

# Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 41

Autumn, 1965

Number 2



In the spring of 1963, the Abbott Laboratories commissioned Mary Gehr, a Chicago artist, to illustrate an article on the Frontier Nursing Service for their publication, *Abbottempo*. The Abbott Laboratories were so kind as to give the FNS Miss Gehr's lovely paintings. One of them, photographed by Phyllis Long, is on the cover of this Bulletin and is our Christmas card to you.

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FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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### THE WORLD'S DESIRE

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,  
His hair was like a light.  
(O weary, weary were the world,  
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,  
His hair was like a star.  
(O stern and cunning are the Kings,  
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,  
His hair was like a fire.  
(O weary, weary is the world,  
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,  
His hair was like a crown,  
And all the flowers looked up at him  
And all the stars looked down.

—G. K. Chesterton, 1874-1936,  
*The Oxford Book of Carols*

## COME TO THE STABLE

by

ANNE T. RULE, D. C.

It is a sad indictment of our age that Christmas, the greatest Christian festival of all, has degenerated into a tinsel bauble deftly wielded by the giants of commerce and trade.

Where has Christmas gone? This was the question pondered at length by one very troubled D. C. The answer came in a flash of light. It was here, right in the palm of my hand. Christmas lies in the hearts of children and we have thirty-three of them in the Granby (Conn.) Pony Club.

At first the parents merely stared in bewilderment. They seemed to feel it would be a giant undertaking. They couldn't quite grasp the fleeting vision I tried to put before them. Even the few that are wise in the ways of horses shook their heads a little at the prospect of exposing them to a mixture of cows, sheep, goats, music and crowds.

How were the horses going to react to their riders with noses buried in carol books and singing lustily? Weren't the horses going to get restless and cause trouble? These and many other questions were put to me.

One positive thought remained—it could, and would, be done. I would just have to show them. Six rehearsals later came forth a living re-enactment of the simple, moving story of Christmas. Everyone was spellbound.

The feat was accomplished with thirty or so Pony Clubbers, seventeen horses, two sheep, a cow, a goat and a donkey. Add to this a wheezy old pump organ, a stack of straw bales, some old planks, and a roll of chicken wire. Blend all these ingredients together with loads of enthusiasm and good practical help from some of the fathers, and you have it.

The final dress rehearsal was a complete shambles. Everything went askew. At this point I comforted myself with a tradition borrowed from the theatre. If the dress rehearsal goes badly, the performance will go well. This held good for us.

Our donkey started all the trouble. She refused to leave her home and walk over to Pony Club. In desperation she was finally tied behind a pickup truck and forcibly dragged over.

Meanwhile, all the children were dressed and waiting. Our unmounted ones were poised atop the straw bales, looking very angelic in robes and halos loaned by the local church. The mounted Pony Clubbers brought their own horses and were lined up flanking the crèche on either side.

Our two Littlest Angels, six year olds, were shyly hovering in a corner waiting to escort Joseph and Mary in on the donkey to the strains of "Silent Night."

By about the fifth introduction to the carol, the donkey started reluctantly to move. We began the tender opening words, and the mood was established. Mary was perched, side-saddle fashion on Jenny's back, serene and composed. Joseph stood at her head, bowed, in well-rehearsed and reverent pose.

Suddenly Jenny, who was utterly lacking any sense of piety or dignity, took a notion to bolt. The Virgin Mary flew through the air and came to rest in a very unholy position. Our two tiny angels met with a similar fate. Joseph had too many problems of his own at that moment to do anything to help them.

The last we saw of him was a fleeting glimpse of heels dug in the sand skidding along beside the donkey, a very youthful butch cut displayed in place of the errant wig and beard which had flown off in the fray. He whizzed past and scattered the shepherd boys who were waiting their cue to enter by the south door and went halfway around the hay lot before Jenny ground to a halt as suddenly as she had taken off.

On the heels of this little episode, we decided to tie Jenny up in the manger and have her there for effect only. We were to have had a very minuscule brother of one of our Pony Clubbers portray the Infant Jesus; however, when the story of Jenny reached his mother she decided against it and we substituted a doll.

We chose as our cause the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky where horses are still used by the nurses to reach the sick in the mountains and where conditions of dire poverty exist. We encouraged the Pony Clubbers to make some small gift themselves, rather than just go and buy something at the store.

We varied our program by having one of the mounted Pony Clubbers read the Lesson from Luke. Another recited "The Legend of the Christmas Rose," while the part of the little shepherdess was acted by yet another youngster, clad, as were our

boy shepherds, in old grain bags. The outburst of convincing crying by the shepherdess I later learned was only stifled laughter brought on by nerves.

The shepherds created a sharp contrast to our richly robed Kings who rode in on three matched black ponies while we sang the carol of that name. One king almost lost his footing when the goat gave him a sharp nudge in the rear as he was rising from bended knee. This incident was picked up by the television camera.

Our cow really went to town and mooed with sheer delight while we sang "The Gloria." This was obviously her favorite carol. By some strange coincidence, while we were singing the lines from "Away in a Manger" . . . "The cattle are lowing," she let out a very long-drawn and gentle moo. This, combined with the sheep who baa-ed during the singing of "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," caused several people to suggest that I had pressed buttons.

All this was captured on a tape-recording and is available for the world to hear.

At the conclusion of the tableau the mounted Pony Clubbers rode past the manger and presented gifts to Joseph and Mary, then the audience followed. Despite the freezing cold New England night, three hundred people turned out to witness "Come to the Stable."

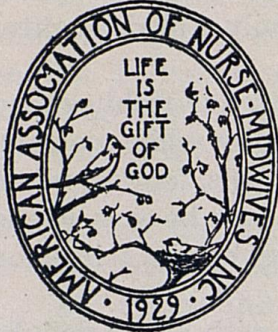
To the end of my life I will never forget the warmth and response of those people. Like great tidal waves their voices rose to the rafters and swept us back across the centuries to that humble stable in Bethlehem.

—Reprinted from the October, 1964 issue of  
*The Chronicle of the Horse* with the kind  
permission of the author.

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In a school essay on "Parents," one little girl wrote: "We get our parents when they are so old it is hard to change their habits."

—*Mutual Moments*,  
Mutual of Omaha Insurance Company,  
Winter 1965



**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION  
OF  
NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.**

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, September 18. Members and guests were entertained with a buffet luncheon by the Frontier Nursing Service before the meeting. The Secretary announced that at a meeting of the Board of Directors on September 6, Miss Betty Lester had been appointed to fill the unexpired term of President, left vacant by the death of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge in May.

The President welcomed members from Oklahoma, Arizona, Michigan, and Ohio, as well as from other parts of Kentucky. Dr. Mary P. Fox, Regional Health Officer for Eastern Kentucky, students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and FNS staff members also attended the meeting.

The guest speaker for this annual meeting was Dr. John W. Greene, Jr., Professor and Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Kentucky, who gave a most interesting report on recent studies at the University on the problems of interuterine fetal jeopardy. As always, a digest of the speaker's address and the minutes of the meeting will be mailed to the members of the Association who are scattered all over the world.

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

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**POSTAL ZIP CODE**

We would like to ask you, our readers, to include your zip code in your return address when sending in your subscription and/or change of address. We do want to cooperate with the Post Office Department in using zip codes and you can help us to keep our mailing list up-to-date.



### ARE WE NEEDED?

While your Director was speaking in various cities outside the mountains this fall, she attempted to answer the question which is in the minds of many people today: Is there still a need for the Frontier Nursing Service? Those members of the staff who have worked with the FNS for anywhere from ten to thirty years give the unqualified answer: Yes. We feel this way because it has always been our aim to give the children a healthy start in life so they may be better equipped to face the problems of this changing world. It is always our hope that others who, like ourselves, are interested in the health field will come to us for further education and training so they may carry our techniques to other areas in need, not only in this country but in the developing countries of the world.

Our Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has been in continuous existence for twenty-six years and graduates of this School are now working in some forty different countries as well as in the United States. As you, our readers, well know, professional guests from foreign countries come to us every year to observe our program. Through the work of our nurse-midwives and these professional guests, our influence is already widespread.

Various programs in the field of health and education, sponsored by the Federal Government, are coming into the area. We must help the people of our area adjust to these programs in such a way that they may have a better way of life, and yet still keep the good things which are here—the greatest of which is their family solidarity. We must strive to maintain the high standards of the work and to broaden our educational program so we may continue to be of help, not only to the people of our area but also to the people of this nation and the world.

With the help of our many generous friends, we shall try to do just this.

—H. E. B.

## THE MARY BRECKINRIDGE HOSPITAL

At a meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, on October 8, 1965, the Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service passed the following resolution:

"Recognizing the extraordinary and imaginative leadership, love and devotion of Mrs. Breckinridge in the establishment of the Frontier Nursing Service and its direction over a period of forty years,

"BE IT RESOLVED: The Executive Committee has reached the present determination that the memorial to Mrs. Breckinridge shall be the Mary Breckinridge Hospital, perpetuating her pioneer work in bringing the benefits of modern medicine to the people of this mountain area, and

"FURTHERMORE, it is directed that gifts received for The Fortieth Anniversary of the Frontier Nursing Service and in memory of Mrs. Breckinridge shall be allocated to the Mary Breckinridge Hospital Fund."

We in the Frontier Nursing Service feel that there could be no more fitting memorial to Mrs. Breckinridge's life and work than a new hospital at Hyden. We have long recognized the need for an addition to the Hyden Hospital and Health Center. Over the years we have taught our patients to seek medical care and now our physical facilities are not adequate, either for outpatients or for inpatients, to meet the needs of the area we serve. For many years we saw an average of 10,000 patients a year in the Hyden Clinic. For the last three years we have seen over 18,000. Every available inch of the present hospital at Hyden is crammed with patients, staff, and equipment, and there is no room for expansion.

Some months ago a Hospital Subcommittee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Francis M. Massie, was appointed by the Executive Committee. After study and consultation with interested medical personnel in Kentucky, the Subcommittee has concluded that a new Frontier Nursing Service hospital in Hyden is necessary and recommends that it be built.

We are not quite ready to break ground yet. A new hospital, which will not only meet our present needs but also provide for the certain increase in the demand for medical services in the future, will be an expensive venture. But Mrs. Breckinridge herself always said that if something were needed badly enough, a way would be found to get it. The loyal support of our many,

many friends over the past forty years encourages us to believe that we will have your interest and support in this new venture and we want to share with you our plans for the future.

—P. E.



DR. MARY LUCILLE WISS

Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service whom we welcomed with open arms on October 3, 1965.

## A MESSAGE FROM MOLLY

by

MOLLY LEE, R.N., S.C.M.

Those of you who have, in the passage through life, met sudden disaster, can appreciate the wealth of good which often comes through pain. In the pitiful accident which came suddenly upon us, my sister and I found a world of compassion to wonder at, a world limited by no horizons, geographical, social or racial.

So many people in the first few hours helped in different ways to sustain life itself: by swift conveyance, by the quiet confident skill of the surgeons, by the prompt and most generous offers of blood from those who realized how much needed it would be; by the devotion of the hospital staff and our own FNS doctor and nurses who spent many patient hours and travelled many miles to care for us; by friends far and near who by coming, or staying away, did so much by thought and prayer to uphold us in those early days.

Neighbours, known and unknown, old folks, crippled folks, active church groups, school children, sending from England and Kentucky their own handmade greeting cards and flowers, expressed their concern.

The ministering of the Church, in the fullest sense of being universal, was brought by Ministers and Priests of several denominations. At no time was Divine aid very far away—only as far as our own thoughts.

There have been many gifts of flowers and useful, needful articles. All of the donors I have not known, so certainly have not always thanked in words. Be it known how deep our appreciation goes for these gifts and for the true compassion in every thought and prayer. As Tennyson so rightly wrote, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." That we have been upheld in countless hearts from Pakistan to California, from England to Canada, by persons at all stages of spiritual growth has brought much comfort and the knowledge that we are never alone in suffering.

I would say to my American friends, particularly to those in Leslie County, that the shame which they felt on our behalf has touched me deeply, but that never for a moment has my loyalty to them wavered.

May I ask you, too, to trust, that in the unexpected happenings of every day, we may more fully believe that all things work together for good to them that love God. I am more than happy to be able to say that my sister Nora, with her much more severe injuries, can sing when things are hard, and is looking forward to teaching a new Way of Life.

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Editor's Note: Soon after writing this, Molly and her sister left Wendover (see Field Notes). The following excerpts from letters we have received from Molly and Nora will give their latest news:

**From Molly Lee, London, England—October 22, 1965**

We have thought a lot about you and realize and appreciate all you did on our behalf—also how good your decisions were. We did enjoy our stay at Wendover. I can see now that it was long enough to accomplish all that was necessary. The social events certainly helped us to see everybody. . . . Nora has told you most of the events up to yesterday, when we were taken by ambulance to Roehampton in the morning. I was proud to be the Escort Nurse and carry the records, and am pleased to have been able to see the specialists this week with Nora. . . .

Nora goes to P. T. once a day and has a pretty good workout. An Australian is looking after her. I've been working on myself mostly—stay on top of the bed, dressed all day, to reduce swelling so that I can keep working the ankle. There is visible progress in just this one week. The P. T. chief talks of putting it in wax on Monday. The dry skin has improved enormously. I've been getting into the bath tub every night and doing exercises in hot water, after everybody else is in bed and asleep. The shape looks quite respectable and some feeling is coming back. . . .

Hilly has been in three times, one Sunday with Rose's special cream cheese salad, which she must have had at Mardi Cottage. It is so good to see her rosy, smiling face. She hopes to take us to the woods in her Van, perhaps this week end. . . .

Alison Bray came in a few days ago and will come again. I met her once in Hyden. We enjoyed together some of the old trails of twenty years ago. . . .

There is TV at the far end of the ward. Nora goes down and watches her favourite programmes. The wheel chair has been so wonderful. It is very handy and so good to be independent. . . .

**From Nora Lee, London, England—October 28, 1965**

I'm on my second visit to Roehampton this morning, sitting in the X-ray room waiting my turn. . . . Last Thursday we went over to the limb-fitting centre and I was measured up and a

plaster cast taken of each leg below the knee. . . . We saw an eye specialist, Miss Simpson, on the first Monday and she gave me eye drops and said I could have some specs with tinted glass. She also said the left eye was seeing well and didn't need a special lens. She suggested I should be looking after the right eye myself, so after instructions from Molly the next morning, I now do it on my own. The specs arrived yesterday afternoon in the physio room and several people said they like them. . . . They have a wooden chair weighing apparatus, and on the first Monday I was 132½ lbs. instead of at Harlan 125 lbs. Considering all I ate at Harlan after going onto regular food, to say nothing of Wendover where the meals are so marvellous, it's no wonder I gained 7½ lbs. . . .

We like the ward sister, Miss Smith, and her second-in-command, Miss Gardner. We've made some new friends among the patients, too. And I still get letters from my dear little babes at home in Devon. . . .

When you see Mrs. Moorman again, will you please tell her how thrilled I am with my chariot and how mobile I feel in it. And would you also tell Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Clay how pleased I am about the feather-weight "throw" which goes over my knees, and if the wind blows, gets wrapped around my neck and shoulders. . . .

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Some new love of lovely things,  
Some new forgetfulness of the teasing things,  
Some higher pride in the praising things,  
Some sweeter peace from the hurrying things  
And some closer fence from the worrying things.

—John Ruskin, 1819-1900

## In Memoriam

MRS. RICHARD BRECKINRIDGE  
Flat Rock, North Carolina  
Died in July, 1965

DR. MARCIA HAYS  
San Francisco, California  
Died in October, 1965

MRS. ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS  
New York, New York  
Died in June, 1965

GENERAL THOMAS HOLCOMB  
Washington, D. C.  
Died in June, 1965

MRS. JAMES O. FLOWER  
Sewickley, Pennsylvania  
Died in July, 1965

MISS ELIZABETH R. HOOKER  
New Haven, Connecticut  
Died in August, 1965

DR. HELEN B. FRASER  
Frankfort, Kentucky  
Died in July, 1965

MR. OTTIS ROBERTS  
Hyden, Kentucky  
Died in October, 1965

MRS. JAMES B. HAGGIN  
New York, New York  
Died in June, 1965

MR. FRANK SIZEMORE  
Big Creek, Kentucky  
Died in September, 1965

MISS MARGARET W. THOMAS  
Washington, D. C.  
Died in May, 1965

He is not dead, this friend — not dead,  
But in the path we mortals tread  
Got some few trifling steps ahead  
And nearer to the end,  
So that you too, once past the bend,  
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend  
You fancy dead.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850-1894

**Mrs. Archibald Douglas** was one of the very early sponsors of the Frontier Nursing Service, a charter member of our Riverdale Committee and on our National Board of Trustees. She was not only a generous supporter of the work but a great friend to Mrs. Breckinridge and each year she sent us lovely knitted garments for our tiny babies. The generous legacy she left us will help to carry on with the work in which she showed so much interest. We will long remember **Mrs. James B. Haggin** as a generous supporter of our work and as the donor of the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses at Hyden. **General Thomas Holcomb**, of the U. S. Marine Corps, had supported our work for

over thirty years and had served on our National Board of Trustees.

We have lost three good friends who were in our professional field. Although **Dr. Marcia Hays** had spent most of her professional life on the west coast, she first became interested in the Frontier Nursing Service when she spent several months with us as a young medical student. She had a distinguished career, spending most of her energies on behalf of children. Twice she visited Japan as consultant for the World Health Organization. For the last seven years of her life she showed tremendous courage in carrying on after being paralyzed following an attack of poliomyelitis. Not only the Frontier Nursing Service but the whole state of Kentucky suffered a great loss in the untimely death of **Dr. Helen B. Fraser**, who for nine years, was director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health in the State Health Department of Kentucky. During this time she arranged for all the examinations which are given to our student nurse-midwives under the auspices of her Department. **Miss Margaret W. Thomas**, consultant in nursing studies with the United States Children's Bureau, was a distinguished nurse-midwife who did much valuable work for the profession of nurse-midwifery in this country and overseas. She spent some time with us in Kentucky in the Thirties and served as a member of our National Nursing Council until her sudden death this year.

We were distressed to learn of the death, following a sudden illness, of our young Pittsburgh Committee member, **Mrs. James O. Flower**. She had maintained her interest in the Frontier Nursing Service since she first visited us in the Thirties. Two members of our local committees who will be much missed are **Mr. Frank Sizemore** of our Red Bird Committee and **Mr. Ottis Roberts** of Hyden. Both of these men had given valuable services to the nurses over the years.

**Mrs. Richard Breckinridge** and **Miss Elizabeth R. Hooker** were old friends and supporters of our work and we are deeply grateful for the generous legacies which each has left us in her will.

We shall miss all these good friends in many different ways. To those who were their nearest and dearest we send our heartfelt sympathy.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Charles Imars (Susan Sogg),  
Gates Mills, Ohio—August, 1965**

Last month Charles and I moved into a new house and things have been kind of hectic. On top of it all, my dog, Cahoun, goes off and gets lost and picked up by the police. He's not sure where home is.

I keep busy with the household chores, chasing after the dog and doing Red Cross volunteer work at the Veterans Hospital.

Mom and I took a four-day jaunt to Saratoga last week to see the races and yearling sales. It was very exciting. We saw a horse get sold for \$125,000.00. Can you imagine!

**From Mrs. James R. Gibbons (Hope Foote),  
Ridgefield, Connecticut—August 11, 1965**

I keep busy—my husband and I have a travel agency in New York and our son is going to Amherst this fall; but I always hope that I can find time to return to Wendover.

**From Mrs. Donald Moore Skinner (Eleanor Stineman),  
Dallas, Texas—August 21, 1965**

I read of Mrs. Breckinridge's death in our local papers. She was without a doubt one of the greatest American women. I put her in the same category as Helen Keller—always giving of themselves endlessly for the benefit of others. All of us who were fortunate enough to come in contact with Mrs. Breckinridge have had our lives deeply enriched and a tremendous example set for us.

It must be hard, and lonely, to go on with the Service without her; but, with capable hands at the helm, everything will go along just as Mrs. Breckinridge would desire.

Our lads are so grown up now! The oldest is twenty-two, in the Navy on a transport, carrying troops and supplies to Vietnam. The next is seventeen, a student at the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey. That leaves only the fourteen-year-old at home!

**From Mrs. Charles F. Weeden III (Mary Sayres),  
Lawrenceville, New Jersey—August 22, 1965**

I hope that my little girl, Ann, will have the opportunity to be a courier in about ten more years. We have a farm and she is very helpful to me in caring for my horse and the pony, so she should be quite well trained by the time she gets to you! I have leaned heavily on my experiences as a courier while we have been fixing up this "outpost." I only wish that I had paid closer attention to those swinging gates because we could use a few; and my waffles have never come near to those I had at Beech Fork.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Edmund Hendershot Booth (Betty Pratt),  
Norwich, Vermont—August 23, 1965**

Lisa is being married on September 4th to a fine boy—a musician (bassoonist) who has just completed his doctorate at Boston University. Liz Boardman Lloyd's son was married in June—time marches on.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Russell E. Near (Prudence Holmes),  
Ukiah, California—August 27, 1965**

The FNS has always been in my heart, my memory, and my fables! (illustrated remarkably with the whole volume of Marvin Breckinridge's pictures).

We have sold our cattle ranch and moved to a country town. We miss our hills—steep as many of yours—but it is hard to combine primitive and endearing and impecunious isolation with the education of four very contemporary youngsters.

My three girls have heard a lot about Wendover. It would make me very happy if one day they could do something for the FNS. At the moment, one is at college and working as an actress, and another is singing her way through high school and studying her summers away. Why two little cow-girls became so interested in the performing arts, I cannot say.

I did not meet "Brownie" when I was there. I believe she was away. But, I remember the high regard in which she was held. Very warmest best wishes to all of you in carrying forward your work, which has the shining clarity of virtue. If we would spend less time worrying about philosophies and isms, and more

time in doing real things for real people, things would go better, it seems to me.

. . . .

**From Mrs. George M. Watts (Weezie Taylor),**

**New York, New York—September 1, 1965**

Indeed, it was most sad to lose Mrs. Breckinridge who built such a wonderful Medical Service. She meant so much to us all and will be greatly missed by many, many people.

Since losing my dear husband ten years ago, I have had to carry quite a lot of responsibility. As you know, I have a darling daughter, Edith, who is now fourteen years old. She keeps me busy! She is entered for a courier job, I think, in 1970. Also, I manage a piece of New York real estate which is very demanding.

. . . .

**From Edith Wislocki, Poughkeepsie, New York**

**—September 9, 1965**

Candy Wilder and I made it home safely and then I drove her to Boston where we parted ways. Civilization in this part of the world seems like madness now—all people do is bustle here and there with no real thought of one another's desires. I suppose all couriers write and tell you how they miss FNS and want to come back. These words have become trite to your ears; but, I think those who write them have sincerity behind them. I am sure that in seven weeks with all of you, I learned more than in four years of college. Granted, the experiences would not mean as much if I could not assimilate them; and college is definitely needed to do that. After returning, I went to help with the Headstart Program. I must admit that, among other things I learned this summer, I learned how useless one is in helping if one doesn't have the necessary education. Secondly, the education is useless without experience. The more I learn, the more there seems to be to learn. Yet, I am obtaining goals slowly.

I would list people to whom to give my best, but it would be an endless list—between hospital, district and Wendover people.

. . . .

**From Jane Clark, Cleveland, Ohio—September 12, 1965**

I was very busy this summer with teaching riding here in the Cleveland area and working for a veterinarian at the track

part-time in order to keep my eye on the race horses. Now that the summer is over I've stopped the riding angle, but am doing more work at the track and taking flying lessons on the side. I have only had a few hours, but it is great fun.

It looks like I will be going to Florida again in about six weeks.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. George G. McAnerney (Doris Sinclair),  
Contoocook, New Hampshire—September 15, 1965**

Life up here is much like anywhere else. Our children are: Gerry, thirteen and one-half, is at St. Paul's School here in Concord, New Hampshire; Lydia, twelve, is in the seventh grade at the local junior high; and Barbara, nine, is in the fourth grade. George has done a number of different things since coming up here, and is in the midst of making a change right now. I think I am going to get a job this winter.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Elias Ward (Adelaide Atkins),  
Kalaheo, Kauai, Hawaii—September 18, 1965**

We are now making our permanent home in Hawaii. Until receiving your letter, I did not know of Mrs. Breckinridge's death. All my life I shall cherish the good fortune which brought me to the FNS, for even six weeks of one's life in close contact with Mary Breckinridge was the greatest of privileges. That loving and selfless soul will long be remembered the world over; and it is hard to imagine Wendover without the heart which brought life to it.

I am now about to be a grandmother for the seventh time! My son, Terry, and his wife, Mary, are living in Honolulu while he attends the University of Hawaii. Mary will be flown by Terry (who is working for his commercial license) over to us from the hospital after she has her baby; and I needn't tell you how much I am looking forward to being nurse and grandmother. My twin daughters both live in rural Massachusetts, each with three children. The oldest of each is now in the first grade! My third daughter, Gwen (who lunched with Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Naomi Donnelly at the Cornelia Room in the Drake Hotel at fifteen months of age!), is now a second-year student at Pennsyl-

vania State, studying architecture. She graduated from Vassar in June, 1964. Gwen was in Japan all summer and worked for a while for a Japanese architect who teaches at Harvard. She was delighted to write a paper for him on her planned field—better low income housing to replace slums without losing the neighborhood feeling. Gwen is engaged to a delightful young Dane who is studying architecture in Copenhagen. My “baby,” Tom, is attending a prep school out here on the “big island,” Hawaii, and loves it.

We have a beautiful life here, and for the first time in twenty-six years I have no children at home. It is all I can do to keep from “adopting” some of the adorable oriental tots who are like dolls.

My dear mother, who came out here with us, passed to her reward a year ago last June. She always loved attending the Chicago lunches for Mrs. Breckinridge and admired her very much.

. . . .

**From Dorothy Caldwell, Burlington, Kentucky**

—September 19, 1965

Jack [*her brother*] is getting ready to start in on the Youth Corps here. He's never enjoyed anything as much in his life as he did the Headstart Program in Boone County, of which he was the chairman. [*In recognition of his outstanding work he was invited to the White House.*]

I cannot see my way clear to come down next week-end. We now have 245 teachers in Boone County and I'm the only supervisor—there's just no end to the work. Ruby is Boone County's only school nurse. Mother was ninety-one in August and she keeps pretty well.

Betty's article in the Spring Bulletin, “The Trumpets Sounded,” was beautiful. She has a wonderful gift of expression. I am sending a contribution to the fund in Mrs. Breckinridge's memory, for I guess I admired her, and all she stood for, above all others.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel A. Galpin (Virginia Morse),**

**New Haven, Connecticut—September 23, 1965**

Our house has been like a hotel this summer. Our four boys,

two nieces, and a great many of their friends have been in and out all the time. Summer is not a vacation in my life! But it is a very happy time.

. . . . .  
**From Jacqueth (Jay) Hutchinson, Concord, Massachusetts**

—September 24, 1965

It was awfully good to hear from you on my return from a year in England. It's a constant source of amazement to me how large a part the Service has played in helping me find my own particular direction in the last three years.

I've begun looking for a job and am excited by the possibilities in spite of the increased trend toward employing people with "credentials"—I certainly don't have much proof other than a B.A. from Bennington. Right now I am hoping to hear about tutoring a young girl who's to be in a movie which will be shot in Yugoslavia. She's a nifty girl and the film industry is something I'd like to know more about. In the meantime, I'm looking into the Audubon Society.

. . . . .  
**From Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (Barbara White),**

**Condado, Puerto Rico—September 25, 1965**

Gib and I were at Aruba in July, an island off the coast of South America. We were in the hotel, which was polynesian in decor, when the natives' orchestra played "My Old Kentucky Home" on their guitars and sang the song with strong Spanish accents. We were amused at the "poly-cultural" aspect of the whole picture.

We are all happy here in our Spanish environment. I just realized that Gib will be in Kentucky on business this week—Louisville and Lewisport—odd coincidence as he hasn't been there in twenty years.

. . . . .  
**From Deborah Cake, Beloit, Wisconsin—September 28, 1965**

I hope you will communicate my thanks to all the FNS for such a wonderful spring. I bump into Mary Miller ever so often on campus and we exchange gossip and memories at great length.

I'm concentrating on my major this semester. I'll stay on through the summer to get my degree. I love it all, but it's such

a responsibility—such a far cry from the peacefulness I felt infusing into me from the hills.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Melvin R. White (Nancy Hillis),  
Ranchester, Wyoming—October 1, 1965**

I do enjoy reading the FNS Bulletin though I was, like so many others, saddened to read about Mrs. Breckinridge's death. Her life's work is a lasting memorial and tribute to her.

As you said, having Brownie as her successor is very fortunate and I know the FNS is in good hands.

I saw Cherry Forbes in Sheridan this summer and talked briefly about her stay with you in the spring. She has done a superb job as a volunteer worker in the office of "All American Indian Days" here in Sheridan.

I hear from Linda (Hardon) Tuck about once a year. They live in Tucson. Her husband is plagued with arthritis which limits their horse activities more than they'd like. Also, I see Ann Nims Nixon who comes this way from Omaha periodically.

Our family is growing up. Dorothy is a senior this year and Alice a sophomore. The boys (Bill and Claude) are in fourth and fifth grades and look just like twins. They're typical ranch boys. Alice is quite a hand with horses and cattle and is just starting to break and really ride a colt we've raised. Big thrill for her! Dorothy helps with the ranch, too, but is so busy with other activities that she doesn't do it as much as she would like. She's the student in the outfit, too!

. . . .

**From Fanny McIlvain, Devon, Pennsylvania—October 8, 1965**

We have one puppy born a few days ago. Gail had three males; but, unfortunately, two died within a short time of birth. She is a very devoted, good mother. Deacon is crushed that she will not let him see his son yet.

Mother and Aunt Jane Baker left yesterday for about a week at Block Island, Rhode Island. The bird migration is over this coming week-end and, if the weather is nice, they will stay a few days longer.

We had a lovely visit from Cherry Evans last month—the

first in five years. She looks very well and is just the same as always.

Alice Ford came for a week-end recently. Hadn't seen her for ages, so we had a lot of catching up to do.

. . . .

**From Ardith Clair, Rockport, Maine—October 9, 1965**

Rockland, where I work, is a lobster and lime town, with a population of about 8,000—gives the impression of the same size town as Harlan, Kentucky. The residential section has lovely old sea-captain type houses and even our old red stone building of Health and Welfare has a harbor view. It is a typical down-east city.

My job is with Family Services in the Rockland area. I have a caseload of 50 plus, sixteen of which are in the islands—all A.D.C. The work, I gather, is to help families adjust to their problems and to rehabilitate them so that they no longer need aid. Maine seems most progressive in its outlook and policies and is incredibly organized. There is a policy and procedure written out for everything. Tomorrow I'll see my first client.

Rockport, where I live, is an offshoot of Camden, five miles from Rockland. It is a tourist, lobster and windjammer village of about 200 people. My apartment is really fantastic! It is furnished and in an old house overlooking the river gorge that flows into Rockport Harbor. The view of the harbor, itself, is unbelievable! I'd forgotten how much I love the sea and how good it is just to look out and take in its vastness—and the sea gulls.

I met Mrs. Knight of the Boston Committee at one of my friends' home in Dedham. She sent her love to everyone.

. . . .

**From Lorna Miller, New York, New York—October 15, 1965**

I want to thank you again for making possible my wonderful six weeks with you as a student nurse. It was a real vacation for me to be doing something that I liked so much. My time at the Red Bird Center was wonderful as I got to know some of the people very well, also had a good view of district nursing.

It was good to be home briefly. Mom (Ann Putnam Miller) is practice-teaching this semester and finds it fascinating.



**From Mrs. Gerald G. Tyrrell (Janie Haldeman),  
Louisville, Kentucky—October 20, 1965**

The wedding (Bruce's) was great fun and we were all crazy about the new Mrs. Haldeman's family.

Mother broke her hip a week ago Sunday—poor lamb. She said she thought she felt it break before she fell. The hard part was from Sunday night until Tuesday afternoon when Doctor Fisher operated and put a pin in. It was very painful lying there with a broken hip. The doctor said that it was worse than the X-rays showed. But, she is feeling much better now and the pain is slowly decreasing. Mother's spirit is, of course, wonderful, undemanding, uncomplaining and cheerfully accepting.

The rest of us are fine and busy. "Ching" is working so hard that he's only been hunting once this fall. Little Gerry is as wild an Indian as ever.

. . . . .

**From Jean Woodruff (Woody), Boston, Massachusetts  
—October 22, 1965**

I had a wonderful camp job this summer, teaching eighteen girls to ride, and I had complete care of seventeen horses (a mule and a foal included). This entailed dishing out eighty quarts of oats a day—it was fun.

It's good to know that the three Lees got off safely.

Nursing at the Deaconess Hospital is terrific. Though it's just the beginning, I've got a terrific class and by working together we'll all do a good job. The personnel here couldn't be better.

. . . . .

**From Lucy Grosvenor, North Kingston, Rhode Island  
—October 23, 1965**

How remarkable, and wonderful, that the Lee Sisters have recovered enough to fly back to England.

Here at college I am finding much interest in the tutorial project whose aim is to create better negro/white understanding and greater educational interest in the slums of Allentown; and also in volunteer work at the Allentown State Mental Hospital where conditions are quite crowded. Work camps to improve conditions in the slums are presently being organized. Much of this

new understanding of economic and social problems, wherever they are, I attribute to my summer's experience with the FNS.

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### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Mrs. Walter N. Haldeman (Jane Norton)** fell and broke her hip in October and will be in the hospital several weeks. We are terribly sorry and wish for her a rapid recovery.

**Carlyle Carter** is getting her Master's Degree in French at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. She and two other Randolph-Macon alumnae have an apartment.

**Ricky Vanderwaart** is a bi-lingual secretary in Paris, France.

**Ruth P. Chase** has been presented with a citation by the Lane Bryant Annual Awards in recognition of her outstanding services in the South End-Roxbury Adult Education Program. This means that her name is among those being considered for the 1964 Lane Bryant Annual Award.

**Barbara Clapp** is teaching kindergarten part-time and giving piano lessons. She is now living in New Haven, Connecticut.

**Martha Rockwell** had a wonderful summer traveling in Greece and Italy. She is back at Bennington now for her senior year.

**Gail Willcox** is now in Columbia School of Nursing.

**Cherry Forbes** is back at Mount Holyoke for her senior year.

**Pam Wheeler**, a senior at Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, was asked by the Women's Group of the First Baptist Church to speak on the Frontier Nursing Service and show her pictures on October 19, 1965. The response was so enthusiastic that she has agreed to give the same talk for the high school and young adult groups on Sunday, November 7.

**Bronwen Jenny** is a second year student at Tulane Medical School in New Orleans.

### WEDDINGS

Miss Elizabeth Gardner Bradford of South Hamilton, Massachusetts and Mr. Gavin Gail Bordon of Bellbrook, Ohio, on

August 21, 1965. Mr. Gavin is now with Bison Associated in Boston.

Miss Susan White of Pleasant Valley, New York and Mr. John Neil Ashe, in September. This young couple is living in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Miss Elizabeth Bonney Palmer of Chicago, Illinois and Mr. Robert Huyck Eldridge of New York City, on September 11, 1965. Mr. Eldridge is in graduate school at MIT.

We send a host of good wishes to these lovely young brides and their lucky husbands.

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As we go to press we have received the good news that Barbara Miller Talman was married to Dr. Francis J. Oeding in Sydney, Australia, on September 28. She plans to spend Christmas in this country and will fly with her children to Australia early in the New Year. We send our best wishes to them all for much happiness in their new home.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. W. Bellerman (Ayer Storrs), of Huntington, New York, a son, Mark, in May. "A healthy, adorable and very good baby!"

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm H. Harper (Gay Reynolds), of Staffordshire, England, a daughter, Mary Walker, on July 2, 1965.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Putnam (Amy Stevens), of Wayland, Massachusetts, a son, Dale Stevens Putnam, on October 6, 1965. Baby Putnam tipped the scales at 9 pounds, 12 ounces. His mother writes us:

Imagine our surprise and joy on having such a bundle of great big boy! Having two girls and two boys is just thrilling, and we count our blessings.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Eugene Leddy (Brooke Alexander) of Yarmouth, Maine, a girl, Katherine Anne Leddy, on October 4, 1965. Baby Leddy weighed 7 pounds, 10 ounces. Her mother writes:

Here at last is the big news! Kate is an adorable redhead and we're pleased (naturally) as punch! Please reserve a place for a future courier with the FNS.

From Mr. and Mrs. E. Donald Jones (Beth Burchenal) of Cincinnati, Ohio, we have the following telegram, dated November 5, 1965:

The Jones family increased its number on November 3. We brought William Timothy Jones home last evening. Billy weighed 6 pounds, 7 ounces. He is one week old today, and beautiful.

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### CHALLENGED BY BELLS

Samuel was the gander of a pair of cross-bred Chinese-Roman geese. When his mate began to brood her eggs, he placed himself on duty near the nest and uttered challenges to all comers. His particular enemy was the clock on the stable arch; every time it struck he would scream in reply, and he could be heard at the far end of the village, well beyond the range of the chime. People set their watches by him, for he kept a 24-hour guard during the whole incubation period. But one Sunday morning he met his Waterloo. When the single church bell started to ring for morning service, he began to answer it stroke for stroke. He managed to keep up well for the first fifty or so; but gradually the strain told and, when the bell ceased to ring, Sam was almost voiceless. Fortunately the goslings hatched soon afterwards, so he could return to normal duties, ignoring all bells.

—T. E. Moreland

—*The Countryman*, Autumn, 1965, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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## CINDY SPEAKS

to

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

You and I first met in 1949. I sensed that you had some doubt as to whether I could ever measure up to your beloved Kelpi, but you, my beloved mistress, chose me from among several of the other four-footed animals. I was told I had a beautiful running walk, and that my feet were as lively as Cinderella's. You knew that I did not like being teased—woe to anyone you caught teasing me. You knew my taste for apples, cakes, candy and ice cream and you saw that I had my share. My withers, you realized, were not to lean upon. I remember putting a courier on yon side of the fence, because she made the mistake of thinking I was an old broom. The lower part of my back was touchy. Woe to any who forgot to keep their hands on the reins instead of my back. These three whims I had. You could walk between my legs, or lie down under me, brush my tummy, hang over my head, or do anything else.

I always knew when I was carrying a little child and saw that no harm came to him. You often told me that I was very much an aristocrat. We travelled many, many miles together. We particularly liked the autumn days, when all the trees were robed in their garments of gold, red, brown, pink, and Old Sol rode high in a sky of sapphire blue. We delighted in beautiful mornings when hoar frost covered the trees with stars of sparkling jewels and days when snow flurries had draped old Mother Nature and her barren trees with garments of white velvet. Cloudy days with thunder roaring nearby, with lightning streaking the heavens and putting forth a gala July celebration were another matter. We were sorely afraid of those days, because we heard tell of many a man and his mule being caught on top of the mountains and being killed stone dead.

Remember the time when we took off on a snowy night and caught that set of tiny twins? I could tell the way folks were scurrying about that something unusual had happened. As I waited outside, I heard you tell that courier who had come along with us to put the first one she was holding down and come and get the second one. She wanted to know if it were all right to put

it down on the hearth. "No! No!," you said, "It doesn't need to be dried out. Just bring her and put her near Mama!"

Well, I thought to my soul that you had decided to turn yourself into one of them fancy things called incubators like they have at the hospital. I waited and waited. I got mighty impatient. Finally you sent the proud Papa out to saddle me. I kicked my heels in toward the dark scudding clouds that kept showering me with fluffy snowflakes. Three times proud Papa saddled and unsaddled me, because you were dead certain that a burr or maybe some little foreign creature hiding from the snow was nestled in my blanket. The third time you caught on to my prank and leapt into the saddle like a flying squirrel. We were off and away, like a jet that flies 'way up in the air today. You made me take you up that creek every day for six weeks to see those tiny little mites. (Doctor said there was too much flu in the hospital—that they would be better off at home.)

One other time we went up Bear Creek to see one of them women that was expecting. We hunted high and low but could find her nowhere. So, in the afternoon, you decided we would go up Steep Rock Creek to see Grandma Bell, with the rheumatiz. She set great store by the pain killers which you carried along with you and that smelly liniment for rubbing up and down, round and round. Of course, as usual, you always "set a spell" and over the cup of coffee you found out that Millie, the expecting woman, was yon side of the creek, visiting her Mama. So, off we went to see about Millie and found Mr. Stork sitting on the steps wondering whether to let you in first or rush in ahead of you.

Millie was a'punishing mighty bad by the time you got out your tricks. You had sent grandpa-to-be for the delivery bags, but Mr. Stork had no idea of waiting around for a set of them things. A six-pound baby boy arrived. I sensed there was great commotion going on. Grandma-to-be was wringing her hands on her apron. I could see up on the cabin porch. Auntie Susan arrived to see what Mr. Stork had dropped in such a hurry. As usual she had on her bright colored sun bonnet, and her chaw of tobacco. I heard grandpa-to-be, who was now grandma, tell Auntie Susan that there was a great flood going on. By this time grandpa had been sent for the doctor. Back in those days there weren't any of those talking pieces that hang on walls or

sit on tables. The doctor came, bringing the stuff called plasma, but, by the time he arrived, the flood was under control. I heard him tell you that he was right proud of you. But, my goodness alive! You sure took home a case of the weak-trembles!

We had many adventures together, little mistress, and I know you will be lonely without me. But you will travel on, seeing little boys and girls and sick babies. You will look with compassion and love on the old, the lame, the sick, and you will be gentle with those that are with young.

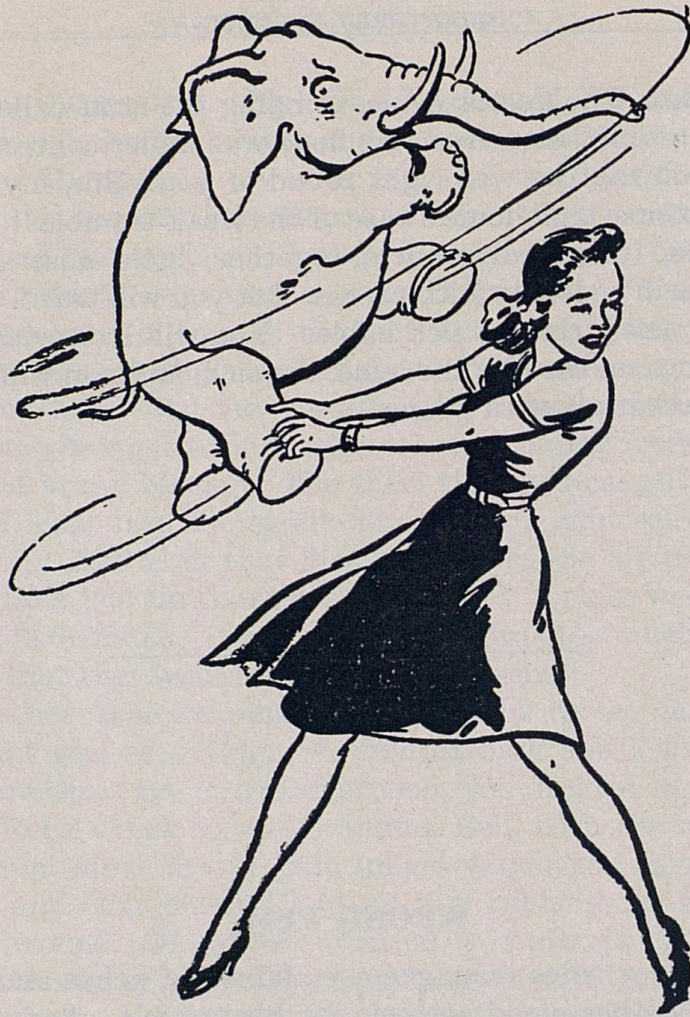
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### WRONG PEW

The junior sales manager complained of aches and pains to his wife. Neither could account for his trouble. Arriving home one night from work he informed her: "I finally discovered why I have been feeling so miserable. We got some ultra-modern furniture for the office two weeks ago and I just learned today that I have been sitting in the wastebasket for ten days."

—*Modern Maturity*, August-September 1965

## 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



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
ANNE CUNDLE

### **From Clara-Louise Schiefer Johnson in Trujillo, Peru**

—September, 1965

I cherish my memories of Mrs. Breckinridge. So often I am reminded of her and her attitude towards people—her sense of responsibility and kindness and thoughtfulness. I know I benefited more from those years than I ever contributed.

Yesterday being the first day of spring, Trujillo is about to start hopping with festivities for Primavera. This is the time of year to visit here.

We were included in a supper party farewell ("despidida") for Betty Ann Bradbury and the other HOPE nurse bound for Iquitos and the jungle. Betty was most delightful and all set to enjoy her new experiences.

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### **From Margaret Field in Jacksonville, Florida—October, 1965**

My most extensive traveling was a Scandinavia-Holy Land tour in August. It was a whirlwind tour, I assure you, and I sincerely hope nobody will ask me many specific questions about any of the countries we visited. We were in England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Jordan and Israel.

When we reached Egypt (and later the Holy Land) we found ourselves in an entirely different world, an ancient world of history familiar to us as Christians. We saw the pyramids and the Sphinx and had the thrill of riding camels. At midnight we had a boat ride on the silent, mysterious Nile. Jordan was so hot and dry we soon became obsessed with a passion for shade and cool water.

We stayed in a delightful hotel on the Sea of Galilee. On Sunday the highlight was Communion in an Armenian Orthodox Church, a candlelight service in the beautiful Garden of Gethsemane, and finally an unforgettable silent walk through the darkness of the Via Dolorosa.

**From Nancy Leland in New Guinea—September, 1965**

After a most enjoyable trip, I arrived here in the Western Highlands September 7. Language school finished September 18. From there we went to the Hospital for our medical orientation. I was assigned to Kundis and am working under the Wheat Ridge Program on Maternal and Child Health. I have eleven Infant Welfare Clinics here in the Ambum Valley which are held once a month and also a clinic and ward for patients. My house here at Kundis is semi-permanent. It is made of woven pitpit with a kunae grass roof. The floor is of wood. It is a very nice house and quite a bit larger than most of the nurses' houses.

So much has happened since I arrived that I can't possibly write it all, but I hope to write more often.

. . . . .

**From Bobby Carpenter Richardson****in Whitehall, Michigan—August, 1965**

This year I've run into so many things related to FNS that I'm really getting kind of homesick for it.

Since March of this year, we've been in beautiful Michigan. Ed is Dean of the Muskegan Community College, a two-year school. Since I have a BS, the Hackley School of Nursing urged me into being their part-time student counselor. This is kind of fun and is the first association I've had with students since I was one.

. . . . .

**From Lorraine Lundeen in Annandale, Minnesota****—September, 1965**

October second it will be one year since I came home after being evacuated from the Congo on September third last year. The future for the Congo looked pretty dark in the weeks that followed. The men missionaries have been back for several months now, and women have been returning since a couple of months ago. Now, September 19th, I will be leaving for a longer time. Naomi Smith and I have been asked to come back to the Congo to work in girls' work. We are going to Lennoxville, Quebec to study more French.

**From Mary Nell Harper in Ethiopia, Africa—July, 1965**

It was a real privilege to have known Mrs. Breckinridge. In her lifetime, she accomplished a great deal for mothers and babies, and I appreciate what her leadership and vision in their field has meant for nurse-midwives like me in faraway places such as I am in today.

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**From Ada Worcester Marston in Hants, England—October, 1965**

Last Saturday night "Green" [May Green], with a friend, spent the night here on her way back from Deal in Kent. We had a most enjoyable time. Do you know I lived with Green once at Beech Fork and we always have lots to laugh about, her first experience of bullfrogs, fireflies and such! I, having been there about 18 months, was so experienced!! It's strange to be getting older and not really conscious of it.

My love to you and anyone I know.

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**From Mary Ann Quarles in Rhode Island—July, 1965**

I am very much enjoying my teaching at Rhode Island College. Now that I have been here a year I know the ropes and have made some good friends. I have a very nice but inelegant apartment. It is about a mile from the college and in the good weather I ride my bicycle to school every day. The students take pity on me and most of the faculty envy me. I have promised myself a trip to Kentucky next summer. I shall look forward to seeing you all then.

. . . . .

**From Anne Marie Lorentzen in Cass City, Michigan**

—August, 1965

Doesn't seem as if I've been in Michigan for almost three weeks, but then I haven't convinced myself that I'm not returning to Kentucky either. The droughts this year have been the worst ever and this area has been declared a disaster area for crops. It has rained almost every day since I arrived, but it is all too late. No cobs on the cornstalks or beans in the pods, even a hard frost the 19th of July.

I have been working three days a week at the local hospital.

It is just a twenty-five bed hospital but I do a little of everything—my second day I had a delivery! I've rather enjoyed the work as it is all mine with the help of two Aides. We average 18 to 20 patients plus the babies. I'm going to Chicago tomorrow to spend the week end with my brother. I have a new 1965 Ford convertible so hope it warms up so that I can travel with the top down. I think it looks quite sharp, doesn't drive like a jeep though, quite a difference in fact. The first morning I went to work I was just about there and happened to look alongside the car, there was my dog "What Not" running right along with me. I reckon she thought I needed her as I never went without her before. Also, one night she heard a jeep start up, next thing I knew there she went. I got on Rick's bike and chased her. She is still a Bullskin dog although she has done really well in town. I leave for Vermont on Labor Day and I am anxious to get settled again and out of boxes. Hope it all fits into the new car.

. . . . .

**From Mary Simmers in Arlington, Massachusetts—August, 1965**

My thoughts have been with you all very often, especially when I think of what's happened since I left. How is Anna May? and what about the rest of you, "holding the fort"? I find that I'm not returning to FNS soon. I have finally applied for a job at our local hospital, Symmes, in Arlington. I have a small four-roomed apartment, but more than enough room for one person. I'll have plenty of room for guests. Best wishes to all.

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**From Barbara Walsh in Kashmir, India—August, 1965**

I am on holiday right now in Kashmir. It is truly a lovely place, you would enjoy it—height 10,000 feet and mountains with snow on their peaks, everything green and only a half mile down in the valley the lovely roaring of the Lidden River. We will be trekking through different places in the next few weeks and a lot of it will be by pony. These mountain ponies are the most sure footed I've ever seen—(memories of old Kentucky). I'll be coming home in 1967—not really so very far away when one realizes that I'm starting my 4th year here in India. I do love my work. We are now in the midst of beginning an Auxiliary Midwifery course in our hospital. This is only auxiliary training

for girls not eligible for the 3-year regular nurses' training. This particular course is new for India and the mission hospital.

I am continually grateful for the purpose, standards, and the quality of training represented so ably by the FNS. Love and greetings to all I know.

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**From Olive Bunce in Bermuda—May, 1965**

It is very lovely here in Bermuda. I have a darling little cottage on a hillside and I can see the sea from my verandah. Much more actual bedside nursing than I had in the States and quite a few babies.

. . . . .

**From Patricia M. Ware in St. Helier, Jersey,**

**Channel Islands—August, 1965**

I am in Jersey, arrived here about a month ago after a hectic summer term at college. I have come to the "General" to work for a few weeks. I've worked for a week on a Surgical ward, a week on a Medical ward and I am going to Casualty next week. Variety is the spice of life! Arrangements have at last been made for my going to Paris. I go to the Valedictory Service at Westminster Central Hall (I'm one of the speakers—Me!), then that same evening I get the night ferry to Paris and enroll for classes at the "Alliance" the next day, September 15. Those first few weeks are sure to be quite mad. With my nonexistent French and my hopeless sense of direction I'll probably spend a great deal of time riding around the Metro, getting nowhere. Ah, well, life should be interesting! Do give my love to everyone at Wendenover, please.

. . . . .

**From Betty Ann Bradbury in Iquitos, Peru—October, 1965**

Our work, at the invitation of the Peruvian government, is to help in the development of a generalized, over-all public health program for the entire state of Loreto, which covers one-third of Peru—the entire jungle area. A fairly large number of these people are localized in the three cities of the jungle area, Iquitos being the major one. However, the majority of them are dispersed throughout the jungle along the rivers in small villages called "caserios." In the all-out effort of a very progressive Peru-

vian government to unite its country and embrace all the peoples of the sierra and the selva (jungle) who had for so long been isolated due to the terrain which separated them from the influence of the coastal region, the health department here in Iquitos was given the backing and funds it needed to launch a health program for the people in the remote regions. Out of this developed a fleet of many small motor boats and two fifty-foot launch-dispensaries to be manned by medical and nursing personnel and sent out along all the rivers to the caserios.

This is where we come in. Marilyn and I have just returned from our first observational trip down the Amazon to the Brazilian-Columbian border, visiting many caserios along the way. It was a perfectly fascinating experience and a marvelous orientation to the needs of the people.

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#### **New Baby**

To Dr. and Mrs. Waldo Enriquez (**Sylvia Leatherwood**) of Wilmington, Delaware, a daughter, Kim Denise on October 9, 1965. Sylvia writes: "Our fourth child is a very beautiful little girl with jet black hair, blue eyes and dimples. We will be here in Delaware at least another year. Both Waldo and I like to remember our visit to FNS two years ago. We would like to visit again but we haven't been on vacation since. Give my regards to all at FNS."

#### **A Wedding**

**Miss Brigit Sutcliffe** and Mr. Robert James Powell in South Devon, England on September 18, 1965. Our best wishes go to Brigit and her husband.

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#### **HIS VOICE**

"Why did you stop singing in the choir, Thomas?"

"Well, one Sunday I was sick, and didn't sing, and a lot of people in the congregation asked if the organ had been fixed."

—Contributed

## MOUNT VERNON

Once again this year I went to the home of our first President, George Washington, for the annual meeting of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, custodians of this national shrine for over a century. As Vice-Regent representing Ohio, I joined with my colleagues in a review of the activities of the past twelve months and preparation of plans for the year ahead.

Year by year we pursue our programs of research and refinement of restoration, moving constantly toward a more authentic eighteenth century environment—our objective being that the home should reflect its builder with ever increasing fidelity. Piece by piece the personal property of George and Martha Washington is being reassembled, by loan, purchase and bequest, to take original positions in the Mansion or to be displayed in a museum setting.

During the twelve months just passed there have been a number of interesting and valuable accessions. Most important and interesting, perhaps, are two paintings of the Mansion done on the spot by an unknown artist shortly after the Revolution. Three engravings which hung in the Mansion until it was relinquished to the Association by the Washington family have been returned by descendants of the last proprietor, Colonel John A. Washington, Jr. Of rare sentimental interest is a volume of ballads with Martha Washington's name on the title page and the date 1759, both in the handwriting of George Washington. This may have been a bridal gift from the groom, as they were married in 1759.

During the fiscal year just closed more visitors than ever before found their way to Mount Vernon, over one and one-third million—adults and school children; Ohioans, I am certain, in their fair proportion; tourists from abroad, all have been uplifted. Each, according to his perceptiveness, has discovered great scenic beauty, unique historical associations and the rare creative abilities of the man who built this home and laid out its grounds and gardens.

For me it is a great privilege to have a responsible part in the work at Mount Vernon. To be there is always an experience in spiritual renewal. The place is most evocative of the man in

all his greatness. After each visit I return to my task on Capitol Hill, to the continuing quest for a peaceful world as a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, with a sense of rededication, remembering George Washington's definition of man's most challenging goal, then as now: "My first wish," he wrote to a French correspondent, "is . . . to see the whole world in peace, and the Inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

—*Reporting From Washington*

Frances P. Bolton, Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio  
November 28, 1964

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### THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING

Father to daughter's suitor: "My daughter says you have that certain something, but I wish you had something certain!"

—*Modern Maturity*, October-November 1965



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Our Philadelphia Chairman, Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, was honored with the Distinguished Daughters of Pennsylvania Award and Medal at the 17th annual presentation luncheon at the Capitol in Harrisburg on Thursday, October 7, 1965. Mrs. Drinker was cited as a fine musician, a respected scholar and author, and a volunteer with broad philanthropic interests. For thirty years each Sunday evening, she and her husband hosted twenty to a hundred music lovers as they sang and played for their own delight. Her first book, "Women and Music," was produced after years of research, and won her an honorary degree from Smith College. She has since written many books, mostly about women.

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In September of this year, Miss Hazel Corbin retired as General Director of Maternity Center Association, having given faithful service to this organization for forty-two years. Throughout this long time she has never failed to maintain her interest in improving the care for mothers and babies and to give encouragement to all who are interested in this field. We are proud to have her as a member of our National Nursing Council.

Miss Corbin has been succeeded as General Director by Miss Vera R. Keane. Miss Keane is well-known in maternity care circles across the country. Prior to her appointment at Maternity Center, she was a Research Associate in Maternal and Newborn Nursing at Yale University School of Nursing. Miss Keane has also been Assistant Professor at Cornell University-New York Hospital School of Nursing and Acting Head of the Department of Obstetrical-Gynecological Nursing at New York Hospital. She is a graduate of Maternity Center Association's School of Nurse-Midwifery and last year was elected President of the American College of Nurse-Midwifery.

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Betty Lester attended a Centennial Conference at the University of Kentucky on October 24-26, at which a symposium on "Women: Equal but Different" was presented. On Tuesday morning, October 26, a five-minute talk was given by each of

twelve people on Pattern Varieties in Women's Lives. Betty's subject was, of course, the FNS and we have heard many complimentary remarks on her presentation. The women attending the conference were guests of the University and stayed at Carnahan House, the University Conference Center, and Betty reports that she had a very happy time with her fellow guests. During the conference those taking part were entertained by President and Mrs. Oswald at a dinner at Spindletop Hall.

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Kate Ireland was invited to speak and show slides at the fall conference and board meeting of the Women's Auxiliary to the Kentucky State Medical Association in Louisville, Kentucky, on Tuesday, November 9. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr. the night before the meeting.

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Two members of our old staff are speaking about the Frontier Nursing Service and showing slides in November. Mrs. Georges Selim (Maxine Thornton) has been invited to a meeting of the St. Mary's Chapel Guild in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Mrs. A. T. Ernst (Kitty Macdonald) is speaking to a group of young people in Perkiomenville, Pennsylvania.

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#### FALL ENGAGEMENTS:

On Wednesday, October 13, I left Wendover with our old staff member, Vanda Summers, to drive to her home in Milford, Pennsylvania, where I had two lovely days of peace and quiet before flying to **Boston** for the Eighth Annual Christmas Preview which our wonderful Boston Committee arranges each year. Much hard work goes into the preparation of this event. Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr. and Mrs. Richard P. Higgins had interested over four hundred friends of the FNS in sponsoring the Preview. Good publicity had been given by the local press at the request of Mrs. Nelson M. Knight and her committee. Mrs. Arthur D. Alexander, III had interested fifteen shops in displaying their wares.

While in Boston I was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. William R. MacAusland, Jr. (courier Franny Baker) and I was delighted to have the opportunity of meeting their six lovely children. On

Tuesday, October 19, Franny and I went to the New England Life Hall to help Mrs. Vcevold Strekalovsky set up the Charter Room for the Sponsors' Party that evening. Mr. Roger L. Branham brought in his daughter Jinny's beautiful colored pictures which were displayed on the walls of the stairway and in the lobby of the Charter Room. An added treasure this year was the framed Kentucky sampler which Jinny herself designed the year before she died and which her friends embroidered. This sampler was hung in a prominent position among her pictures. Our Boston Chairman, Mrs. Reginald Ward (courier Rosamund Rust) and members of her Committee all set to and we were delighted to have the hard work finished before 1:00 p.m. Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (courier Patsy Perrin) and Franny and I went to a restaurant on the harbor for lunch, after which we went our various ways to get ready for the evening. The Sponsors' Party was held in the New England Life Hall where the stores had their booths all ready to take orders from the guests who attended the reception. Members of the Committee, among them many old couriers, were on hand to act as hostesses. It was such fun to see again Mrs. Bronson W. Chanler (Evie Rogers), Mrs. Philip Cutler (Rose Gardner), Mrs. Robert D. Mehlman (Lila Caner), Mrs. Charles S. Cheston, Jr. (Lois Powell), Mrs. William L. Helm, Jr. (Nella Lloyd), and Mrs. Homer R. Overly, Jr. (Edith Hall). Beautiful floral arrangements had been made by Mrs. David D. Mackintosh (Sally Rice) and Mrs. Frances H. Converse (Frances Hamlin).

The Committee had invited sponsors to a dinner at the Chilton Club after the reception. Mrs. Theodore Chase (Dorothy Newman) and Mrs. Burgess P. Stanley had arranged the dinner and were delighted that a hundred people came. After the dinner I gave the report of the work of the past year and spoke of plans for the future. It was a great pleasure for me to be able to meet so many of our Boston friends. The Christmas Preview was open to the public for the next two days and Mrs. Ronald Moir, who was Chairman of the Benefit this year, is to be congratulated on another successful event. Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (courier Mardi Bemis), assisted by Mrs. R. Grice Kennelly, again served her delicious gourmet lunch each day.

On Thursday afternoon I said goodbye to all my Boston friends and drove to Hingham with Mr. Branham for the week

end. On Sunday, October 24, I flew to **Rochester, New York**, where I was met by our former medical director, Dr. Maurice O. Barney, his wife Dorothy, and their two younger daughters. They drove me to their lovely new home for supper and we had a good time talking of the times when Dr. Barney was at Hyden. Later that evening the doctor and Dorothy drove me to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson where I was to stay while in Rochester. On Monday morning, Alice Wilson drove me to the local radio station where I made three tapes for later broadcasting. Then Alice left me with Dr. and Mrs. Karl Wilson. It was lovely to see these dear people again. Mrs. Karl Wilson has been our faithful Rochester Chairman for many years and was getting ready to turn over the office to her daughter-in-law, Alice. Mrs. Basil C. MacLean, a member of our Committee, drove Dr. and Mrs. Wilson and me to the University of Rochester where we were luncheon guests of Miss Eleanor A. Hall, Chairman of the Department of Nursing. She had invited members of her faculty and of the faculty of medicine to attend the luncheon. One of the graduates of our own School of Midwifery, Winnie Jacobson Nelson, was among the nursing faculty. I was glad to be able to answer questions from the group about the FNS. Later in the afternoon we were joined by students and faculty from the Department of Nursing for tea in the Helen Wood Hall, after which I spoke to a large group who had assembled in the Whipple Auditorium. In the evening I was entertained for dinner by Mrs. Richard Knight and members of the Alpha Omicron Pi Alumnae Chapter of Rochester.

On Tuesday Mrs. Karl Wilson gave a delightful luncheon party at the Genesee Valley Club where I had the pleasure of talking with members of our Rochester Committee. In the evening I spoke and showed slides at the Memorial Art Gallery. It was exciting to have so many FNSers in the audience—old couriers, parents of couriers, and a former medical director.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Norman Bane (former social service secretary Bobbie Hunt) took me to her home to meet her two enchanting small boys, Todd and Troy, and after lunch she drove me to the airport where I took the plane for **Cleveland, Ohio**, where I was met by Kate Ireland. She and her father, Mr. R. Livingston Ireland, had 125 guests at their home for a buffet supper. I had a new experience when I had to address this

group across Mr. Ireland's swimming pool! Mrs. Leo G. Bayer (old courier Betsy Brown) did an expert job of showing the slides for me. It was lovely to see again other old couriers—Mrs. Sterling McMillan (Betsy Mather), Mrs. Graham Webster (Mardi Bole), Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown), and Mrs. Charles Imars (Suzy Sogg). I was especially pleased to have the pleasure of meeting the British Consul-General, Mr. Alastair Maitland, and Mrs. Maitland and to see again Mr. Redmond C. Carroll. Both of these gentlemen had been extremely helpful to us this summer following the unfortunate accident to the Lee sisters.

On Thursday morning I spent some time at St. Luke's Hospital to talk with Miss Carol Randall, the Director of Nursing Service. We had an interesting time discussing the nurse-midwife and her place on the staff of a metropolitan hospital. Miss Randall was most generous with her time and gave me a tour of the obstetrical department and the outpatient clinics of her hospital. Kate had invited members of our Cleveland Committee for lunch and I was delighted that her sister and our courier, Mrs. Gilbert Humphrey (Louise Ireland) had arrived home in time to come to the luncheon. We all had a good time discussing plans for the FNS.

On Friday, October 29, Kate was on her way back to Kentucky and kindly arranged for her chauffeur, Tom, to drive me to **Sewickley, Pennsylvania**, where I was the week-end guest of our Pittsburgh Chairman, Miss Fredericka Holdship, and her sister, Margaret. Freddy had invited old friends of Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. W. W. Collin, Jr. and Mrs. William A. Galbraith, and Mrs. Edmund D. Wardrop and old couriers Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell Hall and Mrs. Hugh Nevin (Ellie George) for tea. We had a lovely time chatting in front of the fire. On Saturday, Freddy, Moo and I drove to "The Mouse Trap," Freddy's cabin in the mountains where she has her own trout pond.

On Tuesday, November 2, I flew to **Chicago** where I was met by my hostess and our former Chicago Chairman, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd of Winnetka. On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Edward Arpee (courier Katherine Trowbridge), the wonderful secretary of the Chicago Committee, picked me up and drove me to Lake Forest where I spoke to the girls at the Ferry Hall School. Miss

Marian W. Smith, headmistress of the school, has been kind enough to write me that the girls "were perfectly thrilled with your talk and also were delighted to see the beautiful slides you had to show them. Several of our girls have expressed a real interest in the work done by the Frontier Nursing Service." That night I was the guest of Mrs. David Dangler, also a former Chairman of the Chicago Committee. Together we went for dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Church Harper (courier Marianne Stevenson). I was delighted to have the opportunity of meeting her fine husband and to give the latest FNS news to his wife who had attended the courier conference this year.

On Thursday morning, Katherine Arpee drove me in to Chicago and left me at the College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists where I met Dr. and Mrs. Robert Kimbrough. I was given a tour of the beautiful new office space now occupied by the College, after which we were joined for lunch by Mr. Donald Richardson, Executive Secretary of the College, and Mr. Paul Shultz of the Public Relations Department. After lunch Mrs. Kimbrough took me to her apartment where we were joined by our Chicago Chairman, Mrs. Charles S. Potter (Barbara McClurg). We discussed final arrangements for the next day's meeting. I drove back to Winnetka with Mrs. Boyd. Friday was the day of our big Chicago meeting at the Fortnightly Club. A good crowd had assembled by 11:00 a.m. Mrs. Potter presided with her usual calm efficiency and Marianne Harper told of her recent visit to Kentucky and gave her assurance to the group that the FNS continues to thrive. I was then introduced by the Chairman and gave a report on the FNS and showed slides. The luncheon following the meeting was attended by sixty-three people. Everyone was most pleased that four former chairmen of the Chicago Committee were present at the meeting. In addition to Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Dangler, they were Mrs. Frederic W. Upham and Mrs. Donald R. McLennan, Sr. We were also pleased that we had representatives of the Alpha Omicron Pi Alumnae and the Daughters of Colonial Wars from both Illinois and Wisconsin, including the National Vice-President of the Alpha Omicron Pi, Mrs. Charles Kallevang. I had the pleasure of talking with old couriers Mrs. John F. Perkins, Jr. (Fran Williams), Mrs. Hugo Gregory (Caroline Booth), and Mrs. John C. Christie, Jr. (Peggy Barker), with the mother and grandmother of Candace Wilder who was one of

our summer couriers this year, and with two representatives from Beloit College.

In the afternoon Barbara Potter and I went to the concert at Symphony Hall which was a lovely bit of relaxation. We met Mrs. Boyd and our committee member Mrs. R. W. Wood after the concert and Barbara took us all to her beautiful apartment for a cup of tea before we drove back to Winnetka. In the evening Mrs. Boyd had invited Mr. and Mrs. Wood for a game of bridge. On Saturday morning, I took the plane back to Lexington, Kentucky, where I met Agnes Lewis and Anna May January and drove them back to Wendover.

My heartfelt thanks go to each one of our hard-working committees who had arranged all these good meetings for me in the various cities, and for the many kindnesses shown me by my hostesses.

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### RESIGNED TO IT? ?

Lancashire joiner, to niece asking if he had become accustomed to retirement: 'Oh ay, straight away. It were workin' as Ah niver got used to.'

—*The Countryman*, Summer 1965, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.

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## FIELD NOTES

Edited by  
PEGGY ELMORE

The Leslie County Homecoming and the Fourth Annual Mary Breckinridge Day was held in Hyden on Friday and Saturday, October 1 and 2. Friday was devoted to the activities of the school children during the day, and in the evening a folk dance festival was held in front of the court house in Hyden. The parade got under way at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday morning with many attractive floats representing the Headstart program, the schools, 4-H groups, and the communities near Hyden. The float decorated by the nurses at Hyden Hospital illustrated "The Legend of the Saddlebag."

Dr. Edward H. Ray of Lexington was the principal speaker at the program which followed the parade, and Miss Helen Browne also spoke briefly to the hundreds of guests who attended the celebration. A craft show was held in the early afternoon and the guests enjoyed the beautiful quilts, paintings, chairs and stools, cornshuck dolls, and many other examples of the hand work of craftsmen in our area. The festivities ended with a pony show for the children in the afternoon and an amateur show in the evening.

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Molly and Nora Lee flew to England on October 12. Molly was discharged from the Appalachian Regional Hospital in early September, but she remained in Harlan with a friend so she could continue physical therapy and be with her sister until Nora was discharged the end of September, when they came to Wendover for two weeks. During the two weeks they were here they had a chance to see many of their friends and to attend Mary Breckinridge Day, and we were able to show Nora something of the Kentucky mountains which were just beginning to put on their lovely autumn coloring. Their sister, Mrs. John Martin, and a friend, Miss Mary Stanbury, arrived from England on October 6, and spent a week at Wendover before accompanying Molly and Nora to England. The British Consul General in Cleveland had been so kind as to help with their travel arrangements and he and several of his colleagues were on hand to meet the girls when



they changed planes in Cleveland, and to give them a gala send-off. Upon arrival in England, the girls were admitted to St. John's Hospital in London where they are both having extensive physical therapy. For the latest news of them, see A Message From Molly on page 10.

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In the Summer Bulletin we wrote that we hoped the water crisis at Hyden Hospital would be solved by the time this Bulletin went to press. We have had so much trouble with the water supply at the Hospital over the years that we are rather reluctant to say "all is well" but the situation is certainly more encouraging than it has been for some time.

Our old friends, Mrs. Homer A. Biggerstaff and Mr. Jesse M. Lewis, have allowed the FNS to impound the water from an abandoned mine on their property which adjoins ours on Hospital Hill. We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Biggerstaff and Mr. Lewis and also to Messrs. Eddie J. Moore, John H. Lewis and Wayde Morgan for their help in impounding the mine water and getting it up to our storage tanks. Mr. Moore has given us a tremendous amount of time in checking and advising us about this project as well as many other projects at Hyden Hospital and the centers.

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A great deal of work has been done at the Clara Ford Center this summer and fall, thanks to the hard work of the men in the Red Bird community. We are most grateful to Messrs. Floyd Bowling, Frank Bowling, Jim Hoskins and others of the Red Bird Committee for making trips to Manchester to see the proper people about putting a new road through our property and for helping with the road; to Messrs. John Hoskins and Raleigh Baker for their help on the road; to Mr. Phil Marcum for his advice on clearing pastures and putting in a cattle guard as well as helping with the road; and to Mr. Frank Bowling for all the checking, servicing and advising he has done on the water system at the Center.

The chain saw which was the gift to the FNS from our good friend and trustee, Mr. Rex Farmer of Hyden, for trimming trees and cutting out dead wood on our various properties, was especially useful in clearing ground for pasture at Red Bird.

The Courier Service this fall has been well taken care of by Carlotta Creevey, Troy, New York, and Gay Gann, Morrison, Colorado, both students at Beloit College; and by Heidi Mehring, Cleveland, Ohio. Gay had to leave in early November but Carlotta and Heidi were able to stay on to help Kate Ireland with the new junior couriers and Betty Lester with all the social service trips she has to take. They were joined in early November by two more Beloit students, Catherine Hunt, Danville, Pennsylvania, and Rosalie Ransom, Des Moines, Iowa, who will be with us until the New Year.

We have had the pleasure of visits from several of the old couriers this fall. Mrs. Paul Church Harper (Tips Stevenson) of Chicago and Pebble Stone came down for a courier conference in late September and Pebble was able to stay on and help us out for a month. Mrs. John DeMaria (Anne Kilham) of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Harry P. Schriver (Linda Branch) of Pinedale, Wyoming, spent a long week end with us the end of October. While Anne was here she drew maps of the Wendover and Hyden Hospital water systems for Agnes.

Linda objected to being called an "old courier" so we shall have to say that it was great fun having these "former couriers" around again!

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We have had a number of nurses join our staff this fall, and a number, regrettably, have had to leave us—Edna Johnson, Sue Kallal, Barbara Rubdie, Tommy McDonough, and Georgina Johnston. We are glad to welcome to the Hyden Hospital staff Tharon McConnell, Mooresville, North Carolina; Lois Gible, New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania; Mary Redman, Leslie, Michigan; Joanne Vickers, Toronto, Canada; and Joyce Nieboer, Santa Barbara, California.

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The Leslie County Development Corporation has received a grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity for a one-year multiphasic health survey in the county. Dr. Mary Pauline Fox, former Leslie County health officer, who is now the medical director of the Regional Public Health Office in Hazard, will represent the Corporation as project director. The Corporation has contracted with the State Department of Health for profes-

sional personnel—physicians, nurses, health educators, nutritionists, social workers, and a sanitarian—to staff the project. Clinics for diagnosis of physical conditions for patients referred by physicians will be held in Hyden and patients needing treatment will be referred to local and state agencies. Weekly mental health clinics and a mobile dental clinic will be included in the project. Two United States Public Health Service physicians, Dr. David Steinman and Dr. David Marcus, and five nurses are in Hyden and will begin screening patients as soon as their temporary clinic building is erected behind the county health department.

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The citizens of Leslie County are coöperating with the United States Government in offering rural experience to a group of Peace Corps Volunteers who are in training prior to their departure for India. Much hard work—by interested groups in the county, by the United States Public Health Team and the Health Department, by the Frontier Nursing Service, and by the Peace Corps itself—has been involved in transporting these young people from Vermont to Kentucky, where they must be housed and fed and given a work experience which will be of value to them in their overseas assignments.

The first group of Peace Corps Volunteers arrived in Hyden on November 7, and the second group will come in just after this Bulletin goes to the printer. Those volunteers who are nurses are assigned to accompany the FNS district nurses on visits to the patients' homes. Their major project is to inoculate as many children as possible under eight years of age against the measles. The Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta has furnished the measles vaccine and has sent Dr. J. L. Conrad, accompanied by Dr. S. K. Sengupta of India, to Leslie County to supervise the vaccination campaign. Other volunteers are working on nutritional and sanitation projects in the area.

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In early September we had the pleasure of entertaining our trustee and friend, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Glendale, Ohio. Mrs. Rogan brought with her Mrs. Carey P. McCord for her first visit to Wendover in many years.

Some of our very welcome guests worked so hard that we really shouldn't call them guests! Vanda Summers of the old

staff spent a week with us in October and did a wonderful job on the special clipping book about Mrs. Breckinridge, as well as bringing the FNS clipping book up to date. Mrs. Merle Lindblade, the mother of Zondra who was Agnes Lewis' secretary some years ago, relieved for one of the secretary's vacation while she was with us in September. Beth Beers, who graduated from the School of Midwifery ten years ago, is with us now for a "refresher course" in midwifery at Hyden Hospital.

We greatly enjoyed seeing several members of the old staff who attended the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives in September—Elda Barry, Doris Reid, Eleanor Wechtel Denk, and Anne DeTournay. The guest speaker at the meeting, Dr. John W. Greene, brought his daughter, Nonie, with him and both stayed overnight at Wendover.

Dr. Margaret Livingood, the regional maternal and child health consultant, brought Miss Lalla Mary Goggans of the Children's Bureau by to see us the end of August. Dr. Tom Gahagan of the University of Kentucky was so kind as to hold an obstetrical clinic for us at Hyden when he and his wife came up to see us while we were without a medical director. Dr. Alvin M. Mauer of the Cincinnati Children's Hospital spent a day with the FNS in September and Dr. J. Clarke Woodfin, Jr., a Cincinnati ophthalmologist, held an eye clinic at Hyden Hospital on November 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Blumers of Minneapolis stopped by to see us one Sunday in October, as did Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dale of Lexington. The Dales have been so kind as to offer a home to two of our old horses who could no longer stand the rough mountain terrain. Kemo and Merrylegs have gone to the Dale's home where they will have a life of ease in a Blue Grass pasture.

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As this Bulletin goes to the printer, Helen Browne and Betty Lester are going to the outpost nursing centers to hold meetings with the local committees. We have begun our Christmas preparations for the children in our area and are looking forward to having the staff in for dinner at Wendover on Thanksgiving Day for our traditional celebration.

It is a bit early but—Merry Christmas to all our readers from all of the FNS staff.

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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.

. . . . .

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

**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,**

and sent to the treasurer

**MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY**

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky

## Statement of Ownership

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946, and October 23, 1962 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 4369), of

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE  
QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1965.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., 271 West Short Street, Lexington, Kentucky 40507.

Editor: Helen E. Browne, Wendover, Kentucky 41775.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Washington, D. C., chairman; Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. John Harris Clay, Paris, Ky., and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., secretaries; Miss Helen E. Browne, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

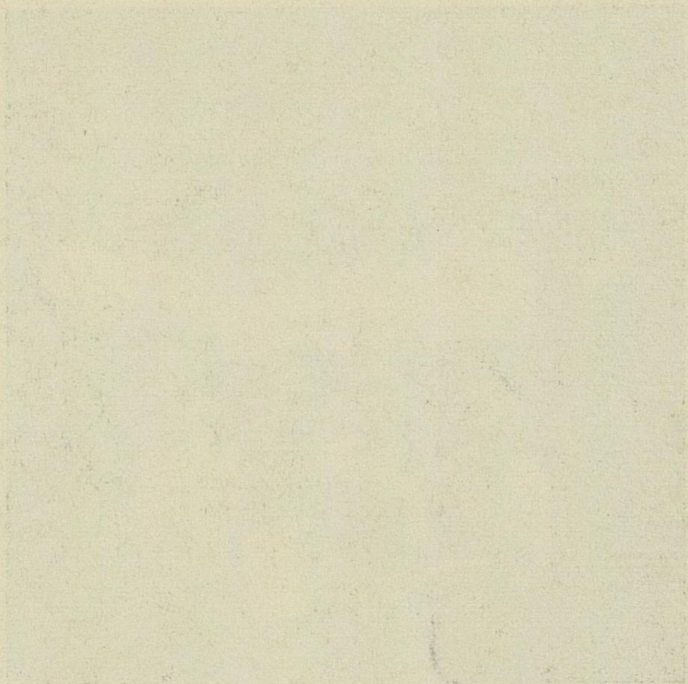
(4) Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full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

HELEN E. BROWNE, Editor



THE FORTY-NINTH CLASS  
FRONTIER GRADUATE SCHOOL OF MIDWIFERY  
And Their Instructors  
at Graduation, August 14, 1965

L. to R. standing: W. B. R. Beasley, M.D., Medical Director; Eileen Stark, Mary Bliffen, Edith Powers, Phyllis Long, Helen E. Browne, Director, Ruth Hunter.  
L. to R. kneeling: Lynne Shade, Marilyn Houser, Margaret Willson, Dean.



THE TOWN OF  
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