

Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin

Volume 38

Winter, 1963

Number 3



The year ahead -
what will it bring?
At least we may be sure
of Spring.



What will they hold -
the coming hours?
At least we may be sure
of flowers.



Blossoms, and birds,
and budding trees -
Thank God! we may be
sure of these.

BALFOUR





THE CABINS AT WENDOVER IN WINTER

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

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Although my feet may never walk your ways,
No other eyes will follow you so far;
No voice rise readier to sing your praise
Till the swift coming of those future days
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind,
We may not fare together, you and I.
But, though the path to Fame be steep and blind,
Walk strong and steadfastly before mankind,
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scoring near success,
Lenient to others — to yourself severe.
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness,
God knows all other failure I could bless
That sent you back to find your welcome here.

—From a Newspaper Clipping of Some 60 Years Ago
Author Unknown

"THE YEAR AHEAD . . ."

by SAVORY

This exquisite picture and poem was sent us by Canadian friends as a Christmas card in 1942. There was no way at that time of communicating with *Savory*. We wanted so much to share it with our readers that we used it as a cover for a 1943 Bulletin. We asked our English courier, Alison Bray, to do some research in England and get permission for us to use the cover again. We print herewith Mr. Harry Savory's deeply kind letter of permission.

Bristol, England
26th March, 1962

Dear Miss Bray,

I was very interested to receive your enquiry this morning with enclosure showing a well-remembered cover design. During the Second World War Savory's made a special bid to publish words and designs that would contribute in some degree to lift morale and keep our people in good heart during the dark days of the earlier years of the War. I was in charge of all the editorial side and had collected many wonderful and heartening quotations and verses. I was greatly helped to that end too by the enthusiastic coöperation of some of our artists who were inspired by the same idea. For instance Mrs. Rees who did the drawing on this cover (the name at foot) was a farmer's wife. She still lives near Stamford. Miss Balfour who did the verses was an inspired woman. Those were the days!

Well—Savory's closed down a few years back. They were *not* "taken over." We found no one to take on the specialised hand-produced work we were doing. Your friend is entirely free to make use again of this design. I am only too happy that after 20 years and in the times—so changed—that we now live in—and *specially* with the American link behind it—it is still felt that the design with its message holds something for today. "Blessings on the Frontier Nursing Service" is what I say.

Yours sincerely,

Harry Savory

ICY EXITS

by

KATE IRELAND
Courier and Trustee

"More snow and ice forecast—roads hazardous in Eastern Kentucky." Such have been our weather reports for this past winter. Only necessary trips outside of the mountains have been planned, but many have been delayed or cancelled. Within one week we had three absolutely necessary trips.

On Thursday, January 24, Judy Cundle had to leave the FNS for England (this was on very short notice due to a sudden illness in her family). The Lexington Travel Center quickly made reservations from Lexington to England, but it was our responsibility to get her to Lexington. Our original plan had been for one of the couriers to drive Judy to Lexington, but the roads were impassable for cars. Obviously, then, she would have to take the Black Brothers Bus from Hyden, but to our consternation NO buses were running. Judy by this time was beginning to despair of ever getting on her way—when suddenly, as I was gazing out of the window for an inspiration, along the Wendover Road came slowly into view an enormous truck loaded with hay. The driver informed us that the roads were kind of slick, but he had traveled all night from Dayton, Ohio, and his only worrisome moment was when a Greyhound bus—the one between Hazard and Lexington—almost ran him off the road. Immediately we had a solution. I would drive Judy to Hazard in "Pat Ball," weighted down with concrete blocks, and then put her on the Greyhound for Lexington. It was a long, cold trip, but she reached Lexington in time to catch her plane and begin the trip to England.

There was no way to postpone it, Brownie *had* to be in New York by Monday night, when she was to have dinner with the New York Chairman prior to the annual meeting the following day.

Peggy Elmore had hoped to drive her to Lexington on Sunday, but the icy roads proved to be too dangerous for car travel, and, of course, no buses were running from Hyden. Once again "Pat Ball" rose to the occasion and Brownie, Anne Cundle, and I

set off for London (about 50 miles) where we hoped to find the Greyhound buses running.

The roads were icy but we had no trouble with the 4-wheel drive to help us.

We arrived at London well ahead of the scheduled time for the bus to leave. We heard that buses were running that day and after some lunch drove around to the bus station to await its arrival. We waited—and we waited—no sight nor sound of a bus—a slight note of panic began to creep in as we watched the minutes ticking by.

Maybe the planes were flying—it was a beautiful day and perfect flying weather, so giving up all thought of bus travel, we took off for the airport only to find the runways were covered in ice and snow, and no planes were landing there. Back into London again. Should we try to drive the 85 miles to Lexington in “Pat Ball”?—No, we never would have time to make the train. Maybe we could hire a car?

No one could help us on this idea. Finally a solution presented itself in the shape of a taxi driven by a Mr. C. Cress who was accompanied by his wife. The last we saw of Brownie on her trip north was a hand waving from the window of the fast disappearing taxi.

We heard later that she arrived at the station one minute before the train was due to depart.

The final trip was my own. Tuesday night's weather reports were ominous and Wednesday dawned true to prediction—light snow and dark clouds. There weren't any planes flying in Eastern or Central Kentucky. I resigned myself to a delay and made reservations for Thursday, but Thursday I *had* to leave. Beautiful clear blue skies and no snow but very cold. Piedmont Airlines said my flight would probably be landing in London, but just before I left Wendover, the airport called to say the scheduled planes were not landing as only a short section of the runway was cleared. So then I arranged for a rented car to be at the airport and I would drive to Lexington. Anne Cundle drove me over, racing against time, and arrived at the London airport where I was informed that my only chance of being on time was to charter a plane. (There was enough of the runway

cleared for a small plane to land and take off.) This I did, and from then on my trip north was without further incident.

Such are the hazards and difficulties of leaving the Kentucky Mountains in winter.

AN ANSWER TO INQUIRERS

A number of our readers have ordered autographed copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* since we put a notice under this title in our Autumn Bulletin. We have been advised by its publishers that the retail price of the book has gone up 50 cents. We will continue to mail autographed copies postpaid to anyone, but, to our regret, the price will be \$4.50. This is all part of the inflationary period in which we are now living!

EXAMPLE OF INFLATION

Something that cost \$5 to buy a few years ago now costs \$10 to repair.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

—Allan M. Trout
Louisville Courier-Journal
Saturday, January 12, 1963

AN EASTER BABY

by

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

Another day had about ended—a weary day that was quite ready to snuggle deeply down inside the covers of nightfall. But as I returned home I found Sim patiently waiting for me with the news that Susan was right bad off.

Off Sim and I went in Bounce (the jeep). Bounce skimmed along as though he was going for a moonlight gambol on a beach—except that the beach was only the banks of the Middle Fork—while I kept thinking of my climb up Blue Lick and Stony Gap Mountain. But Sim had been very thoughtful and had arranged for my transportation up the two mountains; Dobbin, the mule, stood quietly waiting, one ear up and one ear down. He was a little on the skinny side, like me. He was saddled with a tow sack for a blanket, the stirrups were of some form of wire, and the girth was a bit of rope. I mounted Dobbin with no assurance that his regalia would remain intact. Sim took the bags, for Dobbin had been plowing and pulling logs all day.

We soon came upon Dobbin's pile of logs. "I'll just get off, Sim," I said.

"No, no," said Sim, "Dobbin will scale that thar pile of logs all right, so don't you worry."

Never having done any fancy jumping, I wasn't so sure but felt that Dobbin and I would be down under with the pile of logs on top of us. I closed my eyes and hoped for the best. We made it!

The cabin was not too far off now. We were soon there. It wasn't necessary this time for the little children to scurry for a glass of water and stand by me while I regained my breath from a long hike up the mountain because Dobbin had fulfilled his mission very well.

I rapidly got out my "tricks," as the mountain people say, and got myself ready to meet Mr. Stork head on.

In about twenty minutes little Charlotte arrived with a lusty yell that defied this old world—eyes of sapphire blue and all of seven pounds. Sim stood looking down on his little daughter.

"She shore is pretty, ain't she?" he said.

The mother looked with adoration on her newborn. After making the mother comfortable and assuring myself that all was well, I prepared to give baby Charlotte newborn care. I sensed a presence of someone standing in the doorway. When I looked up I discovered "the least one," age four, with hair the color of marigolds and a freckled face, staring apprehensively at me. When he realized that I had discovered him, he raced over to his mother and demanded to know if I were getting ready to pack little Charlotte in my bags and depart with her. His mother assured him that I had come to help bring the little sister to him and not to take her away.

In due time, I was ready to leave. Sim assured me he would get Dobbin ready for me, but I declined, saying, "Oh, no, Sim. Going down is much easier than coming up, and I don't mind in the least walking down. Anyway, Dobbin is weary."

I left the cabin nestled on the top of Blue Lick Mountain. A full moon rode high in the sky. Wheels of stars sparkled and glittered in the north. The redbud lifted its blushing face to the starlight night and the dogwood seemed to bow its head of snow. For this was the Easter season, and I remembered another who came as a little baby to grow up and give his life for the redemption of mankind in this world.

On my way home in Bounce, I recalled a saying by someone, "He who looks in the face of a little child looks into the face of God."

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Along in September a little girl rang my doorbell and asked to see "Dora." When I asked her what "Dora's" last name was, she said shyly, and in disbelief that I could be so ignorant, "You know—*Dora!*" Then she added in sheer adoration, "She is my mountain nurse and I *love* her." The way she said "love" carried her very soul into her eyes.

—Contributed by Mrs. Francis Brewer

CONFLUENCE REVISITED

by

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

All over the country Sabin has become a familiar name to millions of families, but here—up and down the various creeks and hollows—it was not so well known until very recently, and then, unfortunately, many people had only heard frightening rumors of this new and apparently dangerous vaccine.

We knew that if we wanted to protect our communities from poliomyelitis—a tragic and crippling disease that affects all ages, but particularly the children—we would have to try and persuade the majority of our widely scattered population to take the Sabin vaccine.

In one of our counties, Leslie, the County Health Nurse was taking care of the school children, but there still remained the adults and pre-school children. Kate Ireland (resident courier) and I offered to visit Grassy and Trace, part of the district once taken care of by the nurses at the old Possum Bend Center at Confluence. It was very cold and snowing hard as we left Wenderover in Pat Ball (a jeep), and it took us about an hour and a half to get to where the old Frances Bolton Nursing Center used to be. The house and barn were torn down nearly three years ago by the U. S. Government to create an access area for the Buckhorn Dam Reservoir. How strange it seemed to see a boat ramp where we used to ride our horses up to the pullgate! Many of the old familiar homes had vanished from sight, and some had been rebuilt high on the mountain. Even Roy's store where we used to buy many of our groceries was now high up on the hill, safe from a rising river.

We asked at the store the best way to cross the river to Grassy and Trace and, although it was deep and wide, we made it to the other side without mishap. Although the scene had changed, the people were as I had remembered them when I had been the relief district nurse in 1957. We were welcomed everywhere with genuine pleasure and warm hospitality, and every family spoke of how much they missed the nurses and how folk now had to travel many miles over rough roads to Hazard or even further to Hyden for all their medical care.

We carried the Sabin vaccine packed in ice and the tin of sugar lumps to each house, and found many people who had previously refused even to consider taking this new kind of "shot" were more than willing to cooperate once they understood what it was all about. Kate had her explanation word-perfect and, as I was only able to croak due to a cold, she was able to answer all their queries and usually succeeded in winning them over.

We took time out when we reached the Perry County line at the head of Trace to drink our hot coffee and eat some sandwiches. It was about 5:30 p.m. when we returned to Wendover, very cold but elated with our success.

The following day was bitterly cold, but the sun was shining in a clear blue sky, and everywhere was perfectly beautiful—especially lovely were the bare trees clothed in ice and sparkling in the sunlight. I was glad we had remembered to take along my general nursing bags as there was a little boy at one house who had fallen and cut his foot. This was soon taken care of with a dressing and a bandage. Then we saw a baby with a very bad cold, and also obviously in need of vitamins. Another little boy had been coughing for a week, and an old lady needed a refill of her medicine which had been prescribed by our Medical Director. She had no way of traveling the icy roads to Hyden. All these and others we were able to help, and they were more than grateful to us.

By the end of the third day we had visited every family on Grassy and Trace, and had only a very few people refuse to take the Sabin vaccine. We promised to try and return later with Type II of the vaccine, and we are both looking forward to visiting once again our old friends in the Confluence district.

TAX YOUR MEMORY

"And now, gentlemen," continued the congressman, "I wish to tax your memory."

"Good heavens," muttered a colleague, "why haven't we thought of that before?"

—*Modern Maturity*, June-July, 1962

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

**From Mrs. John DeMaria (Anne Kilham), Providence,
Rhode Island—November 30, 1962**

On November third John DeMaria of Rehobeth, Massachusetts, and I were married in Putney, Vermont. We have just returned from a wonderful trip to Italy and Greece. (See Weddings.)

I am painting now. Selling quite a few pictures and enjoying it thoroughly. John works for Chemical Products Corporation in East Providence, only a few miles from Rehobeth.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Ranlet Miner, Jr. (Beth Kidd), St. Paul,
Minnesota—December 6, 1962**

We are loving our life in Minnesota. It was just a year ago that we got out of the Marine Corps. We returned to Rochester and Ranny began work on his Master's in History, while I worked at my old Alma Mater. He was offered a job teaching here in Minnesota at an independent school, The St. Paul Academy, and decided to take it. We are the proud owners of a little house, and Ranny is enjoying his teaching experiences immensely. Minnesota is a lovely state, and we find the Twin Cities all we hoped for, and all we looked for in community living.

I have seen Mathilde Hunting a few times since her visit with you in '61. We have compared notes and pictures, and she tells me she is hoping to get back down in the summer of '63. Some day I will come back for a visit, I do so want Ranny to meet you all and vice versa. He has heard so much of you and the Frontier Nursing Service.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Edgar Butler (Sally Taylor), Hartford,
Connecticut—December 9, 1962**

We just heard yesterday that our Judy's fiancé made the U. S. Biathlon Team and will be sent with four other team members and three coaches from Alaska to Germany on December

18th. Judy is going to do substitute teaching and some skiing this winter. We expected our son Bill home from France for Christmas, but the U. S. Army says "no leaves." Ted is still home with us, thank goodness.

.

From Emily Alexander, Bernardsville, New Jersey

—December 10, 1962

I do think of you so much and miss you a great, great deal. And, I have spent much time telling people here about you all down there for it gives me enormous pleasure to do so and it is a manner of vicariously reliving all the wonderful times, as well as the scary ones, of this past summer.

.

From Mrs. James B. Ware (Emma Coulter),

St. Louis, Missouri—December 19, 1962

We rented a camper last summer and put it on the company pick-up truck and went off to the Seattle Fair via Wyoming Ranch, Glacier Park, and then San Francisco, Pebble Beach, and home. We had too many people in the truck and one car (No, No, the triplets did NOT go!) We had three kids and a friend of Nina's and a Japanese doctor who had been in the United States for six years and we thought he had better see something of the country besides St. Louis before he went back to Japan.

.

From Victoria (Vicky) Coleman, McLean, Virginia

—Christmas, 1962

Life as a "school marm" is pleasant and it's grand to be at home. As for next year, who knows—I'm thinking of heading back across the seas again.

.

From Eleanor S. (Maudie) Canham, Dedham,

Massachusetts—Christmas, 1962

I miss you all very much—people, horses, dogs, cats, and cows. I am starting at Hickox Secretarial School on January 7th, taking typing and Gregg shorthand.

**From Mrs. Charles L. Brown (Kirby Coleman),
Raleigh, North Carolina—Christmas, 1962**

Enjoyed hearing about Mrs. Breckinridge. She is truly amazing. Our life is busy and full. All three of our children are in school now. We spend our summers at our house in Blowing Rock, North Carolina, and we're all going to try skiing there for three days after Christmas. I'm the only one who has been on skis, and that's been 16 years! They've got a ski tow and snow machine up there.

Did I tell you about the camping trip we took on horseback with a trailblazer group in the Colorado mountains a year ago? Our oldest boy, eleven, went with us. So I still get on a horse sometimes.

.

From Ellen Ordway, Lawrence, Kansas—Christmas, 1962

It has been a very busy and very eventful year for me, I am happy to relate. I like it that way. I passed the "qualifying exams" at the first of the year, so was able to look ahead to somewhat clearer sailing. Shortly after, it was rumored that the Entomology Department would be taking a collecting trip to Costa Rica during the summer. Of course, I was one of the first to sign up, and was promptly given the task to help organize it. After three months of visas, permits, passports and problems, the trip fell through at the last minute. But not to be outdone by this manoeuvre, I decided to take all our equipment, passports, permits etc. and what was left of our group (three others), and head south anyway for a two-month collecting trip to the back roads of Mexico. Although July to September is supposed to be the rainy season south of the border, we had ideal weather and were able to collect a great deal of interesting material in spite of the drought. It was a good trip with the beautiful and changeable scenery, and the quiet, friendly and inquisitive people to keep you company wherever you went. We purposely covered less ground this year, going only as far south as Acapulco. But after two months of tents and sleeping bags, I must admit a hot bath, a real bed and a permanent camp in Lawrence did feel good. Getting back just in time for the fall semester, I was eager again to settle down for the last long haul of writing and research needed to finish my tour of duty

here. By the end of this year I hope to have two and maybe three papers in press, two of them the direct result of the summer in Mexico. Of course, the subject will be on bees.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Frank R. Little (Sally Foreman), Mill Valley,
California—Christmas, 1962**

Frank and I think of our visit to you a year and a half ago so often, and hope that we can make it again soon with the children.

Karen is now six and a half, enjoying first grade and, amazingly enough, learning to read by leaps and bounds. After the New Year, she will begin riding lessons—her dearest love—so in 1979 or so, maybe another courier will be coming your way. She loves the Bulletin which we read together and eagerly await its arrival!

Rick is a typical three and a half year old boy—very energetic, rough and tumbly and most exhausting but full of fun—his saving grace.

. . . .

**From Mrs. George G. McAnernay (Doris Sinclair),
Contoocook, New Hampshire—Christmas, 1962**

This year finds us in the real backwoods of New England. George has a new job, and we moved up here in August. We are getting settled in for a long winter, and think we'll like it.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch),
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1962**

We took the children by train to visit Mother last summer in New Hampshire, and it gave our fifth grader an idea of the size—at least the width of our country—for her geography this year! We all thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Next spring my husband has been asked to lead a garden tour of Japan and I'm hoping to go along too.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert F. Muhlhauser (Ann Danson),
Glendale, Ohio—Christmas, 1962**

Sandy and Rick will soon be home and the house will be

gay with young voices once more. We can hardly wait. We had a nice trip east in November to attend "Father's Day" at Taft (Rick's school). Sandy joined us from Wellesley and we had a fun week-end. Saw Rick play football in the mud. The only way we could pick out Rick was by his run, walk, or by the way he stood! Taft won, which made it all worthwhile.

.

**From Mrs. Samuel E. Neel (Mary Wilson),
McLean, Virginia—Christmas, 1962**

I hope that 1963 will bring me back into your midst. We are all very well and oh so busy! Amy is about to finish high school and James is working and living at home. Marion Shouse Lewis was here over Thanksgiving and I saw her twice. Also enjoy glimpses of Vicky Coleman.

.

**From Mrs. McGhee Tyson Gilpin (Catharine Mellick),
Boyce, Virginia—Christmas, 1962**

My Christmas feelings and spirit always seem to start with memories of Wendover during the Christmas season. I believe I can, and do, still follow your preparations and festivities at Wendover for all those mountain families. I will never forget the year I was fortunate enough to be part of it. It is one of my very happiest memories. I will be thinking of you again this year.

We are all hale and hearty. Ty is a sophomore at Princeton. Drewdie is a junior at Concord and doing very well. Donald has one more year at home and Lawrence eight more years at home.

.

**From Mrs. Robert A. Lloyd (Sue McIntosh),
Andover, Massachusetts—Christmas, 1962**

Thomas is a wonderful baby, as husky as his brothers but much more peaceful than they ever were, so he is altogether forgiven for not being a girl.

We're living in Andover now, where Bob is teaching part time at Andover Academy (architectural and furniture design) and renting the school shop for his own furniture making. I'm busy with the three fellows, and taking awhile to get used to

living door to door with other faculty families. I miss our field and woods.

.

From Mrs. Robert S. Rowe (Barbara Jack),

Dalton City, Illinois—Christmas, 1962

I hold the Service close to my heart and do so enjoy hearing about it through you and the Bulletin. It was a real joy to attend the Chicago meeting and hear Mrs. Kimbrough.

.

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

California—Christmas, 1962

We love every inch of the West, and are happy that we will be spending about ten years in Cupertino. We arrived almost a year ago today (with one case of chicken-pox—five more childhood diseases to follow before April). Our house is so new and easy to live in. I'm wondering how we ever managed without a family room. Our landscaping plan, designed by Bonzai Nursery free for \$50.00 worth of green purchases, is seventy-five per cent finished, complete with California orange trees. The pepper tree, framed by the living room window, never looks the same twice—waving in the breeze.

We spent two hilarious weeks in New York late in July when we were flown East for David to perform the wedding ceremony for my cousin. We attempted to see everyone we knew, and we almost made it. Grateful thanks to all those who helped us accomplish it.

Alex is into everything. He is the original cat with nine lives! Teddy manages to exist between Alex and Elizabeth by clamping his thumb into his mouth and twirling his hair until it's knotted and he can't retrieve his forefinger. Elizabeth, when she's not standing on her head or swinging from the pepper tree, goes to first grade. She is a real dynamo. Sarah spends half her energy wishing she were a teen-ager and the other half trying to bring it about. She is a real help most of the time.

We are intrigued and involved with this Mission, Saint Jude the Apostle Episcopal Church. It is a demonstration to us of real faith on the part of many who are staking their lives on it. We have a stucco farmhouse between two huge sugar-pine trees in a six-acre walnut and apricot orchard. The people are enthu-

siastic and create almost everything in the Mission, including an altar cross made of huge barn nails. The altar has been our old dining room table, but will be replaced December 25 by a sturdy redwood holy table, made by one of our Faithful . . . the new chasuble made from the loom of one of our own; and we have an out-of-door chapel, with handhewn cross ten feet high, with wisteria reredos and brick flooring—all created by a man and his seven children. The Sunday School is still scattered amongst the family rooms of Pepper Tree Lane, and there is quite a scene in the tract on Sunday morning when fifty cars come rolling in with our 125 children. The architect was selected this week to begin work on our new buildings. Months from now when we move into them, we'll feel nostalgia about our old farmhouse.

.
From Celia Coit, Agoura, California—Christmas, 1962

I had a marvelous trip last spring and summer—the most fun and most interesting ever. It included a month in Russia and Poland.

.
From Mrs. Theodore Gustav Koven (Stephanie Van Rensselaer), Lebanon, New Jersey—Christmas, 1962

Little Serena Koven was born April 26th and is so cute. She's blondish with deep blue eyes, wonderful expressions and is keeping us quite busy and frantic at one pace or crawl ahead of her looking for wires, plugs, papers, pans of dog food and everything else that's fun to chew on! A wonderful energetic wee prospect for a courier!

It is so much fun to read the Bulletins and catch up. I've some wonderful pictures of adventures at Flat Creek and around Wendover that I look at ever so often when I think, wonder and "kind of" pine away for Wendover. I saw that Bosey Fulbright was a courier last summer. I did the class news for our St. Tim's class and was delighted to ask and write Bosey about her adventures. She loved it. What a surprise to find out through the Bulletin that she was there though!

.
From Nancy Dammann, Bangkok, Thailand—Christmas, 1962

I love Bangkok. The Thais are a delight to work with. I

have a very interesting job, as an advisor to an AID Community Development Program. What we are really trying to do is to teach the villagers to help themselves to build roads, schools, et cetera. I must say I often think of FNS, for many of the ideas we are trying to introduce you have been practicing for years in Kentucky.

.

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

Lansdowne, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1962

Our Christmas started December 21 when David and his wife and eighteen months old son arrived from the University of Wisconsin. They are studying math in graduate school—both of them—and Keith “helps.” He looks fine—his parents look tired! Our second son is in his first year at the Divinity School at Yale. Stephen is a senior at Maryville. Marjorie is probably going to Maryville, too, as she loved it when she visited last spring.

I am still working with unmarried teen-aged mothers and their babies. We’re now financed as an experimental research project by the Children’s Bureau.

.

From Alison Bray, London, England—Christmas, 1962

I was delighted to have the account of Mary Breckinridge Day. It must have been most exciting and I would love to have seen all the procession.

It was wonderful seeing Betty and Anna May during the summer. We had a lovely party with Ethel Mickle and never stopped talking for a minute!

I am thoroughly enjoying my flat and have lots of visitors—in fact it’s now almost a guest house.

I had a two weeks’ holiday in France in August—in the Vosges mountains. I went with three friends and we had a very happy time, with perfect weather—which was a pleasant change after our dismal English summer. I also had a fortnight in Vienna in April. It’s a really fascinating city.

.

From Mrs. Charles W. Steele (Candy Dornblazer),

San Jose, California—Christmas, 1962

How well I remember the happy Christmas that my family

and I spent at Wendover! Sometime I hope to have Chuck and our three future couriers visit.

Chuck is about to begin work on Stanford University's unique new two mile linear accelerator. His first job will be to design the high power tests for the fantastically powerful Klystron tubes which will be used to provide power for the accelerator.

I am now near the end of my fourth year of teaching preparation for childbirth classes and still find it as fascinating as ever. We have just completed a 25-minute color sound movie for use in our program and others interested in this area. It is intended to prepare husbands for "coaching" their wives during labor. Since our Heather came along at a helpful time, it is her birth which is shown—she's becoming quite a well known baby!

The film has increased substantially the father's participation in our classes and judging from comments from all over the country, it is apparently helping to meet a real need.

. . . .

From Susan Perry, Concord, Massachusetts

—Christmas, 1962

I am having a super time at Columbia and thoroughly enjoy the course. So far, our work has concerned the theoretical; but next semester we begin our clinical experience, thus coming into contact with the patients.

. . . .

From Lucy Conant, Hamden, Connecticut—Christmas, 1962

Am continuing to teach public health nursing at Yale and also am working on my dissertation. It keeps me busy. I enjoy having a house and garden as much as ever, the only thing is that I'm beginning to run out of space for planting any more flowers and shrubs.

. . . .

From Dorothy Caldwell, Burlington, Kentucky—January 6, 1963

It has been too long since I've seen all of you. How I would love to have been there for the Mary Breckinridge Day in September. The Bulletin and your letter about it were wonderful. I love the picture of Mrs. Breckinridge on Doc, and, doesn't Betty look like the brigadier general at the head of the parade! It was

a great occasion, and the sort of spontaneous tribute that I know meant more to Mrs. Breckinridge than anything anyone on the outside could have done in recognition of her accomplishments.

We're all well, and all working much too hard! Supervision is not honor and glory—it's long hours, and lots of detail, and the kind of fetching and hauling that makes me wish I had a good pack mule. I don't believe anything could be better preparation for a supervisor of a county school system than a few terms in the FNS Courier Service.

. . . .

From Mrs. Robert A. Lawrence (Pat Perrin),

Westwood, Massachusetts—January 7, 1963

While today is still fresh in my mind, I want to write you mainly to say that Maudie Canham did a superb job speaking on the FNS at the Winsor School. She first gave a fifteen-minute talk summarizing your organization and then with the slides was able to illustrate her points. Her enthusiasm and obvious pleasure in her experiences with all of you were most contagious and everyone was thrilled with their hour devoted to the Frontier Nursing Service.

. . . .

From Edith H. Fulton, Colorado Springs, Colorado

—January 10, 1963

Cammy Riggs and I are both here at Colorado College. We go riding a lot together and always talk about our respective summers at Wendover. We just drove 2,000 miles from Connecticut out to Colorado and will probably repeat the journey in the spring but on a longer route that we hope will go through Kentucky.

. . . .

From Gertrude Lanman, Newton Highlands,

Massachusetts—January 13, 1963

I am constantly reminded of the FNS as my work (cancer research) has led me frequently to Boston-Lying-In of late. I am attempting to extract and purify an enzyme from—of all things—human term placenta. (Technically it is "estradiol 17 B dehydrogenase"!) I am forced to wait for private patients, as all the ward cases are in the big M.I.H. study. Believe it or not, I

had to wait five days to obtain a placenta this week—as no doubt Gwendolyn Buchanan can testify, all the babies came during the night.

Meantime, as you know, I have moved to Newton where at last I am able to have a dog. "Shadow" is rather famous since he's a former lab dog used in some of the preliminary research at M.G.H. that let "Eddy" Knowles' arm get put back on. His favorite activity is riding with my now 21-year-old hunter. I retired her from hunting this year but we (three) still enjoy long leisurely rides through the country. I loved "The Shining Day"—wish I could have been there.

. . . .

From Fanny B. McIlvain, Devon, Pennsylvania

—February 7, 1963

It was perfect to have a visit from Brownie last week. She spoke beautifully at our meeting and everyone was thrilled with her. The new slides are excellent and are always an addition. Fortunately, we had a good day and a nice crowd. It snowed the day before, which would have meant a small meeting.

Bonnie [*her niece*] has a little girl, born on New Year's Day. She is cute and fat, and we are all thrilled, as you can imagine—all except Graham, who is very frank in saying that he would prefer a brother!

. . . .

From Mrs. William R. Knowlton (Louise Wilcox),

Falls Village, Connecticut—February 12, 1963

I've often thought of and extolled the FNS and wished that I could get down again. My husband is a farmer and it's well-nigh impossible to leave one hundred and ten cows.

We've only one son but he's rather a good one, very proficient with languages but not horses. I've been doing sculpture on and off during these many years and we have Fresh Air kids up in the summer. I work for our local hospital as Nurse's Aide, am on the Altar Guild, and am an indifferent housewife! The country is so clean it doesn't really matter.

. . . .

We extend our love and tenderest sympathy to **Marianna (Muffin) Meade** (Mrs. Frank O'Brien, Jr.) in the loss of her father

early in January; and to **Barbara McClurg** (Mrs. Charles S. Potter) in the recent death of her mother, Mrs. Freeman Hinckley. We share in large measure Barbara's loss because Mrs. Hinckley was for many years a valued member of the FNS Chicago Committee.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Joan McClellan has been transferred to Dalsar from Nairobi. She says that the heat is terrific, but finds life pleasant otherwise.

Gay Reynolds (Mrs. Malcolm Holland Harper) is living in England and writes: "We have a delightful old farm house, and I daily arm myself with paint brush, hammer, etc., and lay to. Rather reminiscent of days at Wendover!"

Sara Lacey started work in the Social Service Department as Welfare Care Coördinator in the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston on August 20.

Marion Shouse (Mrs. Marion E. S. Lewis) sailed on the S. S. Ryndam on February 18th with Lillian Brice and two other friends for a trip abroad. They will spend a few days in Paris, the month of March in Italy, April in England and Scotland and return via Montreal in early May. It sounds like a grand tour and we wish them many happy landings.

WEDDINGS

Miss Anne Kilham of Providence, Rhode Island, and Mr. John DeMaria of Rehobeth, Massachusetts, on November 3, 1962. (See Letters.)

We wish for Anne and her lucky husband a long and happy life together.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr. (Diana Morgan), of Hopewell, New Jersey, a daughter, Leslie Harrison, on January 22, 1963. She weighed in at 6 pounds, 1½ ounces. Diana writes:

"Hurrah! After two lively boys, a future courier."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steffens, Jr. (Jolly Cunningham), of Glastonbury, Connecticut, a daughter, Barbara, on January 27, 1963.

CORRECTION

Announcement in the Autumn, 1962 Bulletin of the arrival of Kitty Biddle's second son should have read:

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Trenchard More their second son, Grinnell, on October 10, 1962.



THE TRIPLETS

Left to right: DICK, JAMES, AND ANNE
Children of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ware (old courier Emma Coulter)
of St. Louis, Missouri.

"WISE GIVING"

Our subscribers will like to know what per cent of the money they give us is used on what the auditors call Miscellaneous Promotional Expense. For our last fiscal year, money spent for this was .72% of the cost of running the Frontier Nursing Service in all of its branches. If one adds to that cost the money given us for new lands, buildings and equipment, then the per cent falls to .66. This fragment of our total costs, less than one per cent, includes sending out invitations to our meetings beyond the mountains, and ballrooms, teas, et cetera. It does not include the cost of printing and publishing the *Frontier Nursing Service Quarterly Bulletin*. The charge of \$1.00 for a year's subscription, required under the postal laws and prorated from every donation, covers the cost of printing and mailing the Bulletin, which goes out as second class mail, from Lexington, where it is printed. The articles and stories and work done on the Bulletin are gratuitous. The work of editing, proofreading, addressing envelopes, et cetera, is done by our regular staff in addition to their other administrative work.

For many years the Frontier Nursing Service has been endorsed by the National Information Bureau. This includes an annual study of the audit of the charity. There are, regrettably, some charities making national appeals which the Bureau cannot endorse. Anyone may become a member of the Bureau on payment of \$15.00 annually. The Spring *Wise Giving Bulletin* of the Bureau has general advice which is open to the public to read. Only the members receive the confidential reports on national charities. We suggest that those of you who give to national charities write for information to:

Mr. D. Paul Reed, Executive Director
National Information Bureau, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

BITS FROM A LETTER HOME

by

MABLE TURNER, R.N.

Since my arrival here in September my enthusiasm hasn't lessened a bit. The program is truly great, the staff is very interesting and good company, the country is beautiful, and the people we serve are mostly very appreciative. Many situations which we meet are highly amusing; likewise, many really squeeze one's heart with their pathos. Our living quarters are very nice and, after the past years of working and keeping house, I really enjoy sitting down to our delicious meals with no concern as to their planning, preparation, or cleaning up afterwards.

There has never been a time when I have felt bored or lacked for something to do. Visiting the outpost centers on time off duty always proves fun and interesting. I love going to the homes and meeting the people. Or just seeing the truly lovely country is always a pleasure. The first week end in November I went with one of our secretaries to the Smoky Mountains. They were at their height in autumn colors. Never have I seen such brilliance over so many miles, even in the New England States.

On December 1, I came to Beech Fork Center for three weeks of district experience. This tour of duty was stepped up by quite a bit because—I'm happy to say—someone cancelled out of the January midwifery class and I will begin in the School then rather than next July. It just puts me six months nearer to what I really want. Needless to say, I'm thrilled to death. For those of you who haven't heard from me for a year, I am going to take the six months' course in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on a scholarship basis. That means I will be working as a district nurse-midwife somewhere in this 700-square-mile area of the Cumberland mountains for at least eighteen months following graduation. If my enthusiasm for it all continues, I will probably be here even longer. Life at the centers is quite different from here at the Hospital—pretty much like country home life anywhere. We do our own cooking, and part of the house work and barn work. A barn boy and maid do the rest. We have lovely horses to ride. Except to a very few homes, our means of transport is by jeep. Many of the

so-called roads are in creek beds, or on a very rough trail which follows a creek first on one side and then the other. This spells quite a bit of leg work or the use of horses when the water is too high for the jeeps. They tell me during the winter months there is a lot of high water.

While on district I went with the nurse-midwife to a home delivery at a home where there were two girls and one boy. The new baby was another girl. The little three-year-old boy looked at his baby sister with his eyes dancing, then looked at his daddy and said, "Maybe, when she gets older, if we pray real hard we could get a baby brother."

REFLECTIONS

by

FRANCES E. BROWN

There are shadows in the valley
But there's sunlight on the hills.
The sky is blue above us
And all around it's still.

I sit and gaze upon the scene
And think of God above
Who gave us life and placed us here
And said that we should love.

Oh, help me, Father, so to love
And live and give for Thee
That other folks will come to know
The Christ of Calvary.

A WINTER BABY

by

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

It was one evening last winter at the Margaret Durbin Harper Center on Wolf Creek where Olive Bunce and I were stationed as district nurse-midwives. The day's work was complete as we closed the barn doors and, casting an uneasy glance at the gathering storm clouds above, we made our way towards the house where we were preparing the Christmas gifts for families living in the territory. In the cosy living room with Barney and Rusty asleep by the fire we settled down for the evening, hoping that the impending storm would be over by morning. However, soon it began to rain and the wind blew in great gusts, moaning and howling in the trees outside. We feared that Molly Brown, expecting her first baby, might be unable to make the trip to the hospital as the road conditions were so bad.

It was about 1:00 a.m. when a loud knock at the door woke us both with a start. The storm seemed to rage more furiously than ever as two neighbors began telling us that on their way home up Wolf Creek they had received a message that Molly was in labor and was, as we had predicted, unable to get to Hyden for the creeks were impassable. Quickly we assessed the situation and, since these two men were unable to get home themselves, they offered to escort one of us over the mountain to Molly's home.

Soon Merrylegs was tacked up and, with the midwifery bags resting safely on her back, it was decided that I should be the one to go. Before long my two escorts and I were on our way. Swiftly we travelled the first part of our journey on the main road. Then, leaving the familiar winding creek road, we turned off onto the lonely path which would lead us over the mountain. On and on we went as Merrylegs picked her way up the formidable slopes to the top; then down to the swirling torrents of the creek below.

Near the head of the creek we paused for a short rest. While we waited I glanced back at the immense mountain over which I had just come. But any momentary feeling of failing courage was soon dispelled by the excellent morale of my two guides

as they continually teased each other about getting their feet wet! On and on we went and after we had travelled through the creek itself for some considerable distance, a welcome light over the porch told us that at last we had reached our destination.

After making sure that Merrylegs was safe in the barn for a well earned rest, I went into the house to Molly who was sitting up in bed, apparently quite unperturbed about the dreadful storm outside and looking forward to her forthcoming delivery. In a short while I was able to assure her that all appeared normal and that by morning she would have her baby. After making her comfortable I built up a good fire and sat down to wait. The only sounds were the distant roar of the creek below and the continuous moan of the wind and the rain beating against the window. As the night wore on the storm lessened in its abounding fury and finally abated.

It was dawn when a fine baby boy was delivered safely into the world with a loud and lusty cry! As he nestled in his mother's arms, joy and gratitude rang through this humble home of which he was now a very precious member.

All was well, and after a hearty breakfast, we prepared for the journey home. The heavy mist which hung over the mountains lifted and, as the sun burst through and the birds broke into song, the whole world rejoiced in our achievement.

Well rested after her previous journey, Merrylegs again made her way up the mountainside to the top where we met Olive on Missy on her way over to see if there was anything that she could do. It was here that with grateful thanks we bade farewell to my two guides and made our way down the road. With many a cheery "Good morning, Miss Bunce" and a "What was it, Miss Anne" greeting us as we rode along, we eventually reached the comfort of the Wolf Creek Center which was our home.

EPITAPH

Here lies the body of Silas Gray
He died disputing the right of way.
He was right, dead right, as he sped along
But he's just as dead as if he'd been dead wrong.

—Contributed. Source Unknown.

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Mary Nell Harper in Ethiopia—November, 1962

Enclosed is a check for a subscription to the Quarterly Bulletin for five years. These Bulletins have been most interesting and help to keep me up on news of my friends. The pictures and the stories bring back a lot of memories of my six months in the Midwifery School.

Our midwifery work here is on the increase. The prenatal clinic especially has a growing attendance. Greetings to all the staff.

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From Arlene Schuiteman in Nasir, Sudan—November, 1962

I returned to Nasir at the end of August after two months medical leave, during which time I had the pleasure of a visit to Clara Sparks in Urundi. To-day we are stunned after hearing the news that two of our mission families have been given six weeks in which to leave the country. This will leave several of our workers alone at their stations. Many of my former duties are now delegated to our new African nurse who was in charge of the clinics during my absence. His management of patients, workers and drugs while I was away far surpassed our expectations. How grateful we are that he finished his training and returned to us this year. We have sent another of our staff members to take this training.

.

From Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters in Marshfield, Wisconsin—December, 1962

We have both been busy at the hospital and clinic, and at the library. We split our summer vacation between Chicago and a visit to friends in Wisconsin's North Woods. The young ones—we cannot refer to them as children any more—have all had interesting years. Bill is a naval aviator, a jet interceptor pilot in the Marine Corps, stationed in California at El Toro, under intensive training for being sent abroad. George spent the year

teaching at the American Farm School in Salonica, Greece, with side trips to Egypt, Sudan and Turkey. He returned in time for a short visit home, and then entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University of New York. Mary-Alice was in Paris taking her junior year of college at the University of Paris, with side trips to Austria, Spain and Italy. For Easter vacation she joined George in Greece, where they and eight other young folks chartered a "caique"—a small motor vessel—for a six-day tour of some of the Aegean Islands—a high point for the year. She spent the summer as swimming, water-skiing and sailing instructor at Boston University's Sargent Camp in New Hampshire.

. . . .

From Edith Batten in Cumberland, England—December, 1962

Always as Christmas draws near, I think of those wonderful, but hectic Christmases in the mountains; and I rarely hear of a goose but my mind goes back to the time when dear old Mac and I were at Beech Fork. We had decided to have goose for Christmas dinner. Mac did the deal with some people up river who had a flock of them. They duly brought the goose to us, still alive—were we proud of our goose! You can imagine the dinner we had planned, but alas for the plans of mice and men. The next day there was a yell from Mac: "Batten, look at our Christmas dinner flying back home." And, sure enough we saw it flying away back up the river. We came to the conclusion that the goose did not like us, so decided to re-join his feathered friends. The folks who had been the owners never acknowledged his return!

. . . .

From Frances Crawford in Ogbomoso, Nigeria

—December, 1962

Instead of returning to Gaza, as planned, I am now stationed in Nigeria for the next two years. The trip, by jet airlines, was short but very enjoyable. Arriving here November 9, I found it was still the "rainy season," and everything was very green. All around us are tropical fruit trees, and many shrubs, trees, flowers and wild animals which are new to me.

I have been assigned to our Baptist Hospital here, to the Maternity Center for which I share the responsibility with a

Nigerian nurse-midwife. She supervises the clinics and I the care of the in-patient mothers and babies. We average about 1200 deliveries a year. We have Grade I and Grade II midwives, ward-aides and cleaners working with us in the Maternity Center. Unlike Gaza, Nigeria has a good supply of trained national personnel in the hospitals.

The Baptist Hospital here is arranged by wards or departments into separate buildings, connected by covered walkways. All the buildings are at ground level. Unlike most hospitals there is no kitchen. Food for the patients is prepared and brought in by the relatives. This arrangement seems to work very well here.

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From Minnie Meeke in N. Ireland—December, 1962

I love to get the Bulletins and "inwardly digest" them. In reading the report on Midwifery I am thrilled when I pause to read, once more, that there has been no maternal death. Will any of the FNS staff be at Madrid for the Congress in June? I have been chosen to represent Northern Ireland and I am really thrilled. This has been a busy year for me, as I am still "ushering in" new babies.

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From Barbara Yeich Edwards in the Marshall Islands

—December, 1962

Hello from across the ocean. I suppose it had to be, as I was the only one in our midwifery class to remain in the States. I am at present the only American woman on a small sand pile in the Kwajalein Atoll. Ebeye is the name of the sand pile. It is about one mile long and between an eighth and a quarter of a mile wide. From our house I can see both the ocean and the lagoon, one on each side of us. Kwajalein Island—of Nike-Zeus fame—is three miles away. That is as far as I have been away from Ebeye in 14 months. We do our shopping on Kwaj., and we had our third child there in the Station Hospital. There are about 3,000 Americans on Kwaj. and approximately 500 of them are women. I try to converse with the Marshallese women on Ebeye, but find it quite difficult, as they are not accustomed to do more than answer me.

We are with the Trust Territory Government. Dick (*her*

husband) is an Education specialist, and he is training teachers. It is a difficult task to say the least, as there is great lack of fundamentals in education, and the average grade level for the teacher is sixth grade.

The Ebeye children are left very much to care for themselves, as their parents work on Kwaj. for the American dollar. They leave at dawn and are gone all day. It startles me to see mere infants in the care of pre-school children, but they seem to have very few accidents, apart from the ever present coral sores. Our girls have many playmates and get along very well in spite of the language barrier. Kathy is 4 years old, and Pam is 2. Our boy, Keith, is nearly ten months old, so I am kept busy. The children seem to thrive on the perpetual summer climate.

. . . .

From Louisa Chapman Whitlock in Bernardsville,

New Jersey—December, 1962

We are rejoicing over our daughter, Martha Sarah, who was born July 30. She is a mite-sized, dark haired version of the boys. She is quickly assuming the role of Queen Bee with joyous sparkle. We have had a busy year—house re-modeling to get us all under one roof, and a business trip for Don (*her husband*) to Tunisia, Syria and Greece, and always the daily routine of four boys in school and one to go next year.

. . . .

From Martha Lady in S. Rhodesia, Africa—December, 1962

I have been busier than ever with new babies and measles. We are in the midst of the second measles epidemic for this year, and it is a bad one. The youngsters are terribly sick, but fortunately most of them recover. We have gone over our records for deliveries for the past two years, and I hope the trend continues. We nearly always have a number of mothers waiting. I delivered another set of twins recently and lost one which perhaps was as well, as in the old days twins were considered unlucky and were killed. The law forbids that now.

There has been very little political trouble here, so our work continues much as usual. I think of all of you often and send greetings for the season.

From Caroline Stillman Muncy in Voluntown,**Connecticut—December, 1962**

Here is a picture of the three Muncys—Marcus, Michael and Lavinia. Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, Sunday School, P. T. A., plus all the Grammer School activities keep me busy. The only nursing I have done this year has been at immunization clinics at the elementary school, but I have not lost my interest in the profession, and hope to return to it some day. I read every word in the Bulletin. A Merry Christmas to all.

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From Isabelle Dougall Marraine in Winter Haven,**Florida—December, 1962**

It is always wonderful to hear, and also read about you, and to be refreshed by all the wonderful things you have done to make such good nursing care available to the people in the Kentucky Mountains. It has always seemed to me to be so downright honest.

My daughter, Ione, is teaching in Melbourne, Florida, again this year; and Peter has been assigned for special duty in radio and TV in Korea. He will be leaving here in January. I expect both of them here within a few days.

The past week was unmercifully cold here, for Florida. The citrus crops have been badly hit which will mean unemployed transient workers, and I expect the processing plants will shut down early this year. My very good wishes to you.

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From Jean White Byrne in Knoxville,**Tennessee—December, 1962**

We have purchased a two-story log cabin and a thirteen acre "plot," and we are trying to put rather nebulous house plans on paper. Most of the ground is old forest, so you would feel quite at home.

Laurie, our older girl is now eleven, and an ardent out-door girl, interested in Scouts, horses and ball; with an overwhelming enthusiasm for everything into which she enters. Terry, now nine, is more of a scholar, liking sewing and crafts. Our very best wishes to you.

From Josie Finnerty in New York—December, 1962

I returned from vacation at the end of August and started work in another hospital in September. In October we admitted many patients after the terrible explosion in the telephone office not far from the hospital. I was on special duty with some of the victims, and the last girl was discharged only last week.

I thought of you all on Thanksgiving Day and wished I could have been with you. Please give Mrs. Breckinridge my love, and good wishes to you all for good luck during 1963.

. . . .

From Margaret McCracken in Monroe, Georgia

—December, 1962

I spend all my time either working or studying. College is going well, in spite of finding it rough after being out for so long. I am glad to have the work as it helps with expenses and keeps me in touch. I get home every other week-end. I do get homesick for some good old midwifery every once in a while—I shall never be anything but a “dyed in the wool” midwife! Bert (*her sister*) married, in December, a very nice man who is with the Health Department. Frankie likes his new father who loves children, so they are one happy family. We are all living at 411 for the present, but they plan on building out in the country, about 15 miles from here. Best Christmas wishes to you all.

. . . .

From Virginia Frederick Bowling in Ann Arbor,

Michigan—January, 1963

Our two boys are really growing up. Kenny will be 13 in February; he is five feet nine inches tall and in seventh grade. Scott was 2 in September and is a lot of company for me. There is a great shortage of nurses here, so once in a while I help out. I am a relief nurse for one of the factories where three nurses are employed, and in the spring and fall I do some private duty which helps to keep me up on new procedures.

We had a great shock in our family last July. My father who had never been sick in his life had a cerebral accident and died the next day. We are so thankful he did not have to suffer long. Scotty (Betty Scott Jakim) and I spent quite a bit of time

together when she was in Ann Arbor this past summer. Please give my regards to everyone.

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From Judith McCormick in Portland, Oregon

—January, 1963

I had a good trip home, and now the mad rush begins getting ready for New Guinea. I have been shopping about every day, buying all the things one needs for a period of three years. Janet (Priebe) and I stopped in St. Louis on our way home and we were told something of what we will be doing. For the first three months we will be working in the hospital after we arrive in New Guinea. Then we will each be going to an out station and will be about two hours travelling time apart, and the same time away from our hospital. We will have a Landrover at our disposal for transportation of patients. After a survey of the area we will be responsible for starting new clinics. Our main work will be a teaching program for the "doctor boys and doctor marys" who are young girls and boys who have had about the equivalent of our grade school education and are now taking a three year "medical course." It will be our job to instruct these young people in how to keep their children healthy. About fifty per cent of the babies die before they reach one year of life, due to various reasons. Pneumonia and tetanus are two of the big killers. We are anxious to get started, as there is so much to be done and so few people to do it.

I miss you all and will be ever thankful for the tremendous experience I had with the Frontier Nursing Service, and I am most appreciative of all the many kindnesses from every member of the staff. If any of you have a free minute, please write us and give us FNS news. Our address will be: New Guinea Lutheran Mission, Wabag, New Guinea. My greetings to everyone.

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From Cecile Watters in Louisville, Kentucky—January, 1963

I will always remember my Christmas Days in the FNS. The time we went to Wolf Creek and the one we spent in front of the fire at Wendover. The pictures in the last Bulletin are wonderful. I would love to have been there to see Mrs. Breckinridge and Betty on horseback. A Happy New Year to you all.

From Joan Antcliff in London, England—February, 1963

Since last September I have worked in the east-end for the London Hospital, as nurse-midwife. We take out medical students to "catch" the babies. This month I am going into the Hospital to work and I hope to remain there while I am taking the Midwife Teachers course which commences in April. At present I am attending the postgraduate course at the Royal College of Midwives.

Since Christmas the weather has been terrible. Even in London we have had to walk to deliveries and daily visits, because of the snow. Now, once more, push bikes and cars are again in operation. Bruce, my Kentucky hound, is now out of quarantine and looking very fit. He is a constant reminder of you all. Please give my best wishes to all—I wish I had the time to write to each one.

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Newsy Bits

Weddings

Mrs. Alberta Halpin and Mr. Coleman Norris in Monroe, Georgia, on December 2, 1962. (See letter from Margaret McCracken.)

Miss Jean L. Kerfoot and Mr. Phillip Ray Fee in High River, Alberta, on December 15, 1962.

Miss Esther L. Sturm and Mr. Robert Carl Erickson, in Palo Alto, California, on December 15, 1962.

Our very best wishes go to these young people for many happy years together.

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New Baby

To Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Roberts (**Dodie Helwig**) of Seattle, Washington, a second daughter and fourth child was born on December 14, 1962. Her name is Janine Claire.

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It is with much sadness that we report the death of **Mrs. Catherine Lory** in January. She graduated from our Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in 1943, and returned to her home

county in Indiana to help the mothers and babies when the area was short of doctors. After the war she spent some years with the United States Overseas Mission to Liberia. She was flown to the United States for surgery from which she did not recover. We send much sympathy to her family and friends.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

by MARY CASSON

When we first came to our mountain cottage the garden consisted of a small grass plot bounded on two sides by low dry-stone walls and on a third by the house, with the fourth open to the old farmyard and the mountain. We were constantly visited by sheep, which came down with their lambs to drink at the huge slate trough in the yard. Some grew tame enough to come to the kitchen window if the trough was empty. One ewe, with a handsome ram lamb, took a liking to the skins of baked potatoes and was often by the window about dinner-time.

Our spring was apt to fail in a dry summer, so water was precious, and to ease washing-up we used to put such things as rice-pudding dishes to soak in the slate trough. One day I put out a dish containing remains of hard-baked macaroni cheese, and before long our two pets came to investigate. The ewe liked the smell, but all her efforts to lick were frustrated because the dish floated away. She pushed it up and down till it sank; then she plunged her nose into the water, caught the dish between her teeth and hauled it out, setting it carefully down on the ground. Finding that it still slid away from her, she first butted it savagely; then, as we all watched in astonishment, she grabbed the rim in her teeth again, carried the dish across the yard and firmly shoved it into the angle of the wall, where she licked to her heart's content till not a trace of cheese remained. Ewe and lamb were promptly christened Macaroni and Cheese, and in a week both knew their names well enough to come at call.

—*The Countryman*, Autumn 1961, Edited by John Cripps, Burford, Oxfordshire, England.
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checks on their own banks.
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OUR MAIL BAG

From A Kentucky Friend: On Christmas Eve a beloved aunt, who had lived in my home for nearly forty years, was buried. That night, when I went to bed, I took the Frontier Nursing Bulletin, which had just come in the mail. I think the "Sermon Preached on All Saints' Day" is one of the most beautiful and comforting discussions of death and of those who have answered the call to come to the Great Beyond that I have ever read. I want you to know what it meant to me to read this sermon at this very time. Again let me thank you for including this sermon in the Quarterly Bulletin. I shall keep it to share with others who lose the ones they love.

From A Friend in Massachusetts: I have been rereading the last Bulletin, and I am so very impressed with the sermon preached by Mr. Elmore—an answer to many questions, and such deep reassurance. One needs such comfort as one grows older so again thank you for printing it.

(Several other friends have written us of how much this sermon preached on All Saints' Day by the late Mr. Carl H. Elmore in Englewood, New Jersey, has meant to them.)

From A Friend in Washington State: I read every Quarterly Bulletin as it arrives.

From Two Friends in Rochester, New York: Each issue of the Bulletin means more to us than the preceding one. Our thanks to each and every one of you who has a part in its preparation.

From A Friend on the West Coast: Saturday we had old Army friends out for dinner and he is just back from Thailand and said he had seen an account of "Mary Breckinridge Day" in the Bangkok paper! Did you know you were that world-wide? The wife, who had remained at Fort Lewis, outside Seattle, while he was away, said she'd also seen it in a Seattle paper.

From An Old Friend Who Is A Well-known Writer: It is a joy to see you on Doc and among your girls.

Several other friends have written us about Mary Breckinridge Day.

From The Son Of An Elderly Patient: My wife and our daughter were at Hyden Hospital to see Ma and they told the whole family what good care you were taking of her. I wish to thank you for making her last days more comfortable and happy. Would you please thank the whole staff for me, including the cooks and the ones who fed her. My wife told me about the food being prepared until Ma didn't even have to chew it and how patient everyone was with her. May God bless all of you.

From An Obstetrician Who Visited Hyden Hospital: Your patients are fortunate to have such a devoted and skillful group to care for them.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Tiemann N. Horn, held its annual meeting on Tuesday, January 29. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Walter Binger, the Treasurer, this meeting took place in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. Our Associate Director, Miss Helen E. Browne, spoke to the gathering and showed new colored slides. Our publicity chairman, Mrs. Kenneth Kirkland, was able to get an advance notice of the meeting in the *New York Standard*, the one tiny newspaper published in New York. The Bargain Box Committee, of which Mrs. George J. Stockly is chairman, presented Brownie with a big check for the Frontier Nursing Service. From the many letters written us about this meeting we quote part of the one from Brooke Alexander, one of our trustees. As a boy he spent two summers helping us at Wendover and Hyden in the Twenties.

"It will be no news to you to hear that Brownie was a most effective speaker, and that the slides were excellent."

. . . .

Our **Philadelphia Committee**, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Henry S. Drinker, held its big meeting at the Colonial Dames on Lattimer Street, preceded by a luncheon. The arrangements for the luncheon were in charge of Mrs. Henry P. Glendenning, Jr. (old courier Nancy Ingersoll). Helen E. Browne spoke for the Frontier Nursing Service and showed her colored slides. In spite of the bitter cold and Philadelphia's break-down in transportation, nearly a hundred people attended this meeting. From among many delightful things written us about Brownie's talk and the slides, we quote from Mrs. Drinker herself:

"How we did miss you! But Brownie was *wonderful*. She spoke better than I have ever heard her and she completely captivated her audience."

. . . .

The **Washington Committee** of the Frontier Nursing Service and Lady Ormsby Gore have sent invitations to our subscribers in and around Washington to attend a tea at the British Embassy on Monday, February 25. Admission is by card only. The guests of honor are Miss Helen E. Browne, representing the nurses of the FNS, and Miss Agnes Lewis, representing its administrative

staff. Mrs. Gordon Loud is chairman of this very fine committee which has a large group of working members and a smaller group of honorary members. This meeting will take place when this Bulletin is in the press so we cannot report on it here.

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At a meeting of our **Detroit Committee**, the Chairman, Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., announced that Mrs. William W. Wotherpoon (old courier Mary Bulkley) would succeed her as chairman of this fine committee. Mrs. Hodges feels, as so many do, that it is time for the younger women to assume responsibilities. We are delighted to say that Mary has accepted the challenge. She and Mrs. Hodges are planning Detroit meetings in September, after Labor Day, and have invited Brownie (Helen E. Browne) to go there and show her slides.

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It always gives us especial pleasure to tell of meetings attended by members of the old staff and couriers who speak on behalf of the Service. Mrs. J. W. Novotny (Midge Oracko) spoke to the Junior Women's Club in Mingo Junction, Ohio, in January, and Mrs. Rodney Frederick (Marian Adams) spoke to a church group in Reading, Pennsylvania, in February. In January Kate Ireland, courier and trustee, spoke on the FNS and showed slides to the Southwest Community Nurses in Cleveland, Ohio, and in the same month, courier Eleanor S. Canham ("Maudie") spoke to the students of the Winsor School in Boston, Massachusetts.

While Patricia Stevens and Patricia Ware, the two nurse-midwives at the Belle Barrett Hughitt Nursing Center at Brutus, were on vacation in early February at Pat Stevens' home in Elyria, Ohio, they spoke on the Service to the Christian Women's Fellowship of the Washington Avenue Christian Church.

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My cousin and lifelong friend, Miss Katherine Carson, spoke on the FNS on February 18 to the Mothers' Club of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority in Knoxville, Tennessee.

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On Monday evening, January 14, Miss Grace A. Hobson reviewed *Wide Neighborhoods*, to the Women's Musical and Literary Club in Buckley, Washington. The members were so

impressed with the book that they desired an autographed copy for their town library.

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Mrs. Frederick Tracy Morse of Charlottesville, Virginia, President of the National Society of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, and, ex officio, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service, has invited us to send a representative to the annual luncheon of the Daughters of Colonial Wars on April 13 at the Mayflower Hotel. Our National Chairman, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson (old courier Marvin Breckinridge) has taken on this assignment to the happiness of all concerned.

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The Annual Meeting of Trustees, Members, and Friends of the Frontier Nursing Service will take place in Lexington, Kentucky, this year in the ballroom of the Lafayette on Monday, June 10. It will be preceded by luncheon at 12:30 p.m.

Our Blue Grass Chairman and Trustee, Mrs. F. H. Wright, has appointed two young members of her Committee to act as hostesses for the luncheon. They are Mrs. Sidney Combs and Mrs. John Kerr. Invitations will get in the mails from two to three weeks in advance of this meeting.

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Readers of my book, *Wide Neighborhoods*, may recall frequent mention of Mr. Murdo Morrison in Chapter 15 on Scotland and the Outer Hebrides. Although Mr. Morrison and I have never met since that time, we have kept in touch by correspondence. He celebrated his 90th birthday on November 19, 1962. From a recent letter of his I quote a bit about the use to which he puts his 91st year. Our readers, young as well as old, will enjoy it:

"Many things help to keep me fit:

"I take open air exercise, a pedestrian.

"I love reading and do so regularly in six languages.

"I am fond of good music and regale myself with it in my own room, my prime favourites being Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach.

"I keep up my interests at a fairly high pitch and am particularly interested in the young and their ambitions and careers, not excluding the babies at the Clinic, who have been my special hobby in the last fourteen years.

"Lastly, to quote the wise words of Dr. Samuel Johnson: 'I keep my friendships in repair.'"

With my best wishes to each of you for a joyous Easter,
I am

Sincerely your old friend,

Mary Breckinridge

A LETTER WE CHERISH

Big Creek, Kentucky
February 4, 1963

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge
Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Kentucky

Dear Mrs. Breckinridge:

Just a note to express our sincere thanks and gratitude to the Frontier Nursing Service, Red Bird Center, for the wonderful way you served our father during his recent illness, and your service to the whole family over a period of years.

We would like to commend to you the services of your little Miss Johnson, assisted by Miss Maggie in her absence. Their many calls to the home and their outstanding services beyond the call of duty will long be remembered and appreciated.

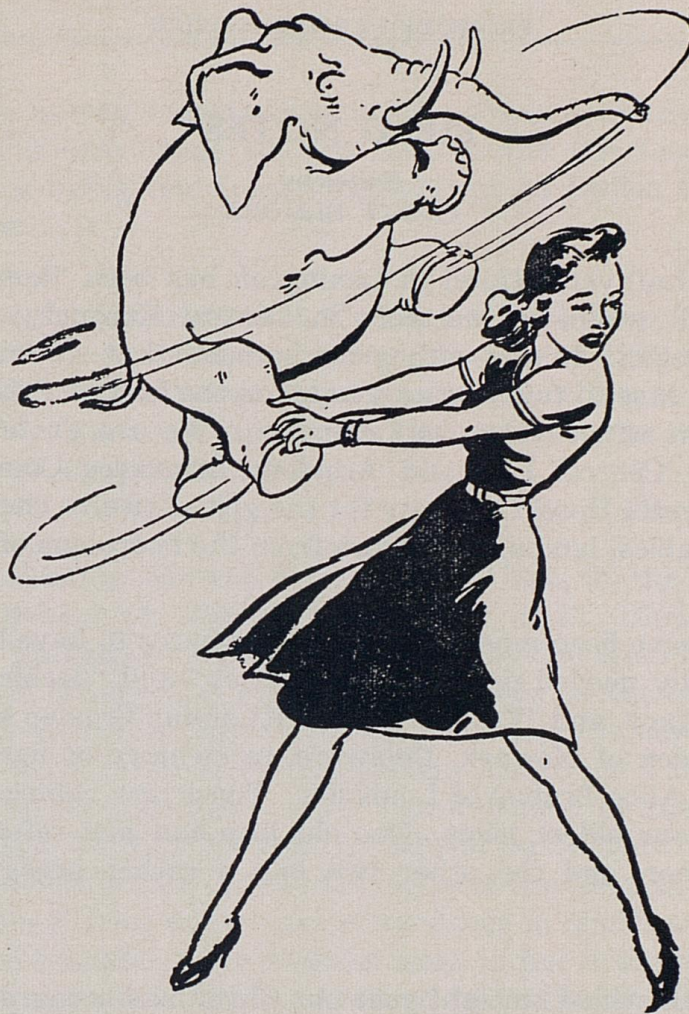
The Nurse's uniform was a symbol of health and wellbeing to our father. He looked forward to their visits and displayed much confidence until he realized the Great Physician had called him home.

And so again we say thank you from the depth of our hearts.

Sincerely yours,

Children of John H. Bowling

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Send it to **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**
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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
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FIELD NOTES

Edited by
PEGGY ELMORE

The Lafayette Hotel in Lexington has been "home" to the FNS staff, whenever we were in Central Kentucky, since the Service began. It was with great sadness that we learned that it would cease to function as a hotel on the first of February and we miss it when we go to Lexington. We are grateful to the Kentucky Central Life and Accident Insurance Company and the Lafayette Hotel Company for the gift of twelve chests, desks, bedside tables, lamps, and chairs from the bedrooms of the hotel.

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We have been most fortunate this winter to have been given three badly needed new jeeps. "Hartley" and "Jerkimer" came from a legacy, and "Trabue" is the gift of our Trustee Mrs. Harry Clark Boden of Newark, Delaware, in memory of her aunt, the late Miss Alice Trabue of Louisville. These new vehicles replaced three of our oldest jeeps. One old jeep had just refused to run any further, and the other two had a rather precarious hold on life!

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For the third straight year our Christmas preparations have been aided and eased by the nurses and other medical personnel at the Ireland Army Hospital. Major Mary Blaney and Lt. Maureen Nyestuem drove to Hyden in an early December snowstorm to deliver all the toys and clothing that had been collected and bought for the Frontier Nursing Service by our good friends at Ft. Knox.

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We are deeply grateful to the Heinz Baby Food Company for sending the Frontier Nursing Service 213 cases of mixed baby food, and to our friends at the Wardrup Provision Company in Harlan for suggesting the FNS as a recipient of this generous gift and for delivering it to Hyden Hospital.

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The Women's Society of the Marticville, Pennsylvania, Methodist Church collected a truck load of clothing for the FNS

this winter. It was a most welcome gift! We are equally grateful to Mr. Jay Moore (June Moore's father) and Mr. Landis Hess who made a flying trip from Pennsylvania to Hyden to deliver the clothing.

. . . .

We are very pleased that Florence (Posy) Lincoln of New York City, who was with us for some months in 1959 when she helped in the Social Service Department, will return to the FNS early in March to carry on with the research program sponsored by the American Cancer Society.

. . . .

A Graduation Service for the 44th Class in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery was held in St. Christopher's Chapel on Thursday, December 27, 1962, by the Rev. Robert S. McGinnis of Beattyville, Kentucky. Members of the staff were entertained at tea in Mardi Cottage following the service. We are glad to have three of the graduates—Katherine Vandergriff, Polly Merritt, and Lorraine Jerry (accompanied by the faithful Tuffy) remain on the FNS staff as district nurse-midwives. Ella Boer stayed on for three weeks to help us in the Hospital between classes in the School and is now at her home in Michigan waiting to return to Nigeria. Dora Howard went to her home in Owensboro, Kentucky. Nola Brown returned to California for a brief vacation before going back to her post in Guatemala, and Judy McCormick and Janet Priebe had visits with their families before leaving for their new assignments in the mission field of New Guinea.

The 45th Class entered the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery on January 15, 1963. Artis Flexer, Elsie Maier, Shirley Sadler, and Mable Turner have all been at Hyden Hospital for some months. Viola Gifford, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada, and Virginia Landis, Pleasant Hill, Ohio, are on leave from the mission field in the Congo. Elnora J. Weaver, Gulliver, Michigan, has come to us after an assignment in Vietnam.

. . . .

We are glad to have Olive Bunce back with us after an absence of six months at her home in England, and we welcome several other nurses to the Frontier Nursing Service staff. Hettie

Lake, Huntington, West Virginia; Dolores Bond, Ford City, Pennsylvania; May Bell, Ruidosa, New Mexico; and Donna Kossen, Grand Rapids, Michigan, are all on the staff at Hyden Hospital. Judith Pridie, a nurse-midwife from Bristol, England, arrived in early February and is now at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center on Wolf Creek.

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Our best wishes go with those of our staff who have left the FNS this winter. June Moore, Linda Cheney, Susan Hershberger, and Hilda Palenius have returned to their homes here in the United States. Judy Cundle, who was called home because of illness in her family, went back to England in mid-January.

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The Wendover "auxiliary" courier service was forced to function over Christmas and New Year but was rescued early in January when Betsy Palmer returned after spending the holidays with her family in Chicago. Early in February she was joined by Leslie Foster of Carlisle, Massachusetts, and Michella (Mickey) Dorsey of Strongsville, Ohio, who will carry on after Betsy leaves the end of this month. Kate Ireland has been in to help us out several times during the winter period.

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As this column was being compiled, the electricity was off at Wendover following one of many heavy snowstorms. This has been one of the worse winters in years here in the Kentucky mountains, with what seems an excessive amount of snow and ice and uncommonly low temperatures, accompanied by frozen pipes, frozen jeeps, frozen everything! We do realize that the winter has been equally severe all over the country, and also in England, so we do not aim to dwell on our difficulties. It seems for months that every plan made has been qualified "weather permitting," and one result of this is that only a few guests have been able to get in to see us.

Miss Marie Frauens and Miss Irene Ruskin of Washington, D. C., spent a couple of nights at Wendover in early December when they drove down to get Grace Frauens. We had the pleasure of entertaining the Rev. and Mrs. Robert S. McGinnis and their two children on one of the occasions when Mr. McGinnis

came for a Communion Service. Miss Constance Lee, a nurse-midwife from London, England, detoured by Hyden and Wenderover on her brief visit to the United States this winter. Dr. and Mrs. James Kurfees of Morehead, Kentucky, spent a day at Hyden and Mr. Franklin Hoar of Carlisle, Massachusetts, was with us for one night when he brought Leslie Foster down at the beginning of her courier period.

The families and friends of a number of the staff and students have braved the icy roads to get to Hyden, and we are most grateful to them for their efforts to come to see us.

THE CARE OF THE UNBORN CHILD

In the December 1962 issue of the *Midwives Chronicle and Nursing Notes* we have read the excellent inaugural address—The Care of the Unborn Child—given by E. Robert Rees, M.D., F.R.C.O.G., to a group of British midwives. The closing remarks of this address are of much interest to those of us who realize the need for more and better prenatal care, and we give them here for those of our readers who share our interest:

“There can be no dispute therefore that Coleridge, with the poet’s imagination, anticipated by 200 years the great truth that is beginning to dawn on us to-day when he said: ‘The history of man for the nine months preceding his birth would, probably, be far more interesting, and contain events of greater moment than all the three score and ten years that follow it.’ ”

—M. F. Ashley Montague in *Prenatal Influences*

ANNE BOLEYN

Teacher: “Johnny, who was Anne Boleyn?”

Johnny: “Anne Boleyn was a flatiron.”

Teacher: “What on earth do you mean?”

Johnny: “Well, it says here in the history book, ‘Henry, having disposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn.’ ”

—*Modern Maturity*,
June-July, 1962

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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 Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Susan Smith, R.N., S.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 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 Katherine Vandergriff, 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 Barbara French, R.N., C.M.; Miss Judith J. Pridie, 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,

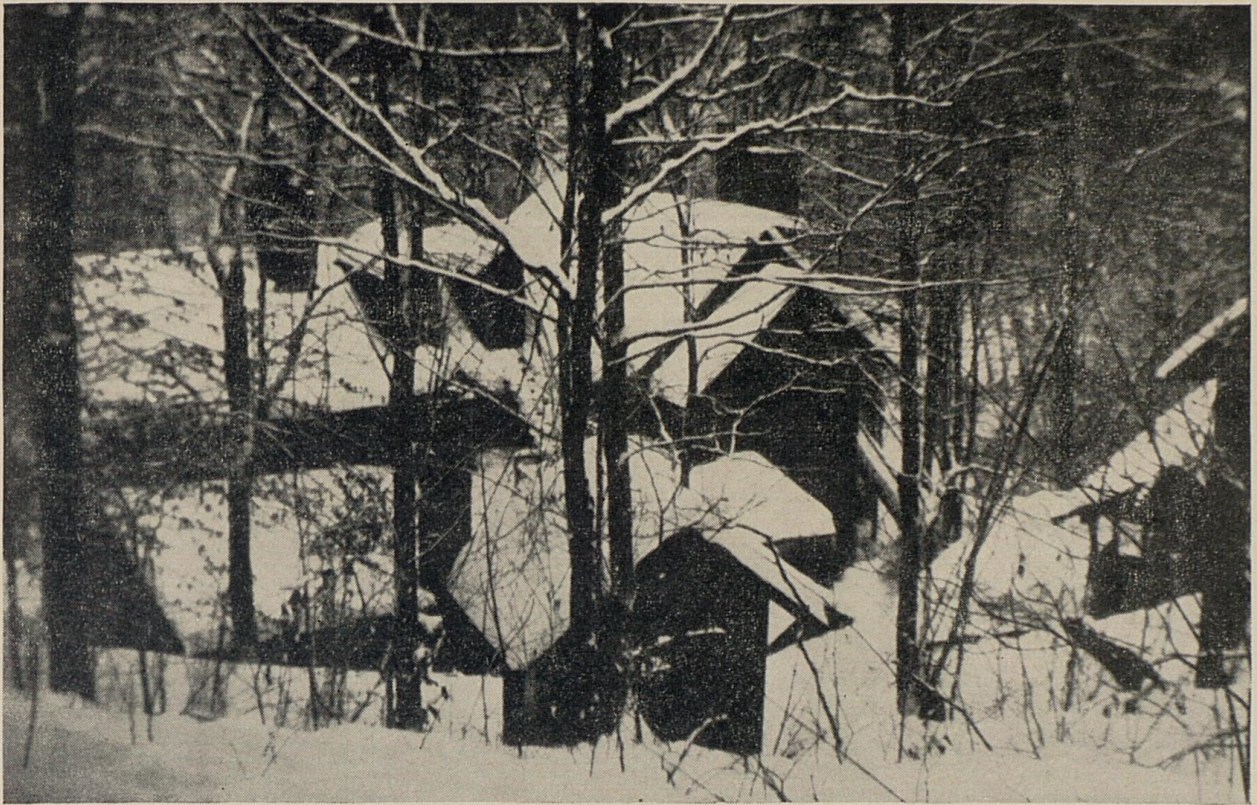
and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY

Security Trust Company Building

271 West Short Street

Lexington, Kentucky



WENDOVER BIG HOUSE IN WINTER

This picture, taken from the back of Wendover Big House, was printed in the Winter 1949 Bulletin. The scenery is so like what we have gone through in the winter of 1962-63 that we reproduce it here. Our doing so saves us the cost of a new cut which wouldn't look any different.

THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX

By JOHN STUBBS, Esq. F.R.S. &c.
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