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SUNSHINE ON THE ROAD AHEAD



**Great Grandmother Mrs. Becky Jane Morgan and
Great Grandson Roger Lee Morgan**

Photograph by Margaret Willson

Cover painting by Vanda Summers

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Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

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

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

—*In Memoriam*
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE LIVING ROOM IN THE BIG HOUSE

by

GRACE A. TERRILL

Quarterly Bulletin Secretary



At four o'clock each afternoon everyone at Wendover gathers together in the living room of the Big House for tea. Problems of the day are forgotten and worries of tomorrow set aside for this is the hour to relax in full enjoyment and pleasure with Mrs. Breckinridge at her best. Even the dogs of Wendover know when the time has come for their bits of cheese (their tea) and fully enjoy the luxury of the hour. Tea is a tradition at Wendover and the beautiful old room with its huge log-beamed ceiling lends itself easily to the comfort and gracious well-being of those who enter and find a warm and hearty welcome within its walls.

This living room in Mrs. Breckinridge's home, deeded to the

Frontier Nursing Service, is a lovely room, a lived-in room, with an accumulation through the years of many items of interest.

The immense fireplace on the long west wall is a replica of the one at The Brackens, the old summer home of Mrs. Breckinridge's mother in Canada. Each of its stones was cut and shaped from local rock, just as the Big House itself was built of the logs of trees from the forest. There is a plaque mounted on the stone to the left of the open fireplace which reads, "To the Glory of God and in Memory of Breckie and Polly—dedicated Christmas 1925." In the same spot on the right is another plaque with the words, "The electric lights of Wendover were dedicated December 10, 1948 To the Glory of God and in Memory of Roger Kemper Rogan." This gift of light was contributed by Mrs. Rogan, one of our beloved trustees, in memory of her dear husband. The hearthstone is one huge slab of rock. On cold winter nights, when lights are low, the huge burning logs cast enchanting, flickering shadows into every corner of the room. Chestnuts have been roasted in the hot wood ashes and exciting tales have been related in the glow of the licking flames. The candle sticks and pewter steins that grace the mantel are from the one in the old summer home. The hand-forged hearth set was made and given the Frontier Nursing Service by the late Dr. John Caldwell of Cincinnati; and the French artillery shell that serves as an ash receptacle for smokers, and stands to the side, was brought back by Mrs. Breckinridge from the battle fields of France.

The deer head has not always graced the space above the mantel—this was once quite bare. But Jane Norton, an early courier, felt it was just the spot for one of her father's hunting trophies. And so the late Mr. Ex Norton of Louisville sent us the deer head. Each Christmas, its antlers are adorned with red ribbons and once, during an August wedding of one of our nurse-midwives, they were appropriately decorated with white. Janie Haldeman Tyrrell, courier of recent years, is the young daughter of Jane Norton Haldeman, so you can readily see why that deer holds its head so high—it really belongs.

Tea is always served before the two big front windows. At every season of the year, the view from these windows is delightful. They open upon a vista of trees and rocks and flowers and birds; to the Wendover Road below, to the Middle Fork of the

Kentucky River in its many temperamental moods; and over and beyond to the loveliness of North Mountain. The couriers who serve tea sit on the deep-cushioned window seat that spans the full length of the two windows. The space under this seat is deep and it is a catch-all for many oddments. Around the Christmas holidays, boxes of candy, nuts and Yuletide decorations are stored there—sometimes even gifts are successfully hidden in its depths. This picturesque spot has been banked with flowers and greenery as an altar for a wedding; and, too, it has served as a backdrop for the reading of thrilling scenes from Shakespeare, as only our beloved trustee, Miss Margaret Gage, can give them.

Bookcases line every available wall space—there are books of every kind and to suit every taste. They are the personal library of Mrs. Breckinridge. Many have been in her family for generations, many are first editions, autographed copies and volumes long since obsolete. Every book has its place and twice each year one of our good neighbors comes and oils each one, putting it back where it belongs. Mrs. Breckinridge knows where to find each book, for she put them all there. It is a rare privilege indeed to browse through these wonderful old volumes of hers. Over behind the sofa, which belonged to her mother, stands a specially built rack which holds the complete set of the 1910 Encyclopedia Britannica.

The sturdy drop-leaf end table next to the sofa matches the large tea table which was given the Frontier Nursing Service in the early thirties by Mrs. Arthur Bray of England, aunt of Courier Alison Bray. The little three-legged milking stool, which delights the heart of the very young who visit us, was also a gift. The large maple chair with its deep cushions, the various odd chairs and low stools add a comfortable and homey atmosphere to the Big House living room.

I would be remiss, indeed, if I failed to mention Mrs. Breckinridge's chair by the library table just as you enter the terrace door. It was after the operation on her broken back in Boston in 1938, and she had returned months later to Wendover, that the Frontier Nursing Service Staff presented it to her. It is not a huge chair, but is overstuffed, low and comfortable. It seems to open its arms to her when she comes down to tea each afternoon. Even guests sense that it is "special" for it is seldom that

one lingering expectantly near has to be tactfully guided to another seat. It is the seat of honor and we all respect it as such, for Mrs. Breckinridge is the heart of Wendover.

Family pictures are evident in this old living room and it is nice to know "who's who" within their frames. That of Mrs. Breckinridge's beloved Breckie is on the bookcase just behind the terrace door; and over by the stairs to the right is her nephew, John Cabell Breckinridge, at the age of two and a half, astride a horse, and taken at his mother's old homestead, Hawthorn, in the Shenandoah Valley. Atop the bookcase behind the library table are the likenesses of her two brothers, Carson and Clifton in their uniforms of the First World War. Separate pictures of her parents hang to the left of the staircase. They were taken at the time of the Coronation in Moscow when her father was Minister to Russia. It is a known fact that he wore knee breeches, long silk stockings and pumps, but, at his direction, his picture is three quarter in length and nothing shows below the knees. Her mother's gown, as shown in her picture, was made by Redfern in Paris—a lovely old rose creation, shot with silver and completed with a long dark green velvet train lined in the rose. The small picture on the bookcase near the Dog Trot door is that of The Reverend Alexander Francis, a Scottish minister of the British-American Church the Breckinridge family attended while in Saint Petersburg. They were so deeply attached to him that he became a life-long friend and in later years visited their island home, The Brackens.

The wooden plate that hangs behind the Terrace door, intricately carved with Russian lettering, coat of arms and dated 1897, was brought by Mrs. Breckinridge's mother from Russia.

On the wall between the fireplace and the French doors opening onto the porch are two beautiful Chinese scenes embroidered on rice paper. Some years ago, a Chinese doctor presented them to Mrs. Breckinridge after visiting here. At the time they were not framed. It was later that one of our trustees, Mrs. H. F. Stone, saw them, and with the permission of Mrs. Breckinridge, took them to New York and had them framed to bring out all their exquisite artistic beauty. We learned they were over 150 years old. The paper on which the work was done is still pure white. All trace of communication with the lovely little lady who gave the gift was lost when China fell to the Commu-

nists, yet these pieces of Chinese art are there as a memorial to the happy hours she spent as our guest.

The unusual pair of brass candle sticks with the little bell that really tilts and rings mounted in the base of each, were given Mrs. Breckinridge years ago by a friend.

While in France with the American Committee For Devastated France Mrs. Breckinridge made a lasting friendship with Dr. René Lemarchall and his family. The doctor was then President of the Medical Syndicate of the Department of the Aisne and became her fast friend. It was years later that Jim Breckinridge, Mrs. Breckinridge's nephew, was sent to France as head of the Embassy Guard and through the effort of his devoted Aunt, became friends with Pierre, son of the Lemarchalls. Pierre's hobby was painting on glass and it was he who sent the beautiful work that hangs above the bookcase over by the porch. It is done on three pieces of glass, giving it a three dimensional appearance—quite a lovely thing, indeed.

The Sermon on the Mount—that beautiful photograph that hangs over the desk, too, has its story. Mrs. Breckinridge's mother visited the famed Dresden Galleries, saw the painting and so admired it, that she bought the lovely reproduction. This was when Mrs. Breckinridge was in her teens. All through the years it has been a family possession. Just as her mother loved it, our Mrs. Breckinridge loves it, and it is there that we might all share in its symbolic beauty.

On the desk are two small medallions in bas relief, one of Miss Anne Morgan, the other of Mrs. Anne Dike. Miss Morgan was the great chief under whom Mrs. Breckinridge served in the American Committee for Devastated France. Mrs. Dike was second in command.

Hours of enchantment can be spent pouring over the guest books kept in the drawer of this desk for they go back to the beginning of time—FNS time, that is. It is interesting to find signatures of guests from all over the world and from every State in the Union and often it is a surprising pleasure to come across the name of a friend whom you never suspected of having visited Wendover. One could sit and dream of all the Wendover guests through the years gathered together at a reunion. What a magnificent and colorful assemblage it would be!

A tall pedestal stands by the side window near the lovely

arched staircase and holds a Christmas cactus which sometimes blooms as late as Easter.

Ah—the newel post, better known by all who have lived at Wendover as the “mule” post—even it has a history worthy of telling. Couriers are often asked to write a story of their experiences. Some years ago one of our young couriers, busily engrossed with her contribution, looked up and asked how to spell newel—like in newel post. Another courier looked a bit astonished as she answered in her soft, sweet young voice “M U L E.” Mr. Webster’s dictionary had to be brought out and consulted before she could be convinced the word was NEWEL instead of MULE. And so, that post at the foot of the stairs that holds all the messages, mail, books, folders,—in fact, just any old thing that needs to go up to Mrs. Breckinridge, is lovingly known as the “mule” post. Just as it is a permanent part of the staircase, so is the “petrified cigar” that rests perpetually there. Mrs. Breckinridge found the strange formation years ago and was so fascinated by its shape and appearance, that it has served as a paper weight ever since.

The late Mr. Bethel B. Veech of Louisville, visiting Wendover on one particular occasion, noticed one corner of the room had a dark appearance. He told Mrs. Breckinridge he was going to send her something to brighten that corner between the door into the Dog Trot and the stairway. When the glorious picture of the Kentucky cardinal arrived, it was the perfect gift.

The beautiful old Russian samovar on the bookcase in this corner was brought by Mrs. Breckinridge’s mother from Saint Petersburg.

The late Mrs. Waring Wilson gave the Frontier Nursing Service the pretty orange vase on the corner of the bookcase to the right of the stairs. The tall candle sticks and crystal hurricane lamp on this same bookcase are also gifts and add still more charm to this lovely old room.

Our thoroughbred Guernsey bull, Monterey F. Frontiersman, presented to the Frontier Nursing Service in 1959 by Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. White of Delaware, won honors before he even reached us at Wendover. Enroute here from the East, at the age of eight months, he was entertained at the University of Kentucky at Lexington for four months. At the age of one year, he was entered in The Kentucky Guernsey Breeder’s District Show

at Lexington and received not only blue ribbons and purple rosettes as Junior Champion and Grand Champion of the Show, but the two silver trophies displayed atop this same bookcase.

The stuffed turkey was the first shot by Mrs. Breckinridge in the forests of Oasis Plantation in Mississippi. She was just 19 at the time and the young man who hunted with her was so proud of her kill, that he sent it to New Orleans to be mounted and presented it to her. Each Christmas a string of pearls is hung around its neck. Keeping close company with the turkey is the mounted duck shot by her older brother at the age of 12 while hunting with his father along the Potomac River. The head of the salmon, with its wide open eyes, was caught by her father near the Artic Circle in Finland.

The picture of the ship is one on which her brother, James Carson Breckinridge, served as a young marine. She thinks it was the Alabama.

Near this picture is a framed campaign poster showing pictures of Mr. James Buchanan and Mr. John C. Breckinridge, grandfather of our Mrs. Breckinridge. They were the successful candidates for the respective offices of the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States for the term 1857-1861. On the poster is the motto "One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny."

The oblong match boxes of hammered metal, seen in several parts of the room, are very interesting for they are hand-made and date back to the kerosene lamp era when matches were real matches in size and substance and a very necessary item in every room.

An engraving of the stag hound, Odin, painted by the famous British artist, Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, has a prominent place above the library table. This life-like engraving is well over seventy years old and attracts much admiring attention.

The long library table, itself, was made years ago from Wendover's own black walnut trees by our good friend, Mr. Oscar Bowling. It is the one spot in the room where Brownie's beautiful seasonal arrangements of flowers, leaves and fruit are displayed to exceptional advantage. Anything new and interesting to be shared by everyone at Wendover usually finds a place on the library table. At Christmas time, a tub shaped, handleless basket made of twined rope of reed, holds the many Christmas cards sent to Mrs. Breckinridge and FNS Staff mem-

bers. This unusually pretty basket was sent the Frontier Nursing Service years ago by Mr. Palmer, then in Middlesboro, filled with food delicacies and has been used year after year for this special purpose. The lower shelf of our library table is filled with magazines and the album of FNS post cards can always be found there.

Among the lovely items of other years which has been the object of many comments is the old kerosene lamp (now converted to electricity) that stands on this table. It has the appearance of a pair of scales with its quaint old fashioned lamp on one side and balancing reserve kerosene bowl on the other. The crystal hurricane lamps on the bookcase above this lamp, came from The Brackens.

Behind the terrace door there hangs an achievement award presented to Mrs. Breckinridge by the Lions Club of Hyden "in recognition of her devotion and service to others." Another award, a silver pitcher, bears the inscription, "The Kentucky Press Association—Kentuckian of the Year 1952—presented to —Mrs. Mary Breckinridge."

This charming room is filled with the spirit of the past, the present and the future. Memories of other years have been felt and shared, exciting current affairs freely discussed and hopes and dreams for the future longingly expressed within its four walls. While time after time after time footprints have been erased and the floors polished over and over again, the imprint of the personalities who have sojourned in this room will live forever—deeply embedded in the life of Wendover.

A HORSESHOE NAIL

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost.
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost.
For the want of the horse the rider was lost.
For the want of the rider the battle was lost.
For the want of the battle the kingdom was lost.
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

—Traditional, probably 17th century.
This version is one we have known by heart
for over seventy years.

CHRISTMAS EVE BABY

by

MARY SIMMERS, R.N., C.M.

Nurse-Midwife in Charge of Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center

As we were about to set off on calls early Saturday morning—the day before Christmas—one of our expectant fathers arrived at the Center informing us that his wife was a little bit “sick.” We told him we’d be straight up the creek to check her. We had decided previously to share this midwifery case as we hadn’t had a home delivery at Flat Creek for several months. Most of our mothers had been asked to go to the hospital for delivery for various reasons.

Quickly we gathered together our delivery “tricks,” loaded them and ourselves into the jeep, and started on our way up Flat Creek. We had been having a spell of cold, snowy weather but it was warmer and raining so the roads were snowy, icy and muddy. With careful, slow driving we had no trouble and soon reached our destination. Nancy greeted us warmly and, after an examination, we decided she was in premonitory labor. She said she had had a few pains in the night. We had planned to do a number of visits together and deliver several Christmas bags to families who could not get down to the party the previous week; but we told Nancy we would make only a few of the important ones and be back to check her in a few hours.

We visited a mother with nine-day-old twins who had returned from Hyden Hospital the day before, and found all well and the mother very happy to be home before Christmas with her new babies. We soon completed our necessary rounds, wishing everyone a “Merry Christmas” and telling them we couldn’t stay as we were happily awaiting a Christmas baby.

We stopped by the Center for a quick lunch before returning to our midwifery patient. Just as we finished, Jim arrived and said he thought his wife was really “sick” this time. We had left our delivery bags ready at her house, so we jumped into our jeep and off we went.

Nancy was in true labor; and, with two of us, we soon had the patient ready for delivery, the bed fixed, a good hot fire in the heating stove and baby’s clothes laid out on the bed. Nancy

was so glad to be having her baby before Christmas and we were so thrilled to be having a Christmas Eve Baby, that we don't know who was happier.

Just over two hours after our arrival, a lovely little girl was born, crying immediately. Everything went very well and Nancy was so good that there couldn't have been two more pleased nurse-midwives. Nancy's mother-in-law, who had helped many a baby come into this world in her day, gave us a welcome helping hand and was just as pleased as we were.

In a short time, mother and baby were bathed and comfortably settled down for the night. Although the baby arrived two weeks before we expected her, she weighed five and one-half pounds and quickly adjusted to her new environment.

After a sustaining snack of coffee and cake, we headed home and finished our own Christmas Day preparations, remembering the Blessed event that had taken place so many years before—the birth of Jesus Christ, Lord and Saviour of all mankind.

SIMPLY WHAT WAS IN HIM

“Children,” said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, “you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspirations from outside sources.”

As a result of this advice Johnny Wise turned in the following composition:

“We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but write what is in us. In me thare is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick lemon candy and my dinner.”

—From the *Baltimore-American*
Sent us by a friend

MY IMPRESSIONS AS A JUNIOR COURIER

by

MATHILDE M. HUNTING

From Rochester, New York

When Miss Lewis wanted an article by a summer courier for the Bulletin, I volunteered, on impulse really, because I love to write. Then later as I tried to think of something to center a story upon, I was at a loss. I couldn't hit upon any one thing that stood out. Kentucky, the FNS, and all the people I met seemed to fit together in a perfect combination, so I decided to wait and perhaps I would get some inspiration at some other time. Now, Colby is in full swing and in a way, Kentucky seems worlds away. Often, though, I have found myself thinking of all I saw and did in those six weeks. At a college concert the other night, I suddenly realized that my thoughts centered around the same four things: the earnestness of **everyone** at Wendover, the dedication of the nurses, the haunting loveliness of the hills, and the children.

At first, I was somewhat uncertain about my impressions of Wendover but as the days wore on, I realized what was expected. There is an independence which I liked there that lends itself to self-assertion. Also, the longer I was in Wendover, the more I could vision and appreciate what a thing Mrs. Breckinridge has started. How unique the FNS is and how marvelous!

Not until I went to a center could I grasp the real meaning of the FNS work. When I think of the FNS, I think most of Wolf Creek where I spent almost two weeks. Somehow, as a courier, I felt closer to the work of the FNS and to the life of the mountain people there than had been possible at Wendover. Wendover had prepared me well however, for there is an awful lot to do at a nursing outpost center! As I watched the nurses with whom I went out on district, I thought that in this hard and exciting work was the heart of it all and that the years could not have changed too much of it. Here as always, was service, love, gratitude, and duty . . . here was life, the very life of life.

Part of my recollections of those six weeks brings back memories of the hills themselves. They are simple but lovely. Their ruggedness has shaped a way of life and anybody who has

ever seen them knows why. I have very vivid memories of driving "Jet" up a steep and long "holler" after a minature storm and I could hardly forget the Wolf Creek road. Still, what I remember most is the mist that I so often saw. I have seen few sights that were so beautiful and unearthly as those Kentucky mountains veiled in mist.

And the children are unforgettable, like all children, so natural and cute. The expressions of every kind that I remember on some of the childrens' faces, I haven't forgotten. Born to their way of life, still, they are the future. Through them, the FNS can work for better conditions as also every Kentuckian and indeed, every American should concern himself to do.

As for what being a courier and part of the FNS did for me, words are rather inadequate. I saw another way of life, another type of country, worked in a truly great organization, and learned a great deal both from experience and from those who taught me so much. I am not quite the same girl who left for Kentucky in August, for six weeks with the FNS left lasting and maturing impressions. For this and for everything, I am deeply grateful.

UNCLE JAMIE'S PICKLES

1/2 pk tomatoes (8 pounds)	2 oz. tumeric
25 cucumbers cut fine	1/2 oz. powdered cinnamon
12 large onions cut fine	2 oz. celery seed
2 large cabbages cut fine	1 lb. sugar
1 1/2 gal. vinegar	2 oz. black pepper
1 pt. horseradish	1/2 oz. mustard seed

Mix layer of salt, layer of vegetables. Let stand 24 hours. Drain well. Soak in 1/2 vinegar and 1/2 water solution for 1/2 day. Add all seasonings and vinegar and boil until done—approximately 1 hour. Stir occasionally. Put mixture in a crock and weight it down with a saucer.

—Contributed by the Beasleys

MY FIRST YEAR WITH THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

(Extracts from letters home)

By

ANNE CUNDLE, R.N., S.C.M.

[For the author's picture see inside back cover]

June 25, 1956—**Hyden** “We didn't dock until Monday evening and by the time we had been through Customs, et cetera, it was close on midnight. The first thing that impressed me in New York was the brilliant lights, gay streamlined taxicabs, and the speed of the traffic.

“I eventually arrived at Hyden at twelve noon yesterday to find no one waiting to meet me. My telegram had gone astray and my luggage had all been put on the wrong bus. However, the assistant in the Drug Store (also the Bus Station) very kindly called the Hospital for me as I couldn't fathom the workings of a most unusual telephone, which one had to crank with a handle.”

July 2, 1956 “I wish it were possible to send you some sunshine from here. Yesterday it was 90 degrees in the shade, too hot to do anything. The nights are quite noisy with the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs.”

July 7, 1956 “I went to Wendover on my day off this week and went out on district with Joy Hilditch, the nurse here. The path we took at one place was very overgrown, and part of the way we waded along a creek bed. Everywhere we went people were canning fruit, corn and beans for the winter months. At one house there was a young fox cub tied up outside, and everyone seemed to keep dogs.”

August 15, 1956—**Flat Creek**—“There is only one small general store here which sells everything from sacks of corn and flour to hobnailed boots and candy bars. We caught one baby at 4 A.M. the other morning. The mother had other children and they were all clean and well cared for—rather difficult when you have to haul your water in buckets from the well and then build a fire to heat it.”

September 21, 1956—"I went out on Laura, the mare, to see a little boy with tonsillitis the other day. He lived at the head of Little Flat Creek. However, I missed the turning place and went miles out of my way. I didn't get home until nearly dark.

"We usually get up here about 6:30 A.M., but the other morning at 6 A.M. Peggy, the other nurse, awoke to see a man standing at her bedroom door. He just wanted his blood pressure checked!"

September 30, 1956—"I was invited to stay for dinner at a house where I had delivered a baby the other day. We had a generous meal of beans, fried potatoes, apples, sweet potatoes, cornbread and very strong black coffee."

October 22, 1956—**Confluence**—"We met an old lady in her late seventies sitting under the trees at the water's edge with about seven fishing poles in front of her. She said she spent much of her time down by the river 'a-fishin' and had caught over eighty bass that year. She gave them all away though, because she didn't enjoy eating fish."

October 30, 1956—"On Sunday evening after dark I had two visits to make and Marion—a Hospital nurse, who was spending the week end with me, accompanied me in the jeep. The river was very deep and in the dark we missed the ford and were in deep water before we knew what was happening. We waded out and soon with the help of some men and a truck, the poor old jeep was hauled to dry land and dried out. Amazingly enough, it started off right away. This time the men shone their flashlights from the swinging bridge for us, and our journey was completed without further mishap."

November 11, 1956—"Our cow, Fiesty, has not been well lately and has only been giving about one pint of milk a day. Now she is recovering and once again we are having home made butter and cream. On the advice of Leigh (courier) we gave her Karo syrup with her feed, which she loves."

December 13, 1956—**Flat Creek**—"For the last three days it has rained steadily. The roads are thick with mud and the creeks are raging torrents. This afternoon I rode Laura, as the way was quite impassable by jeep. She gallantly forded all the creeks, although the water was up to her belly at times."

December 29, 1956—"The baby I saw was suffering from infected ears. Before sending for help, the mother had tried everything to make her well, including fried onions on her chest!"

January 20, 1957—"We caught two babies last week. One in the middle of a beautiful night when the temperature registered zero, the stars were shining and a full moon glistened on the snow."

January 30, 1957—**Wendover**—"I am writing this to you by the light of an oil lamp, as all the electricity is off and the phones are out of order. All Monday night we had thunderstorms and torrential rains. By Tuesday morning the water was well over the road and still rising. The river was a raging torrent and great tree trunks, parts of buildings, oil drums and other objects went rushing past. Many people have lost their homes; the swinging bridges have been washed away and we seem to be temporarily marooned. However, we do have a boat to cross the river when necessary."

February 2, 1957—"The road up Camp Creek, where many of my families live, is rough at the best of times, but now it is impassable in places; parts of it have fallen away into the river and there is sand and mud a foot deep in other places. The electricity is back, but we still do not have telephones."

April 27, 1957—"We had as our guest the other day, a doctor from Costa Rica. He came out on district with me on horseback. It poured rain all day and we both arrived back soaking wet. Then, last week a doctor from Laos arrived with his interpreter. I took them by jeep to Bowling Bend to visit some families."

May 5, 1957—"Jinny and I were invited to a family reunion up Camp Creek. There were about eighty people present. There were fifty-three grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren. I've never seen so much food and still plenty left when everyone had finished.

"I had a baby call at 2 A.M. the other night. Jinny came with me and we rode horseback. When we arrived the grandmother was standing on the porch waiting to greet us with 'It's all over.' The baby, weighing only five pounds, was born one half hour before we arrived."

Four years have passed since I wrote about these first experiences, many of which have become commonplace and cease to intrigue me; but the days are still full of interest and the anticipation of some new experience that may occur.

A LETTER WE LIKE

KENTUCKY STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

275 East Main Street
Frankfort, Kentucky

November 22, 1961

Miss Betty Palethorp, R.N.
Hyden Hospital
Hyden, Kentucky

Dear Miss Palethorp:

On November 17, 1961, an inspection of the Hyden Hospital was made by Mr. Herbert L. Lacy, Public Health Hospital Inspector from this office.

The inspection was made in accordance with KRS 216.400 to 216.500 and subsection (2) of KRS 216.990 enacted by the 1952 Kentucky General Assembly and the Regulations for Hospitals, Nursing Homes and Convalescent Homes adopted by the Kentucky State Board of Health and approved by the Hospital Council.

At the time of the inspection, the hospital was found to be in substantial compliance with the above Laws and Regulations.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ PAUL A. HACKNEY
Assistant Secretary

HLL
dw

AUTUMN IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

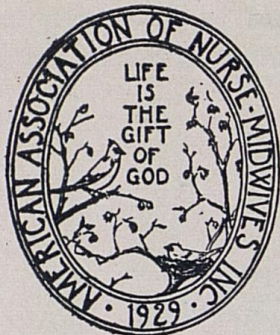
by

AMBROSE RICE

Member of FNS Brutus Committee

It's reaping time on earth again
And we have worked with might and main.
We fill our cellars on each shelf,
'Though we may not eat all ourself.
We save our fodder and cut hay —
When winter comes it comes to stay.
The whippoorwills are flying high,
Warning us that winter is nigh.
The golden rods are now in bloom,
The wild geese will be passing soon,
The neighbors for clothes go to town,
The trees are now a golden brown.
No artist in this world could be
God's equal in painting a tree.
We miss our neighbors here and there,
In some homes is a vacant chair.
The children are busy each day
To learn their lessons and to play.
When you look at the setting sun,
Near five o'clock when work is done,
The wondrous beauty of this goal
Makes one think of home of the soul.
When you lie down to take your rest,
Think of the One that loves you best.
O, how merciful He must be
To watch over creatures like me.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES



The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held on November 1, 1961, at Wendover, Kentucky where members and guests were entertained by the Frontier Nursing Service at a buffet luncheon. The meeting was well attended and guests present were Dr. Francis Brewer, Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service, Dr. E. W. Schaeffer, Medical Director of the Red Bird Mission Hospital, Beverly, Kentucky, two public health nurses from Knox County, and students from the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Unfortunately, Dr. Duncan Reid of Boston was unable to fulfill his engagement as guest speaker, due to serious illness in his family. Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., Chief of Obstetrics at the Hazard Memorial Hospital very kindly consented to be the guest speaker, on very short notice.

Dr. Ziel gave an excellent presentation of Erythroblastosis Fetalis and the Responsibility of the Nurse-Midwife. It was a well chosen subject and much appreciated by all present. Before his address Dr. Ziel spoke of his association with nurse-midwives of the FNS during his stay of several years in Kentucky, and of his coming to learn the purpose in training professional nurses as midwives. This was well expressed and readers of the Bulletin will be interested, so we give you Dr. Ziel's statement as follows:

"The primary purpose of such training is to prepare the nurse-midwife to offer complete obstetrical care to the "normal" pregnant woman. A second and equally important purpose in the training is to enable the nurse-midwife to recognize deviation from the so-called "normal" at a time when corrective or control measures can be successfully instituted. A third facet of the training is intended to provide the nurse-midwife with a degree of professional maturity through actual experience and the careful exercise of good judgment based on sound obstetrical principles and a careful evaluation of each patient. With such a background and training, the light of competent nurse-midwifery will burn even brighter as time goes by."

HELEN E. BROWNE, Secretary

OUR MAIL BAG

From a charter trustee: Judge O'Rear was an outstanding example of Kentucky citizenship at its best and noblest.

From the chairman of our Rochester, N. Y. Committee: What a wonderful Bulletin (Summer 1961). As usual Karl and I read every word as soon as it got here. . . . We loved Hope Muncy's story. Tell her to do it again.

From a friend in Detroit: I have just finished reading every word. . . . It's about the nicest and most interesting little magazine I ever see.

From a member of our National Medical Council: I heartily commend in the Bulletin "Before we step into the wings." I too, and at 91, "do not aim to rise above my raisin'." . . . Most of my activities is visiting old and new friends—shut-ins, bed ridden and otherwise unhappy olders. Last month I made 31 visits to 43 such friends.

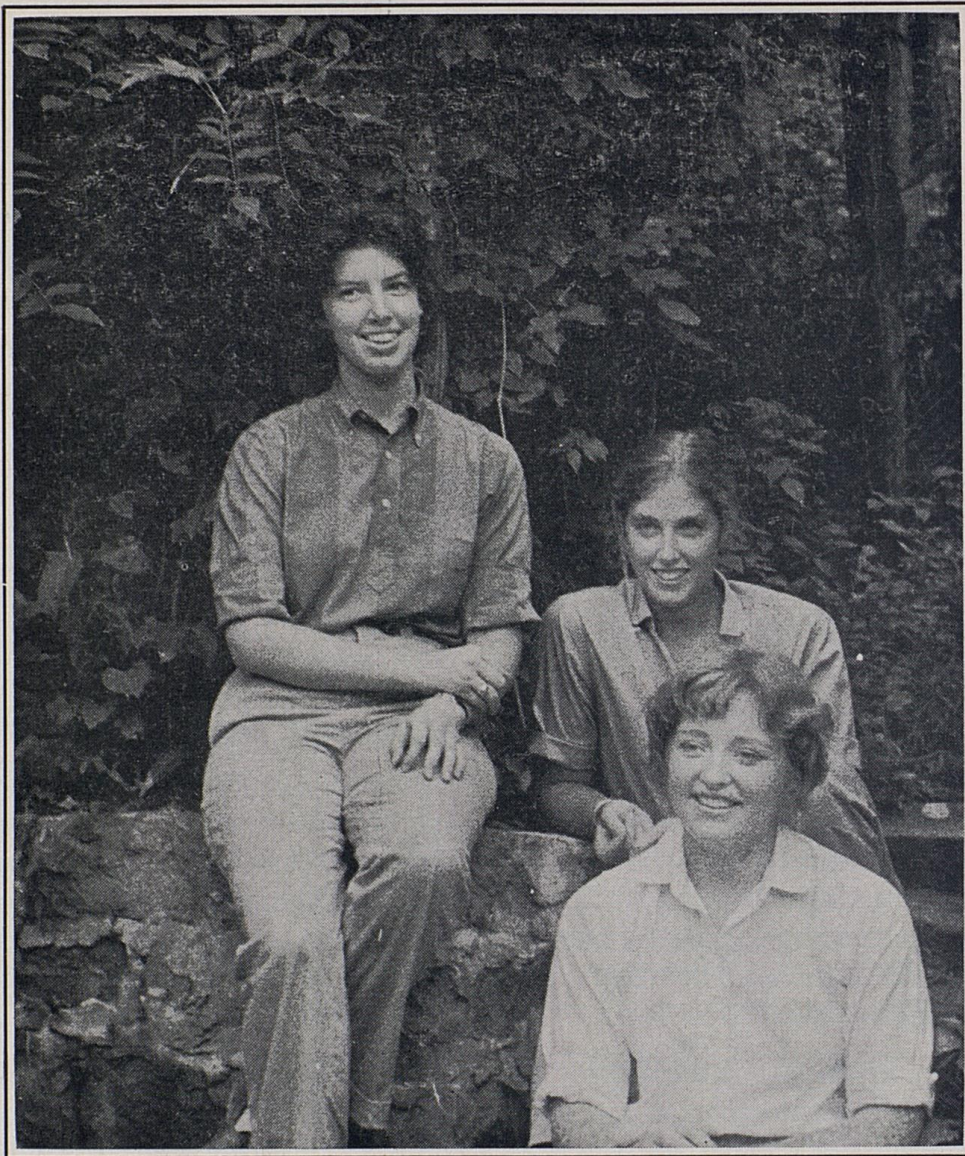
From a retired clergyman: How right you are about the abuse of the English language!

From a friend in England: My "objective" today is to write to you and to tell you how much my sister and I enjoyed your "Before we step into the wings." We laughed over it and we keep quoting it to each other. Nellie was 80 a fortnight ago, and I told her that she really put on airs as if she had done something wonderful.

From the grandfather of a courier: I have just read your *Wide Neighborhoods*. . . . No book has so stirred my enthusiasm since I read, about ten years ago, the life of Florence Nightingale.

From a Puerto Rican nurse who once stayed with us: . . . and continue to enjoy your wonderful Bulletin. After I read it I take it to the library of the School of Nursing where I got my training. Other nurses will benefit by reading it.

From an overseas professional guest: I enjoyed my visit to the FNS very much indeed. . . . The atmosphere of friendliness and companionship impressed me in a way I cannot explain.



THREE BOSTON JUNIOR COURIERS

Left to right: SUE PERRY, BRON JENNEY, MARTY WOODWORTH

Picture taken at Wendover in period of June 15-July 31, 1961

Photograph by Virginia Branham

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. Richard S. Storrs (Frénny Rousmaniere),
New York City, New York—July 18, 1961**

We've had a busy summer, and I feel as if I lived in a motel. Ayer comes down each week-end from Cambridge, where she is studying German at the Harvard Summer School. Richard, our twenty-two-year-old, is here for a month off from his teaching in Europe. Virginia, fourteen-year-old, goes and comes from tennis tournaments all over the area. A cousin who lives with us is in California for a visit, and David, seventeen, sails in different regattas, and visits us occasionally, parking his trailer and boat in the driveway, blocking all traffic! The youngest, Nancy, is taking up tennis, swimming and sailing—all at once and very energetically. We've had a Swedish and a British boy staying with us on a sailing exchange. Our pool is used for six swimming and life-saving classes, just to give us something to watch in case we've a free moment.

.
**From Mrs. John Norton (Carm Mumford),
Washington, D. C.—August 13, 1961**

I miss Jean though I hardly knew her. Moved to Washington when I married, now almost five years ago. Just returned from a month in England and Ireland, but usually I am helping to hold down D. C. School System.

.
**From Mary Woodmansey, Bozeman, Montana
—September 4, 1961**

Thank you for a delightful summer with the Frontier Nursing Service. Each day was filled with new experiences, acquaintances and memories which I shall always cherish. You were so kind to me as an AOPi; and we are fortunate to have you as our friend. Thank you again for a lovely refreshing summer.

.
**From Mrs. Herman F. C. Holtz (Mary Cowles),
Hilversum, The Netherlands—September 4, 1961**

I receive the Bulletin as you know and always read it with

great interest. Mrs. Breckinridge is wonderful; and in mind, I am sure, is as young as ever.

After seven years away from the U. S., I am going there for three weeks in October and I am thrilled at the prospect. These days I can't go anywhere by myself so old friends are taking charge and I am being handed on from one to another. My schedule sounds like one of Mrs. Breckinridge's! It will be great fun. I shall be in Connecticut, Boston, New York City, Washington and Oyster Bay, Long Island.

My husband is still in his same job with Prince Bernhard; and our son "Wick," has two more years before going to a university, which I think will be Leiden.

We will all go to England to spend Christmas with my sister and her husband and three children, which is always great fun.

.
From Jean S. Alexander, Bernardsville, New Jersey

—September 6, 1961

I have a job which takes me to Washington as soon as I can find myself lodgings. I am to do reporting for the *Bernardsville News* on the New Jersey Legislators down in Washington, or if not that, I am to do articles on people who figure prominently in the Kennedy administration and who are from New Jersey; or else I do "Washington News Letters" or sketches of visiting dignitaries. I am starting way down the line, but it's the only thing I can do on a newspaper and be in Washington at the same time. I must say that I am terribly excited, but sad, too, that this means I cannot come down and help out.

.
From Leslie Williams, Port of Capri, Italy—September 8, 1961

After seeing Greece which hasn't had rain for seven months, water has suddenly become a commodity—fresh water, that is. I'd love to see Brownie in England but I'm sure she would rather stay with her family; but wouldn't it be fun if I ran into her? The weather has been so lovely. Two days rain out of forty-five—I call that luck.

.
From Victoria (Vicky) Post, Uganda, Africa

—September 11, 1961

I didn't go on the Peace Corps because I joined the Columbia

Teacher's College Program sending teachers to East Africa. I will be teaching at a boys school here in Uganda, near the Ruwenzari Mountains, for two years. It is something like the FNS, and I enjoy it very much!

. . . .

**From Mrs. D. F. Walton (Theresa Nantz) Bowling Green,
Kentucky—September 13, 1961**

It hardly seems possible that two years ago at this time I was ending my wonderful experience in the mountains. So much has happened since then.

Sarah Holley is becoming quite a large young lady. I think one of the best aspects of having your own child around is to watch the wonderful way she grows and develops. Things we take for granted, as rolling over, are such a task for a little one. We think she is mighty cute, but then I guess we are slightly prejudiced.

Since the baby arrived, we have also gotten two dogs—both blue-tick coon hounds. The first "Jezebel," got run over; so, we replaced her with Hannah, a half sister. To try to prevent a repeat of Jezzie's fate, we are building a fence.

. . . .

**From Susan Perry, New London, New Hampshire
—September 20, 1961**

No words can express how much I enjoyed my six weeks with the Frontier Nursing Service. No six weeks of my short life have ever meant more to me. I had always heard Mum talking about it and now I understand why!

I will never forget the faces of the crippled children who were waiting to see the doctor at the clinic held in Manchester; or the children that I helped drive down to Lexington; or the happy times I spent with the mountain people. Too, the care of all the animals of the Frontier Nursing Service was a memorable and tremendously enjoyable experience.

I have just returned to Colby College and classes begin tomorrow; but I really feel ready to dive into the books after having enjoyed a summer which most people are not lucky enough to experience.

From Mary (Timmy) Balch, Washington, D. C.

—September 26, 1961

I'm still working for ICA, although it is in the process of becoming AID (Agency for International Development). Last December I was transferred from the Personnel Division to the office of Far Eastern Operations as secretary to the Special Assistant to the Regional Director. Just recently I have been reassigned as secretary to the Executive Offices, which is proving very interesting. The Executive is responsible for personnel and administrative problems for our region here in D. C. and in the field (Far East). Never dull!

One cool day this summer I decided that it would be fun to take a course in the Russian language. I've had two lessons, and I understand the first month is the hardest, so we shall see. It is fun and interesting, but I've forgotten how to study.

. . . .

From Mrs. John Addison Cobb Bucknell (Louise Devine),

Washington, D. C.—September 28, 1961

I now have four future couriers. My eldest, Charlotte age seven, has already shown great interest in horses and likes nothing better than to be turned loose on a pony.

. . . .

From Julie Foster, in flight to Switzerland—October 1, 1961

Well, guess what? To my utter amazement, I received a cable of acceptance from Albert Schweitzer College the other day and I'm already on my way! Things have been happening so fast in the past few days that I am rather in a daze.

Enthusiastic as I am about attending ASC, I must admit that your letter, saying you could use me this winter, really made me pause. Ever since I left the FNS I have been hoping that I could return and work once again. It is one thing I have done that I really believe in and feel is worthwhile. I don't know how the ASC deal is going to work out, but it seems well worth the gamble. I do want to continue my education full force now and this particular college seems to be directed in the way I want to go.

As you may know, I left Denison College after a year and a half. I then worked for a publishing company in Chicago, sup-

ported myself and decided that I wanted to do social work of some kind. During this year at ASC, which is a very service-directed school, I hope to determine what phase of social work I can do best.

. . . .

From Mathilde Hunting, New London, New Hampshire

—October 12, 1961

Colby is great this year and much more exciting than last year. My courses are hard but very interesting.

Kentucky and the FNS seem far away but I often think of you all and all the things I saw and did. I enjoyed being a courier as much as I thought I would and am happy to have had that privilege. I also feel I learned a great deal about all sorts of things and met some very memorable people.

Mrs. Middleton and Mrs. Brown wanted to know all about everything when I got home. They are two of Mother's best friends and they gave a luncheon for me when I got home.

. . . .

From Mrs. Charles William Steele (Candy Dornblazer),

San Jose, California—October 14, 1961

Have suddenly discovered a check intended for Jean's Memorial Fund, so we send it off now with our hearts still full for her loss.

Our Danae is now three years old, and Heidi is fifteen months. Bounce, our collie, has presented us with seven beautiful puppies—now five weeks old. Some appear to be show quality and all are full of personality.

Chuck is now an engineering specialist for Philco in Palo Alto and is thoroughly enjoying his work. I'm continuing my fourth year of teaching education for childbirth classes here in San Jose, and we are now up to our ears in planning a new parent education film.

. . . .

From Ruth Helmich, Columbia Presbyterian Hospital,

New York, New York—October 22, 1961

Do so wish I could look forward to being in Kentucky this spring as last, but studies must continue. In Nursing School we are found at present with our "noses in the books." However,

each time we go on the wards we see more fully what and why we've learned things. The more we actually get our hands right into the work, the more wonderful nursing becomes to me.

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From Georgia Atkins, Bennington, Vermont—October 27, 1961

There are many moments when I think of FNS and I still speak of it often. I hope that you know how very much my winter there meant to me!

During my Non-Resident Term this winter, I am fortunate to be going to Burma, India, Ceylon, Malaya and Thailand with a minister and his daughter. We will spend a month in Burma; and, as I am especially interested in Buddhism, I shall gather material for my thesis at that time. Needless to say, I am incredulous, and excited.

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**From Mrs. Farnham Fisher Collins (Anne Archbold),
Millbrook, New York—November 9, 1961**

Farnie and I are now living at the Millbrook School in Millbrook, New York. It is a boarding school for boys and Farnie is here teaching Math. We have a lovely apartment at the end of one of the dormitories and surprisingly enough it is fairly quiet. Sometimes the boys living over us get rather gay but they are usually quite good. It is a lovely school, situated right in the country, and we are pleased to be living here rather than in the city.

We had a lovely honeymoon trip through Canada and went as far north as Prince Edward Isle.

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**From Mrs. Leo Bayer (Betsy Brown), Cleveland, Ohio
—November 1, 1961**

Enclosed is a small contribution I would like to make in memory of Katie Ireland's mother. I know she was a dedicated supporter of the FNS. I don't think I know of anyone whose loss has been felt so deeply by so many people.

My daughter and future courier is now at that magnificent age of six months, wearing a continual impish smile. What fun!

From Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris),

Geneva, New York—November 27, 1961

We are now completing the five-year Chaplain's term at Hobart College. David has been called by Bishop Pike to start work with the people of Cupertino, California, on the beginning of a new mission, Saint Jude the Apostle. Cupertino is about an hour south of San Francisco in the Santa Clara valley. We flew there in mid-October and met the people and clergy in the area. We even purchased our own house on Pepper Tree Lane.

The pepper tree stands in front of our house which is brand new; two stories, five bedrooms, and a fire-place. The house is smooth stucco with a patio fenced in by basket weave red-wood. It's within walking distance of the mission site which is now six acres of prune trees.

Cupertino has a wonderful climate and outstanding schools. The predicted population growth within the next ten years is 168 per cent. We're all excited about this pioneer venture.

We will certainly take with us many memories of Brockport, Geneva, and Rochester, and we'll hope to have visits from our friends, even though our new home will be so far away. Anne says that piggy-banks stuffed with dollars instead of pennies will make this possible; but while you're waiting for the fat of the hog, do write and keep us in touch with you all.

We leave from Rochester December 18th at 7:30 in the morning; and, thanks to this jet age, we will arrive in San Francisco just before lunch. We all send loving wishes to you for the New Year. Our address in Cupertino will be Pepper Tree Lane.

. . . .

We send our love and tenderest sympathy to **Pebble Stone** in the loss of her mother, Mrs. Herman F. Stone, early this month; to **Katie Ireland** in the untimely death of her mother, Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland (See In Memoriam); and to **Kitty Randolph Thompson** in the loss of her father.

WEDDINGS

Miss Paula Emily Johnson of Saunderstown, Rhode Island and Mr. John Waterman on September 2, 1961.

Miss Amy Lewis Chapin of Washinton, D. C. and Mr. Francis

Albert Lewis III of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on September 9, 1961. Mr. Lewis is with the North America Insurance Company, Philadelphia. These young people are living in Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Miss Beth Ewing Burchenal of Glendale, Ohio and Mr. E. Donald Jones of England, on November 19, 1961, in Toronto, Ontario, Canada where this young couple will make their home.

We send our warmest good wishes to these lovely brides and their lucky husbands for every happiness in the years that lie ahead.

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We are happy to learn of the safe arrival of Louise Devine Bucknell's fourth daughter, Lucy Taylor Bucknell, on September 26, 1961. Mr. Bucknell was drowned in the Mediterranean Sea in early summer of this year and it grieves us to think that this little girl will not have the happiness of knowing her father.

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Barry Bingham Ellsworth, four-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Whitney Ellsworth (Sallie Bingham) of Boston, flew to Louisville with his parents in October for his first visit to his Kentucky grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Bingham.

ATTIRE OF A GENTLEMAN IN THE 1880'S

A gentleman entered. . . . As to his dress, it was careful to the verge of foppishness, with high collar, black frock-coat, white waistcoat, yellow gloves, patent-leather shoes, and light-coloured gaiters. He advanced slowly into the room, turning his head from left to right, and swinging in his right hand the cord which held his golden eye-glasses.

—The Noble Bachelor
from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*

CHRISTMAS IN SONG—1960

Written by the students of the Frontier
Graduate School of Midwifery

Christmas began with song and continued with joyous refrains all through the season. A taste of Kentucky music and lovely carols were combined by a program of area church choirs. "Joy to the World" was proclaimed in scripture reading and song. FNS enjoyed joining in honoring the Lord in this way.

Wednesday we were delighted with the "treasure of the snow." And then, we chose "Oh Christmas Tree"—a beautiful cedar with clusters of blue berries which gave an added touch of decoration. The mistletoe was hung and stars and snowflakes were added to the window for extra trimmings.

Outdoors, the birds' Christmas was given to them in the form of a cake. Molly used her acrobatic techniques in climbing the tree, while cameras flashed and Carol stood on the ground giving nervous directions. Holly, our dog, jumped around excitedly, wondering what the birds were getting that she wasn't. The cake neatly in the birds' feeding basket, Molly climbed back down the tree safe and sound, to our united relief.

The day before Christmas was as exciting as the day itself with all the secretive wrapping of packages and laughter throughout the house. The big moment came for the turkey dinner. By candlelight and firelight we ate to the strains of "The Messiah." The "sugar plum fairy," dreaming of plum puddings, became alive as we had our flaming plum pudding with its beautiful sprig of holly.

Caroling brought a special joy as we went to Wendover in our "one horse open sleigh" (which in reality was a four-cylinder open jeep!) "The stars were brightly shining" as we sang of the "First Noel." At Wendover we joined with the other staff in singing "the glorious songs of old."

At half before midnight we "Came and Worshipped Christ the Newborn King" in St. Christopher's Chapel. In the "Silent and Holy Night" we could picture the "little town of Bethlehem" and feel that the "angels were keeping their watch of wondering love" over us. As we heard "the bells on Christmas Day" "roll

along the unbroken song of peace on earth," "we too rejoiced in the light" of the new birth in our own hearts.

Back at Mardi Cottage we hung "our stockings by the chimney with care" and finally we were off to bed and a "deep and dreamless sleep."

And then, finally the "happy Christmas morning" came and we were awakened by "heavenly music floating" to us. After attending church service in the morning, we enjoyed another dinner at Haggin Quarters with Mrs. Breckinridge and many others of the FNS staff. We heard the Legend of St. Christopher read. Later we welcomed a Christmas baby which made the day perfect. It was a wonderful Christmas.

FEELING TIRED?

If you're an adult of average weight, here is what you accomplish in 24 hours:

Your heart beats 103,689 times.

Your blood travels 168,000,000 miles.

You breathe 23,040 times.

You inhale 438 cubic feet of air.

You eat 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of food.

You drink 2.9 quarts of liquids.

You lose $\frac{7}{8}$ pound of waste.

You speak 4,800 words, including some unnecessary ones.

You move 750 muscles.

Your nails grow .000046 inch.

Your hair grows .01714 inch.

You exercise 7,000,000 brain cells.

—*The Colonial Crier*, May 1960
Colonial Hospital Supply Company,
Chicago, Illinois

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Dr. Frances Zoeckler in Meshed, Iran—August 1961

It was with shocked surprise and sorrow that I read of Jean Hollins' death in the Spring Bulletin which was waiting for me on my arrival in Teheran last week. I am enclosing my check to be added to the Jean Hollins Memorial Fund. I was very sorry that I was unable to get to Kentucky to visit my friends in the FNS, as I had hoped, but the long, cold winter slowed me up in getting around and I had a long speaking schedule. My trip back to Iran was very enjoyable, by way of Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Thailand, Burma and India. I visited hospitals of the United Presbyterian Commission on Ecumenical Mission and relations in several places. In the Philippines I visited a doctor who is very impressed with the possibilities of setting up a service similar to the FNS, in connection with some of the hospitals of the United Church in the Philippines. It is possible she may be writing you for some information. There is a great opportunity for a program to serve the vast rural areas where there are very few medical facilities. The longer it has been since my time with the FNS the more I realize the real scope of the work of the Service, and the possibilities for similar work in other areas. I only wish that factors here would make such a program possible.

Please give my regards to all the FNS staff, especially to those who were there when I was. May the Lord continue to bless you and the work.

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From Betty Scott Jakim in Ann Arbor, Michigan—August 1961

I have resigned from the local VA hospital in order to accompany Emil to Oregon where he will be teaching in college. This is his first opportunity to teach his major subject which is Russian language and literature. I am hoping I shall be able to work in the local community hospital in Forest Grove which is 22 miles from Portland. It is possible I shall get to see Hilda (Sobral Barnes) now that we will be living on the west coast for a while. Our Oregon address will be: 2114—16th Avenue, Forest Grove.

From Ruth Burleigh in Tacoma, Washington—September 1961

If all goes as planned, I will be spending this Christmas in Weisbaden, Germany with my sister and family. On my return trip I plan to visit near London for a few days, and hope to be able to call Eileen Ramsden and Audrey Williams—may not have time to see them. I received my passport today and am really quite excited about the trip. I am still working at Mary Bridge Children's Hospital, in surgery. This summer I slipped while running upstairs in my apartment and this resulted in a broken foot and seven weeks in a cast. All is well again now and I am able to dance and run! Is anyone coming to Seattle for the World's Fair next year? I have room for westward travellers. Much love to all.

.

From May Houtenville in Plainsboro, New Jersey

—September 1961

I enjoy the Bulletins so much and have just read the latest one from cover to cover. More than usual I enjoyed the stories about the arrivals of new babies. I have a special reason, as of September 22, we had our own new addition, Amy Elizabeth, who is just like her brother, Johnny, who is now an active 20-month-old. Amy surprised us by arriving three weeks ahead of schedule and by being a girl. This is the first girl in my husband's family for many years.

My memories of the happy families attended by FNS nurse-midwives are still very vivid even though it has been some time since I was with you; and then for all too short a time. How such little things can change your lives and so increase your happiness is a marvel. This must be a great part of the reward for every nurse-midwife who helps bring a new life into the world.

This year has been a big one for us. Along with Amy's arrival we hope to move into our new home some time in November. It is just the kind of house I have always wanted and I can hardly wait until it is finished. My best wishes to everyone.

.

From Anne Hunt Rossiter in Bath, England—September 1961

We are very pleased to be back in England and to be settled

in this beautiful city of Bath. We left Bermuda in April and had a leisurely trip home, and spent a wonderful spring month driving from one side of England to the other, visiting relatives and friends on the way. We fell in love with Bath immediately, and have started a little shop, selling Scandinavian table ware which is all very beautiful. The shop was rather dilapidated when we bought it and we spent several weeks and lots of hard labor getting it to our liking. I always was good with the paint brush! We have been open for three months now and seem to be doing quite well. Sometimes the noise of birds and insects and the hot smell of horse crowd back for a precious second of clear memory. I wonder if we will ever get over to visit you. Love to all.

. . . .

From Gwendolyn Buchanan in Boston, Massachusetts

—September 1961

I ended up in Boston for my year of study, and I am having my field work at Boston City Hospital, half in pediatrics and half in labor and delivery. I met a Greek girl here who knows Helen Petrallia (*FNS Greek guest some years ago*), and I sent her my address as I would love to hear from her.

. . . .

From Martha Morrison in Providence, Rhode Island

—September 1961

Dr. Potter has been very busy this summer, as several obstetricians in Providence went to Vienna. Many times over I have been exceedingly grateful for my midwifery training. I use it much more now than I did in Boston, but I do miss "catching" a wee one occasionally! My very best to everyone.

. . . .

From Martha Lady in Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia—October 1961

Our party left the States on a freighter with eleven passengers who were lovely companions. We spent two days on the beautiful island of Trinidad. I have seen pictures of tropical islands and it was a wonderful experience to visit one. We hired a car and went touring. The roads were lined with teak trees in bloom, and we saw rice paddies, date palms and coffee trees. We took on a load of pitch. Two weeks after leaving the island, we

arrived in Capetown. It seemed so unusual to have the weather get cooler as we approached Africa. The temperature at noon was 62 degrees. I had about a week with my aunt, Rhoda Lenhert, who was with you for the midwifery course. She was going on furlough soon, and planned to tour England before arriving home for Christmas.

I am at a small clinic, on my own. I have one African orderly and two dressers or working girls. My patients include a number of the students here at the mission, and a good group of women from the village attend the out-patient clinics, and we do have some beds for in-patients. The maternity program is an important part of the work here. Mary Heisey was here for several years and worked hard to build it up. Many of the women come to us for delivery. Deliveries are counting up faster than they did at Hyden—last week I was up five nights in a row. Life is so much more enjoyable now that I have taken the midwifery course—it has made all the difference in my work. Please give my greetings to friends at Wendover. I think your way so often with very pleasant and happy memories.

.

From Sylvia Leatherwood Enriguez in Pineville,

Louisiana—October 1961

I would love to attend the Midwives meeting, but my husband will not let me travel that far alone. We are expecting our first baby in March and, of course, are both very happy. I am hoping for twins as they are on both sides of the family. My obstetrician has agreed to let me have the baby naturally, without anesthesia, as our patients in Kentucky. I do hope to be a good patient and a credit to the FNS, and the training I received with you.

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From the Beasleys in Gbanga, Liberia—October 1961

Trink writes: We live in a trailer next to Mrs. Catherine Lory (*FGSM graduate*). Each morning we rise at 6:15 AM! We listen to a BBC newscast followed by African news. At 7:10 AM the children and I, armed with school books and sandwiches, leave for Cuttington, nine miles away, where I work in the library at the college, and the children attend a school which is

primarily for children of Episcopal, Lutheran and Methodist missionaries. At noon we meet for lunch after which the children go off to a Lutheran Hostel, two miles away, for study hall and one hour of physical education. The business manager of the college drives us home at four o'clock. Last week B (*the doctor*) screened in a porch 10 feet wide and 35 feet long. This is wider than the trailer by a foot, and half as long. We moved our beds out on to the porch, and are having mats made to protect us from the elements. Each child now has a bedroom which has improved life considerably. A dining table from native mahogany is being made and wicker chairs so that we can dine outside with hurricane lights. As you well know B can make anything fun and adventuresome, and his interest in making the trailer attractive will be a challenge.

. . . .

The doctor writes: The week after Labor Day we took a trip to Bolahun which is a five-hour trip. We visited Battle's godfather on the way. You may remember Fr. Bessom who visited Hyden about three years ago. It was good to see so many old friends and to visit the Leper Colony at Mbalatahun. Lots of the patients I had known were still there and some of the worse type ones were doing beautifully. They were very kind and had built palm arches and the women danced and sang; all quite overwhelming, but so very exciting to see the tremendous improvement in the individuals as well as in the town itself. Some of the girls and boys that Trink taught are now in or out of college and some in nursing schools.

I have begun a regular schedule of visits to four dresser stations. One of the dressers cannot write and his wife takes country medicine for an abdominal tumor; another can write and weeps every time we treat patients with pills instead of injections; the third is also an embalmer and that is where his heart really lies; the fourth is a licensed practical nurse who is so enthusiastic he does not always interpret what I say. A road is being made into the government leper colony which has been sadly neglected. Fortunately the DC agrees that something should be done about it—a job for me.

Mrs. Lory has a full schedule of prenatal and baby clinics as well as midwifery classes.

From Vera Chadwell in Hampshire, England—November 1961

I am still at Droxford, doing generalized duties—over four years now. The people on my district are very nice, and I have already delivered three babies in some homes. All the children starting school know me so well, so I seldom have any tears at school clinics. We have many lovely beech and oak trees which are now blazing with autumn beauty.

A new scheme is being tried out in this county by which a district nurse is attached to a group of doctors in partnership, rather than the nurse having a group of villages or a set area. Only time will tell the value of the new scheme.

. . . .

From Elaine Douglas in Asmara, Eritrea—November 1961

I really had a world tour getting here. Hurricane Esther delayed our departure from New York by two days in September. The first days at sea were pretty miserable with rough seas, but then the weather cleared and we had beautiful days. My cabin mate was a woman who had been with her husband in Africa for 30 years. She was a great help to me. With her were five young men who were on their way to Ethiopia to help build an airstrip for the new mission station. We had much fun together. Our first stop was Cadiz, and from there we followed the coast of Africa, past Sicily to Greece. It was very hot and dusty when we landed in Egypt, but we went to visit ex-King Farouk's palace and a museum with lots of mummies. After a visit to Beirut we returned to Port Said to await our turn to get through the Suez Canal, and on to Jordan and Aqaba where we were invited by one of the missionaries with the Presbyterian Church to visit in his home. We enjoyed this very much. We were in Port Sudan for 3½ days for loading and unloading cargo—it was so hot and what a lot of flies!

On October 23, we reached our destination, Massawa, another hot place but I was only there overnight. The next day I took a train to Asmara which is over 7,000 feet high, in the mountains and very cool at night. I have started to study Tigre, the language spoken in Northern Eritrea, where I expect to be stationed. For the present I am helping with teaching in a boys' home 25 miles south from here.

From Muriel Joslin in Cheshire, England—November 1961

After two years in Kentucky I have had a hard time getting settled. I have thought of you all many times and have spent several evenings showing my slides of FNS. They make me feel very homesick and I wish I could pop in to greet everyone and borrow a jeep to visit my old friends at Beech Fork and Stinnett. I enjoy the Bulletin so much with all the news it brings.

I have applied for a scholarship to do my Health Visitor training, starting in January. I am sure it is the right thing to do; and who knows—perhaps I will be coming back to Kentucky in two years time! Give my love to all at Wendover please.

. . . .

From Louise Fink Bockman in Nome, Alaska—November 1961

This is just a brief note to wish you and all the FNS a wonderful holiday season and the happiest of New Years. I still enjoy receiving the Bulletin although there are now so many names of people who have come and gone from the FNS since I was there.

I spent a few days with Ivallean Caudill who is Public Health Nurse serving the Unalakleet area early in October. She serves part of the villages which I cover from the District Welfare Office in Nome. It was good to hear a Kentucky mountain accent again and to hear someone else say "over yonder." I was very fortunate that she had space to put me up since the Lodge in the village was described by the mayor of the village as too rough. He insisted that I was to stay with Ivallean even before I had a chance to contact her.

Sometimes I think of the story of St. Christopher and wonder if he does not protect those of us who travel so much by plane, dog team, and boat in Alaska. Last January I spent over two weeks on St. Lawrence Island where on a clear day one can see the Siberian Mountains but nought of the Alaska Mainland. The nurse and I ended up spending the night with an Eskimo family at a fox trapping camp. It was fascinating to see the skill with which they skinned the Arctic foxes. It was also an experience to sleep on a platform with other members of the family. I still don't know who slept next to me since I crawled into the sleeping bag and did not look. The dog team ride

through blinding snow along miles of cliffs was also an experience not to be forgotten, but one that I don't want to repeat too often.

I wish that I had a knack for languages. Numerous Eskimo dialects are spoken in the area served by our office. Should I learn one, I might attempt to use it in the wrong area—and who knows what interpretation might be put on what I thought I was saying.

Fred is working for the Division of Highways now and enjoying it. Marc is in the third grade; Stuart in the first. Our school is on shifts, and we have been fortunate in having both youngsters on the morning shift. Stuart has had some ear infection which is so common here in northwestern Alaska. The boys and Fred all think that I should stay home for a while now. My work requires quite a bit of traveling in the winter. When I go about every other month they accept it quite well, but when I go the last of September, the middle of October, and again the first week in November, the boys finally say that they wish I would be able to stay home for a while—I do too! .

With best wishes to all.

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From Luree Wotton in Aurora, Illinois—November 1961

My thoughts will be with you as you gather this Thanksgiving. I really wish that I could be there with you all. School is good, but I would rather be there where my work is both worthwhile and satisfying. Thank you for letting me come back to work with you for the summer. I have been able to gain the interest of both nurses and lay people in nurse-midwifery. I do not get such a good chance to talk with doctors as they are only here for the delivery and that is not the time for such discussions. Give my best wishes to everyone, especially to Mrs. Breckinridge.

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Newsy Bits

Congratulations to **Doris Reid** on the many lovely tributes she received this fall when she received the 4-H Alumni Citation Plaque in Lansing, Michigan. Doris writes: "It was quite a thrill when I was taken to the State 4-H Show at Lansing; and was dined, given a corsage and introduced from the stage."

Brigit Sutcliffe and **Sara Swindells** spent their summer holiday in Greece. A card from them states they were enjoying being together again, the sunshine, and the culture.

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Nancy Tappan is busy collecting nursing and dental supplies in preparation for work with the South American Missionary Society, in Columbia, S. A.

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Barbara Nelson is studying Malay in Singapore. She is with the China Inland Mission and expects to go to Indonesia as soon as she is granted her visa.

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New Arrival

To Mr. and **Mrs. Jack Houtenville (May)** of Plainsboro, New Jersey, on September 22, 1961, a daughter, Amy Elizabeth. (See May's letter under Old Staff News.)

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We send our deep sympathy and love to **Charlene Tucker Witt ("Shot")** on the tragic loss of her father, by drowning, on October 2, 1961, in Tennessee.

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Miss Ethel Turner, Director of the Instructive Visiting Nurses Association, of Baltimore, Maryland, died on October 7, 1961, following an extended illness. Miss Turner was a district nurse-midwife with the FNS in the middle thirties, when she was stationed at the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence. To her sister, with whom she made her home, we send our sincere sympathy.

THANK YOU, ANONYMOUS!

During the year 1955, and thereafter through the Autumn of 1961, the Frontier Nursing Service has received ten anonymous Money Orders from Los Angeles, California. The total given by this dear unknown is \$545.00. We want to express our gratitude through the Bulletin in the hope that he, or she, will hear of it somehow.

GIVER'S GUIDE TO NATIONAL PHILANTHROPIES— 1961-62

Basic Standards in Philanthropy

Philanthropic operations entail a high degree of responsibility because of the element of public trusteeship involved. Compliance with the following standards is considered essential for approval by the Bureau:

1. **Board**—An active and responsible governing body, serving without compensation, holding regular meetings, and with effective administrative control.
2. **Purpose**—A legitimate purpose with no avoidable duplication of the work of other sound organizations.
3. **Program**—Reasonable efficiency in program management, and reasonable adequacy of resources, both material and personnel.
4. **Coöperation**—Evidence of consultation and coöperation with established agencies in the same or related fields.
5. **Ethical Promotion**—Ethical methods of publicity, promotion and solicitation of funds.
6. **Fund-Raising Practice**—In fund-raising:
 - (a) No payment of commissions for fund-raising.
 - (b) No mailing of unordered tickets or merchandise with a request for money in return.
 - (c) No general telephone solicitation of the public.
7. **Audit**—Annual audit, prepared by an independent certified public accountant or trust company, showing all income and disbursements, in reasonable detail. New organizations should provide a certified public accountant's statement that a proper financial system has been installed.
8. **Budget**—Detailed annual budget, translating program plans into financial terms.

—National Information Bureau, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

ANIMAL WAYS**NOTES FROM TANGANYIKA****Lions**

On the open ground in the middle of the Ngorongoro Crater six nearly full-grown lions and lionesses set about teasing a rhino. They surrounded the rhino and every now and then one would approach him from behind, jump in quickly and smack his rump. The rhino naturally resented this disrespectful behaviour and spun round, only to find nothing there. After the lions had teased him for some time the rhino refused to take any more notice and, when he showed no response to being smacked on his posterior, the lions gave up and left him alone.

One of the Seronera lions tore the mosquito net off a cook who was sleeping outside in a tented camp. The cook recovered from this shock, but was again awakened by the lion pulling the groundsheet from underneath him. Sounds of rending groundsheet could be heard disappearing into the night. The cook retired to a lorry.

—*Oryx*, November 1960

Oryx, the Journal of the Fauna Preservation Society, is a fascinating quarterly. Membership in the Society is only one pound annually and includes *Oryx*. Your editor, a life member, suggests that you write for an application to the Secretary, Lt. Col. C. L. Boyle, The Fauna Preservation Society, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, England.

NATURE IN DECEMBER

December in our climate is the month when nature finally shuts up house and turns the key. She has been slowly packing up and putting away her things and closing a door and a window here and there all the fall. Now she completes the work and puts up the last bar. She is ready for winter.

—John Burroughs
Science Digest, December 1954

In Memoriam

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| MRS. COPLEY AMORY
Boston, Massachusetts
Died in April 1961 | MISS LINDA NEVILLE
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in June 1961 |
| MRS. JOHN McF. BERGLAND
Baltimore, Maryland
Died in September 1961 | JUDGE EDWARD C. O'REAR
Versailles, Kentucky
Died in September 1961 |
| MRS. J. M. ELAM
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in June 1961 | MRS. JOHN ROCK
Boston, Massachusetts
Died in August 1961 |
| MRS. SAMUEL C. HENNING
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in June 1961 | MRS. PHILIP L. SEASONGOOD
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in October 1961 |
| MR. JOHN E. HERBERT
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in August 1961 | MRS. OAKLEY SPURLOCK
Bear Branch, Kentucky
Died in July 1961 |
| MR. CHARLES H. HODGES, JR.
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan
Died in June 1961 | MRS. CARL L. STEBBINS
Springfield, Massachusetts
Died in April 1961 |
| MR. WILL C. HOSKINS
Hyden, Kentucky
Died in October 1961 | MRS. HERMAN FOSTER STONE
Lawrence, Long Island, New York
Died in November 1961 |
| MRS. R. LIVINGSTON IRELAND
Cleveland, Ohio
Died in October 1961 | MRS. CHARLES P. TAFT
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in August 1961 |

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*Snow-Bound*
John Greenleaf Whittier

In the death of **Judge Edward Clay O'Rear** in September at the age of 98 the Frontier Nursing Service relinquished its ties in this world with one who had guided its infancy. When we organized in May of 1925 there were a handful of people without whom we never could have got going. In Judge O'Rear, a charter

vice-chairman, we had the peerless devotion of a great jurist and a great gentleman. He came in to see us that very first summer. He sat on a log where Wendover was to be and helped choose the site for the big log house. He drew up our Articles of Incorporation later that same year, and no other man could have done the job so well. His legal advice was always at our service either directly or in coöperation with our local attorneys who worked with him on our Board of Trustees.

His wit and humor, his eloquence and his compassionate heart were given to us too. His mind remained clear almost until his death. Judge O'Rear was born in Montgomery County, Kentucky in 1863, the son and 14th child of Daniel O'Rear who was 68 at the time of his birth. His life and that of his father spanned those of all the presidents of the United States from George Washington to John F. Kennedy—in their two generations. We do not write of the notable careers of our trustees, only of what they meant to us. All of us who knew him loved Judge O'Rear and his affection was extended to all of us and to our patients as well.

Our other charter vice-chairman, and there were but two, was **Mrs. Samuel C. Henning** of Louisville, who died in June of this year. Although she had been in broken health for a long time before her death, all who knew her will remember her as enchantingly alive. She was the daughter of General Basil Duke and the granddaughter of General John Hunt Morgan, both of the Confederacy, and from them she inherited an immense vitality. This expended itself endlessly, and effectively, in behalf of causes and people who needed what she had to give. Her charm of manner and her humor became legendary. She had a fashion, all too rare, of attracting people to the things she carried in her heart. She, like Judge O'Rear, came up into our territory in 1925 for the first of many visits. She opened her lovely home in Cherokee Park for our first public meeting. She took into it and kept for weeks a sickly baby we carried down to her. She too is one of the handful of people without whom the Frontier Nursing Service could never have begun its work or carried it through the early hard years. She was called "a great lady and a great citizen." What she meant to us in our mutual devotion cannot be told in human words. But she knew it in her earthly

life and even more deeply she knows it now in that real life she has entered.

In **Miss Linda Neville** we lost a charter trustee whose help to us in our earliest years was simply superb. It is not our place to write of the international reputation accorded her for her work with the blind. But we do want to tell of how much she put her wide experiences at our disposal when we began to be. Linda Neville had worked for the crippled children before there was a Crippled Children's Commission. She had helped get care for trachoma patients before the United States Public Health Service began its famous eradication program. She had devoted herself to blindness of all kinds and to the prevention of it whenever it was possible. In her own home in Lexington she constantly gave hospitality to blind children on their way to the School for the Blind in Louisville. Until her health broke some years ago she gave herself in fullest measure to all who called upon her for help.

Mrs. John Rock was a charter member of our Boston Committee and a member of our Board of Trustees, and no one on the Committee ever gave herself more fully and more devotedly to our work. My own friendship for her goes back to the old American Committee for Devastated France when we were both volunteer workers under our great chief, Miss Anne Morgan. Mrs. Rock, Nan Thorndike then, was one of the chauffeurs who drove the **camions** to our many villages. She, although a young girl, was concerned about our 10,000 children. She came on our first Boston Committee with the same enthusiastic interest in children and their mothers and the same wish to serve them. Her husband, Dr. Rock, became a member of our National Medical Council and both of them visited our work at first hand. Their marriage was a singularly happy one. The characteristics that I shall always think of in connection with Nan Rock are tenderness and courage. She met the last year of her life, knowing it would be her last year, with such gallantry that I was often reminded of what St. Theresa of Avila said of God:

"His Majesty greatly loveth courageous souls."

Mr. Charles Henry Hodges, Jr., was a charter member of our Detroit Committee and a member of our Board of Trustees.

He succeeded Mr. Gustavus D. Pope as Chairman of the Detroit Committee. Both the chairmanship and his membership on the Board of Trustees he relinquished later in favor of his wife. One of my earliest recollections in Detroit is a dinner they gave me attended by many other early friends, most of whom have now gone to the Land O' the Leal. In later years I visited in their hospitable home. In their devoted marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges worked hand in glove for their charities. Mr. Hodges was one of the finest men we ever knew, with a deep integrity of mind and heart.

When **Mrs. John M. Bergland** died, the world lost a woman of great kindness and charm. She had been a member of our Baltimore Committee since it was formed in 1928 with her husband, Dr. John M. Bergland, as its first and only chairman. Their home in Baltimore was often opened for parties and meetings in those early days. Since Dr. Bergland had a galaxy of notable medical names on his committee, the meetings were sometimes held in a hospital auditorium. But there was a wide open door for me in that hospitable home where husband and wife worked together in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service. Now she is the first of the two to go over to the other side, and our hearts go out to him in the severance of a tie that had bound them together since their early youth.

In the early summer we lost **Mrs. J. M. Elam** of Hyden, a member of our Committee in that old county seat and a dear friend of us all. She was a most gracious lady, abounding in acts of kindness over the long years since our work began. It would be difficult to tell how often she helped us or how ready she was to be of use to our Hyden Hospital and its patients. One of the last things she did before her illness was to attend the dedication of St. Christopher's Chapel at the Hospital and to come over to the Nurses Quarters afterwards for tea. We miss her sadly as the days go by.

In the death of **Mrs. Oakley Spurlock** in August we gave up a charter member of our Red Bird River, Clay County Committee. We had no finer members of any committee anywhere than Mr. and Mrs. Spurlock. In their concern about our work for mothers and children they were as one. When we had our meetings of the Red Bird Committee at the Clara Ford Nursing Cen-

ter, they always came bearing gifts for the luncheon. They were ready with help at all times.

Although **Mrs. Copley Amory** of Boston died in April, we did not learn of it until the early summer. As a member of our Boston Committee she often gave of her time and opened her hospitable home in our behalf. We want to pay a tribute of gratitude for all she meant to us in earlier years.

The Frontier Nursing Service, now nearly thirty-seven years old, has had to give up a host of early friends. Another who died in April was **Mrs. Carl L. Stebbins** of Springfield, Massachusetts, who had supported our work for more than thirty years and who has left a legacy to continue her support. Her interest in us was deep and warm.

One of our early friends was **Mr. John E. Herbert** of Cincinnati. He and his wife have not only supported us since 1929, but little notes of encouragement and kindness came with nearly every check they sent us. They always gave together and now she is left without him in this world. We know that in the real world, which lies beyond this transitory one, they will work together again, and that they are united now in the unity of their Christian faith.

Mrs. Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati had cared about the Frontier Nursing Service and its work for over thirty years. The words "gay, warm, unaffected, friendly, charming" were truly descriptive of her. We loved having a place in her generous heart and it hurts us to think of what her loss means to her husband and her children.

In the early fall of the year another old Cincinnati friend, **Mrs. Philip L. Seasongood**, died. She had supported us for some thirty years. Her interest in us never flagged during that long span of time and she has left us a legacy as a last act of special kind concern. May God bless her in the new life upon which she has entered now, and we know He will.

The life of **Mrs. Herman Foster Stone** of Lawrence, Long Island was woven into the heart of the Frontier Nursing Service. Until her health broke she was a devoted member of the Board of Trustees. She took her duties seriously and often came down for days at a time to visit the work she sponsored. When she

became a member of our Executive Committee, she attended its meetings in Louisville regularly. She worked actively too in the New York Committee of which she was treasurer for years, and a most meticulous one. Her country home, like her heart, was ever open to the Service. She lent us more than once her only daughter "Pebble" for extended tours of duty as a Resident Courier at Wendover. Along with the effective capacity of her fine mind there was a delightful sense of humor that made her companionship a joy.

In the death of **Mr. Will C. Hoskins** of Hyden we have lost one of the best friends we ever had. When we asked him to take the place on our Board of Trustees that had been filled for years by his older brother, Walter, he consented at once. His personal kindness to us included many legal services. One of the last things he did before his illness was to draw up the deed for a large tract of land adjoining Wendover which we call Boyd's Boundary in memory of another trustee with whose legacy we bought it. Such deeds require an immense amount of research in the old files at the courthouse, and it was all so freely given us by Will Hoskins. He was born in a large white house at Hoskinston on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. His father and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Hoskins, were early friends of ours. His wife's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bige Eversole, were old friends too. Mr. Hoskins, like the older generation of his family, loved the mountains of Kentucky and came back to them after taking his degree in law at the University of Kentucky. His fine intelligence, his qualities of leadership—these will be missed, sadly missed, by all of us in the years to come.

Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland had been a member for years of our Board of Trustees and the chairman of our Cleveland Committee. She was the mother of two of our couriers. Mrs. Gilbert W. Humphrey (Louise) served with us in earlier years and Kate Ireland is often with us now. Mrs. Ireland and her husband visited the work which she had sponsored and kept an open house for any of us who might be at any time in Cleveland. As a woman, Mrs. Ireland was utterly charming, sparkling with humor, immensely attractive socially and in all her public work. We do not write of the public careers of the men who have served

on our Board of Trustees. In the case of this beloved woman member we would have as long a column as that of any man. One of the Cleveland papers wrote of her:

"She was known by what she did, what she championed, what she gave of herself. Thus the composite Mrs. Ireland was a mélange of good deeds, friendly and constructive interests and a devotion to the problems of others far beyond the ordinary call of concern."

The fields of work that she covered included many forms of worthwhile human endeavor. It is typical of how many these were that her family asked those who chose to make gifts in her memory to give them to the charity of the donor's choice. In all high positions where she lent her name and gave her substance she gave herself in fullest measure—her fine intelligence and her compassionate heart. These lines from *The Vision of Sir Launfal* could have been written of her:

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need,—
 Not that which we give, but what we share,—
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

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Our deep sympathy goes out to all those to whom these old friends of ours were dear. We lost other friends whom we had known and cherished for a shorter time. The lives of all of them have been an inspiration to us. In one of Henry Vaughan's 17th Century poems he says:

"They are — indeed — our pillar fires,
 Seen as we go;
 They are that City's shining spires
 We travel to:"

M. B.

THE STORY OF JOE

Late one gloomy afternoon, Elihu came riding through the Wendover pull gate with Joe astride the horse behind him. As soon as he saw me Joe said, "That was a warm wrop what you sent for me to wear." Thus Joe's first word of greeting was one of courteous appreciation. I wondered where he had learned it. The second day after Joe had come to Wendover he asked me if I could write. When I said that I could, he asked, "Will you back a letter for me to Clarence? He was kind to me." Again I marveled. For the first time in my life I realized that the bread-and-butter letter was not just a thing of social etiquette. It is the outcome of a grateful heart. But Joe had more surprises in store for me. He pulled out of his pocket five cents that Clarence had given him—all the money he had—and presented it to me. Said Joe, "If you bust this nickel, you can pay for a stamp for that thar letter." This waif, who had depended upon the charity of a neighbor, had not been beggared. He wanted to meet his obligations.

During the few days that Joe spent at Wendover, he stayed close to the stone chimney, with its big wood fire, in the living room. His circulation was so poor that he felt the cold bitterly. Once when I stopped to speak to him, he raised his big, sad eyes to me and said, "Do you reckon when I git back from the settlemints I could go to a home with room near a big fire? There's allus so many children at Clarence's there hain't much room near the fire." Well, I had a big fire at Wendover and the only children it warmed were those who came and went, like Joe. I promised him that when he got back from the settlements, his place would be at my hearth. But Joe was not to "git back from the settlemints." When he died, Julia Henning (a granddaughter of the famous Confederate cavalry leader, General John Hunt Morgan) had his wasted body buried in her family lot. She said, "This child was a Morgan, and I shall claim kinship with him."

Of all the children I have known in the mountains, Joe has left the most unfading imprint on my memory. This homeless boy of eleven, whose mother had died in childbirth, whose father had been a moonshiner and was serving his term in a Federal

jail, this boy who thanked you for sending a warm wrap to cover him, who thought of a thank-you letter to his host and paid for the stamp himself out of the only nickel he had in the world, who bore uncomplainingly the pangs of his mortal illness and twelve hours of exhausting travel, this waif, with a knightly code of courtesy and honor—whenever I think of him I recall the divine promise: “And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”

From *Wide Neighborhoods* by Mary Breckinridge,
Now in its seventh printing,
Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

BIRDS WITH SINGLE SONG GET BORED

Birds that sing the same song over and over again are in danger of getting bored with their efforts, a University of Chicago scholar has declared.

Charles Hartshorne, professor of philosophy at the University, and bird watcher hobbyist, described “the monotony thresholds in singing birds.”

Hartshorne has observed that many hundreds of different kinds of birds in the world tend to sing one short song over and over again, with pauses between much longer than the songs. These birds are quiet about seventy per cent of the time. On the other hand, more than one hundred different kinds of birds sing a wide variety of songs almost continuously.

Hartshorne cited as typical the cases of the Ovenbird and the Brown Thrasher. The Ovenbird has an extremely monotonous song. It pauses about ten seconds, and sometimes twenty or more, between songs, which last for possibly as long as three seconds. On the other hand, the Thrasher, which has a great variety of phrases, sings almost continuously with only brief pauses.

—*Science Digest*, December 1954

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service gave its fourth Christmas Preview Benefit with its usual success. Miss Helen E. Browne (Brownie) was our representative this time from the field of work. She visited the Roger Branhams and with them attended the opening party for the sponsors on Tuesday afternoon, October 24. She wore her uniform and was photographed in it standing between Mrs. Theodore Chase, Boston Chairman, and Mrs. Richard M. Higgins, Chairman-Elect. Mrs. Higgins wrote us a long, delightful letter in which she thanked me "for letting us have your wonderful Brownie here for our Christmas Preview! It gave us all such a lift to have her around, plus the fact that it added a graphic tie-in with Kentucky for all the Exhibitors and shoppers."

"Brownie" was our representative also at a meeting sponsored by the Chicago Committee at the Fortnightly Club on Wednesday, November 15, at 11:00 a.m. Our outgoing Chairman, Mrs. Paul Church Harper, presided with her usual gracious manner. She introduced our new Chicago Chairman, Mrs. David Dangler, who is a part of an old tradition. Mrs. Dangler's mother, the late Mrs. Charles S. Frost, was one of our earliest friends. Her sister, Mrs. Alfred Granger, and her brother, the late Marvin Hughitt, gave the Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center at Brutus. No family has closer ties with the Frontier Nursing Service than Mrs. Dangler. The Chicago meeting was well attended and "Brownie" herself, as well as her new colored slides, was enthusiastically received. Mrs. Dangler wrote, "Miss Browne won all present. She has a warm, outgoing friendliness added to her ability." Our Trustee, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, wrote of her, "She made a very fine presentation of the work of the FNS and the slides were excellent." From the secretary of the Chicago Committee, Mrs. Edward Arpee, came the following, "'Brownie' was a charming, serene, and forceful speaker, giving us all a feeling of confident progress."

The Chicago meeting was followed by a luncheon of many old friends at the Fortnightly Club. After that "Brownie" took

a plane for Louisville to speak on the afternoon of Thursday, November 16, to a Nurses' Conference meeting. This Conference was held in conjunction with the Fifth District of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. The gathering of nurses came from Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, and Ontario. "Brownie" reported that the group were much interested in learning more about the work of nurse-midwives and in seeing the slides of the FNS. She had the privilege of meeting several members of the College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, among them Dr. Robert Kimbrough, Medical Director of the College and Dr. Paul Hodgkinson, past President of the College. It was most encouraging to Brownie and to all of us to find so much interest among the obstetricians in learning more of the value of the professional nurse after she has taken graduate training as a midwife.

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It is always a joy to us when members of our staff are asked to represent the FNS at professional gatherings. We are still getting pleasurable repercussions from Betty Lester's talk at the philanthropic dinner at the Alpha Omicron Pi annual meeting in the early summer. Betty spoke and showed colored slides in October after a covered dish supper at the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Michael the Archangel in Lexington. This was upon the invitation of the Rector, the Rev. Harmon Smith.

Carolyn Banghart, Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, attended a Symposium on the Commonwealth of Children at Page Auditorium of Duke University on October 4-8, which was most interesting.

Our former nurse, Darline Wilkie, now living in Chicago, was invited to speak to the Amica Club of The Central Church of Chicago on Tuesday, November 21, and to show colored slides in connection with her talk. The members of the Amica Club are old and warm friends of the Frontier Nursing Service, bless them.

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Our Trustee, Miss Margaret Gage, spoke to the California Daughters of Colonial Wars at Los Angeles in October. We have no Trustee who is more profoundly familiar with our work than Miss Gage. The President, Mrs. Roy Lee Raymond, wrote that

she had made "a wonderfully inspiring talk. Every member was touched by the story she had to tell and was made aware of the outstanding work being done."

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Mrs. Francis Brewer, wife of our Medical Director, tells us that *Wide Neighborhoods* was reviewed on November 16, by Mrs. Edward Mann of the Bloomfield Federated Church Woman's Guild of Bloomfield, Connecticut. Mrs. Brewer tells us that she has had letters in praise of the success of the meeting.

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The Princeton Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which our old courier Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey is chairman, invited all our subscribers and friends to a tea at Washington Well Farm on Friday, November 17. We were delighted to receive an invitation which we certainly would have accepted if it had been possible to do so. The names of the honorary chairmen, Mrs. Casper Goodrich and Mrs. H. Russell Butler, Jr., brought back old and nostalgic memories of many wonderful Princeton meetings in earlier years.

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Although it is still far in advance, we take pleasure in announcing that the annual meeting sponsored by the New York Committee will take place at the Cosmopolitan Club on Tuesday, the 23rd of January, 1962. Members of this wonderful Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. T. N. Horn, have been working like Trojans at the Bargain Box during 1961 with substantial cash returns to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Another meeting already scheduled is to be a luncheon at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D. C., on Thursday, February 8, under the auspices of the Washington Committee. Mrs. Gordon Loud is the new chairman of this fine Committee. She and her co-workers decided that instead of holding a benefit this year they would have the subject of the Frontier Nursing Service presented fully, with colored slides, at a luncheon meeting at which no appeal of any kind would be made. The Committee thinks it is time for our many Washington subscribers to be brought up to date on the activities of the work they are so kind as to support.

We are asked to announce that the Sixth Illinois Congress for Maternal and Infant Health will be held on February 7, 8, and 9, 1962, at the St. Nicholas Hotel in Springfield. We know this will be of interest to a number of our readers.

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We have been tremendously intrigued by reading of Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, our Delaware Trustee, in *Dateline Delaware* and her special interest in very special sports cars. As all are aware, who are so fortunate to know Mrs. Boden well, she is a remarkably versatile person. But most people, including our Service, think of her interests and her position in patriotic societies (Colonial Dames of America) and charitable organizations, and fostering Anglo-American friendships. They know how wonderful she has been in helping to preserve old homes in Delaware and old pieces of furniture, but we have learned not only from *Dateline Delaware*, but from a newspaper clipping (both of which have good pictures of her), that as owner of sports car winners, she is a member of the Championship Car Owners Association, the United States Auto Club and the Madison Avenue Sports Car Driver and Chowder Society. One of her special cars, which she calls "Kelcopper" won the cup for the feature race recently at Marlboro, Maryland with her cousin Jacques du Pont driving and his brother Alexis I. as mechanic.

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Associated Press Release. Frankfort, Kentucky, October 23, 1961.

"A newly organized committee of the National Association of Attorneys General—modeled after Kentucky's Committee on Administration of Justice—will be headed by Attorney General John B. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

"His appointment as chairman of the Committee on The Office of The Attorney General was announced by New Jersey's Attorney General David D. Furman, president of the national organization.

"Kentucky was the first state to actively seek a closer working relationship among the bench, the bar, and the attorney general in the administration of justice."

John B. Breckinridge is a Trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, as his father, the late Dr. Scott D. Breckinridge, of Lexington, Ky., was before him.

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The cover picture of this Autumn Bulletin, painted for us

by Vanda Summers, is our Christmas card to you. Vanda, who was with us for years in our early days, has done a speaking likeness of the head of my own early horse, Teddy Bear, whom she knew well. He always approached the road ahead eagerly, with ears erect. We, all of us here in the Kentucky mountains wish all of you a Merry Christmas. We hope that there will be sunshine on your road ahead in 1962.

Mary Breckinridge

BREAST CANCER STUDY

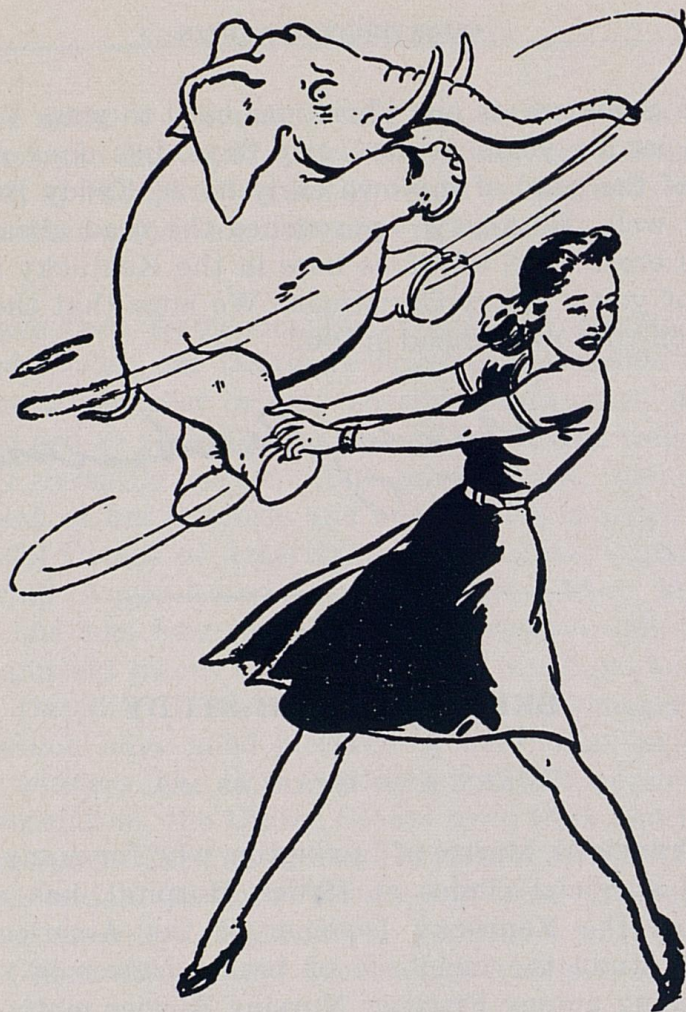
by

MARY ANN QUARLES, M.A.

Dr. Francis M. Massie of Lexington, who for many years has conducted surgical clinics at Hyden Hospital, has received a grant from the Kentucky Division of the American Cancer Society to study the incidence of breast cancer in relation to breast feeding among Frontier Nursing Service mothers. Other studies concerning this subject have been done by comparing all breast cancer cases in a hospital over a period of years with a matched sample of non-breast cancer cases. But Dr. Massie's study is the first one to take a defined population, all Frontier Nursing Service mothers, and look for the incidence of breast cancer. These mothers offer an excellent group to study because the Frontier Nursing Service keeps careful and complete records on all its mothers and the large majority of the mothers breast feed their babies.

Field work on this study was begun this past summer, 1961, and will continue for a period of years.

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
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FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The Frontier Nursing Service passed a significant milestone early this autumn. On September 21, 1961, the Service had gone ten years, during which time it had delivered well over 4,000 mothers, without a maternal death.

On Tuesday, September 5 we had a wonderful Committee meeting at Brutus. Alison Bray took Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Lalla Mary Goggans, Chief of the Nursing Section of Region III of the Children's Bureau, to the meeting. Our Field Supervisor, Margaret Willson also attended. Margaret McCracken and Jill Ash, the nurse who was succeeding her, served an excellent noon dinner with the help of some of the women Committee members. There was a large attendance of men and women from the areas of Clay, Leslie, and Perry Counties cared for by the Brutus nurses. Mr. Jasper Peters, who has been chairman for all of the thirty-one years since the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center was built, presided.

The Red Bird Committee met at the Clara Ford Nursing Center on the evening of Thursday, October 5. In the absence of the honorary chairman, Mr. Chris Queen, who has moved to North Carolina, Mr. Oakley Spurlock, the active chairman, presided. The members of this committee, as always, brought the dinner themselves in covered dishes, and a delicious dinner it was. The nurse-midwives at Red Bird, Judith Cundle and Evelyn Hey, had plenty of hot coffee for everyone. There was a good attendance of men and women. Mrs. Breckinridge, owing to a virus infection, could not attend this meeting. Her place was taken by Miss Betty Lester who brought back glowing reports of the meeting.

Due to the accident and consequent absence of Mr. Bascomb Bowling, the chairman of the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center Committee at Flat Creek, the meeting of his fine committee was postponed. We are glad to report that Mr. Bowling

is making a satisfactory recovery and is back at his home in advance of Christmas.

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To our sorrow, no Bulletin seems to be complete without a mention of the Hyden Hospital well! We reported in the Summer Bulletin that we were drilling another well on the level of the water tanks at the Hospital. The trials and tribulations we have had would fill pages. But briefly, at a depth of 343 feet, the drilling bit got caught and weeks and weeks have been spent "fishing" for it. Finally, last week, the driller cut loose from the bit and the grappling tools that were wedged in the six-inch shaft over three hundred feet below the surface. The submersible pump has been set above the obstruction and we are pumping water from both old and new wells for Hospital use. We will try this system through the winter—and keep our fingers crossed.

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Three residents from the Cincinnati Children's Hospital, Drs. Bernard Bruns, George Nagao, and Charles Wharton, held a pediatric clinic at Hyden Hospital and several of the outpost nursing centers in September. Dr. Delmar Halak, a Cincinnati dentist, accompanied the pediatricians and did a flourishing business!

We are deeply grateful to these specialists and also to Dr. Carl Yapple, pediatrician from the Harlan Memorial Hospital; to Dr. David B. Stevens, Lexington orthopedic surgeon, both of whom have held recent clinics at Hyden Hospital; and, as always, to our good friend Dr. Herman A. Ziel, Jr., Chief of Obstetrics at Hazard Memorial Hospital, for all of his help and his many kindnesses to the FNS and its patients.

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We are glad to welcome to the FNS staff Floyd Merritt, Central City, Iowa; Judith McCormick, Portland, Oregon; Janet Priebe, Marshall, Minnesota; and Florence Wright, Granville Summit, Pennsylvania, registered nurses at Hyden Hospital; and Sally Freedman of Orinda, California, who is helping Betty Lester with the work of the Social Service Department. It is great fun, and a tremendous help, to have Harriet Jordan and Toni Lambert back with us. Harriet, who has been with the S. S.

HOPE in Indonesia for the past year, is relieving as Hospital Superintendent while Liz Palethorp has a holiday in England.

We were sorry to have Margaret McCracken leave in late September, and also sorry to see Mrs. Leslie Cundle, "Mum," who had been a hard working guest at Wendover since April, return to her home in England.

The 43rd class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery began on Friday, December 1, with seven students. Mary Grayce Brumbaugh and Mary Nancy Dadisman, both of Elgin, Illinois, have been in Nigeria for many years. Esther I. Reesor of Ontario, Canada, comes to us from Brazil and Martha Temple, Hastings, Nebraska, has been in the Camerouns. Mary Hollingsead is from Westfield, Indiana. Barbara French and Susan Hershberger have been members of the FNS staff since June.

A graduation service for the 42nd class was held in St. Christopher's Chapel on November 25. Mr. William George of the Hyden Baptist Church gave the Invocation and the Benediction and Miss Jean Tolk spoke briefly to the graduates. We are glad to welcome two of the graduates, Judith Gay and Patricia Stevens, to the FNS staff.

Our junior couriers in the early autumn were Susan Sargent of Gilbertsville, New York, and Emily Allen of Boston. Now, Susan Sogg of Cleveland is doing an excellent job of keeping up with the chores of the courier department alone. Kate Ireland has been down a couple of times during the fall and Leigh Powell spent Thanksgiving week end at Wendover.

The Frontier Nursing Service Christmas preparations began, as always, in early November, and by the time this Bulletin reaches our readers, most of the arrangements for Christmas parties for our 5,000 children will have been completed. We are grateful to have the help again this year of two Keuka College students who are spending their field period with the FNS—Betsy Merrill and Cynthia Taylor.

We have had the pleasure of meeting and entertaining at

Hyden and Wendover the families of several members of our staff this fall. Old couriers Edith Harrison and Janie Halde- man Tyrrell were in for brief visits as were two of the ex-staff, Barbara Walsh and Darline Wilkie, both accompanied by friends. Mrs. Henry T. Allen of Boston drove her daughter down in early October and Mrs. Breckinridge's cousin, Robert Montague of Frankfort, Kentucky, and Miss Margot Chinnock of Charlottesville, Virginia, spent a night at Wendover.

Miss Brenda Mee of King's Lynn, Norfolk, England, in the United States on a Commonwealth Scholarship, was a delightful guest during the two weeks she spent observing the work of the FNS. Dr. and Mrs. David Greeley came over for dinner on Hallowe'en from Harlan where Dr. Greeley is Chief of Staff at the Harlan Memorial Hospital.

We were so pleased to have Mrs. Herman A. Ziel, Jr. of Hazard, and Mrs. E. A. Schaeffer of Beverly, accompany their husbands to Wendover for the annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives; and to have several members of the old staff back with us. Kitty Macdonald Ernst, President of the American College of Nurse-Midwifery, and her mother, Mrs. John D. Macdonald, were here from Pennsylvania. Evelyn Mott- ram, Adeline Hale, and Norma Brainard came from Knott County and Peggy Kemner drove over with two friends from Knox County.

Mr. Thomas A. Ritman and Mr. John Kos, of the Eli Lilly Company in Indianapolis, spent several days with us in late Sep- tember and did a picture story on the FNS for *The Lilly Review*. The Lilly Company has been so kind as to give us reprints of this story and we will be glad to mail a copy to any subscriber who sends us a post card asking for it.

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Once again this year Miss Nora Kelly was the gracious hostess for the FNS Thanksgiving Day Reunion in England. Our first word on the Reunion has come from Mrs. Leslie Cundle who was taken to Watford by Alison Bray. Mrs. Cundle writes that seventeen members of the old staff were present and everyone had a wonderful time. While the old staff met in England, we here in the Kentucky mountains were having our traditional Thanksgiving Day Reunion at Wendover.

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Evacuated April 1, 1960

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(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

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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."

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

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.

2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.

3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.

4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.

5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.

6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,

Security Trust Company

Lexington, Kentucky

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

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

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1961.

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

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. 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. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

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

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

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1961.

GRACE A. TERRILL, Notary Public.

Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires June 2, 1962.)



Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M. and Sweet

Read the story of Miss Cundle's first year with FNS (1956-57)
in this Bulletin.

Photograph by Don Rutledge

