

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

VOLUME 37

SPRING, 1962

NUMBER 4



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD AND CHICKENS



The Right Honorable Sir David Ormsby Gore, K.C.M.G.,
British Ambassador to the United States, and Lady Ormsby Gore (right)
(Left) Mr. Paul Scott Rankine, M.B., and Mrs. Peter Mennell
Wendover, Kentucky, Sunday, May 6, 1962
See Field Notes

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year
Editor's Office: Wendover, Kentucky

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

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WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM

Hoffnung

Edited by Carl Deis

Louise Reichardt
(1778-1825)

In the time of roses,
 Hope, thou weary heart!
Spring a balm discloses
 For the keenest smart.
Tho' thy grief o'ercome thee
 Thro' the winter's gloom,
Thou shalt thrust it from thee,
 When the roses bloom.

In the time of roses,
 Weary heart, rejoice!
Ere the summer closes
 Comes the longed-for Voice.
Let not death appall thee,
 For, beyond the tomb,
God Himself shall call thee,
 When the roses bloom.

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A COURIER WRITES HOME

by

SUSAN PERRY, New England Courier

Summer 1961

July 8. We had a nifty Fourth of July here. The entire staff came here to Wendover about 5:00 p.m. The main theme was Concord and Lexington. The swinging bridge was "The Rude Bridge That Arched the Flood." Marty Woodworth had painted some elegant signs. One in Pig Alley read: "slacken hame rein." The Stars and Stripes was flown side by side with the Union Jack. We sang both British and American National Anthems. Brownie read "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." Two lanterns were hung on the flagpole beside the Post Office, and Paul Revere (me-Sue) spread the alarm through Wendover on one of the horses. It was really great fun and unique due to the presence of the British, who are absolutely terrific fun. (So are the Americans!)

July 12. Hotel Lafayette, Lexington—Hdqtrs. for the following Service Clubs: Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Optimist (that's me—says Sue).

Bron and I have just ducked in here for a night and then we drive back to Wendover sometime tomorrow afternoon. We brought two patients down this morning and both have been admitted to a hospital. One was a little girl of 6 who has osteomyelitis. It is feared her leg may have to be amputated. Her parents came with her. It is a very poor family: **no money**. The other patient is a boy of about 15 who was accidentally shot in the arm last year, while hunting. He carries it in a sling and will be operated on next Friday in the hope of replacing a dead nerve with a live (nerve). The girl's parents were very good singers, so they kept Bron and me entertained while we each drove (at different times of course!!).

July 16. We returned to Hyden from Lexington about 6 p.m. on Thursday after doing some sightseeing through Berea College with Mary Ann Quarles.

Friday was a day on which no one accomplished what they had planned to do for various reasons. At Wendover, Bess the mule had colic so we had to tend to her all afternoon and early evening. The supreme cure (when all else failed) was a dose of

2 ounces of oil of turpentine and 2 ounces of milk. At the Hyden Hospital they had a bad automobile accident. By some **miracle** the couple involved in the mishap was not seriously injured. They attempted to drive up the **exit** road, an incredibly steep road. The woman was due to deliver twins in 2 weeks, and her husband has a heart condition. Their car slipped backwards, fell over a steep incline and fell down a 60° slope and down 75 feet. The occupants were carried up on stretchers and they salvaged the motor, but left the body of the car in the bottom of the ravine.

July 21 Oh, has it ever been hot today. Actually this summer has been the coolest in years down here. Also, great news itch-wise: mosquitoes are 99% non-existent!

I have had the most wonderful day today! I have been down in Manchester, Ky. at a Crippled Children's Clinic. A doctor, an assistant and a physiotherapist came down to examine the crippled children of Clay and Leslie Counties. There were some 60 children at the clinic—the **best** behaved I ever hope to see! They waited for a good 5 to 6 hours—they were fed too—without any ado. Betty Lester, the social worker and I transported the children. Miss Lester drove the Ford station wagon and Mary Woodmansey drove the truck down (each was loaded with children and parents) and I had the fun of driving it back (a beautifully balanced Ford truck).

Mary and I were very fortunate and privileged to be able to watch the doctor as he examined each child. It was fascinating, tremendously exciting. There were children of all ages with various afflictions. One boy, **badly** deformed, had a broad smile on his face when told he might have some of his photographs printed in a magazine published by Cardinal Hill (a convalescent and crippled children's hospital in Lexington). The doctor was absolutely marvelous with the kids and somehow he had time to talk with his patients on subjects of interest and importance to them. The children are so wonderfully uncomplaining and enthusiastic (some, shy and self-conscious too) that they certainly deserve every bit of attention that can be given to them.

Everybody is thriving down here. I cannot believe you will be here a week from today. Never have I ever known any 6 weeks to go by so fast. I honestly do not know where they went, but I do wish I could recapture them.

URGENT NEEDS

Again, our mountains at Hyden Hospital and Wendover have “crawled” and it has been necessary to repair, without delay, the damage done to wells, pipe lines, cisterns, retaining walls, and buildings. In meeting the costs, listed below, we have had to “rob Peter to pay Paul.” We shall be more grateful than words can begin to express for large or small gifts towards reimbursing Peter!

HYDEN HOSPITAL PLANT

This consists of a number of buildings located on 37 acres of mountain land. The principal buildings are the Hospital; Joy House (residence of the Medical Director); Margaret Voorhies Haggin Quarters for Nurses; Mardi Cottage (quarters for the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery); St. Christopher’s Chapel; an oak barn; employees’ cottages; and smaller buildings. Some of the most **urgent needs** for this boundary are listed below:

1. **WATER SYSTEM—WELLS:** (See “Wells—Worthy and Worthless.”)

Old Well—1959:

| | |
|---|------------|
| Sulphur Stream Near Top: sealed off (required rig from Hazard)..... | \$ 105.00 |
| Salt Stream at Bottom: sealed off..... | 302.35 |
| Jet Pump, Drop Pipe and Installation:..... | 813.77 |
| Total..... | \$1,221.12 |

New Well—1962:

| | |
|---|------------|
| Site: cleared for rig to be set..... | 31.50 |
| Drilling Well: 125 feet at \$2.00 a foot..... | 250.00 |
| Well Seal:..... | 8.00 |
| Well Casing: 5 feet at \$2.00 a foot..... | 10.00 |
| (We hope that 125 people each will want to give a foot of the well—namely, \$2.00.) | |
| Submersible Pump and installation:..... | 840.23 |
| Total..... | \$1,139.73 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| 2. HEATING SYSTEM: cleaning and repairing 41 steam radiators (1928 vintage) : installing return line to increase efficiency of system—materials and labor quoted at..... | \$3,823.50 |
| 3. HOSPITAL RE-ROOFED: asphalt shingles, nails, labor—estimated..... | 1,500.00 |
| 4. PATIENTS' PORCH AND OUTSIDE STAIRWAY: replaced with 2" lumber, steamed and pressure treated with creosote—materials and labor—estimated..... | 600.00 |
| 5. FETAL DOLL: teaching aid for Frontier Graduate School..... | 40.00 |
| 6. TAPE RECORDER—REPAIRED: used to bring obstetrical seminars to students..... | 28.99 |
| 7. HOSPITAL BEDS—GATCH TYPE: we need 2—one costs..... | 130.00 |
| 8. PORTABLE THERMOTIC LOW SUCTION DRAINAGE PUMP: quoted at..... | 150.00 |
| 9. BEDSIDE TABLES—METAL: 6 needed; 1 costs.... | 41.05 |
| 10. HOSPITAL OVER-BED TABLES: needed for heart patients—2 needed; 1 costs..... | 51.50 |
| 11. MOBILE BED PAN STERILIZER: for two bed pans—quoted at..... | 150.00 |
| 12. EMESIS BASINS—STAINLESS STEEL: 6 needed one costs..... | 4.35 |
| 13. ELECTRIC FANS: for patients—8 needed; one costs..... | 16.70 |
| 14. BED LAMPS: clamp-on type—6 needed; one costs.. | 9.64 |
| 15. HEAVY DUTY WHITE DUCK: (army surplus) for curtains around beds in wards—306 yards @ 7c.... | 21.42 |
| 16. HAND SAW: | 8.00 |

HAGGIN QUARTERS FOR NURSES

| | |
|---|----------|
| 1. Kitchen Sink—Faucets: replaced..... | \$ 19.95 |
| 2. Hand Basin: replaced—fixture and labor..... | 73.43 |
| 3. Bathroom—third floor: walls patched; and wall covering put behind tubs to protect plasterboard from shower water—materials and labor..... | 66.40 |
| 4. 2—Circulating Pumps with Motors: for boiler..... | 141.42 |

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 5. Coal-fired Water Heater: 1 new section and labor..... | \$ 103.62 |
| 6. Electric Range: repair parts and labor..... | 52.82 |
| 7. Entrance Porch-steps: replaced—lumber and labor | 79.19 |
| 8. 3 Bedrooms—Painted: paint and labor..... | 34.92 |
| 9. Bedspreads: we need 1 dozen; one costs..... | 3.95 |

MARDI COTTAGE

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Shower Room—Basement: (8 people now share one bathroom) materials, fixtures, and labor—estimated..... | \$ 500.00 |
| 2. Refrigerator—Second-hand: in excellent condition: (local firm loaned it to us for nearly a year before we bought it)..... | 125.00 |
| 3. Electric Range: repair parts and labor..... | 44.25 |
| 4. Slip Cover for Day Bed: material..... | 14.75 |
| 5. Thermos Jug: used by student nurse-midwives when out on district..... | 6.00 |

JOY HOUSE

The repairs and replacements at our Medical Director's Residence were met by the Helen Newberry Joy Fund.

WENDOVER

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. “CRAWLING MOUNTAIN”: Lower Log Cabin: (the oldest building in the Frontier Nursing Service): Building raised, leveled, put on rock foundation, termite-proofed; doors and windows made to open and close; culvert and open cement drains put in to carry water from the hillside away from the building, et cetera—materials and labor..... | \$ 500.00 |
| Retaining Wall to Road Back of Big House: collapsed during winter—truck unloading coal came very near turning over and into the kitchen—cement and labor..... | 525.00 |
| Tool Shed: (built in 1925 by “Major” Breckinridge): raised; a new foundation and a new roof—materials and labor..... | 275.00 |
| Lower Cistern: large crack repaired; outside wall braced with rock and cement—cement and labor | 28.75 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| 2. Kitchen Sinks, Counter Tops, Cabinets: 2 stainless steel sinks and counter top with 4" back splash; wooden cupboards underneath, quotation..... | \$1,000.00 |
| Note: The sinks now in use have holes in the cast iron which have to be patched with liquid steel every few days; and the metal cabinets have rusted right through. We would like stainless steel which would last forever. | |
| 3. Employees' Dining Room—Extended: needed to make room for serving the large number of people we have during the summer—materials and labor—estimated..... | 1,500.00 |
| 4. Big House—Small, Used Stoker Installed: installation materials and labor..... | 90.00 |
| 5. Big House Kitchen—Window Fan: | 30.61 |
| 6. Garden House Addition—(given by a trustee): furniture for two bedrooms | |
| Chest of Drawers: 2 needed; one costs..... | 29.49 |
| Mirrors: 2 needed; one costs..... | 9.60 |
| Beds—Hollywood Type: (with coil springs and felt mattress) 2 needed; one costs..... | 52.30 |
| Window Shades: 6 needed; one costs..... | 4.50 |
| Bedside Tables—With Drawers: 2 needed; one costs..... | 13.20 |
| Desks: 2 needed; one costs..... | 27.95 |
| 7. Garden House Attic Shelves: to keep household supplies and equipment accessible—lumber and labor | 109.38 |
| 8. Mule Barn Stall: partition removed to make larger stall—labor..... | 17.12 |
| 9. Electric Drill—1½": | 39.00 |
| 10. Carpenter's Level—42": | 11.36 |
| 11. Shoeing Knife: | 5.25 |

BEECH FORK NURSING CENTER

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial

| | |
|---|----------|
| 1. Cow Stall: flooring and sills replaced—lumber and labor..... | \$ 36.74 |
| 2. Tin Can Hole: with wooden top and hatch door—roofing and labor..... | 35.00 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| 3. Paint: for 3 bedrooms and bathroom—estimated.... | \$ 25.00 |
| 4. Dishes: replacements..... | 10.00 |
| 5. Draft Stabilizer: for heating stove in Clinic Waiting Room..... | 4.50 |
| 6. Battery Lantern: for use at Stinnett Clinic when power fails (safer than candles)..... | 5.00 |

BRUTUS NURSING CENTER
Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Horse Barn and All Out-buildings: creosoted; barn stall floors built up—estimated..... | \$ 125.00 |
| 2. Road from Pullgate to Barn: made safe for large truck delivering hay and coal—gravel and labor..... | 138.91 |
| 3. Chicken House: repaired—lumber and labor..... | 41.72 |
| 4. Tin Can Hole: with wooden top and hatch door—roofing and labor—estimated..... | 35.00 |
| 5. Washing Machine: | 159.95 |
| 6. 2 Kitchen Tables: new tops—materials and labor..... | 20.00 |
| 7. Dishes: replacements..... | 15.90 |
| 8. Bedside Table: with drawers..... | 13.20 |
| 9. Aluminum Extension Ladder: 32'..... | 54.00 |
| 10. Gooseneck Lamp: for clinic desk..... | 2.75 |

FLAT CREEK NURSING CENTER
Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Kitchen Sink with Double Bowls and Metal Cabinets: to replace 33-year old sink (single bowl)..... | \$ 300.00 |
| 2. Chest of Drawers: for nurse's bedroom..... | 29.49 |
| 3. Bedside Tables: 2—with drawers; one costs..... | 13.20 |
| 4. Cooker-Canner: for sterilizing syringes and midwifery packs..... | 22.70 |
| 5. Horse Barn—Repairs: roof, feed room, and stalls—labor..... | 62.50 |
| 6. Aluminum Extension Ladder—32': | 54.00 |
| 7. Stainless Steel Knives, Forks, Spoons: service for 8..... | 12.00 |
| 8. Paint: for 2 bedrooms, clinic, and waiting room; 6 gallons needed; one costs..... | 4.54 |

RED BIRD NURSING CENTER

Clara Ford

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1. Patients' Lavatory; Toilet: (cracked in sub-zero weather)—replaced—fixture and installation.....\$ | 41.35 |
| 2. Horse Barn—Whitewashed: inside and out (4 stalls, runway and tack room)—lime and labor..... | 42.10 |
| 3. Kitchen Range: parts ("fingers" and coil spring) and labor..... | 23.18 |
| 4. Filing Cabinet—2 drawers: for records..... | 13.65 |
| 5. Bed; Hollywood Type: legs and coil springs..... | 29.86 |
| 6. Dirt Shovel: | 3.75 |
| 7. Paint; for 2 Bedrooms: 3 gallons needed; 1 costs..... | 4.54 |
| 8. Living Room Grate: for Fireplace: | 12.95 |

This list would be longer but for the kindness of Mr. Floyd Bowling of our Red Bird Committee who has been good enough to do a lot of repairs at the Center as a courtesy.

WOLF CREEK NURSING CENTER

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 1. Drainage in Front of Garage: culvert pipe, cement, and labor—estimate.....\$ | 100.00 |
| 2. Vacuum Cleaner: | 40.00 |
| 3. Curtain Material: 25 yards..... | 12.50 |
| 4. Bedside Lamps: 2 needed; one costs..... | 3.95 |

CONFLUENCE NURSING CENTER

"Possum Bend"—Frances Bolton

This center was at Confluence for 32 years. It was evacuated in 1960 under orders of the United States Government. The site is now an access area for the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir and the buildings have all been torn down by the Government. The new Frances Bolton Nursing Center has not yet been relocated.

THE SORGHUM BABY

by

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

Not far from Hyden, up one of the branches off the road to Hazard, lies a little homestead, tucked away in the folds of the converging wooded hills. There you will find in the end of the summer, a local industry, not too often seen any more—the making of sorghum molasses from home grown sugar cane. It is one of the old crafts still seen occasionally, like soap making from hog grease and lye.

It was at sorghum making time, that we went up this hollow to visit a mother soon to have her baby. Like many of our healthy young mothers, she was preparing to give birth to her baby at home. Our visit was to assist her in making preparations for the happy event, where the new baby could be immediately shared with his brothers and sisters. A kinswoman was coming to care for the family, after the baby was born. The baby clothes were neatly packed away in the cedar chest. It was now a question of waiting until “the apple was ripe enough to fall.”

The husband, a miner and a hill farmer in his spare time, kept a mule, hogs, chickens and a milk cow. Just about this time, he sustained a very nasty injury, by one of those freak accidents which sometimes happen. When milking the cow one night, she suddenly swung her head around and caught him in the eye, with her horn. Nothing could be done to save it and now he was wearing dark glasses and supposedly resting in bed. However, the cane had been cut and it was time to get to work on the sorghum making. With help from his neighbors he set up the cane press and dug the pit for the bed of a huge log fire for boiling the juice.

Some days later we carried out our weekly pre-natal examination, made a few suggestions for setting up the bedroom for home delivery, then accompanied by the mother, walked up the hill to see the men at work.

It was quite an education. The cane had been cut and stripped of its leaves and tassles and piled in orderly heaps near the press. Two mules were being used, one to spell the other off. Their job was to pull the long bar, from the centre of the press, endlessly around in a circle, to work the rollers that crushed the

cane stalks. The young lad operating the mill had to be constantly alert to the proximity of the pole, while feeding in the cane, in order not to be suddenly decapitated.



The juice ran out as a thin green sticky fluid and was collected in a large tub and carried by hand downhill to a long metal boiler, now lying over a white hot fire of logs, in the great pit.

All day long the cycle went on, juice being continuously added to the boiling liquid, strained through a bag. Then the scum was removed with a long handled sieve, made from a wash pan bored with holes, and the finished syrup dipped up at the end of each day.

A hot job in this humid September heat, that the men were glad of the shade cast by the roof thrown up over the site of operation. The heat from the fire shimmered like phantasmagoria and was reflected back from the metal roof and utensils.

The men sweated from their labours, until the cool of evening and early dark gave them respite. Three days it took to run all the cane through the mill, then the grande finale—the stir off, when neighbors gather together to celebrate the end of another year's labour of plowing, planting, tending and gathering of yet another harvest.



We were invited back to taste at the stir off and came at edge of dark to find the celebrations almost over.

The liquid had thickened all the time while boiling, the scum was scooped off with the sieve and packed into barrels for mule and hogs to enjoy and now rich brown molasses was dipped up into containers. Some of these had been stored for the night under the empty hood of a deserted truck. The men whittled down some corn stalks, letting us taste the inside sweet pulp. Then using these like a lollipop, we dipped into the warm molasses and sucked the sweetness off, like children with taffee apples.

What a lot of the simple pleasures of life have already been lost to this generation. To us from "Outside," it was an experience to be cherished for a lifetime and a great privilege to share. We drove back down the hollow in the open jeep, in bright moonlight, to the echo of "Come back again!"

Come back again we did, to deliver a baby daughter, early next morning before the sun had topped the hill! The cock crowed out his glad news and the world awakened to welcome another soul to share its wonders.

A LETTER TO MARY BRECKINRIDGE

**THE NATIONAL SOCIETY
of the
COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA
in the
COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY**

My dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

At the Annual Meeting of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the Commonwealth of Kentucky which was held in Frankfort last Friday our President, Mrs. J. Carter Stewart, announced that you had been a member of the Society for fifty years.

I am sorry that you were not present to receive the congratulations and hear the applause which so aptly expressed the feelings of all the members.

We are proud indeed that the Colonial Dames has had such an outstanding and truly world famous member for so many years.

May I also extend my personal congratulations and trust that you can be with us at our next meeting to be held the second Friday in November.

Cordially yours,

Signed: CLARA A. WINSTEAD
Corresponding Secretary

May 13, 1962

ODE TO FNS or FRONTIER FROLICS

by

PATRICIA WARE, R.N., S.C.M.

'Twas early March of '62, when I joined FNS.
I'd been travelling from England for two weeks more or less,
When early Thursday morning I arrived in Hyden Town.
I stood and gazed about me where the bus had set me down,
. . . At the drugstore, and the courthouse, and the cobbles at my
feet
And half expected Wyatt Earp to come along the street.

But no Marshall doffed his hat to me with grave and gallant
sweep.
Instead 'twas Maggie met me in a rather ancient jeep.
She said, "We're glad that you've arrived. We've been expecting
you."
And Patches walked all over me by way of greeting too.
We set off down the highway—which I thought was pretty bad
With bumps and hollows—(Since I've learned it's the best road
that we have).

We kept right on along this road, 'til we came to Muncy Creek.
When I saw the water I felt sure another path we'd seek.
I was pretty green I grant you . . . and green's the shade I grew
When, instead of turning round about, we just kept straight on
through.
"It's fortunate," quote Maggie, "river's fordable this trip."
And I just wished I hadn't left my life-belt on the ship!

So we kept right on at cracking pace, let nothing bar our way
(Though we made a temporary halt to load a bale of hay!)
And soon we were at Wendover, the FNS "H.Q."
The stables and the Cabin and the Big House came in view.
I loved it from that moment, and I didn't care a jot
That cold water, in the bathroom, came from the tap marked
"Hot."

I met so many people. It seemed that every place
I went there was an outstretched hand, and brightly smiling face.

And really I was flattered (though I must confess I smiled)
When Mrs. Breckinridge said "Pray, tell me, who's this child?"
Then we had tea . . . the "shamrock-kind" . . . made with just
three leaves.
But to compensate this weakness . . . there was beer in the
cheese!

Then I met all the animals, the cows and geese and dogs,
The horses and the chickens and the shrilly-singing frogs.
I was shown the lovely mountains which stretch for mile on mile
Then went, one sunny afternoon, a ride . . . Kentucky Style.
After sitting to a "running walk," I think there is a lot
Which can be said in favour of a good old English Trot!

I stayed a week at Wendover, and then to Brutus came.
I'd never seen the centre, though I'd heard of it by name.
But I settled in, unpacked my case, got all my clothes hung up
And soon acquired a slipper-chewing, fluffy, puddly pup!
It seemed I spent quite half my time in mopping up the floor
And the other half in learning things I never knew before.

I'm learning how to milk a cow. Why is it that I fail
When I try so very hard, to hit that wretched pail?
I've been taught how to make butter, clotted cream and cottage
cheese
And how to bake real cornbread so that it's sure to please.
And what to feed the animals and how to tend the flowers . . .
(Oh! . . . We do see the odd patient . . . if they come in clinic
hours!)

Here I met Jill and Toni, such—ahem—dear good friends.
They took me round the district, the forks, the creeks, the bends.
We visited a family, living way up on a hill.
By the time we reached their little house, 'twas I who felt quite
ill!
'Twas the altitude, of course, which made me breathless, and
quite hoarse
. . . But I vowed, if I got down again, I'd start a keep-fit course!

Now at my driving practice I've worked hard in every way
And either Jill or Toni would accompany me each day.
We've had our bumps and bruises—but then a bruise soon mends
And what's a ditch or river, or the odd crash, between friends?
And now I feel quite confident . . . (though I **didn't** pass the
test!)

But I reckon Jill and Toni need six months complete rest.

Well I guess that really brings us up to the present time.
I've run out of material, I'd better end this rhyme.
But I dare say in the next two years there will be plenty more
For though at times the work is hard, 'twould never be a bore.
And what'e'er it brings, I'll tell you that I'm certain, more or less
I'm going to love each moment of my term with FNS.

A SPRING TONIC

From an old friend in the mountains, who got it from her mother, we have the following recipe for a spring tonic: Burdock roots, Wild Rose roots, Ginseng roots, Golden Seal roots, Black Snake Root, Wild Cherry bark, Dogwood bark,—all steeped together with Gum Guaiac added. Old people in here have often used this mixture and it sounds like a good spring tonic to us.

THE LIGHTNING BUG

The lightning bug is brilliant
But it hasn't any mind.
It goes through its existence
With its headlight on behind.

The contributor says she has known this most of her life but doesn't know its source.

OUR MAIL BAG

From a Subscriber in the Shenandoah Valley: I adored the last Bulletin (Winter 1962) and Dr. Massie's speech is splendid. I especially like the interior view of St. Christopher's Chapel. It is so lovely—all of it.

From a Navy Nurse: The Bulletin is a delight always.

From a Friend in Dayton, Ohio: When the Quarterly Bulletin arrives, both of us sit right down and read it through.

From a Friend in Vermont who is 90 years old: In spite of failing sight I read a good deal and I look forward to the days when the Frontier magazine comes.

From a Member of the Boston Committee: The Bulletin is the most exciting delightful reading and I love every issue.

From the Editor of a Department of a Great Newspaper: Of course you realize that the Bulletins themselves have a quality—literary, human, themselves inspirational—not too common in such publications. I always get something extra out of them. But you may not mind being told that too again.

From the Chairman of our New York Committee: Since rereading *Wide Neighborhoods* several weeks ago and loving it, I have wanted to write you and tell you how impressed and moved I was.

From a Friend in England: Thank you for continuing to send us the FNS Bulletin which so entertainingly keeps us in touch with you all. Now we have a photo of your little Chapel to go with a previous one of the St. Christopher window.

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Margaret (Peggy) Barker, Cambridge,
Massachusetts—March 1, 1962**

I can't tell you how often the Nursing Service, and all it stands for, has been on my mind. I avidly read the Bulletin each time it comes out and feel with you each snow-clogged winter and flooded spring. Especially since I started teaching, Kentucky has come back to me for it was knowing the children there which first convinced me of the importance of education and the challenge of trying to reach young people.

Since leaving you in 1959, I have finished out at Smith College, graduating last June. Summers were spent in a wide variety of ways: working at a summer school here in Cambridge, as an exchange student from Smith to England under the English Speaking Union, and finally taking my first education courses at Harvard University. I am doing a year of teacher-training at the Shady Hill School, working with the eighth grade—a wonderful age!

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**From Mrs. John Stone (Jane Bidwell), Greenough,
Montana—March 26, 1962**

How nice it was to hear from you and to get the Quarterly Bulletin. I had such fun coming across names that I knew.

Our family now consists of two boys, aged four and one. They are a lively pair. We had a short week and a half vacation which we spent motoring to California. On the way down we took in Knotts Berry Farm and Marineland. It was lots of fun for all. We have had quite a winter here. Even at this late date we have knee-deep snow out on the fields.

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From Mathilde (Tilly) Hunting, Bermuda—April 1, 1962

A group of us from Colby are here for ten days and are having the best time you can possibly imagine. We've all rented motor bikes and have had great fun scooting around on them.

Everything has been so perfect that I'm afraid I'm going to regret leaving tomorrow.

New London, New Hampshire—April 19, 1962

It seems strange that we are almost through now. School is over at the end of May and we graduate June 3. After Colby, I plan to transfer either to the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, or the University of Rochester. Sue Perry is going into nursing, as you probably know. She is going to be studying at Columbia.

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From Fanny McIlvain's Mother, Devon,

Pennsylvania—April 3, 1962

Fan is busy these days bottle feeding eight Corgie puppies. Our dear little Pogo died. The vet had to perform a Caesarian and she went into shock and died. We loved her very much. Fan brought home eight little puppies weighing about one-fourth pound apiece. After ten days they are all flourishing and weigh about one pound apiece. Fan gives them a bottle every three hours but not during the night. They lived on the kitchen table until yesterday but they outgrew their box and now are in a larger box in Fan's bathroom. The most amazing thing is that Deacon, Pogo's father, and Eyk, Fan's German Shepherd, have taken over cleaning up the pups and at each feeding they lick each pup from top to toe—keeping them clean and healthy! Eyk seems to know feeding time and waits at the door of the room until Fan comes with their meal. Eyk has never had a family but she certainly has a maternal instinct. It really is an amazing performance!

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From Mrs. W. G. Ellis (Pam Dunn), West Point,

New York—April 11, 1962

We have our orders for Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, and plan to leave here August 1, our route being New Jersey and Graham's family; Delaware and mother; lunch with Aunt Dot and on to Bedford, Virginia, where Cynthia and Dusty are; Wendover, if convenient for you; and on to Kansas. We are so pleased to be going to Leavenworth which is the Command and General Staff

School—a nine-month course. This time next year we'll be awaiting orders again.

. . . .

From Mrs. Parker Wood (Edie Verbeck),

Tampa, Florida—April 17, 1962

The girls all have interesting summer plans: Sally will be working for three months in the Marine Bank, followed by a trip back to New York; Phoebe will be spending the entire vacation in the wilds of Canada looking after the young daughter of friends of ours; and Wendy will be swimming in AAU meets representing Tampa. Parker and I hope to drive out to California in August to visit my sister and her family near Los Angeles.

. . . .

From Marion Shouse Lewis, London, England—April 25, 1962

We flew over from Madrid this afternoon and arrived at a warm, sunshiny England. We left Portugal, reluctantly, to go to Valladolid and Burgos for the Holy Week processions. As we crossed the mountains and had to stop for customs, it was snowing. When we arrived at Valladolid we were told that all weather records for one hundred years had been broken. But the processions were well worth the long cold drive. At Valladolid they were impressive, and at Burgos they really touched an inner chord. Of course Good Friday night was the climax. Imagine an old, walled city with a superb cathedral, the front of which is on an open square, surrounded by medieval houses. About two thousand people were gathered, and all except a few were in medieval costume; some in long robes and high peaked hats, with masks covering their faces; some dressed as soldiers with tunics and helmets; a few girls in long robes with kyrtles and wreaths on their heads. This scene was lighted by the candles or torches they carried together with a few clusters of spotlights; otherwise, darkness except for the nine floats which were also lighted. These floats were composed of statues, removed from the churches and the cathedral for the occasion, resting on beautifully decorated carriages, pulled by, or borne on the shoulders of the marchers. Then came bands of robed monks, and of little choir boys singing as they walked. At the end, the last float, a

statue of the dead Christ, was followed by a band of soldiers playing the death march with muffled drums. When this last reached the old gate of Santa Maria, having crossed the river on the Santa Maria bridge, hundreds of people lined the roadside; and as the statue passed, everyone fell to their knees in silence. The whole scene was lighted by a full moon which shone on us all—I shall never forget it.

Easter Sunday, having driven down to Madrid on Saturday, we went to the Anglican Church which is under the auspices of the British Embassy there. Here we heard the Archbishop of Canterbury preach a splendid sermon and, staying on for Communion, watched him assist at that service, doffing his mitre and robes and acting as assistant pastor and acolyte. On Maundy Thursday we had seen, in the cathedral at Burgos, the Bishop there wash the feet of the poor. There is so very much I want to learn now of the history of Spain.

We both love London and there is so much we want to see. Today we go to Westminster Abbey for service and to Hampton Court in the afternoon. On Monday we are off to Salisbury.

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From Mary Alice Waters, Paris, France—May 3, 1962

Last night when I got back from a wonderful three-week vacation in Greece where I was visiting my brother, George, I found your letter waiting for me. I came to France about the beginning of September and spent six weeks at Tours in the Loir Valley, doing an intensive program in French and visiting the chateau country—mostly by bicycle. In Paris I've been living with a French family and continuing my struggles with the language as well as studying an interesting mixture of art, music, literature, and the complexities of French politics. Vacation time has given me plenty of opportunity to travel in Europe, with trips to Austria, Spain, and Italy.

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From Helen M. (Hought) Barber, Cleveland, Ohio—May 12, 1962

You all are in my thoughts so much now that spring is coming to Cleveland. I found an iris in bloom in a sheltered nook but I saw in my mind Wendover's green in May.

It was such a pleasure to come this past winter and see the Christmas lights still burning on the holly tree.

We graduate in June. After a bit of dashing about the countryside, I plan to spend the summer at the University of Michigan Biological Camp, Pellston, Michigan.

. . . .

We are stunned and grieved over the death of **Benita Barnes** (Mrs. Frank F. White) in a tragic motor accident last month. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to her husband and to all of her family.

We send our love and tenderest sympathy to **Beth Burchenal Jones** in the loss of her father, Mr. William Burchenal, in May.

. . . .

A WEDDING

Miss Isabella Breckinridge of New York, New York, and Mr. Arthur M. Dubow on March 2, 1962. We send our warmest good wishes to this young couple for every happiness.

. . . .

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Stalford (Ellie Massie) of Bernardville, New Jersey, their first child, a son, John Massie Stalford, last November.

Born to Doctor and Mrs. Robert David Mehlman (Lila Caner) of Brookline, Massachusetts, a son, Robert Paul Mehlman, on February 18, 1962—weight eight pounds.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Collins (Jo Grimaldi) of Essex, England, a son, Stephen Collins, on April 30, 1962—he tipped the scales at eight pounds and five ounces.

We congratulate these three fortunate babies and wish for them the best this life can hold.

. . . .

Our congratulations to courier Katherine Trowbridge (Mrs. Edward Arpee of Lake Forest, Illinois) on becoming a grandmother on March 17, 1962. Her daughter, Harriet (now Mrs. Neil Sherman) was entered for the Courier Service when she was born; but was unable to spend a full courier term here. She came for two weeks in 1956 and was a big help to us. In early March Harriet wrote us:

We are now at home in Lake Forest, awaiting the arrival of a wee Sherman. We refer to it affectionately as "The General" and word has it that we shall probably add "nuisance" to it later on. An ideal apartment has come our way: six rooms, over a heated garage, next to a deep ravine and on the lake. I can't think of anything missing really. The couple in the apartment next to us have a brand new baby so we should have great fun together.

Our doctor is one of the two obstetricians I worked with at Lake Forest Hospital just after graduating at Wesley. As I am interested in natural childbirth—common sense sort of thing—there is a chance he may let me deliver in the labor room instead of the delivery room, if all goes well. This way, Neil may be present if he chooses. I know that would be distasteful to many people, but I doubt their having given the idea much thought. Anyway, I would love him to be with me if he wants. Then if all is well—and why shouldn't it be—we may go home within a few hours.

Of course, it remains to be seen just what does work out but I still feel that for the average woman we overdo this hospital bit terribly. We ran a study through the Chicago Maternity Center and Wesley Memorial two Christmases ago and discharged women four hours after their delivery. Using a hundred women—everything went well—no complications—just a lot of women happy to be home in familiar surroundings. If I had an FNS or a maternity center set-up available in Lake Forest, I would grab a home delivery this time. Perhaps the next baby will come at home. It is such a wonderful thing to experience birth at home. That is where these things belong, barring complications.

Well, it would take more time than you can spare reading for me to relate a few things about my travels in Israel, Iran, and India this last spring and summer. What was to have been a two-month period of travel, observing medical work and OB and finding a job for a year over there, became an unbelievable marriage of East and West. Neil and I met through a mutual friend in Kashmir where we both were vacationing. We were married after a whirlwind romance. Why, Neil and I shall never let our daughter do this crazy sort of thing—and yet—if it meant finding a Neil in her life, I might relent. Dad and Neil might as well be father and son and he and mom do enjoy him so much. Anyway, they have had such faith in me—what a splendid set of parents I've raised!

VOLUNTEER WORKERS

We have, as all of you know, more volunteers for the summer courier posts than we can accept. What we need this summer, and every summer, are volunteers with secretarial training to relieve for vacations. All their expenses would be paid. They would live in the forest at Wendover. They would get to know the FNS work, and its field, as only people who share in it can know it. Any girl with secretarial training should write to Miss Agnes Lewis, Wendover, Kentucky.

CONGRATULATIONS, GIRLS!

It is rather exciting to be written up in one's lifetime as an historical character. This is especially true for a woman in her 80's when the writers are school children.

I.

Anne Guthrie of Middletown, Kentucky, is eleven years old and in the 6th grade. Her paper is entitled ". . . That Blessed, Old, Grey-Haired Critter" Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. It was written for the essay contest in the American History Month sponsored by the Captain Abraham Hite Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. We are happy to relate that Anne's essay won the state contest for the best essay.

II.

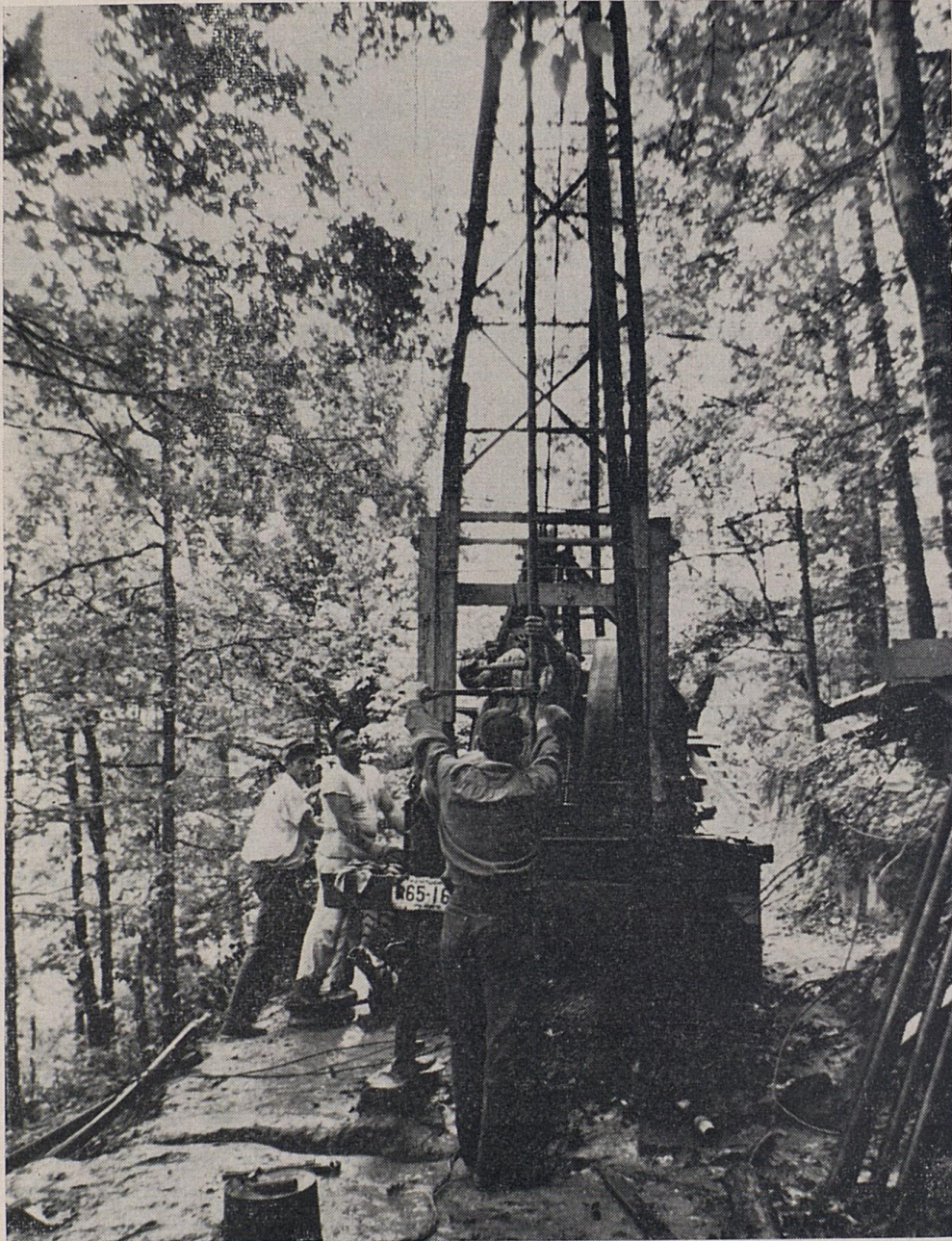
Kathy Combs is a seventh grader in the Highland Junior High School of Louisville who lived at one time in Hazard. Her paper is entitled An Historic Figure in My State—Mrs. Mary Breckinridge. In April the John Marshall Chapter of the DAR presented her with an engraved medal and a certificate in honor of her essay.

Both of these young writers have done their jobs so well that we truly believe they will become real historical characters in the course of time.

HOW TO GET A BABY

A little girl in the area around Hyden Hospital lived in a house with a telephone. An expectant father from a house further up the road came down to telephone the Hyden nurse-midwives that his wife needed them. This little girl remarked the next day: "I know how we can get a baby. The next time someone comes here to call the nurses, we'll just go out in the road and we'll stop the jeep so we'll get the baby before they go to the next house."

M. T



A RIG

(Illustration for Wells — Worthy and Worthless)

Photograph by John A. Kos, Courtesy of *The Lilly Review*

WELLS — WORTHY AND WORTHLESS

by

AGNES LEWIS

Executive Secretary of the FNS

Those who read *Wide Neighborhoods* will find a whole section on Hyden Hospital's early wells in Chapter 22. After four wells had been drilled, more or less, and revealed salty water, or not enough water, and after we were depending most inadequately on Well No. 4 for the Hospital supply, our late National Chairman, Mrs. Thruston Ballard, gave us Well No. 5 in the summer of 1936. This well, 210' deep, was perfect. It supplied enough water, clean and cool, for a plant twice the size of our Hyden Hospital Plant. It did this for 23 years. Then in 1959 it was bashed in by a crawling mountain.

The crawling of mountains in here is due to a winter so cold that sub-zero temperatures prevail and make fissures in a mountain. When such a winter is followed by very early heavy rains, then the rains fill the fissures. The pressure is not only on the surface. Deep under ground the swollen streams wreak havoc.

Hospital Well No. 6 was drilled about sixty feet out of the line of the sliding area. At a depth of 210' we had an ample supply of palatable water. Alas and alack, this was of short duration. Something deep down under moved again and this time brought a salt stream into the bottom of our well. The patients on salt-free diets asked their families to bring them drinking water and the staff got used to salty water, tea, and coffee. The problem did not cause us too much concern until all of the equipment began to corrode. We got the best expert advice available in this area as well as from the State geologists and the State Health Department. We had the water analyzed and were advised that the salt stream must be sealed off just as soon as possible. It was estimated that the salt was in the bottom stream—the largest stream. We made cotton bags about eighteen inches long out of feed sacks. We filled them with Type 111 cement, given us by the Highway Research Laboratory, Lexington; dropped them in the well and "compacted" them to fill every crevice. We got rid of the salt but found that we had only half as much water left as we normally need.

Our plumbing contractor had difficulty in pulling the submersible pump before "operation salt stream" and advised our not putting it back in the well—the movement of the mountain had made the well crooked. We installed a jet pump that sits on top of the well; and used plastic drop pipe which works better than rigid galvanized pipe in a crooked well. The Hospital Plant went on reduced water rations, and we asked Mr. Oakley Spurlock of our Red Bird Committee to bring his peach twig over and locate a site for Hospital Well No. 7. This time he went high up on the mountain on the level of our cisterns where the slithering and sliding hillside could not damage the well.

The drilling was begun August first. On August thirty-first, after numerous delays, the well was measured as a depth of 303'; the submersible pump was set and run long enough to estimate the capacity of the well—we had only half enough water to meet our full requirement!

We evaluated the situation from every angle. By drilling fifty feet deeper, we stood a good chance of getting an abundant supply of water from the new well. We took the chance. At a depth of 343' the drill bit got caught, pulled loose from the cable and settled down in the bottom of the well!

Two of our staff, Margaret Willson and Anne Cundle, have given the history of this worthless and now abandoned well in the following verses:

They drilled through the sandstone, they drilled through
the slate,
They almost drilled to the neighboring state.

Three hundred and forty-three feet was the well,
And here's where the story gets sadder to tell.

You can fish for a bass, you can fish for a trout,
But the driller went fishing to get his bit out!

He brought tools from Hazard to pull out the bit
But they found them too large—the "teeth" wouldn't fit.

So, off to Virginia, he said he would go
To find the right tools—but oh dear, how slow!

Three days later, all began fishing again
And this time the bolts on the rig broke in twain.

By the end of September, it was hard to keep calm
When the driller brought news of the rig's broken arm.

So, with block and tackle they fished for one day
But made no more progress and they all went away.

On the 9th of October they came back to work
With tools from Alonzo who hates men to shirk.

They worked a day here and they worked a day there,
And the Hospital, I am sure, had resorted to prayer.

By the end of October, it is sad to relate—
The Hospital well was in the same state!

We have just finished drilling well Number 8; and apparently we now have a worthy well. Mr. Oakley Spurlock was good enough again to locate a site for us. This one is on the level of the Hospital Plant, between the Hospital and Haggin Quarters.

At Gray Hawk, Kentucky, some sixty-five miles away, we found a most satisfactory driller with a very good rig. He came on Monday, May 7, and by Thursday, at a depth of 125 feet, he thought we had enough water. We set the submersible pump and calculated the output at about 750 gallons per hour—not as much as we wanted, but it would suffice. We have now connected this well with the main pipe lines to the cisterns; and as this Bulletin goes to press the flow has not diminished. We are keeping our fingers crossed!

FAN MAIL TO KATE IRELAND IN CLEVELAND

After her talk to the Intown Club in Cleveland, Kate Ireland received a lot of fan mail. We have space to print only one of these delightful letters:

“Just a brief note to congratulate you on the magnificent talk you gave at the Intown Club. Not only were the slides inspiring but we could hear every word you said and it told a story without a lot of verbiage. I think most of us left feeling that we ought to do something for that great work in the Kentucky mountains.”

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by

HELEN E. BROWNE

From Martha Lady in South Rhodesia—February 1962

Here is my subscription to the Quarterly Bulletin. I am feeling terribly left out without it! I have been enjoying my work very much. Just now it seems to be an "off-season" for babies so midwifery is taking a back seat to whooping cough. I wish I were better at convincing the mothers of the value of "shots" before the child becomes ill. They love the "shots" when they are sick, but are afraid when they are well. The usual excuse is that it "is not our custom." Fortunately there are a few that have seen the value.

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From Elaine Douglas in Asmara, Eritrea—February 1962

At present I am teaching in our boys' school and they are so dear. I do find it frustrating not knowing their language. In June I hope to start the study of language and after that to get back to midwifery. The clinic at the school keeps me busy. I saw Agnes Crozier back in December and we had a good chat. She enjoyed seeing my Kentucky pictures, and hearing my story of the building of St. Christopher's Chapel at Hyden.

I enjoyed the story of the Big House living room at Wendover, and felt I was right there. I shall never forget my year in Kentucky and its wonderful people, and all the experiences I had. Some day I hope to return.

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From Betty Mantay in the Western Cameroons, Africa

—March 1962

We are kept busy most of the time. Everything was so strange at first, but I am now beginning to feel as though I belong, and am able to distinguish one face from another. Trudy Schatz is here at Banso, so we often talk of the FNS and you are often in our thoughts and prayers. The other nurse here took her training in London and teases us FNSers for talking so much about the Service.

Trudy has started teaching a class of Grade 1 midwives, and I am teaching a group of students in general nursing. I now have a good idea what my instructor went through. The work is certainly a great challenge and I enjoy it more all the time. Please say hello to everyone for me.

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From Barbara Walsh in Weymouth, Massachusetts—March 1962

I am sailing for India in less than a week and look forward to it very much. Thank you for sending the names of FNSers in India. One of them is in the same province that I will be in. On our trip we hope to stop for a visit to the Holy Land, and for a short trip to the Pyramids. My mission is one hundred years old. It was established to help the women and children of India; but it is expanding with the times, and now the student nurses in our training school have to care for male hospital patients before they can graduate, so for the first time in our history we have a building specially for the men and the students are learning to care for them.

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From Linda Young in Cincinnati, Ohio—March 1962

Last summer was one of the most wonderful ones I have ever spent, and I would love to come back but it just is not possible this year. I am now working in a lawyer's office, and believe me it is really different from the Garden House at Wendover—no dogs barking or babies crying! It is a good job and I think I had better keep it while I am in school. It looks as though I will be spending the summer in Cincinnati.

I am looking forward to our choir tour this spring. It will be my first time on tour—we will be going through Kentucky and Tennessee, and it sounds like a week of fun. Please give everyone my love and tell Mrs. Breckinridge that her book is being read by some of my friends, so the FNS is gaining new friends.

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From Catherine Lory in Liberia—March 1962

No doubt you already know that the Beasleys and I live in neighboring trailers and the doctor and I frequently work together. You all know how nice it is to work with him, and it is especially wonderful for me where medical help is so scarce.

Battle and Gabrielle (*Beasley*) keep us livened up, and there are two other children on the compound.

Esther Bacon is about 65 miles from us. Two weeks ago she spent the night with me, and we had much to talk about. FNS will always be a second home to all her graduates. Our thoughts are often with you.

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From Audrey Williams in Cornwall, England—March 1962

This has been a very bad winter for Cornwall. I was in Penzance last week and the damage there is quite amazing. The road along the front is still closed to traffic. Heavy pieces of granite had been tossed about by the sea and cranes were being used to move them off the road. We are five miles inland and on the north coast, so did not have so much damage; but I have never experienced such winds. It was difficult to keep the car on the proper side of the road.

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From Rosemary Radcliffe in Cardiff, Wales—April 1962

It seems an age since I left Kentucky, and much as I would love to come back, I do not see a chance at present. I guess those mountains get into one's blood and it is hard to get them out. It is not often that my thoughts are away from you all. When I first came home I worked in a hospital for six months and now I am on the district; but somehow, I do not believe I will ever be as happy as I was in Kentucky. Thank you very much for the Bulletins which keep me up to date. It is a great thrill to get them.

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From Margaret Field in Jacksonville, Florida—April 1962

In July I became administrative assistant of my hospital. The new title means no change in function but does bring increased responsibility. My big news is that after months of working, waiting, and wondering, I have finally qualified as a deaconess in the Methodist Church. This status seems very precious because it was far more difficult to attain than any position I ever held or any school to which I ever gained entrance. I expect to be commissioned at Atlantic City in May. I attended

the quadrennial convention of the International Council of Nurses last April, in Melbourne, and found it a tremendous experience.

Our new building has become a reality, and we dedicate it on Palm Sunday. I have spent the better part of a month preparing a brochure for the occasion—I enjoyed doing this, but it is not nursing and there are so many other things that need my attention. I seem to attend innumerable meetings, and work on long range plans for the improvement of patient care. My work is always interesting and absorbing, even though sometimes frustrating and very difficult. I am so happy to be here.

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From Olive Bodtcher in Urundi, Africa—April 1962

I am in a leprosarium here in Urundi. We have about 1200 people at the colony, not all of whom are patients receiving treatment. Many of the worst cases have members of the family here to help them garden. Their main food is beans. Kirundi is the language, and it is one of the most difficult of the Bantu languages. It takes many years to feel "adequate" in speaking it. I have been here for one and a half years, and find the work interesting. The midwifery part of the program is pretty well mine, and I am trying to train some of our young girls here to be capable in handling normal cases. Best wishes to all.

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From Dr. Rogers Beasley in Liberia—April 1962

For three weeks I was assigned as guide to the Brother's Brother team who visited Liberia to vaccinate for smallpox, and I enjoyed it very much. They really did vaccinate thousands, and operated on dozens in between, lots of large thyroids. The thing of greatest interest at the moment is the epidemic of sleeping sickness in the Central Province—right here in our district. Please give our love to everyone.

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New Babies

To Dr. and Mrs. Waldo Enriquez (**Sylvia Leatherwood**) of Pineville, Louisiana, a son named Waldo Ramon, born on April 3, 1962.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jahugh Morgan (**Ruth Offenheiser**) of Stockton, Illinois, a son named David Jay, born on April 12, 1962.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rossiter (**Anne Hunt**) of Bath, England, a daughter, Penelope Anne, born on April 14, 1962.

We welcome these three new arrivals and send our best wishes to their proud parents.

FROM WISE GIVING

Americans give an estimated \$8,000,000,000 each year to charitable, religious, and philanthropic organizations, and there are thousands of such organizations.

Although the vast majority of the charitable and philanthropic organizations in the United States are honest and reasonably sound, some are incompetent or relatively useless, and others are outright frauds.

A serious problem for contributors is the fact that many of the worst organizations camouflage themselves with the cloak of respectability,—by obtaining a list of big-name sponsors, by adopting idealistic and high-sounding titles, and by misleading contributors as to what they actually do with the funds received.

National Information Bureau, Inc.

205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

You may become a member of this Bureau for \$10.00 a year. This will entitle you to receive the confidential reports on charities that appeal to you for funds. Write Mr. D. Paul Reed, Executive Director, for information.

FLATTERING TITLES

Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite of the kindred of Ram said long ago—"For I know not to give flattering titles . . ."

Job, XXXII, 20-22

In Memoriam

MRS. F. T. ARMSTRONG
Louisville, Kentucky
Died in January 1962

DR. J. P. BOGGS
Hazard, Kentucky
Died in April 1962

DR. M. ETHEL V. FRASER
Denver, Colorado
Died in March 1962

DR. JOSEPHINE D. HUNT
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in February 1962

MRS. POLK LAFFOON
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in March 1962

MRS. CLARENCE LeBUS
Lexington, Kentucky
Died in November 1961

MRS. EUGENE W. LEWIS
Grosse Pointe, Michigan
Died in November 1961

MR. JOHN MAGGARD
Wendover, Kentucky
Died in April 1962

MR. LEWIS MORGAN
Wendover, Kentucky
Died in May 1962

MRS. GEORGE M. TOEWATER
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died in April 1962

MRS. OSWALD G. VILLARD
New York, New York
Died in March 1962

MRS. RICHARD J. WHITE
Baltimore, Maryland
Died in December 1961

Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

—*Al-Mu'Hit* by Edwin Arnold, 1832-1904

When **Dr. Josephine D. Hunt** died, we in the Frontier Nursing Service gave up the best friend any Service could ever have had. Dr. Hunt was not only a charter trustee but the organizer and chairman of our Medical Advisory Committee. All of our patients in the nineteen twenties were routed through her and reassigned by her to the other devoted physicians and surgeons who gave their services. All of our early nurses were also routed through her and she gave them their directions for reaching us. Her hospitality was extended often to patients coming out of the mountains and to nurses going in to the mountains. It would not be possible to enumerate all of the ways in which she worked with and for the Frontier Nursing Service. But what she did for us was only a part of her dedicated life. Her love for the Service, and her faith in what it was doing, could not have achieved so much were they not the outcome of a compassionate heart. Dur-

ing all of her life, Dr. Hunt gave herself, her home, her private means, to all who needed her. The blend of a compassionate heart with an intellect of high integrity has always produced, and always will, the finest flower of the human race. We are reminded of something that Florence Nightingale wrote, quoted in Sir Edward Cook's *Life*. For our beloved physician it is a fitting epitaph:

"Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift. There is nothing small in it. For the greatest things grow by God's law out of the smallest. But to live your life, you must discipline it. You must not fritter it away in 'fair purpose, erring act, inconstant will'; but must make your thought, your words, your acts all work to the same end, and that end not self but God. This is what we call *character*."

With the waning of the year 1961, the Frontier Nursing Service gave up in this world three of its early friends. **Mrs. Eugene W. Lewis** was a charter member of our Detroit Committee, as was her husband who predeceased her by years. One of our early meetings at Grosse Pointe took place in their home, and their hospitality and personal kindness, as well as their generous support, never failed us over the years. **Mrs. Clarence LeBus** was at one time chairman of our Blue Grass Committee. To her charm as a person was added the deeper attribute of a warm and kind heart. In **Mrs. Richard J. White** we lost a charter member of our Baltimore Committee whose support and deep interest in our well-being had never failed during all of the thirty-two years since we first knew her.

During the long cold winter, which extended well into March, we lost several of our oldest friends. **Mrs. F. T. Armstrong**, daughter of our late loved Chairman, Mr. E. S. Jouett, was a member of our Louisville Committee in which she and Colonel Armstrong had always taken a deep interest. Instead of dwelling on the sadness of death we like to think of the joy it is to her father to have her with him again. To **Dr. Ethel Fraser** an affection for the Frontier Nursing Service first came about through old ties which she and I had in common. The American Committee for Devastated France, where I worked under our great chief, Miss Anne Morgan, had an affiliation with the American Women's *Hospital Association*. This meant that some of their doctors worked with us as the military doctors withdrew

from our territory. Dr. Fraser, one of these physicians, was true blood through and through. It was a joy to me to coöperate with her when I began my special work for the French children. She too loved children. Perhaps that is why she cared about the Frontier Nursing Service so very much that she supported it and to remember it in her will.

Mrs. Oswald G. Villard was also my personal friend with whom I delighted to meet when I went to New York. In looking back over the years there is hardly a time when I do not remember having known her and her late distinguished husband. She, too, has left a legacy to us as a further token of her faith and love now that her beautiful life in this world has come to an end. Although **Mrs. Polk Laffoon** lived at her lovely country place on Turkey Trot Road across the Ohio River, she was a charter member of our Cincinnati Committee and a most devoted one. Her generous support was unbroken for thirty-four years. She shared our life and welcomed us into hers, during all of that long span of time. In our missing of her there is rejoicing because she has won through to a triumphant entry on the other side of death.

A number of our friends left us in April. The life of one of these, **Dr. J. P. Boggs**, is woven in with ours throughout our earliest years in the Kentucky Mountains. He and his horse, Snip, rode over from Hazard more than once to answer our calls and he saved the life of more than one woman. His skill was only equalled by his great kindness. When he retired from active practice he presented Snip to us. One of our nurses said that Snip seemed like St. Christopher to her. He knew all of the deep fords in her district and carried her as safely as he had carried his master. We like to think that St. Christopher joined in the welcome for Dr. Boggs on the other side of death. **Mrs. George M. ToeWater** of Cincinnati was an old and devoted friend of ours as well as a generous one. She was so kind as to remember us in her will. But then she was always kind and many are the people and causes that rose up to call her blessed. **Mr. John Maggard**, like his wife, was a member of our Wendover Committee and there was no limit to his glad coöperation with us at every turn. A fine representative of a fine Kentucky family, he lived up to the best traditions of his race.

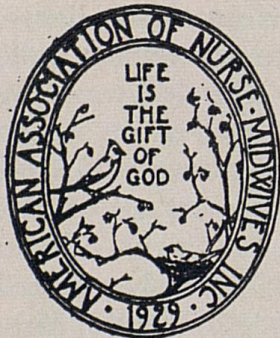
In **Mrs. Bissell Carey** we lost one who had served on our

Board of Trustees for many years. Whether here in Kentucky, where she came down to see us, or at her country place in Connecticut, where I visited her, she was always a delightful person. We were indeed happy to have this great lady include us among her charitable interests and give herself so fully to us. She has left a legacy that will continue her financial support. She has also left us memories of her beautiful life in which we were privileged to share.

Mr. Lewis Morgan was our caretaker at "The Clearing" by the river in the Wendover boundary from 1929 until his death on the first of May. He and his family lived in our cottage there. They took care of our livestock and rendered us countless other services. It is hard to say goodbye to an old friend. We never doubt but that his love and loyalty have gone with him beyond the grave to that true life where love and loyalty reign supreme.

To the families of these old friends of ours we extend our tender sympathy.

M. B.



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF
NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives will be held at Wendover, Kentucky, on Saturday, October 27, 1962. This year the members will be honored by an address from Dr. Robert A. Kimbrough, Medical Director of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. Official notices of the meeting will be sent to members in the summer.

HELEN E. BROWNE
Secretary

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The mail that comes to us from beyond the mountains is sometimes oddly addressed. Some of these envelopes bear titles such as the Furniture Nurses, Frontier Nervous Service, and, gayest of all, the Frontier Nursing Circus. Just lately we have received a post card addressed Medicine on Horseback.

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We are always happy to have our work presented to various groups, professional and lay, by members of the old staff and couriers. On March 12, 1962, Sister Anne Paul (our Betty Ann Bradbury) spoke to the Lower Arkansas Valley District of the Colorado Nurses Association in La Junta, Colorado. Dr. John H. Kooser spoke again this spring to a group of nurses in Irwin, Pennsylvania. Old courier Amy Stevens Putnam spoke on April 13 to the Boston Alumnae Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi at the home of Mrs. Frank Carter in Wayland, Massachusetts. Mrs. Carter was Kay Davis, a former editor of *To Dragma*, who has been in to see us several times.

Our courier and young trustee, Kate Ireland, spoke to the Intown Club of Cleveland on Monday, May 7. There was a large attendance and Kate's talk, with colored slides, was enthusiastically received.

Later in May, Carolyn Banghart, Dean of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, spoke to the Student Nurses Association of District 2 of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses in Lexington.

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The New York Committee gave its traditional annual party in behalf of the Bargain Box on Thursday, May 3, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd. As always this party was most successful. A lot of valuable rummage was brought by the guests to be sold in behalf of the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box during the summer months. Carnations for their buttonholes were sold to the men for \$1.00 each. Everybody had a mighty good time.

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The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, now

under the chairmanship of Mrs. Richard Higgins, has put in motion its plans for the Fifth Annual Christmas Preview Benefit at the New England Mutual Hall on October 22, 23, and 24. Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence, old courier Pat Perrin, will be the 1962 Benefit Chairman. Mrs. John L. Grandin, Jr. is in charge of the Sponsors' invitations which went out in April. She and Mrs. Albert B. Carter are revising the general invitation list. There will be more about this in our Summer Bulletin which gets in the mails about the middle of September.

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The Annual Meeting of Trustees and Members of the Frontier Nursing Service takes place this year at the Louisville Country Club on Tuesday, June 12, after this Bulletin has been mailed. This is our 38th Annual Meeting and we are thirty-seven years old.

Mary Breckinridge

"FURTHER INVESTIGATION UNNECESSARY"

Dwayne Walker, Coroner of Leslie County, received information from Det. E. E. Wilcox that an examination of the human skeleton found at Asher, Ky., recently was that of a female Indian approximately 26 to 27 years of age and of 5 feet 6 inches height.

Chemical tests made at the University of Kentucky indicated an age of at least 300 years making further investigation unnecessary.

—*The Thousandsticks*, January 11, 1962

THREE MILLIONTH PATENT GRANTED

The three millionth patent was recently issued by the U. S. Patent Office at a special ceremony. Dr. Kenneth R. Eldredge of Menlo Park, California, won the patent for inventing a speedy electronic system for reading bank checks. U. S. Patent Commissioner David L. Ladd hailed this event as another achievement in the long history of the patent system that has helped spur United States' technological growth. The patent system gives "every person an equal opportunity to create something new and to improve what already exists," the Commissioner stated.

The first U. S. patent ever granted dates back to 1790 for an improvement in the "making of Pot ash and Pearl ash by a new Apparatus and Process." Patent Office files contain many famous inventions that revolutionized the country's way of life and had a profound effect on the rest of the world. Eli Whitney's cotton gin (1794), McCormick's reaper (1834), and Morse's telegraph (1840) helped steer the United States in its earlier days toward the technological age. The "Golden Age of Inventors," the late 1800's, soon followed. This was the time of Bell's telephone, Edison's light bulb and phonograph, and Marconi's wireless telegraph. Today, more than 300 applications pour into the Patent Office each day, showing that Americans have not lost the inventive touch.

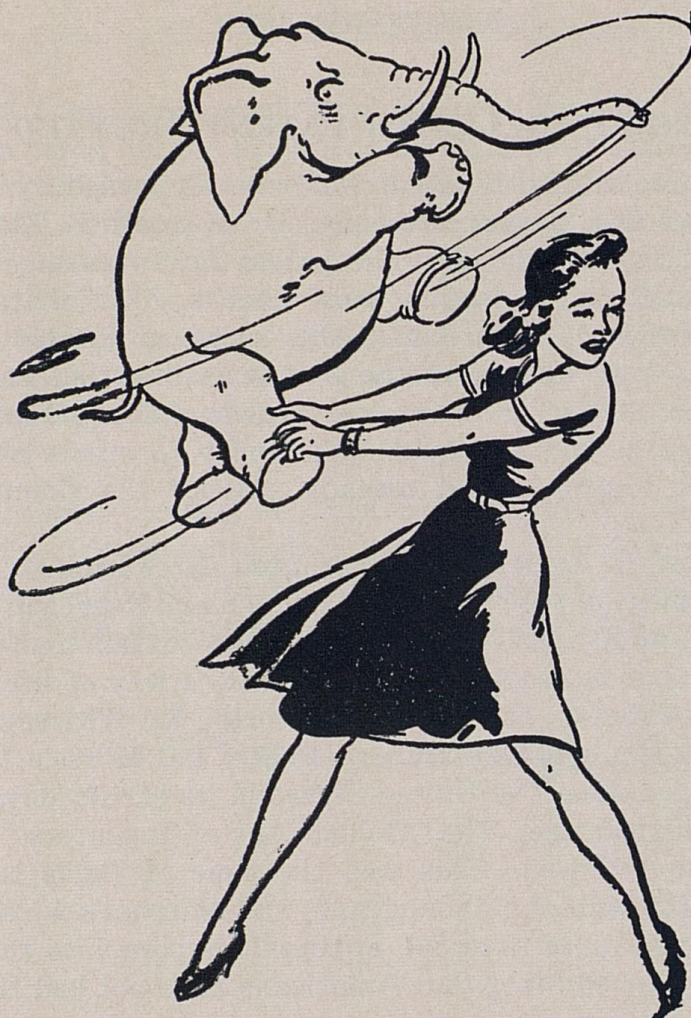
—*Reporting from Washington,*
Frances P. Bolton,
Congressman, 22nd District, Ohio

PLENTY DEEP ENOUGH

"They say, my boy, that beauty is only skin deep. But that's plenty deep enough for any reasonable man."

Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son
Quoted from memory

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

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

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

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

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

FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The Frontier Nursing Service had the honor of entertaining the Right Honorable Sir David Ormsby Gore, K.C.M.G., Ambassador to the United States from Great Britain, and Lady Ormsby Gore on Sunday, May 6, 1962. Sir David and Lady Ormsby Gore flew to the London, Kentucky, airport where they were met and brought to Wendover by car and jeep. Their Excellencies were accompanied by Mrs. Peter Mennell, wife of H.M. Consul General in Cleveland, and Mr. Paul Scott Rankine, Counselor from the Embassy in Washington. Following lunch at Wendover, the party visited Hyden Hospital, the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center at Flat Creek, and had tea at the Clara Ford Nursing Center at Red Bird before being driven back to the Embassy plane at the London airport.

We are most grateful to Sir David and Lady Ormsby Gore for spending a part of their brief Kentucky visit with us here in the mountains.

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The Executive Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service held its spring meeting at Wendover on Saturday, April 28. The Service had the pleasure of entertaining the following members of the Committee: Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Mrs. John Harris Clay, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Mr. Henry R. Heyburn, Dr. Francis M. Massie, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, the National Chairman, Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, and Mrs. F. H. Wright. Mrs. Massie and Mrs. Heyburn accompanied their husbands and Missy Allen came with her parents. Mrs. Gordon Loud, Chairman of the FNS Washington Committee, and Miss Elisabeth Mackenzie came from Washington with Mrs. Patterson.

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Wendover has been a beehive of activity this spring. Several of the stone retaining walls have had to be rebuilt and foundations of two of the older buildings repaired. An addition to the Garden House at Wendover is under construction and will be finished sometime in June. This will give us three much-needed

offices on the ground floor, two equally needed bedrooms and a bath on the second floor, and additional storage space in the attic. On the hillside above the Cabin, we have added "The Hut," a large, airy room which will take three or four cots and will house the overflow of young summer guests.

We know that our readers will be interested in the latest news of Hyden Hospital's water woes and will want to read Agnes Lewis' "Wells—Worthy and Worthless" elsewhere in the Bulletin.

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We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Alice Lewis and her son, Mr. Ray Lewis, of London, Kentucky, and to Mr. A. B. Morgan of Hyden for the gift of the stone to build the foundation for the Garden House addition; and to Mr. Jim Hoskins of the Red Bird District for the lumber to re-floor a bridge over the creek at the Clara Ford Nursing Center.

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Mrs. Breckinridge, accompanied by Agnes Lewis and Helen E. Browne, attended a meeting of the Flat Creek Committee at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center on Friday, April 6. There was a large attendance of members old and new, including several charter members, and a great deal of important business was transacted. The secretary, Mr. Walter Mullins, read his admirable minutes of the last meeting. The chairman, Mr. Bascum C. Bowling, presided. He is still using crutches following the accident that broke his hip some time ago.

We are proud and happy to print the following RESOLUTION passed unanimously by the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees at its spring meeting:

"WHEREAS, Mr. Bascum C. Bowling has served as Chairman of the Committee for the Caroline Butler Atwood Nursing Center, at the Mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River in Clay County, since it was formed in 1929; and

"WHEREAS, he has served as Chairman for 33 consecutive years; and

"WHEREAS, he has served as Chairman of a Frontier Nursing Service Committee longer than any other Chairman in the history of the Service, NOW THEREFORE,

"BE IT RESOLVED, that the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., tender him an expression of their deep gratitude for a devoted service, which has been of immense value to this organization and to members of its staff."

The Flat Creek meeting was preceded by a delicious lunch which the women members of the Committee had helped the nurses, Mary Simmers and Carolyn Coleman, prepare. Mary Simmers gave the year's report for the nursing center and Helen E. Browne gave the report for the whole Frontier Nursing Service.

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Dr. J. B. Holloway, Jr., Lexington, came up for another of his wonderful surgical clinics on May 2. He brought as his assistant Dr. Jack Gallagher, senior surgical resident at the University of Kentucky Medical Center. Miss Louise Griggs, Miss Mary Ellen Amato, surgical nurses, and Mrs. Christine R. Williams, anesthetist, completed the team. It was fun having these friends with us again and we are deeply grateful for the valuable services they render year after year.

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Our young patients were greatly helped in late May when Dr. Alan S. Freemond, staff ophthalmologist of the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, came to Hyden with four of his residents, Drs. Ken Rowe, Dan Moore, Don Jansen, and John Galt, to examine the eyes of patients at Hyden Hospital and all of the outpost nursing centers. This was the first "eye clinic" to be conducted in the mountains by the Children's Hospital which sends their pediatric residents to Hyden Hospital for general clinics several times a year.

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Carolyn Banghart and Anna May January attended a Workshop on Maternal and Child Health at the College of Nursing at the University of Kentucky in late March. Carolyn went to Manchester, Kentucky, twice this spring—once to speak to the public health nurses of five counties on March 29 and once to speak to the Berea College public health nursing students on April 13.

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We are glad to welcome to the FNS staff Patricia Ware of Chatham, Kent, England. For her first impressions of the Service, we know you will enjoy reading "Ode to FNS or Frontier Frolics" elsewhere in the Bulletin.

Three of our nurse-midwives left us this spring. Jill Ash

returned to her home in England and Harriet Jorden and Toni Lambert returned to California. Toni plans to go overseas and Harriet, who had relieved as Hospital Superintendent during Liz Palethorp's absence, is to be married near the end of June.

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Mrs. Breckinridge spoke to the students of the 43rd Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery at their graduation service held in St. Christopher's Chapel on Saturday afternoon, May 26. The staff and friends were invited to tea at Mardi Cottage following the service. We welcome to the FNS staff two of the graduates, Barbara French and Susan Hershberger, and extend our best wishes to the other students who will be returning to the mission field.

The next class in the School of Midwifery will not begin until July 1, 1962.

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The junior courier in the early spring was Patricia Napier of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Roberta (Bosey) Fulbright of Washington, D. C. is with us now and will stay until the new junior couriers arrive in mid-June. Bosey will return as senior courier for the August period this summer. Birch Hincks spent two weeks vacation from her job in Boston with us in April. Kate Ireland has been in several times this spring and Virginia (Jinny) Branham has been with us since March. Freddy Holdship missed the redbud this year but was able to spend two nights at Wendover in early May.

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The families and friends of a number of the staff have visited Hyden, Wendover, and the outpost nursing centers this spring. Three nurses from the Fort Campbell Army Hospital, Majors Elizabeth Potocik and Alice Cullington and Captain Shirley Barker, and Attorney General and Mrs. John B. Breckinridge and their two children were overnight guests in March. Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Ausherman of Lexington spent a day with us in late March and Dr. Ausherman held informal animal clinics wherever he went. Old courier Emma Coulter (Mrs. James B. Ware) of St. Louis stopped by one night as she and her mare were en route to Virginia. Mrs. L. J. Voell and her three daughters from Wis-

consin were at Wendover for a couple of nights in April as were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ross and Miss Marion Ross of the old staff. Two members of the faculty of the College of Nursing of the University of Kentucky, Miss Greta Fraser and Miss Muriel Poulin, were guests in early May. The Rev. and Mrs. Roger McGuire of Mt. Sterling spent the night of May 13 at Hyden Hospital and Mr. McGuire held a Communion Service for the staff in St. Christopher's Chapel. It gave us pleasure to have Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Foutch of Logan, Iowa, for lunch at Wendover on May 15. We are delighted to have our friend and trustee, Mrs. Charles H. Moorman of Louisville, with us as we go to press and we are looking forward to the arrival of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Mordaunt Elrington of Santa Fe, New Mexico (Peggy Brown of the ex-staff).

Thank you all for coming to see us!

GOOD BUSINESS

A shopkeeper had for some time displayed in his window a card inscribed "Fishing Tickle."

A customer drew the proprietor's attention to the spelling.

"Hasn't any one told you of it before?" he asked.

"Hundreds," replied the dealer, "but whenever they drop in to tell me they always spend something."

—*Toronto Globe and Mail*, Canada, some 20 years ago

CREDIT FOR THREE COVER PICTURES

The cover picture was taken by Mrs. Jefferson Patterson when, as Marvin Breckinridge, she was a courier in 1928. The inside cover picture was taken by Virginia Branham. The inside back cover picture was also taken by this gifted young photographer.

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Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY

Medical Director
Francis Brewer, M.D.

Secretary to Medical Director
Miss Hope Muncy

Hospital Superintendent
Miss Betty M. Palethorp, R.N., S.C.M.

Secretary to Superintendent
Mrs. Mary Whiteaker

Hospital Midwifery Supervisor
Miss Susan Smith, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School
of Midwifery and Assistant Director**
Miss Carolyn A. Banghart, R.N.,
C.M., B.S.

Assistant to the Dean
Miss Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.

**Assistant Director
In Charge of Social Service**
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Nursing Supervisor
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

Field Supervisor
Miss Margaret I. Willson, R.N., S.C.M.

AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

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

Miss Joan Antcliff, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Caryl Len Gabbert, R.N., C.M.

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

Evacuated April 1, 1960

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

Miss Judith E. Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Evelyn Hey, R.N., S.C.M.;
Miss Edna Johnson, R.N., B.S.

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

Miss Mary Simmers, R.N., C.M.; Miss Carolyn Coleman, R.N.

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

Miss Patricia Stevens, R.N., C.M.; Miss Patricia Ware, R.N., S.C.M.

Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center
(Post Office, Big Fork, Leslie County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Anne Curry, R.N., S.C.M.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST

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

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

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

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

Its object:

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

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

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

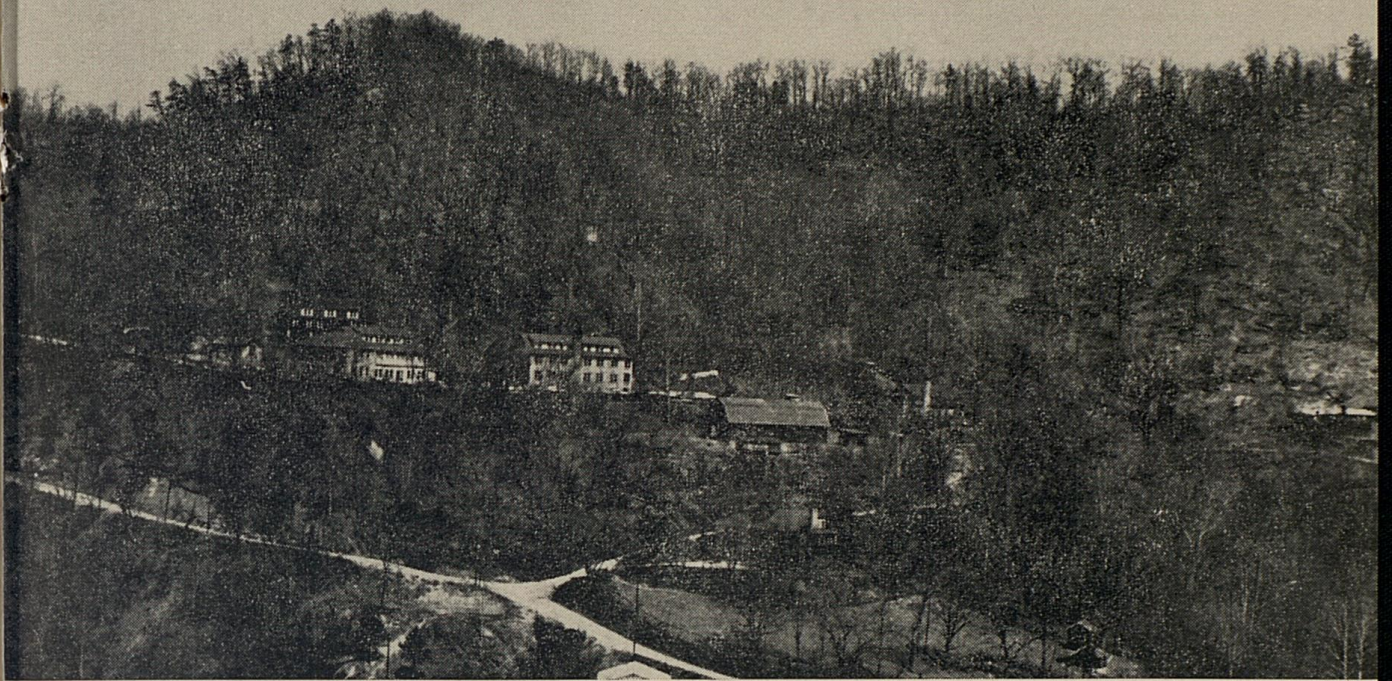
and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky



HYDEN HOSPITAL AND HEALTH CENTER

Annex
Employees Quarters

St. Christopher's Chapel

Hospital
Morton Wing — Gill Wing

Margaret Voorhies Haggin
Quarters for Nurses

Employees Cabin

Mardi Cottage
Student Midwives Quarters

Aunt Hattie's Barn

Employees Cabin

Joy House
Medical Directors House

Water is pumped from a 200-ft. driven well below Joy House up to a cedar tank (left) and a stone cistern (right) high on the mountain.

Septic tanks and drainage fields handle sewage disposal.

Hyden Hospital boundaries include 35.46 acres.

