient and modern, is that their application takes time—going to the pharmacy, talking about the remedy, and taking it—and thus keeps the patient's mind off his troubles, at least for a little while.

—*The Colonial Crier*, Jan.-Feb. 1966
Colonial Hospital Supply Company
Chicago, Illinois

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York

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

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE
1579 Third Avenue
New York 28, New York

THE WAY OF GENIUS

A young Scotsman was once given a difficult task. In order that the city where he lived might no longer suffer thirst, he was told to make a passage under a wide river for the waters of the hills beyond.

For many weeks the young man pondered in despair over the greatness of this task, but never once did he lose faith in his ability to solve it.

At dinner one day, the innkeeper laid before him a lobster. It lay as though about to crawl, and its crimson tail shone in the strong beam of the sun. As the young man watched, the tail seemed to grow larger and larger! In his imagination it became a tube of iron rings through which rushed a stream of sparkling clear water.

The young man forgot all about his meal. He drew a pad of paper from his pocket, and began to draw designs, glancing at the lobster now and then. When the design was finished, it showed the first crude picture of a tunnel built up in sections of such construction that they could be joined together to form a strong, durable tube.

That night the young man worked out a plan which became the mighty aqueduct under the Clyde River in Scotland. The young man was James Watts (1736-1819), the great inventor.

—*Mutual Moments*,
Mutual of Omaha Insurance Company,
Winter 1966

FIELD NOTES

Edited by

PEGGY ELMORE

When one hears of the kind of weather our friends in other parts of the country have had, we don't feel we can complain too bitterly about the Kentucky winter. However, the thermometer did go to twelve below zero and we had snow on the ground for two weeks the end of January and early February. The dirt roads were mighty slick for several days and we were plagued with frozen pipes and frozen pumps during the worst of the cold spell. We will have more cold and probably more snow, but at least a hint of spring is in the air.

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We are deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Vickers of Burlington, Canada, for the gift of a humidifier for use at Hyden Hospital, and to the Pulaski County Medical Auxiliary for a dozen sheets, also for use in the hospital.

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The 50th Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was graduated in St. Christopher's Chapel of Hyden Hospital on Saturday, February 26. Dr. Karl Yaple, pediatric consultant from Harlan, was the guest speaker. The Rev. M. E. Lowrey of Dryhill read the Lessons and the Rev. W. P. Burns of Harlan pronounced the Benediction. Members of the staff, friends, and relatives of the students joined them for tea in Mardi Cottage after the service. We are glad that Marian Denlinger will remain on our staff for some months and we are most grateful to Verda Albrecht, Katherine Elliott, and Renona Van Essen for staying on to help with midwifery at Hyden Hospital until the next class begins. Marion Hartenstine, Ruth Rabenhorst, and Louise Sayre have returned to their homes for vacations before going on with their careers. Ruth and Louise hope to be returning to overseas assignments in the early spring.

The 51st Class will begin on March 8, 1966, with seven students. Kathryn Nimmo, Bucklin, Kansas; Dorothy Parella, Tampa, Florida; Mary Grace Redman, Leslie, Michigan; Linda L. Rehfuss, Chicago, Illinois; Marie Sullivan, Fall River, Massachu-

setts, and Joanne Vickers, Burlington, Ontario, Canada, have all been on the FNS staff for some months. The seventh student, Margaret Ann Emrey of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, worked with the FNS in 1964 and is taking the midwifery course while on leave of absence from the Maternal and Infant Project in Harlan County.

. . . .

We have had five senior nursing students with us at different times this winter. The two Keuka College volunteers, Janice Cooke and Edwina Hodkinson, were here for five weeks in November and December to help with our Christmas preparations and they did a marvelous job. Virginia Stanton of Hartwick College spent three weeks at the Beech Fork Center before Christmas, and Julie Ethington and Coletta Prorok of Illinois Wesleyan were here for three weeks in January. These three students were with us to observe the work of the Frontier Nursing Service but they made themselves most useful wherever they were.

. . . .

We are glad to welcome to our nursing staff Jane Lossing of Derby, New York; Halys McEachron, Greenwich, New York; Linda Levenhagen, Vincennes, Indiana; Lois Garber, Des Moines, Iowa; Roberta Verhaeghe of Silvis, Illinois, and Grace Vander-vort of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who have come to us during the winter months. We were sorry to see Lynne Shade and Lois Gibble leave us in December and January, and, as we go to press, we regret having to say goodbye to Ann Russell, Nancy Sandberg, and Susan McKee.

There have been some staff changes in the offices at Hyden and Wendover. We are delighted to have with us Carla Shuford of Columbus, North Carolina. She arrived at Hyden in January so that she might take over the work of secretary to Liz Palethorp from Mary Whiteaker who resigned the position she had held for the past several years. Mary had not been well in December and we are grateful to her for returning to help Carla become accustomed to her new job. Christine Morgan has left the Wendover Record Department to enter Cumberland College at Williamsburg, Kentucky. Nancy Stidham, who has been with Chris for some months, has taken over the department where she has the help of Joanne Mauk.

We are most grateful to Mrs. Harriet Reardon of Cleveland, Ohio, for spending two and a half months with us this winter to help Betty Lester in the Social Service Department.

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The mainstay of the Courier Service this winter has been Heidi Mehring of Cleveland, Ohio. Carlotta Creevey, Catherine Hunt, and Rosalie Ransom did not have to return to Beloit College until January, so they remained at Wendover over Christmas while Heidi went home to spend the holidays with her family. She returned in early January and she, Kate Ireland, and several staff "volunteers" have taken care of the animals and other courier chores.

On March 1, Heidi began work on the American Cancer Society project, but she says she will join the other "volunteers" in seeing that the animals are not neglected until more junior couriers arrive in the spring.

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We are very grateful indeed to Harlan McIlvain of Downingtown, Pennsylvania. Harlan, a licensed practical nurse, came to us in January for five months' volunteer work and has been of great help wherever she has been assigned.

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The FNS had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. and Mrs. W. B. R. Beasley and their children, Rogers, Gabrielle, and Battle, during the Christmas holidays. Their presence added a great deal to our enjoyment of the Christmas festivities, and they seemed almost as glad to be back in Leslie County as Leslie County was to have them.

Many of the staff have had visits from their families and friends this winter. Although not too many people can come to see us during winter weather, Mrs. Roy Wiehe of Jeffersontown, Kentucky, and Mrs. Harvey Lorentz of Louisville did manage to spend a night with us in early February. We have been delighted to entertain various specialists who have come to Hyden to work with the United States Public Health Service team and we are most grateful to Dr. J. W. Urton and Dr. David Stewart of Louisville for holding a seminar to discuss psychiatry with members of our staff.

As we go to press we are looking forward to a visit from

Mrs. Leslie Cundle. "Mum" is planning to stop by to see us briefly on her way back to England from her daughter's wedding in Bermuda.

I'll miss so very much
The mountains' peaceful touch;
The friends that I hold dear,
The happiness found here.
I'll miss the trees that come
Each spring with tender bloom,
The winter's barren rocks,
The time that knows no clocks.
I'll miss the curves and roads
And jeeps that carry loads
Up each branch and hollow found
Where illness might abound.
I'll miss the green of spring,
And rushing creeks that sing
With the mournful whippoorwill
At the edge of dark so still.
I'll miss the quiet folk
Whose lives deeper emotion spoke;
Who loved and lived life here
As suits the mountaineer.
I'll miss the Hospital Hill,
The clinic — yes, I will,
The general side as well;
Midwifery will hold its spell.
I'll miss the countryside,
At Wendover — the horseback ride;
The people living there,
The work we all did share.
I'll miss most everything
That made my heart sing
While living briefly where
A part of life we shared.

—Renona Van Essen
Fiftieth Class
Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery

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

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Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center

(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Janet Hudson, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Halys McEachron, R.N., B.S.

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' examination 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 Department of Health examination and is authorized by this Department 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 give, devise and bequeath 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.

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, 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.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

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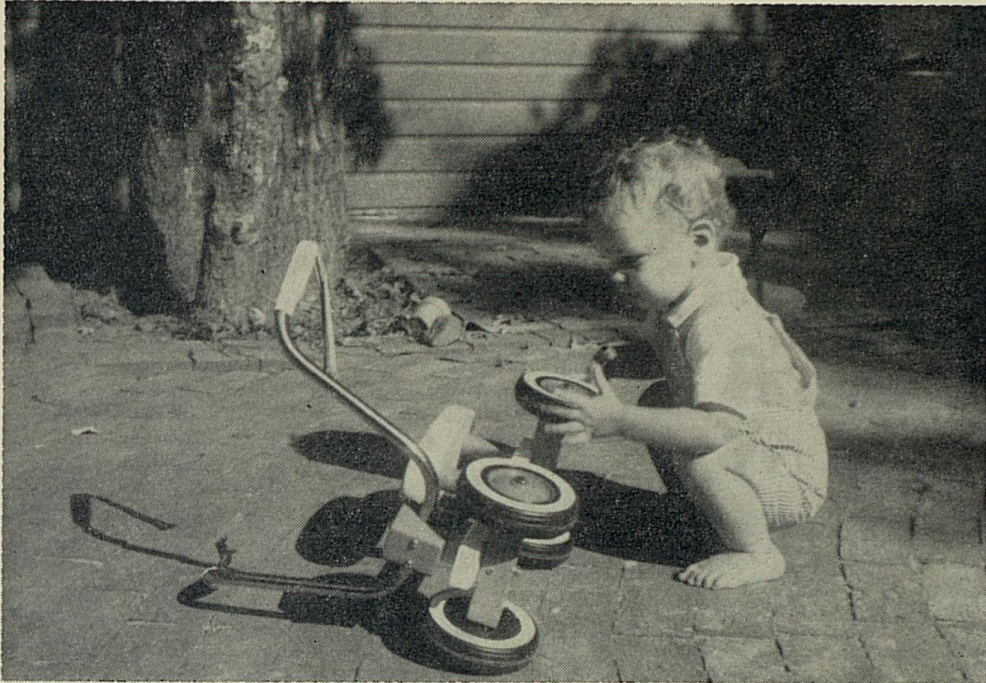
and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

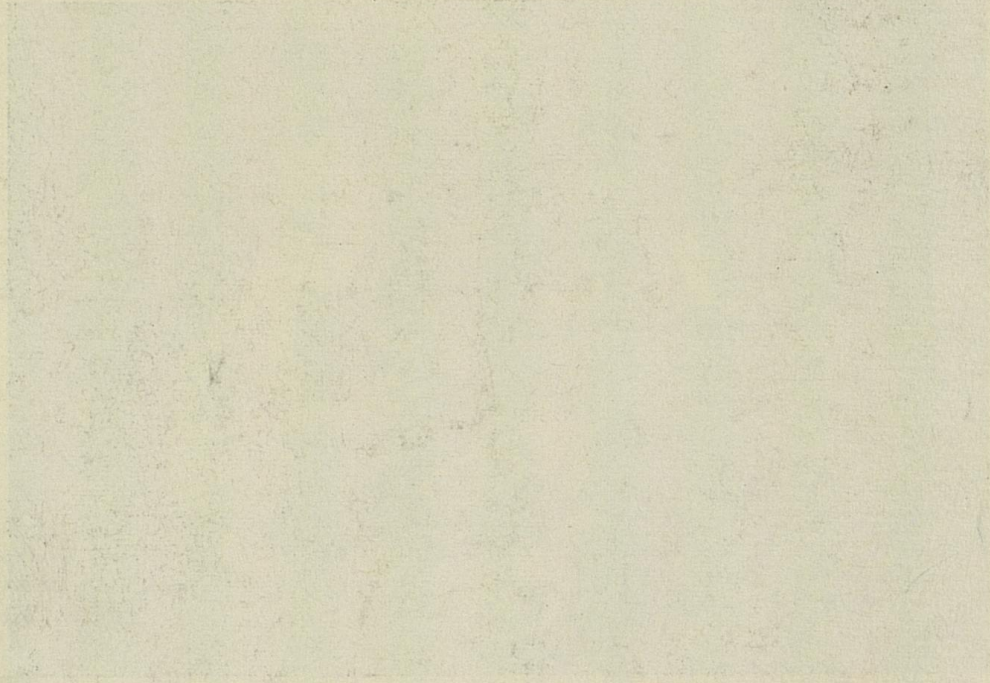
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Lexington, Kentucky



NIKKI DeMARIA

Son of Mr. and Mrs. John DeMaria, Rehoboth, Massachusetts
(Old Courier Anne Kilham)



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